

The Sanawarian

December 1974.

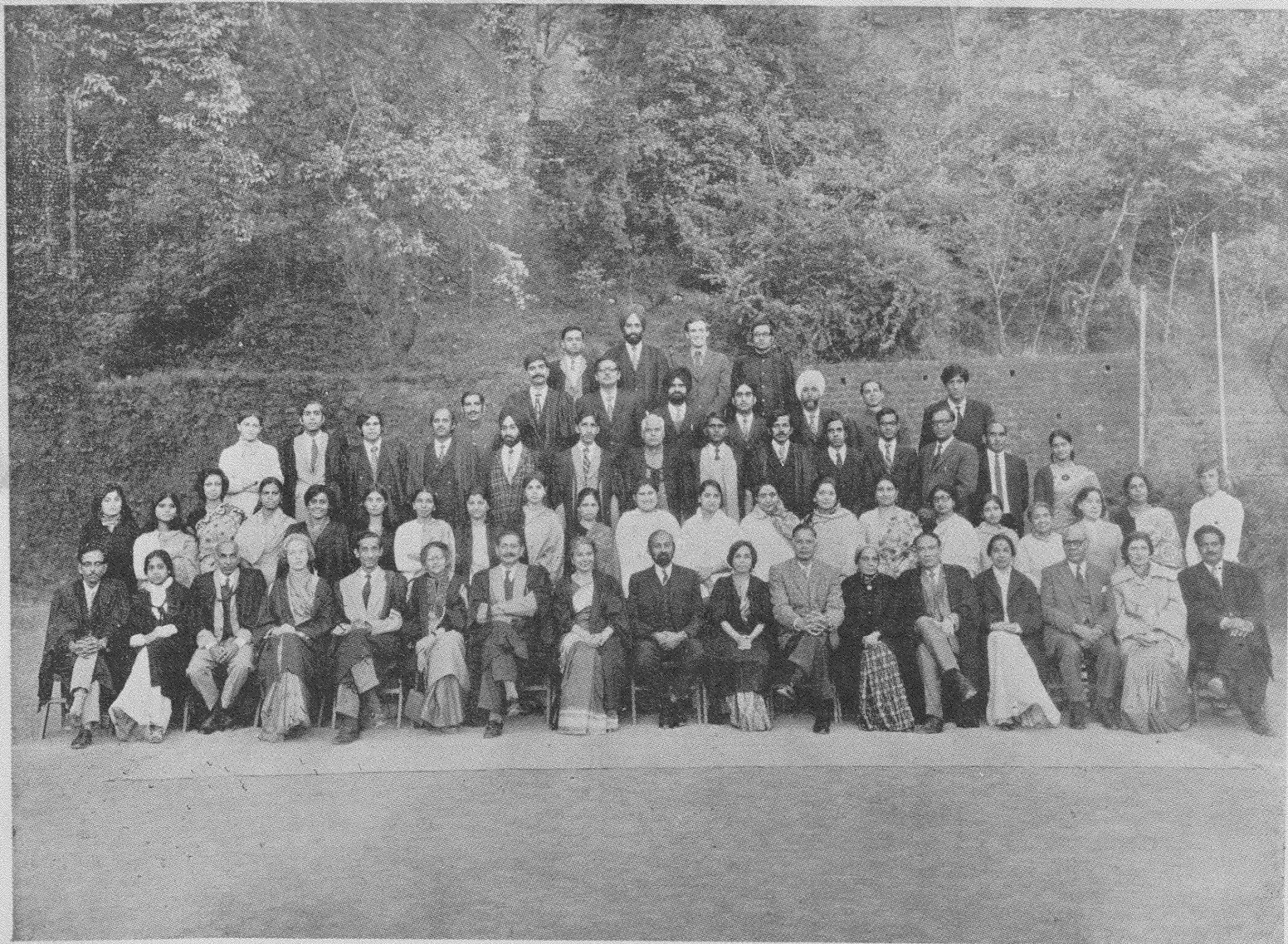


The
Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar,
(Simla Hills.)

The
Samaritan
December 1974.



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(Simla Hills.)



Staff 1974

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EDITORIAL

Granny Darling

Every year we (that is to say, I—the Editor, just me, you know) are expected to bring forth an editorial. This winter we looked around for a new theme. Shall we write about the winter itself—about the weather? But the winter this year is exactly like the winter of previous years in Sanawar. There was nothing new beneath the visiting moon. We looked at Sanawar and Sanawar's unchanging face looked at us, mockingly. Shall we write about the conjunctivitis epidemic? But after promising to hit the headlines, it had fizzled out in an inglorious anticlimax. Finally the sad truth dawned on us that Sana-



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Or were they ?

The memory of a free period in the Master's Common Room came back to us. All around were masters busy with corrections. The only idle mind was ours. Languidly we reached for one of the composition books lying on our desk, opened it and glanced at the bottom of the page. "... .. discoveries and inventions of the last century and a half have transformed our"

we turned the page and the composition on "Are We Luckier Than Our Ancestors?" continued in a more intriguing key..... "derfully considerate. The more senior they are, the more affectionate they seem to be. You remember the sweets you sent me last week through the boiler inspector, Granny darling? I was taking the packet to my dormitory when one of them saw me. His heart must have bled to see a youngster's tender hands heaving a parcel. He insisted on carrying it for me. In fact he carried the burden even further—right up to his own bunk. Thank you so much, Granny—they were lovely sweets—or must have been. But I am not sorry I missed them, for a meal in our dining room leaves nothing to be desired. There is such an aura of mystery around each dish—sometimes we just don't know what we are eating. Why, only last Saturday we got chicken for lunch and none of us even knew it was chicken till one of our master's mentioned it in class on Monday. And what endless variety ! I have been here seven months and do not remember tasting the same dish twice. Even the water tastes different each time. This morning it tasted like dilute hydrochloric acid. And as I gulped it down, my heart rose in gratitude to the Bursar and the Kitchen Incharge, at the thought of the millions of microbes that would have got me, if the water had not been so thoughtfully chlorinated. But our studies are even more delightful than our meals. Espeically Mathematics. I did'nt care a terrible lot for Mathematics before I joined Sanawar, now I absolutely love it. On days when there is no Mathematics, I don't get a proper sleep. Then there are those delightful movies we see in Barne Hall. We are really overjoyed when we see one of them. I want to sit down Granny darling, and write to you all about the wonderful pictures I have seen since coming here. But you must have seen them when you were young. And on Sunday morn—".

Well, at least this is a new way of looking at old ills.



