

Sanjiv. K. Singh
The Sixth A.
S a n a w a r i a n
December 1972.



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

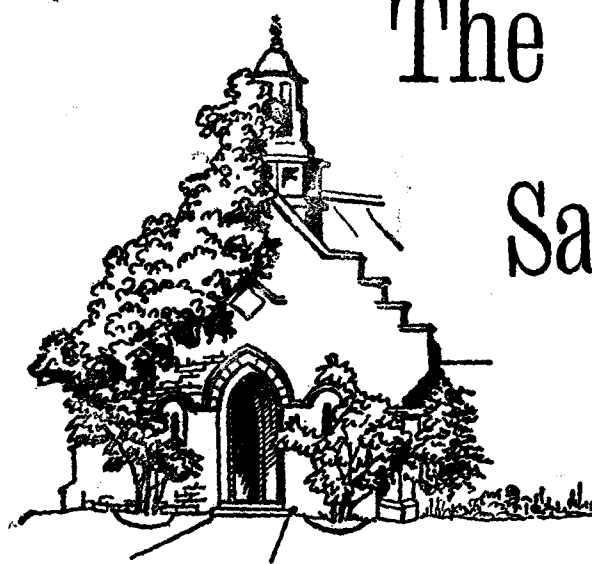
The
Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar,
(Simla Hills.)



Staff 1972.

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The Sanawarian

December 1972.

Being the Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

EDITORIAL

The Residency

The sky was overcast with dark black clouds and the wind that ruffled the bright blooms of the giant gul-mohur tree was unexpectedly cool for the month of July. She brushed the gul-mohur petals gently from his face and he caught her hand and put it to his lips. She looked around confused, not wanting to pull her hand away and embarrassed to think that some one might be watching them—but everyone else on that beautiful grassy patch seemed to be minding his own business. So she relaxed and looked slowly around her. This was their favourite trysting-place, lovely, quiet, peaceful and-and-what was it? yes, timeless.

“Do you ever wonder about the people who lived here, who fought and died on this very ground where we are sitting now?”

He cocked one eye open and looked comically up at her face. “Isn’t the present good enough for you?”

“Don’t make a joke of it. I’m serious. I would like to know more about this place. I mean I do know that in the 1857 mutiny this was a British stronghold but the people involved, their names and characters, who—”

"O God ! Next you'll ask me to get a guide and take you on a conducted tour of the main building".

"I challenge you to do that !"

"You know I never refuse a challenge."

Soon they had bought their tickets and were in the museum room. They looked quickly around the collection of models, old prints and cannon balls. As they stood admiring a map of the Residency, the way it was before the siege, she heard a soft mellow voice from over her shoulder.

"You will notice that the Gomti has changed its course since then." She looked quickly over her shoulder and found herself looking into an old, time worn face. He had penetrating grey eyes, grey Bulganin beard and a dark grey cap on his head. For a minute she could not place him. Then she heard Hari's voice, a murmur spoken through the side of his mouth.

"Ignore him, just ignore him. Otherwise he'll stick to you like a leech". She turned around and pretended to be engrossed in the map. "Who is he?" She imitated him and tried to speak through the side of her closed mouth.

"He's a guide, stupid, out to scrounge some dough off us."

"A guide !" She forgot the cloak and dagger stuff. "O Hari, you accepted the challenge !"

He turned around and looked into the guide's smiling face. He shrugged his shoulders, and with palm turned upwards, made a movement with his right hand to suggest that the guide should proceed.

"So terrible was the siege of Lucknow," he spoke in a refined sophisticated Urdu and she had trouble following some of the words, "That all the buildings except this one were left as empty shells."

"God, we don't need a guide to tell us that," Hari whispered and she couldn't help laughing. The guide looked from one to the other of them, first with astonishment and then with hurt in his eyes. He sized them up as more cynical, more hardened than the general run of goggle-eyed, gullible tourists he usually had to deal with. He would have to be more sophisticated in his approach. When he spoke again, it was in English

"In Lucknow, a week before the war started in Meerut, on 3rd May, 1857, the Seventh Oudh irregulars refused to accept the greased catridges and were disarmed."

"The Residency area was not a fortress but a series of strongpoints overlooked by adjoining mosques. You can see them on this map. There was one here, another one here and a third one—over here" The guide pointed them out on the map. "Lawrence in his idealism, had not permitted them to be demolished. From these mosques the Indian snipers inflicted heavy casualties on the British garrison—but still Lawrence insisted that the mosques were not to be destroyed.

"This building, in which we are now, was the main Residency building. It was a very imposing building as you can see in that picture. The upper two storeys were abandoned because they had large windows which were open to the Indian's fire. The ground floor was occupied by the soldiers, and the women and children found shelter in the Taikhana, the deep cellars.

"In the next two days, Lawrence worked unflaggingly, organising the distribution of rations and duties, and boosting the morale. Tirelessly he went from individual to individual, from group to group instilling in all, by his own example, a devotion to duty that is unparalleled in the annals of history. A handful of men (and women) were determined to hold out against a force many times their superior. All together there were 3,100 people in the Residency, of whom 1,600 were combatants, while conservative estimates put the Indian force down as 50,000 strong.

"On July 2nd the defenders received a severe blow. A shell burst in a room and Lawrence was fatally wounded. For two days he lay in the cellars, slowly bleeding to death. But in those two days he was able to make all the final arrangements. He divided the command between Colonel Inglis, who was given the military responsibility, and Major Banks, who was put in charge of the civil administration. Even as he lay dying, Lawrence showed great courage and fortitude. So respected and loved was this man that when he died on July 4, 1857, he left behind in the hearts of his men, the determination to hold out : and hold out they did. Against constant shelling and mining, with disease and starvation taking a heavy toll, they still held out. They were finally relieved on 18th November 1857."

He had reached the end of his story and he stood quietly waiting for the reward that he knew would come.

Trishna wanted to thank him but couldn't find the words to do so. The pause hung heavily. Hari scratched his head and looked sheepishly at Trishna. "How much should I pay him?" he asked in a low voice. "Five Rupees?"

"Don't be such a miser, he's been very, very good. Give him at least ten rupees".

Hari took out a ten rupee note and handed it to the guide. The guide salaamed respectfully and turned discreetly away.

Trishna and Hari walked quietly out of the building, their minds overawed by the greatness of a man long since dead. "I can almost imagine Henry Lawrence—gaunt cheeks, wiry figure eyes flashing, stroking his red beard as he stood on the Residency steps. Then in one leap mounting his white horse and charging out to battle."

"O Hari, even you've got carried away." Trishna teased. "I bet he was'nt a bit like you've imagined him."

Hari grinned shleepishly "Yes I have been carried away. As for his looks, I don't spose we'll ever know."

They walked back towards their gul-mohur tree. On their left they saw the wall of the cemetery and because they were at a higher level, they could see some of the graves. "Let's go and see if we can find Sir Henry Lawrence's grave," Hari suggested.

"Yes let's."

They walked down, looking anxiously over the inscriptions on the graves. They found it at last, grand in its simplicity. A square marble slab enclosed by an old, rusty, iron railing. The marble slab was cracked down the centre and along the sides. The black inscription was blurred and difficult to read. Slowly, laboriously they pieced it out :

"Here lies
Henry Lawrence
Who tried to do his duty
May the Lord have mercy on his soul.
Born 28th June 1806. Died 4th July 1857."

It was so little for that great and heroic figure and yet so much more than can be said of most men. Overwhelmed, at last into silence, the two young people walked softly away.

"What greased catridges?" Hari piped in.

"Oh stop heckling Hari. Where's all your high school history gone to? Don't you remember about the pigs and cows grease?" Before Hari could retaliate, the guide spoke. His voice was still calm and unruffled but on his face there was a small, contemptuous smile.

"In 1857 the old Brown Bess musket was replaced by the new Enfield rifle which had a longer range and was far more accurate. This new rifle needed greased catridges and the grease used was sometimes that of pigs and cows. Now Sahib understands?" He smiled indulgently and Hari felt small. He had been put in his place and in so polite a manner that he couldn't even take offence. The guide, evidently having made up his mind that the only chance of making an impact was through Trishna, now concentrated on her.

"So, as I was saying, on 3rd May the Indian troops in Lucknow refused to accept the greased catridge. At that time the chief commissioner of Oudh was Sir Henry Lawrence."

"But I thought Lawrence was the Governor of the Punjab." Hari kept an absolutely straight face when he said this but his eyes twinkled mischievously and Trishna knew he was upto his tricks again. The guide turned to him with an indulgent smile.

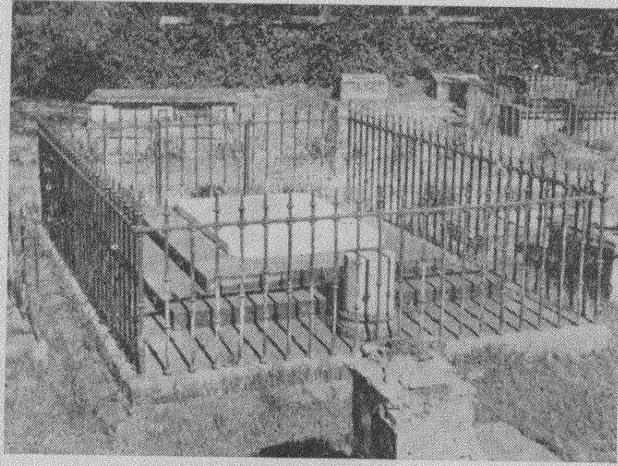
"That was John Lawrence. This was Henry Lawrence the younger brother." And once again he turned to Trishna as if to exclude Hari from the discourse.

"Serves you right" Trishna said in a whisper. Hari put on a hurt look on his face which made her smile "...took this to be a warning of mutiny—a mutiny he had foretold a few years before." The guide rambled on. Trishna's growing attention challenged him to get out of his usual rut. As he spoke his voice took on a deep dramatic tone, till Trishna could almost see the events happening before her eyes "Lawrence began preparations immediately. Fortification of the Residency area began. Earth works were thrown up all around and many of the surrounding buildings were levelled. Even here Lawrence showed his idealistic nature. He forbade the demolition of places of worship. Almost from the fourth of May onwards all the principal streets of Lucknow were lined by one continuous stream of store carts, conveying food and other necessities of war to the Residency. Thanks to Lawrence, when the blow did finally fall on 30th May, Lucknow was well prepared—in fact the only one of the garrisons involved in the war that was well prepared." He paused for breath and glanced first at Trishna and then at Hari—they were both, even against their wills, captives now.

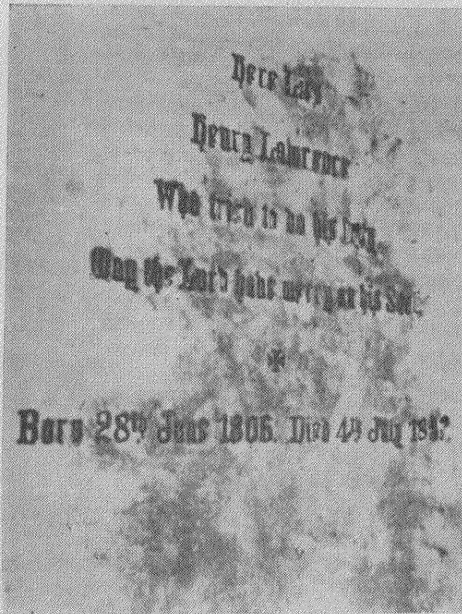
"Lawrence had been warned by one of his spies that the mutiny would break out on 30th May at 9 P.M. But his preparations had been made, his orders given and he was cool and collected. So much so that when the report of the firing was brought to him he was having his dinner. Calmly, unperturbed, he finished his dinner and then came out on the Residency steps where the horses awaited him. There was a guard of a native officer and sixty sepoy on duty at the Residency and now as Lawrence stood on the steps, in the moonlight, he found them drawn up about thirty yards away, directly in front of where he stood. The subedar came to him, saluted and asked "Am I to load?" All those who stood around Sir Henry could hear their hearts thudding as they waited anxiously for his answer. But he alone of them all was completely unruffled. His reply showed his complete trust in the men he commanded. "Of course. What are you waiting for?" As with everything else in his life, he was resolute and unwavering. The next day he himself pursued the rebels, and chased them ten miles away.

"But the Residency at Lucknow did not exist in isolation. All over Oudh and the neighbouring Rohilkhand there were uprisings—Bareilly, Azamgarh, Benares, Jaunpur, Kanpur, Allahabad, Sitapur—one by one they all fell into the hands of the Indians and now it was only a matter of time before a concentrated attack was made on Lucknow.

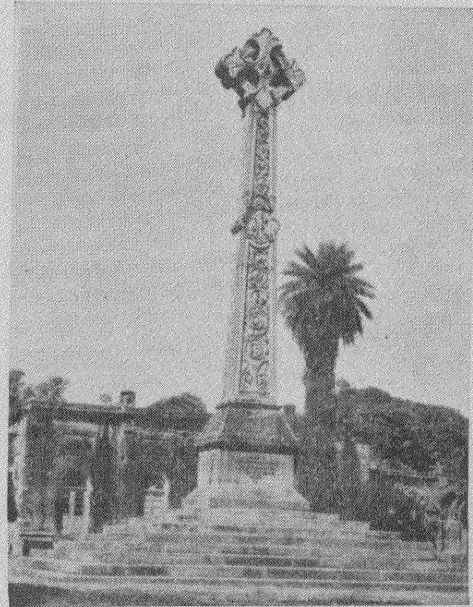
"In spite of his fears and misgivings, Lawrence deliberately went on with his preparations. All non-combatants, specially women and children, were concentrated in the Residency area. On June 16 a police battalion mutinied but Henry Lawrence chased them into the country side. Never for a moment did he slacken the work of preparing the Residency. But all through June the pressure kept mounting and reports kept pouring in of the moving in of the Indians on all sides. On June 29th news came that the advance guard of the Indian's was at Chinhut, ten miles from Lucknow. Lawrence decided that attack was the best form of defence and on June 30th he led a force out to Chinhut. But the British didn't stand a chance. Against Lawrence's force of 600 was an Indian force of 6500 and to top it all, at this point, Lawrence's Indian gunners and cavalry deserted. Lawrence found his retreat to Lucknow cut off. His cavalry charged the enemy at the bridge at Kukrail and managed to break through. Somehow he managed to return to the comparative safety of the Residency leaving behind more than half his force—dead or wounded. The Indians surrounded the Residency and laid seige. That night he wrote to Havelock that unless they were relieved very quickly, say in fifteen or twenty days, they would have to surrender. But in spite of this pessimism Lawrence continued to make preparations and was able to instil in every member of the garrison the surety that they would be able to hold out forever.



The Grave

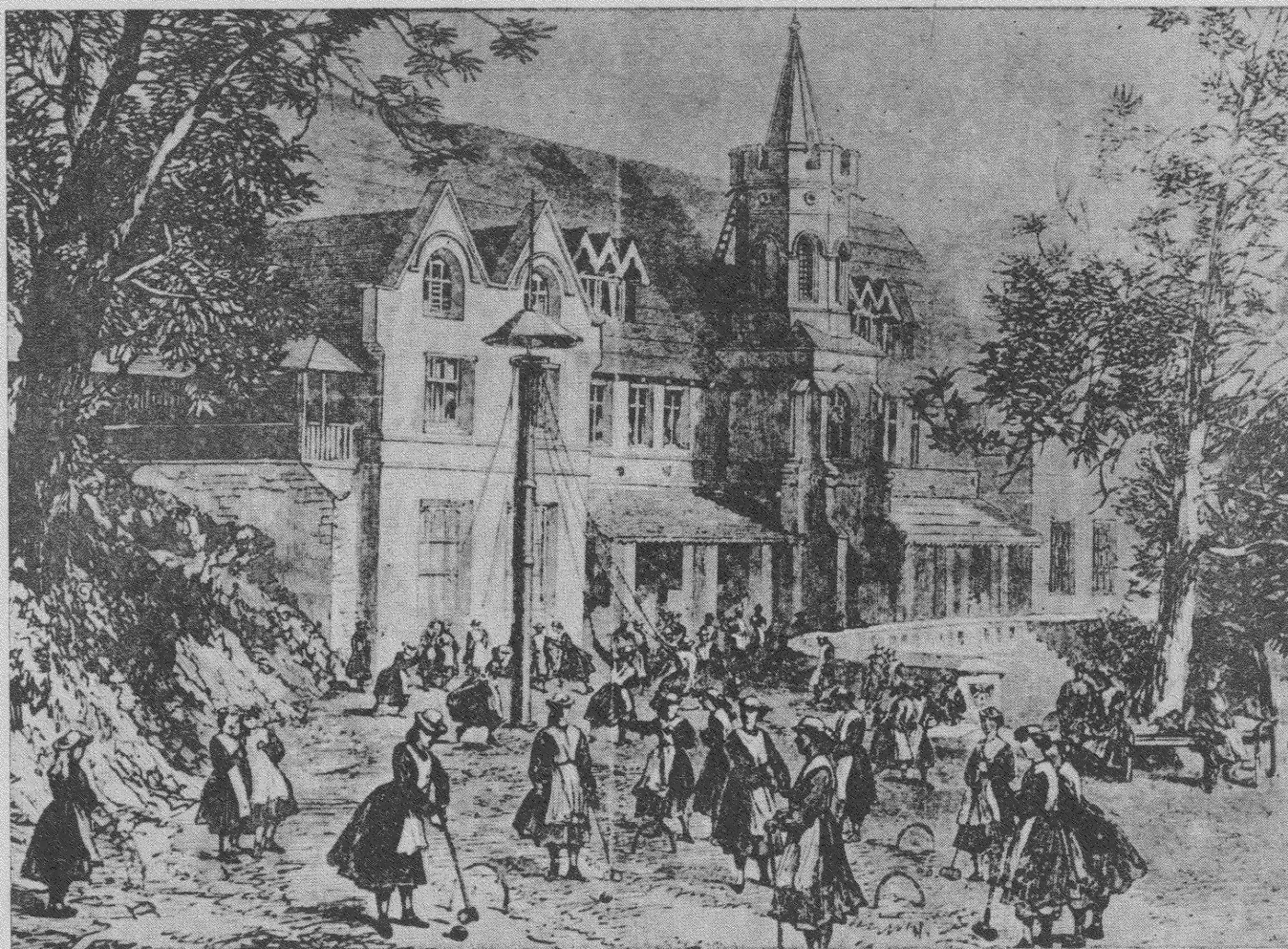


The Epitaph



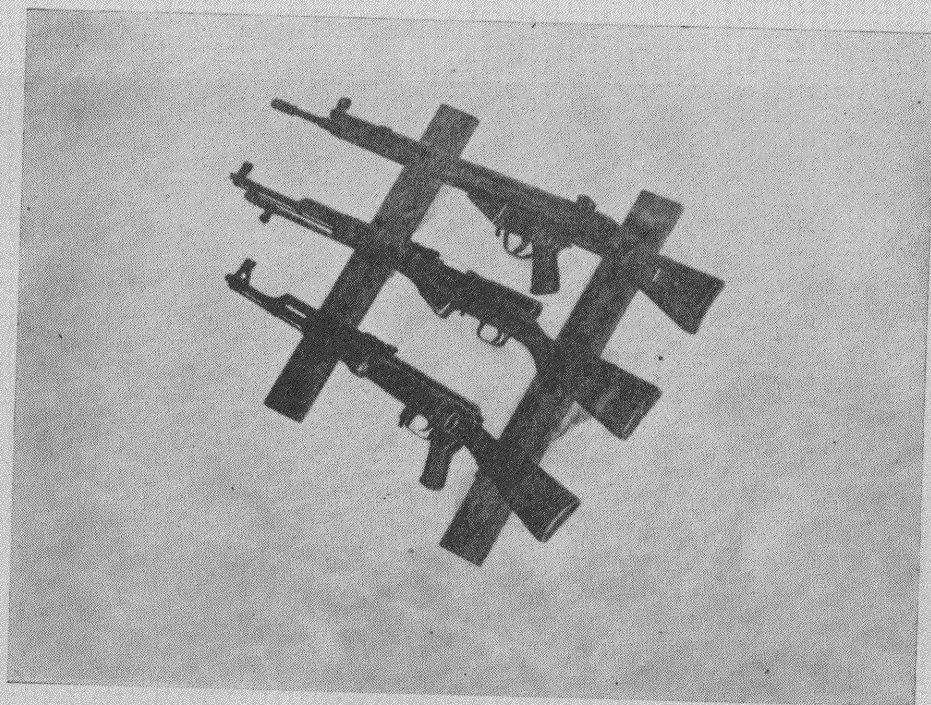
The memorial to Sir Henry Lawrence at the Residency, Lucknow. The School War Memorial is a small scale replica of this

From "The Illustrated London News" January 12th 1867, (reprinted January 1967).

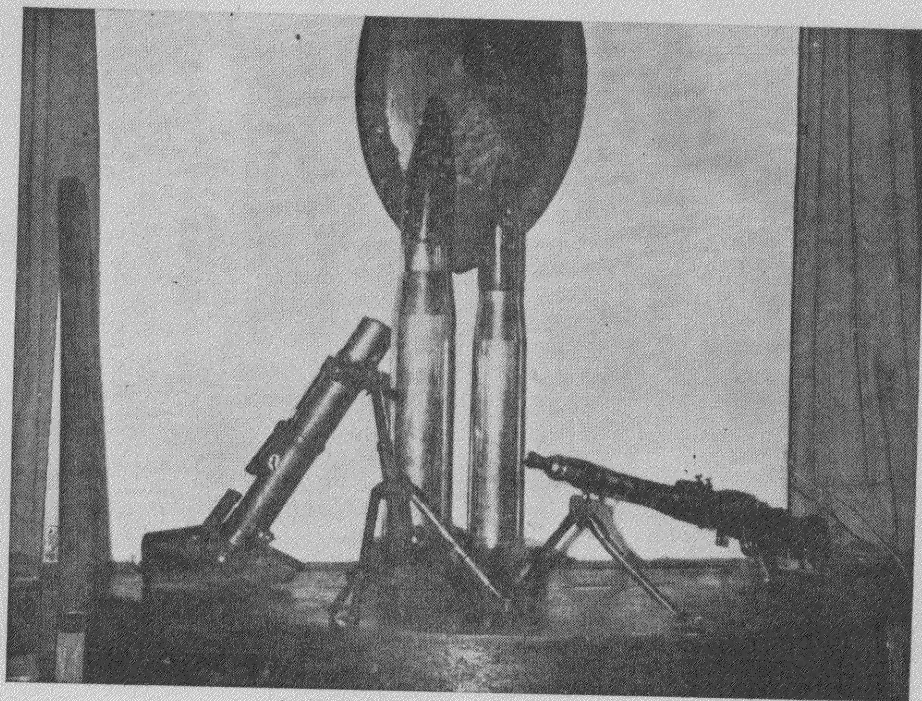


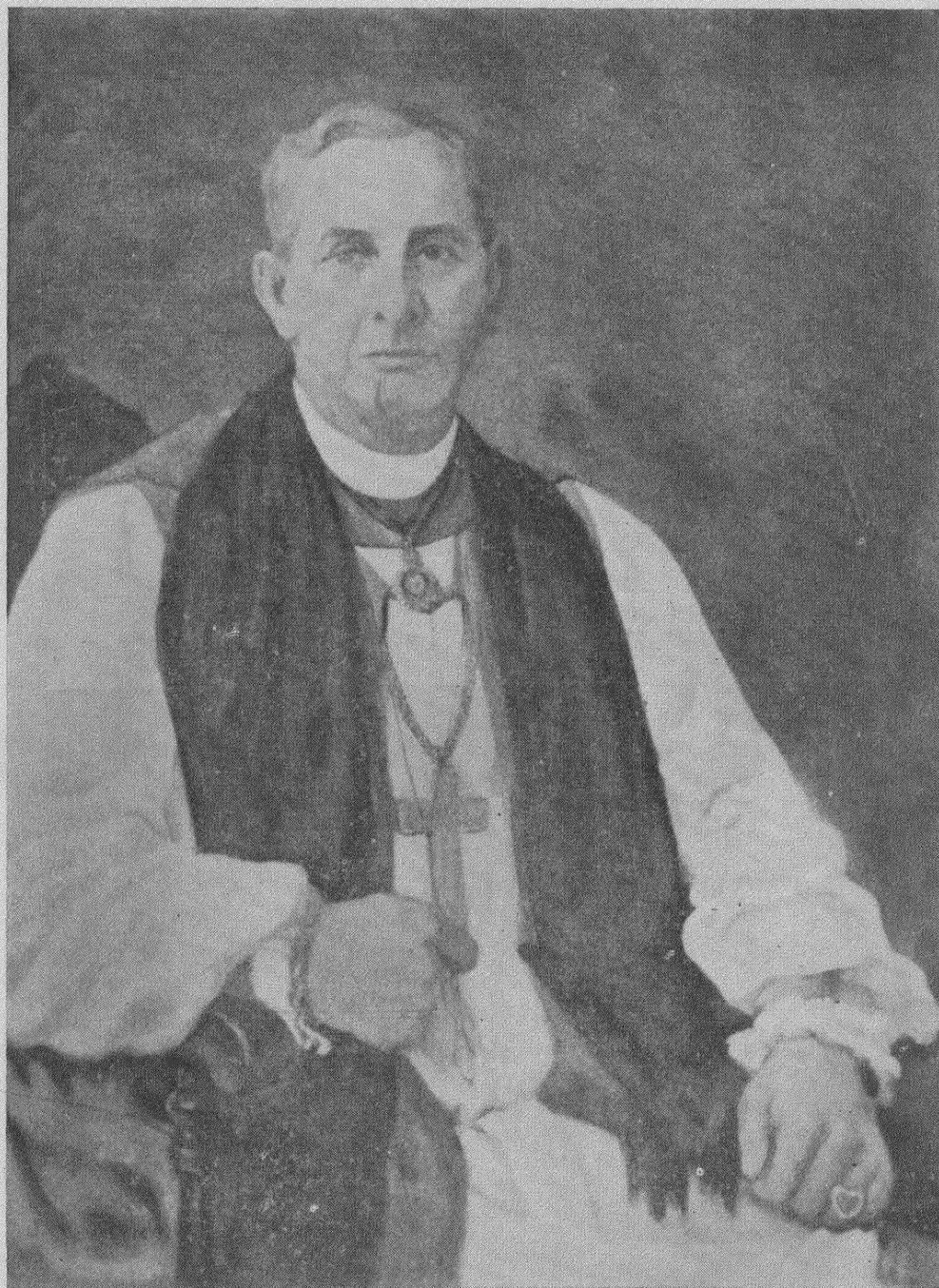
"Girls play croquet at the Lawrence Military Asylum near Simla where Children of British Soldiers in India would benefit from a plain, useful and religious education". (Nilagarians can you recognise your dormitory? If you look clearly you can see the top of the Church towards the top right hand corner).

Commemoration.



War Trophies from the 1971 war with Pakistan





The Rev. Bishop G. D. Barnes

George Dunsford Barne

* * * * *

I am deeply conscious of the task and privilege given me to write an article on George Barne for the "Sanawarian" on the 125th anniversary of the founding of the School, now known as the Lawrence School, Sanawar, to which many hundred boys and girls owe so much, and I apologise for its obvious inadequacy. The loyalty and love for this great school was engendered by the great Principals of the past whose capacity for organisation had to be equalled by their humanity and devotion to the sons and daughters of serving personnel in the British forces stationed in India. The establishment had to hold a balance between the educational standards laid down by the Educational Department of the Panjab Government and the requirements acceptable to the War Office in Great Britain as a military establishment administered by Army Headquarters under the Commander-in-Chief. It was a military school, stark in its Spartan-like toughness, and Christian in its ethics with the Chapel and daily worship as its focal centre. Only men of tremendous calibre could hope to meet the challenge of those days, and among such men George Barne stands out pre-eminently as a pioneer of the changing traditions on the educational scene during the post war years of 1914-1938. During the twenty odd years of his Principalship the school developed from the old Army School idea of a Military Asylum (by its very connotation, an anchorage and haven from the vagaries of the Barrack Room of Kipling's day and avoiding the unsalubrious hot summers with the attendant epidemics so rife in India during those days) into a school named the Lawrence Royal Military School, acknowledged as a Royal school of the Empire by Charter, recognised by the Universities of Cambridge and London as a school having potential scholarship material, and considered by the War Office as a school worthy of recognition and increasing financial support.

It was during the Principalship of George Barne that the school came of age with a ceremony at Dehra Dun in the foothills of the Himalayas. What preceded this event and its consequence is written into the lives and accomplishments of the scholars who were fortunate to come within the sphere of influence of this great man and the lieutenants he chose to be the executives of his own hopes and aspirations for his boys and girls. Why was it that into whatever field of endeavour Sanawarians felt called, they brought a dedication and a loyalty often unmatched by their contemporaries? Surely it belonged to the standards set by the Principal and his Staff whose utter devotion to the children under their care called out the very best in their own characters. They did their best and accepted nothing but the best. One remembers the sonorous voice of the Boss "Pace! Pace! Pace!" at many an inter-school match. Shirking and cowardice in any form was an anathema, and love for the School and all it stood for, remained indelibly printed upon the characters of Old Sanawarians. Of course it was tough—terribly tough—and it is no small wonder

that the supreme achievement was to be elected a member of the Spartan Club, the inner lining of each blazer was blood red! What imagination, what inspiration this great man instilled into all who came under his dignified yet gracious personality! A man worthy of hero-worship.

George Barne was appointed Principal of the Lawrence Military Asylum in about 1911, inheriting from his predecessor a school in which, I feel sure, he saw rare and infinite possibilities. With his background of Clifton College, Bristol, and Oriel College, Oxford, together with a Chaplaincy to the Forces, it was not long before his own tremendous personality began to exert a profound influence on those with whom he came in contact. With Mr. William Gaskell as Headmaster of the Boys' School, and Miss Ada Parker as Headmistress of the Girls' School, he had two admirable leaders in the field of education; and seldom did he interfere with the children except on the question of ethics. We were soon to learn the priorities he placed on a high standard of personal integrity and discipline, on personal cleanliness and smartness, and that the idea of keeping the children really busy and employed, meant less boredom and less mischief. The Chapel was the central hub of the School and often did we have to stay back a wee while to hear a homily discounting the waywardness of youth. To the 'fag' in the lower School he was the 'Boss', and his presence struck terror into the hearts of us smaller fry. If I remember right, his humanity and power as a leader first struck me when the first World War broke out, and the first contingent comprising members of the Staff, some boys and some members of the Government Training College for Teachers then part of the School establishment, volunteered to go overseas to fight. I remember how the school lined the road at "Chota Dharampur" to say farewell to a battalion of the Seventh Hampshire Regiment (who had given us an amusing and exhilarating Variety Show a few nights previous) as they marched down on their way to Kalka and the front! I remember at Evensong on Ascension Day a year or so later, when during his address in Chapel, a telegram was handed to him saying that William Taylor, the Head boy who had joined that contingent, had died; his ashen face and drooped shoulders showed how he felt that loss. He loved the children—they were his—for he had none of his own, and when death or serious illness struck in later years, he was always emotionally moved.

The first benefit he bestowed upon the school was the innovation of electricity instead of gas for lighting purposes. His love for games, especially Cricket, soon became apparent. He, himself, was a born "gamester", having played Golf for Oxford and Cambridge against Harvard and Yale in America in 1902, and also, I believe, represented England against America in the Walker Cup. He was an "Authentic" in Cricket at Oxford, and would certainly have got his "Blue" as a fast bowler, but for the intervention of Dr. W. G. Grace of immortal fame, who insisted

that his younger brother E. M. Grace should be capped that year. He was a "Corinthian" Soccer player, a member of the famous Amateur Soccer Club in England, and he was no mean Hockey player either. No wonder that the boys and girls too, held him in such high esteem. He regularly captained the Staff side against the boys on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in all sports, and later, when a proper Sports ground was constructed for the girls near the old Cemetery, (later converted into a Park by the Revd. Agard Evans), he played both Hockey and Lacrosse with the girls, captaining the Staff side made up of mistresses. Later Tennis was to become one of the Girls' sports and he had "Wimbledon" court built, where the girls played against visiting Schools like Auckland House, Simla. He divided the school year into four sports' seasons. In the Spring, the boys and girls played Hockey; from May to July the boys played Cricket and the girls Tennis; August to early September, the school trained for Athletics; and the rest of the year, the boys played Soccer and the girls Lacrosse. It is to be remembered that all this took years to evolve, for suitable playing fields had to be built and gradually the organised games came in, and while all this was going on the normal military training, combined with a good brass band, was kept as the initial priority. His selection of Staff capable of organising and coaching all these facets of a school year showed his remarkable talent for selectivity of the right type of men. His appointment of Sgt Major George Foster of the North Staffordshire Regiment, an Old Sanawarian, as Chief Instructor, was a masterpiece of vision for this soldier was to become a legend in military training in all its ramifications. He was a magnificent rifle shot, musketry instructor, a long distant runner of repute, and a magnetic personality, who, for many years, built up the discipline, comradeship and a sense of achievement in keeping with the School motto "Never give in". The inculcation of rivalry between each company of boys was enhanced by the naming of each company after one of the Indian Mutiny heroes. Lawrence, Roberts, Herbert—Edwards, Nicholson and Hodson. The Inter—House competitions in every sport including small—bore and .303 Rifle Shooting, Swimming and Boxing challenged each boy (and girl) to do the best for the honour of the House. From these contests, 'colours' were awarded to those selected to represent the School against other Schools like Bishop Cotton School, Simla, or the La Martiniere College, Lucknow. Going further afield in later years, a team of Boxers under the able coaching and influence of Sgt Hawkes, the Gymnastic Instructor, the School won the All—India Boxing contest in Mussoorie, and the Boys' School won the Imperial Challenge Shield for small—bore shooting open to all the Schools in the British Empire, two years in succession.

All this needed so much planning and foresight, and here George Barne had the invaluable help for many years of Sgt Jim Tilley, the first Bursar of the School, whose cheerful personality, integrity and marvellous organising ability made him the Principal's right hand man in all extra—curricular activities. Jim Tilley's wife, an

Old Sanawarian, has become a legend in her own lifetime, for she coached all games in the Girls' School with remarkable success, and it was to her enthusiasm and selfless devotion to the girls that the standards reached were so high. Subsequently, she has been the rallying point of all Reunions of Old Sanawarians in the United Kingdom, and the Central Box Office for information of scattered Sanawarians throughout the world.

On the scholastic side, George Barne inherited two great Heads in 'Billy' Gaskell and 'Governess' Ada Parker. Here again the Principal set the seal of his tremendous vision. Some girls on the completion of their High School Certificate went on to St Bede's Colloge, Simla, to be trained as School Teachers, while others who wanted to be nurses spent a time of probation in the School hospital and then went on to be fully trained at the Marylebone Infirmary in London. The widening scope of education led to his attempting to find vocations for his boys outside the normal acceptance into branches of the services and the Medical faculty in India. Soon boys were channelled through the agency of the War Office into the Technical Trades of the Army and were sent to Chepstowe, while others went into the Royal Air Force at Halton in England. In 1923 he brought in the examinations for Junior School Certificates set by Cambridge University for external students, and in 1924 he brought in the teaching of Science. Thus the school came into line with the general trend of education elsewhere in the world. Graduate teachers from England were added to the Staff. Since the old School building was inadequate for all this expansion, something decisive had to be done. The Government transferred the Teachers' Training College to Ghora Gali in the Murree Hills, and with its going, sufficient land became available for a completely new building. George Barne used his influence, which over several years had been growing among the military authorities at General Headquarters in Simla, to put before Sir William Birdwood, then Commander-in-Chief, the idea of a new School complex bringing in Science laboratories and an Art School. Sir William, I believe had been at Clifton College with George Barne, and this may have (sheer conjecture, of course), tilted the scales. However, before long, Birdwood School rose in all its magnificence, and all the landscaping from the School War Memorial outside the School Chapel up to the top of that spur of Sanawar revealed both beauty of concept and utility in dimension. George Barne was a keen gardener, and here he found an outlet to his planning with two Artillery guns pointing over the valley to Kasauli, and the hillside a blaze of dahlias, cosmos and several annuals. October in Sanawar was a month of glory, both of sky and scenery and horticulture, and I know this left a lasting impression on its pupils.

In 1920 the School entered a new phase of recognition when a contingent of boys, including the School band, went by train to Dehra Dun to receive from the hands of the Prince of Wales, later Edward the Eighth, a new set of School Colours made by the descendants of the Founder, Sir Henry Lawrence, to replace the Old

Colours presented to the School by, I believe, Lord Hardinge when he was Viceroy of India. Both these Old Colours were later hung in the School Chapel with due ceremony, and annually afterwards, the Trooping of the Colour Parade was carried according to King's Regulations with all its dignity and military precision by the Boys' School under the command of the Head Boy. Attendant upon the ceremonial parades held on the King's Birthday, Empire Day and Founder's Day, the Principal invited the Viceroy or the Commander-in-Chief or some other dignitary to take the Salute. It was at the Parade in Dehra Dun that the name of the School changed from the Lawrence Military Asylum to the Lawrence Royal Military School.

Another event in the School year which led to the solidarity and affection which united Old Sanawarians to the 'School on the Hill' and to one another, was the inauguration by George Barne of Founder's week. It was a week in early October when Old Sanawarians returned for a week's holiday and residence to be reunited with their contemporaries and try their skill in games with the present generation. Added to this were such features as School plays, Inter—House athletics for both boys and girls, and most wonderful of all, Founder's Day, on the Thursday. The ceremonial Parade, Chapel, the Prize Giving and a most wonderful Dinner and Dance at which the School Band played. Such things cannot be forgotten.

During the early period of his Principalship, George Barne realised the inadequacy of the Hospital to cater for so many children and the absence of a Medical Officer on the spot. This was overcome by the position of Vice—Principal being inaugurated and this position was filled by a qualified member of the Indian Medical Service. An adequate Operating Theatre was added to the hospital and an infectious ward. Both these additions proved of inestimable value in the years that lay ahead. Then later a Creche was built for Servicemen's babies left motherless, and under the capable supervision of Mrs. Cowell this early part of a child's life was catered for, so that a child could enter the school at a few weeks old and leave at eighteen years of age, having completed that space of life so vital to its physical and spiritual education in one situation. The Principal's frequent visits to all these departments of the school enabled him to keep his finger on the pulse of so large a community.

In 1933 our principal, the Reverend Canon George Barne, Commander of the Indian Empire, recipient of the Order of the British Empire, Master of Arts, was elected to succeed Bishop Durrant as Bishop of Lahore. At his consecration he received among other gifts from Old Sanawarians throughout the world, his gold Pectoral Cross. In all he did, his helpmeet and constant adviser was his gracious lady and wife, Mrs. Barne, to whom all Sanawarians of his day must always owe a deep sense of gratitude for the awesome Boss became, as the years went by, the Grand Old Man, loved and cherished by his boys and girls, admired and respected

by those who were fortunate to become members of his Staff. To me, personally, the words of Jesus were fulfilled so well in his life, for he sought always to serve his Master and another's good; and was rewarded by an appreciative government. "But rather seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." What Arnold was to Rugby, Barne was to Sanawar. His name will live for ever among those who were inspired by his personality, for he lived and died a great Christian gentleman.

F. E. E.

The Reverend F. E. Eccleston. Sanawar 1912—1923; 1926—1937.

* * * * *

Mr. W. G. Gaskell

"You think your's is the best School of all ! Well, it isn't - mine is !" So said Mr. Gaskell when acknowledging a birthday gift presented to him on the verandah of Gaskell Hall facing the Boys' Dining Room. The 'pavement' was filled with all the boys of the Lawrence Royal Military School, the present water tank had not been built. Mr. Gaskell made his acknowledgement with a wry smile, a rare thing for him, but I daresay Blundell's could be considered to be on a par with Sanawar !

Mr. Gaskell served the School loyally for many years and many was the time that he took over the reins from The Revd. G. D. Barne, the Principal, and acted in that capacity. He never let himself 'go' at any time. He preserved the quiet dignity of the traditional Headmaster, caustic in his adverse comments, sparing in his praise, but inwardly as proud of the School as any rabid Old Sanawarian who had the privilege of being taught by him.

His prowess on the sports field when playing for the Staff at cricket hockey and tennis showed that he must have been a force to contend with during his school days but no one would say that he was absolutely at home when Second - in - Command of the Sanawar Detachment, Simla Rifles. It was evident that the Captain's uniform was immaculate if worn with a slight discomfort, it was evident that the mild voice of an educationalist did not do anything for his words of command, but the intricate detail of "Officers fall out !" was observed with the spirit and determination of a seasoned warrior, albeit with a sense of relief.

His was a familiar figure just before 9-00 a.m. daily as it left the English bungalow now occupied by the bursar. The dress was correct for the occasion - grey flannel bags, tweed jacket and walking stick. The latter never touched the ground. It was held mid way along the shaft and the curved handle beat a measured tempo on the shoulder blade. The walker was always deep in thought and any

salute proffered by a boy in passing was returned with the stick being raised. Mr. Gaskell was on his way to Chapel. He played the organ at all services, he conducted the singing and trained the choir. Somehow he managed to keep the young interested in what he played. The 'voluntaries' were light and tuneful, Gregorian chants were noticeable by their absence but never was "Onward Christian Soldiers" allowed to become banal with a military tread. Church festivals, such as Easter, Whitsun and Founders were made memorable by anthems that were rendered with devotion and great care was given the choir and soloists in the Founder's Day Anthem "Let us now praise famous men!". It was a feature of the entire School year. His very life and well-being were left in the tender hands of two boys from the Lower School detailed as 'organ pumpers'. Frequent lapses of attention resulted in severe gusts of wind emanating from the organ and disarranging the set of the tweed jacket. "Trying to blow me away, boy?"

It was in the class room that Mr. Gaskell came entirely into his own. His was not an easy task. The School was "Military" and "Royal" at that, consequently much of the twenty four hours was given over to bodily pursuits. Gaskell treasured the few hours, 9-15 to 1-00 and 2-00 to 4-00 in which to administer the three "R's" and he was never more at home than when actually teaching. His fine, classical blackboard writing was copied by many an admirer and even his signature was reproduced by boys, but not for any criminal purpose in spite of being so accurate.

His methods were straightforward, and I for one not blessed from birth with a gift for maths, found the "unitary method" to be child's play when explained by W. G. He commenced the School day with religious instruction for the Upper School, a combination of the senior standards. "Line upon Line," "Precept upon Precept," the Works of Josephus, The "Homilies", The Articles of Religion were as much integral parts of the Bible readings and the History of the Prayer Book as the learning of any Collect or Psalm and those Old Sanawarians who entered the Church must have found this grounding to be without price.

W. G. gave the impression that he lived aloof from the lives of the boys. Nothing could have been further from the truth. He was aware of the pulse rate of any section of the B. D. He shared our moments of anxiety. He revelled in our moments of elation - quiet like! He heard a boy singing in a barrack room concert as he walked the path below the Principal's house. He used the correct procedure to find out who the boy was and much to that boy's surprise he was invited "quiet like" to the Principal's house to play with young Peter. (W. G. was acting principal at the time). The 'play' turned out to be the boys's first singing lesson with Mrs. Gaskell at the piano. Apart from this instruction it was the boy's first taste of home life in the School's Spartan year. There were other lessons culminating in solos in

the Easter, Whitsun and Founder's Anthems. W. G. showed no emotion outwardly. He flogged me, six of the best, for writing a complaint home instead of adopting the usual channels. I am of the firm opinion now, fifty years on, that the punishment hurt him more than it did me. Standing on the compass in front of his desk facing north, seemed to knock the bottom out of my world. A year later he congratulated me, quiet like, for taking first place in the Government exams. "Didn't do you any harm, I see!" I knew what he meant. Those marks on my posterior seemed to me to be indelible at the time. The hues changed from black to blue, to purple, through the spectrum to the yellows and then barely visible, but what has been indelible is the memory of a man who had the greatest influence on my life for the good. I'm an Old Age Pensioner now, a Senior Citizen, but I go back often to the days when I sat spellbound under the direct gaze of W. G. when he expounded Maths, Science, English, Geography or Religious Instruction. Somehow I hear and feel the "tap, tap" of a curved handled walking stick beating rhythmically on my shoulder blade as I wander through memory lane past 'Warrior's Grove', 'Leisure', The Lawrence Arch, The Church Slant and come to rest rather gingerly on the organ stool listening for the sounds that help to bring back the vision of a great man.

"Bilkul"

* * * * *

Mr. G. E. Foster

He recognised me after a lapse of 18 years as we both stepped to the gangway of H.M.T. "Lancashire" when the troopship docked at Bombay en route to the Far East. I saluted, regulations required that a N. C. O. should so greet a commissioned officer, in this case Captain G. E. Foster. His acknowledgement came in a firm handshake but the press of the crowd forced us down the gangway to the dock. "I'm getting off here", he said, "going to Dehra Dun after a course in Blighty. And you?" "Active service in Shanghai," I replied. "Oh! Making a career of it? Good, perhaps it won't be long before I'm saluting you!" His batman indicated that "bistra" and "saman" were ready and G. E. F. left for Dehra.

He recognised me again after another lapse of 22 years. He did as he had prophesied, sprang to attention and saluted me. He had heard that I had attained my majority. His home in Fareham near Portsmouth was shared with Mrs. Foster. He introduced me as "One of my boys". There was a distinct note of pride in his voice as he said it. I could barely mutter, "Everything I have, sir, I owe to you." He turned away, quietly. So did I. We both feared emotion. Mrs. Foster said, "I'll get some tea," and left us, diplomatically. Tea helped us to recall and live Sanawar for hours.

My next visit was made a few years later and I was accompanied by a 'new' O.S. Subhash Malhotra. Mrs. Foster had passed on and G. E. F. found that living alone with the memories of the hill top hardly sufficed to fill the gap. The spring had gone from his step, there was an intense longing for the peace and tranquillity of the blessed hills, (he was a true 'pahari') but we re-lived the past with an avidity that shook the years and cares from his shoulders. It was with no surprise that I learned from his sister that G. E. F. had also passed away, "Full of Sanawar !"