Among the staff, the following have joined us this year and I welcome them and hope they have a long and fruitful stay here. They are Miss Oswald for economics, Mrs. Roy for English, Mr. Suresh Kumar for Chemistry, Mr. Hasan for History, Mr. Sumer Singh for History, Miss Srinivasan for P.E., and Mr. Hegde for Mathematics. In the Prep. School Mrs. Gupta, Mrs. Kohli, Mrs. Gurdev Singh, Mrs. Rampal, Miss Sakhuja and Mrs. Sequeira have taken on various posts. In addition Mr. Dhawan, Mr. and Mrs. Longman have joined as visiting school teachers and are helping with teaching and various activities. The following have taken over as House in charge: Mrs. Bhalla Nilagiri House Girls Deptt., Mr. Solomon, Nilagiri House Junior Boys Deptt., and Miss Sachar, Siwalik House Prep. Deptt.

This is an appropriate moment to record my sincere thanks to the staff for their efforts in all departments.....But it is not teachers alone who are working flat out during term. There is a whole administrative back up which keeps the wheels of the machine oiled and moving. In spite of the difficulties of obtaining supplies, coping with power breakdowns, water shortages and all the trials that have become so commonplace in India of today we have kept going and my sincerest thanks go to these people, the backroom boys who have coped admirably. From the humblest sweeper to our bearers and cooks and chaprassis I express my thanks for their efforts at keeping the standard of the school up.

A school like ours is also dependent on many outside agencies and I must gratefully express our thanks to the Army for supplying us with food and water, to the Deputy Commissioner of this district for coming to our aid in times of need, to the S.P. for helping us with security. In addition, there are the railway officials who have always made special efforts for us and I hope will do so for our guests too. The P. and T. people and I must not forget our Bankers who provide us with the necessary where withal to exist. The Military Hospital in Kasauli, the Superintendent of the Lady Linlithgow Sanatorium and the P.G.I. in Chandigarh also get a special thanks from me for their unfailing help in times of emergency.

Of Old Sanawarians, I have no news and cannot therefore include them in my report much as I would have liked to.....I hope next year I have more news of them to report. I must however mention Gurbir Singh Sandhu who went to Teheran with the Indian Shooting Team, and Arvind Shikand who has been offered a post doctoral fellowship at Imperial College London.

A reason for the success of Sanawar through the ages has been that Headmasters have played their role in changing the systems in existence without I am glad to say changing the basic ethos and character of the School. These are built on solid pillars of truth, integrity and courage and no one would wish to tamper with them. But nonetheless, it is important to keep in touch with the social pace of the times and keep pace with the multifarious demands of society. As a new hand at Sanawar

Founder's 1974.

Headmaster's Speech

* * * * *

Your Excellency, Members of the Board of Governors, Old Sanawarians, Ladies and Gentlemen.

I welcome you, Sir, and all our distinguished guests and parents on this our 127th Founder's Day. As Governor of one of the most prosperous states in the country and also perhaps the most volatile, you have made a mark with your wise and impartial counsel to one and all.....We look forward very much to hearing you but first I regret to have to say that you and the distinguished guests will have to hear me. What I have to say, I hope to say in as few words as possible.

I must begin by thanking the Board of Governors for their unflinching support and deep interest in the school. I must specially thank Mr. I.D.N. Sahi the retiring Chairman and Secretary of the Ministry of Education, Government of India for his guidance and wise counsel which has steered the school through some difficult times.....This will be an opportune time also to welcome the new Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. K.N. Channa and I look forward to his association with us.

Now a brief mention about our achievements and failures in academics and co-curricular activities. Last year our first batch of students appeared for the All-India Higher Secondary examination after having switched over from the Indian School Certificate. The results were disappointing although in an overall contest they were reasonable.....My disappointment is not only at the number of unsuccessful candidates but also at the lack of quality results at the top. However, I am happy to say that Rajesh Kochhar stood fifth amongst all candidates in the country taking this examination. On the games side the only school that we measure ourselves against is Bishop Cotton School Simla. In Hockey, unfortunately that school called off the fixture in view of the proximity of the examinations. In Cricket we drew the 1st XI although it was very much in our favour, lost the Colts match and won the Atoms. In Foot ball we only played the 1st XI match; our rivals called off the junior matches this time on the grounds of not having had enough practice but they defeated us resoundingly by four goals to one in the first XI. Our girl athletes took part in the Inter Public Schools girls meet and came second in the competition. The annual school camp once again took place at the end of April and was enjoyed by one and all. Some energetic parties ventured fairly far afield trekking in the lower Himalayas. On the cultural side, House Shows, Debates, etc., have continued with the usual anenthusiasm and as a newcomer, I was very pleastly surprised at the unusually high standard of these shows. The Tattoo that you would have seen and the ADS show staged by the staff, the Prep. School concert and the Senior School Concert tonight will vouch for my praise for these activities. In addition, the Art and Craft exhibition and the science exhibition are indications of the interest taken in these activities by staff and children alike.

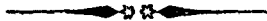
I have in this respect quite a lot to live up to and I take this opportunity of expressing my deep sense of gratitude to all my predecessors who have left me such a wonderful plant to nurture. I need hardly add that it will be my endeavour to maintain the high standards set by those who have gone before me.

To finish with a few words about the future as I see it. From next year, our 9th class will be embarking on the new 10 plus 2 system of school education..... Unfortunately the planning for this is still incomplete and we are groping in the dark about most of its implications.....The scheme itself is an excellent one and will go a long way in democratising education but we do need advanced planning to implement it properly and with a few months to go before our new session starts we are still not any the wiser about its requirements. However in spite of it, my staff and I are currently engaged in an exercise in planning for the future and various committees are working on different aspects of our future planning. A preliminary glance at their conclusions and thinking indicates we are already short of various facilities essential to keeping ourselves in the forefront. For instance our laboratories need renovation to cope with more advanced work, the study conditions for the children need drastic overhaul, we need to have workshops for training in vacations and so on. To implement all this and become a leading school, involves quite a lot of financial outlay which I am afraid the school alone will not be able to bear. In fact a perennial problem for our type of school which receives no kind of assistance is the need to raise funds for buildings etc. Several institutions have adopted tactics for doing this which to my mind go against educational ethics and I would prefer to appeal in a straightforward way to our parents for help and if past record is anything to go by I am confident that they will once again rise to the occasion when the need arises. After all it is you who believe in these schools who have in the long run to ensure that they don't flounder and become temples of mediocrity.