He came to us as a Warrant Officer, II North Staffordshire Regiment. He was neat, dapper in a well fitting khaki uniform. He had a distinct advantage over his compatriot instructors - he was an Old Sanawarian. We were drawn up on the 'pavement' in front of the B.D. dining room by companies, viz., "A" Coy : "B" Coy: "C" Coy: and "D" Coy. Somehow we guessed what he was thinking as he viewed the ranks of blue coated, blue velvet shorted, "Kar—pooh—tar—lars ! " his favourite expression with the emphasis on the 'pooh'. "I'm going to change this." He did.

"Padar" Ricks had left us some weeks earlier. His tenure of office had left most of us smarting - we were "Jahnnies" to him and he maintained discipline rigidly in accordance with the general idea of what a Sanawar boy should look like - not very inspiring.

The changes came thick and fast with a new interest kindled in the boys firstly with a change in appearance. Blue gave way to Khaki, there was a new pride in what we did, "Clothes do make the man !" Next, the parade ground took on a new spirit of adventure, musketry improved beyond all recognition, 'Companies' gave way to 'Houses', the raucous, "A" Company has to turn up" was replaced by a recognisable bugle call, one for each House. Route marches, complete with full band, roused the garrison in Kasauli as dawn broke, Field days with Sanawar boys opposing battalions of the regular army, night attacks - "Get a puttee off and wrap it round your middle !" and thus he stopped night colic with a kindly thought for 'his' boys as we scaled the heights above Garkhal.

G. E. F. saw 'his boys' attain heights that have never been equalled. He walked feet in the air when he commanded the escort to the Ashburton Shield as it was conveyed from Dharampore to the School. 'His boys' had beaten the cream of the Empire's marksmen. His normally firm set of the lips set even firmer when he took us past the Prince of Wales as right hand man after the presentation of the Colours at Dehra Dun. 'His boys' were now part of the Lawrence ROYAL Military School and was he not an Old Boy himself ?

No one would have thought that of him for very long. G. E. F. was a boy at heart. He revelled in our boyish pranks, pranks that were traditional and part of his own make-up when he found relaxation after supper on Saturdays in his time. It was refreshing to find G.E.F. taking his place at our dis-organised games, he would

call "Kala-guchi" as loud as any of us when playing 'goolie-dunda' and we were grateful that payment for broken windows came from his pocket. He joined us on our sapping pursuits after the night time moths. The crime was 'being caught'. Even now village headmen recall the fairness that "Farster sahib" meted out to them when one would appear with a miscreant's hat in return for the 'bhuttas' that had been purloined. Yes, he'd get them back except for one. That would be tied round the miscreant's neck for the rest of the day, part of the punishment for being caught.

G. E. F. took command of the annual Easter Camp at Dagroo. Problems that were never encountered in the School campus made appearances all too suddenly but never was camp cancelled or curtailed. He found solutions. He showed that he had pride in every thing we did, we in turn lived in a sort of reflected glory in his own accomplishments, viz., long-distance running, and for years he held the championship of the British Army. His lithe figure clad in the light garb of the athlete, took as its practice run the tedious miles from the Lawrence Arch to the refreshment room at Kalka Railway Station; then back again. He led us by paths known only to him to Ghurka fort and got us back in time for supper. He played no mean cornet in the band and we looked eagerly for the Sunday evening programme from the Staff tennis court to contain "The Echo". G.E.F. would disappear quietly during the preceding item and lodge himself in the Chapel belfry. As the time came during the playing of 'The Echo' for the actual echo, we were never disappointed, G.E.F. fulfilled.

What is my most vivid recollection ? There are many 'mosts'. Taking the theme of this short description of the man that was a boy, perhaps I must return to Dagroo. It was a glorious evening and the many separate 'gangs' had given up their peculiar activities and gathered round the large camp fire. There were soloists, instrumental as well as vocal, some of the 'pat' yarns at the time seemed censorable, they were innocent, recitations bore no resemblance to the schoolroom promptings but G.E.F. wound up the proceedings with a rendering of "When I leave the world behind." It was a plaintive song. "I haven't any gold to leave when I grow old, somehow it's passed me by," he sang. That was definitely true. "I leave the night time to the dreamers," he continued. "I leave the song birds to the blind; I leave the moon above to those in love.....and to the old folks I leave a memory....." He did, just that. A memory, a very dear one, of a man who gave everything for an ideal, an ideal that found fruition in the Sanawar of the Barne era and that in itself was achievement unparalleled. His "kapoothalas" in turn - do remember.

BILKUL

Mood of the Moment

Founder's Week was incredibly fine. A hot sun lit the usual scene outside the pavilion where both teams enjoyed a pre-match knock about to loosen limbs. It was a feature of "the week", the School vs the Staff. Many matches had been played and very enjoyable they were. But a more remarkable match played on a certain day, a match unique in the annals of the game has remained unrecorded hitherto. Now that a vow of silence has expired, the writer is at liberty to make known the singular events which he witnessed on the Friday of Founder's Week 19..... !

It had been a hot day, the scoring had been heavy, and as only one side had any chance of winning, much of the interest in the game had gone. Induced, perhaps by the heat, I had nodded towards the end of the day, and finally had slipped down the khud and gone to sleep under a medlar bush. There I must have escaped the notice of the departing spectators for when I awoke I was alone. I was stiff and chilled by the night air, but as I stretched my limbs and looked under the intervening bushes I thought I noticed that the game was still in progress. As I slowly regained fuller consciousness the strangeness of the situation grew on me. It was night. The moon was shining down on the quiet cricket ground. It must have been near midnight, yet I could see perfectly the movements of the persons who were on the ground and some might have thought that it was under the impression that the day's match was still being played.

If this had been so the moon was not so brilliant as it looked. But the real fact of the matter was (as the clock knew) that on moonlight nights silent matches are played on Barnes by ghostly cricketers in white caps on one side, and on the other, players with plain coloured caps, or caps with colours in stripes, the same colours being found on the waist bands and blazers. The appearance of any of these is greeted with delight by the old, old ghosts who, standing near the pavilion clap their hands and cheer, noiselessly. At three o'clock in the morning when the moon goes, stumps are drawn for the night and the two elevens fade away. The hands of the clock see all this: they see, what is more to the present purpose - many things too, that happen by day. And when they come near to each other, as at five minutes to eleven, they either quarrel or give each other an item of news.

"'Baby' is going to bowl !" said Big Hand. Small Hand peered from under the shadow cast by his longer companion and confirmed that a stalwart, beefy, bareheaded cricketer had been passed the new ball by the captain who was wearing the cap of an Oxford Double Blue over a truly Roman nose that sat well on the six foot and more erstwhile Principal of the School - the Boss. "Baby" was no baby, he was the gym instructor, a Sergeant of the Garrison Artillery, Hawkes by name and a Sandow's medallist by reputation. His other reputations were legendary, cricketwise

he could squeeze a cricket ball into whatever shape he desired to give maximum effect to his lightning deliveries, other-wise, he had carried a field gun, unaided, through the Khyber Pass! The two white clad high priests had approached the hallowed ground and one called 'Play' as soon as the School captain had taken his guard. "Lumboo" Clifford pointed his gloved fingers downwards as he anticipated receiving "Baby's" first thunderbolt some twenty paces behind the stumps. He had, to his right, "Fernie" Fernandes at 1st slip, Mr. Prince at 2nd, and Mr. Gaskell at 3rd. Sgt. Clue was deep on the boundary at 3rd man while the Boss himself was at cover. "Taggara" Swann was given the onerous task of getting to the 'dolly' close in on the leg, or else getting the well-hit loose ball somewhere in the mid-riff of his ample person. Keith Murray stroked his immaculate "Capt. Kettle" beard as he mused over a mathematical problem at mid-on while Sgt. Major Foster patrolled the square leg boundary supplying a running riposte of answers to impertinent questions from the Lower School also patrolling the square leg boundary. One player remained, living up to the name affectionately bestowed by the School at large - "Falthu" Payne waiting at deep fine leg.

Tradition demanded that the School Captain take the first ball of the Festival Match though his real place was at first wicket down. "Ecce" had donned the mantle of captain through sheer merit as a leader, a bowler and a batsman, but not an opening bat and if the moonlight serves me right, this unaccustomed position was his downfall. "Baby's" first ball, a sphere as perfect as the maker intended it to be, left the matting like greased lightning and "Lumboo" took the catch low down following the faintest of faint snick from a perfectly played defensive stroke.

Small Hand's propensity for peering caused him to give Big Hand a second item of news. The incoming batsman has suddenly retraced his steps into the dressing room and quietly inserted into his trousers a tin plate (camp issue) over his guard. His walk to the wicket was straggly. Emden was not only a cricketer of renown, he was a comedian by repute. He took "Baby's" second ball where it should have hurt most but the clang resulting from projectile striking metal was echoed noiselessly by the laughter of the Lower School in particular who were in the know right from the start. Emden had survived. He survived the next four balls from "Baby". The field changed for the next over which was from 'Fernie' Fernandes, slow, left arm, cunning, devious, calculated. "Big" Davin has a reputation too. Whenever he played on the Kasauli Depot ground he reckoned to but the first ball into the bazaar. He emulated the feat on Barnes and "Togs" blew his whistle loudly for the fags down the khudside to retrieve the ball in seconds. Barnes did not allow for 6's—out of the ground was 4 and so it remained to the end of the over. So far, no fielder other than the wicket keeper and two bowlers had touched the ball and Big Hand was not slow to comment. So it was left to these two arbiters of time to discuss the merits of the individual fielders.

"Lumboo" was well named. His quiet attitude was well suited to the role he played in the classroom - history and geography. Cricket was his passion. His height and slim build prevented him shining in games of physical contact, except tennis. Then did he come into his own. But boys were not permitted tennis in their rather full sporting programme and not much was revealed to them when air compressed in rubber met feline entrails stretched over a wooden frame. But "Lumboo" could bat all day for 13 runs and often did. Big Hand called Small Hand's attention to the game. That first catch well taken by "Lumboo" in the first over and now we were in the sixth over. He was standing up to the wicket for 'Fernie'. 'Fernie' was in his element. Some 12 runs had been knocked off his first overs, four notable ones coming from Emden when he lefthandedly swept a deep leg break over the startled Boss' head out of the ground. 'Fernie' smiled, he still smiled, he always smiled, even when he was given "Halt" on the wrong foot which made him look rather foolish on the monthly Simla Rifles parade. 'Fernie' always had something up his sleeve. He was the Arts master with a natural gift for caricature. This very Cricket Festival was graced with his illustrations of the Rules of Cricket drawn on a large poster. Small hand, ever watchful for such items of news said, "See that one - 'the striker shall be out if caught' - there's a boy getting a wallop from a master for breaking a window with a cricket ball!" School legends invariably had a smattering of truth and 'Fernie' was said to attain prowess at hockey because he could centre a ball from the left wing using the toe of the stick playing left handed! 'Fernie' did the School proud in other respects, he actually married a Sanawar School girl and survived. But Big Davin did not survive the noiseless appeal for 'L.B.W.' as 'Fernie' smiled when he sent down a guileless straight one that Davin misread.

"Baby" was still bowling. His field had not changed, but with Jackie Harridence coming to the wicket, the Boss consulted his bowler and Mr. Prince was taken from 2nd slip and put into the deep on the leg side. Mr. Prince was making a guest appearance as he was not of the staff. He was Principal of the Government Training College. There was nothing of the Principal about him as he sped across the field to his new position. He sped everywhere! Some lesser mortals called him "Spring heel Jack" and as if in confirmation of that epithet, he sprang to his left and took a catch low down and near the boundary as Jackie Harridence thought to take tea off a 'Baby' Hawke's loose delivery. Jackie joined Ecce to compare the symmetry of eggs, duck, scored. The G.T.C. was held in high esteem in Educational circles by virtue of the high standard demanded by Mr. Prince of all his students. Their aptness for the vocation was tested on school boys and one recalls vividly the practical demonstration of the barometer, with mercury, metre tube and glass bowl, but only in Sanawar could it happen that a purposeful accident after the demonstration could provide several boys with a private supply of mercury - fascinating stuff! Mr. Prince came into his own when cast as the worried Secretary in "The Private Secretary" and the year's drama accolade was well won by his performance.

And so the match went on. The over was finished and Mr. Prince returned to his original place in the slips alongside Mr. Gaskell. Their conversation was academic - the Boss frowned - but could do nothing, neither had misfielded and W. G. is spoken of with respect and affection elsewhere, as is the Boss. Away on the boundary, however, is Bill Clue, onomatopoeic in name, appearance, outlook and performance. Bill was instructor in carpentry and was a Regular Sergeant. The word regular was applied to his duties as Housemaster of Roberts House and for the entire length of his devoted service to the School, Roberts was Cock House in Drill. The Boss told him to stay on the boundary, and stay on the boundary he did. He in turn told his boys in Roberts to stay at it, and stay at it they did - he set the example, the excellent results had to follow.

"Baby" Hawkes never had a mid-off. He was too fast for any batsman to take liberties and force the ball away further than the end of his follow through, so Big Hand drew Small Hand's attention to the field placings on the leg and immediately let out a silent guffaw which, in his case, was a severe trembling of his metal spine. "Taggara" Swann had fulfilled the second of his attributes. He got in the way of a ball destined for a leg boundary. Did it hurt? Didn't seem to - the only reaction that Small Hand could detect was a very audible rendering, under the moonlight conditions, of the School Song - a phrase that worried "Taggara" - "On Sergeant Tilley's Hill" - the scanning by the Bishop was correct - or was it? "Taggara" was well named, ample in all things, physique, humour, outlook, generosity. He was more than a Bandmaster - he was a genial Svengali and hard headed schoolboys were mesmerised into becoming musicians with a devotion to music and their instruments that was unbelievable. "Taggara" took 'his' School Band to great heights and many was the time that Viceregal Lodge in Simla echoed to the melodies conducted by him and played by the School Band. Lawrence House as a whole worshipped him, the three storeys of the B.D. Barrack block must have been a trial to him as he mounted the entire flight of stairs to his eyrie at the summit - but "Taggara" never complained. It was good for his figure, he declared.

As could be expected the commiseration shown by each individual fielder toward's "Taggara's" mishap was keen, but none keener than that offered by Sgt. Major Foster who, not content with running in from deep mid-on, decided to take in the whole perimeter of Barnes, the Lower included, in a steady miniature Long Hodson lope before he tendered his hopes for the continued welfare of the Bandmaster. But more is written about G.E.F. elsewhere. The steady run was not only commented upon by the arbiters of time, the steady run related to time and motion had been worked out to a precise figure. The pace per second in proportion to the distance covered was computed on a theoretical slide rule that occupied most of his brain. That particular mathematician had but few paces to walk and to rub the

bruised abdomen of the Bandmaster and then to stroke his own rotundity with affection. He chuckled as only Keith Murray could chuckle, but he cut it short, embarrassed, and stroked his pointed beard with equal affection. He had no pretensions towards being a cricketer. He was asked to play. He chuckled at the thought and the Boss took the chuckle as consent. But it was mid-on for him, both ends. Boss knew as well as did Keith, that the position of the foot in a line at right angles to a ball approaching it would be worked out to a mathematical exactitude and a boundary would be saved. So why the need to turn the body into a tangent with the level of the ground in a fruitless attempt to stop the ball with the hands? Mr. Murray was precise. When the Viceroy paid a visit to the School, Mr. Murray wore a top hat and tails. It was the correct thing to do. His was not the sort of figure that would make a drill sergeant lyrical on parade, but who was it that headed the Simla Rifles Shooting League - just Private K. Murray. His accuracy on the range was reflected in his accuracy on the blackboard and legend wound round him as with any schoolmaster worthy of the name. The School watched with admiration his prowess at rapid practices and so the legend was formed. Keith used his belly button on which to pivot and so swing round into a correct position after every shot was fired. No wonder he stroked his ample proportions when dealing with "Taggara".

Both Big Hand and Small Hand were guilty of digressing from the matter in hand while contemplating Mr. Murray's abilities and they failed to notice that the score had mounted and that wickets had fallen and that tea was taken. The normal period allowed was exceeded to a marked degree as this was a Festival and the marquee was graced by the presence of the ladies. Chief among these was the Boss' wife, delicate, graceful, wistful, so seemingly out of place among flannelled fools. But her very graciousness sweetened the tea cup where no sugar had been added. She floated, she didn't walk and Small Hand nearly extended himself to the length of his compatriot in following her through the tent as she administered to the 'fools'. Mrs. Gaskell was there, her ministrations were more direct, W.G. had a queer tummy and she had to live with it. Mrs. 'Fernie' O.S. that she was, knew just what boys at a 'scoff' wanted and did she provide it! Those who had no blazers found their tunic pockets bulging with Davico's specials. It was merry but Big Hand spoilt it by descending too suddenly on the half hour and a silent, sonorous boom called all and sundry to the field again.

The Boss was coming on to bowl. The space between Big Hand and Small Hand grew larger and so did the circle of fielders. Boss was no bowler, his slows were effective only in his own imagination - but his batting - Oxford had cause to thank him on many occasions. And so it was that attention was called to the last member of the Staff XI and Big Hand did all he could to speed round the clock and converse again with Small Hand on the subject of the positioning of "Falthu" Payne deep on the fine leg boundary. Boss knew his propensities. He would run,

anywhere, any time, anyhow and the boys dreaded a wet afternoon because "Falthu" would make them run anywhere, anytime but not anyhow. "Falthu" was a Regular and came from the Clerical Service of the Military establishment. No boy could understand this - why a "penpusher" had to come to a military school. He must have been superfluous - he was "Falthu". Sgt. Payne alternated Housemaster duties between Herbert—Edwards and Nicholson Houses and he did yeoman service in the administrative affairs of the School. The Barne era was a taxing era, it taxed every member of the Staff and they gave their best. "Falthu" was no exception. The ramifications of the School Stores with numerous and varied items required to maintain both a large Boys' School and Girls' School and all the ancillary services were as child's play to "Falthu" and he revelled at performing his tasks. He ran at them, and the boys cheered. They seemed to cheer, noiselessly, as the slanting moon gave an unreal, ethereal picture of a ball descending from a great height with the eagerly waiting hands of a very apprehensive "Falthu" to hold it. He did. The match was won, it was the Boss' annual wicket and one imagined by his demeanour that he had taken all ten.

Big Hand and Small Hand had now come close together, as close as 6-30 would allow. But that was only fantasy and fantasy does allow for a seeming evening hour to merge with the reality of a pre—dawn darkness when the moon draws its own curtain over its face.

BILKUL

(With deep appreciation of the help given by Messrs. W. Pett Ridge, Campbell Viney and E. W. Hornung to get me into the mood.)

* * * * *

Old Sanawar

I have no notes or records to guide me and must trust entirely to my memory for such facts as might be of interest to a younger generation of Sanawarians. At this distance of time, some events are apt to be forgotten or but dimly remembered, and one cannot always make a statement with any marked degree of finality. However, such of my impressions as are at all hazy I have tried to avoid. Looking back on my school-days in Sanawar, there are certain features which stand out more vividly than others, and it is these, in the main, that I record.

In 1869, when my sister and I joined the school, we came up by bullock cart. The journey was comfortable, if a trifle long drawn out, but if we lacked the speed and efficiency of modern travel the leisurely rate at which we moved had some advantages, and I'm sure we had as much excitement as the present-day girl has in her journey to and from school. When we left Sanawar, in 1876, we went down in

"dandies" to Kalka whence we transferred to the inevitable bullock cart. At Ambala, however, by way of variation and because my father was short of time, we obtained "tikka gharies." These were faster though not as comfortable as the bullock cart, but comparing it now with the railway and the motorcar it does seem a painfully slow mode of travel. Still, not knowing any better, we enjoyed our journeys and looked forward to them with no little pleasure.

Perhaps the most bewildering change in Sanawar is in the number of buildings that have sprung up in the course of the years. Of the buildings we had, and they were comparatively few, most have disappeared or have been entirely changed to suit some present need. The Principal's bungalow remains very much the same. The Medical Officer occupied the same house then as now. The house at present occupied by the Quartermaster was the Headmaster's, but Miss Tait's bungalow is that of her predecessors—(Now the office). Bleak House has changed but little. The present Stores was the Hospital, and the Music School the Dispensary. The "barracks" in both departments were built after my time. We certainly did not occupy them, though we had buildings on the same sites.

Though I do not think there have been any great structural alterations in the Chapel, yet there are one or two changes which have made a difference. The reredos and the "Hunt Memorial" are both new. We had two pulpits and one lectern, near the priest. The organ and choir were in the gallery, and, as far as I can remember, Church music was well rendered. The verger was a Mr. Wittaker. He sat in the front pew and answered the versicles when the children were sleepy or lazy or both.

Our Staff was small in numbers. We had two matrons in the G. D., Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Anderson. They were assisted by sub-matrons, usually senior girls who were paid Rs. 1-4 a week. Below the sub-matrons were orderlies, who received 4 as. a week for their services. The teaching staff consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Mellor and Miss Ecott, Mrs. Mellor's sister. Later, Mr. Mellor was transferred to the Boys' School, his place being taken by Mr. Burgess. This Mr. Burgess was an excellent teacher and was thoroughly interested in the school. He evinced his love of the G.D. by marrying the Head Girl, Elizabeth Gibson.

The Principal, the Rev. J. Cole, would read the Bible in class to the children on given mornings, but did no other teaching. The Hospital was in the charge of Major Smythe, who had Miss Scanlon as his Nursing Sister. We seemed to keep fit in those days, in spite of the fact that medical science had not advanced as far as it now has.

We took the Punjab Examinations, going as far as the Middle School, but I am not quite certain about this. The schedule of a day's work might be of interest. We rose at 6 a.m. From 7—8 the senior classes attended morning study. Breakfast was at 8-15 and school work began at 9 a.m. We worked, with a short break, till 12-30 p.m. and went into dinner at 1. A further spell of class rooms followed from 2—4. At 6 p.m. we had supper and that ended our working day. We went early to bed.

Organised games did not exist and except for occasional walks under the charge of a matron we had to provide our own amusements. A "Giant's Stride," standing where the Centre Court now is, was extremely popular with the younger girls. Skipping and "Hop Scotch" were pastimes which had many adherents, while a number of girls found amusement and recreation in hoeing and manuring little plots of ground, which they proudly called their gardens and which dotted the khud sides.

Child's nursing provided a career for many, and the Mission at Delhi, a Training Centre, was always ready to receive our girls. They had an enviable reputation for good work and did well as a rule, though occasionally a girl was returned as being unsatisfactory.

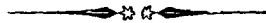
Matrimony, however, then as now, was the most popular of careers and considerable match-making was carried out in Sanawar, often to our great amusement. A man would write to the Principal enquiring if he could obtain a wife in Sanawar. His letter would be handed, or read out, to would-be wives. In due time the prospective husband would arrive in Sanawar, to interview and be interviewed. Questions asked by the girls were a strange mixture of clear-eyed acumen, blind dreams, and sly humour.

These interviews were good fun and provided us, often enough, with much laughter. When a couple came to an agreement, the wedding arrangements were left to the Principal. The wedding would eventually take place in Sanawar, and would provide the necessary excuse for a little hilarity and jubilation. Weddings were always welcomed by us. Sanawar, in those distant days, now seems to me to have been a very happy and leisurely place.

In 1876, I left Sanawar. I had been extraordinarily happy and left not without much regret. In the last fifty years I have seen many changes in Sanawar, changes which have spelt development and progress. I hope, for she has a warm place in my heart, that Sanawar will go from strength to strength, and that the pages of her history will be records of her continued happiness and prosperity.

Mrs. A. Crunden

This article has been reprinted from "The Sanawarian" December 1934.



Back to School

Gone the British raj, gone the sour memsahib. His chota peg is a dream of the past, and if she takes chota hazri still she has to boil the kettle herself in her neat semi at Eastbourne. All is changed, changed utterly; except for Sanawar. We always knew that Sanawar was part of the eternal scheme of things, and to prove it, there it is 21 years after independence, still rousing the boys with reveille blown on a bugle, still holding the annual race around the bridle tracks, and calling it still the Hodson Run.

The Lawrence Royal Military School, Sanawar, started as an asylum for British Soldiers' children. Kipling wrote "if you want to make a man of your son send him to Sanawar". When I reached Sanawar, sent there at the age of seven because in the plains I was a sickly child, it was a school for the sons of Regular soldiers, and it was dedicated to the greater glory of the British Empire.

It was 1,000 miles from home, three days and two nights by train. First, the Lahore Mail from Karachi Cantonment over the Thar desert. Change at Lahore under the huge girders swarming with monkeys. Across the rice and mustard crops of the Punjab plains to Kalka. Finally the narrow gauge railway climbing into the Himalayan foothills, and the last couple of miles on foot over the bridle paths.

Each long, three storeyed dormitory block sheltered one of the school houses, their names a roll call of the glorious victors of the Indian Mutiny: Lawrence himself, Hodson, Herbert-Edwards, Nicholson, Havelock, Roberts. In class, too, we dwelt on the achievements of Lucknow, and when we had exhausted that they told us about Sparta (but not Athens) and when we had heard about the boy who let the fox bite him to death rather than admit that he had it under his shirt we learnt about the Carthaginian wars.

It may be only my memory that persuades me now that we spent an entire school year on the exploits of Achilles, Ajax, Hector, and Patrocles. Certainly those lessons so fired our imagination that we youngsters, the under-11s, spent all year fighting up and down the khud sides, re-acting Agamemnon's just cause, with only one detail forgotten. Helen.

6 A. M. Reveille

For the over-11s, war games were more authentic. Until the age of 11, we all rose at 6 a.m. reveille, and went for a route march or PT. We all drilled under an Army sergeant or warrant officer (cushy posting Sanawar must have been), we all suffered the equivalent of a works parade. But after 11, they dressed the part as well; left off the grey flannel shorts and grey shirts with floppy grey flannel hats that the rest of us wore, donned gorkha hats, khaki shorts and shirts, puttees and boots, broad leather belts, and for (I think) house captains, Sam Brownes. They drilled with rifles and learnt to fire them on the range, they marched to martial music by the school military band, and every year on Founder's day they submitted to inspection by the Viceroy, Wavell, or C-in-C India, Auchinleck.

It seems now that if we were not honouring the Founder, we were honouring the Empire (Empire Day parade), or God (church parade every day, twice on Sundays). We never maligned the memory of Guy Fawkes, but one memorable evening in the same season descended instead to a village of mud godowns in the valley to join the Hindu celebrations of Dewali, the festival of light, and splash our pocket money of four annas a week on yellow-sweet, sticky jalebis and soft white bricks of barfi.

Normally our money went into the pocket of Charlie Bootlace, the tuckshop wallah. My older brother Peter taught me to supplement pocket money by stealing a loaf from the bakery while he distracted the baker (later, Peter hollowed out the loaf and poured in the contents of a tin of guava jelly); Charlie Bootlace was protected from similar depredations by his prestige. His brother had been a circus strong man, lying on a bed of nails while men carrying great weights stood on his chest.

Peter was 14 and everything to me that an older brother should be; in return I gladly stole for him or ran errands. One day a convalescing airman came with the cricket team from the town on the next hill, Kasauli. He scored 37 caught and bowled de la Rue Brown, and Peter, too shy himself, sent me to the pavilion to collect his autograph. "All the best, Denis Compton." So what? The man I was too shy to speak to was the sixth former, de la Rue Brown.

Seasonal Competition

Our life was bounded by the seasons, conker season, alley (marbles) season, beetle season (we caught rhinos and by stroking them firmly between the wings enraged them so that they would fight and kill each other), lathi season (you hit a short sharpened stick at one end with a larger stick, and as it flew into the air whacked it as great a distance as you could), butterfly season. Even butterflies encouraged competitiveness, over who could make the best collection of these exotic insects: swallowtails, oakleaves, sunsets. We collected jam and fruit in tins and allowed it to rot. Then we smeared it on the bark of the pines and watched the butterflies settle and gorge themselves into stupefaction so that you simply picked them off the bark.

For official entertainment we marched annually to the little Kasauli Cinema, once to be bored by a musical, either called "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," or with a song of that title as refrain; once to be stupefied by "Tripoli Victory," all animated maps; once to fall asleep over a documentary on the Tennessee Valley Authority; once to sweat with terror over a thriller about wife murder, "Suspect."

We organised our unofficial entertainment better. The school authorities never did discover that the reason the soap periodically vanished from the wash houses was that the visiting snake charmer took payment in soap; used or unused, it was all currency. How we thought we could do without soap I cannot imagine. There were no sewers in the latrines, and until the sweepers made their daily visit the stink made a late visit a real challenge.

Mental challenges came no severer than elementary arithmetic in class, and American comics in the dormitory. When we ran out of Captain Marvel and Superman, my friend Robert and I made our own comics. I would not admit that he could draw better than me (he could), but I could not deny that he was illiterate, so he did the art work and I did the conversation balloons. It was not a difficult literary form to master.

Soon after taking up comic paper production, our humane English teacher praised me for using the word "lumbering" in an essay about a bear. Then a sergeant showed us the "Times of India" front page, all about a new bomb that had destroyed a city in Japan. This concatenation of experiences made me determined to be a writer; I saw that the occupation of fighter pilot would not long remain fashionable (Peter, however, maintained his original purpose and earned a fleeting peacetime fame when a pilotless aircraft somehow became airborne and he shot it down into Sydney Harbour). Peter is still Air Force but RAAF.

One day at Napier Barracks, Karachi, I mentioned my plan to become an author to a group of paratroops who had asked, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" Because of their reaction to my answer, I have never since disclosed my vocation to another soul. But I left Sanawar a solemn, dull boy, swinging my arms to regulation height, a butt to my new school mates in the North-east of England until I had adjusted. Peter left school and England as soon as he could. Things might have been different had we been born and brought up in Darlington, but Kipling had a word for that kind of profitless speculation. If.

Michael McNay

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The House System

The Rev. G.D. Barne (Principal) made a firm decision, one of many, and in this case he decided to take the first step in introducing the Public School system of Houses in place of the prevailing military division of the Boys' School into Companies. Nothing else was to be changed, just names for letters. And the names.....military of course.....and what a wonderful selection.

The erstwhile 'Band' Company became Lawrence House after the Founder. "A" Company enjoyed reflected glory in the accomplishments of Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Then came two names that were inseparable in the formation of Indian History - Sir Herbert Edwardes and Sir John Nicholson guided "B" and "C" Company respectively. Lastly, who better than Hodson of Hodson's Horse to take over "D" Company. He built Sanawar and the buildings stand today.

Sir Henry Lawrence—no pen can do him more service than what is already carved in cold marble beside his bust in the School Chapel. Sanawarians, if you have not already done so, go there and read. If you have done so, go again and be refreshed.

Lord Roberts of Kandahar—(1832—1914) was commander-in-Chief in India, a position that crowned 40 years devoted service to the country. Kipling in the same book in which he wrote, "We will make a man of him in Sanawar," wrote of him as "Bobs Bahadur."

Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Earl, of Kandahar, Pretoria and Waterford, was born in Cawnpore. He went to the same School as the Rev. G.D. Barne, viz., Clifton and then went on to Eton and Sandhurst. He entered the Bengal Artillery in 1851 and took an active part in raising the siege of Delhi and was also at the relief of Lucknow. He won the Victoria Cross for gallantry in 1858.

As a Major-General in the Afghan War in 1878 he forced the seemingly impregnable fortress at Perivai Kotul. He finally defeated the Afghans at Charaisa, took possession of Kabul and assumed the government.

Two years later, on 9th August, 1880 he set out on the memorable march that led to numerous legends being wound round his head. Short, wiry, dapper, his spirit was indomitable and it was infectious. His force of 10,000 marched through Afghanistan to the relief of Kandahar. The march was completed in three weeks and the enemy was routed. After a short spell as C.—in—C. Madras Army, he was appointed C.—in—C. India.

The troubles facing the British in the early stages of the Boer War faded when 'Bobs Bahadur' assumed Chief Command. He returned to England after the relief of Kimberley in 1901 to become C.—in—C. He retired in 1904. Mahatma Gandhi visited him in 1914 and taking the advice of his friend regarding his health, the Mahatma returned to India to recuperate. 'Bobs Bahadur' died in Flanders Field while visiting troops in the early stages of World War I.

Sir Herbert Edwardes and Sir John Nicholson, together with the Founder, were known as the "Titans of the Punjab." The three worked closely together. Sir Henry was their mentor in the years of successful administration of the Punjab. Both Sir Herbert and Sir John shared Sir Henry's mantle of conduct—....."to do as much justice as possible in judicial matters, under the trees, before the people. In material improvements, to go ahead at a

tremendous pace and cover the country with roads, bridges, etc. In policy, to be very conciliatory, very friendly. Promptness, accessibility, brevity and kindness to be the best engines of government. To have as few forms as possible. To be considerate and kind, not expecting too much from poorly educated people. To make no changes unless certain of decided improvement.....”

There was warm love between these men of more than mortal stature; they were knit together into one family by their work, by their fierce restraint and by their puritanical religion. “Next to his mother, John’s (Nicholson) thoughts turned towards you,” wrote a mutual friend to Sir Herbert. Wrote Sir Henry to Sir John, “Let me advise you as a friend to bear, and to forbear. I think you have done much towards conquering yourself and I hope to see the conquest completed.” Wrote Sir Herbert to Sir John, “What a loss we have sustained in our very dear friend (Sir Henry). How his great purposes and fiery will and general impulses and strong passions raged in him.....” And, said Honoria Lawrence to her husband of Sir John as she lay dying, “Tell him I love him as dearly as if he were my son, tell him I love him very much.” Finally, Sir Henry writing to them both, “Daily and nightly she talks of you and of the others of the Punjab as of her sons and brothers.”

Sir Herbert Edwardes — (1819—1868)

Soon after the new protectorate system began in the Punjab, the Council of Elders suggested to Sir Henry that it was time to send an army to Bannu. Sir Henry would agree only on condition that a British Political Officer went with them, to settle a reasonable revenue and to get the Bannuchis to pay it without coercion. The Sikh Elders smiled in their long grey beards. They said that a Political Officer was welcome to try.

Herbert Edwardes, the Political Officer chosen, was still a Lieutenant, not yet 30 years old. He was used to working for Sir Henry, even so, it seemed to him that what he was now asked to do was difficult. He was expected to reach a settlement with a people utterly untamed, a thing neither Greek, Afghan nor Sikh had done, and in barely six weeks. He was in the valley from March 15th to May 1st, when the sun burnt them out, but on this first brief visit he achieved a good deal. He wrote, “I look back to these months in Bannu as the hardest grind I ever endured. But the peace that ensued came home to so many and the cultivation it permitted sprang up and flourished so rapidly under that genial sun, that one’s good wishes seemed overheard by angels and carried out upon the spot before charity grew cold.”

Sir John Nicholson — (1822—1857)

Sir Henry Lawrence, as Resident, kept a guiding hand on Sikh affairs, while his young men, including Herbert Edwardes and John Nicholson, scoured the country, advising, exhorting and from time to time firmly and without any authority taking things into their own hands and administering. "The protection of the people against oppression will be your first duty," wrote Sir Henry to Nicholson. Sir John's administration of Bannu was a golden age when there was less need to punish for theft or murder than for paying divine honours to a ruler who did not care for them. He could not prevent his apotheosis and a religious community known as the Nikal—Seyni Faquirs lasted at least ten years after his death.

Sir John was reported by the Board in the following terms, "He saw that substantial justice should be plainly dealt out to a simple people, unused to the intricacies of legal proceedings. His aim was to avoid all technicality, circumlocution and obscurity; to simplify and abridge every rule, procedure and process. To form tribunals which were not hedged in with forms unintelligible to the vulgar and only to be interpreted by professional lawyers, but which shall be open and accessible to Courts of Justice where every man may plead his own case, be confronted face to face with his opponents, may prosecute his own claim or conduct his own defence." That Sir John adhered to the admonition given him by Sir Henry is clearly found in what he wrote after the Battle of Gujarat, "I have allowed all the prisoners made after the action to go quietly to their homes."—a merciful and chivalrous man.

Yet, a decisive mind forced him to take a risk when troops mutinied in Nowshera and he ordered their disarming. "As we rode down to the disarming a very few chiefs or yeomen of the country attended us and I remember judging from their faces that they came to see which way the tide would turn. As we rode back, friends were as thick as summer flies and levies became from that time to come in." It was a triumph for the policy of the risk taken by the throat.

The crisis at Delhi in 1857 forced Sir John southwards and he led the storming party to raise the siege, but he himself was mortally wounded.

Major William S. R. Hodson — (1821—1858)

William Hodson joined the Indian Army in 1845. He possessed many talents and soon came under the notice of Sir Henry Lawrence. One of these

talents was engineering and in 1847 Sir Henry trusted him with the erection of the first buildings in Sanawar. These still stand, eloquent of the high standard employed by Hodson.

His military duties saw him serving in the 1st Sikh War with great distinction and some years later he took command of the North West Frontier Guides.

He was the fourth of that famous quartette to be recalled to the crisis in Delhi and he became head of the intelligence service. He raised the irregular cavalry known as "Hodson's Horse" and formed part of the relieving force at Lucknow. He was mortally wounded on 11th March, 1858 and died the day after. Sir Henry's own death shroud seemed to cover him as well as Sir John Nicholson.

The Principal had chosen wisely, the five were leaders, selfless, devoted, loyal; and all embracing as the School Anthem is the memory of the five—ever part of the line that forms the title of the Anthem - "Let us now praise famous men." The words were sung fortissimo by a full choir and later in the Anthem the soprano solo echoed the words, "There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported." So be it, their names live as durable and as firm as the majestic ranges that have taken their place - Himalaya, Nilgiri, Vindhya, Siwalik. These are for ever India - so is the memory of five famous men - forever India.

BILKUL

House Colours	Lawrence	...	Yellow
	Roberts	...	Dark Blue
	Herbert Edwardes	...	Red
	Nicholson	...	Light Blue
	Hodson	...	Green

* * * * *

Letter from New Zealand

Our School, where I spent ten months of every year during the formative years of my boyhood, has always meant a great deal to me, for the lessons I learnt then have stood me in excellent stead over all the years, and what strength of character and moral fibre I possess was moulded and developed by the men of calibre who ran and staffed the School during my day. It is fitting therefore, that

this attempt to describe the School as I knew it should commence with an acknowledgement - since repayment of this great debt by me is impossible - at least to some of those who played so large a part in teaching me the things that really count in life. Let me stress that the list is by no means complete and apologise for any names omitted. Firstly there was our Principal, the Rev. George Duncan Barne, who later became the Bishop of Lahore, in which capacity he often visited Karachi where I spent most of my working years and where I never missed an opportunity of seeking him out and keeping alive my affection and respect for this great personality. Then follows William Gaskell who was the Head Master; George Foster, the Regimental Sergeant Major from the North Staffordshire Regiment who was our Chief Instructor; the inimitable 'Baby' Hawkes, Physical Culturist and P.T. Instructor; Bill Tilley after whom Tilley's Slope was named; Alwyn Binns, Mr. Fernandez the Art Teacher, Reg Brendish, William Teal, Charles O'Hagan, Billy Wiles and Ralph Smith, Misses Foy and Kirner, the latter married a compatriot of mine in the person of Fred Eccleston, who was perhaps one of the best sportsmen of his or any other time in Sanawar; Dr. Brindaban, the Assistant Medical Officer whose 'Mag. Sulph.' kept us 'on the run' but whose chief asset was his wonderful understanding and mischievous abetment in occasional malingering to avoid a school test for which one had failed to prepare by a one day admission to hospital till the ordeal was over! Munshi Munilal who so gamely and patiently persevered in trying to teach me Urdu. Among the menials—if they can be so called - since their stature as men rate high in my memory were Gulel, the Head Cook, Basdo, the Tuck Shop Keeper a masterpiece in patience and forbearance with small boys struggling to decide the best return or value for the purchasing power of a quarter of his weekly pocketmoney; Ramerick who owned the shack about midway between the boys lavatory and the small playground where one could buy jaw breaking cocoanut and 'gur' toffee after normal business hours were over; and last but by no means least that great and wonderful coolie 'Gunta' who I swear was the best runner that the Hill ever produced and who taught me all I knew about running the Hodson Runs. Most of these wonderful people have doubtless passed on where I know they earned the just rights and peace of true and unselfish devotion to the often thankless bunch of boy ruffians that we were.

My sisters, brother and I were registered for admission to Sanawar long before we gained entrance in 1922, because of the length of the waiting list, but from then until 1928 when I left School, was not only the happiest time of my life but one upon which I look back with gratitude for all it achieved in education and character building in my own case.

It was the rule for new children to be taken to the Hospital where they were kept for about 48 hours during which they were checked over physically, rested, allocated a House, and received their first issue of School uniform. Being a military school everything supplied was army issue and clothing consisted, in the case of boys, of army boots, grey socks, hose-tops, putties, Khaki shorts, shirt, jersey, and for cold weather serge coats. On Sundays and red letter days blue serge uniforms were worn. A boy Hospital Orderly escorted patients for admission to hospital each morning and those being discharged back to school each evening, and on the second trip he brought in the clothing required by new boys. Imagine my horror when I discovered that my kit consisted of two left boots - three sizes too large for me - a huge shirt and an ill fitting pair of shorts. With these were a pair of much too large army grey socks, and a pair of putties which I had never in my life before even seen. However, these oddments served to cover me till I arrived at barracks when I was presented at the Stores and rigged out with a kit more of my size. I was posted to 'A' Company - Roberts House - where I was next taken and where I was allotted my bed which consisted of an iron bedstead upon which was a galvanised sheet and upon which again were three biscuit mattresses and a pillow, all stuffed with pine needles which took some getting used to ! Two sheets, a pillow case, a towel, scrubbing brush, hair brush, tooth brush and button stick made up the rest of my equipment and my education, academic and otherwise had commenced.

Another boy was detailed by 'Fatty' Woodman, my House Prefect, to show me around the school and teach me the routine and what the bugle calls meant. Remember everything was run on strictly military lines and controlled by bugle calls from Reveille to Lights Out, and the tidiness of dormitories was as regimentally precise as any army Sergeant Major could wish for. Dormitories were kept spotlessly clean by daily sweeping and weekly scrubbing, and window panes and fittings had great labour and time devoted to their lustre. To achieve this fatigue parties had to be found and these were made up by the 'last six' on certain parades each week. Every boy took a personal pride in his School, House and individual cleanliness, and I can personally vouch for the difficulty our very limited resources by way of cleaning material presented in maintaining such high standards. Our boots and brass shone respectively through the good offices of 'Day and Martin' boot polish, and when Brasso was unavailable clinical Iodine provided a useful substitute, 'spit' was always available as an essential additive !

The Boys' School in my time consisted of five Companies, later called Houses and named after famous Generals - Lawrence, Roberts, Herbert-Edwards, Nicholson and Hodson, housed in two three storied buildings then comprising the barracks. The dining hall used to be on the ground floor of the higher barrack adjacent to the 'Pavement' or barrack square, on which all assemblies were held

and from which all school functions commenced. Immediately above the dining hall was 'A' Company or Roberts House, and above that 'Band' Company later to become Lawrence House. The lower barrack housed 'C' Company or Nicholson House on the top floor, 'B' Company or Herbert-Edwards immediately below, and 'D' Company or Hodson House on the ground floor. Each dormitory accommodated 50 boys and was supervised by the house prefect, two sergeants, two corporals and two lance corporals, made up of boys, under the supervision of a resident regimental House Master. The class rooms led off the 'Pavement' and were on the level of the upper barrack and on the other side of the class rooms was a Quadrangle from which a covered way led up to the Church which stood upon a hill dividing the Boys' from the Girls' Schools. The boys fell-in and were marched up to Church morning and evening every day, and on Sundays were led by our full scale military brass band of which we had every reason to be proud. The band played an hour's programme each Sunday evening - weather permitting - while the rest of the School sat upon the surrounding Khudside to listen. An occasional route march around the 'backway' was an event popular not only among the boys but a source of delight to the hill folk who delighted to line the route taken and watch. There were two playing fields in the Boys' School, on the larger of which all school fixtures in hockey, cricket or football took place and big parades, such as the annual 'Trooping of the Colour', gymnastic display and torchlight tatos were held. The lower field was in the main used by the junior and middle school. Annual parades and displays attracted many spectators from as far afield as Kasauli, Sabathu, Dagshai and even Simla. As a matter of interest Kasauli at that time was the only centre in India where anti-rabies serum was manufactured and people from all over the sub continent had to go there for treatment in cases of dog bite.

Let me now describe a day in the life of a boy of my time in Sanawar. Reveille would sound at 6 a.m. followed immediately by a roll call at which the boy house N.C.O. on duty for the week reported to the duty military sergeant. Chota Hazri would be served at 6-30 a.m. and the meal consisted of an eighth of a loaf of army bread and a mug of tea. All meals were preceeded and followed by a roll of drums and grace which was said by the senior boy present and during which everyone stood at attention. Each table was presided over by a boy N.C.O. at its head with six boys sitting down either side. The Prefects had their own table set in the centre of the dining hall. Fifteen minutes before each meal 'servers' would be sounded to summon a boy server from each table to the kitchen to draw the rations for those at his table, and it was this boy's duty for that week - during which he was excused other parades - to set the table before and clear up after each meal. Instead of morning parade he would do 'spud peeling' and vegetable cleaning in preparation for the day's food. After Chota Hazri everyone repaired to his barracks to clean and tidy up, blankets and sheets were folded and set in a

special way with regimental precision, dormitories were swept and wash-houses cleaned. 'Fall-in' at 7-15 a.m. would mean another roll call and the school divided into sets would assemble for parade, physical training, drill or musketry in rotation, according to the day of the week, until 8-15, when we would be dismissed until 8-30. We would then fall in and march in for breakfast, which consisted of a plate of porridge, a quarter of a loaf of bread, about a dessertspoon full of 'ghee' - we only saw butter on Founders Day - and a mug of tea. After breakfast followed preparation for Church parade, when boots and equipment had to be brought up to standard and we fell in and were marched up to Church at 9 a.m. After service we broke off on the Quadrangle for a few minutes before entering school for scripture which was the first lesson in all classes every day. Then followed another ten minute break, after which commenced the first period which lasted from about 10-15 a.m. until 11-20 a.m. when we came out of class and fell in for a gymnastic session until 11-40. We were then issued with a 'kulcher' or biscuit which had a flavour all its own and possessed tremendous bouncing qualities! A break then followed until noon when the bell summoned us back to class until 1-30 when we emerged from the school room to be marched into the dining hall for lunch which consisted we were told of roast one day and stew the next, though I recall no great difference in the taste of these excellent concoctions of meat and vegetables, and another but dry quarter of a loaf of bread. From 2 to 2-30 dormitories had to be set ready for night use before we were allowed to play until classes resumed at 2-30. During this very brief period those who wanted had to get their hair cut by the school barber who was no laggard in shaving the heads of the small but who allowed a quarter inch of growth to those from whom he felt there may be a painful reaction in the shape of an 'accidental' elbow jolt should he do otherwise.

Back into class at 2-30 until 4 p.m. when we came out to prepare for the afternoon's activities, all programmed and arranged by sets of which there were eight each consisting of boys of about equal size. Swimming, shooting, musketry, P.T. or athletics provided the afternoon's occupations on normal occasions but on rainy evenings or when the fields were too wet to allow other activities the school by groups was led for a run, each pack being in the charge of a senior boy or a member of the staff. At 5-30 p.m. we dismissed to clean up for the evening assembly at 6 p.m. for supper, which consisted of half a loaf of bread, a spoon of ghee and a like quantity of jam or treacle and a mug of tea. At 6-30 p.m. standards four upwards fell in and were marched up to Church, after which followed study. The middle school, standards 4, 5 and 6 studied for one hour, and the upper school until 9 p.m. Study was followed by the issue of a mug of soup or cocoa and a kulcher, after which we were free and invariably ready to retire. At 9-50 p.m. the final roll call was held by the duty (Army) sergeant, to whom a boy N.C.O. from each House would make his report, 10 p.m. the Last Post followed by Lights Out was sounded and silence settled upon the hill for the night.

Familiar Landmarks—My lament has always been my inability to return to Sanawar for a visit after I left school, but I have often wondered how many old Sanawarians carry with them as I do happy memories of visits to such familiar and beautiful landmarks as 'Eagles Nest', 'Crows Nest', the small and big toll bars, Sanawar Village, Garkhal, 'Drinkings', Kasauli, Sabathu, Dagshai and Dharampore, or how many still recall Tilley's Slope and the devastating toll it extorted from those competing in the Hodson Runs, during which one inevitably had also to pass the Red Huts. One wonders whether the old Rifle Ranges at 100, 200, 300 and 500 yards still exist and are in use, or whether the old 'tank' where I and so many others before me learnt to swim from 'pump to stairs' is still used as a Dhobi tank, to which it was demoted once the boys new swimming pool came into being in the mid 1920s. We took great pride in this swimming pool which we dug ourselves and which was situated behind the Gymnasium and below the Pavement and where in 1928 I achieved my crowning success of breaking the 20 length record and equalling the school five length best timing, to become the school swimming champion.

School commenced every year in February and terminated about mid-December, during which period there were four week long holiday periods, of these the most popular used to be Easter when the whole Boys' School went into Camp under canvas for a week. An advance guard as escort to all the camp equipment, baggage and other requirements carried on bullock carts would leave the School a few days earlier than the main body to establish Camp and pitch the tents at 'Dagroo', which was about mid way between Dharampore and Sabathu and approached off the main road at Choir Bridge. The Camp stood on a flat plateau between two valleys known as Buttercups and Daisies down which flowed beautiful streams to converge just before reaching and passing under Choir Bridge. 'Harts Pool', where we all swam was fed by these streams. We believed as boys that this annual Camp was organised as a water conservation exercise but the energy, forethought, preparation and execution of such a gigantic project must have been phenomenal. The other holidays were at Whitsuntide, in September and during Founders Week in October.

This account of our School would be incomplete without mention of a few of the highlights which occurred during or about that time. In 1921 the late Duke of Windsor, then H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, while on a visit to India found time to present our School with her new Colours at Dehra Dun, and the old Colours which these replaced were hung in the Chapel. Electricity came to Sanawar in 1922 and it was a great day in our progress when the lights came on for the first time. In 1925 our School won the Imperial Challenge Shield for shooting, an event competed for by Cadet teams throughout the British Empire, as it was then known. This feat was repeated as far as I recall the next year. About the same

time our School made its mark on boxing history in India when a team of our boys went to Mussoorie to compete in the All India Boxing Championships and with a single exception won every match and trophy it competed for.

I should be most surprised if many of the "Sanawarian" readers have persevered so far in reading this account of one who has, as I have said before, spent such a happy boyhood and who has derived so much real pleasure in wandering back down memory lane to half a century ago and with so much nostalgia in writing it. To those who have I offer my grateful thanks and the hope that you have derived at least some pleasure from reading of those bygone times. To the Principal, members of the Staff, and in particular Dr. Dhillon, who was instrumental in my writing this story, and the present pupils I wish to extend a special vote of thanks and good wishes. I was born in India, educated in your wonderful School and spent so much of my life in your country and latterly in Pakistan, that I shall carry a lifelong debt of gratitude to the peoples of those now far off countries.

Yours fraternally,

Harry Wood

Memories, From the Andamans

In writing this account of The Lawrence Military Asylum of the early twentieth century, it is hoped to impress the reader of the strict methodical principles of both military training and education, and also how that knowledge could be utilised after leaving. Throughout life, practically every one puts to the test the substance of the knowledge acquired in their school days. All in their different spheres of life were trained both physically and mentally to do their best. This was the steam age and you will see from the occupations of school leaving boys that many were successfully absorbed in all its various fields.

Admitted in the year 1905, I was thrown in among boys, from vintages ranging from 1897 to 1904. The pattern of military routine and education followed by their predecessors was passed on to their successors. The Principal—The Rev. A.H. Hildesley was in office till about 1912—13, when he retired. Succeeded by the Rev. G. D. Barnes who in 1922—23 became Bishop of Lahore.

Both Principals were excellent administrators. The policy of Rev. Barnes was to establish an English Public School system, with a military facing.

Yearly the Rev. Hildesley reminded school leaving boys of their high standard of education and how it could and should be utilised to be a success. On one instance he addressed a draft of 20 or 30 boys who had been hand picked for the Army, "You are all sons of soldiers. You have been educated as officers to keep up the tradition of this school and your regiments".

Here are some of the services for which boys were hand picked: The Regular Army, Army Medical Services, Military Telegraphists, Small Arm Factories, Arsenal, Police, Forest Dept., Railways-operating Workshops, Maintenance, Tea Gardens, Administration, Cotton and Woollen Mills, Leather factories etc. etc. Those boys whose parents were affluent sought higher studies for Law and Business.

Admission was granted to the sons and daughters of soldiers serving in India or to those who had been discharged and settled down in the country.

The combined strength of the School was between 500—600 boys and girls. Half to each dept approx.

The school and staff buildings were situated on a hill top in plateau formation. The girls depts being on the higher ground to the North and the boys lower to the South. The Church and the residential quarters of the Principal, Administrative Officers - residential quarters of Faculty and the School theatre - which was later utilised as a Govt. training school for teachers, were clustered on higher ground and was central between the girls and boys depts. Only one barrack in the girls dept. was separated from the centre. Known as the Ridge or Norman Hill it occupied a spur to the S.E. of the Girls' Dept. two furlongs walking distance.

Four three storied and one two storied barracks - with wash house, cook house - ration depot, gym., carpenters shop, band room, armoury attached to the boys dept., consisting of two, three storied barracks on the Southern end of the plateau. Disposal area for both boys & girls was attached to each Dept. A School house was with each dept. - accommodated the entire school and the Army instructors and Matrons. The girls section was two and half barracks on the Northern, higher level, side.

Play ground for the girls was in the barrack compound. The boys had two: upper and lower - some two hundred feet lower on the Western side.

Sergeant instructors occupied quarters attached to each dormitory.

The division of the School was in companies of between 50 to 60 boys in each. Band, A,B,C,D, companies. Each company occupied a dormitory in one of the barracks. The dorms were completely furnished army style, with trestle beds, mattresses, sheets, blankets, pillow with case, wash hand bowls, towels, boxes, soap, tooth, cloth and boots and button brushes with clip, hair brush and comb and bath brick, bath tubs. In the bath room attached to each dorm - running water for purposes of ablution and a farm boiler (fired twice a week for hot water for bathing) and a night-soil room attached to each bath room.

Two or three hurricane lanterns supplied illumination till "lights out". Much later gas was installed and each dorm was filled with a 50 candle power mantle.

The faculty residential quarters were on the upper rim, within easy walking distance to the centre.

A fine net work of roads, covered walks, steps covered the entire hill.

The layout of the barracks and School Rooms today must be the same - though some of the buildings attached to them may not serve the same purpose.

The School Stewards Stores was alongside the Girls Class rooms. It was from here that the daily time gun was fired.

The powder magazine was on the west side of the road going up to the church.

The dairy farm, school gardens, water works and tank (swimming pool) were all on the Western slope at varying levels.

The fixed boundry between the girls and boys dept. was a small length of 8' wall - with a door and a bell to attract attention.

The post and telegraph office and the telegraph training school were attached to the Boys Dept. In coming and out going mails were received and dispatched by runners.

The Sergt. instructors played the greatest part in the training of the boys. Except for the schooling period we were entirely in their charge. Sergt. Major Ricks of the Wiltshire Regiment held the over all charge. Only through him could the Principal be approached. He was virtually responsible for the discipline and good behaviour of the school, which he carried out with Military thoroughness. In addition he was in charge of the dorm alongside the boys dept. stores. He took all parades or deputed one of his Sergt instructors. All ceremonial drills were taught and executed under his charge, care and efficiency of all weapons and equipment, target practice and field firing for practice or competition was under his charge. His staff covered all the main points from Butts to the final range. There was never an accident.

His School duties were as that of a Quarter - Master Sergt: the upkeep and maintenance of all clothing, beds, blankets palisades etc, their washing and repairs.

The dept. tailors, cobblers, dhobies, scavengers took their grievances to him.

Band Master Rickets had complete charge of the Band room and all wind and reed instruments, bugles, and drums.

Sgt. instructor Cook Napper (Unit not known) had complete charge of the ration stand, the receipts and issuing of rations and preparation for each meal. Scale of rations drawn was 1 lb. bread, 1 lb. meat with bone, 1 lb. veg. 1/5 oz tea—2 oz. sugar per head. Extras consisted of 2 oz ghee—4 oz wheat, 1 oz rice, 4 ozs. treacle milk !

Sgt. Instructor Carpentry—Keeling—Devonshire Regt.—complete charge of carpenters shop, tools, benches.

Sgt. Instructor-Gym.-Costello (Bedfordshire Regt.), in charge of all fixtures movable stock of the gymnasium.

All instructors were thorough in their trades. Leniency was never shown—either in discipline or trade tuition.

Daily it was the same routine. Reveille at 6-00 a.m., wash, dress—followed by barrack room fatigues. Making or folding of beds, scrubbing, sweeping, window cleaning polishing wash hand bowls and taps—Dorm, wash house and Night soil room—verandas, two sets stairs. 7-00 A.M. Assembly. Roll call—split into (a) and (b) groups. (A) group ceremonial drills (B) group P.T. 8-00 a.m. First Breakfast call,

Breakfast	... 8-10 a.m.
Assembly, Church	... 8-30 a.m.
Class rooms	... 9-00 a.m.
First—Dinner Call	... 1-00 p.m.
Dinner	... 1-10 p.m.
Assembly	... 1-50 p.m.
Class rooms	... 2-00 p.m.
First—Supper call	... 4-00 p.m.
Supper	... 4-10 p.m.

A Sergt. Instructor attends each meal parade and collects the all present report from each company before marching into a meal.

Retreat. All outside activities cease	... 6-00 p.m.
First Post	... 8-30 p.m.
Tattoo	... 9-00 p.m.
Lights Out	... 9-10 p.m.

Period from 4 to 6 p.m. Both upper and lower grounds used for 6 a side football or hockey. Two companies to each ground—25 minutes each way.

Band daily had two hours instructions and preparation for the following Sunday parade.

Gym. in full swing, Displays on Parallel and horizontal bars. Trapse-Foils-Ropes, Prepare, walls, vaulting the horse, club swinging and boxing, in the 6 to 8 period the big boys showed their ability—inter company. The umpiring was very strict and the boxing neat and clean but aggressive. All disputes were settled here by strict observers and 4 oz gloves. In all these scraps no quarter was given or taken. Three, two minute rounds, under Queensbury rules. The Referee declared the winner—The whole gym was full of excitement and the smaller boys would bet—their 2 oz. bread biscuit being the stake—on the company champions.

In the 4 to 6 p.m. period, time was occupied by the youngsters by playing ball alley against the wall of the gym. or carpentry shop, seven-tiles, rounders, base ball (rag ball) football, hockey, Tip cat, allies, Tops.

No games were compulsory.

8 p. m. all would make for their dorms to polish up for the next day - that over a yarn, a song or good jokes till the first post. Tatoo: in bed by lights out and asleep.

The special Uniform for Sundays (Church) and all ceremonial occasions was Dark blue trousers, and tunic with crimson collar and cuffs. Double line crimson piping in the tail, with brass buttons. Head wear was a Khaki colonial hat (slouch). For evening head wear a dark blue cap with a crimson frontal flash.

For daily wear in summer - Khaki Courdroy shorts and in winter, dark blue velveteen shorts, boots, puttees and a blue patrol tunic.

Under wear, grey flannel drawer, vest and grey back shirt.

Each piece of clothing had the owners school number stamped on it.

Shorts, shirts, vests, drawers, towels, socks were laundered weekly. Sheets and pillow cases fortnightly.

Uniforms and Blue patrols were the responsibility of the owner.

Boots were checked weekly.

The standard meals served only varied with dinner. Breakfast throughout the week was Porridge, 4 oz. bread, 1 oz. ghee, 2 oz. treacle tea.

Supper was 8 oz. bread, 1 oz. ghee, two oz. treacle tea.

Dinner Sundays & Wednesdays. 4 ozs. bread, roast meat-veg-Duff (pudding).

Mondays and Thursday. 4 oz. bread, curry and rice.

Tuesdays and Saturdays 4 oz. bread, Stew.

Fridays—Kedgeriee.

On Founders day we had the same fare as on Sundays with a little colour and taste thrown in, and for supper an extra bread biscuit or sugarless 2 oz. bun. All practice ceremonial drills were held from 7-00 a.m. to 8-00 a.m. daily except on Sundays.

Half day Saturday was given to target practice and lectures from Field Officers on the Manual laid down for Mountain Warfare, offensive, defensive and enfilading actions, guerilla warfare, map reading, range finding and other subjects of military value.

Once a month each company engaged in field firing from ranges of 100 yds to 500 yds. At 100 yds. team fired (rapid) 5 rounds at a target (grouping) 200, 300, 400 yds. at running silhouette and 500 yds. at falling plates. Teams generally consisted of 4 men.

Once a year an examination was set by the Army on the Manual of Mountain Warfare and other items of military knowledge lectured on. Certificates were given to all candidates in their grades of proficiency as passed but "not so clear" "tolerably clear" and "clear". These certificates held weight both in the Army and Volunteer Corps.

In the annual rifle course covering ranges from 100 yds. to 300 yds. and 500 yds each boy covered the course. From this the School marksmen were selected also the school "shot", the boy who scored the largest score. (I do not think that this name was recorded on the Founder's Day Prize list, though it carried the most costly prize as in 1912-13-14 this honour fell to me. The prizes collected were a three barrel silver pencil, half Hunter Watch (silver) and a full Hunter (silver). These were presented to me on parade by the Sergt Major (School). Medals for the winning team of the Sullivan Shield were presented in like manner.

The boys were up graded on merit to such ranks as Corporal Sergeants and Colour Sergeant. Colour Sergeants were the heads of companies and Board Sergeant the head of the Band.

Twice or thrice a year the School took a part in Army manoeuvres. We would form a side light to the operations conducted by the two main bodies. Our part was to either attack or defend or hold a given position. Commonly known to the boys as "Sham fights" these were both occasions of fun and reality. Fun was the part of firing as many blanks as possible, both our own and also those of the troops opposing us. No Soldier would fire a blank cartridge, because it effected the condition of his rifle barrel. Reality was we fulfilled the objective orders.

Every Sunday was a spit and polish occasion without being armed. After breakfast the band would parade on the flats by the school rooms, nearest the Church and entertain the boys with music. The opening piece would always be "Church Call", followed by a short programme of classical music until the Assembly was sounded. Led by the Band, to the strains of Colonel Bogey - or Old Comrades the boys would march to church. After Service a route march round the back way and then dinner.

Founders Day was a day apart. No latitude was given before or after it. All preparations from decorating the dining room to running of heats upto the finals was done in the 4 to 6 p.m. period. This is the only occasion the boys carried Arms and Ammunition to Church. Bandoliers and belts (leather) were polished to the reflection of a mirror. After breakfast there was a general inspection, with band in attendance. After the inspection we marched to Church. Church over-marched back to barracks, when band instruments and Arms and ammunition were restored to the proper places. Assembled and marched to the Girls School room for the distribution of awards and prizes. Dinner at 1 p.m. Sports to which the Girls Dept. was always invited. One of the Regimental Bands would often provide music for the occasion. Prizes were distributed by the General or officer who took the inspection in the morning.

Followed by the "King". School trumpeter would sound the Retreat—6 p.m. Supper—Day end.

The efficiency of the band was such that many of the boys were snapped up by Regimental Bands throughout India. Many also were enrolled from school into the Viceroys and Governors bands. Band Master Rickets was a very hard man to please—but was extremely proud of his boys who always put up a perfect performance. After his departure came a succession of Band Sergeants.

Though the School time table allowed a period for carpentry - the greater part of the training took place in the 4 to 6 p.m. period. According to the boys hobbies, so would be the products turned out. Butterfly and Egg collection boxes of all sizes and shapes - trinket boxes and pencil boxes, beautifully lined and polished. Sgt. Instr. Keeling was proud that such boxes made under his tuition were sent to practically every country in the world.

The School of Telegraphy, providing military telegraphists was abolished in 1912—13.

The general health of the School was reviewed by a Medical Officer from Kasauli every week. An Army Compounder attended every morning with medicines and first-aid dressings. A twenty-bed hospital staffed by a trained Matron and 5 or 6 auxilliary nurses (girls undergoing training) took charge of the seriously ill. Generally there were no patients.

Throughout the year visitors were regaled with gymnastic displays consisting of figure marching, club swinging, parallel bars, horizontal bars, vaulting the horse, etc. In this practically the entire school took some part. Special displays were trapze works and foils, in which the instructor took the leading part.

Easter Holidays. Seven days of practically complete freedom, spent in camp at Daghru or Dogra gorge half way between Dharampore and Subathu. This gorge was spanned by Choir Bridge, the stream abounded with fresh water fish and on the hill side was an abundance of edible berries. The stream was said to be one of the head waters of the River Sutlej. Several meadows on the hill side formed the camp. Several 160 lb. T.P. tents and marquees were used as shelters for the night and protection against inclement weather. Each company had its allotted area and tentage. An open air cook house was approximately centrally placed. All disposal pits were more than 100 yds outside the camp.

One of the Sergeant Instructors had the complete charge. All reports of the day were submitted to him and all orders received from him.

Camp routine was simple. Reveille at 6 A.M. followed by scrub up and camp cleaning. 7 A.M. Inspection followed by breakfast consisting 1 lb. bread, ghee, treacle and gunfire (tea without milk and hardly sweetened) 4 p.m. Assembly for bathing. Combined dinner and tea at 6 p.m. Retreat at 6 p.m. Tattoo and lights out between 8-30 p.m. and 9 p.m. All reports submitted and freedom till reveille next morning.

The occupations of the boys between 7 A.M. to 4 P.M. were varied from cooking halwa, curries, stews, in mud chatties to hiking, fishing, exploring, visiting, egg collecting, raiding, swimming - Boys with catapults would generally bring back a partridge or chickoor - (all the boys had a catapult). All the money collected and saved was put to good use at this period. Unlike today you could purchase a good milking goat for a couple of rupees and a kid for a couple of annas. Fruit in season was 40 to 50 huge pears for one anna. Apricots as much as you could carry. Green gages and liquots free. Figs we had to pay for as the farmers dried and kept them for home use. The area covered was from Subathu, Dagshai, Barog, Tara Devi. Dinner depended on our ability to make friends with the paharees. If so corn cakes, figs,

curds and honey was always welcome. Never spending more than one pice a day for a gang of three boys for our needs and generally two pies to settle disputes for we spoke as lambs but just helped ourselves when unobserved. We avoided violence but if necessary we resorted to our catapults. We always returned to camp at 4 p.m.—hungry.

Christmas holidays - 21 days. Though spent in school bounds we had complete freedom. Orphans and those who did not want to go home numbered 50 to 60 in each department. All messed together generally in the girls dept. Strolled together under charge, danced together in the evenings, held impromptu concerts in which the Principal and staff participated, shared our hampers and pocket-moneys.

Once a week we were entertained by the pipers of the Scottish regiment stationed at Kasauli, with their national music and dances.

Time flew till the re-opening of the School. This was in the Rev. Hildesley era.

On the educational side, the standard was extremely high for those days. Though the subjects were common to the syllabus the faculty always taught beyond the limit prescribed. In mathematics, Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid Mensuration, Geometry and Trigonometry. Later Euclid and Mensuration, were discontinued, but we always had to refer to them.

In English, composition and grammar in all their fields from Essays to Journalism.

English Literature too covered a very large number of Prose and poetry items as Ulysses and Cyclops from the Odessy, The Trojan war from the Illiad and Selections from Samuel Johnson, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Lamb, Shelly, Keats, Byron etc. etc.

Urdu: Tales from Arabian Nights and Defoe's Robinson Crusoe (Unabridged).

Scriptures : One book of the old Testament and one of the New testament plus certain Church ritual.

General Knowledge covered a vast field of practical knowledge as Botony and Biology (Elementary) Physics and Chemistry (Elementary) Surveying and triangulation, Topography and map reading.

History - British and Indian in particular and a look see into Greek and Roman.

Geography : British Isles and Commonwealth including India in particular and the World in general. This was followed upto about the first half of 1915 when the complete set of text books were changed. The new books dwelt more on the commercial side.

Now to bring back to memory some of the faculty for whom I still cherish a regard.

Kindergarten Mistress - Miss Teal. Her patience, kindness and humour - discipline, without being whacked - and encouragement.

Mr. Gaskell - Headmaster Boys School. Tall, thin, slightly balding with a nasal accent. A fine administrator and good disciplinarian. One who looked for perfection in his staff. He was himself a fine vocalist, pianist and organist.

Mr. Rogers, 1st Asstt. Master. Middle aged, tall, robust, curt of manner and crisp of speech. A gifted teacher bestowing individual attention to each and every pupil and being rewarded with their finest performance in all exams. Taught his pupils the value of self assurance.

Munshi Ram, Urdu Teacher. A short squat bow legged individual, unassuming but very firm - a thorough scholar of Persian and Sanskrit. Never left anything to chance - but taught his students to read, translate and write anything written in legible Urdu. Corrected everything with a smile - and encouragement. Many passed with honours in Urdu.

Mr. Smith - Professor Maths. Primed us with practical knowledge which came handy in after years.

Mr. Prince - In the fields of Botony and Biology, Physics and Chemistry - much put to use in after life without having to undergo special training.

Messrs Brandon and Britain. Both were tempy teachers but touring encyclopedias. Much travelled, both were excellent teachers with a thorough knowledge of humanity. Britain summarised world conditions and happenings of the day - the why and wherefore - the pros and cons of areas on a basis of religious culture. Christian Europe, Islam Middle East, Hindu India and Buddist China and Japan with their wars and treaties. Brandon outlined Greek, Roman and Ottoman Histories.

It is to these members of the faculty I render thanks for teaching us how others lived - and how much we would have to go through in meeting peoples of other nations if we had no inkling of their customs and culture.

Today I admire at their understanding and far sightedness. I am able to appreciate the wealth of knowledge imparted to me more now than when I was unfledged.

The school library was attached to the boys dining hall. Free to all from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. and only the boy NCO's from 8 to 9 p.m. Indoor games varied from Ludo, dominoes, draughts for the young ones to chess for the bigger boys. Chess and draughts tournaments were common and each company had its champion. Inter company championship games were keenly followed and criticized.

The selection of books, poetry, history, fiction ranged from Lytton & McCauley to Ganpat, Sir Walter Scott, Marie Corelli, Baroness Orczy, Alexander Dumas, Stevenson, Defoe, Ballantyre, A. G. Hintz, Jules Verne, Shakespeare, Dryden, Byron, Dickens, Chaucer, Longfello, in fact it contained all the books worth reading for growing boys. A 26 volume of the British Encyclopedia and Pears Encyclopedia were always handy. Han Andersons and Grimm's fairy tales, Tales from Arabian Nights for the youngsters. During the rains the Library was best occupied.

I will not attempt to describe the Rev. Barnes era. There are many who are thoroughly acquainted with it who could give a good description. Nor will I attempt to convey to you the difference in the out look of school leaving boys of those periods.

Perhaps many of you will say what experience and knowledge did I gain from my Education & Mily. training to face the world and hard facts. This I do say that Messrs Prince and Smith impressed on us that further studies were necessary and Messrs Brandon and Britain, that the world was full of humans, differing in culture and language and religion, that to get along with them you had to understand them.

Lastly the day before leaving School the School Sergt. Major Ricks, when bidding us Good bye, said 'Never underestimate your tuition or your abilities'. And Sgt. Tilley "Have a diligent regard for the Laws of God and man". Never did I think that some day I would have to put both to the test in a Japanese P. O. W. Camp.

How many school leaving boys are so informed and so advised prior their departure ? From the cradle to the grave we are every day learning something and also forgetting. There is no limit to learning. Can the method of tuition keep pace with that of increasing knowledge and science ?



Founders.

Headmaster's Speech

* * * * *

Dr. and Mrs. Karan Singh, Members of the Board of Administration, Lovedale, Members of the Board of Governors, Sanawar, Ladies, Gentlemen, Old Sanawarians, Boys and Girls.

May I on behalf of the students, staff and the Board of Governors and myself say how happy we are to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Karan Singh in our midst today to the 125th Founder's of the School...

In you, Dr. Karan Singh, we not only have the descendant of a former benefactor of the School, but also a parent, a Cabinet Minister and a scholar of distinction as well as a patron of the arts. You were catapulted into political life at the age of eighteen, and you have discharged your duties with charm, grace and efficiency. You have continued to enjoy widespread popularity and respect among all sections of the people. In March, 1967, when you joined the Union Cabinet, you, at the age of 36, were the youngest person ever to become a Central Cabinet Minister...

You are the most befitting bridge across the generation gap—the gap between the old and the growing youth. We are, consequently, very fortunate in having you on this historic occasion of our 125th Founder's.

With your permission, Sir, may I also welcome the Members of the Board of Governors, and especially so Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, a parent and Mr. Ranjit Bhatia, an Old Sanawarian who have joined the Board this year. May I also place on record our thanks to Mr. T. P. Singh who has been replaced as Chairman by Mr. I. D. N. Sahi. Mr. Sahi was very keen to come to the School but his presence has been denied to us as he had suddenly to proceed to Bangladesh.

We also welcome Mr. & Mrs. Vyas who are visiting the School for the first time. Mr. Vyas took over Lovedale in the beginning of this year.

Last, but not the least, a very affectionate welcome to that most important group—the Old Sanawarians and their life partners. Among these I may make a special mention of Bill and Phyll Colledge : incidentally, today is their wedding anniversary, and this is their seventh visit to the School all the way from U. K.

Mr. Stuart Moore who was with us as a VSO has specially come from London.

We are very grateful to the officers in the neighbouring Cantonments and areas, and our particular thanks are due to :—

Lt. Gen. K. P. Candeth, GOC-in-C, Western Command.

Lt. Gen. N. C. Rawlley, Quartermaster General.

Lt. Gen. O. P. Malhotra, Corps Commander, XI Corps.

Major General S. S. Padha, Area Commander.

Brig. S. S. Panwar, Commander HQ Sub Area.

Brig. A. L. Kochhar, Chief Engineer, Western Command.

Brig. E. A. Thiagraj, Commander 51 Para Bde.,

Brig. G. S. Grewal, Commander 323 Inf. Bde.,

Col. Pratap Singh Gill (of the Hodson Horse),

Col. S. Bosle, Commander 14 G.T. C Subathu.

Lt. Col. G.C. Sharma, Officer Commanding, Military Hospital, and Major Harish Chandra, Garrison Engineer, for extending us all out help. We are also thankful to General S. H. F. J. Manekshaw, Major General R.D.R. Anand and Lt. Col. K. S. Randhawa for kindly arranging war trophies for the School.

We are also thankful to the Director, Central Research Institute and the Medical Superintendent, Lady Linlithgow Sanatorium, and their staff for extending their full help and co-operation to us.

We are also thankful to :—

- (1) Mr. P. Krishnamurti for getting a concessional rate for water supplied by the M. E. S.;
- (2) Mr. Khushwant Singh for including a reference to Sanawar in the special article on the Public Schools in the Illustrated Weekly of India dated 1st October, '72;
- (3) Mr. S. D. S. Chauhan for arranging the fireworks display which you witnessed on the evening of the 1st;
- (4) Col. V. R. Mohan for agreeing to give Rs. 2,000/- annually for instituting a scholarship;
- (5) Col. M. M. L. Whig for helping the School in building near Gaskell Hall cloakrooms for use of visitors;
- (6) Col. Gupte and Mrs. Achint Bawa for arranging two Hindi plays, DHARAM-SHALA and KATGARH, and also for sending a team of experts who trained our students in Nati and Bhangra items of the Tatoo;
- (7) Mr. G. C. Bharadwaj, Field Publicity Officer, Chandigarh, for arranging an Inter-School Declamation Contest in Sanawar;
- (8) Mr. Stanley Hodgson, Representative of the British Council in India for presenting 13 volumes of the Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia.

Since my last report, events in India have been moving fast. India has been successfully able to help in the liberation of Bangladesh, and, if I may put it, to cut Pakistan to size. Our thoughts naturally go to the memory of three gallant Old Sanawarians :

2/Lt. Arun Khetarpal, Param Vir Chakra (1962—66);
 Major Vijay Rattan Chowdhry, Maha Vir Chakra (1949—54);
 Major Devinder Singh Pannu, Vir Chakra (1952—55),
 who in the true spirit of our School motto 'Never Give In' laid down their lives fighting for the honour of the country.

With the increasing stress on socialism and equality of opportunity we often hear of GARIBI HATAO and CEILINGS ON PROPERTY AND INCOME. While there could be no objection to the levelling up of the down-trodden, we sincerely hope that these efforts will not result in an all-round levelling down and in the lowering of the standards. While opportunities must be provided to a much larger number of students to get the quality education provided by the schools of our type, there should be no tampering with the quality or the independence of these schools. In this connection it is heartening to note that the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare, in its blue book on 'Education in the Fifth Five Year Plan 1974—79', has for the first time recognised that while education has to be a powerful tool of social transformation, economic growth, modernization and national integration, there should be pace-setting institutions and autonomous colleges all over the country, which would help in improving the standards all round. In order to do this it also rightly stresses the need of a national scholarship policy so that the talented students are able to receive the best education.

As part of our contribution to this ideal of equality of opportunity we have decided to expand the School so that the Government of India scholars could be accommodated without debarring our present clients. Consequently, we have embarked on a fund-raising campaign, and it is indeed heartening that the Old Sanawarians and the Parents have whole-heartedly come forward to involve themselves in this laudable cause. We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to all who have helped, as also to all those who will be continuing or coming forward to help us in future.

On this historic occasion of the 125th Founder's of the school we had ventured to issue a special Souvenir Borchure and tried to highlight some of the features of the institution. We if, apologise if, because of our inexperience, there have been any omissions. We are happy to announce that over a lakh worth of advertisements have been procured for the Souvenir. We would like to place on record our gratitude to all those who have found time to send us their good wishes and messages. A special

mention needs here to be made of President V. V. Giri, Sir John Lawrence, Mrs. Barne, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Tilley.....

The 1971 Indian School Certificate Examination results with 24 first, 18 second and 7 third divisions have been very good. Virendra Patole with 6 points has established a record for the School and deserves our heartiest congratulations. He has thrown a challenge to the present Sixth Formers which we are sure they will not take lying down.

In the extra-curricular activities we have not only been continuing the old activities but have also added new ones. The standard of House and the Prep. School Shows has, if anything, improved. Our teams in the Inter-School Folk Songs competition and in the Inter-School Declamation Contest were adjudged first and second respectively.

Our Cricket XI trounced our traditional rivals, Bishop Cotton School, and in Soccer our Colts won a resounding victory and our Atoms secured a respectable draw. B. C. S., however, had the better of us in other groups.

The following new records have been established this year in Swimming :—

Linda Kerr smashed the 1945 1 length Girls Under 13 record.

Vindhya House broke 1967 Boys House Relay Under 15 record.

Himalaya House broke the 1968 Boys House Relay Under 13 record.

With deep regret we will be bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Manley. Mr. Manley is leaving after a decade of honest service at the School.

With the opening of an extension counter of the State Bank of Patiala at Sanawar, the bank has come to our very door and we hope that this will help the senior students to understand the banking system better.

For the first time we very hesitantly tried to involve parents with our problems, and we are extremely grateful to all for such a generous and ready response. We are sure that with the continued involvement and help from the parents and the Old Sanawarians, and the wise guidance of such an august body of our Board of Governors, the School has a very bright future.

As for the Staff, they continue to devote themselves to duty, and when everybody does his bit in a team spirit, mentioning names would be improper. But I shall be failing in my duty if I do not, besides the Heads and Incharges of various Deptts., make a mention of Dr. H.P.S. Dhillon, Dr. D.C. Gupta, Mr. Gian Singh and Mr. Dhani Ram Sharma of the Printing Press who had to slog for getting the Brochure out in time. I am conscious of and thankful for the help and co-operation

which one and all of every department, high and low, have extended to me during the year, and particularly so to make the celebrations of the 125th Founder's a success.

An institution lives by its traditions, by the standards that it sets for itself to achieve and by the performance of its alumni. Sanawar has every reason to be proud of these traditions and of its old students who have contributed more than their due share in different walks of life. They have always considered Sanawar as their home and have never missed an opportunity for home-coming. May I here, however, place before you the following thought to ponder:—

“Minds are like parachutes. They only function when open.”

Before I sit down I would like once again to say how very grateful we are to Dr. and Mrs. Karan Singh. I am aware that a large number of our revered guests are here because of your magnetic personality, and we thank you for honouring us.

—:o:—

Specch of Dr. Karan Singh

* * * * *

Headmaster, Members of the Board of Governors, Staff and Students of
the Lawrence School, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Anniversaries are occasions that link the past with the present and project our minds on to the future. 1972 has been a year of anniversaries. There has been, of course, the major anniversary of our freedom—25 years since we became a free country, and I think it is tremendously important that those who belong to the post-Independence generation, as I and, of course, all the students of this School do, must be aware of the great saga of the freedom struggle. I find that we tend to take our freedom very much for granted, and many of the young people today are not aware of the sacrifices and struggles that went into the attainment of this freedom. Nothing in the world is obtained unless the price is paid, and our freedom was obtained by paying a very heavy price in service and sacrifice through long years and decades by many thousands and lakhs of people. I think it is important that the modern generation should be fully aware of this, because then freedom will be something which will be treasured more deeply.

The fact that we live in a free, democratic society as free citizens of a free country is a very rare privilege still in this world, because I think the majority of the human race does not have the freedom that we have in India. That is the main anniversary this year. But here in this School it is a unique occasion a hundred and twenty-five years since the school was founded, a long period covering perhaps the most important years of Indian history. I think it is unique that an institution like this should have survived for so long and should have served generation after generation of people living in this country, and today should be celebrating its 125th anniversary.

As the Headmaster said, I consider it a very strange and happy coincidence that my own ancestor was associated with the founding of this School, and through the years and the decades I now find myself here in the fifth generation as a parent of this very School. I think it is, in a way, a very moving link between the past and the present. I have attended six Founder's days here, but this one, of course, is unique. I am privileged and proud that I have been invited on the occasion of the 125th anniversary of this School, and I would like to convey my very warmest greetings and congratulations to the staff and the

students who are here today and those who are not here, who are in different parts of the country and different parts of the world. I hope that our friends who have come here from the United Kingdom will carry back with them my personal greetings to the Old Sanawarians who live in the United Kingdom, because in a way Sanawar not only links the centuries, it also links nations. The old relationship between Britain and India, one of domination, has changed now to a relationship between equals, and I think it is an excellent thing that a School like this is able to act as a binding force across the continents, across the oceans, because the deep link of a school is something that cuts across all barriers of race, creed and religion, and even of nationality, and knits people together regardless of where they may be in the world.

As the students of any institution are its lifeblood, I will address my remarks this afternoon more to the students than to the parents or the teachers. And to the students I would like to say this: please always remember that, living as we are in a vast ocean of poverty and deprivation, those of you who have the advantage of excellent education in such beautiful surroundings are a privileged few and, therefore, you must be fully aware of the responsibility that you owe to the broader community in which you live, and of the fact that this rare opportunity you have been given should be utilised to its fullest.

There are four special aspects which I think need to be stressed in your education.

The first, of course, is the body. We want young people with muscles of iron and nerves of steel if a new India is to be built. Building a new country is not a work for people who are weak, and I must say I have been deeply impressed by the Tattoo last night and by the Parade this morning. I would like to compliment and congratulate the students for the excellent show that they put up. Their physical skills and their stamina are really quite astonishing, and I think it is a very good augury for the future that our young men and women should pay such a lot of attention to physical perfection, because that to my mind is the very first prerequisite of a good education.

The second aspect is development of the mind. We live in an age of science and technology when new knowledge is pouring into the world at a fantastic rate, and during the process of education your minds must be sharpened so that you can take advantage of this new knowledge and can help to yoke the power of science and technology to the chariot of India's progress. Intellectually it is tremendously important that you must develop these faculties, and along

with intellectual development you must also develop the aesthetic sensibility, the awareness of beauty, the creation of beauty, through art and music and literature. And here again I have for the last many years been seeing your exhibitions and the work that is done in this School, and I am very happy that this aspect of the human personality is being particularly looked after in this School—the all-round development of the human faculties: of the mind, of intellect and of the aesthetic sensibility.

Then there is the spiritual dimension. It is very difficult to talk about that, but it is, nevertheless, perhaps the most important single dimension which differentiates the human being from many other species that live on this planet. The inner integration, the dedication to goals and ideals that transcend the human condition and that take us from time into the timeless. This, of course, is a sphere in which there can be no parade and no exhibition, it is something that will develop within you, because in the ultimate analysis the spiritual dimension is an inner one. I feel hopeful that, living as you do in these beautiful surroundings near nature and imbibing the beauty of the mountains around you, this aspect also will be developed in the students of this institution.

And, finally, one has got to knit these various aspects into the framework of discipline and a team spirit. This has been one of our national weaknesses through the centuries. We have never in this country lacked individual genius. We have produced individually some of the greatest scientists, some of the greatest artists and philosophers, some of the greatest fighters. What we have lacked from time to time in our history is the capacity to knit ourselves together into a disciplined team and thereby to bring to its full power the various individual resources and faculties that we possess. I think one of the big advantages of a public school education is this team spirit that it imbibes in the students. It develops in the students the capacity to subordinate their individual preferences to broader goals, and this is a very important part of education, because when you leave this School and you go out into the wider world you will find very often, in fact almost invariably, that what you want to do is not always what actually happens. You have got to subordinate your capacities without, in any way, stultifying your inner freedom and your inner independence, and you have got to knit yourselves into a broader team if this country is to become great.

And great this country will become indeed, if it is not today, because this is the destiny of India. For thousands of years, since the very dawn of human civilization, India has survived vicissitudes which would have destroyed

any lesser people or any lesser country. But it has survived, and today it is the new India that you and I, and all of us, have to build. And indeed not only a new India but a new world, because old formulations, old modes of expression are dying, disappearing, crumbling, and there is a tremendous quest for the new. The old is dying and the new is struggling to be born, and our generations find themselves precariously poised between the past and the future.

What sort of a future are we going to build ? This is a question I would like to pose today. It is a future in which the students of this School, I am sure, will have an important role to play. You have had distinguished Sanawarians in the past who have greatly served this nation. We just now paid homage to three Old Boys who made the supreme sacrifice for their country. The future that we are trying to build is an exciting one. The problems before us are immense. The problems in India of poverty, of ignorance, of illiteracy, of disease, of backwardness, of superstition, of narrow-thinking—these problems have to be overcome. But they can only be overcome by integrated personalities whose bodies and minds and spirits are all attuned to the new requirements. And I would venture to hope that students of this School, when they leave the portals of Sanawar, will carry with them that integration which is so important in the building of the new India of our dreams.

There will be difficulties, but your motto 'Never Give In' provides a very valuable guidance for one's future life. There is a similar view, a similar thought, which has come down the centuries to us. In the Kathopanishad there is a beautiful shloka, the meaning of which is exactly this; that we must arise, we must awake, we must move forward boldly on the path. Difficulties will be there, but no individual has ever become great unless he has overcome difficulty, and no nation has ever become great unless it has overcome dangers and difficulties and has thereby strengthened its own inner fibre. Therefore, difficulties should not deter us.

I call upon you, the students of this institution, who are the hope of the future, to gird yourselves, to integrate your personalities, and to be ready when you leave this school to make your contribution towards building the new world that is around us. There is so much that needs to be done, there is so much suffering and misery in this world today. There are still today, as I speak here, millions of people in this country who do not even get one square meal a day, far less two; there are millions of children in India who do not get enough to

eat, who never have an opportunity of going to school; there are millions who have no shelter over their heads. This is something which must be remedied. We will remedy it; we are determined to remedy it. But in order to remedy it we need young men and women who are integrated, who are aglow with power and force and whose total capacities and capabilities are attuned towards building the new India and the new world around us.

Therefore, my friends I will close my speech this afternoon with this great Mantra of the Kathopanished, which is in line with your own motto, teaching us that we must push forwards. Man is an eternal pilgrim, for man there can be no waiting, there can be no tarrying on the path, Man has got a goal, and until that goal is reached one has got to move onwards despite all difficulties,

Uttishthata jagrata prapya varan nibodhata,
Kshurasya dhara nishita durataya,
Durgam pathas tat kavayo vadanti.

The Variety Concert

This year Sanawar celebrated its 125th Founder's and as a gesture to this very special, in fact unique, occasion, it was decided to extend Founder's by a day and begin the Founder's week on 1st October instead of the usual 2nd October.

A Variety Concert was arranged on 1st October, 1972. By 4-30 p. m. Barne Hall was jam-packed and one had occasion to realize that this year's Founder's had drawn a far larger crowd of parents, O.S. and other guests than ever before.

The concert started at 5-00 p.m. sharp. The first item was, as customary in all Sanawar variety shows, a tune played by the School Orchestra. But there was a difference this year in the fact that after many years, a few boys participated in it.

The next item was a solo dance "Shrita Kamala" by Jyotsna Jamwal. She danced with grace and skill and the parents and O. S., I am sure, must have enjoyed this dance very much.

Next was a one act play in English. "Tea for Three". It was a thriller and the atmosphere was tense right from the word 'go'. The direction was very good and the casting very appropriate—Ferida Satarawala made a perfect murderess while Gaurav S. Rana made an excellent victim.

Another solo dance, "Shrikari Nritya", by Suneet Kaur was next. She danced well and one could almost picture the taut string of the bow and the quivering arrow as it sped toward its target.

Vasant Dhar next played a trumpet solo—"Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White" accompanied on the drums by Jai Singh Pathania. Their's was a really professional performance.

Sumit Bagchi sang three Hindi Songs and, as always, received thunderous applause for his wonderful singing, even though some of the words were not from the original lyrics.

Gaurv S. Rana came on with a trumpet solo, "Quando, Quando." He was accompanied by Jai Singh Pathania once again. He too was excellent and put the audience in a receptive mood for the dance drama which was the last item of the programme.

"Shri Krishna Leela"—a dance drama, was unique in the sense that never before had the Barne Hall stage seen anything like it. It traced through a number of scenes the life of Shri Krishna—from birth till adulthood. The idea was very good but unfortunately there didn't seem to be much variety in the Kathak steps that were being used and the audience, most of whom were untrained in the intricacies of Indian classical dancing, did at times tend to shuffle and be noisy and a few people even left the hall.

After about an hour the dance drama concluded and the audience gave a prolonged applause to the effort and hard work that had so obviously gone into the effort.

The show ended with the Old Sanawarians presenting a gift to the actors after which the customary first verse of the School song was sung. Thus concluded the first function of a very special Founder's.

Neeraj Madhok
Sixth A

A. D. S.
Friends and Neighbours

As usual after supper one day, I strolled into Mr. Dhillon's house to find him completely engrossed in reading a play. There was a pile of plays lying besides him on the diwan. He had been asked by Mr. Bhupinder Singh to go through these plays with the purpose of selecting a play for the A. D. S. performance at Founder's. Soon he had bullied me into joining him. The process of elimination was not as difficult as it might appear. All the plays with a cast of less than five or more than eleven or twelve were automatically eliminated. In spite of this we spent a good six to seven hours going through the supposedly suitable plays. At the end of it we came to the conclusion that perhaps *Friends and Neighbours*, a one act farce, by Austin Steele would be best suited to our needs. The next morning Mr. Bhupinder Singh sent for us and asked us if we had read through the plays. When we said we had he said "Don't you think that '*Friends and Neighbours*' has the best potential?" And that was that—we didn't even get a chance to claim credit for the sleepless night.