While on the question of funds, I must mention that we are facing grave difficulties in continuing to meet our running expenses in the face of spiralling costs. We can, by lowering our standards drastically, manage for a few more years but the problem as far as I can see will remain in that our quality, which is our selling point, will inevitably deteriorate every time the prices go up. The last time that the fees of the school were raised was in 1971. No illustrations or facts are necessary to point out that if we were faced with a problem then, today that problem has reared its ugly head even more menacingly. We take pride in being among the cheapest public schools in the country and we would like to continue giving you value for money. However, I have no alternative at the moment, but to increase our revenue to meet the new challenges. Parents with more than one child in the school will find any increase in fees difficult to bear and I am thinking of schemes where I can help parents in such cases provided their children achieve certain standards. But it must be realised by all that we will have to increase our fees in the very near future.

Education thrives on change. In history whenever education has taken a leap forward it has been impelled to do so by socio—economic changes brought about by technological developments. To day however the thinking is that educational innovations should precede economic development and indeed play a leading role in bringing about necessary social changes.

Edgar Faure writes 'The great changes of our time are imperiling the unity and the future of the species and man's own identity as well. What is to be feared is not only the painful prospect of grievous inequalities, privations and sufferings, but also that we may be heading for a veritable dichotomy within the human race, which risks being split into superior and inferior groups, into masters and slaves, supermen and submen'. He writes about the world situation but it holds even more true for our country. Cocooned in the beautiful surroundings of Sanawar, I wonder if we have not kept ourselves somewhat aloof and isolated from these problems. Indeed my criticisms of public schools have been based on this—that they are isolated islands not too interested in what goes on around but snug in their opinion of themselves and the work that they are doing. If this be true then it is a dangerous situation. It requires understanding and then changing. This is not the occasion to analyse the situation further. We must leave this to our intellectual peers. Suffice it to say that we must produce men and women of compassion and action whose motivating force must be concern for their fellow beings be they rich or poor and their objectives must be to level the inequalities that are likely to split us into superior and inferior groups.



The A.D.S.

* * * * *

I

“I’ll Get My Man” was a one act play, staged by the Amateur Dramatic Society, and man! wasn’t it catching!

The scene opens on Mr. B. Singh (the forgetful parson) sitting at the breakfast table without his trousers on.

Coming back to the story—the parson is put on a diet by his domineering sister (Mrs. Sawney). The sister also fires the cook (Mrs. Das). The parson who is fond of his food, in sheer despair advertises for a wife—only he forgets to mention marriage in the advertisement. He is swamped by applications from all kinds of ladies and the press and the B.B.C. are out to interview him. In the meantime the parson’s nephew (Mr. Abraham, who is a popular television star) is being pressurised into marriage by the top of the pops girl Pixie (I’ll get my man) Potter. Venture Man runs away and seeks shelter in his uncle’s vicarage. He disguises himself in the parson’s collar and is mistaken for his uncle and duly photographed. The publication of the photograph in the newspapers further adds to the complications. Needless to say in the end everything is sorted out. Mr. B. Singh and Mrs. Sawney were superb. Mrs. Das was excellent, and Mr. Abraham and Miss Sakhuja (Pixie) were good in their parts.

Well, Pixie got her man in the end.....

Vikram Puri
Sixth A

II

.....As usual the staff put up a comedy, a rather good play, done very well. Mr. B. Singh played his usual part—that of a timid and cowed down old man and Mrs. Sawney was at her usual shrewish and dominating best. Both were superb—though it surprises one how Mr. B. Singh can assume the character of a man whose nature differs so widely from his own.

.....Mrs. Das was extremely good as the charwoman.....One of the highlights of the play was Mr. B. Singh’s imitation of Pixie Potter which brought the house down.....The bishop arrives on the scene towards the end, adding to the general chaos. Fortunately for the Vicar he turns out to be a great admirer of the Venture Man. The situation untangles itself, Peter falls in love with Pixie, Molly (Mrs. Das) reconciles herself to the fact that Peter is getting married to Pixie. And they all live happily ever after—at least they deserve to, having provided us with a very entertaining evening.....

Ambika Anand
U-V A

The Prep School Show

I

.....The first item was an English play named 'The Enchanted Ring'. It was quite interesting...The toys were very sweet...Everyone flew into fits of laughter when Georgy Porgy kissed the girls...The English country dance was also very sweet. One of the girls didn't know what to do in the middle. The Hindi song was also nice. But one girl spoke at the wrong time and when she saw no one else was singing she pulled out her tongue and grinned...I really enjoyed the Indian dance. The acting of Kavita Singh was very nice. It seemed as if the dancers were singing but they weren't. The last item was a Hindi play. It was very funny. Just imagine, the school teacher tried to change the donkey into a man. Ha, ha ha ! I wish we had teachers like him in our school...I think everyone enjoyed the show and so did I.

Kiran Dhingra
Lower III A

The Tattoo

This was the first time that I got to see the stupendous P.T.....The synchronism was marvellous, though it did break in some places.....The tableau, revived after some years, was, I must say, quite a success.

Exercises on the high horse and on chairs followed. The gymnasts seemed a trifle ill at ease at first but they soon got into their regular stride, and both these items were as good as always. Sunil Malhotra, Jogi Bikram and Jai Singh Pathania deserve special mention for their fine performance on the high horse.....

A slightly unsteady start announced the entry of the bugle band and then there it was, tall at the back and diminishing at the front. The drum major caught the stick with ease, much to the delight of the parents and the relief of the Sanawarians. This was followed by a very sweet jumble of arms and legs and fripperies called the balloon dance. This was performed by the juniors. As dark figures scuttled across Peacestead, Miss Chatterjee gave short talks on past and present, old and new. She spoke of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Das and welcomed all the O.S. (specially Mr. and Mrs. Colledge). She told us that where we sat and watched the tattoo from was now the Khetarpal Stadium and she told us of the fabulous fete ahead.....

Exercises on the parrallel bars, a much awaited item, were next. The exercises and tableaux were very good. Once again Jai Singh Pathania and Sunil Malhotra deserve a special pat on the back. The performance of the other boys was excellent too and diving through the fire hoop brought many gasps of astonishment from the audience.....

Next was the gay and cheerful Dhimsa dance, performed by the girls. The costumes were most colourful and (believe it or else.....) the girls kept time beautifully! All too soon Miss Chatterji announced the last item.....Again I breathed with relief as all the clubs swung to and fro in perfect coordination.....A wonderful Tattoo indeed.

Preeti Batra
Sixth A

II

I went to see the Tattoo,
I liked it very much,
My sister was in the P.T.
My brother was eating fudge.

My brother was in the Band,
I sat with my mother,
We sat on the sand,
So did my brother.

Purneema Thakran
Form II B.

* * * * *

The Parade

The Parade was held on the 4th of October. In the beginning the senior boys and girls came marching and stood in their places. The boys had rifles in their hands like soldiers.

The Band leader and the N.C.C. leader used to give orders to the other boys and girls. The band boys held instruments. They wore shoes, socks and caps. There were three boys. Two of them had guns in their hands. But the middle one had the colours that were presented to the school by the king of England. One boy came and uncased the flag. The boy who had the flag in his hand gave the flag to the boy who uncased it. After that the four of them went and stood behind the first troop.

After that the whole Parade started marching. The N.C.C. was over. The preppers came down to march. I liked the Parade very much. The preppers came back to Prep School. The parents also saw the parade.

Jagjit Singh
Form II B

The Art and Crafts Exhibition

Colourful, stimulating, well organised and full of variety—this is how I would describe this year's exhibition... ..On the whole the work exhibited in the painting section was of a high standard...yet there were few really striking paintings...Would have liked to see more paintings in oilSpecial mention : Preeti Batra's 'Snake Charmer', 'Rest by the Wayside', and 'Composition on Krishna', Gautam Rana's 'Village Scene' and 'Aries', Punam Jhina's 'Say it with Colours' and 'Reverie' (in which she has captured the beautiful innocence of a young girl), R.P.S. Sohi's 'Snowbound', Sonia Bhandari's 'Mendicant', Dayanita Singh's 'Cobras' and 'Cartoons' (extremely expressive) and Mira Sahni's 'The Entertainment' (which I found detailed, alive and well balanced...**P.D. Section** : Average age of the budding artists was eight years.....Stuffed birds and animals, rag dolls, wooden toys and houses, tea pot holders—which I am sure mamas will proudly use at their coffee parties. But why no paintings ?.....**Batik** : Exhibits included wall hangings, ties (for boy friends or papas ?), newspaper racks and letter racks. Vivek Ahluwalia and Kusum Bhambri deserve special mention...**Clay and Sculpture**: This department gives the children great scope to exercise their imaginations. There were a lot of outstanding exhibits... Mention in despatches : M.S. Sandhu's 'Group of birds'—extremely well balanced composition, simple yet beautiful, J.S. Butalia's 'Farmer' and 'Snake Charmer', Kiranjeet Mann's 'Blind Beggar' and Bindra's ashtray.....I would have liked to see some plaster of Paris and soap stone sculpture as well. **Woodwork** : This section included some beautiful compositions in driftwood. Outstanding exhibits were: Puneet Renjen's 'Running Duck', Nishad Das' 'Elephant' and Atul Kapur's 'Jeep.' **Carpentry** : ...Included not only tables and other items of furniture but also some beautiful carvings. Jagdeep Sethi's smooth carving of a female figure in an original design was especially impressive. Vikram Puri's cigarette case, Anil Bhan's bowl and Deepak Singha's inlaid coffee table also deserve special mention.....On the whole the exhibition was of a high standard and since many of those mentioned above will be with us next year we can expect to have an even higher standard next year.

Sumer Singh

The Science Exhibition

Have you seen a girl being changed into a boy? Or a glowing neon light without electricity? Well the Sanawarians did it ! And more. A live crab that ate up its friend at night, a pair of water beetles from Lovers' Pond (sorry these beetles do not sing !), Some water scorpions—these were some of the interesting exhibits in the biology section.

We clenched our fists and closed our eyes as we stood before the miniature volcano which was about to erupt. There it went—+—I!!!!. Then the room

was filled with the sight and sound of the most magnificent display of fireworks we've ever seen in our lives..... Artificial snow, the preparation of alcohol, laboratory made face cream.....This was the chemistry section of the exhibition.

We leaned over the table to admire a funny looking object and were met with a blast of hot steam in our faces, then only did we realise that we had poked our noses into a steam engine. This was the physics section.....

The exhibits this year were of a much higher standard than last year. The electronic counter, occilloscope, burglar alarm all deserve a special mention.....

On the whole the exhibition was very interesting. We noticed that the boys and girls manning experiments showed a lack of interest while they should have been bubbling with enthusiasm while they explained the working of their experiments.

Have you ever seen lab gold or chemical gardens or dancing mothballs? Well they were all there in the Science Exhibition 1974.

Diwakar Singh and K. D. S. Bindra
Sixth Form

The School Concert

.....I snapped out of my reverie as the first strains of the school orchestra playing Raag 'Bharva Pilu' filled my ears. It was beautiful...Ravin Grewal with his famous accordion came on next. Accompanied by a saxophone, trumpets and drums, he swayed and turned to 'Hava Nagila' and 'Be Same Mucho'..... Next was 'Black Comedy', a very unusual play. Brinsley, a struggling sculptor, borrows the exquisite furniture of his antique dealer neighbour Harold, while the latter is away for the weekend. He has to impress not only his prospective father-in-law but also a German millionaire who has shown an interest in his work. Everything seems fine until the main fuse blows up, Harold comes home too soon, Brinsley's former girl friend arrives, while the unfortunate millionaire walks into the cellar. However all ends well etc, etc;.....Arjun Batra as the harrassed lover was excellent.

So were Ambika Anand as the highly strung fiancee, Gautam Rana as Harold, Nakul, Nikhil Rawlley and Mutton Sr. (Ratan Ramchandani). Preeti as the inquisitive neighbour who gets drunk (Hey ! Are you sure it was coke ?) was incomparable. (At one stage, the audience held up the play to applaud her performance—Ed.)

The Trio (guitars and all) played 'Tight Fight' and 'Pipe Line' next. After this came "Megh Doot," a dance drama...A newly married couple, deeply absorbed in their love for each other, neglect their duties to their god and king, Kuber. The

king incensed by their neglect punishes them by separating them for a year. The sorrowing husband sends a message through the clouds. The clouds deliver the message to the grief stricken wife and offer her consolation by telling her that we must learn to accept both sorrow and joy as integral parts of our lives—without one their cannot be the other... ..Navneet Maini's rendering of the sorrowful Yakshani was extremely expressive and her dancing was full of charm and grace. Navneet Kaur as the husband danced with the confidence and grace of a swan. It was heartening to see such exquisite talent and grace being displayed so confidently by the girls...

This show is going to remain imprinted on the minds of all the people who saw it for years to come...