Next came the problem of casting. The romantic lead was no problem at all: the play asked for a beautiful young girl of 21 and so it had to be Gopi; a rather simple minded (Idiotic—Ed.) man of 23 and that had to be me. There were two middle aged couples: the husbands meek and hen-pecked, the wives loud and shrewish. For the husbands, the obvious answers were Mr. B. Singh and Mr. Bhalerao: for the wives Mrs. Sawney and—who else would fit the bill? It was indeed an inspired idea which made Mr. B. Singh cast Shobha Lal as the other wife. Petite and soft as she appears, she brought to her role (right from first rehearsal) a shrillness and venom which suggested that we had perhaps got her all wrong. Mr. Gore had been the inevitable choice for the Russian gentleman, but who was to be the Russian lady? Various possibilities were explored and discarded. Those who had the bearing didn't have the voice and those who had the voice didn't have the bearing. Even after we had been rehearsing for a week this vacancy remained. Anita Sachar's choice for this part was indeed a happy one for she made a very good Russian. There remained of course the eight Eskimos who had walk on parts at the end of the play. But

Mr. Bhupinder Singh decided to have only a reference to the Eskimos and not have them actually coming onto the stage—much to the chagrin of Harish who had hoped so desperately that he would be one of the eight. (Not fair!—Ed.)

Rehearsal began with six cyclostyled sheets and our typist being preoccupied elsewhere, we were stuck with these six sheets for almost fifteen days. We went over and over these first six pages till we were sick of them. The most irritating thing was that the sixth page ended in the middle of a sentence. But these early rehearsals were helpful in the sense that they gave us breathing space to develop certain mannerisms and characteristics which we would use during the entire play. I, for example, managed to work out my slow shuffling gait, and the wide eyed stupid look, and of course the facility of falling flat on my face at any and every provocation.

At last the rest of the script arrived and rehearsals really got into stride. We all found the play hilarious and even after we had been going over some lines for about a month action still had to be held up while some member of the cast tried to get over a hysterical outburst.

At this stage I would like to clarify a point. Often we have heard criticism levelled at the choice of play for the A.D.S. It is said that while the children stage such sophisticated and ambitious plays like "The Gondoliers," "My Fair Lady" "Heer Ranjha" and "The King and I", the staff are content to stage one slapstick farce after another. But in making this criticism there is one primary difference that is overlooked. While the children stage their play mainly for parents and visitors, the staff stage theirs only for the children—and the one thing that the children enjoy is to see their respected "sirs" and "madams" get up on the stage and make thorough fools of themselves. And so we are content year after year, knowing that though our play may not come up to scratch by any critical standards it has succeeded in giving two and a half hours of unalloyed fun to our children.

To get back to Friends and Neighbours. Once we had learnt our parts, the hotch potch of funny bits and patches began to take on a comprehensive picture. After lengthy rehearsal sessions we would sit together gossiping and comparing notes over Mrs. Sehgal's delicious suppers (In fact so delicious were these suppers that the ladies forgot their figure watching and merrily tucked in, even though they had already supped in Parker Hall).

Our stage manager had an easy time with the sets, considering that there was only one set for all the scenes. But there were literally thousands of props and dozens of sound effects—you know what can happen when the play calls for the ringing of a bell and no bell rings. But hats off to Mr. Mukherji, who managed everything without a single slip.

The first performance came and the junior school roared with laughter at the butter on my head and at the Russian lady chasing Albert Grimshaw (Mr. B. Singh). Came the final performance and some of the extremely funny lines took off with the maturer audience ("Albert took them to see the museum. I can't think why he is so late—unless they've decided to keep him there").

By all accounts "Friends and Neighbours" provided much fun for the audience. All one can say is that if it was even half as much fun for them as it was for us, the cast, it was well worth it. Thank you Mr. B. Singh.

C. B. Abraham

The P.D. Concert.

October 3rd was our big day—The P.D. Concert.

The first item was an Indian Dance, Ek Gopi Ek Shyam. It was very nice. I liked it. Imagine the P.D. Girls dancing so nicely. I'd fancy if boys could dance as well as that. Well don't think that boys don't dance—they do.

The second item was our Hindi Play, La Mera Channe Ka Dana. I was the lion in it. I hope you saw me. BE-WARE. Grrrrrr. If you aren't careful I'll eat you up.

BE-WARE. BE-WARE. A monkey frightening a lion. But 'twas only in the play he could make a fraidy cat of me. Otherwise he is frightened of me. Everyone enjoyed our Hindi play very much.

The third item was the band. Oh when the saints go marching in, La La La, La La La, and so on. It was rocking and rolling fun. Cymbals clashing, clappers clapping. Such a din it was.

The fourth item was the Qawali. Aaaaaaaa. It was superb. Lovely. All were dressed exactly like Qawali men and women. I really enjoyed it.

Last but not least was "Silly Willy". Oh! It was simply fabuleous, marvelous, astonishing. Harrop Singh Dhaliwal acted as Silly Willy. (Don't tell him I told you, but he's also a Silly Willy in class). He acted so well he stole many a young lady's heart.

Just before the School Song the preppers got two presents, lots and lots of Charlie sweets from the English Old Sanawarians, and delicious chocolates from the Indian Old Sanawarians. I think we well deserved it!! (Though I had a stomachache the next day).

Niranjan Vasudev

Form II—A

The King and I

When the idea of staging "The King and I" at Founders was first mooted, everyone thought we were being over ambitious as we seemed to possess neither the acting talent nor the resources which such a mammoth production required. Almost everyone expected the play to be a miserable failure.

For the first few days, the children concerned were very enthusiastic about the play and wanted to know more and more about their parts. But as the long rehearsal sessions went on this initial enthusiasm began to wane and every one began to get a little bored. But thanks to Mr. Bhupinder Singh's indefatigable and inspired work as the director, once on stage each and everyone of us gave of his or her best.

When we were not required on stage, we spent our time roaming around outside. Once while we were enjoying ourselves in the cloisters, the rehearsal of our scene, the classroom scene, had begun. In order to save ourselves from a scolding from Mr. B. Singh, we sneaked up from the spiral staircase at the back and slipped quietly onto the stage. Fortunately for us, he was so engrossed with directing Jyothsna that he didn't notice us.

The soloists practiced their songs every alternate evening. Mrs. Sawhney with great patience and skill made even some of the not-so-talented singers get the right note, which, if you are at all familiar with some of the Sanawarians, is a commendable achievement indeed.

Gradually as the days went by the play began to coalesce and we began to see the beauty inherent in it. This helped to make us determined to make this production a success. During the week before Founder's, every scene was practiced thoroughly. Jyothsna practised her role with a hoop on. She looked absolutely ridiculous in it and her movements were very awkward and restricted at first. She even slipped and fell while rehearsing her dance scene with the King ("Shall We Dance"). But after a few days embarrassment she finally learnt to manage it—and manage it extremely well!

The day of the first performance came. Our costumes and jewellery were arranged very systematically by Mrs. Kanhaia Jee. There was no confusion as there usually is before a show. Some girls had to apply a brown paste over themselves which spared them from all the intricate eye makeup but made them feel very uncomfortable. At close quarters everyone looked frightfully ugly with all the garish colour plastered on their faces. The dancers with all their glittering costumes, headdresses and makeup looked brighter than the sun. The dancers wore artificial finger nails and these added the final touch to the Siamese look. Some of the wives with their costumes and makeup looked like oriental dolls and it was difficult to tell who was who. I got a minor heart-attack when I was told to knot my four inch long hair up like the rest of the wives.

As the cast was not allowed to sit on the balcony, all the portion backstage was crammed with the participants, props etc. One could not move for fear of knocking something over and making a noise. But some of the brave ones skillfully manoeuvred themselves around the sets and took a peep at the audience every now and then. Their expressions were quite encouraging.

Acting on stage was great fun for everyone after they had got over their initial nervousness. Our prompter found it difficult to keep his eyes glued to his script with all the talking going on behind him. It was not altogether his fault when Jyothsna forgot the words of two of the verses of her song ("Getting To Know You"). During this period, in her frantic effort to regain her memory, she put up a brave front and dimpled at everyone as though nothing had gone wrong. She hummed along with the tune and left Mrs. Sawhney to fill in the words.

During the scenes in which we were not required, we spent our time sitting backstage exchanging jokes, watching the actors through the curtains and jumping on the spring bed. Once during the first performance, we created such an uproar that our head-girl, remembering her duties, shouted at all of us (including the head-boy). I just hope she was not heard by the audience!

The ballet scene had so many people in it that the stage was very crowded. Sometimes I was afraid that Topsy and Eva might fall off while doing one of their energetic dances. The audience seemed to laugh in the wrong places and found Eliza's entry very amusing. Buddha recieved a hearty welcome when the curtains parted to reveal him. He found it difficult to keep his eyes shut and looked rather sweet and chubby for the role of Buddha.

We had only one bed for all the bedroom scenes. So the good old spring bed was effectively camouflaged for the king's deathbed by the addition of a golden headrest draped with fine draperies. The king was a mite too big for his bed and at one stage I think I saw his toes poking out under all his bedclothes.

The children looked like Siamese angels and acted their small (but significant) parts well. In fact evryone did their part very well.

The curtain-call was brightened up by Mr. Bill Colledge's speech. He pointed out a big mistake in the programme, Mrs. Sawhney's name had been ommited. In fact the programme did not include many other names that should by right have been there: Mr. Bhupinder Singh, who as the director managed to extract the best out of all the actors; Mr. Mukherjee, who on some days had to work till one in the morning on the curtains, the backdrops etc. Mrs. Kanhaiajee who designed the gorgeous costumes; and Mr. Dhillon, who looked after the props and the sets. They will all be remembered by the cast for helping to make the "King and I" such a great success.

Manju Kochar
U-V A.

The Fete

I was here for the 125th Founder's. I had Limca, Cococola and Fanta. I went on the giant wheel. I liked the Gorka Band. We had fun. We had to pay Re. 1/-. After the races the Gorka Band Played Songs. I was in the races. My number was 91. Piush broke a coco-nut. I liked fireworks best. I did not go home. After the Founders we had fun in the dormitree.

Narpinder Choudry
Form Jr. B.

Response

There are more than 100 of us sitting down to dinner, in person, on this 125th Anniversary. There are more than twice that number who are here—in spirit. Some have climbed out of their portraits, their beards flowing in the wind as they make their way from Barne Hall. Some have climbed down from the honour boards behind you. Others, expressed their earnest desire to be present when we met at the last reunion in London. Let me read George Browne's letter. "May you both find the spirit of Sanawar unchanged and the values and loyalties it inculcated intact. I am sure your will take with you the best wishes and deep affection of all Old Sanawarians here in England. Please be our representative and speak for all of us and wish the School success in making true and real men and women in this messed up, meddled world of ours".

Then a still, small voice deep in the Nilgiris writes, "We do envy you being in Sanawar and miss the School dreadfully". You know who I mean.

Those words are typical of the wishes of all O.S. whether they be Old O.S. or New O. S. They have been with us all this week. They have walked with us down these fragrant paths. They have passed with us through these hallowed portals. They applauded with us as we heard the report of another successful year. They rejoiced with us at the success of each event of this memorable Founders. They gave thanks with us during that welcome return to the Chapel. O.S. all over the world will be delighted to know that the Chapel has been used again. Another tenet of the Gita is fulfilled—honour tradition.

There is much that goes into the building of a house, and a house that is one's own invariably develops an encircling aura of care, devotion and affection right from selecting the plot of land on which it is to be built, the laying of the foundations and the erection of the scaffolding. Once work has started, there is an innate joy in fussing over the development, every step in the progress of the building is watched with care. The rooms begin to take shape, imagination runs rife in placing the furniture and fittings, so many angles, so many moves, but it is a labour of love. Then it is occupied. Life is given to the very walls, the floors, the ceilings, and the inanimate becomes a thing pulsating with life. There is the laughter of children, "children happy and unafraid" to quote Major Som Dutt.

The years roll on, there is wear and tear. With repairs come improvements, additions, carpets that are threadbare are renovated and all becomes a whole again, a shelter, a home, an asylum. It becomes a thing of beauty and is much loved. We remember the builder. We remember the Founder.

I am certain that all Sanawarians look upon this, their alma mater, in such a way that mere bricks and mortar, stone and marble cease to have definition. Instead, contours dissolve into a nebulous mist which forms into delightful patterns. Watch any O.S. in one of these trances—eyes misting in a distant gaze, lips parted in a gentle smile, the breathing is spasmodic and laboured. They seem to be searching for words to express their thoughts. Can we blame them if they, unconsciously, stumble across those words written by Robert Browning when he addressed the vision of his beloved Elizabeth. Let me close by quoting memorable lines :—

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth, the breadth, the height
 My soul can reach when feeling out of sight.
 I love thee to the level of every day's most quiet need
 In sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive after right.
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints.
 I love thee with the breath, smiles and tears
 Of all my life.
 And if God chooses, I shall love thee better after death.

Bill Colledge
 (responding to the toast
 "Old Sanawarians".)

Founder's 1972.

This is our 125th Founders. This year it started on the 1st. On the first was the final Variety Show. The first item was a Raj Kaliyan on Orchestra. The second was a dance by Jyostna Jamwal, third was a trumpet solo by Vasant K. Dhar accompanied by Ajai Mahajan and J.S. Kindra. There was an English play "Tea For Three" Gaurav S. Rana was Mr. Evans. Then there was a classical dance by Suneet Kaur. Then there were two songs by Sumit Bagchi. He sang just like Kishore Kumar. Then Gaurav played the trumpet. Last of all there was a Dance Drama "Krishna Leela". It was all dancing I did not like it. In the evening there was the fireworks Display. There were ten different chakras but they all seemed the same.

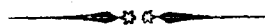
On the second were the Athletics. J. S. Sokhey got the Kalinga cup for the best Athlete. He is very fast. Nilagiri house was cockhouse in G. D and B. D. Vindhya house got the shield in P. D. I was not in the Athletics. In the evening was the staff play "Friends and Neighbours." It was very funny. Mr. B. Singh rubbed butter all over Mr. Abraham's face and when he fell down poured water on him. Then they all got drunk and the girl began chasing the man and someone got up on the table and began dancing and playing a guitar and then they all sat down to eat a cake. It was really very funny. The staff on the stage were, Mrs. Sawhney, Mrs. Sobal, Miss Gopi, Miss Ghuman, Miss Niti Sachar, Mr. B. Singh, Mr. Bhalerao, Mr. Gore, Mr. Abraham.

On the third at 4-15 was the final Prep School Concert. The first item was an Indian dance "Ek Gopi Ek Shayam." I liked Himani Thakur's dancing. In the Hindi Play "La Mera Channa Ka Dana" Harbinder Purewal was very good as the monkey. We call him monkey now and he gets very angry. The percussion band played "Oh When the saints go marching in." Then was a Qawali "Zami Salaam Kare Asman Salaam Kare." Amar Jung sang through his nose. The English play was "Silly Willy." It was about a silly boy who was asking for a bottle of brains and married a wife and lived happily ever after. H. R. S. Dhaliwal was Silly Willy. On third evening was the Tattoo. In the P. T. some people turned to the wrong side. The parallel bars were very good, specially when the boys jumped through a fire. They were very brave. I clapped very hard for them. There was also groundwork, chairwork, and pole work. There were two dances. In the Naaty the boys wore bell bottoms. I did not like it. It was very boring. In the Toy Soldiers Natinder Dhillon's cap fell down on his eyes but he did not stop. It was very funny. I liked the canon and the Duke fell from his horse.

In the morning was the parade. I liked the Colour Party. When I go to senior school I will be in the Colour Party. Then there was the Arts and Crafts exhibition. I bought my giraffe which I had made. In the evening was the final "King and I." It is half musical and there were a lot of songs. Jyothsna Kumari was Anna and she wore a very big frock. Bhattal was the King and he was very funny but in the end he began to die and it was very sad.

On the fifth was the Fête. I had two ice-creams. Then I tried Lucky Dip. I got a tractor and a monkey acrobat. Then I had two fantas then tried Roulette. Mr. Dhillon took my ruppee and I did not get anything. Then I went to Mr. Brajamani's stall. Then I went to Prep School and changed and went home. This was our 125th Founder's. We were given holidays because we had worked very hard for Founder's.

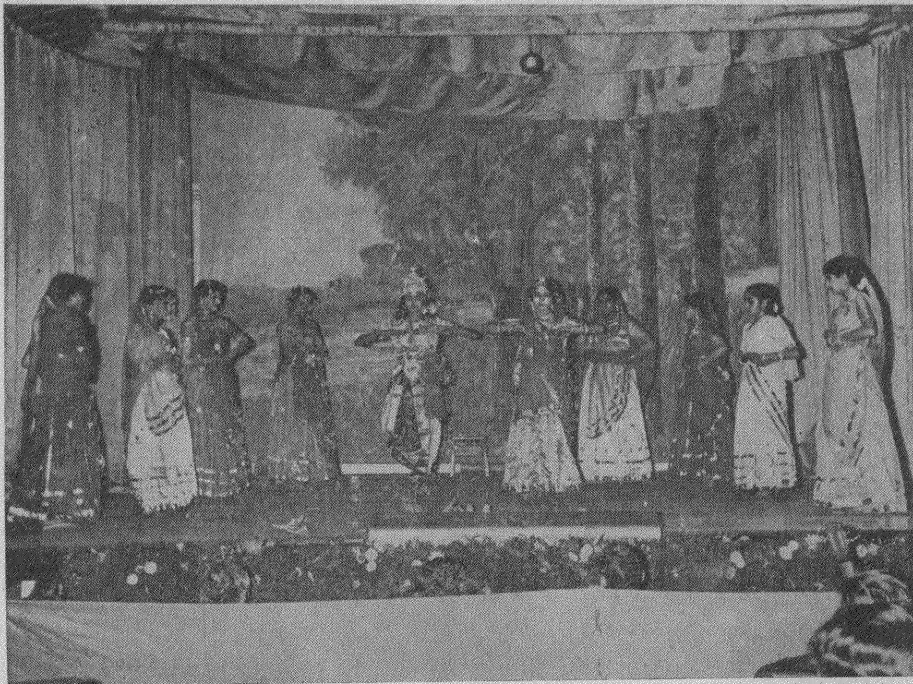
Nitin Batra
II-B.

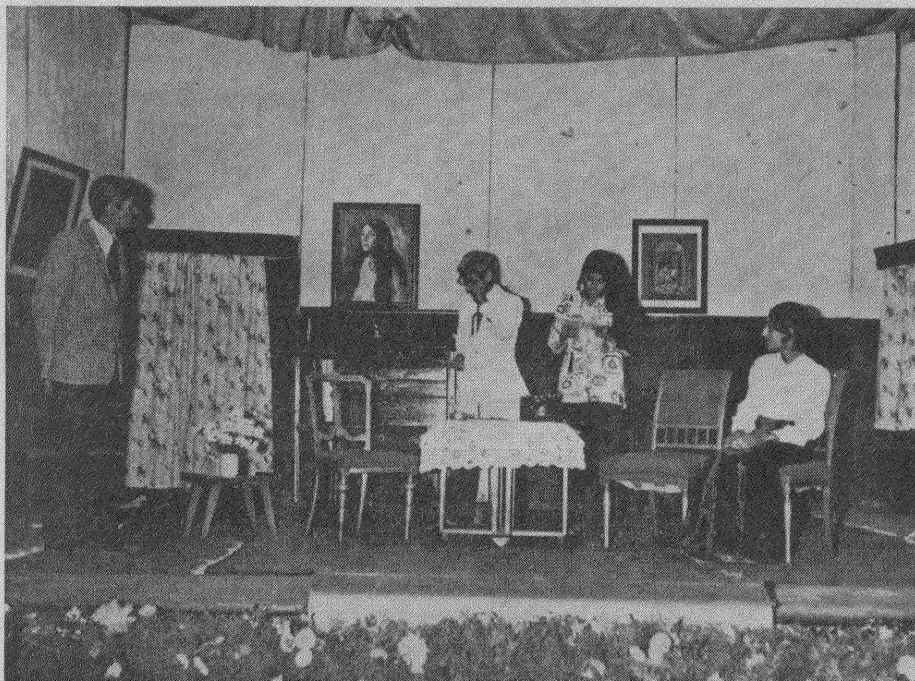


Founder's 1972
Variety Show



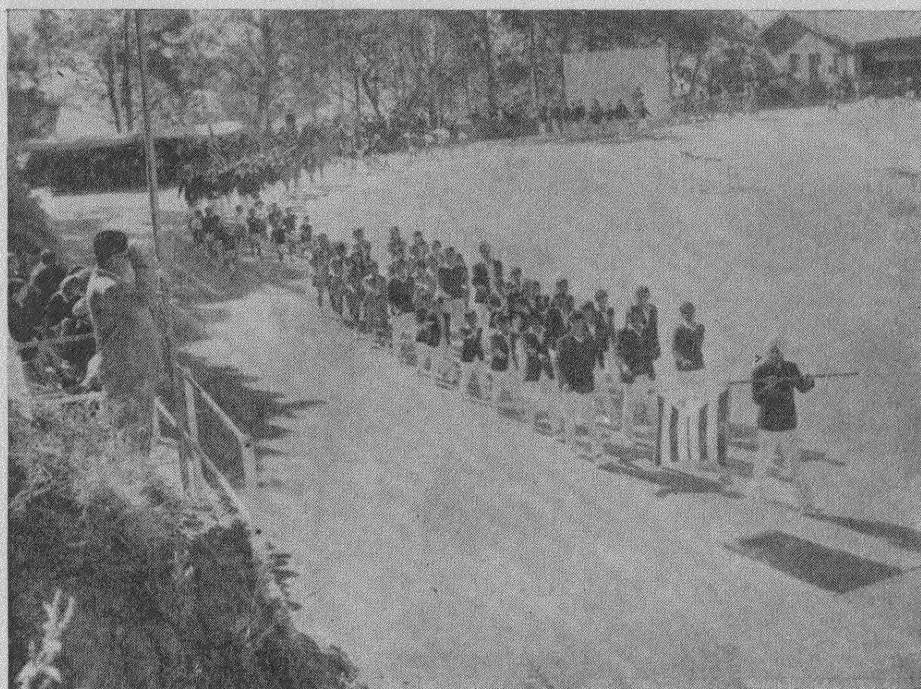
Dance Drama—Shri Krishna Leela



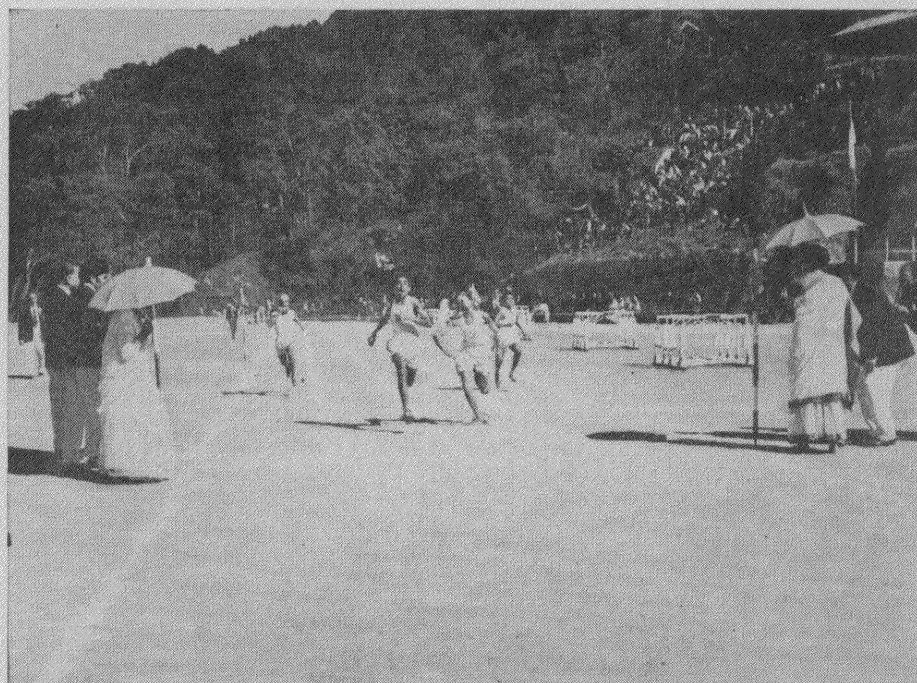


Tea for Two

Athletics



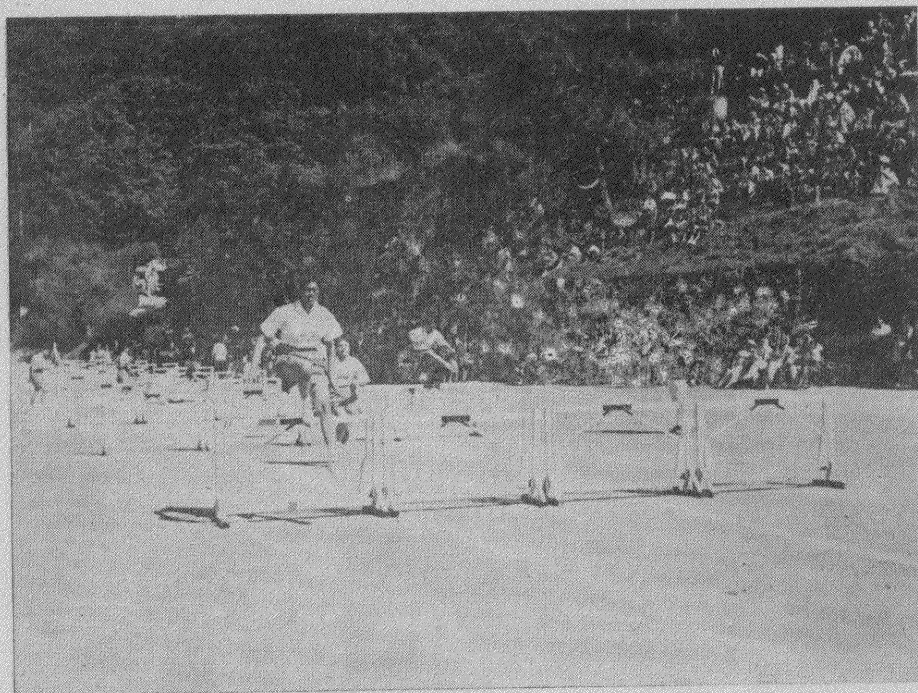
“Chests out—Left Right, Left Right”



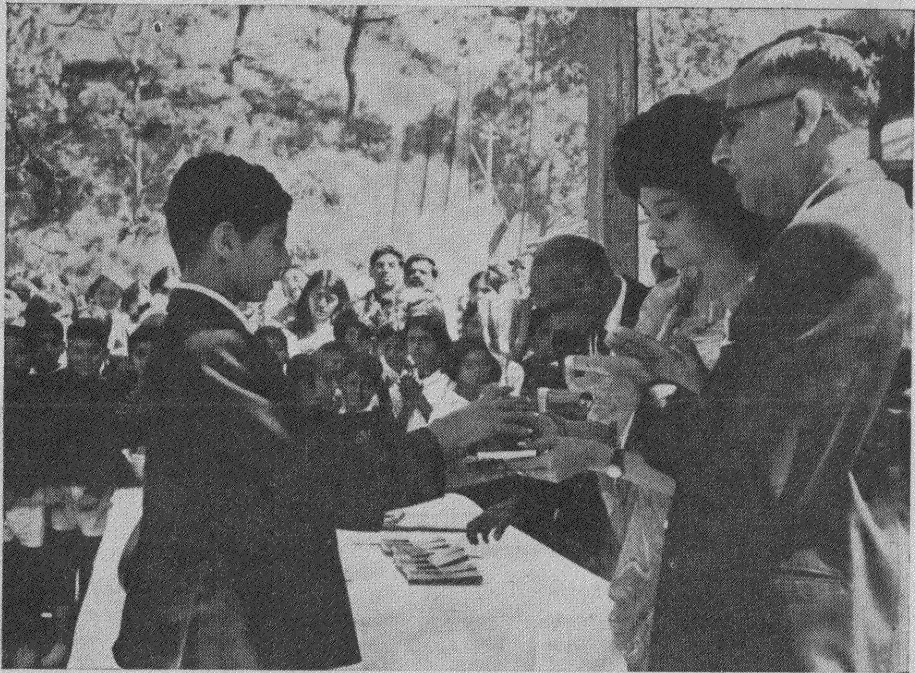
The 100 metres sprint



Opens 100 metres Relay



Mala T. does it again



Lucky Prize Winner

A. D. S.



Friends and Neighbours



EXHIBITIONS

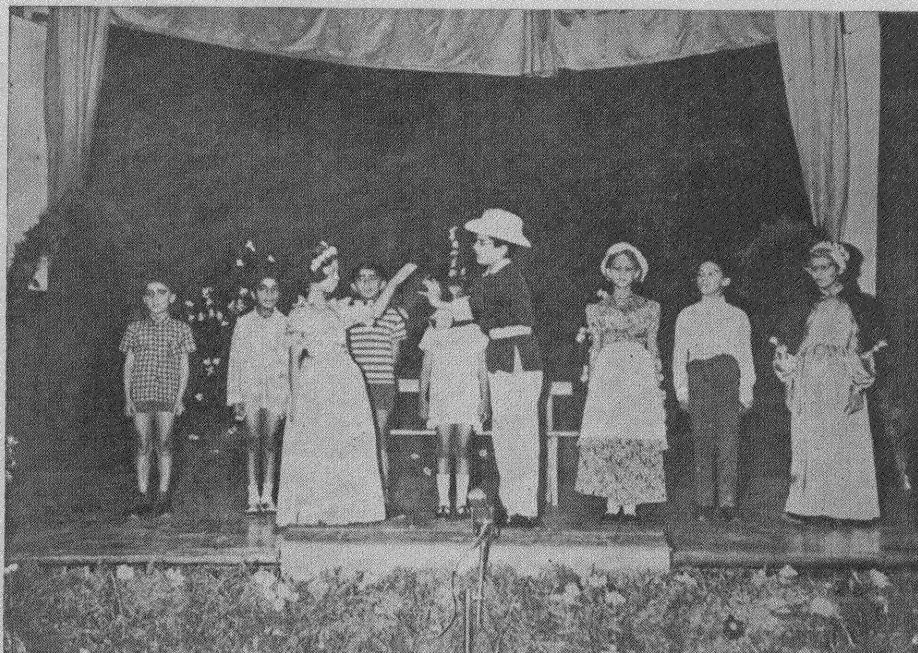


Needlework ("Is there a pin missing, ma'am?")



(Arts & Crafts)

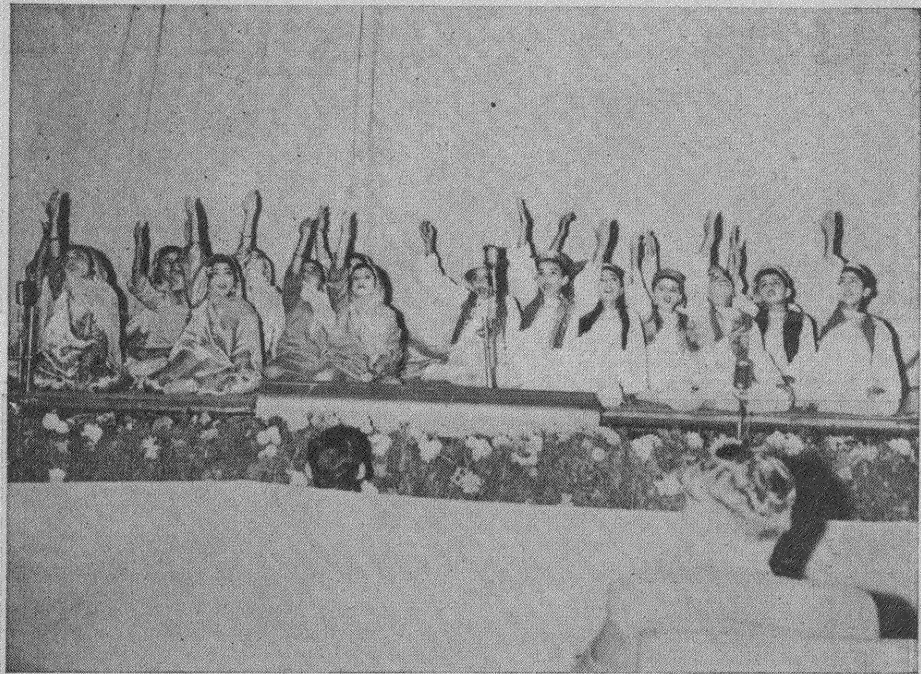
PREP SCHOOL SHOW



"Silly Willy"—Repeat Performance

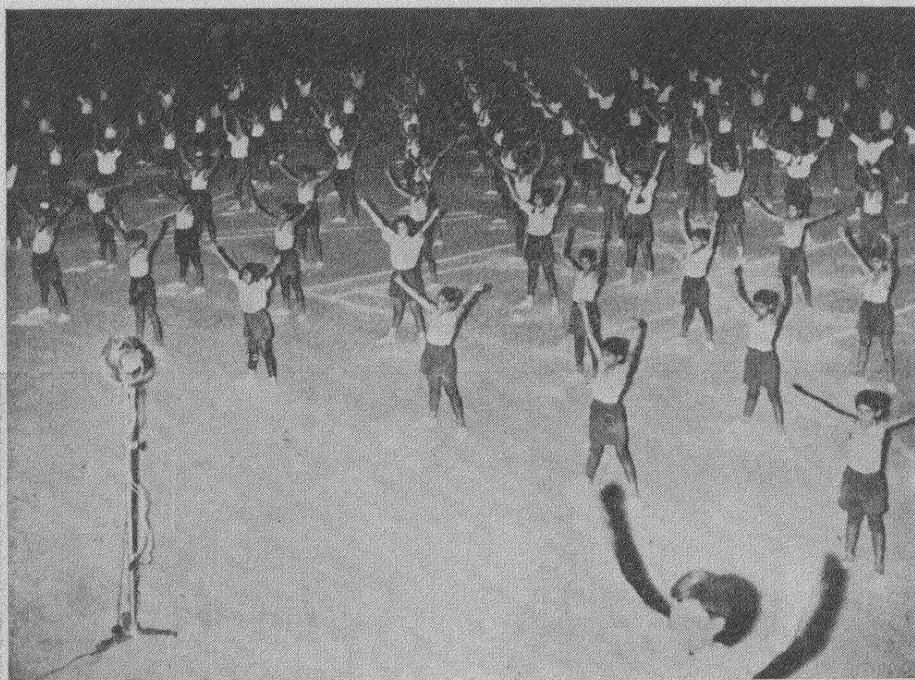


A miniature Ras Leela—Do'nt miss Rama Suba

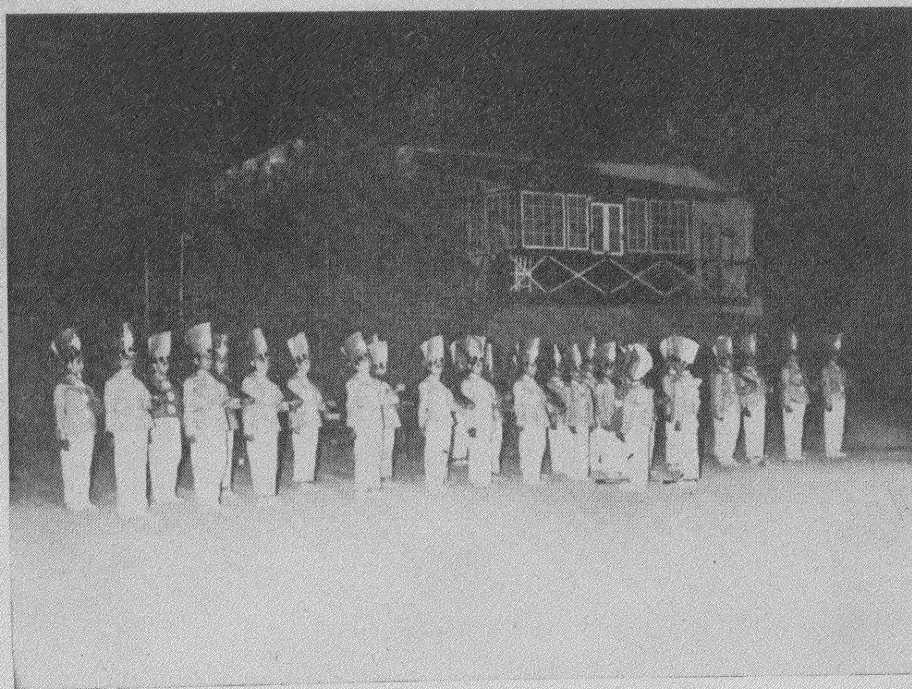


Qawali

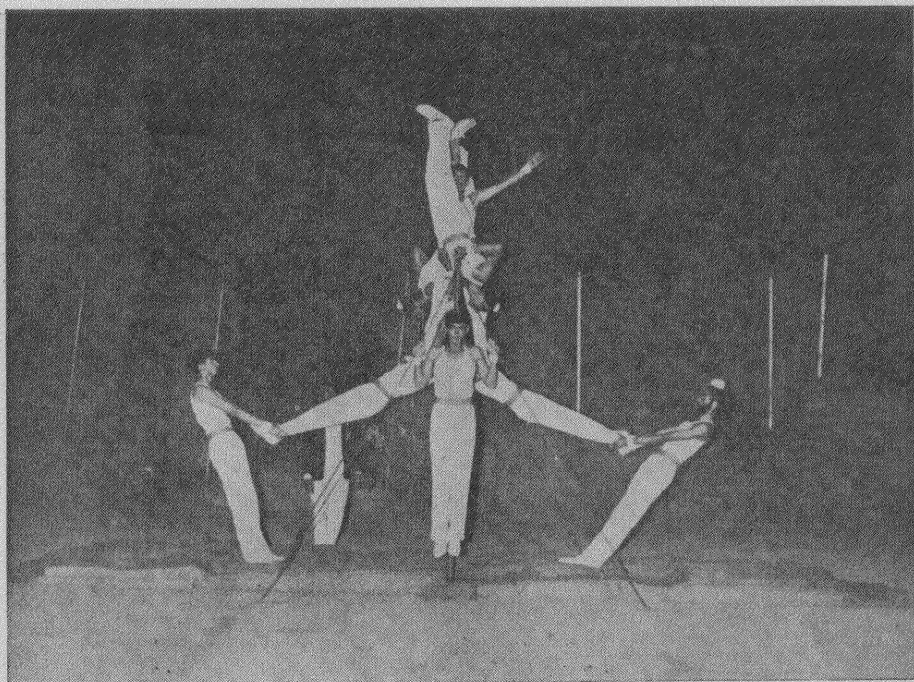
TATTOO



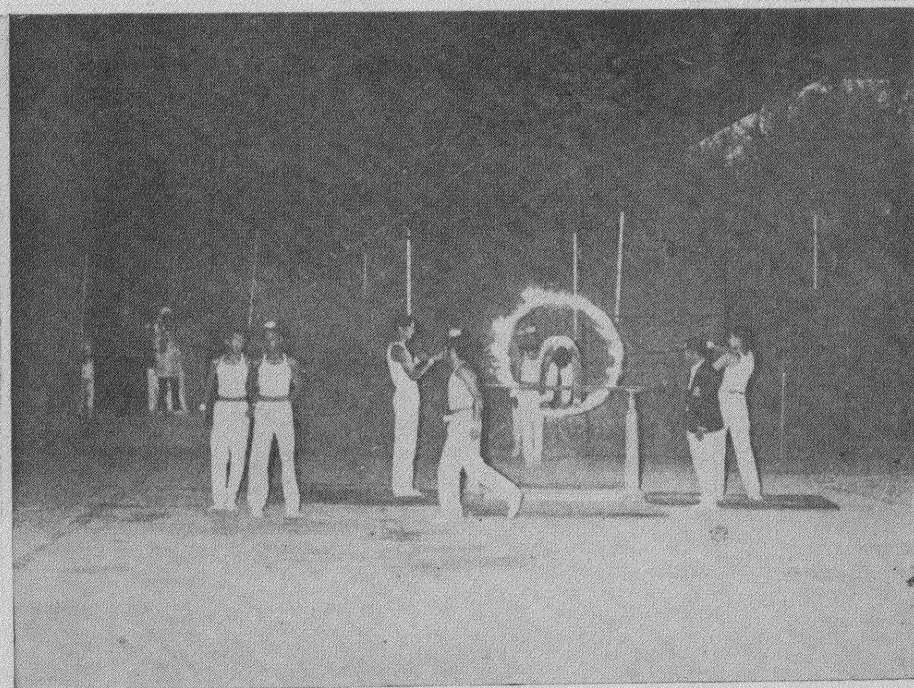
Mass P.T.



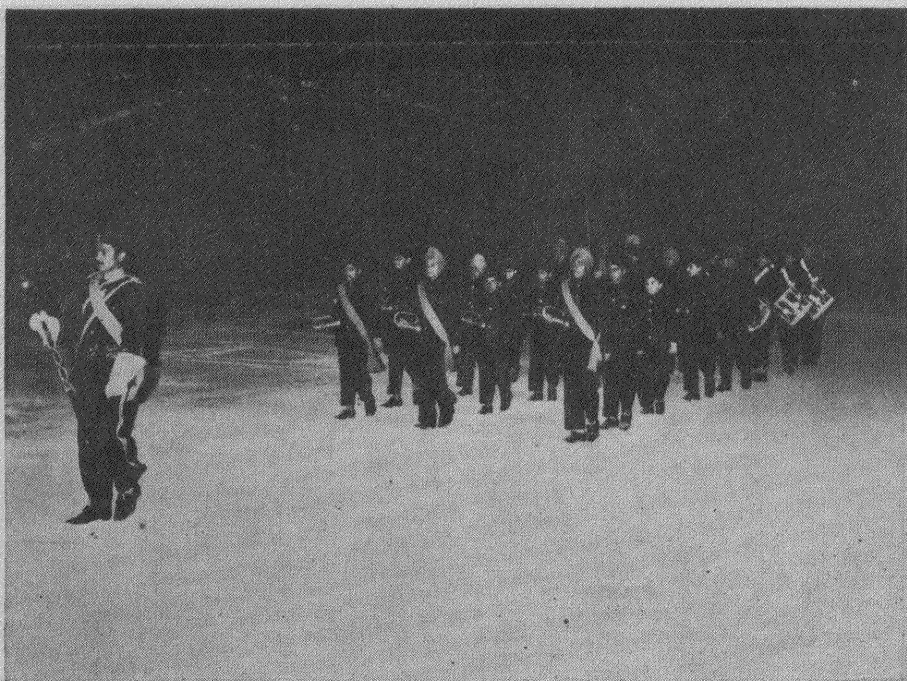
The Toy Soldiers ("and Natinder Dhillon's cap fell over his eyes.")



The Gymnasts



Hold Your Breath

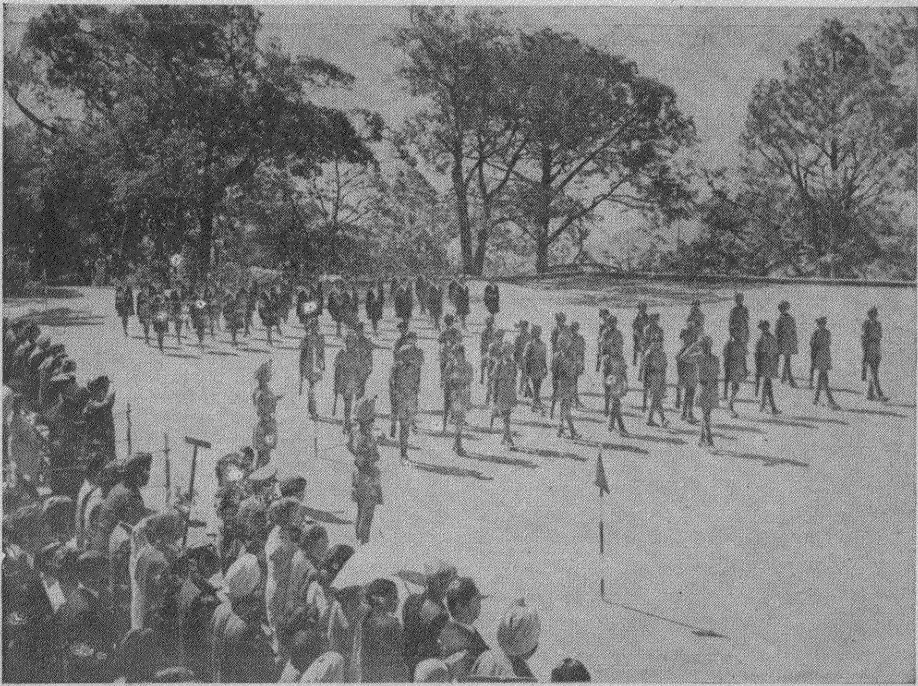
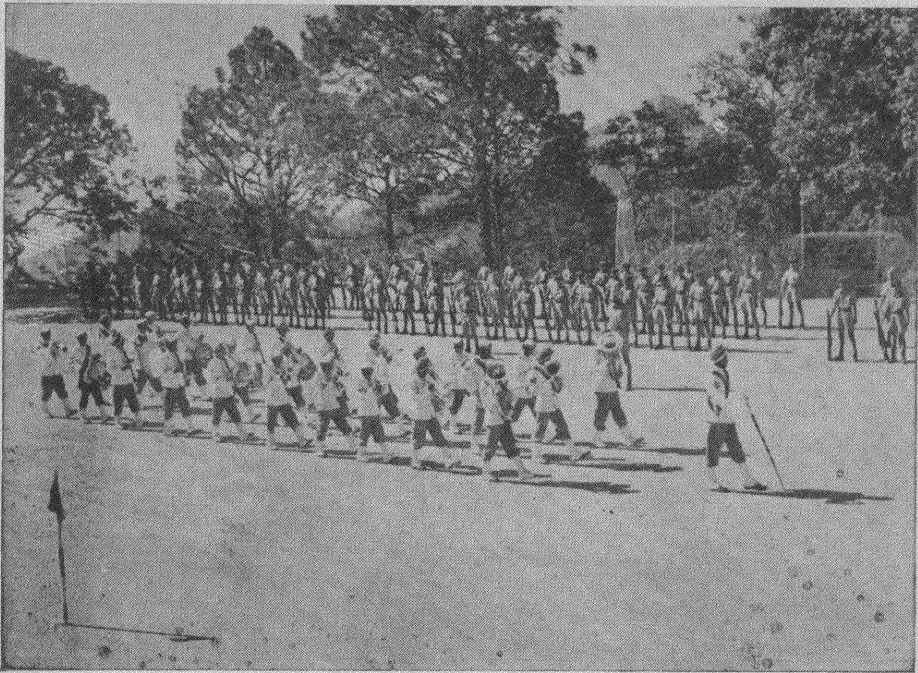


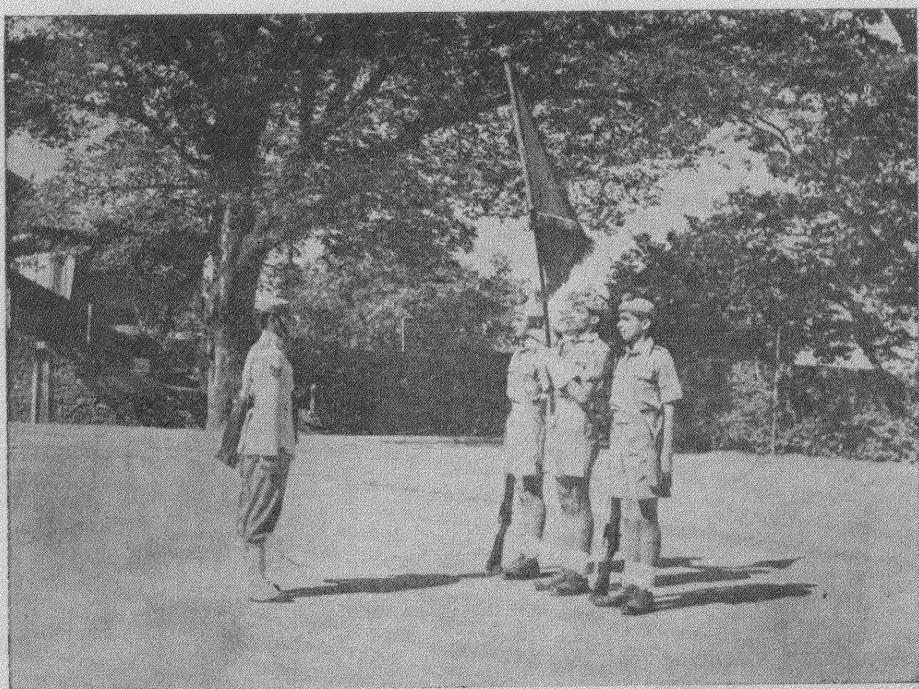
The Band—Impressive Sergeant Major !



Bhattal & his gang

THE PARADE

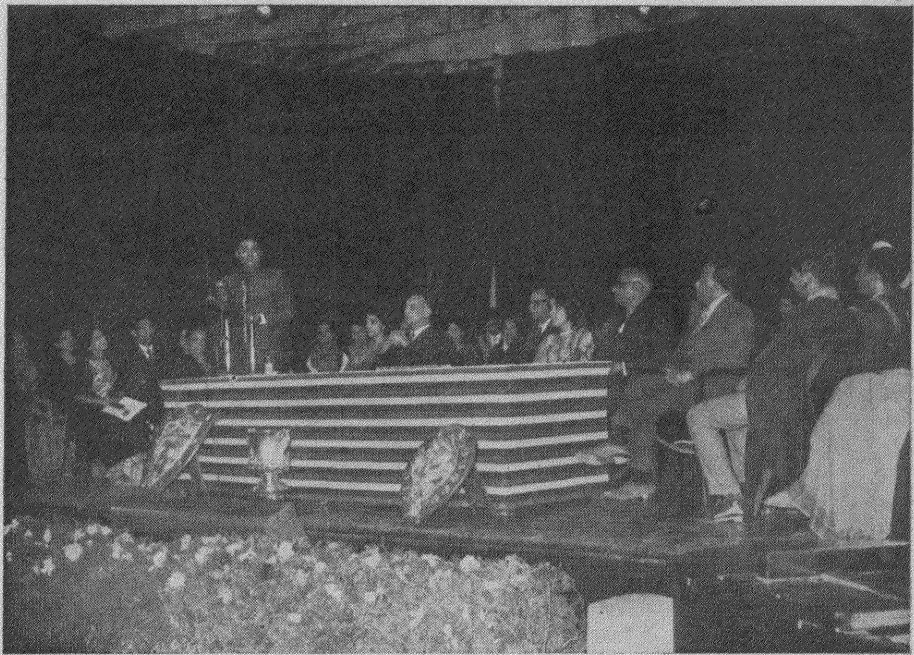




The Colour Party

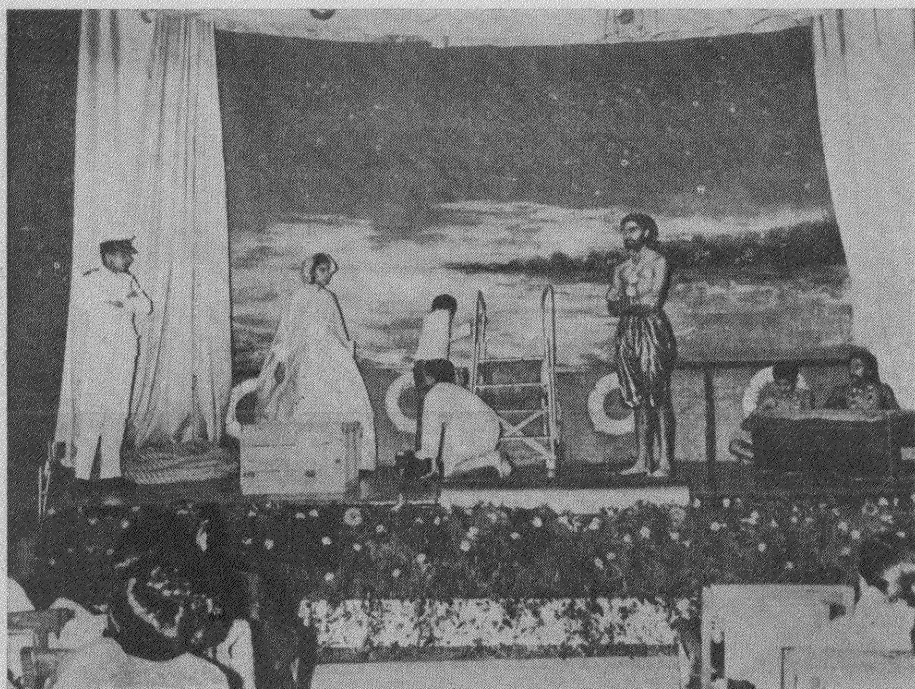


Introductions—Optician Required



Speeches

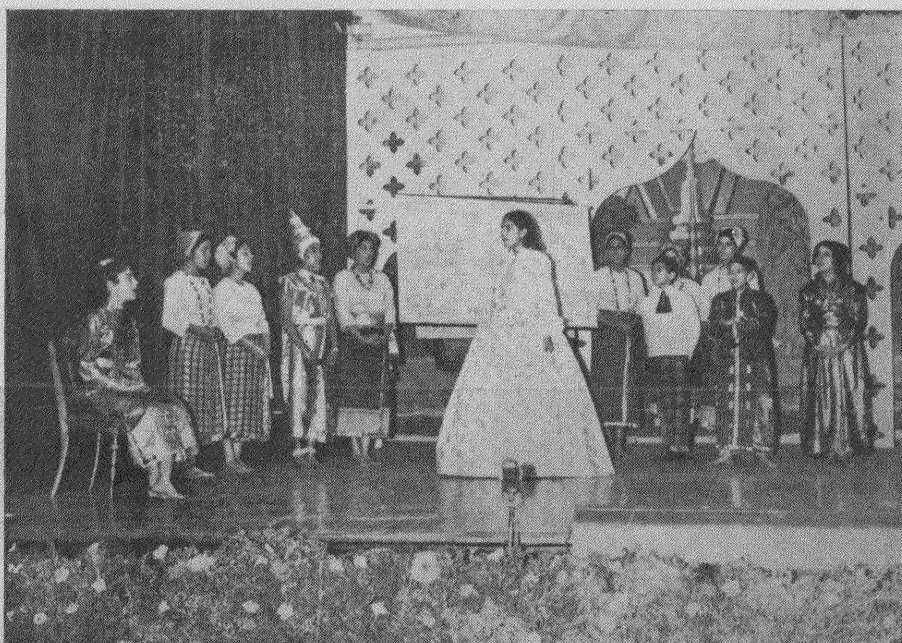
SCHOOL CONCERT
"The King & I"



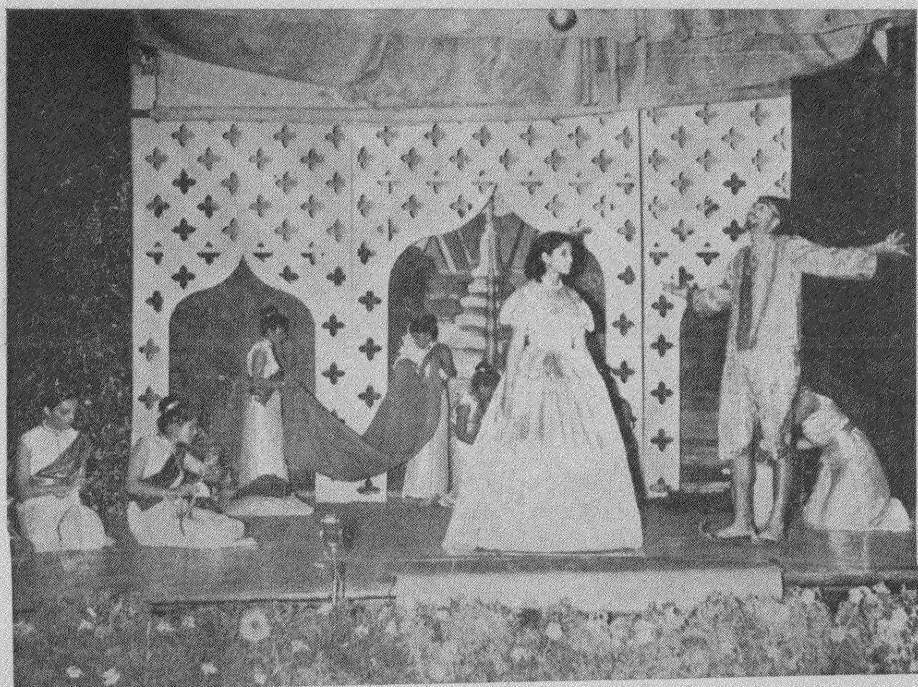
The Fearful Kralahome



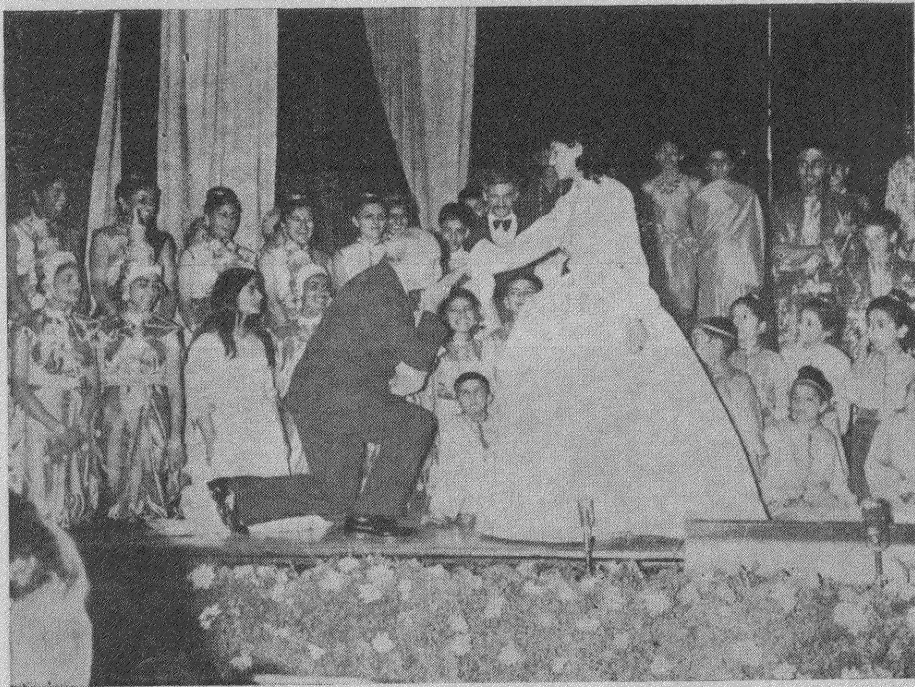
"Run Elisa run"



The Geography Lenon



" Etcetra etcetra "



The Curtain Call

House Shows.

The Himalaya House Show

Rumours about the various items of the Himalaya House Show had been flying around, and we carefully suppressed the excitement which was mounting in us, when the Orchestra was announced. The first tune played 'Raga Kaushi Kdhemni' was one of the best Sanawar has ever produced—believe it or not, it actually 'clicked' with the audience. 'Kanchi re Kanchi re' which followed wasn't exactly up to the mark. Frankly speaking, light film vocal songs sound rather strange when played by a whole Orchestra.

Next an Indian classical dance was performed by Anuradha Maira and Poor-nima Bhalerao. Although they lacked co-ordination at times, their movements were very graceful: we were quite impressed by the dance.

The one act play *Safar Ke Sathi* was typical of what Hindi plays in Sanawar usually are. It was about an (or rather nine) unwanted guest who pops up at one of this fellow passenger's house to stay for a whole month, with all the belongings he has. and of course etiquette demands that they be not asked to go: consequently, amusing episodes follow, until at last, after a very involved scheme, they are made to evacuate. Jayant Nanda, Sangram Singh and Ajay Segal merit a special mention: they were very good indeed.

During the intervals, Sumit Bagchi sang some beautiful Hindi songs, the last *Phoolon Ka Taron Ka* undoubtedly was the best. Truly, the boy is talented. Jai Singh Pathania on drums didn't go unnoticed, either.

The Juniors then performed a very beautiful Arabian Gypsy Dance. Himalayan juniors, I am sure even the Arabian girls themselves cannot dance as well as you did.

The Himalayan Tootlers (quite an appropriate name) then entertained us, with 'Love is a many Splendoured thing' and 'Quando, Quando'. Musical items are generally very popular, and so was this one.

Ah! The English Play! Everyone noticeably straightened up, and not in vain "The Grand Cham's Diamond" was really grand. The scene opened with the mother and daughter looking most bored (when don't they?) and likewise the husband looking disgruntled. After a slow beginning, the play suddenly warmed up when, just out of the blue a diamond fell into their room. After much squabbling Mrs. Perkins finally got her way and they hid the diamond—and just in time, too, for a very aggressive looking man suddenly barged into their house. Whow! Their luck seemed to be running out but fortunately Alfred, a detective from Scotland Yard, steps in. Although Mrs. Perkins did not get the diamond, everything ended happily.

Truly, this comedy was excellently done and the actors fitted into their roles superbly. Gayatri Sondhi and Gaurav Rana were outstanding. But guess who was behind it all? Mr. B. Singh, of course. Really sir, most of the credit goes to you—you have got the knack of making any play a great success.

Brig. Grewal, who thanked Himalaya House, said that the other Houses would have to work jolly hard to reach their standard : I quite agree with him.

Ferida Satarawala
VI-C

The Prep School Show

The Money-Changer was the first item on the evening's programme. It took us to the far-away land of China. It was very well acted and richly deserved the applause it received.

The next item was a song in Hindi 'Kaliyon Se Muskana Sikho'. The young Preppers in their sweet and youthful tones, sang it very well. It was an excellent effort on their part.

Next came a patriotic action song—once again in Hindi—'Jai Jawan, Jai Kisan'. As is Preppers wont, it was sung with tremendous 'josh'; Preppers always put their heart and soul in whatever they do and it was so in this item too.

Next on the list was "Silly Willy", a play full of laughter. The acting was much above average. Harroop Dhaliwal as Silly Willy stole the show with his wonderful acting and facial expressions. He looked the complete fool and suited his part to a 'T'. The applause received at the end was thunderous and spoke volumes for the good action.

The dance that followed was slow in the beginning but gradually picked up momentum. All the six girls danced gracefully. They looked very pretty in their colourful costumes. The 'Band' sang and played 'The Army Goes a Fighting'. Sajan Sethi conducted his troupe marvellously well.

The tiny tots then showed their histrionic talent in 'The Old Woman'. An early curtain closure slightly marred what otherwise was a good performance. The much awaited Hindi play 'Shah Ji Ke Jute' was then announced. It was very humorous and easily came up to our expectations; it was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

As is customary, the Show ended with the School song. It is amazing how the Prep School Staff manage to put up such beautiful, captivating shows with such big casts with so young children. Preppers, it was an excellent show and we thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Well down : keep it up.

Neeraj Madhok
VI-B

The Vindhya House Show

House shows being what they are, I faced the evening of the Vindhyan show in some trepidation. It was a relief to find that my misgivings were not justified.

The first item was a dance, an apparently indispensable—though by no means popular—feature of every house show. The dance based on the Krishna Leela, was however a pleasure to watch: not because it employed a profound theme or remarkable talent, but because it was performed with such infectious gaiety.

In the piece that followed, fifteen lower thirds cheerfully murdered a patriotic song. What they lacked by way of melody, they more than made up for in enthusiasm. Next an announcer emerged armed with a crystal ball and auguries of surprises to come—a fairly convincing gypsy, despite the fact that her attire was faintly reminiscent of a tribal Naga's. The three scenes from 'Oliver' that she announced were a very original idea, and beautifully arranged. Rawley made an ideal Oliver.

Then, a Hawaiian dance—what next! It combined the shake and hula—hula with a few Spanish flamenco steps thrown in for a truly exotic flavour. To top it all, grass-clad island beauties swayed to the beat of an unmistakably Sana-warian band playing "Trumpet Cha-cha-cha".

More music; this time Mala and Arti rendered two melodies on the violin and Rekha Gore sang a couple of songs. A sigh ran through the audience when the Hindi play 'Under Secretary', was announced. This one did not rise above the usual Hindi plays with their slapstick comedy and coincidence-ridden plots, but it was acted superbly. Nasjeet Ghoshal and Rohini Arora were perfect in their roles. The play began to grow tedious toward the end; it could have been shorter.

The Vindhyan band played two tunes before the last item, an English play called 'Love and the Boxer'. Its story ran thus: Mary discarded her suitor, a boxer, for a nobly bred painter whose nose was in the air when it was not buried in a dictionary. Mary's mother approved of the high-browed intellectual; her father of the plebian pugilist. Eventually her father won as brawn triumphed over brain, for the painter was already married. As for the actors—Ferida Satarawala was marvellous as Mary's mother; Bery, her husband, acted well, but it would have been nice to hear some of his lines instead of having to guess at them. The play was brief and amusing.

That was the Vindhya house show—some of it original, some funny, some ridiculous. Yet, it hadn't a single really dull moment—and that is no mean achievement.

Mina Chanchani
VI-C

The Nilagiri House Show

"You must remember", said someone, "and appreciate the fact that the house has put in its best". "And remember", said someone else, "if you criticize our show we'll tear yours to bits". Let us leave criticism to the brave. Let me give an account which puts me in the clear.

The curtain rose to an expectant hush. The first strains of a lilting raga split the silence and we held our breaths as the sheer glory of the music struck home. After a few minutes of bliss the orchestra ended and with the closing of the curtain came a visible sigh from those members of the audience who had come down to earth again. Kudos to Dr. Kulshreshta for producing such a marvellous display of talent.

Another musical item—a song by Latika. A haunting melody which, aptly accompanied by two guitars and a violin, remained fresh in the mind long after the sweet though soft notes had died away.

The Ugly Duckling—a novel English play, was next on the agenda. The settings were superb and what was more—the Sanawarian sofa was actually missing! It is the first time a fairytale play has been staged and surprisingly, it went down very well with the watchers. Harsimiran was splendiferous as the sharp queen; Neeraj Madhok as the stupid king, completely fulfilled the exacting demands of his role and Dulcibella Brara was charming.

The Squares with their most unsquarish music—who suggested the name anyway? entertained us with two delightful renderings of "Mexico" and "Muddy Mississippi Lane". Their band is, without doubt one of the best Sanawar has ever heard—one only wishes the instruments were in tune.

Boys and girls both took part in the Lushai dance that followed. The costumes were simple and neat. The dancers enjoyed themselves tremendously on stage and gradually the audience imbibed their infectious enthusiasm. The girls jumped adeptly between bamboo sticks beaten on the ground by the boys; the beat got faster, the atmosphere tensed—everyone expecting a dancer to trip and after a frenzied five minutes the flute slowed down and the dancers trooped off the stage. A remarkable performance indeed.

The next item was a chorus by the juniors. The song was sung beautifully really, there is no dearth of musical talent in Nilagiri house. It was truly refreshing to see such an original piece of work.

Manmegh Singh was to sing next. Most of us having heard him in 1971's opera, looked forward to his song. He rose to the occasion and the audience was hushed into silence as note upon note soared and trembled. One of Mukesh's hits but with the peculiar flavour that is all Monmegh Singh's.

Another musical item—what joy! A ghazal sung exquisitely by Diwakar Singh who surprised us all with his self confidence and apparent ease. We who tremble on setting foot on a stage filled with twenty others, envy him this ability.

The Hindi play was short and sweet. Deepak Pandit as Anand acted very well and cracked quite a few good jokes. Ketaki was lively and kept the audience amused.

The programme said—the Squares—again. The silence was broken by “The Sound of Silence” played professionally it seemed. This was followed by the “Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde.” The seniors were especially enthusiastic as, for the first time, they did not have to sit through Bombay Duck— a favourite with all bands.

The last item was a unique one. Produced and directed by tomorrow’s Conrad Rooks—Vasant Dhar and Sukhminder Sekhon. Considering that it was untouched by a staff member, it was a fantastic effort. The sound effects were terrific and one had a sneaky sympathy for the legless captain and the wounded professor. The story was gripping and totally new. It was a fitting finale to an excellent show.

The Headmaster said a few words praising the Vindhya House show, the chief guest gave a touching speech, and one of the best shows of the year ended with the school song.

And pigs have wings.

HEIL HITLER.

Maneka Anand.
VI-A

The Siwalik House Show

The curtain opened to a solo dance ‘Dash Avtar’ performed by Jyotsna Jamwal. It was a beautiful dance performed with a lot of grace and skill. The movements were limpid and deliberate and throughout the dance the dancer maintained the same delicately slow rhythm.

The next item was a musical medley with “movement and singing” by the Siwalikan girls’ Junior chorus. The girls performed with stamina and vigour (watching them perform, one at last begins to understand how the hero in Indian films manages to sing and perform acrobatic tricks side by side). Hats off to the chorus—where the other House’s Juniors are afraid to put up songs more than a minute or two in length, the Siwalikan girls held the audience spell-bound for exactly fourteen minutes. It was interesting to see some senior girls masquerading as Juniors. I am sure with so much talent in hand, the audience would have enjoyed another musical medley by the senior girls—preferably with movement.

A dance again and that also a junior one. Everyone resigned himself to getting bored. But what a pleasant surprise awaited us. The little girls (Lower threes) were really very sweet and danced with verve and enthusiasm. The little mites received a thunderous applause when their item ended.

The next item—by the Sixth Form Girls—was meant to be a surprise. As the item was announced I heard someone say “Oy ! I know what it is Yar !” So much for the surprise part of it. But it was a delightful item. It was a song composed by the girls themselves—which in itself was a great thrill : to discover that all these years we have had hidden amongst us potential Emily Dickinsons and Hilda Dolittles. The girls sang what they felt about the various aspects of school life and ended up by saying that inspite of all this they would still miss wonderful Sanawar once they departed into the wide world. Both staff and students welcomed this very healthy criticism—inspite of the complaints about the food, it was amusing to see the obviously radiant and pink cheeks of the singers.

The ‘Rainmakers’ came on next and succeeded in creating a lot of thunder with “Hawaii Five O” and “She wind.” The band received loud applause—probably because with their appearance the audience was reminded that Siwalik House wasn’t composed of girls only. Next was a one act English comedy—“Keep Calm”. The whole play was based on errors arising out of mistaken identities. It was a hilarious play and a few of the jokes had the audience roaring with laughter. The actors wore fantastic clothes—trouser suits and jazzy ties etc.

The ‘Rainmakers’ created more thunder with “Motion Faze”, “The Bandit” and a trumpet solo “Cherry Pink” by Jasmeet Rana.

Last came the Hindi play “Drishti Daan” in three scenes, based on a story by Tagore. Jyotsna Jamwal, as the long suffering wife who goes blind due to her husband’ negligence and still doesn’t hold anything against him, turned in an excellent performance, Mukul Chopra as the repentant husband, who tiring of the blind wife decides to marry again and is refused, also gave a good performance. Maneka Anand, Rajiv Gar and Meena Chanchani also acted well. One only wishes that the sets could have been more imaginatively handled.

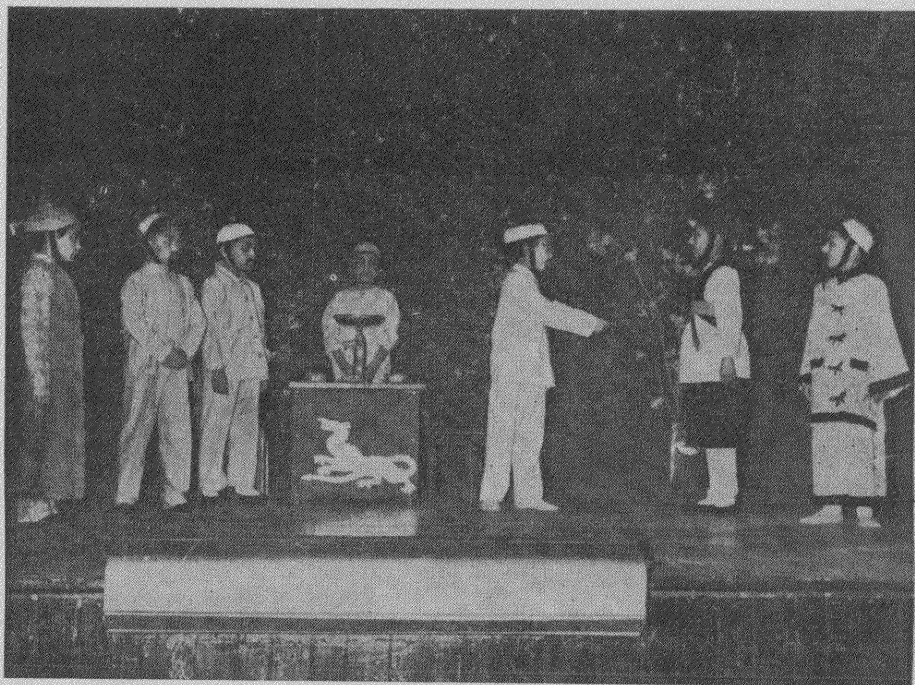
The show ended with a word from the Headmaster, a short speech from the chief guest and the first verse of the school song. One can agree whole-heartedly with the Siwalikan claim that theirs was the best House Show—the best thing about it being that it lasted only two hours.

Neeraj Madhok
VI-B

House Shows
Prep. School

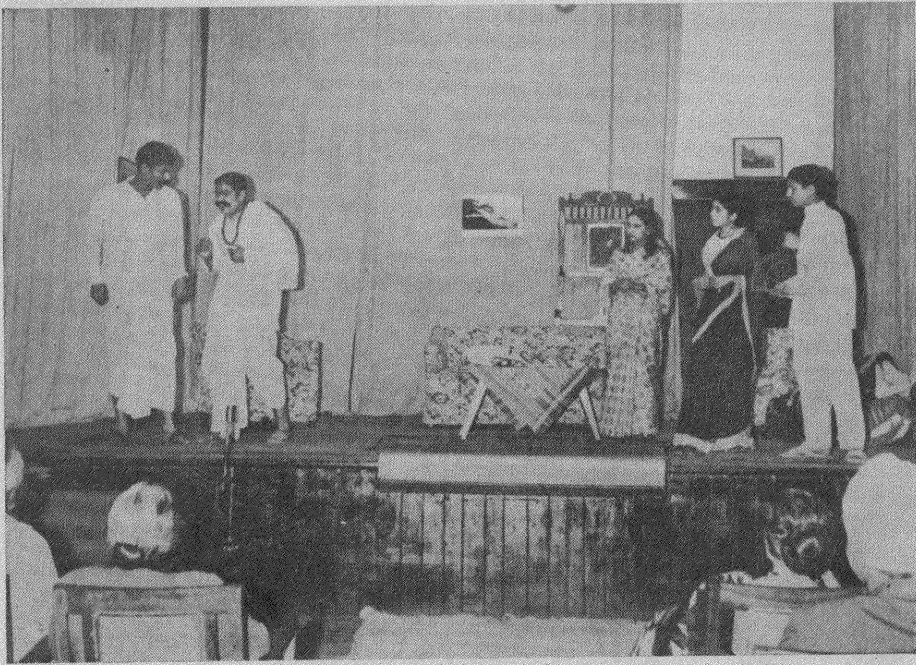


Prep School Band

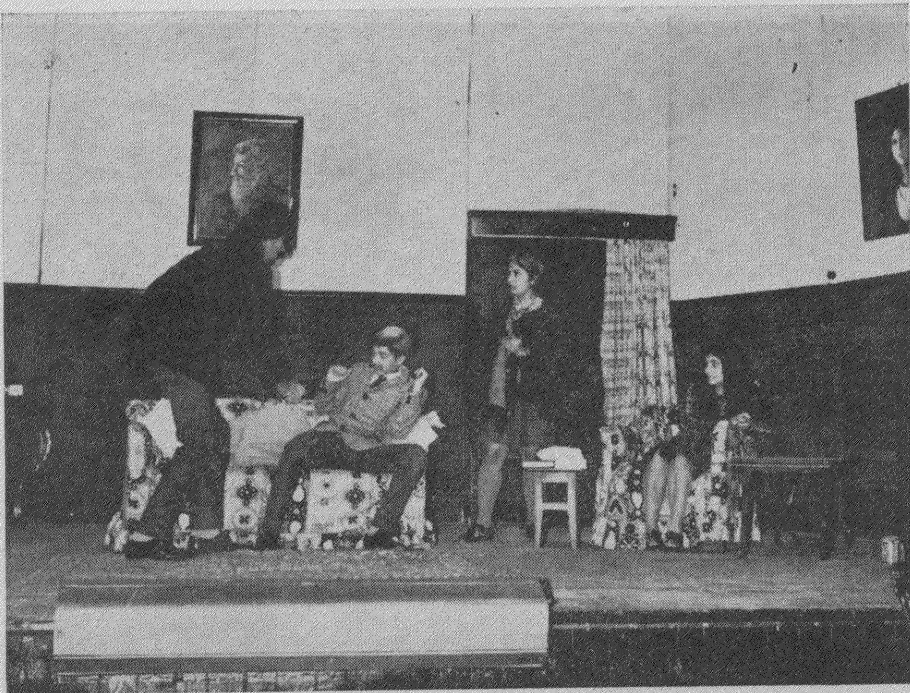


"The Money Changer"

Himalaya House Show

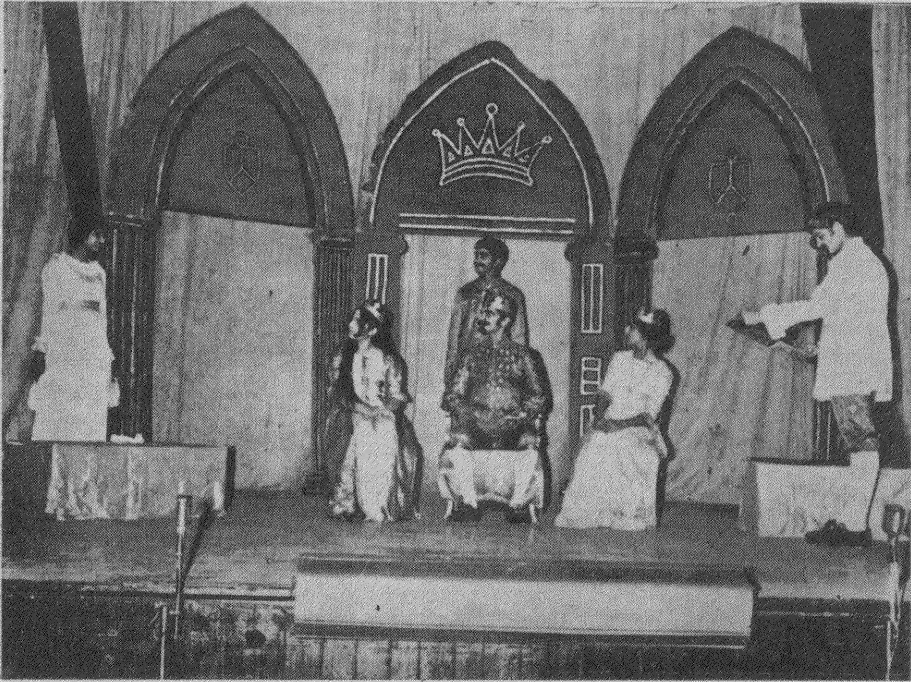


“Safar ke Saathi ”

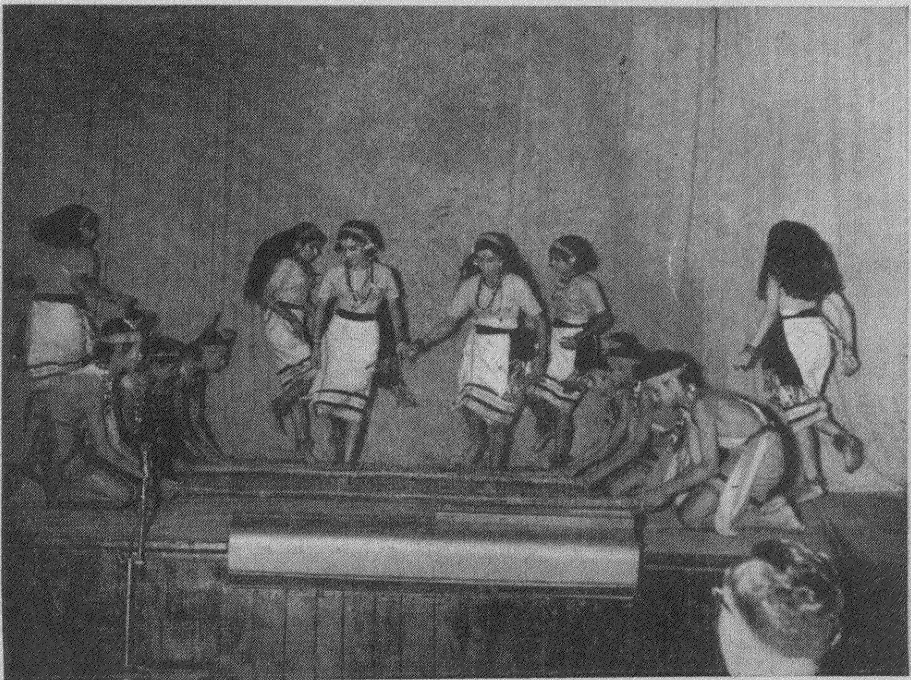


“The Grand Cham's Diamond ”

Nilagiri House Show

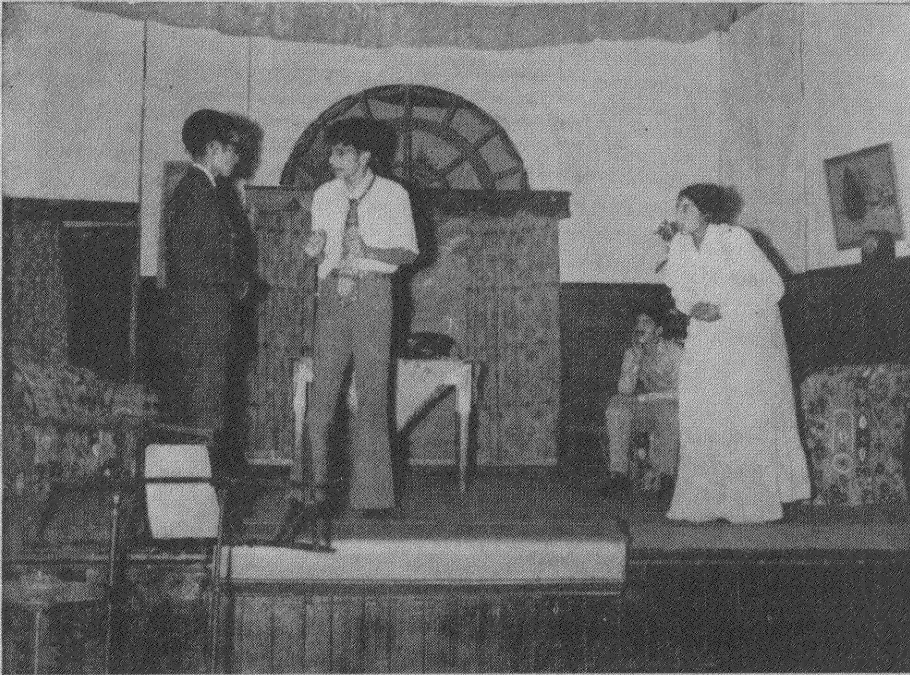


"The Ugly Duckling"

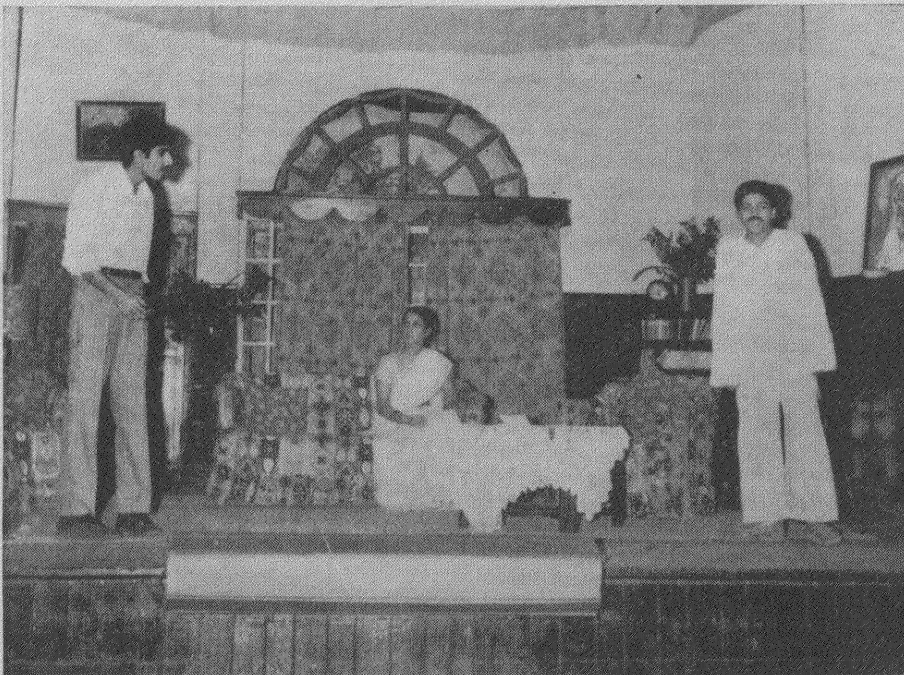


Naga Dance

Siwalik House Show



"Keep Calm"

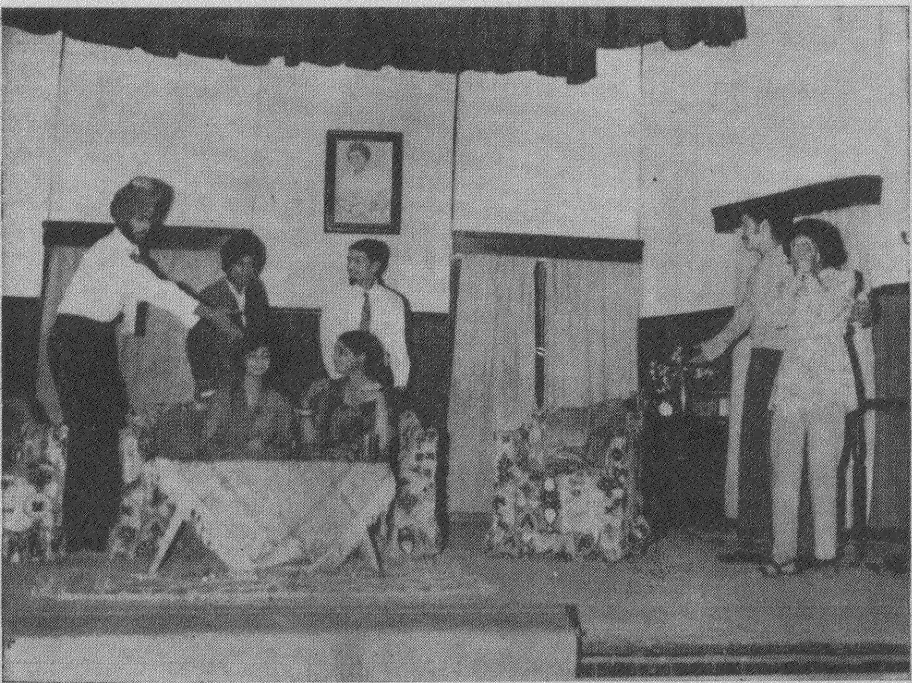


"Drishti Daan"

Vindhya House Show

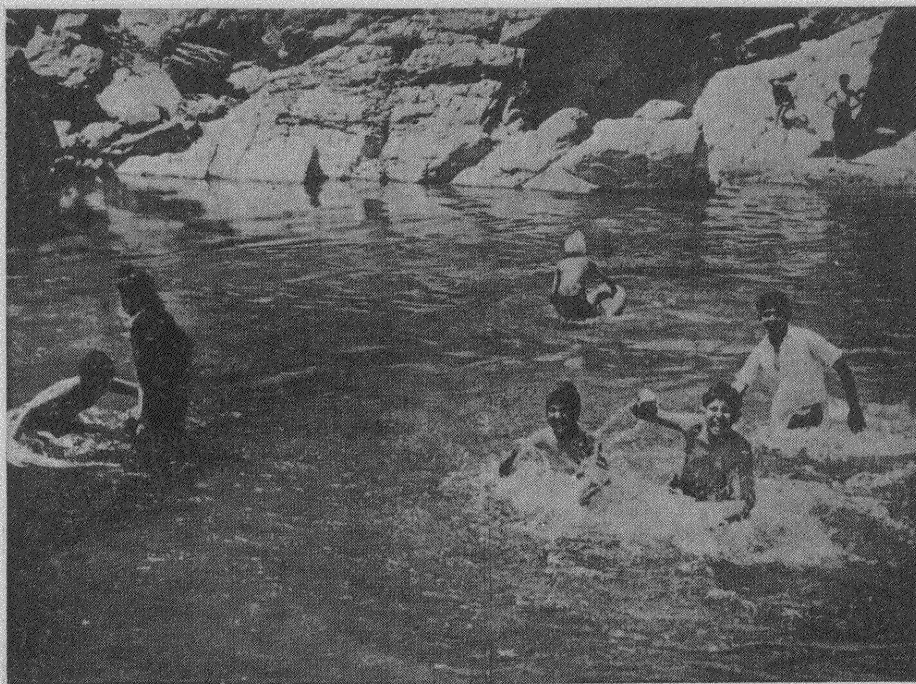


Krishan Leela



"The Under Secretary"—In Hindi

Camp at Gaurah



Water & Sunburnt Mirth



The Kitchen

Camp Holidays.

The Camp at Sadhupul

We left for Sadhupul on Tuesday, 2nd May. It was bright and sunny. Sadhupul is 11 km. from Kandhaghat. The journey was uneventful, except for a few boys feeling sick. At Solan we met some boys from Gaurah. I did not have any money, so I just sat in the bus, licking my lips as I watched the other boys eating pop-corn, cream rolls, mangoes, oranges and so on. After we passed Solan all of us got very excited.

We reached Sadhupul at about 12 noon. Since we were the first B.D. boys to reach, we occupied the best tents. There were two tents for each house. We then had lunch. After lunch we rested for a while and then went to swim or fish. No Himalayan caught fish; many boys from other Houses caught some. We got cake for tea. After tea we played near our tents. At 6 o'clock was the roll call. At 6-30 p. m. we had supper. After supper we changed and talked in our tents. At last the bugle for the lights out blew and soon we were snoring.

Next morning we got up, washed, changed and had breakfast at a quarter to eight. After breakfast we swam till lunch time. Twice Sharanpreet's slipper got lost in the stream, but both times it was found. After lunch we rested for an hour. Then again we swam and caught fish. After tea we played 'Dog and the Bone.' We enjoyed it a lot. Then we had relay races. After the roll call we tidied our tents and had a wash. After supper we played some indoor games.

Thursday proved to be very hot. After break-fast we weren't allowed to swim, so we went fishing. Sharanpreet and I each caught a fish. Jasjit Butalia caught 15 fish. We ate them at lunch. After lunch, while we were fishing near the bridge, a man came and chased us up. When he reached our camp he told Mr. Bhalerao that we weren't allowed to fish for 100 yards on either side of the bridge. So some boys went up to the top of the hill behind Anand Bhavan. By the way, Anand Bhavan was built by the Maharajah of Patiala. The boys waved to us from the top. They came down just before tea. After tea we were allowed to swim. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in the stream. After supper we had camp fire. Sirikar Baba and Rajiv Thakur sang songs. The Vindhyaans acted a play called "Inspection". Mandeep Sikand played on the Tabla. Some of the girls presented a Naga dance; it was very good. The camp fire over, we went to sleep quite late.