Geeta Bhandari
Sixth A

The Fete

.....The Tattoo, the horse work finishes and Miss Chatterji's voice floats over the hill side. But instead of introducing the next item advertises the fete and holds out promise of many hidden treats. (Hey Sixth Formers, how many ice creams did you give her for this ?) ...“Fun Time. Games and Eats Galore” proclaim colourful posters brazenly—Posters stuck up all over the school estate and even as far afield as Kasauli and Solan (Did someone say ‘Chandigarh too’ ?)...Fourth of October and a huge bill board makes an appearance at the Bakery. Another ad for the fete...Why all this fuss, why all this noise about something which is a regular feature of every Founders? The answer is simple—this year the Sixth Formers organised it all.... There were all the usual features : Coconut shies with Anuradha Maira coyly handing out cricket balls from an old tin helmet and Rajiv Bhandari trying to keep a track of broken window panes; Lucky Dip with “Majh” controlling the crowds and Geeta and Paramjeet so sympathetic that everytime a child drew a bad number they gave him an additional toy; the Roundabout with no one to man it; Darts; Flash; Roulette etc. etc. There were also a number of new features : Vivek and Vikram Puri selling cactii in tiny painted pots and pieces of driftwood (one went for forty rupees), with Sunaina at the same stall, putting bedraggled cosmos and dahlias into peoples buttonholes and then demanding ten rupees as payment, Ajai Shukla trying desperately to persuade parents to part with a rupee for a ride on the dhobi's donkey (He did take five rupees from Gurdeep for photographing Tani on the donkey's back !), Vinod Chander with his discotheque, Jai Singh with his movies trying vainly to persuade parents to leave the room after one film had been shown and the parents insisting that they had not got their money's worth and and so they would sit through the next show (Jai beat them to it by screening the same film again); Poonam charging ten rupees for an attempt to light twelve candles with a single match stick, the only person who won a prize was Ravin Grewal and he was shooed off after he had collected fifty rupees (the secret of Poonam's success was the—well

I'd better not spoil this for next year!), Abha and Minnie's skittles which broke the glass blackboard, the Lower Five girls dolled up in crisp aprons, selling packets of fudge and pop corn and chips (and what awful chips!) and above everything else the tea shop in Barne Hall where people actually bought (and ate!) cake and cookies baked by the Sanawar housewives.

All too soon it was 12-30 and time to wind up. In typically Sanawarian fashion the stall holders just abandoned their stalls with all their props and disappeared and it was left to the Stores staff to try and collect everything and return it all to its proper place.

A statement of the fete accounts has still to be brought out and we do not know what the profits were. (The 1974 fete netted Rs. 9,000—Editor). But one profit that we all do know of was the tremendous sense of enthusiasm and involvement that it generated in the children. And somehow it was a gayer, livelier fete than any we have had so far (but then of course you mustn't take my word for it, I am a notoriously biased individual!)

II

The fete was on the 5th. In the morning, at 9-30 p.m. We went to get our money from our house mistress. My brother fell down on the way. When he had got his money he had a donkey ride. At 10 o'clock we went for the fete with our Matron.

At the fete I went first to the Ice-cream stall. There was a big crowd there I went through all the legs and got my ice-cream.

Then I went to the Barne Hall and ate and ate. I saw a picture about Laurel and Hardy. I went to the Giant wheel.

Then I went to the Dormitory and got ready to go home. That is how I spent my time at the fete.

Pawan Gulati
Form II B

* * * * *

Response

To the Toast to the Old Sanawarian Society at the O.S. Dinner

Old Sanawarians attending the reunion in London last May heaved a great sigh of relief when Mrs. Tilley told us that you, Sir, had been appointed Head of our Alma Mater. Most of us had seen your photograph in the International Press when Her Majesty surrendered her first born into your tender care at Gordonstoun.

We now live in reflected glory that not only did you instil the rudiments of the three 'R's into his head but that you also administered suitable attention, theoretically speaking, to the opposite end of the future King of England. I bring with me a warm welcome into our midst from all Old Sanawarians both to you and to Mrs. Das. May your sojourn be as fruitful and illustrious as the Barne and Som Dutt eras.

I made a mistake in my response to this toast four years ago. I likened Sanawar tradition to a richly woven carpet. How wrong I was. It invited all and sundry to tread on it—and by heck they did in no uncertain fashion. I'll make amends. Let it be a tapestry—a tapestry of memory, colourful, honourable. Through it runs a slender thread of gold, the golden thread of honour. We remember those who have written history. We remember the great many who have done so much to enrich the background with colours that shame the spectrum and there are some of us who have undoubtedly added some glorious patches of deep purple. Sit back when you have a chance and let memory enrich those fragrant moments with that treasured heritage the Sanawar tradition. What is it? Who can put it into words? Sufficient to say that it exists in the air we breathe, the grey walls reflect it, the ground we tread has its very imprints. You are indeed fortunate, Sir, that you yourself will come to absorb into your being these things we treasure most, and that you will help us to absorb some of the wealth of tradition you bring with you from other seats of learning.

It was a long haul, two years ago, shooting down south and taking the other hill railway into Lovedale and living under the spell of the Founder even in that most southern refuge. The School boasts a noble edifice, though the surroundings lack somewhat, the rugged beauty of our beloved hill top. We hope to visit the Founder's last resting place when we leave Sanawar this time and will take with us the homage and devotion of all Sanawarians past and present. "I tried to do my duty". His last words in 1857 are reflected in the present day words of a popular ballad.

To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow,
To run, where the brave dare not go.

To right the unrightable wrong,
To run pure and chaste from afar,
To try when your arms are too weary,
To reach the unreachable star.

This is my quest, to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far,
To fight for the right, without question or pause,
To be willing to march to hell for our cause.

And I know, if I'll only be true
 To this, this my glorious quest,
 My heart will be peaceful and calm
 When I am laid to my rest.

And the world will be better for this,
 That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
 Still strove with his last ounce of courage,
 And beat the unbeatable foe, and reached
 The unreachable star.

B.C.

Founder's 1974

This was the 127th Founder's of Sanawar. It was very exciting. On the second after the Gandhi Jayanti Assembly, Athletics started at 10-30 a.m. There were thunders of clapping when the Preppers marched passed. The whistle blew and there was perfect silence except of ladies chatting about their sarees not bothered about anything else. At last the gun went bang and Vikram Vasudeva came first in the Opens 100 metres. Seema Gulati broke two records in the finals. Rajiv Behti got the Kalinga and Nilagiri came first. In the evening was the A.D.S. It was very funny. It was named "I'll Get My Man". It began with Mr. B. Singh sitting on a chair and singing. Then he got up and everyone started laughing because he was in his under-pants. In the second scene he got 200 letters and Mrs. Sawney shouted at him.