Friday was the last day. We got up early and packed. After breakfast the buses arrived. I was feeling very unhappy that we were leaving Sadhupul so soon. Our bus was the last to leave. At Solan most of us bought some eatables or soft drinks. Coca-cola and Fanta seemed to be in great demand. After Solan the journey was boring.

Though I enjoyed the Camp very much, I think it should be made longer.

Ashish Khosla.
Upper III

Camp at Gaura

Since the past decade the senior school has been regularly camping at Gaura. Gaura is snugly situated in a valley on the banks of a river. It had been one of the most popular fishing grounds of northern India in the pre-independence period. Today, however, it is a place of no consequence : a shadow of its previous fame, its only attraction being spoilt by continuous dynamiting.

As is the rule we bussed it to Gaura in the first week of May. The journey was a hot and tiring one and we thankfully had a dip in the stream after pitching our tents.

The change of environment offered good recreation and each day left us happier. It gave one a pleasing thrill to sleep in a tent. The thought of doing night duty leaves me recovering from a wave of nostalgia.

Rising to the sound of the bugle and having meals in tin mugs and plates; going out fishing; whiling away the days in relaxation; these are some of the things I associate with camp at Gaura. Even the same food seems to taste better out doors.

Since the water was unusually deep this year swimming and fishing were more popular. The arrival of logs attracted even more people to the stream. It became a game for the boys to try straddling a log and flowing along with it for sometime. Masters too cast away their cloak of dignity and joined the fun. Mr. Sequeira and Mr. Dhillon were good partners at swimming.

Mr. Mukherji caught an unusually large catch of fish which ran into some thing like 32 pounds ! Every one had a taste of fish at supper that day. On the boys side however we didn't have such luck.

Quite a few boys took advantage of the location and trekked it to Simla. Various other excursions were undertaken to nearer spots like Solan. A party also visited the stalagmite and stalagmite caves nearby. Some of the younger masters took initiative enough to go mountain climbing.

True to tradition, every one had an enjoyable time at camp and returned fresh and willing to face the rigours of school life once again. Thus ended yet another camp, yet another visit to Gaura and I hope that there will be many, many more to come.

J.S. Pathania
L-V

Camp: An exaggerated Account

The bus staggered to a halt. The signpost said Simla; Halt. . . . stand and deliver. An enthusiastic young man clambered aboard "Smallpox epidemic" he squeaked frenziedly waving a syringe in the air. A general moan went through the bus and everybody lifted trembling arms to show recent inoculation marks. After a perfunctory examination the disappointed inspector left. An auspicious beginning to camp.

The bus stopped in Tarahall and thirty tired yet eager girls jumped out. We were staying at the Police resthouse in Kaithu. Shouldering airbags we made our way down tiny alleyways leading, it seemed, to the bowels of the earth. When thirty girls had mentally consigned the rest house to Avalon, a bleak grey building surrounded by deodars emerged Thirty females chortling with joy in a most unseemly manner, ran down to their temporary home and selected their rooms small cozy ones smelling of pine wood but, alas, no beds, and unrolling their beddings dropped off to sleep. The week at Simla promised to be an effective summer with all that climbing to do.

The rain woke us up and thirty sleep-eyed girls peered out of unfamiliar windows and wondered where they were. It stopped for breakfast obingly and thirty hungry girls gorged themselves on sausages. The sky sulked and the clouds looked fit to burst into tears any minute. The weather being uncertain the scheduled hike was postponed and we wonded our weary way to the Malla short walk of three kilometres.

The Mall was a narrow street with shops fringed on one side. We divided up in to little groups add money burning our pockets set out to explore its numerous shops. There were three of us and thirty rupees between us. We looked forlornly at the handicrafts in the shopwindows, wishing for a fairy godmother to appear.....or a convenient bank with its tellers fast asleep. After wandering around for an hour we decided to 'blow the dough' on Chinesesoup.

The sign outside the restaurant said—"New Experiment : Chinese food from today" We sat in a dingy hall and ordered. The chicken soup tasted like horsemeat (a new thing to do indeed !) the soyabean sauce like water and onions. We emerged sadder and wiser.

An antique shop beckoned. A musty, old world perfume hid in the corners. A wizened old man, as antique as his belongings sat at the back. I fell in love with an enquisite bell with a carved Budha "Very cheap Miss."

he cackled "Only 150 rupees" Old Buddhist rings lay spread out on the counter. We examined these but finding none particularly appealing made our way out of the shop. As we reached the door a worried voice summoned us back "Girls please wait. There are three of my rings missing". We froze and then turning back insisted on his checking our pockets. The ghastly old man soon found his ghastly old rings under the showcase and three relieved girls marched out.

The next day we were taken to Prospect Hill where, apparently, there was a very holy temple. We toiled our way up the hill and entered a small shrine. The priest sat on one side clothed in saffron. "Yes, girls, what can I do for you?" he said in impeccable English; a telephone sat mute at his side. We made our way down again.

The Viceregal Lodge was near by and we visited that as well. A magnificent house with beautiful gardens lying all around it. The sight was breathtaking. I emerged after an extensive view of the place; I had never seen so much beauty in my life and I wanted more.....and then I tripped over something a dead dog lay at my feet, its eyes gouged out by the army of red ants that crawled over it greedily.

Jakhu.....the highest peak in Simla and the site of yet another temple was our destination for Thursday. It was a journey into monkey land—apes gibbered and shrieked in every tree and at last, provoked into madness I gibbered and shrieked right back. We arrived at the base after a three hours sojourn, went for lunch and then saw a Hindi movie. The day was over.

Friday morning—a walk to Summer Hill. By now we had lost all hope of reaching home alive and gave in meekly. However after walking half way the teacher lost heart and we returned to the Mall to spend another day shopping. This one passed uneventfully, having very little money, we spent it all on cold coffees and pastries. On impulse I entered a teeny weeny alley shop and got a wooden key chain with 'creep' inscribed on it, for someone who I know it would fit perfectly. In the evening we saw yet another movie.

We had a dinner date that night. Mr. Ahluwalia the police chief invited us. I choked over my first Limca and nearly died of ecstasy when I saw the pullao and chicken!! I wasn't the only one either! We left at eleven P.M.—our last day was over.

Saturday awoke and we faced it with mingled feeling. After packing hastily, we went to take a look at Tarahall. It is an exquisite miniature of a real school—a fairyland for tiny tots.

The bus was waiting, the driver a raving lunatic at having missed his lunch. After venting his anger on the already broken down bus, he finally calmed down and the journey passed uneventfully. We were back in Sanawar.

In retrospect camp was fun—but only in retrospect.

Maneka Anand
VI-A

Hike to Dehra Dun

After the strenuous two months at school every one was looking forward to the camp break. Thirteen Himalayans including myself had decided to under take a hike to Dehra Dun with Mr. B. Singh and Mr. Solomon.

We started off on Monday morning and managed to catch a bus from Garkhal to Simla. From Simla we changed buses and loaded our luggage on a Jubbal bound one. The Journey was long and sickening. The road was uncomfortably narrow and it gave me the creeps when I glanced out of the window. Before my eyes stretched steep cliffs with valleys thousands of feet below. Finally we reached Jubbal completely exhausted. It had been a trying experience.

At Jubbal we went to see the Maharaja's palace. Though the better part of it had been incinerated and eradicated by a fire the remaining portion looked very majestic. The interior was very ornate and spectacular. After a hearty dinner at one of the Tibetan 'dhabas' we dozed off in the P.W.D. Rest House.

Next Day we started walking. The weather was just perfect for our purpose and we walked at a brisk pace. Quite suddenly the harmless looking clouds in the sky burst into rain and we were forced to take shelter for two hours in a small village. Though this was a major setback in our plans we were determined to reach Tuni, our next stop, about fifteen miles away, by nightfall. We had to prolong our stay at a village named 'Auntee', after having our lunch, again as a result of rain. After the rain had receded we carried on, stopping at Arakote for a cup of tea. All this while we had been following a big stream. The countryside looked clean and beautiful. Since we had lost more time at 'Auntee' we quickened our pace. Night fall and we were still walking. Finally at eight o'clock we reached Tuni weary and hungry. We found accommodation at a rest house after arguing with the 'chowkidar'.

Next day we trekked through some very difficult terrain. The road was steep and we walked slowly. On the way we met a number of nomadic muslims who had come to spend the summer in the mountains from Dehra Dun. We ran into a slice

of hard luck again and had to wait for the rain to recede. After having our lunch we set off for Kathian. It was very cold. We reached the place in the evening and stacked our luggage in a long shack divided into small cabins meant for the foresters. After a sumptuous dinner besides a camp fire we went to sleep. The cold did not affect me since I was very tired and I slept soundly right till morning.

The sun was warm and pleasant as we made for our next stop - 'Kharamba'. The way was tough. On the way we passed 'Bamnai' which is at a height of 11,000 feet. We had a spectacular view of the snow clad Himalayas and the low green valleys in the foot hills. Unable to find accommodation for the night we were advised to carry on to Buckkoti which we readily did and we found accommodation in the Forest Rest house there.

Early next morning we set off for Chakrata. We walked against a very strong, warm wind. Chakrata was sighted in the distance and we walked on with renewed vigour. We reached Chakrata in the late afternoon and had a delicious lunch.

Since Chakrata is a military base we couldn't find a place to spend the night.

On consulting the Divisional Forest Officer we were advised to carry on to Kalsi where we could sleep in the Forest Rest House. A bus was leaving soon and in order to catch it we would have to hurry since most of our party was three miles away. So we had to make a dash up slope to inform the others and then run back to the bus stop with our haversacks. We ran for 6 miles and only just managed to catch the bus for Kalsi. The journey was sickening and lousy and we thankfully got down from the rattletrap at Kalsi. After our first bath of the hike and a good dinner we slept a peaceful sleep under fans.

Next day we made it to Dehra Dun and deposited our luggage at the Doon School. After a wonderful swim we lunched with the Doscors and then set off for the town.

We had a delicious meal and saw two movies. We returned to Doon School at midnight completely exhausted. The change in weather was taking effect and we passed an uncomfortable night.

Next morning we boarded a bus to Ambala which unfortunately broke down on the way and we were stranded for two hours. Finally we changed over to another bus and after a very hot and monotonous journey reached Ambala. We had missed the train to Kalka and were therefore obliged to take the bus. After a long wait at Kalka we boarded a bus to Garkhal. We reached Garkhal at night and walked up to Sanawar. We covered a good 105 miles on foot.

The hike was very instructive. It helped us to learn to face difficulties with determination. It was an eventful, adventurous and an enjoyable hike.

Gaurav Rana
VI-B

Hike to Simla and back

It was sheer madness going for the hike. We did it just to break the monotony of going to Gaurah but ended up breaking our backs. We decided to do a 100 mile hike in 4 days and 100 miles of hilly footpaths is more than enough.

We, namely Bajwa, Rakesh Khanna, H.S. Gill, Suneel, and myself set out from Gaurah at 7-30 a.m. on Tuesday morning for Chail. The climb was steep; our 15 kilo haversacks showed us how hard they could come down on us! To make matters worse, it started raining. After doing an extra two miles we stumbled into Chail. All of us were breathless and Rakesh Khanna alias 'Losty' was very indignant about matters. Anyway, after lunch he cooled down and we set out towards Kufri. The road to Janedghat was good. We passed it at 2 o'clock. There were the transistors blaring away the usual 'hilly' or 'Apple Case' songs. The road upwards to Kufri was most irritating. We turned bend after bend, and there was another bend exactly like the previous one! It took us 6 hours on the 21 mile stretch. Since it was already dark, we pitched up our tent at Kufri. We shivered all night—nothing unusual. We had a 4 hour nap. That's why we didn't get stiff!

The next day it was a pleasant 10 mile walk to Simla. It took us just over two hours. We put up at the Kali Bari. The trouble was that we had 12 blankets among five of us. "Be fair," said Losty, "we'll hang two blankets in the centre." Sam Gill was the first to get up at midnight. Thereafter, he had a nice sleep. Anyway, our stay at Simla proved to be a little expensive. We had Rs. 38/- left out of 120 after we left.

On Thursday at 11-30 we left for Seyri. We had a quick lunch at Jitogh and began the descent down to Baderi. The countryside was barren and rocky. We reached Baderi at boiling point. From Baderi there was once again a descent for 4 miles. Then the ground rose to Seyri. A kid told us that it was just around the bend, so we sat down to make coffee. Losty discovered that he was the only one who had to open his haversack. Once again, to be 'fair' Sam suggested we all open our haversacks and close them! We started off at 5 o'clock and just around the bend we discovered that Seyri was 4 miles off. Soon it got cooler and became easier for us to walk. We even took a short cut—and wasted an hour, finally realising that it didn't come out anywhere near the road! We reached Seyri at 6-30 and it looked like a place for the dogs. Seyrigat was another 3 miles off and it took us one hour to get there. We stayed in the rest house.

Next morning we were up with black outs. The water was excellent—it had mosquito larvae floating all over it! Our throats were in a bad condition. Uptil now we had done 60 miles. From Seyrighat, it was once again downslope to Kunihar.

We made it to Mamleg in an hour. From Mamleg it was a barren, hot, dry stretch to Kunihar via Sharlaghat. We ran out of water on the way and the last four miles to Kunihar were killing. We managed to reach Kunihar by one. We had too heavy a lunch and it took us two hours to digest it. We even met an 'Old Sanawarian Sadhu Servant' and had a rather discursive talk with him. Our next stop for the night was Gamber. Hardly had we gone a mile out when we met another clown. My first impulse was to thrash him up but on second thought I decided to ask him the distance. He told us that it was seven miles by the road and offered to show us the short cut. He told us the shortest way to the river was by the Nalagarh road and we had to do an extra five miles. We camped that night in the valley and had our irritating tinned meat and baked beans supper. It was most stuffy inside the tent. Anyway after some time we fell asleep. At eleven, Losty seemed to be feeling very thirsty. There were a few boys hanging around outside our tent. Suddenly Losty yelled, "Pani Laoge?"

"Khud Kyun nahi la sakte" was the retort. "Accha, jao". Losty was most disgusted. After that they were sympathetic towards Losty, "Bechara, pias lag rahi thi."

Slowly we drifted off to sleep again. At around midnight I suddenly found myself awake. Bajwa was nudging me. "Smatter?" I asked. "Bull", he said, "it was sniffing around here. I bashed it up and its gone back. Quick, the torch."

He shone the torch through the ventilator. I don't know what he saw. I saw nothing.

Next morning the usual black outs accompanied us. It was suprising considering our magnificent diet. I had a quick dip to try and get into my senses. It didn't work out. We waded up the river to Gamber village. We arrived there at 10 o'clock in the sweltering heat. From there it was an hour and a half to Sabathu and another nine miles to Dharampur. Once again we lost our tempers. We arrived at 3 o'clock. We had another big lunch which cost more than the money we had. You can guess the rest!

We had done 98 miles till Dharampur and didn't feel like taking another step. Only the thought of a nice bath and proper grub (believe it or not) kept us going. We plodded into Sanawar at 5 o'clock, Saturday evening, having, done 101 miles; also having done our last major hike. We wouldn't ever do another of the type. And I mean ever!

Vasant K. Dhar
VI-B



Games Reports.

Cricket 1972.

The performance of our teams is judged only by how they fare against our traditional rivals B.C.S. The Cricket season, a long one as usual, as far as the XI is concerned, has been successful. Their performance would have been much better if there were continuity in the period of practice. For example they had to play against the B.C.S. with hardly any practice after their return from Camp.

The team on the whole did well. We had a good nucleus of six of last years players to build the team. It is not easy to get outside teams to give our XI sufficient practice but we had two teams The Jullundur team sponsored by some parents & O.S. and the Associate Cricket Club of Delhi. These two fixtures have practically become an annual feature. Our boys not only got good practice but learnt a lot in all departments of the game.

We did not have any player of really outstanding ability but J.S. Bhattal as captain & batsman, Ashwani Khanna for his bowling deserve all the credit. Rakesh Khanna also bowled well but was much below expectations. Nasjit Singh Goshal kept the wicket creditably and Neeraj Madhok excelled in fielding.

On the whole it was good leadership and team spirit that helped us to a comfortable victory by 67 runs over the B.C.S.

The Colts & Atoms however lost very badly. The House-Matches were keenly contested in all the age groups. J. S. Bhattal and Neeraj Madhok, in the opens, Joginder Bikram and Bikram Verma in the Colts, distinguished themselves both with the bat & ball. There were quite a few good bowling performances in the Atoms matches especially by A. S. Gyani, G. S. Ahluwalia and Bhupinder Singh Sawhney.

The Team

1. *J. S. Bhattal*: captained the side very well. A good medium paced opening bowler. A determined batsman often putting up useful score inspite of his rather awkward style.
2. *Nasjeet Singh*: kept wickets well. A good batsman often got out early trying to make strokes before really settling down.
3. *Rakesh Khanna*: A very good leg-spinner. Often baffling batsman with well flighted and good length Bowling. A good opening batsman.
4. *Neeraj Madhok*: A very good alrounder. A useful off-spinner, an excellent fielder and often stood his ground as a batsman in a crisis.
5. *Vasant Dhar*: A good alrounder but rather unpredictable. A useful batsman, had quite a few useful knocks to his credit.

6. *Jayant Nanda* : A fairly good batsman but often failed when most needed due to carelessness. Rather slow & weak in fielding.
7. *Gaurav Shamsher Rana* : A stylish batsman but failed to put up any good score.
8. *Keith Puri* : Would have proved to be a useful allrounder if he had taken the game more seriously.
9. *Ashwini Khanna* : A good medium paced bowler who proved to be main wicket-taker throughout. A carefree hard hitting batsman.
10. *Malvinder Singh Brar* : A stylish batsman & spare wicket keeper. A new comer who can be a useful member of the team next year.
11. *Jagjit Singh Kalra* : A good medium paced bowler with a peculiar style off the wrong foot. Can be a good hard hitting batsman if he takes to it more seriously.

Shivinderbir Singh as useful opening batsman and Mukul Chopra a good alrounder upset our calculation a bit by being medically unfit at the last moment.

U. A. Mundkur

Soccer

The Soccer season was inaugurated with the traditional festival match on 23rd of May in which the Staff were beaten, as usual, by the School eleven. The score was 3—1. The selection of the School XI presented a real problem, for we did not possess the material for a first class soccer team. We had four boys from last year's team. They were Neeraj Madhok, Sukhminder Singh Sekhon, Vasant Dhar and Nasjit Singh. All possible combinations were tried in the very limited time to produce a team to play against our traditional rival. However we did pick up a side, who were ready to learn, keen to improve and determined to do well against B.C S.

We are very thankful to the Central Research Institute, Kasauli. The Special Security Bureau, Dharampur and the Old Sanawarian team from Chandigarh for playing against the School XI and giving them some practice before the B.C.S. match. We played two matches against C.R.I., Kasauli, two against S.S.B., Dharampur and one against O.S., Chandigarh.

The first XI match was played at B.C.S., Simla on 25th of June. It was a clear Sunday morning and the match began at 9-30 a.m. It was rather slow in the begining but very soon the tempo of the game increased and the match became very interesting indeed. The ball was moving from one end to the other very fast and both sides got a number of chances to score but both

the teams lacked in good finish. B.C.S. forced a number of corners but they could not succeed in scoring because of our determined defenders. In the 21st minute of the first half, B.C.S. again forced a corner and this time they succeeded in scoring the only goal of the match.

The Sanawarians faced the challenge with dogged persistence, tackling the B.C.S. players before they could kick. There were a series of attempts made on the B.C.S. goal but all in vain.

The match ended at 10-35 a.m. with the only goal in favour of the B.C.S. Sanawar played this match under some handicap because Nasjit Singh, the goalie, of whom any school can be proud, had fractured his thumb just a couple of days before the match. Kr. Manmegh Singh had to replace Nasjit as goalie for this match. Though he was out of practice he played the match very well and in accordance with the school motto—'Never Give In.'

Though we lost by the odd goal, we played very well. It was a very clean and fast game and both sides were almost equal.

The following represented the school XI:—

Neeraj Madhok (Capt.), who played as centre-forward is fast on his feet and a very calm player.

Sukhminder Singh Sekhon, as centre-half, kept his forwards in contact with the ball. At times, he played with the forwards and ran back to help the backs. He played an important part in the team effort.

Pankaj Barthwal, is fast moving left-wing but lacks finish. He was the only one in the team who could kick with his left leg.

Vasant Dhar, the right-in, a dashing and enterprising forward but lacks in the ability to kick hard.

Gaurav Shamsher, left—in was, aggressive and competent.

Rajbir Kadyan, a very good left-half, a hard and determined player. tackled the opponents before they could kick, has very powerful kicks.

Ashwani Khanna, right-out, has good control over the ball.

J.S. Bhattal, a very good right-half, good control over the ball and has powerful kicks.

Pradeep Singh Chaudhary, a good left-back, aggressive, enterprising, kicked powerfully and accurately.

Sanjiv Tandon, was right-back, is a calm and intelligent player.

Nasjit Singh, the goal-keeper for most of the matches except against B.C.S. because of his injury, has many fine saves to his credit. Against B.C.S., Kr. Manmegh Singh played as goal-keeper and he was equally good.

The House matches were played in the best of spirits. In face of stiff opposition from all sides the Himalayans proved themselves the best side.

U. P. Mukherji

Swimming 1972

Swimming has always been one of the most cherished sports in Sanawar. It was on the 9th of June that our pool was finally filled and the students took their first plunge. We had attempted to begin the swimming season in early May but due to cracks and leakage the pool could not be filled.

The school was divided in to sets for practice. The allotted time was half an hour for each set on alternate days. But generally this restriction was relaxed and most children were able to swim everyday even if it was only for a few minutes during their bathing time. The staff were also very interested in having a swim, and for 20 days in June the swimming pool was a heaven for all. Boys excused from P.T. were up for swimming. When they were checked they stopped attending M.I. and those who had been excused physical exercise by private doctors, wrote home and got certificates of fitness. On the whole everyone had a good time.

Here I may be permitted to say that swimming in Sanawar is regarded as out and out fun and hardly as a sport, as it ought to be in a school like ours. When one sees records of 1921 still standing one is shocked and one wonders what is wrong with our swimming standards. The reason probably is that the swimming season is too short and some years there is no swimming season at all. Of course one has to take into account the water shortage but some way must be found to get the pool ready by early May so that the students interest in swimming is catered for and standards are raised so that all the very old records can be broken.

In the more advanced countries children begin to swim at the age of six and by the age of eight it becomes a compulsory subject. Here in Sanawar we have non-swimmers even amongst the Upper Fivers and Sixth Formers. Some may say that no swimming coach is available but this appears to be a lame excuse. Coaching is required to develop speed and finesse in the various strokes. But early swimming, to become a swimmer from a non-swimmer, does not require any specific coaching.

This needs interest and only interest. It is a fact that any one can cross the pool in seven days practice. But one must have determination to do this. In Sanawar though most children enjoy getting into the pool and quite a few are keenly interested in swimming, there is quite a large number of children who are content to spend the swimming hours paddling about in the shallow end, making no attempt to learn how to swim.

But those boys who were interested learnt various new strokes in swimming all on their own. Demonstrations once or twice a week were not really sufficient but the boys showed such keenness and spirit that not only did they pick up the new strokes but there was a general overall improvement in the standards displayed at the inter-house swimming championship, which was held from 6th September to 9th September. At the end of the first day B. D. heat Nilagiri had a very good lead, Himalaya trailed far behind in second position and Vindhya was third. But as we proceeded to the 8th the Nilagiri lead was reduced considerably and Vindhya moved up to a close second position. Various doubts were raised that Vindhya was likely to dislodge the reigning champions. So on the finals Vindhya forged way ahead leaving Nilagiri trailing far behind in second position, Himalaya third and Siwalik fourth. The Vindhyan swimmers were fast and stylish. Well done Vindhya. In G.D. Siwalik and Nilagiri shared the first position. Linda Rose Kerr broke the record in her age group, a record which had been standing since 1945. She deserves a pat on the back. Individual performances particularly in Butterfly, Back and Breast strokes were very good, and in these strokes Nilagarians were really outstanding. Unfortunately these events were not counted for the inter-house championship otherwise Nilagiri would have definitely retained their long cherished trophy. Vindhya and Himalaya B.D. broke two records in the relays. The swimming competition revealed a lot of potentialities but a little more needs to be done if we are to have a really high standard in swimming. One hopes that in the days to come more vigorous training will bring the desired effect. Once again I wish to repeat that the improvement in the standards depends largely on the pool availability in time. All those who took part and had a taste of competition deserve commendation.

Dhani Ram

Physical Training 1972

The proverb that a healthy body means a sound mind, must have been propounded at the dawn of civilization but it continues to remain true as long as nature has her course. The most essential requisite for any living being is action . . . action as an exercise. But this necessity for exercise in some form or the other is usually disregarded. Here in Sanawar the students are among the privileged and fortunate few who take regular exercise . . . P.T. in the morning and games in the evening. Very few students are easy going in these activities and these can be easily spotted out by their gloomy look, their bearing, their disproportionate physical structure and finally

their dullness in studies. Physical exercise has a five fold effect on our bodies. Carriage and posture, alertness of mind, development of team spirit, development of stamina and strength and lastly the development of the body as a whole.

The mass P. T. for boys and girls together has an added advantage. There is a spirit of competitiveness. No girl likes to be checked in front of the boys and vice versa. This results in better performances all around. One point we must remember : the exercises we do are for our own good and not an imposed labour as any destructive character would tend to think. The sooner we realise that the exercises are for our own good, the better it is.

Teams to be prepared for any match or display need a lot of combined practice in order to reach any definite standard. Invariably, in Sanawar, we lack time and this is something that we can't do much about. But the lack of time is, I feel, more than made up for by devotion and dedication and I am proud to say that in Sanawar, even in this time and age we have individuals who possess an exemplary sense of devotion and dedication.

There are so many items during the Founder's week that the staff and students are kept in a constant state of hustle and bustle. In spite of all the pressures and strains the students do their best to learn the given task in Gymnastics and P. T. There is pride and love in them in doing the most difficult tasks assigned to them. The pre-Founders time is one of the most exciting times in the year because one can see boys clinging to Gymnastics apparatus in Gaskell Hall in the oddest positions and at the oddest times. Everyone forgets his limitations and is determined to get in to at least one of the Gym. teams.

When combined practices for the Tattoo were being carried out on Peacestead one invariably found some of the boys who were in the gym. teams missing. They had gone for one or other of the school plays. Hence there could be little combined practice, which as already stated, is very essential if we are to have a superb display. Yet as soon as the boys could get away from their rehearsals they would run to Peacestead, and even in their half-exhausted condition would go through their exercises with "josh" and with zeal. Extra diet was given to the Gym. teams to give them a little extra strength and energy. But there is little that one can do after reaching the saturation point.

The preparation for gym. work such as rigging the mats for the Horizontal Bar or Groundwork is itself exhausting work. And when this rigging has to be done against time there is bound to be a little grumbling amongst the boys. This could perhaps be avoided if the boys required for rigging could be spared well in time. Also, I feel, there should be longer periods for gymnastic training in both the terms.

In spite of their difficulties the boys have shown a fantastic spirit in wanting to do their very best. The success of P. T. and Groundwork at Founders is based entirely on the individual efforts of the students and each and everyone of the boys who participated need to be commended Bravo Zulu.

Preparation for and performance at the Inter House P. T. competition this year was so keen that it was difficult to say who would come first. All the children in B. D. & G. D. made wild and excited guesses and any number of chocolates was bet for the winning or losing of the first position.

In B. D. Himalaya topped with 82·75 points but the other houses were very close indeed: Siwalik second with 81·281 points, Nilagiri third with 80·875 and Vindhya fourth with 80·156 points. In G. D. Nilagiri had the honour of having topped with 51½ points, Himalaya was second with 49½ points Vindhya was third with 49 points and Siwalik was last with 48 points. Well down Nilagiri.

The best Gymnast was one of the most exciting competitions. Only four boys opted to compete. Nasjit Singh Goshal had very bad luck and we find him now in plaster. But the spirit he showed is beyond the imagination of all. He was injured while doing exercise on the Horizontal Bar but in spite of this he went on to take part in the rope competition. Jayant Nanda the best Gymnast of 1971 did very well. But he was beaten by Gaurav Shamshere Jung Bahadur Rana who is the best Gymnast for 1972. Gaurav's performance was very good and he had the entire audience with him. Shivinderbir Singh did his best and showed remarkable courage but then only one person can be the best Gymnast.

Dhani Ram

The Inter Public Schools Athletic Meet

'I hereby declare the 14th Inter Public School Athletics Meet open'.

These were the words which declared our meet open. "First call 1500 metres". With this, the first event of the day got under way. Sanawar came a creditable third. With the day came many heats and a few finals. Sanawar came 6th in the 4x100 metres relay, and 3rd in the long jump event. At the close of the day Sanawar was coming 2nd with 50 points, 10 points behind Y.P.S. and 1 point ahead of Kunjpura and Air Force Central School. The Sanawarian team was in high spirits on the way back to Nabha. There was a good chance of our coming first.

At 9-15 the next day, the meet commenced. Y.P.S. began to pile up a steady lead over us as did Kunjpura. However, our erratic scoring of points soon got us back into the running for the second place with Nabha just a point behind us. Then things began to warm up.

Sanawar came first in both 800 and 400 metres finals with the same person carrying away the honours. The 800 metres race was easy for him and Manmegh Singh just missed the meet record by .8 of a second, clocking 2 mins. 5.3 seconds and bettering the Sanawarian record of 2 mins. 9.2 secs. by nearly 4 seconds. The 400 metres had a thrilling finish and as the saying goes "The best man won."

At lunch Sanawar was coming a miserable fourth. Our morale was flagging and was in need of some boosting up. "Never Give In" was what some one tried to comfort us with. And it really worked wonders.

Sanawar finished 5th in the hundred metres and fourth in the 200 metres finals. Finally, the last item of the day was announced. Sanawar had come third in their heats of the medley race and barely scraped into the finals. Sanawar was coming last at the end of the 400 metres lap out of a group of 6 teams. When the baton was exchanged for the 800 metres, the Sanawarian runner was 70 metres behind the leading man from Nabha and 65 metres behind the runner from Y.P.S. Sanawar kept its last position for the first 400 metres and then we saw something which made us jump in our seats with excitement. Our runner started what was to be a gallant sprint to the end. At the 300 metres mark he was coming 4th. At the 200 metres mark he was coming second. At the 100 metres mark he had a good 5 metres lead over the 2nd person and at the exchange of the baton Sanawar had 15 metres lead. Our last runner ran the race of his life to beat P.P.S. Nabha's ending 200 metres runner. Sanawar, for the first time ever, came first in the event.

The names of the boys who won certificates are as follows :

Mukul Chopra	3rd	1500 metres
Manmegh Singh	1st	800 and 400 metres
Jasjit Bhattal	3rd	Long Jump

The participants of the victorious medley team were :

Neeraj Madhok	200 metres
J.S. Bhattal	400 metres
Manmegh Singh	800 metres (1.58 secs.)
Jayant Nanda	200 metres

Manmegh Singh beat the world's women's 800 metres record by .2 of a second and the meet record of 2 mins. 4.5 secs. to help Sanawar come first. Sanawar finished third, 14 points behind Y.P.S. and 4 points behind Kunjpura.

Neeraj Madhok
VI-B

Boxing

It was on 13th March that the first lesson in boxing was given. Most of the boys were suffering from the after effects of 'flu and were feeling weak and not in a proper frame of body and mind to start vigorous training. It was not till the end of March that the boys were on their toes and willing and eager to undertake the strenuous training for this sport—which is the king of all sports: On Guard, To the Right Move, To the left Move, Advance, Retire—the vicinity of Gaskell Hall rang with these words of command. Advance and Retire with punching strength left and right, right hook, left hook while moving to the right and left—on and on the shadow boxing went. The boys were tired of shadow boxing but they were still not ready for practice bouts in the ring. Punching bags were put up in the Gaskell Hall verandah to give the boys more vigorous exercise. By this time the boys were itching to get into the ring. It had to be drilled into them, through talks and individual explanation that the more you sweat in peace the less you bleed in war; that boxing is a sport of rules and technique in which we learn both attack and defence; that to attack without adequate knowledge of the rules or adequate preparation of defence one is liable to be knocked down. So to be a good boxer one must first master the technique and the rules.

The end of the Easter holidays brought the boys back healthier and fitter both in mind and body. It was the ideal state for more vigorous training so practice bouts were started though limited to a duration of 30 seconds. The maximum was five rounds with an interval of two minutes for corrections and rest. Simple and easy recreational exercises were introduced. During the course of these the atmosphere was relaxed and the boys were allowed to talk and whisper. From the 10th of April all out boxing in one minute rounds was started. Bouts were fixed according to age, weight and height. The boys were told to put into their bouts all that they had learned during their training. On the first day the Siwalikans had six boys bleeding through the nose—the first one being the Siwalik prefect Shivinderbir Singh. The boys were asked to work and rest but after working they insisted on coming into the ring to complete their bouts. This was the spirit shown by the boys throughout the boxing season and it made one's heart swell with pride to see the boys living up to the heritage of the institution. Men Sanawar has produced in the past and men it continues to produce in the present.

In the next weeks lists of entries for the Inter House Boxing Competition were handed in and there was such an overwhelming number that a House Masters' meeting had to be called in to decide how to cope with it. It was decided to limit the entries to four per weight per hour. Then on 19th April the doctor appeared on the scene. A medical examination of all would-be entrants was

carried out and a large number of boys were declared medically unfit. This drastically reduced the number of entries and another House Masters' meeting had to be called. It was decided to allow all the boys wishing to enter to do so provided they were medically fit. House points would only be awarded from the Quarter Final onwards.

The tournament was due to start on 24th April, but because of the rush of entries we had to start it on 23rd April and that too with as many as 30 bouts. The first bout was a black and white demonstration bout. The boxers who were supposed to give this demonstration were busy playing a cricket match on Barnes against a team from Jullundur. As such alternative arrangements had to be made—Manmegh Singh and Pradeep Chaudhury of Nilagiri House gallantly stepped in to fill the void. In the course of this bout a few rules were explained and displayed in the ring. On 24th April we again had 28 bouts and the boxer who stood out was Roy Ewing, who fought with courage and determination and lived upto the school motto 'Never Give In' against Kaul of Himalaya House. On 25th we had 31 bouts and again courage was revealed by Jaskaran Singh Bains and a few others. On 26th we had 32 bouts and the real boxing standard was seen in the ring. Everybody was full of good feeling and the losers fought to the bitter end. Everyone adhered to the rules of boxing. The day gave us five contenders for the Best Looser award—Praveen Kumar Vashist, Gaurav Rana, Sanjay Kapoor, Rajesh Narain and Sukhmeet Singh Sandhu. On 27th we had a small session of 12 bouts only but this was a crucial day for many stalwarts and weight winners of the past. The selection of the "Best Boxer" became a real problem because all twelve losers deserved to be considered.

Now at last after nine long sessions the great day dawned. The boys were agog with feverish excitement and one could almost see the boxers mentally calculating their own skill, stamina and strength and measuring them against that of their opponents. Each of them was determined to fight his best. At 1400 hours our traditional helpers, the Sabathu squad of judges arrived in a jeep: Captain V.K. Anand, Sub. Gajendra Singh and H/Major H. Bahadur—two of the three judges had been services and national champions in their time. The ring was done up well with paint and bunting. The seats were filled up in no time. Major General Anand was present but the chief guest was Col. Bhonsle. At 1430 sharp the first bout was announced. Suryaveer Singh, atom weight (age nine) was responsible for a beautiful opening bout. He deserves all praise. Those who came after him were Vijay Parmar, Gagan Dhillon, Vineet Kapoor, Rubinder Dhaliwal, Ghanshyam Singh Ghuman, Arjun Batra, Jai Singh Pathania, Karandeep Bhullar, Manmegh Singh, Ashwini Khanna, S.S. Sekhon and S. Bahadur. All the bouts were so close that one had to wait for the referee's decision to be able to say who had won.

At this point deserving praise must be given to the audience who maintained pin drop silence during the bouts. Their co-operation was one of the pillars of success of the meet.

To decide the best loser was extremely difficult. The judges of previous sessions were summoned. Meanwhile the ring ropes were dismantled and the table with the awards was brought into the ring. The best boxer was Jai Singh Pathania of Himalaya House. For the Best loser many names were considered but finally we thought it better to accept the decision of the outside judges. The Best Boxer was Ravipreet Sohi of Nilagiri.

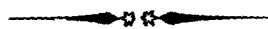
The Deputy Headmaster thanked the Sabathu squad and the audience and requested Mrs. Bhonsle to give away the prizes. Col. Bhonsle said a few words. He said in conclusion "I being Commandant of Gorkha's Centre—who are famous in this spot—have not seen such talent in boxing, well done and keep it up."

The Cock House Cup was taken away by Nilagiri. Himalaya came second, Vindhya third and Siwalik fourth. After three cheers were given for Col. and Mrs. Bhonsle, the boxers, officials, invitees, O.S. and parents present, joined the staff for tea on the B.D. pavement under the supervision of Mrs. Sehgal. Delicious eats were served.

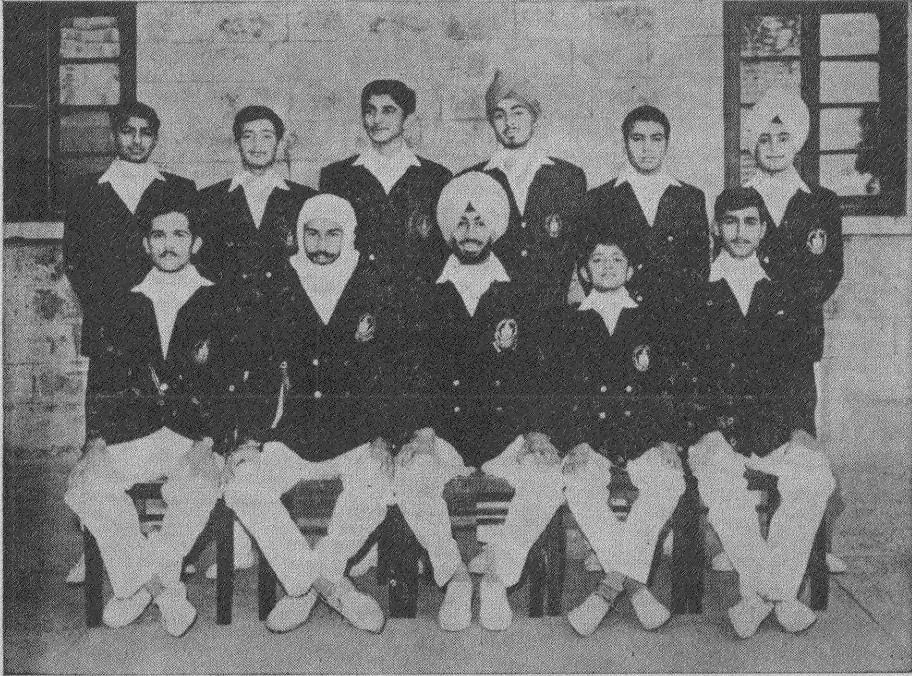
It was a truly memorable day and a proud day for Sanawar as each of the boxers so completely lived up to the School motto. Well done the Cock House, all those who participated and all those who worked behind the scenes.

Well done and thank you boys.

Dhani Ram



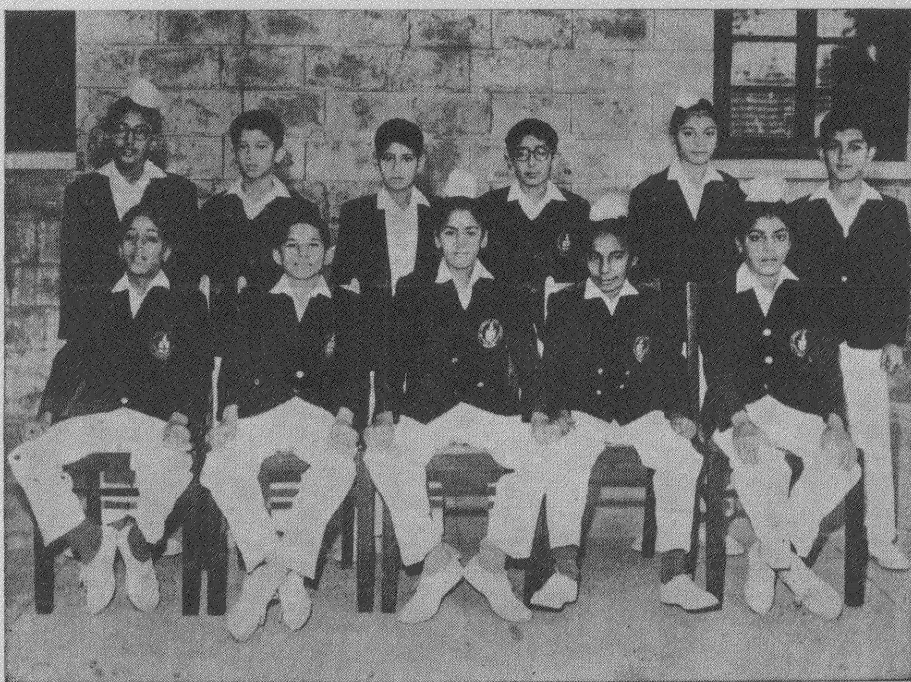
CRICKET



The Eleven—With out wounded soldier



Colts



Atoms

SOCCER



The XI



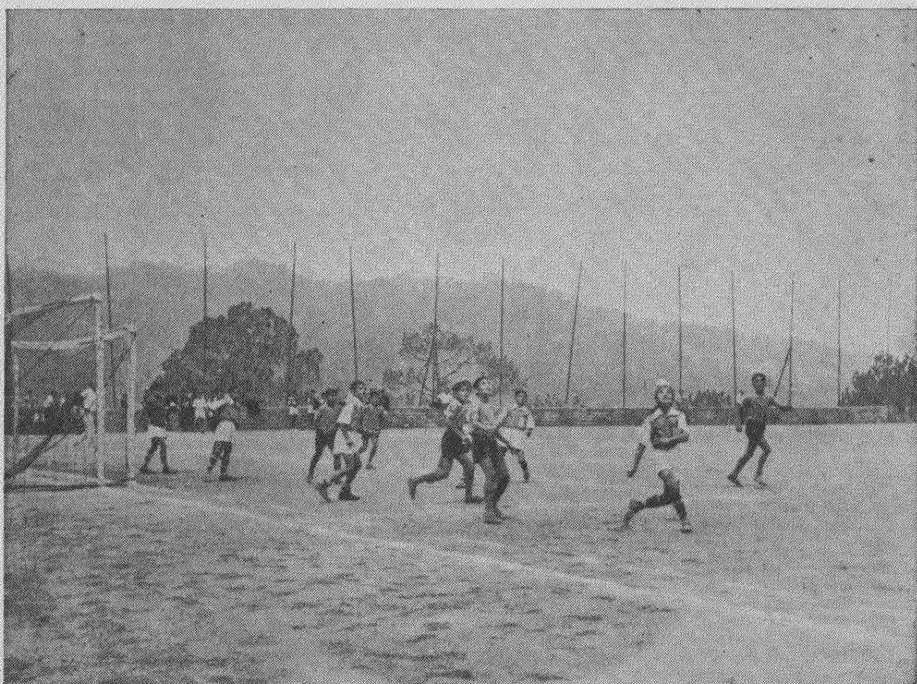
Colts



Atoms



Atoms—against B.C.S.



The Atoms again



First XI vs. B.C.S.

HOCKEY



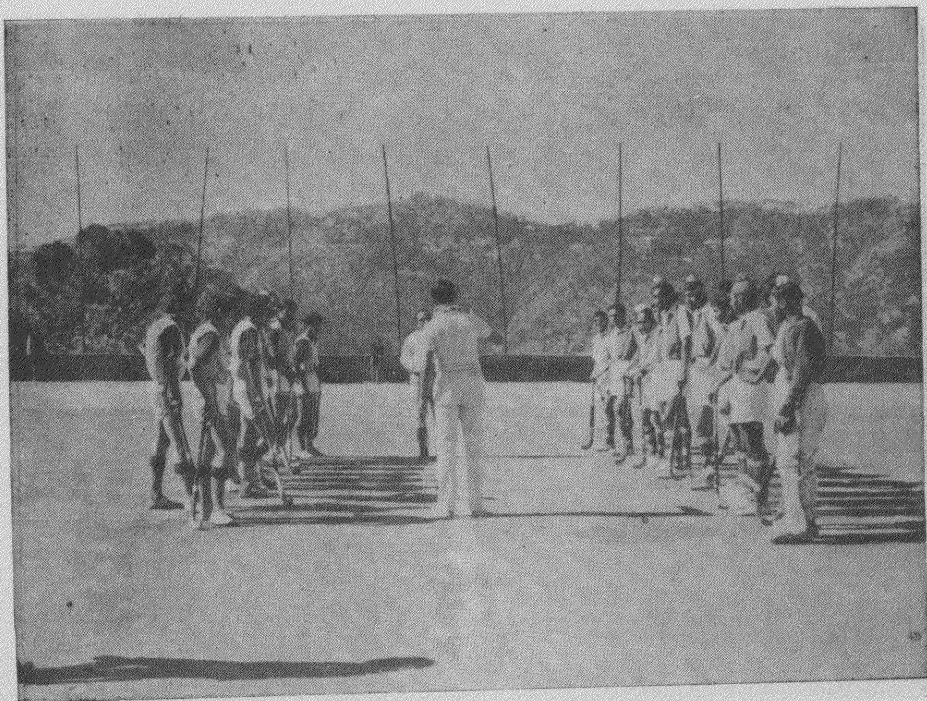
The XI



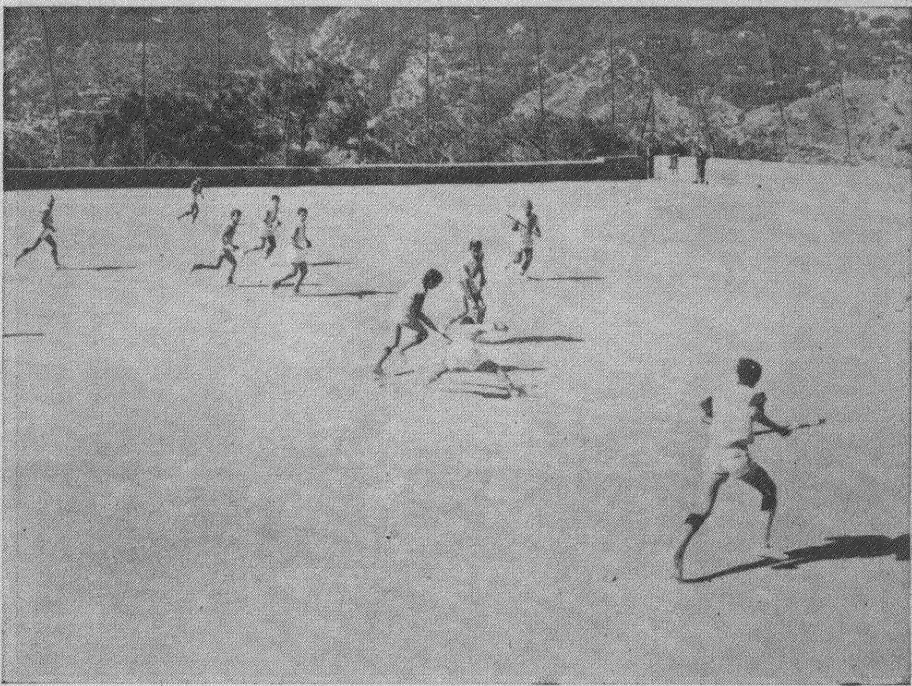
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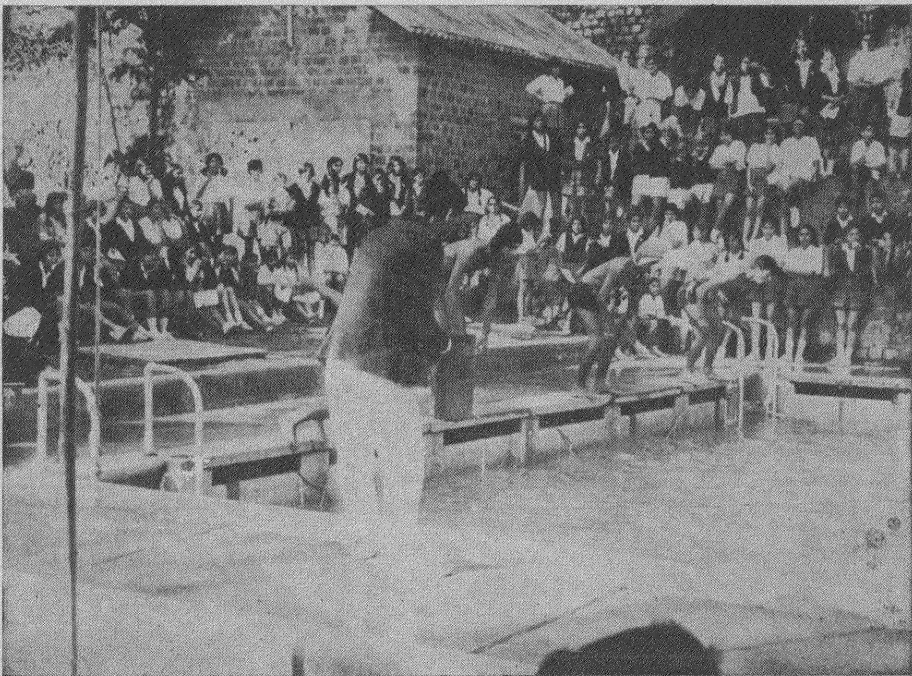
Atoms



First XI vs. B.C.S.—before the start



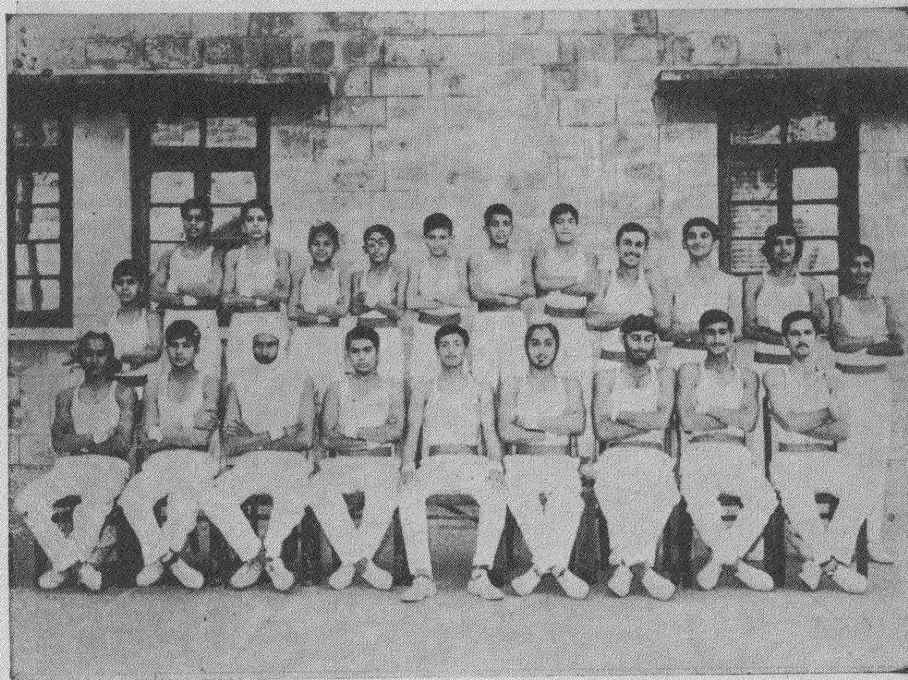
First XI in action vs. B.C.S.



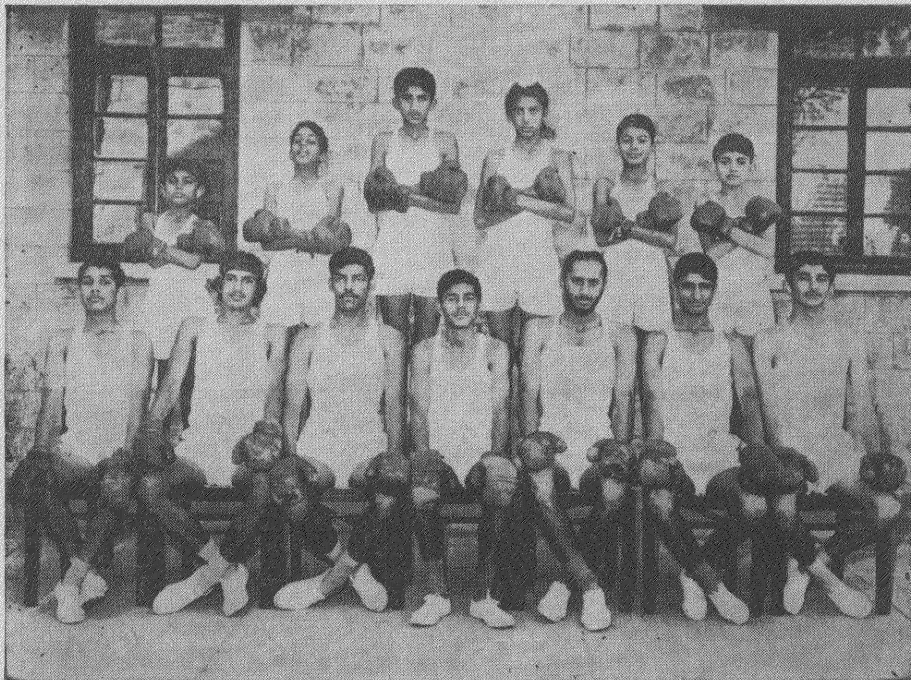
The Swimming Finals



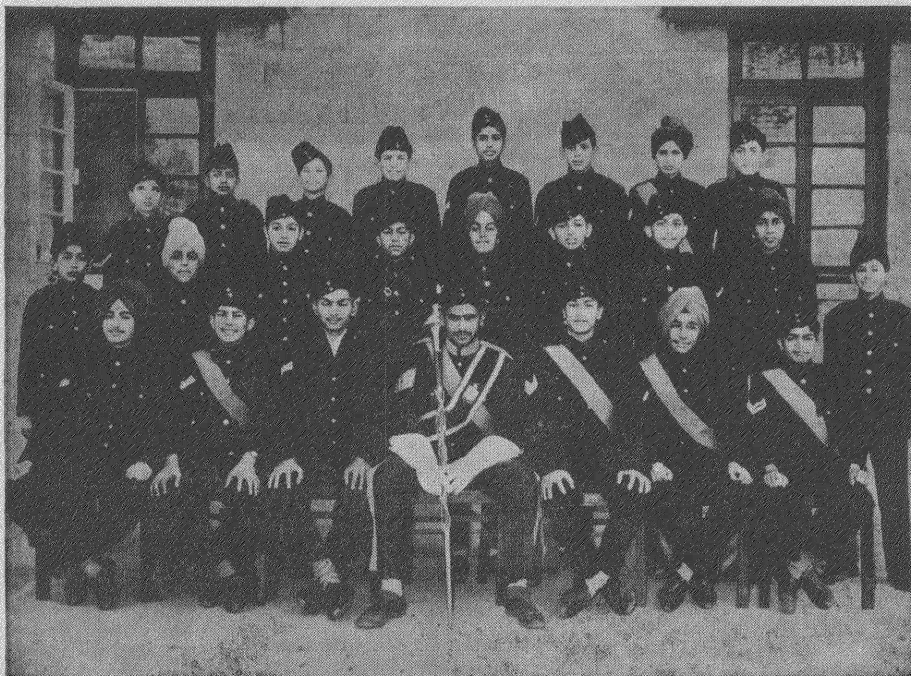
The Athletics Team for the meet at Patiala



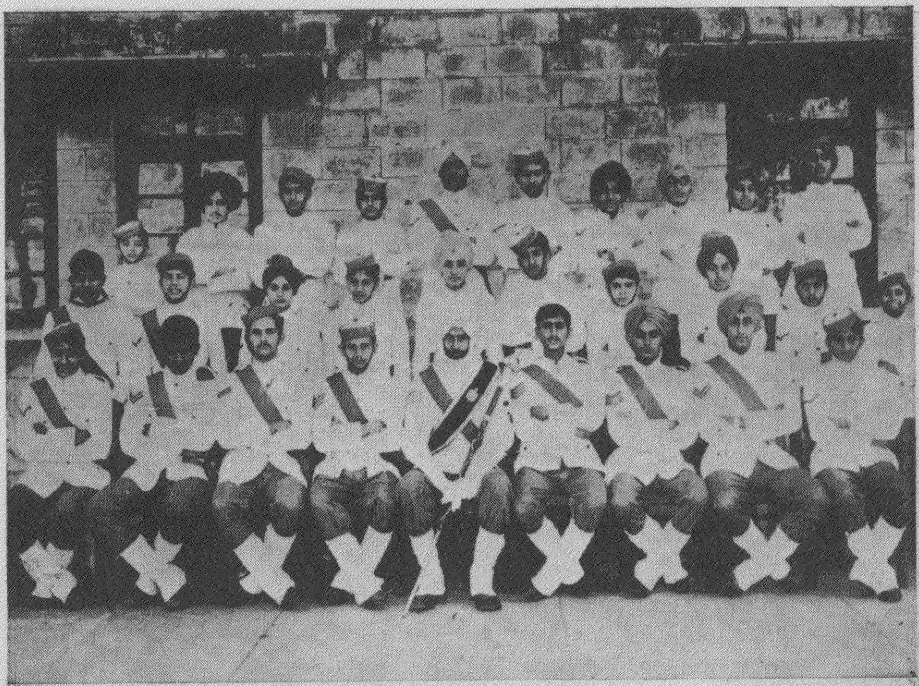
The Gymnasts—Michael is amused



The Boxers—all the Winners



The Bugle Band



The Brass Band



The Head & The Tail
The Headgirl with the youngst girl in School

House Notes.

Himalaya B.D.

A House is a community, gathering of boys under Housemasters who are directly responsible for them. They are substitutes for the fathers and are aided in their work by a few prefects. It is like one large family. The aim is to make the impartation of education easier and to impart education in all spheres of life and not merely academics.

This is an ideal situation and is not always true. Often a House does not have the right atmosphere and its leadership lacks drive. I will not be lying if I say this year apart from proving our mettle by being the cockhouse we have also learnt a lot more of the finer things in life.

We have been taught to always be fair and have inculcated sportsman spirit. Ours has been an ideal atmosphere to learn. These are things for which neither trophies nor any other official recognition is given. All the same they are by far more important.

We embarked on an ordinary note coming third in Hodsons. As long as we practiced hard and sweated it out honestly and achieved the purpose—physical fitness, I see nothing to be ashamed of. Runners like G. Rana, R.S. Randhawa, Pathania and Sood left their mark.

In Boxing we bagged the second position beaten fairly to it by Nilagiri. We have a good talent in Suryavir Singh who got the atom weight championship. J.S. Pathania deserved the best boxer. Ashwini Khanna and S. Bahadur also won their respective weights.

Cricket! We were well represented in the School XI and came 2nd in the I.H. competition. How can one forget the superb bowling that Bhattal and Khanna showed against B.C.S. sending away their players like nine green bottles hanging on the wall.

Come Soccer and as usual we stole the show bagging the cup. J.S. Bhattal, A. Khanna, R.S. Kadyan and G.S. Rana represented us in the School XI. We gave our share to the other teams too.

Swimming remains our weak point and deserves some consideration. However, our U 13 relay team broke the record and quite a few faces showed interest when J. Nanda bagged the first position in Breast Stroke. "Himalaya comes second with", the rest was drowned in the lusty cheering. We fared well in Athletics. Though our juniors showed a burst of talent here and there they do need some encouragement. Quite a few of our athletes went to Patiala where they did very well.

First in shooting we happily carried off the ancient and majestic trophy.
Well done Himalaya !

We shared the hockey cup with two other houses. A good fight indeed !

On the academics side we held our ground coming 2nd. It was a fruitful year.

Ajay Bawa
U-V B

Nilagiri B.D.

Came the year 1972 and with it renewed hopes of becoming the Cock House. We started off with a loud bang—the Hodsons Cup. Next came the Cricket cup which we got after a rather long period of nine years. The Cock House seemed within grasp but all was not a bed of roses—as Boxing came. Horse racing may be popular in Bombay but Boxing surely is popular in Sanawar. Arguments blazed as to who would come second as the first was decided—Nilagiri. As one lady staff member remarked, “What’s the use of all this bloodshed, you might as well give it to Nilagiri”. Prompt came the reply, “Madam ! to decide the second place”. We decided not to monopolize and came second in Soccer.

The second term came and with it the traditional swimming cup was lost to the Vindhyaans. Excelling ourselves in sports had made us neglect our studies, the price of which was eventually paid, as we came third from our usual first. The athletics trophy was also annexed by us. The girls too put up a good show enabling us to win the Defence shield with ease. Then misfortune struck. Our standard of P.T. was pathetic as a result of which we came second from the bottom. We also lost the Shooting Trophy even though we had the best shot.

Our first eleven put up a brilliant display of stick work and we were soon on top. The Colts and Atoms were to be the deciding factor and with sorrowful eyes we shared the Hockey trophy.

Studies proved to be our downfall. We came third and with it we lost the much hoped for Cock House. Thus the year 1972 which had started with a big bang, finally ended up on a dismal note—for us.

Neeraj Madhok
VI B

Siwalik B.D.

In the year 1972 we Siwalikans proved beyond doubt that brain and brawn don’t go together, by taking the lead to the studies cup from the very beginning to the end. On returning from home, there had been a few major changes in the house. Mr. Jagdish Ram who had guided the house to victory in the race for the R.&N. Trophy had left and Mr. B.P. Joshi had ably stepped into his shoes. Mr. Badan who had been with us for a year too had left. The leadership of the house had been placed in the hands of Shivinder Bir Singh (Shivi). To assist him in this herculean task he had G.S. Scra and B.S. Sidhu.

With Hodson Runs the house had a shaky start from which it never quite recovered. We came third, however P. Bajaj deserves special mention who being only in lower five came second in the Opens. In boxing we were left holding the wooden spoon. The School then broke up for camp and most of the boys went on hikes. After camp we hoped to achieve better results in the later house cricket tournament but received a severe jolt when Shivi and Mukul Chopra (both school first elevens) went down with jaundice and hernia. Without them we did not quite stand a chance and came fourth from last year's first. The soccer season came with more bad luck.

Our house show which was on the 31st of June took off with a real bang. (It was the only thing that went right in the first term). The Hindi tragedy and English comedy apart from the various other items were a roaring success. It was even admitted by other house boys that our house show was unbeatable. Hats off to the staff and students concerned. The School then broke up for the summer vacation on the 2nd of July.

After about a month's rest the school reopened on the 1st of August. Every boy was extremely busy with the preparations, for various Founder's activities. Thus it was very difficult to devote any extra time to swimming and athletics. In swimming the only signs of Siwalik were seen at the tail end of the pool. The athletics finals were a sheer disaster despite J.S. Sokhey's sterling performance which won him the coveted Kalinga Cup. However one star in the darkness was the retaining of the Opens relay cup for the 2nd year running.

After Founders our luck finally began to brighten. In the P.T. competition we were unlucky to come 2nd, missing the first position by just 2.25 points. Finally in hockey, the closing competition, we came First. Studies had been our strong point and we got the cup with great ease, leaving the nearest rival way behind. In the R.N. Trophy however we fared miserably, coming down from last years' first to a tame third.

This year on the whole the house has been well diciplined, apart from a few incidents now and then. Shivi and his two aides have done a good job.

Sanjiv Kavaljit Singh
U-V A

Himalaya G. D.

The new term arrived, and brought with it many hopes and ambitions. On the day we came back to Sanawar, we resolved to do our very best to get our house a good position for the Cock House. Unfortunately, our hopes were not completely fulfilled.

Basketball, the first game of the year was really practised hard. During the matches, however, our luck seemed to have left us and we came third. Our spirits were dampened, but we're not the type to give up. Camp refreshed us, but luck was not on our side, for we retained our third position in Badminton. Tennis results were much more satisfactory: we came second, a close second. After this we went home for our one month's holidays. We naturally abhor coming back to school, but it was Founder's term, which according to us, is not quite so bad.

Founder's term was as usual, hectic and it being the 125th anniversary of our school's Foundation, it was even more so. Swimming added to the hustle-bustle. This seems to be our weak point for it is the only activity in which we secured the fourth position.

Founder's was a great success. We were very glad, because we had taken great pains and spent a lot of time on our various activities. With Founder's behind us, we settled down to some serious studies. The P. T. competition was over all too soon and even though we had very little time to practise, we came second.

The Hockey matches began as soon as I.S.C. did. We did try our best, but the cup was not ours. We came second again. Table Tennis is our highlight. We came first and got the cup. Our joy and excitement knew no bounds, as it was the first cup we had got so far.

With the matches over, the term is coming to a close. We are studying really hard and hoping to get a good position in the Mark Reading. On the whole, our position in the Cock House is not really good, but we resolve to improve it next year.

Gurmeet Kaur
U-IV A

Nilagiri G. D.

Within a week of returning to school, while everyone was buzzing with activity, thirty-seven Nilagarians including two new additions from Prep School who replaced our previous Sixth-Formers, Balbir Kaur and G. Gangule, solemnly resolved to do their level best in the new year which lay ahead of them. The absence of the familiar faces of our last Sixth-Formers clearly marked the regime of the 1972 batch of Nilagarian Sixth-Formers.

Soon the basket-ball season set in and the Nilagarians who, I can safely say, excelled in this game, eagerly looked forward to the matches. Before we could win the first cup of the year, our house mistress, Mrs. K. Kanhaiajee, left us stranded like thirty-seven chicks without the mother hen, when she went to Delhi due to

medical reasons. Fortunately for us, Mrs. Solomon stepped in and we no longer had the feeling of being lost. With her genuine interest in the house we managed to win the basket ball cup, as well as come first in studies. It was the first time a junior team was playing basket ball for the house and surprisingly our juniors very ably managed to keep up the standard of Nilagiri House.

Camp was a welcome break followed by Tennis. Though we did not fare too well here, the Badminton Cup seemed to compensate for the loss in Tennis. In the mean while three cheers to Moite for retaining the Scanlon Cup for two successive years, thus adding another mark to the achievements of Nilagiri House.

The house show, which followed soon after, served as a sort of welcome to our house mistress, who was returning after two long months to Sanawar. The standard of the show was not as high as expected but one could not really call it a flop considering the burden of the 2nd Mark Reading on our shoulders.

After the short summer vacation swimming was in full swing and though our number of swimmers was small, we shared the cup with Siwalik. Of the few sporting swimmers, mention needs to be made of Linda, who broke the record held since 1945 in swimming one length. Though the third Mark Reading brought us down to the 2nd position in studies, the morale of the Nilagarians was soon boosted up on winning the Athletics and Defence cups.

With Founder's over, each and every individual put her heart and soul in P.T. and with the expert guidance of a hard task master, our senior prefect, we won the P.T. cup. This was followed by serious practice of hockey and the result was a fruitful one, we shared the cup with Siwalik, again. The Table Tennis matches went off as usual with us coming 1st from the bottom.

By the end of the year we had nine cups to display proudly and without our present Sixth-Formers I wonder how many of the cups we would still have had in hand. So, hats off to our Sixth Formers. Life is going to be duller without their presence next year Mithi and her 'hard task masterly' way of doing things, Mithlesh, ever smiling and always ready to help, Sonali who made a very playful but all the same efficient M. I. Prefect, Moite, our one and only chinky eyes, who proved an able and popular games prefect. Last but definitely not the least, Nirja and Jyoti, the two quiet day students who contributed a lot to the house.

I do hope the '73 batch of Sixth-Formers, to whom the reins of the house will be handed down, manage to keep up the standard of the house.

Ajinder Chopra
U-V B

Siwalik G. D.

The first day of the year was indeed a colourful one. The whole place was dotted with psychedelic shirts. Most of the girls arrived in flamboyant hair-styles and the latest clothes. But the clothes were soon replaced by uniforms and the little tendrils were neatly tucked behind pins. The girls now began to get pangs of homesickness.

First came the Basketball matches. All the girls had become lazy during the long break, but the thought of losing some weight made them play with full spirit. However it was not our lucky day for Siwalik came second, Nilagiri as usual topping.

The Siwalikans were not enthusiastic about studies but the thought of missing a movie made them work. Our efforts were not in vain for Siwalik headed the list.

Now it was camp time. The Siwalikans branched off to the various camps. The juniors were packed off to none too exciting Gaurah and Sadhupul while the seniors strode off to Simla.

After a week the school welcomed back the sunburnt kids. The Siwalik House Show practices began.

Tennis was now the primary game. Mala and Jyotsna with their skill got the cup for Siwalik house as they did last year. Badminton however is not one of Siwalik's best games but after several chaotic matches when few people (least of all the players) knew what was going on (the audience enjoying themselves immensely) we managed to come second.

The Siwalik House Show, thanks to long practising, was a great success. An item particularly admired, was the Hindi play. While the Sixth Former's skit which was a good-natured comment on Sanawarian food, uniforms and unique ideas on co-education was appreciated by all. The House party by Sanawarian standards was excellent.

The House show practices seemed to have come much in the way and we came last in the Mark Reading. The petrified girls did not know how to face Mrs. Sawney or their prefects. Soon it was time for the school to close down for the one month's break. The one month's holiday however proved to be a short respite and the children were back once more. The school soon roused into activity and so did the Siwalikans.

Now the most dreaded part of the year had come ..Athletics. The Siwalikans were not on the whole enthusiastic about Athletics but Sadhna Singh, Mala Tandon and R. Thakur secured the individual championships. Siwalik came second. We also

shared the same fate in studies, coming second there too. Siwalik lived up to its reputation in swimming and shared the cup with Nilagiri. The girls who had never entered the pool before tried for the competition, though they did not make much more than a splash.

Founder's came and went and our head girl Jyotsna made a hit in the 'King and I' while a great many more of us singed our hair and eyebrows in the good cause of club drill. Hockey was the main game now. We played well but not well enough to win the cup outright. In the end we shared the cup with Nilagiri, thanks to our housemistress's coaching.

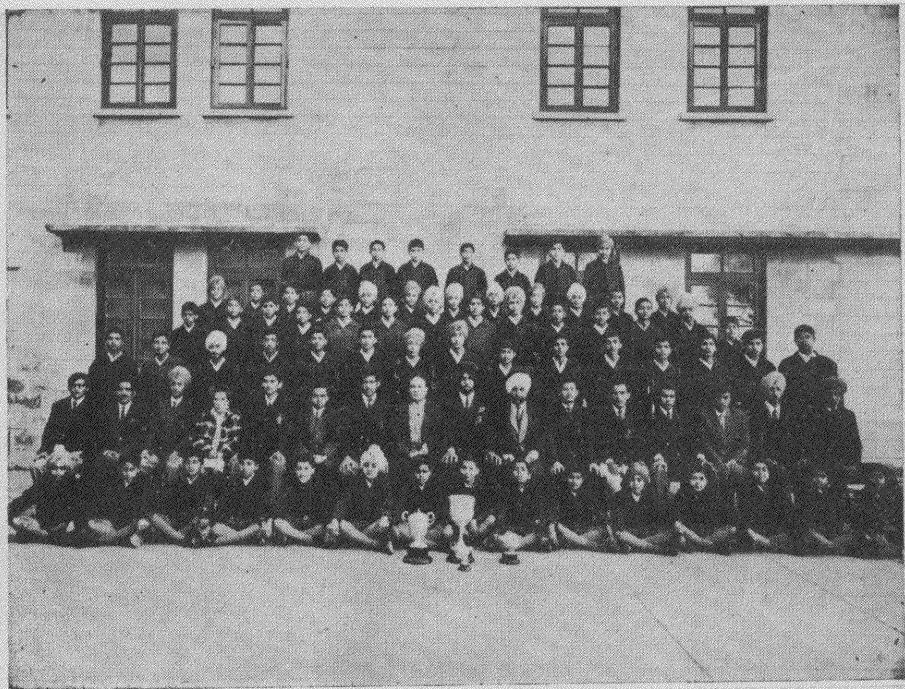
Table Tennis is a game which hardly anyone is familiar with. Despite its strong team Siwalik did not manage to come first, though for a change Himalaya came first while surprisingly Nilagiri came last.

Soon homeday is close again. There are the house break-ups to look forward to. The girls are again counting the number of days left to go home.....

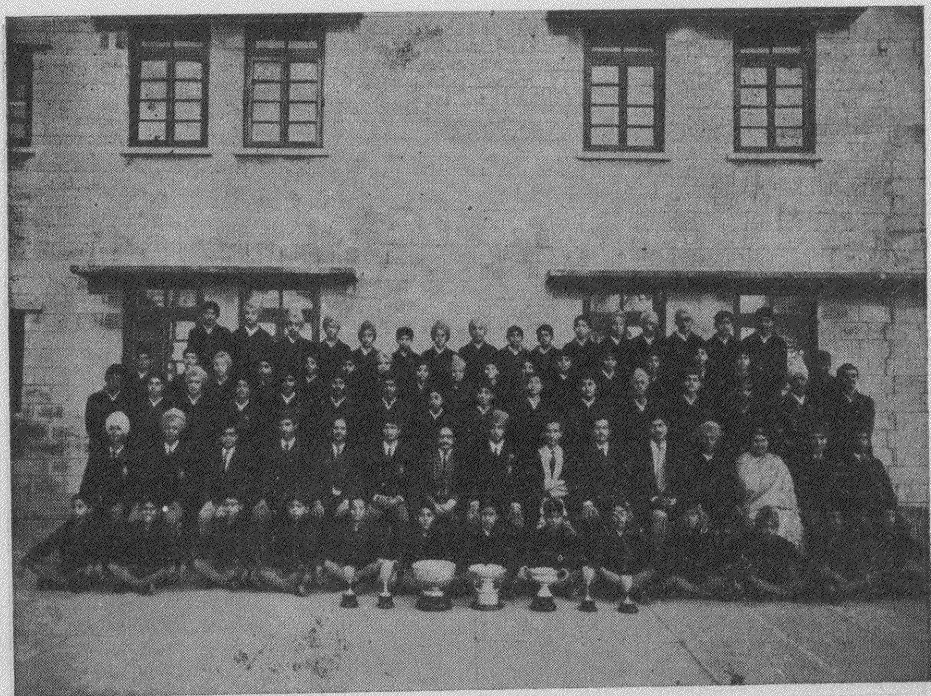
Malini Johar
U-V C



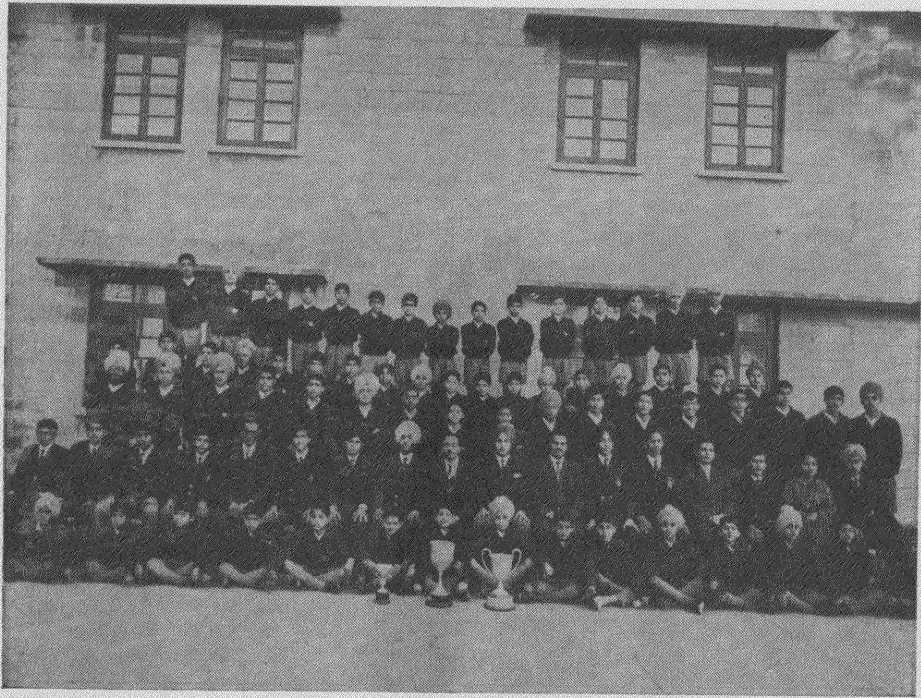
B. D.



Himalaya



Nilagiri



Siwalik



Vindhya

G. D.



Himalaya



Nilagiri



Siwalik



Vindhya

Magazine Section.

A Hospital Ward After The Visitor Have Left

The war was over, but it had left its vestige in these men who now occupied the hushed ward. The visiting hour had whizzed past, leaving behind it a heavy silence, similar to the one that prevails after the passing of a train. Behind the curtain of silence, a thousand tumultuous thoughts raged through each mind.

The young officer at the end of the ward stared at the wall with unseeing eyes. A few days ago he had been somewhere on the front, fighting, whether for his own life or his country's, he did not know. He remembered clearly the day he had walked into the mined area feeling sorry for the boys who wouldn't return in one piece, not suspecting that his own number was up. What a long way he had come, from the roar of mortar fire to this peaceful whitewashed ward. Peaceful-how ironical that sounded now. Yes, the eardrums were no longer subjected to the screech of planes and the thud of falling bombs, but that had been external. Now fortuitous thoughts exploded in his mind as he stared at the two stumps he now possessed in place of legs.

The day he regained consciousness, he had waited for the visiting hour to arrive with growing impatience. His whole family had been present, bravely attempting to mask their horror and pity behind weak smiles and animated talk about how everything would run on oiled wheels once he was well. The disillusioning hour had come to an end and in the time that followed he had tortured himself with the thought of his family's attempt at appearing unaffected by this mishap.

The young boy on the next bed complained incessantly about the absence of his relatives. He said he envied the others though how it was possible to envy anyone to whom pity was being doled out in bucketsfull, the officer did not understand.

He thought of the things he had planned to do after the war. His father's propositions, made during the visiting hour, seemed devoid of life when compared with his own plans. He knew everyone was trying their utmost to be kind, but however enthusiastically his father spoke of his future work, it seemed no more than a triviality meant to make a cripple feel useful.

The bitter sweet smell of the flowers had now been replaced by that of antiseptic. At least this reminded the young men of their actual state, at least this didn't turn from sweet to bitter like everything did after the visiting hour. Boxes of chocolates lay untouched on bedside tables. If only chocolates, flowers and sympathy could make up for the losses these men had suffered. The peaceful appearance of the ward was just a facade, but no voice broke through it. Each man shared the others thoughts silently. Pity, that was it. That was what caused these men to plummet down the chasms of despair as soon as the visitors with their brave efforts departed. An hour had passed since the last visitors departure and still the sound of silence prevailed in the ward, for each man lay wallowing in a sea of self-pity.

Harsimran Grewal
Sixth A

A Conversation Between A Hair Oil Salesman And A Bald Man

“Hail Master ! Why art thou so plain on the top ?”

“I prithee sir, that is none of thy concern.”

“Ha ! Ha ! Thine head shinest like a diamond. Ha ! Ha !”

“Keep thine lips together, thou saucy knave, or else, I shall propel nine sharp pieces of steel through thy bowels !”

“Why sir, thou art offended ! But sir, I have here, a new bottle of hair grease.”

“What good shalt that do ? There is nothing on my top storey.”

“Fear not sir, this is made from special pumpkins. Very big.”

“Let mine eyes rest on it.”

“As thou speakest sir.” (TAKES OUT BOTTLE FROM HIS POCKET. BALD MAN EXAMINES IT CAREFULLY).

“This hast not a colour !”

“Its from colourless pumpkins”.

“COLOURLESS PUMPKINS ?”

“Aye sir. I meddle with no tradesmen’s matters, nor women’s matters, but with pumpkins. It is indeed, this oil, a mender of shiny heads.”

“Thou art saucy, yet I see, thy honorable hair oil, may be bought. For who is so bald that can’t be cured ?”

“Aye sir. There is none but one person.”

“Who be’est that difficult knave ?”

“Sweet Mr. Shakespeare.”

“But why ? He dost have hair likest to a lion’s mane.”

“No sir, he puts forth a wig. Like I. (TAKES OFF WIG WITHOUT ANY FRICTION. A BALD HEAD SHINES LIKE A SEARCHLIGHT).

“Thou dreamer. That makest two bald knaves.”

“Doth it ? Mine Additional Mathematics hath always been poor. But what matters, apply the grease. Come thou to my right side, for this ear is deaf and impart to me what thou think’st about it.”

“Thou saucy knave thou hast the cheek to command me ! I shalt truly disfigure they face.” (GIVES SALESMAN A HARD BLOW. SALESMAN COLLAPSES. CROWD COLLECTS.)

"Hence home you idle creatures, is this a holiday?"

Citizen:—"Who art thou?"

"Why Knave, I be'est an actor. Yul Brynner."

(CITIZEN TAKES OUT BOTTLE OF GREEN GREASE). "Most noble Yul, buy this. It shalt cure thy head."

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things, Know you not Brynner?"

(THE BALDMAN TAKES OFF FRICTIONLESS WIG. EXPOSES JET BLACK HAIR).

"Ha ! Ha ! I use the finest pigs grease. Ha ! Ha !"

Vasant Dhar
Sixth B

Kashmir—as essay

Laughter, children's laughter, I remember.....

It was autumn in Srinagar, the huge chinar trees russet, gold—the hill-sides smothered with burnt orange creepers rustling in leonine glory. I, on the grass watching the dry leaves twirl down, making a crumbling noise as I crush them in my palm; the leaves still on the trees, pirouetting, twitching, trembling in the breeze.

Kashmir, I was allowed to stay awake late on Saturday night as there was no school the next day, and on one of these nights my parents took me boating on the 'Dal'—I have never forgotten the soft splashing of the oars and the fragments of shattered moonbeams on the rippling water.

I remember on the way to school, looking everyday at the never ending vista of purple velvet irises in the graveyards. I longed to gather some in my arms and take them home but on suggesting this was told by a horrified servant that these were flowers of ill omen. I wonder why it is so often that the beautiful is said to be ugly ? But at that time I remember complaining that any thing I wanted seemed always forbidden, like playing in the mud and pickles !

On school holidays we would pack a lunch and go to Gulmarg. It was beautiful with rolling hills and a glimpse of glittering snow covered mountains where far away were the ice caves of Amarnath. I would lie on the grassy slopes and let myself roll down, landing in a laughing heap at the bottom, my clothes crumpled, my hair a mess of grass and burrs.

I remember being fascinated when told about the floating islands. There used to be small floating bits of land on which the villagers planted their vegetables. It often happened, that at night, while every one was asleep, a man having a smaller island would chop a bit from a bigger one and join it to his own so that his unfortunate victim would wake up in the morning to discover that overnight his island had become smaller!

The bazaars are lived in my mind; the evermoving flow of people ebbing and swelling in the narrow labyrinthian streets. The colourful carpets draped enticingly in the display windows, proudly flaunting their intricate designs and rich colours, the string of semi—precious stones glittering from a nail. Kashmir shopkeepers are the most adept in the world at persuading customers to buy their wares, one could often hear them selling lovely embroidered pashmina shawls—‘ah the feel of it’, ‘so soft, so soft,’ ‘look, it can even pass through a ring,’ and so on until the customer is absolutely convinced that she must buy it. It was a pleasure to go shopping with my mother, and return home with small plastic packets of fragrant saffron and mammoth bottles of Kashmir honey. The streets were always crammed with a variety of vehicles—cars, scooters and most of all tongas, pulled by mangy horses, flicking their tails ineffectually at swarming flies, while on the sidewalks small urchins swaggered along defiantly, with cigarettes between their lips.

The lakes were always dotted with shikaras boasting exotic names like ‘Lily of the Valley’ ‘Mumtaz Mahal’ ‘White Swan’ and “Scherezade” and after languid hours in one of these I remember ravenously devouring an unbleivable number of ‘bhuttas’, cooked on glowing embers on the road side, rubbed with a mixture of lime and chillies.

I think of so many things now; the lovely taste of green almonds and sweet lotus seeds which I shall ever associate with Kashmir; the delicious thrill of catching my first fish at ‘Trikker’; the feeling of exhilaration when after toiling endlessly, I managed to reach the top of the ‘Shankaracharya’ hill; the excitement of stealing forbidden green apples; and I remember Kashmir through a mist of years, and think always of children’s laughter.

Jyotsna Jamwal
Sixth A

Neighbours

“Oh, here comes old woman Saxy again,” groaned my brother, and had not my mother cut him short with the inevitable “Love thy neighbour dear,” he would have most generously bestowed on her a few more titles. The very mention of Mrs. Saxena’s name was enough to make everyone withdraw to their rooms like snails subjected to a salt shower. The only regret was that Mrs. Saxena’s arrival did not fall into the same mild category of torture as a salt shower.

Until a month ago the house next door had provided free accomodation for a variety of pests ranging from cockroaches to rats. But as "Good reason must of force give place to better," so small pests must of force give place to greater. Thus the premises of the house were now graced by the Saxena family.

The prospect of getting new neighbours had seemed very bright but our first encounter with them had acted upon our enthusiasm with the same intensity as a cold water bath in mid winter. Upon her arrival, the obese Mrs. Saxena, having eventually wriggled herself free of the car door, had in a fit of neighbourly enthusiasm launched her first attack on our garden. The whole family had thundered in and, the introductions over, had marched out to the accompaniment of our watery smiles, which kept fluctuating at the sight of the devastated flower beds.

Swearing under his breath our father turned into the house accompanied by mother's "Love thy neighbour dear." As the days went by we found it increasingly difficult to comply with mother's wishes. We discovered that Mr. Saxena was a hen-pecked individual barely worth a second glance, who slunk about the house like a scared alley cat, in the presence of the boisterous Mrs. Saxena. To our dismay we found that Mrs. Saxena was not only a staunch believer of our mother's favourite commandment, which resulted in her drooling all over us but also went one step further in loving her neighbours' possessions.

One of the first items to be subjected to the royal treatment of the Saxena household was our bone China dinner set. Mother, her kinder instincts having got the better of her, had promptly lent it to her. The result was like that of letting a bull into a China Shop. The set had been returned next morning with a watery smile in lieu of two broken plates.

As the days passed more and more of our possessions found their way into the Saxena household while we wondered when it would all end. One day as our whole family was on the verge of departing for an outing, Mrs. Saxena's dishevelled form presented itself before us like some evil genie. Investigation revealed that our car was desperately needed as baby Dodo had swallowed a needle and was in a state of abject misery. A good half hour after we had seen the tail end of the car disappear, we encountered Mrs. Saxena's beaming countenance again. All our hopes of seeing the end of baby Dodo were shattered for the child was suffering from no more than a mild attack of gastritis. Scowling the whole family trooped into the house. It was too late to go and see the movie now or even later for we had missed the last show. Mother of course remained beaming like a beacon in a storm and as a result found her self deserted by her family.

Now once again the monster was descending upon our house and we had all left our mother to face her lovable neighbour. The front door opened and Mrs. Saxena's voice boomed forth like a fog horn, "Oh, Shefali, these kettles are so

useless nowadays. Imagine I left your empty kettle on for only ten minutes and the element has burnt out. As I always say there is dishonesty in” The door closed once again accompanied by mother’s almost inaudible laugh. Then, throwing all her principles to the wind, mother launched her first abuse programme only to be silenced by a chorus of “Love thy neighbour, mother.”

Harsimran Grewal
Sixth A

The Vanished Wild Life of Sanawar

The killing of animals is a very controversial question. The taxidermist and hunter are all for it, but is the animal? Assuming that it is to play host at the coming festivities, it is but doing the square thing to take its point of view into consideration. However we homo-sapiens tend to relegate this all important point to the background, much to the regret of the local fauna. The so-called inhabitants of Sanawar are only too prone to this very failing.

The local fauna of Sanawar seems to consist of monkeys, their cousins, and mad dogs. It was once populated by chattering hordes of monkeys and howling packs of mad dogs. These have now, with the aid of the ever-present hunters, dwindled to a few illustrious domesticated cousins who occupy the positions of eminence in this heavenly abode. In fact, looking at Sanawar from a critical point of view, it resembles closely or should I say, too closely for comfort, the mountainous Utopia of Hanuman and his minions.

But coming back again to our main issue, to wit, the elimination of our next kin from the immediate sphere of activities. In this, man seems to have triumphed for once, because one sees none but an occasional monkey who was either too stubborn or too pessimistic to search for greener pastures. The reason for this hurried evacuation, and it couldn’t be anything but hurried as is evident from the number of tooth brushes abandoned, is not hard to find.

It seems that somewhere in the long and confusing course of history, the authorities in Sanawar had declared a bounty award for every skin fetched in. This led to an immediate exodus to the great outdoors. To meet the great demand for guns, as in the great Boxer uprising, the armoury was carried by storm. As a result a horde of armed men was hurriedly deputized and let loose over the countryside. The monkeys seemed to have got the message for not a monkey was to be seen. The valiant posse searched high and searched low, but not a ‘bad’ guy was to be found.

Then started the reign of Terror. It has been observed by a chronologer of that age, that the monkeys had sent their brethren to China to learn the rudiments of Guerilla warfare. After becoming adept at this form of warfare, they returned by the well known Burma road to wage a war on the inhabitants of Sanawar. It became

exceedingly common to hear a tale of woe stating that an honest householder's servant had been ambushed by these hardy adversaries and the householder had taken to the 'owl-hoot' trail with his trusty point—two—two.

The Sanawarians seemed to have met their masters at last. Eventually a peace treaty considered honourable by both sides, was concluded. The monkeys agreed to shift to a government reservation higher up in the hills.

Peace Reigns In Sanawar Once Again.

J. S. Bajwa
Sixth B

My Daddy

I haven't got a father. My father died in the war. My step father is a Captain of the army. My step father is very kind to me. My first father was very nice. He was a Major in the Army. My step father gets up early in the morning. He has got many hens. He has got only two goats. He has got one Scooter. My father goes to town and he comes back after nine. My father was very nice.

Ravi Subha
Form Junior A.

My Father

My father's name was Major B. S. Mastana. He was in the army. He was a Doctor. He was in A. M. C. My father was going to take leave and the General ordered that you can't take any leave because we are going for war. He was going in a ship and he slipped and he fell down in the river, and three Navy officers jumped in the river and they took out my father's body and they took him to Calcutta hospital. When they reached the room he died. He loved me very much.

Jaitinder Singh Purewal
Form Junior A

My Best Friend

My best friend is Harjot.
He always makes fun.
He is not good in studies.
He always comes to my bed and tells stories.
He is a good boy.
Last mark reading he came 14th.
He is very fast in running.
But he is very slow in getting ready.

Jitendra Chhikara
Form Junior 'B'

My Naughty Brother

I have a naughty brother at home.. He is always up to mischief. He tries to be as good as gold; but always ends up as something worse instead.

Once I was going on my bike, he ran in front of me and put something in front of my bike. I took no notice and went on. When I crossed the thorns I found my tyres were quite flat !

I got them mended and I told my mother. She scolded him but it was of no use. On my birthday while we were busy playing treasure hunt my brother ate all the iceing from the cake.

I had to blow the candles. But before I could do that my naughty brother blew them out and not one was left burning. And that's not good luck for me. I couldn't scold him because he would box me and scratch my face and I am not a bully !

I would try to befriend him and play hockey with him. He would grumble that he had a weak team. Then I had to give him all my best players and naturally he won !

My father had 3 dogs. My naughty brother tried to boss them also. Then the dogs started chasing him and he learnt a lesson but still he kept on being naughty and up to all the mischief.