On the 3rd the school had lunch at 1-15 p.m. Oh I forgot, before lunch we had to go and see the Old Sanawarian matches. The O.S. beat us in hockey but we beat them in Basket Ball. After lunch was the Science Exhibition and we went to see it. Saluja was the melting boy. In the evening was the Prep School Concert. The Hindi play was the best. The Tattoo was after supper. In balloon drill my balloons flew away while I was doing the drill.

The next morning there was N.C.C. and the Chief Guest did not come for a long time. The boys and girls began to 'die' from the heat.

At lunch we had chicken to eat also. My mouth started to water though the vegetarians got 'mattar panir'. The chicken I was told was very good—I saw it disappearing in a minute. In the evening was the School concert. I liked the band very much. The English play was also very good. Arjun Batra pulled Nakul Chopra off the rocking chair.

On the 5th the fete started very early. I bought a plant from Ahlu (Vivek Ahluwalia) and I saw a very funny picture. It was about a man who put a horse shoe in his boxing glove and became a champion. I also had a lot of cake and bought a packet of fudge. I won five rupees in Roulette. It was a very good Founders.

Puneet Matta
 L-III B

Prep School Show

The Prep School Show had come at last. We used to hear all sorts of sounds—bangs, crashes, chattering, screaming, laughing, emanating from Barne Hall during prep and after all this disturbance we felt we deserved a really good show. Well the Preppers gave us a very good show.

The curtains drew apart and we beheld a most gorgeously attired Goddess Saraswati with a host of worshippers surrounding her. It was very charmingly performed—though one felt a little sorry for the little Saraswati, who had to adopt a statue like stance through out and did not get a chance to join in the dancing.

“The Little Dog’s Day”, an English play, was most hilarious. It was about a very hungry dog, who ran off with a string of sausages and a bone from a butcher’s shop. The dog meets a cat and they become friends and have a good time. P.D.S. Sethi as the dog was very good.

The Hindi group song was one of the usual patriotic ones and we had about fifteen boys and girls singing with great zest about our Motherland. Next time can we please have a song about something else—only for a change?

Next was the band. The conductor raised his baton and the players at once concentrated on their instruments and produced a rather lilting piece of music.

Being a puppet requires a lot of effort and a lot of acting talent and to our delight the preppers displayed both these in the next item. The play was an old one—“Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs.” As everyone must have read or heard the story I won’t elaborate. Nivedita as the queen put up a very good performance.

“Shaadi Ki Baat” sounded rather exciting. It turned out to be a meeting between two mothers one of whom sang praises of her son and the other of her daughter. It was very well sung and acted.

The last item was an English play called “The Donkey’s Tail”. It was about a couple, many of whose belongings disappeared. To find the thief, Mr. Snooks got his donkey and declared that the donkey would bray when the culprit pulled its tail. He had put some soot on the tail so the only person whose hands weren’t dirty, was the culprit, who had not pulled the tail for fear of making it bray.

With the singing of the school song the show came to an end. Well done Preppers—it was a very good performance and we all enjoyed it very much.

Nita Basu
Sixth C

The Himalaya House Show

A pretty announcer announced the first item—The dance of the ‘God of Rhythm and Cosmic Truth’. The superb lighting effects enhanced the beauty of the steps. Neelam Puri as Parvati was exquisitely graceful and Kavita Ahluwalia made a good Shiva. It was a pity that the photographer did not ‘click’ the most effective poses.

The next item—a Quawali by the juniors. Tchchch ? Oh no ! It was not half as much an ordeal to sit through as the reports had made it out to be. And oh boy ! weren’t they confident and...surprisingly tuneful ? Kiran, Deepa, Singla and Lalli enjoyed themselves most thoroughly on stage. *Bure Phasa Mehman Ban Kar* (I heard it was just the opposite during the party!) was the remaining odds and ends of a mutilated play. A full length play had been reduced to about fifteen minutes. The hostess, a hardened mother, is fed up of having to oblige guests and decides to turn the tables by dosing a guest with a draught of his own medicine. The impoverished guest ultimately realises that he has come to the wrong house and scoffs at the hosts who continue to ask him for favours. Neelam again proved her mettle as the mother. Bikram Seth, Suryavir and Saroj Sirkeck acted their parts very well.

The ‘Tootlers’ then entertained us with their tootlings. They played three tunes. The first tune was played badly, but the other two oldie-goldies were at least in tune.

The fifth item was a little—what should I call it?—skit. ‘The Seven Ages of Man’ from Shakespeare’s “As You Like It”. It was an extremely good idea. Every one of the participants did his part effectively—every action was very natural.

Next the piano chorded out the tunes of two nice songs from “The Sound of Music”. The singing lacked enthusiasm. I wish the sudden and intermittent bursts of energy in the singing had lasted till the end.

This was followed by a song sung by Gautam Rana. It was a pleasure to hear him sing, as he swayed confidently in time to the music.

And then regretfully, the last item—“The Editor Regrets.” Poor old Maxwell (Anil Sood so rightly suited the part) always getting into trouble with his boss, the editor (Ratan Ramchandani) for his sense of humour. By making a scandalous remark, followed by immense confusion, Maxwell manages to prove that he has a sharp memory and also manages to win the admiration of the girl he wants to marry. It was absolutely rib—tickling to see Maxwell in the seventh heaven of delight, walk through the wall to propose to Stella. Anuradha acted very naturally and professionally, Anil Sood was stupendous, Uma Sarna, Sandeep Behl and Jai Singh were very well cast and did their roles extremely well. The direction was superb and the stage setting (the stage being divided into two rooms) was very unusual.

Mr. Maira, the chief guest, thanked the Himalayans and added that besides the performers, he would have liked to see the directors up on the stage too.

Hats off to the Himalayans—both staff and students—for an excellent show.

Preeti Batra
Sixth—A

The Siwalik House Show

There were no high-flying remarks about this one, no pre-performance flatteries, the boards in the corridor stood bare, implying a true humility. Right from the first I had been prejudiced—I knew it was going to be an entertaining evening.

Barne Hall seemed quite empty (after all it was a Monday and very few guests had come). Suddenly, the lights dimmed, the side-lights threw a glimmering green on the stage (patriots?). I always thought dances didn't go well with Sanawar-ians, but here was an exception. It was quite unique—the only snag being that it was a trifle too long.

The musical skit by the juniors, "Ship Ahoy!" was next. It told of the changing tides (pun intended!) in a sailor's life. The music was really good—the type you sit and hum unconsciously, days after you've heard it. The girls danced very well and the sailors weren't too bad—Atul Mittal as the drunken sailor was excellent!

The band turned on after this. It was a pleasant change, almost a relief, to hear new numbers like "Pop Corn" and "Hava Nagila" in place of the usual "Come September" etc.

The curtain parted to reveal a park—the dead leaves, the pine needle, the sweet wrappers were all there (no wonder all that khud—cleaning!) The play was "Poor John, Poor Jean". As someone said it was indeed a "Sweet little thing". The actors seemed to be very much at home on the stage. Ambika, Deepika and Mahajan put in some good acting. In a sense, however, I doubt if half the audience knew exactly what was going on—but the humour kept them roaring.

The band's version of "Beautiful Sunday" was fairly entertaining. God! You should've seen those preppers beating away on the chairs for all they were worth—"Besht play yaar!"

I had heard something of the Hindi play being a terrible bore. But I was really in fits at the wisecracks. It was about an old man, who after doing research on ancient Sanskrit texts finds a way to become young: he promptly takes the youth

of his granddaughter's fiancé! There was the hilarious situation when the old inspector probing into the mystery decides to turn young with his constable as the prey—they end up with half black and half white whiskers! Judge as the desperate constable was good. Nakul as the old man was convincing.

The show ended (should I say all too soon?) on a few words from the Head. It had been an evening of enjoyment—an evening to look back on, to recount from and I must thank you Siwalikans for the nice time.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth—A

Nilagiri House Show

“Oh yaar our house show is going to be a real bore!” exclaimed an unpatriotic Nilagirian. This was our introduction to the Nilagiri House Show.

Excitement was in the air as the scheduled date for the show drew closer. The 30th of March arrived, we were seated in Barne Hall, the curtain drew back and revealed an orchestra of beautiful girls—far more beautiful than the Raag Malkauns they played.

Then came the Dhimsa dance from Andhra Pradesh done with great zest and enthusiasm. The Hall vibrated with the quick tempo of this dance. It drew long and prolonged applause.

By this time we were convinced that the Nilagiri house males had either lost their nerve and fled or had absolutely no talent at all. But our conviction was proved wrong by the next item—an English play with an all male cast. It was called “The Last Grave.” I was shocked and incredulous to learn that this play was written by Harsharan Kang and directed by Jeriy Bains. The scene takes place on a ship during a stormy night—thunder and lightning flash across the stage when a group of drunkards stagger in. “Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.” It was well acted and kept the audience in suspense.

The play had hardly finished when the Nilagirian band came on the scene—trumpets, saxophones and drums produced such a cacophony that they threatened to burst our ear drums.

Melody was on the scene again—with Diwakar entertaining us with a song. Whose voice did you borrow Diwakar?

Two songs by Sanjay Bedi were announced—a coy junior appeared under the spot-light looking a trifle too wan (was it the yellow spotlight?) He sang two popular Hindi film songs and the spectators showed their appreciation by giving him a thunderous ovation.

The Hindi play was next. The Nilagirians had criticised it no end and we prepared to drop off to sleep. But it turned out to be a hilarious play which kept the audience roaring with laughter. It was well acted by one and all—Navneet Kaur and Diwakar deserve a special mention. (Heh, Nilagirians, we never knew you had a sense of humour as far as Hindi is concerned—we thought you were down south).

As the Hindi play ended the spotlight alighted on the piano—it was a chorus sung by the junior boys and girls. They sang a song called 'Peace'. Had this song been sung at a U.N.O. session it might have won a collective Nobel prize for the singers. Well done juniors—it was a lovely song.

The last item on the evening's programme was a one act farce in English: 'The Refund.' It was about a former student of a school who demanded his tuition fee back because he claimed that he had been taught nothing (Sanawarians don't go getting ideas!). This former student, Wesserkoff, namely Vikram Vasudev harrassed his teachers no end. Vasudev acted very well. Nita Basu as the head-mistress put in a creditable performance.

Thus the first house show of the year drew to a close. Thank you Nilagirians for a very entertaining evening.

Meera Sethi
Sixth A

The Vindhya House Show Through Tinted Glasses

Stifling a yawn, I shrugged resignedly and waited patiently for the announcer to step tentatively forward. It looked as if it just wasn't my day. "Deserter! Lady Luck," I shouted inwardly to my infidel, invisible ex-companion.

My day had begun all golden and lovely, but as it progressed the gold had turned to ochre, the ochre to brown and the brown finally to black. As if a thorough blowing up from my seniors wasn't enough I was now waiting patiently for the beginning of a house-show—a house-show which resolutely refused to begin! Anyway, I sat up determined to make the most of the evening, adjusted my imaginary, tinted glasses and hoped for the best.

The curtains refused to draw back and getting exasperated I tried to move them by sheer strength of mind.

It didn't work. Resilience and fortitude pay, they say. And sure enough in good time the curtains did draw back and out came a glamour kid of an announcer. God only knows who she was, I'm incapable of recognising these girls when they are all dolled-up with the foot-lights the only source of illumination. The apparition, bedecked in a gorgeous red sari, announced the first item of the Vindhya House Show in a small, soft (timid) voice.

I was quite annoyed with the Vindhians for excluding me from the honoured few who were given the coveted programmes—so I can take a childish delight now in mixing up the order of the items. The items on the agenda were a skit, a Hindi play, two English plays, a dance, a few songs and the inevitable band.

My tinted glasses were a real help. I never saw the monotony of the dance, the much-tried-for-but-never-attained atmosphere of suspense in the English play 'E. & O. E.', the few discordant notes in the band, the inarticulate speech of the Hindi actors and last but not the least the elongated house-show as a whole. I never saw what I was not supposed to and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Ranjit Dhody's marvellous acting, the excellent performance of the Orbs of Venus, the shy beauty of Bela Seth, the superb acting of one and all in the cast of the play 'E. & O. E.', all were noticed and got their well-deserved accolade. The girls' singing too was well received and thunderous ovation followed. The highlight of the evening was the play 'Cox, Box and Bouncer'. It was a superduper hit with everyone.

The end came slowly, but when it did come I suddenly realised that the world was a better place to live in. The Vindhians had done a good job of pulling me out of my melancholy and I was on top of the world once again with an uncanny urge to sing and dance for the Vindhians as they had for me.

Sunaina Lowe
Sixth B

Camp Holidays

20

Camp 1974.

Gaura

1st May : The bus arrived at Gaura in the evening. Girls tumbled over one another to get to the tents. After a quick tea and momentous confusion we managed to settle in and go to the stream for a short dip. The girls' tents were in the same place as last year and the boys tents had shifted further down, closer to the stream. The water was just as fishy, the fish just as elusive, and the rocks just as slippery. We were thrilled to find that the water level was much higher than what it was last year.