I thought that I would teach him a lesson. I thought hard and hard and at last I thought out a plan.

When he was going to have his bath I took out all the water and filled the tub with glue. When he came for his bath he dipped himself in the glue and got stuck !

At last he promised me that he would not do any mischief. I managed to pull him out and he was crying bitterly.

From then he did not break any window panes or puncture any tyres and did not irritate the dogs. Infact he did not do any mischief any more !

Rohit Gulati
Form II A

To,
The General Manager,
Rayman Circus;
New Delhi

Dear Sir,

I have heard the fame of your circus and have myself seen the beautiful displays by all the characters. There were many events where one required technique, strength and skill but the easiest and most humorous of them all was the clown.

I would like to join your circus and here I am applying for the job. My name is Bhucho Singh and though I'm still a school boy I'm quite efficient at this particular job.

The famed clown of yester year Dharmatma Singh, is my father. This profession is hereditary in our family. We've all been outstanding clowns.

In my school I am very good at gymnastics and this can always help in a circus.

I hope that this letter is enough to convince you that I'm the one person really suitable for this job.

Yours faithfully,
Clown Bhucho Singh

N. S. Brar
Sixth B

Story of a Book

I was printed in Bombay, by a great printer named Willam. He made pretty pictures in me. I looked very beautiful. When I was ready they put me in a showcase in a shop.

I had barely been there a minute when a boy came in. He fancied me at once. So I was packed up in a brown paper and taken home. It was a beautiful house with all things in it, and a garden with every kind of flower. The garden was filled with the scent of roses, sunflowers, lilies, pansies and many other flowers.

The boy took me up to his bedroom, he placed me on his bedside table. He had his milk. He took off his shoes and lay on his bed, with me in his hands. He read me and then he placed me downstairs in a library. After three months of holidays he took me to Sanawar.

I came to Form II A. Everyone clapped their hands to see a new book. They began to fight for me. I was not used to rough treatment, my pages and pictures were torn. Then they got a scolding from their teacher. They were fined 5 sweets each.

I was put in the library with the other books. Everyday the library prefect tidied me up. One day the teacher took me and stuck my pictures into me, and made me as good as new.

I made many friends such as Tales to Tell, Golden Fish, Billy Goat, Fancy Stories, and many others. I also saw large books with pictures of animals in them. Who and Why was with pictures of animals.

My best friend was Golden Fish. We played in the library corner. We played hide and seek, stick in the mud, catching kook and many other games. We had a lovely time.

My name is Puss in the Boots. I hope you have read me. All the children who read me always love me.

Suman Jit Mann
Form II A

A Rainy Day

The noise of the storm woke me up in the early hours of the morning. The clouds were black and there were vivid flashes of lightning and it looked as if it might fall on me at any time. By about morning the violence of the storm had gone down and a steady down pour of rain was falling. It was nice to go out in the cool air after a week of burning days. Everybody was feeling fresh. Even the trees and bushes looked green. The roads were certainly cleaner. The people didn't mind even the soaking umbrella's and soaking shoes because everybody was gay and happy.

As the day went by the happiness of the rain began to wear off the peoples faces. Floods stopped traffic in many places, buses were late and over crowded. Nobody liked to even stand in the rain now, with water dripping on him from the next persons' umbrella. And look at the miserable dhobis. They sit in the shops with bundles of dirty clothes waiting for the rain to stop. When they return the clothes they will be grumbled and cursed at. I put on my rain coat and walked to the sea shore to see what the state of the sea was. Waves were dashing against each other. It was a lovely sight seeing the sea in one of its raging moods from a small piece of land. I was glad to be dry and safe back home. After the rain had stopped it was not a good sight. There were so many puddles in the streets that the street had a dirtier look than before.

Subash Chander Singla
U IV A

The Races

We were to witness the 6th All India Motor Races of Sholavaram Race Course near Madras. When we arrived the first race was about to begin. It was a vintage car rally. It was fun to see those rickety cars go purring down the course. After a while the motorcycles came on. There were a few foreign vehicles there too. Over the loud speaker came :—

"Number six leading the race". This race was a keen one because Nos. 8 and 6 had a close scrap. No 6 emerged winner. The person riding No 6 was a Sinhalese and was known as 'Fricky Khan'. His bike was a Japanese model: Yamaha TD2. The highlight of the races came when the announcer announced the next event....

"All Motor Cycles participating in the Grand Prix report to the starting point." Slowly and deftly motor cycles rolled onto the course. A few motor cyclists rode up and down the course to check their little machines.

A gun was fired and the Grand Prix had begun. "They're off" came the announcer's voice. One could plainly see motor cycles zooming about. All the gaily coloured machines ran swiftly to cover a hundred miles. The announcer kept in touch with the spectators, constantly announcing the number of the leading machine. Approximately one and a half hours later the green flag was shown to machine number 13 (P. Bhaskar Rao) then to number 6 (Fricky Khan). It was a tense moment when the two machines now neck to neck came into sight barely 50 meters away from the finish. But as one would expect a foreign machine to be better than an Indian one, so with a sudden burst of speed No 6 completed the race finishing before no 13.

Then came the Grand Prix event for the cars. All types of cars came onto the course. Zoom went a red Ferrari : a beautiful car built for racing. This race was as exciting as the earlier one. The Jaguar, driven by Maharaj Kumar of Gandal came first followed by a Mini--Cooper closely pursued by the Ferrari (driven by Dr. Woods, an Englishman).

We had a lot of fun at the races. The races were exciting.

Rahul Bhargawa
U IV B

Blessed Flakes

As the soft flakes floated down on the tree tops and roofs a sense of exhilaration filled my being.

Snow ! Not since ten years had we seen snow in this remote village. The lashing downpours of rain in the cold, drenched winters, the ceaseless droughts in the summer had never given place to the soft, peaceful tranquility of snow. Now our prayers had been answered, our times of adversity were over, for the fabulous phenomenon of nature had blessed us all by its presence.

Now when the thaw comes, our crops will flourish and not be ravaged at random by the brutal force of the aggressive rains, winds and hailstorms.

Oh yes ! It is the time rejoicing for over our prosperity. Streamers hang from every window, arch and doorway. Smiles light up black, shining eyes. The iniquity of the Gods of Destruction of the nether world will be avenged by the flourishing fields and generous offers at the altar of the Gods of prosperity. The glacial peaks smile invitingly. Not a vestige of the original remorse shows in any face, for, the indispensable, inestimable, downy flakes are here.

Sunaina Lowe
L V B

The Adventures of a Naughty Spark

In Carter's field, on July 4th there was a large bonfire burning very brightly. Mother flame was scolding her million children (sparks) for flying away from her warm lap. But spark Naughty Tommy was very obstinate. He was the eldest and would'nt listen. He said he wanted to make a big hulabaloo every where. So you can see how troublesome he was.

As soon as he got an oppurtunity he ran away. A gust of wind blew naughty Tommy to President Nixon's house and he went straight into Nixon's pipe. It was night and very windy. Our spark lit President Nixon's pipe and soon the room was full of smoke. Our spark began to feel uncomfortable and ran out through the open window. Then Nixon got up and could'nt sleep. He put on the fan to clear the smoke. It was winter and very cold. But it had'nt snowed. Soon Nixon's wife got up freezing and then there was a great commotion in the White House. While the commotion was going on our spark had reached India, he flew to the border where the war between Pakistan and India was going on. There he saw a bomb, a shell lying near some ammo. That was an ammodump and there was a tent near it and some soldiers and about : 10 or 12 Pakistani officers of high rank sitting inside the tent. Behind the tent was an Indian Spy who was going to throw a grenade, but was listening to what the officers were saying. Then our spark went and sat on the shell, Boom ! Bang ! Bang ! The shell blasted at the same moment the spy threw the grenade and all the ammo blasted. The men in the tent died instantaneously. So when the war ended, that spy whose name was Maj. S.S. Gill got the Mahavir Chakra, but really I think our little spark deserved it more. He sacrificed his life for our country !

Niranjan Vasudev
Form II A

The Fisher-man and the Fish

Once upon a time there was a fisher - man. One day he caught a huge fish, while he was going in a small boat. The fish was so heavy that his boat sank. The fish swam away smiling. The fisher - man was drowned weeping.

Ranjan Ramchandani
Form I A

The Hunt

The little car chugged its way down the village. Dawn had not broken and everything was obscured by fine curtains of mist. She shivered suddenly, "Let's go back. I'm not at all keen on the idea".

"Nonsense" he said, hunching his body over the wheel and guiding the car through the tiny backstreets "An excursion like this will do you good, bring more colour to your face. Beside, have you ever seen a puma before?"

She was silent, contemplating his words "Can't we spend our weekend somewhere here?"

He answered with an impatient nod and she was quiet again.

They reached the resthouse, an old dilapidated bungalow, coloured a salmon pink in an effort to hide its decay. The surroundings were beautiful. The sleepy little village with its tumble down houses and the patchwork of fields surrounding it, each field greener than the last. In the distance they could see the forest, a dense forbidden thicket. She shuddered at the thought of exploring its depths, a musty dungeon would have been more welcome.

She passed the day peacefully. He cleaned his gun and after having recruited a guide—a little fellow of twelve, took him to the forest to make a 'machan'. At last evening came and with it the familiar feeling of dread. But there was nothing she could do and, as darkness set in they set off together to the jungle.

The path was a ribbon of moonlight. She trod warily, her eyes intent on the ground for signs of snakes. He strode on ahead. Occasionally glancing over his shoulder at her. They reached the machan—a twig platform on a tree, and climbed up silently. It was a clearing in the wood. A tiny pool in the middle reflected the moonlight and they placed the carcass of a goat near it.

The trees cast a cloak of inky black and shadows lurked in the corners like sleepy panthers. The wind moaned through the trees like a lost soul and in the distance, the maniacal laughter of a hyena screeched and gurgled. She was suddenly scared and moved closer to him; the machan creaked.

"Can't you be still?" he whispered furiously. She stayed glued to her place.

There was a frighteningly empty silence broken by an occasional rustle of the trees. Fireflies flew around eerily, glowing like green embers. Something fell near her with a soft plop; she was tempted to scream but restrained herself. It was as cold as...as a frog; she shuddered.

He sat there, content, waiting for the puma to come. The gun lay limply in his hand; there was one cartridge in it and another lay out side.....

Suddenly they heard the bush rustle. The bracken parted and a puma emerged stealthily, his eyes darting suspiciously around. The puma crept on cat feet to the dead goat and began devouring it.

He cocked the gun and fired. A dull thud reverberated through the trees. The puma gave a shrill scream of pain and rage and sprang towards the machan. He fumbled madly for the spare cartridge, loaded it and as the puma reached the tree raised his gun and shot it. The animal gave a convulsive leap and fell down dead.

She had huddled herself up in a corner and sat there, her face white, drawn with terror, her hands trembling involuntarily. He jumped down from the tree and giving her his hands helped her down. They looked down at the tawny mass at their feet. "Ferocious beast. Gave me quite a scare. Could have killed us, you know", he said in ill concealed satisfaction.

A line came to her mind "When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when a tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity" She looked at him sideways and suddenly hated him.

Maneka Anand
VI—A

A Robbery

It was one of those days somewhere in the middle of November, when one cannot predict the ever fluctuating weather. The major part of the day had been sunny, but towards the evening, a heavy mist rolled towards the tiny village of Droitwich from the distant horizon, enveloping everything with its magnificent greyish blanket and shrouding everything in gloom. A soft drizzle fell incessantly, taking the place of the after-noon sunshine. The wind had died down to a gentle breeze.

It was exceptionally silent when night set in, making the gloominess even more dreary than before. By about 11 o'clock in the latter half of the day, the drizzle had finished and a slightly more effective breeze was prevalent.

At about a quarter to twelve, a door at the far end of a rain-washed street opened. The light from the room cast ominous shadows on the wet, empty street. Three men came out and closed the door softly behind them. They were all roughly of the same stature and wore over-coats with the collars turned up as a protection against the wind and cold. Their hands were thrust deep into the pockets of their coats. They didn't even care to utter a single word as they hurried across the empty street.

The light from the street—lamps could scarcely struggle through the mist which thickened every moment. Visibility was only a few yards but they walked on uncaring. They didn't even care to muffle their footsteps against the concrete road. The church bell had struck midnight by the time they had crossed the sleeping village.

Still onwards they walked, a little more cautiously now but without speaking a word. The mist continued to envelop them in her splendid coat and although there was no rain the dampness of the atmosphere had moistened the eyebrows and hair of the three anonymous men.

After sometime they turned down a narrow lane which had been deeply affected by the rain—in the sense that it was full of muddy water. However, no precautions were taken by the three men to keep their clothes from going dirty, but they walked on. At length they reached a small shedlike place into which they all went, closing the door immediately on their entry.

The place was very dirty. It contained three half-broken chairs, a dusty and old table and an obsolete couch. Spiders had built their webs in the angles of the walls and as they walked in the mice scampered across the floor terrified, to their holes. The two windows had been covered with black paper, so that the light from the shed could not go out and blend with the atmosphere. The whole appearance was that of an uninhabited and haunted place.

One of them shuffled forward and struck a match to light the single lamp on the table. The faint light from the lamp slowly diffused in all directions, casting strange, lengthy shadows across the room. The three men carefully sat down—a packet of cigaretts was passed around and they all lit up. Through the curtain of tobacco smoke they discussed the details of their expedition which was to take place at this lonely time of the night. And then.....SET.....GO !!

The time was about quarter to one when the three arrived at their destination—a double-storeyed house with a fair amount of grassy land around it. The mist hung over the house and the rain had once again begin to fall sluggishly, every thing was cold to the touch. Through the mist, the cool-minded trio discerned the silhouette of the house which was barely a couple of metres ahead of them. They crept forward like feathers, for they made not a sound. In a few minutes they reached the small window that opened out into a little store-room.

With patient fingers, one of the three men whipped out a small pointed instrument which he gently thrust through the joint in the window. In only a few minutes they were inside the stuffy store-room and the last of them closed the window.

They knew the geography of the place well and didn't hesitate a moment. They knew exactly what to do—out of the store-room, to the left down a corridor, turn right at the end of the corridor into a medium-sized room; from the centre of the room again turn right, through a large oak door, into the drawing room; walk four paces straight, nine to the left and you come face to face with the portrait of an old gentleman.

With the help of a small torch, the push-button on the 'coat' of the portrait, was located. Their hearts were now throbbing violently—the noise quite audible in the absolute silence. One of them pushed the button and the portrait slid away noiselessly revealing a small compact safe.

At once they set to work. One took his position at the oak door, another went towards the window, where as the third set to work on the combination of the safe. Nervous as he was, it was difficult for him to keep his hands steady. He gave a grunt of frustration after some time. And then in the silence there occurred a loud click followed by another—the tumblers had fallen into place ! The two others hurried towards the point where the portrait had previously been. What they saw sent their hearts racing at a tremendous speed and their mouths watered with greed—there in the safe lay piles of neatly stacked bills, all theirs: theirs to do whatever they liked with it.

The money was transferred into a water proof bag with a great deal of haste. Before leaving the drawing-room, they placed a white envelope inside the safe, in which was contained a slip of typewritten writing, "Thanks and sorry !"

Then they slowly retraced their steps and stepped out into the misty night with their loot.

And thus, another robbery had taken place. Once more a rich family had been impoverished. Probably the scene in the morning in the robbed house would be one of complete surprise mingled with shock and hatred. The impudent note would be read and probably someone would scream and the police would be informed and then would start the futile hunt.

Everyone in Droitwich would probably be perturbed by the ghastly news and they, of course, would become a little more careful. But the 'three' would sit in the pale, morning sunshine engrossed in their selfish thoughts.

Vivek Ahluwalia
L-V B

Shifty Kim

* * * * *

Yellow hair and bearded chin,
Blue eyes glittering, full of sin,
Stubborn mouth and shoulder broad,
Oh yes ! its him ! the dirty fraud.

Down the causeway, Shifty ran,
Over his eyes a hat like a pan,
Another robbery, gun in hand,
Shifty ! The terror of Arizona land.

Never had he ever seen,
The life of jail, filthy and mean,
Though it seemed just right for him,
They could never catch Shifty Kim.

Robbery and smuggling, were all in his line,
And never paid for on what he did dine,
Hotel's knew him as Mister Kim,
But police knew him as Shifty Kim.

One fine day, out strode Shifty,
All proud and stiff, and haughty,
Not a soul dared breathe for fear,
For Kim with his gun was already here.

Everyone stood still with eyes on the trigger,
Except for one man who continued to snigger,
Said Kim, "Keep quiet or I shall shoot".
Replied the other, "I dont care a hoot".

Nobody cared to even run,
As the other drew and Shifty raised his gun,
But the other man was too fast for him,
And that was the end of Shifty Kim !

Sunaina Lowe
L-V B

School !!

* * * * *

School ! What a wonderful place !
Where children of every race,
Come to study and play,
To follow the routine very day.

Classes ! The dreaded name !
We'd rather play some game.
But we've got to study all the time,
And are punished for every crime.

Hobbies ! I wish I could miss,
To have no hobbies is such bliss.
At needlework my finger I always prick,
And music or dancing make me sick.

Games ! Nothing could be better !
Oh ! But the cruel, cruel weather ;
Whenever we want to play,
It just has to rain that day !

When games are over prep there is.
There's nothing which is worse than this.
No talking for much more than an hour.
To miss prep I'd do anything in my power !

Thank goodness ! prep's over now !
It got over, I don't know how.
After dinner I jump into bed.
And now nothing can worry my head.

I hate prep and hobbies, and classes too,
But I do like school, and that's true.
I get punished, Oh ! every day.
But still I'd hate to go away.

Gurmeet R. Singh
U-IV A

Ghosts

Three little ghosts,
Sitting on posts,
Eating butter and toasts !
Oh ! what greedy ghosts !

Aradhana
Form I-A

**Inscription on the title page of
New Reading, Blue Book, Book II**

Don't steal this book,
For fear and shame,
Look up and down for the owner's name.
For when you die the Lord will say,
" Where is the book you stole that day ?"
Then you will answer like a fool,
" Its still lying in the Lawrence School."

A. Bhatia
L-III B

Assembly

Left, right, left, we march past the memorial,
Everyone seems so solemn and straight as if going for a burial,
"Squad halt and into line,"
Which gives a creepy feeling up your spine.

With books in our hands we all walk in,
Chins up and tummies in.,
On the place we all sit down,
"1000 lines if any sound"

As the teacher comes marching in,
We stand up and look very grim,
Like saints we all open our books
If we speak, we get dirty looks.

We sing a hymn, and then the teacher speaks,
We all giggle helplessly at her squeaks,
Assembly finishes, and we all go out,
And then there is jabbering and loud shouts.

Poonam Jhina
Form U-IV B

The Proposal

There was a man called Drew,
He went to a girl Nancy Brew.
He asked her, "May I marry you ?"
She said, "I wouldn't bother to have you."

A. Jain -
L-III B



For Auld Lang Syne.

Mrs. Atma Ram

Mr. Atma Ram had been teaching in Sanawar for a number of years when his wife joined him. Mrs. Atma Ram was a part of Sanawar from 1960, but took up a regular and permanent job here in 1966.

Since then she has taught Sanskrit and Hindi to the junior classes. In 1971 she accepted the post of Housemistress of Himalaya House.

Mrs. Atma Ram has been our Housemistress for a span of two years. Though two years is not a long time, it has been enough to make her a part and parcel of Himalaya House and it is impossible to think that she will be no more in our midst.

As a Housemistress, Mrs. Atma Ram was understanding, efficient and very approachable, as a person jovial, obliging and warm. A frown very rarely creased that friendly face. She retained the most cheerful countenance even in the midst of grave situations. She was always present in our midst—beckoning and encouraging us.

Mrs. Atma Ram is leaving us to join her husband in Maharaja Hari Singh Collegiate School at Nagbani near Jammu, where she will continue teaching.

Life without Mrs. Atma Ram in Sanawar in Himalaya House seems an incredible and unbelievable thing. “.....How hard it is to say that simple word—goodbye!”—but as her departure is inevitable, we all wish her the fondest goodbye and the best of luck in her future life. We hope she will always be happy and contented and will emit the same radiance and warmth which we have encountered and will always cherish, wherever she goes.

Harveen Sachdeva
U-V A

Mrs. P. Dhami

Mrs. P. Dhami nee Miss P. Ayling joined this School in 1967 immediately after having finished her training at St. Mary's, Poona. This being her first appointment, she entered the portals of Sanawar, full of hopes—thrilled with wild thoughts of shouldering new responsibilities and leading an independent life.

She joined the P.D. after having taught in the senior school for a year. She took over Vindhya House in 1968 and as a House Mistress took keen interest in the children. Soon cupid, armed with golden armour entered her life, Major K.S. Dhami followed and all ended well in wedding bells. Her marriage to an O.S. brought her closer to the School.

As a teacher, she had great confidence and a fair sense of judgement. She was friendly as well as firm. The kids chirpily related stories of their boxing bouts, and yet when the signal for work was given, there was perfect discipline and order. She spoke fluently in Hindi and sometimes even tried Punjabi. Little wonder, the juniors felt very much at home with her.

An admirer of simplicity and genuineness in people, she hated hypocrisy and shyness. She always gave her frank opinions, unmindful of the ensuing unpleasantness. Hard-working, she never wasted a minute. Very often she would sit with the weaker children at her home, till late in the evenings. And yet, not once did she make a show of it. Though she did lose her patience now and then, she never held grudges. Every duty that she undertook was discharged cheerfully and wholeheartedly.

Since she has spent the most formative years of a teacher in this School, she has undoubtedly gained rich experiences in teaching and in life. An association of six years with a school cannot be forgotten. She shall remember us and we shall miss her friendly and lively ways. She is leaving to join her husband at Mathura. We wish her all the best, secretly hoping that this association would continue thro' her little daughter Monisha.

S. Kalia

The Manley's

I moved down the road taking me to the Manley's house. At the gate, I stood and looked around, not knowing what to do, and a trifle nervous as this would be my first time interviewing anyone.

My thoughts went back to a cold day in February, when lost and forlorn in this alien school and pining for home, my tears and worries had been wiped away by Mrs. Manley whose frequent visits to hospital (accompanied by piles of magazines to browse through; jig—saw puzzles and a hoard of exciting games with which to amuse oneself; vivid and interesting needle work classes) were all, such a pleasure to look forward to.

And now, after all those years, I was going to interview this lady, (Mr. Manley was'nt present), about whom we all knew so much and yet, so little—I was honoured !

Judy's barking, broke through my reverie. Lifting the latch dreamily I approached the neat and colourful garden with its myriads of flowers. The Manley's had built for themselves a little haven—a part of paradise. There, seated in the garden, with Judy obediently by her side, was the key to this picture of domestic tranquility, Mrs. Manley.

Inspite of her illness, she greeted me warmly and was her familiar, warm and gracious self—irresistably charming! With her knack for putting one at ease Mrs. M. made me comfortable with a cake, and of course some absolutely scrumptious toffee!

We chatted about Sanawar in general. Mrs. Manley's chief regret however, was the she was unable to know the children as well as she would have liked to. She expressed her extreme sadness at having to leave Sanawar which they had come to love so dearly. Her love for Sanawar can be adequately described in the words of Keats "A thing of beauty is a joy forever".

Mr. Manley, who to my mind had always been the detached, efficient and awe—inspiring Bursar of Sanawar was portrayed in a varied light by Mrs. Manley's references to her husband's tastes. Mr. Manley has a passion for outdoor—life and is an expert at yachting, birdwatching and an avid reader, whose ample library which has been collected over the years shall be considerably missed.

Besides, talking about Sanawar and her interests, Mrs. Manley's conversation was peppered with loving bits of motherly advice which are impossible to put down on paper.

The strident peal of the lunch bell made me reluctantly wish the Manley's (Mrs. Manley and Judy) goodbye. As I moved past the packing crates and trunks which showed inevitable signs of departure, an infinite sadness welled up within me at the thought of their departure from Sanawar, of which they had become such a vital part.

Nickie Grover
U-V A

Mrs. Manley

What shall I say about the Manleys: that we love them, that we shall miss them, that they were so integral a part of Sanawar? All cliches, true of course, but still cliches and I refuse to write of people so wonderful and unique in worn—out, threadbare cliches that can be used for anyone.

An office assistant's child is thirsty with fever—Mrs. Manley's Chetu arrives with a flask of iced lemonade. A newly arrived staff member's wife is expecting a baby and just cannot eat the mess food—with the wave of a magic wand a bowl of 'Chat' materialises. It is my wedding anniversary a day so very special to me yet to even my closest friends only another date on the calender and so they do not rember: a knock on the door and there is Chetu with a bunch of beautiful flowers, a box of toffee which aunty Tutu knows that I love, and the most beautiful note of blessing that one could wish for. While you were away you had this sense of security that the Manleys were there and all would be right with your family.

Quietly, unobtrusively she was part of our lives sharing in all our joys and sorrows. One never heard her and yet her "Little nameless acts of unremembered kindness and of love" made this life so much warmer and richer. She was so much a part of our lives and yet so much apart from our lives—never any part of all the undercurrents and underplots that beset the life of a small community like ours.

Next time you take a walk around this beloved hill-top and admire the apparently wild flowers on the khudside, stop and ponder—why don't the hills around Sanawar have similar 'wild' flowers? It is simple really—no Mrs. Manley went there to plant any. Yes—each plant was carefully planted and nurtured by Mrs. Manley to give this hill-top the lovely natural beauty that it possesses. And so every one of these plants is a living memory of a wonderful lady.

And with that I'm back to my cliches again—worn threadbare with repetition and yet it is all I can manage before my voice breaks. Good bye and Good luck—we know you'll be happy wherever you go because you have the rare wisdom of knowing what it is to give.

H. D.

Mrs. Sehgal

"I refuse to do it Mr. Joshi. Just what do you think I am? Go and get someone else to do—what did you say? No—I care two hoots. What's this? I don't want any menu—shenu" and with magnificent anger and scorn Mrs. Sehgal tore up Mr. Joshi's menu and threw it into his face. Mr. Joshi only smiled. Without a word he pulled out another copy of the menu from his pocket. "And if you tear this I've got another copy at home." Mrs. Sehgal burst into hysterical laughter and next day turned out what was, even by her standards, an extraordinary dinner for the Siwalik House party. That was her way always: loud, pushing, but at heart so very kind. She was willing to do anything and always gave of her best.

She wasn't always B.D. Kitchen Matron. During my school days she was Nilagiri House Matron and what a Matron! Such tongue—lashings she gave us and when it was something beyond her, Mr. Saleem Khan was summoned and he was always quick with the cane. But it was a small price to pay. Nilagiri House boys were the best turned out boys in the school. She took a personal interest in our clothes and one Sunday afternoon I remember 53 school pullovers hung out on the railing to dry—each one of them washed by Mrs. Sehgal. A boy had an attack of allergic asthma and all through the dark and quiet night she sat beside the suffering boy—her very presence a source of warmth and security.

Her room was a haven for the home—sick, the sad, the losers and the insecure, and comfort from her usually took more substantial form than words—it could be an apple, a "pinni" a slice of cake, or even just Charlie's barfi.

Sundays and holidays found her sitting on the pavement wall—knitting, and and more often than not there was a crowd of boys around her eagerly telling her about their homes, their families, showing her letters and photographs and cards. In this way she substituted for all the absent mothers. Even amongst the staff she was always willing and eager to lend a helping hand, specially in a crisis.

Is it any wonder then, that all those who came into contact with her will remember her with the fondest affection?

H. D.

A Memory

(With Apologies to Harper Lee)

February in my mind the holidays faded. It was February and we returned to school. Trains were packed, the station was buzzing and for a moment, parents were forgotten. The whistle blew, handkerchiefs waved, an unruly tear dripped down but it was soon forgotten in the smoky possibilities of a term to come.

Sanawar—and we came back to tin-roofed dormitories and sagging beds; to another season of baggy skirts and harassed matrons. We walked up covered staircases, to the familiar fidgeting through 'graces' and scraping of chairs. We saw lacy cobwebs and admired distant mountains. We played in the evenings, talked at classes dreamt at prep—and prayed at assembly! We thought and never did; we did and never thought . . . We added to our well of memories! we visited camps; we ate and slept...it was a strange little drama with sun—filled moments and water filled games. We returned home—the term's woes and triumphs on our minds.

It was August and we returned to a rainy and sad school. We adjusted ourselves again to fit old routines, old friends and old sagging beds with damp mattresses! We jogged through athletics, feigned nausea through tests and hobbies and slept through P.T. We groaned during movies and 'studied' through our last mark reading. We enveloped Founders in nostalgia we saw it all through proud eyes, we felt a part of it and tried to forget that we wouldn't be remembered. We drowned it all in the significance of exams—we still remembered.

November—and there were ten days left to go home. We forgave people for counting the days, we strengthened friendships and exchanged snaps and autographs. We went for walks around Sanawar and we tried desperately to remember every stone from the graveyard. Everytime we looked out at the lights of Simla, we tried to make ourselves believe we'd see them for more than just nine days. We looked at the Memorial, the Chapel, Birdwood with a sinking feeling—far away we heard the whistle and clank of a disappearing train.

10 days later—and our hearts broke—February again and we needed to come back.

Schools give lessons to be learnt, disappointments to be borne and triumphs to be well worn.

Sanawar was our school— it gave us a motto to live by, it gave us close friends and it gave us a happy memory to look back upon. It gave us the time to guiltlessly stand and stare, to ruminate about the future; to laugh and play and listen to music. It showed us people, it showed us how different they all were; it showed us how to come unscathed through ridicule and criticism. It gave us the wonderful feeling that each of us was a special part of it—it helped us to write the first chapter of our lives. And it helped us to make that chapter memorable—one we could always refer to and smile even when we reached the end of our book. But we never put back what we had taken from it, we had given it nothing and it made me sad.

As we made our way home, it gave us its name—a name to be proud of. The last bugle sounded to end the brief day of school life. But we knew that it would be there all night and it would be there when we waked up in the morning.

Rohini Arora
Sixth A

* * * * *

A Wonderland Called Sanawar

It's a windy day and the little gusts and eddies of wind are making you hold your wrap tighter. The tree under which you are standing is putting out to flower and you can see a squirrel climbing up as if his life depended on it. The macadam road has cracks in it and you wonder how old it is. The sky has small clouds that you can touch and there are people looking at the herbaceous border outside the office and there are people sitting under sunshades sipping tea and there are people going down the road. People every where and its spring and you've come to a wonderland called Sanawar.

Your first day at school. You enter a mammoth size classroom that's actually quite small and thirty eyes stare at you balefully, inquisitively mournfully. And you grin shyly and say - "My name....." but you've lost their attention. Again you try - "I come.....I come from Scindia." "The boys school!" they whisper, "must be a terrible flirt!!" - and there, you've acquired a name. You take your place and there's a little boy behind you who says—"Hey you, you've got to change places every maths school cause I want the brain sitting in front of me." Of course you agree; there is no moral support and the colour has climbed high to your cheeks and your hands tremble, oh ever so slightly. And then you remember who you are and put on the ridiculous, self-protective, supercilious facade again and pray that no one can see through it.

After a few weeks you make your first friend. It's so simple really. You just go up and say "Um.....um.....I'd like to walk around with you, huh!" and there, you have a friend for life. And she's really very nice, she has a sense of humour like yours and is much more level headed and quiet. And you're happy - till the first and subsequent quarrels.

Meanwhile class is not proceeding as well as you would have it. There are two boys on either side of you who ignore you throughout and you fail in Maths while they get beautiful marks in English. And everytime you read in Hindi they cough politely and you wish you could die. Your friend sits at the other end and winks at you for occasional support but it really doesn't help.

In a few weeks is your first social. And you want so desperately to look nice and you know something? You really do. But you still don't know how to accept compliments and there's a nagging feeling that they're being slightly sarcastic. But the social is lovely and you realise you're very popular with the opposite sex; this comes as a surprise for you've never mixed with boys before and you wallow in a contented pastime—and he and he and he. You write home coy and smart and get a jolt in a reply which brings you back to earth.

Founders comes and you are in the Hindi play. You spend long afternoons making rockets out of assembly book sheets when you are not required on stage. You've made your first boy friend and he's given you a white mouse, Pepito. Pepito shows his dislike for you and you avenge yourself by flying him in your rockets. One day when you get off stage your friend is upset and tells you Pepito is dead. And there's a funny feeling in your throat and you want to say I'm sorry Pepito, but it's too late so you laugh and say so what, only a stupid old mouse.

The end of term has come and you sit all cosy before a log fire and wonder what the sixth formers are doing upstairs in the artroom with all those lights and streamers and laughter drifting lazily downstairs. And then you look at your flannel nightgown and wish to be Cinderella for a night.

The end of the term has come and your friend is leaving. You wish him a tearful goodbye and then promptly forget, with the elasticity of children and the joy of going home.

The holidays have fled at your coming and you're back in familiar surroundings again. You wake up one morning to the excited scream of the girls and see the ground is snow covered. It's the first time you've seen snow and you've never been so thrilled and wonderstruck. But before you have time to admire it, it's gone and slush has taken its place and Sanawar is Sanawar again.

School is fun and you've chosen your subjects and you're coming first. And you've got a wonderful new teacher who makes up for the others and you know you're smart and he knows you're smart and that's all that matters.

Gaura welcomes with hot sun and sparkling stream and you wallow in sun'n sand for a week at camp. But when it's time to go you don't feel sorry at all—Sanawar still has its hold on you.

It's nearing the end of the term and something happens to you at a social. Partly because of your brazenness and the half pleading look in your eyes, a little boy asks you to be his girl. You're madly elated and the world is your oyster.

You come back to school and meet at a social. And you don't know what to say cause you don't know him well enough. And you sit rigidly in your chair and he sits rigidly in his and both of you are at a loss for words. You say "Say something" and he replies, "Something" and you both laugh and suddenly you're friends.

The sixth form party and your class is arranging it. Only you have nothing to do with it as you're not prepared to take responsibility. At least that's what you tell yourself, of course you feel they were dying to put you in charge of something, poor egotist you. The party is stupid, the real fun was in making the snacks earlier, where for each two snacks you made, you ate one.

End of term again and you don't want to go home. In between sniffs you order him to write, threatening to bash him up. You go for a tour of Sanawar with the passing out girls and it seems to you too that you are leaving something dear, the trees look taller without any leaves and the buildings look more solemn without any people; Longback seems longer when you walk on it for the first time, Leisure is out of bounds and you get a kick out of breaking rules, the artroom has a funny atmosphere, the scent of old romances lingering on, Barnsfield is so far but you walk on, blithely stopping to shake a few stones from your shoes, it was worth it, Gaskell Hall is full of trunks, you take a surreptitious peek into the boys dormitories. Tuck shop is crowded with last minute shoppers. Just to be defiant you cut across Nilagiri house and walk balanced precariously on a ledge at the edge of the swimming pool, drawing lines at the bottom of the pool with a stick. You're glad this is not your last year - so much remains to be seen.

Sixth Form is great, you're the seniormost in the school and juniors run madly at your every whim. Studies are not important, there is so much else to do. And everything is done with the thought for the last time and there's a queer mixture of pleasure and dread when you regard this last year. Your last house show and you're in the Hindi play. Last camp and you go to Simla. Last markreading and you've come fifth. Last year and you're determined to enjoy it. Each moment is tinged with excitement and you know you'll hate leaving Sanawar.

Remember the fire one night? The dormitory was in flames and you changed quickly into a discreet flannel nightgown and stumbled out onto Peacestead till the rescuing boys had put out the fire. The situation was really quite amusing. A bucket of water was passed from hand to hand and when it reached the fire it was empty. You shivered and shook and laughed, and wished and prayed your locker was locked.

Founders has come and your friend of the last year has come too. And out of obligation and half hoping to recapture some of your Lower Five memories, you walk with him, talk, laugh and everything is as it was. Founders is over and you find you've broken up with your boy friend and the world has come crashing about your ears. You pretend not to care and even when you're left alone at socials you smile at the whole world and wave at imaginary people and play games on your fingers and sing songs softly, anything to restore your equilibrium. And the clock stays fixed at one number and you stay fixed at your seat and think of all the good time that's been wasted having good times. When at last you are on your way back you give way to angry tears. But, like everything else, you still retain the fickleness of childhood and are soon out for new faces, the old one locked up and relegated to a dim playground of the very young.

You wake up heavy eyed one morning and S. C. greets you with a slap on your face. And before you have time to say 'wow !' weeks of writing before kerosene heaters and teachers peering over your back, are over.....and so are your days in Sanawar.

You end up with a party to bid you farewell. And you spend the evening putting make up on vainly knowing it will run as soon as you reach the artroom. And you form circles singing 'auld lang syne' and crying and wishing you were sitting before the fireplace again hoping for Cinderella's godmother to let you join the party. The clock strikes midnight and in its last gongs are your finale.

It's a windy day and the little gusts and eddies of wind are making you clutch your wrap tightly. And the tree under which you are standing has lost its leaves and stands cold and naked. And the macadam road has cracks in it and you know how old it is. The sky has small clouds far away and you stretch vainly to touch them. There are no people any where and it's winter and you've got to leave a wonderland called Sanawar.

Maneka Anand
Sixth—A

* * * * *

Rakesh Khanna—I'm often mistaken for Rajesh Khanna. Of course it has nothing to do with my name. Remember ladies, if you are 2 ft. 4 inches, like me, make friends with three footers who can protect you in an emergency.

Pankaj Barthwal—I wonder why I'm called Hep. If anyone finds out, he/she has my undying gratefulness.

S. Chhatwal—My sharp tongue, my yen for blues and my something else, I give to any person who is aspiring for popularity with the fair sex.

Shivinder Bir—Impeccable manners at socials and the ability to look like a frog, at will, are my gifts to the next Sixth formers.

Birinder Sidhu—My dear Upper Fourth girl friends who I inevitably corner at every party, are left to you. Only I hope they aren't hardened cynics about the opposite sex by then.

P. Bajaj	}	We three friends of Siwalik house,	
R. Gar		Together we can scare a mouse,	
T. Sondhi		—But if there are two advancing near,	
		We beg to join those in the rear,	
			And attack some smaller game like louse.

S. Sekhon—I givesh my unconquerable might and my numerous sycophant dishiples to the pershon who takesh my hard won poshishon after me. And don't forget to reshcue any girlsh in trouble like yoursh truly shir Galalad hash alwaysh done.

Sunil Kaul—Remember the compass Eiffel Towers I used to make in Lower Five, using all the class instruments? Well, you can have them, along with my savage destructability when I discovered they weren't quite perfect (which was at the end of every school).

Deepak Pandit—A girl at a social remarked that I was very gentlemanly and couth. You can have her.

Vasant Dhar—To all the boys I give my ability to rise unscathed from broken affairs.

J.S. Bajwa—To thee I bequeathe my Shakespearian intellect and my...um... feeling for words.

Hardeepak Gill—I give you my cousin who pursues me madly and insists I'm a changeling (whatever that means!) because I don't meet her on every possible occasion.

Manmegh Singh—You can have my melodious and intensely emotional voice along with dark glasses and cap. Glug.

Neeraj Madhok—I am going but I leave behind for generations to come my pleasant affability, my good schoolboy image and...and my cousin.

J.S. Gill—I leave my hair to any hopeful and hope fervently that they can manage it better than I did.

J.S. Bhattal—To the next headboy I give my ramrod posture and ruler. Also my logic...you must consider both sides of a question with equal interest. e. g. when that junior boy ran away from school, I knew the answer to the seemingly impossible question...either he was in school or he was'nt. Simple, see ?

R. Randhawa—For the next swimming competition, I give my prowess in water to any aspirant.

Jayant Nanda—I give to any adherent my nickname Giant Unda and my undahandedness.

Ashwini Khanna—Om Swaha ! My children, beware the pitfalls of the world and join my ascetic order without delay.

Jyotshna Kumari—Do your duty and do it well. And if anyone gets in your way obliterate them. Let not respect for anyone deter you, afterall you are headgirl and they betta mind that.

Ferida Satarwala—My big mouth and sugar tongue I give to any lucky person. I don't give you my luck, it's terrible.

Shivroop—If you want, I can teach you how to make cakes and lift them, without breaking, out of the oven...and I can make clothes too.....and keep house...and.....

Mina Chanchani—My enigmatic presence, my cold stares and my marvellous sense of humour is yours for the taking. But do you really want it ?

Jagdeep—Please people, anything but my voice, and the two pencils I've kept for six years.

Alka Sood—Steadfastness and devotion to a figment of my imagination, my Erutus ideals I give the world. If ever in distress call on me.

Suman Goel—A paranoid mania for neatness and perfume I give to any finicky female.

Moite T.—The broken mirrors that have caused me such anxiety you can have and good luck to you. Besides, you can have the plastic pants that my sister sends me regularly from Tonga.

Rajan—My most precious possessions I now give, grudgingly, to the adoring Himalaya juniors—My Mahabharta, greatgrandmother's socks, bone cutter and gloves.

Deepa—I give my deafness and apple pie beds to...sob...the next person who sleeps where I do now.

S. Rastogi—I have nothing to offer except a pose of surly insolence Is'nt that enough ?

G.S. Scra—I give to the next Siwalik prefect my ability to back away when faced with odds, like the three girls who blew me up when I told the juniors not to talk to them at assembly.

H. Kochar—I give my undying hatred to Mina who insists on calling me Kochi and sometimes Cockroachi.

Yogi—I give my apologies to Mr. Gore and a sock on the jaw to Chhatwal for being such a bigmouth.

Sixth Formers
1972



For Auld Lang Syne



Mrs. P. Dhami



Mrs. P. Atma Ram



The Manleys



Mrs. M. Sehgal



The Sixth Form Party



Prizes 1972.

Annual Prizegiving.

Mr. N. O. Hudson will presided.

PRESIDENT'S MEDAL	{ Jyotsna Kumari J.S. Bhattal
ALREADY AWARDED	Dewan Ram Pershad Gold Medal Nellie Lovell (O. S. Prize)		{ Virendra Patole

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

SIXTH A	{ 1st Harsimran Grewal 2nd Maneka Anand
SIXTH B	{ 1st Rajbir Kadyan 2nd Suneel Kaul
SIXTH C	{ 1st Alka Sood 2nd Mina Chanchani
UPPER V A	{ 1st Harveen Sachdeva 2nd Nickie Grover
UPPER V B	{ 1st Rajesh Kochhar 2nd Mukul Chopra
UPPER V C	{ 1st Ketaki Banerji 2nd Poonam Kathuria
LOWER V A	{ 1st Dipika Rai 2nd Sanjiv Kapur
LOWER V B	{ 1st Sunaina Lowe 2nd Vivek Ahluwalia
UPPER IV A	{ 1st Gurmeet Singh 2nd Nakul Chopra
UPPER IV B	{ 1st Linda Kerr 2nd Navnit Maini
LOWER IV A	{ 1st Ashwani Dogra 2nd Sanjiv Bajaj
LOWER IV B	{ 1st Ranjit Verma 2nd Anjali Ewing
UPPER III A	{ 1st Mandeep Seekond 2nd Mandeep K. Mann
UPPER III B	{ 1st Praneet Kaur 2nd Bharti Thakur
LOWER III A	{ 1st Ravni Thakur 2nd Neena Sahai
LOWER III B	{ 1st Anshuk Jain 2nd Inder Mohini Oberoi

Prep. School

FORM II A	{ 1st Niranjana Das 2nd Rohit Gulati
FORM II B	{ 1st Ulka Puri 2nd Nitin Batra
FORM I A	{ 1st Aradhana Gupta 2nd Vikul Khosla
FORM I B	{ 1st Suvrat Saigal 2nd Devinder Mohan
Form Junior A	{ 1st Harpal Maini 2nd J. Purewal
Form Junior B	{ 1st B. S. Kang 2nd Deepak Saluja

Special Prizes

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE		Maneka Anand
		{ Mina Chanchani Harsimran Grewal Rohini Arora Jyotsna Jamwal Ferida Satarawala J.S. Bhattal
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	...	{ Neeraj Madhok Janak Bajwa Sunaina Lowe Ambika Anand Birender Arora Linda Kerr Ravi Sawney Mandeep Seekond
THE SIR HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE FOR HISTORY	{ ...	Harsimran Grewal
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	{ ...	{ Gayatri Sondhi Vivek Ahluwalia
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	...	{ Harsimran Grewal Ashwani Kumar
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	...	{ Rajbir Kadyan Ashwani Dogra
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SANSKRIT	...	Sangeeta Ahluwalia
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	...	{ Suneel Kaul (Chem) Rajbir Kadyan (Physics) Mina Chanchani (Bio.) Harveen Sachdeva (G.Sc.)
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	...	{ Rajbir Kadyan Alka Sood Sunaina Lowe
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR HEALTH SCIENCE		Rohini Arora
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	...	{ Sonali Parmar Dev Amrita Singh Rekha Gore

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CUB-REPORTING	...	Neeraj Madhok
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	...	{ Navneet Kaur Maini Neelam Puri Kavita Ahluwalia
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BAND	...	{ Vasant Dhar Gaurav Rana Hardeepak Gill
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	Rupinder Randhawa
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT	...	{ Ravipreet Sohi Sanjay Bhagat
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	{ Jyotsna Kumari Suman Goel
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THE THIMAYYA PRIZE FOR ORGANISING ABILITY		Ferida Satarawala
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Awards

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	J.S. Bhattal
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Jyotsna Kumari
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ Manmegh Singh Shivinder Bir Singh Nasjeet Goshal
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Alka Sood Harsimiran Grewal Ferida Satarawala
M.I. PRIZE	...	Sonali Parmar
GAMES' PREFECT'S PRIZE	...	T. Lianrammoi

Trophies

YOG RAJ PALTA MEMORIAL ART	...	Jyotsna Jamwal
THE CARLILL CUP	...	Pavanjit S. Bala
STUDY CUP, Girls	...	Nilagiri
STUDY CUP, Boys	...	Siwalik
COCK HOUSE Girls	...	Nilagiri
COCK HOUSE Boys	...	Himalaya
CARIAPPA SHIELD	...	Nilagiri

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