3rd May : A friend's birthday. We had a combined party for this birthday and for another birthday on the sixth. By now everybody was proudly displaying the tans they had acquired due to the merciless, or should I say the benevolent sun. Logs had started floating down stream and we had fun riding on 'rafts'.....

3rd May : There was great excitement when the new headmaster, Mr. S.R. Das arrived at Gaura. We were thrilled to discover that he had a delightful beard and smoked a pipe (so what if he is a little bald ?) Unfortunately before we could get to really know him or know more about him he left.....

4th May : Somebody said that her tent was haunted. As we approached the abandoned tent with sticks, stones and bones . . . er . . . sorry empty tins, which served as rattlers, we found a disgruntled rat sitting on the electric bulb. So much for the boons of electricity.....

5th May : The camp fire was short, but nice. The girls did most of the singing and the boys most of the acting.....

6th May : The bus arrived on time, much to our disappointment. We were soon on our way to Sanawar, doggedly forcing Gaura to the back of our minds with smiles, shouts and songs.

Preeti Batra
Sixth A

Sadhpul

Our bus was very late and we were very impatient and excited. But when we reached Sadhpul we lost all our excitement because it was so hot and we finished our squash bottle the same day.....I did a lot of fishing and swimming. On the second day I sat fishing for almost four hours and did not catch anything and I thought what could be wrong. Then I pulled out my line and found that there was no hook on it. A fish must have pulled off the hook and gone away. I went for a very long walk and was very tired.....The next morning I got up very late. Just as I got up the bugle blew for breakfast. I was very hungry and did not want to be late. But I could hardly put on my clothes. After breakfast I went swimming. All

of us looked for nice stones because our housemaster told us that he would give a chocolate to the boy who brought the best stone. Charlie came and we all bought sweets. In the evening there was a campfire. Many boys acted in plays. Tarun Vohra acted as a king. He put a towel around his shoulders. Next morning we got up early and did our packing but we had to wait a long time for our bus.

Vikul Khosla
L-III A

Jaipur

“.....The next day we went sight-seeing. Our first destination was the Amber Fort. This palace is a most interesting edifice amidst surroundings which are beautiful and peaceful. Inside the fort is the “Sheesh Mahal”—which has delicate mosaics and inlaid work of coloured glass.....We visited the museum, where the most interesting items were wood-carvings, jewellery, bronze statues, and (how can we forget !) skeletons. Believe it or not, Mr. Joshi, we revised our whole skeleton system here—“That is the humerus.” “No, no. Are you mad? It’s the nasal bone.”.....Next Geography lessons. At the observatory, Mrs. Solomon and eleven girls observed the altitude of the heavenly bodies when on meridian. We even located the Pole Star. Had we more time we could have calculated the distance of the various planets from the earth and thus improved our mathematics too.

The following day we went to the City Palace to learn history. Here we saw a number of dresses of the Maharajahs and got a shock when we saw the dresses of Sawai Madho Singh—they were all of 7 ft. by 4 ft. The palace with its ornamental platings on brass doors, elaborately carved walls, arched gateways profusely decorated with marble work, provided a unique example of Rajput architecture. In the evening we went to the Hawa Mahal—“a vision of daring beauty and dainty loveliness.”

The last day saw us at Sanganr. The temples here are charming and picturesque enough to make any tourist ecstatic. Add to this visit a little bit of shopping (costume jewellery and blue pottery) and the picture is complete..... The Rani Sisodia Garden—the promenade of the gentry of Jaipur with its splashing fountains, its numerous kinds of flowers, its cool and fresh air, is a paradise for visitors.....From Dharampur we travelled by jeeps to Sanawar—bump hiccup, bump, hiccup—probably the pink city was remembering us.

Meera Sethi
Sixth A

Nainital

Nainital is a beautiful place, surrounded by hills. In the middle is the lake which gives this city its unique beauty. Nainital is divided into two parts : Mallital and Tallital.

The first and the last thing we did in Nainital was boating. We reached our lodgings and settled in. A few moments later I almost had an accident. Coming out of one of the shops, I charged into a line of horses and was almost trampled underfoot. Mr. Kholi gave me a scolding. After buying a few things for my family, I found myself on the brink of bankruptcy.

The next day we climbed Naina Peak, which is the highest peak in Nainital. From here we came down to Balika Vidya Mandir, which is the girls' wing of Birla Vidya Mandir. Then we came down for lunch. After lunch we did some shopping, boating and riding. The horse 'wallahs' of this place are especially rowdy people and they try to bully you into taking a ride even when you don't want to. Some of them even go so far as to physically push you onto the horses.

The next day we went to Bhimtal, some 24 miles from Nainital. We reached Bhimtal at about 11-00 a.m. Here the lake is bigger than that at Nainital. In the middle of the lake is an island on which there is a restaurant. Ranbir Singh gallantly offered to stand us a round of the lake in a boat. Unfortunately our boatman proved to be a rather quarrelsome person and we were glad when the boating was over.

On our last day in Nainital, we went to see the Birla Vidya Mandir. It is a good school, but of course not as good as ours. We came back at 11-00 a. m. Rupinder Waraich, who is a daring horseman, galloped away around the lake. But at the end of his ride he complained of a headache. That night we had a hearty dinner at the Embassy Restaurant.

After breakfast, the next morning, we broke up into two groups and crossed the lake by boat. As usual I had bad luck. As the boat ground into the opposite bank, Rupinder Waraich knocked my airbag into the lake.....

On the whole, I think that the trip was an enjoyable one but I would have liked to visit the Jim Corbett Park, which we couldn't do because of lack of time.

Rai Tarun Handa
U-IV B

Nahan

Some Himalayan boys decided to go for a hike with Mr. Solomon and Mr. Dhani Ram. We were ten boys and someone hit on the name 'The Dirty Dozen' though it should rightly have been the 'Dirty Thirteen' because of Mr. Solomon's dog, Rover, who came along with us.....

We walked down to Dharampur, from where we were lucky to get a bus to Solan. From Solan we were to catch the 11 o'clock bus to Rajgarh, but on reaching Solan, we discovered that that bus had been cancelled. So we walked down to

Ooch Ghat. Here we had tea and pakoras and rested for some time. At 3 o'clock we started for Gaura. We reached Gaura and met our friends and of course had a welcome dip in the river. We had walked 22 kilometres.....

Next morning we left for Rajgarh. The walk in the morning was not tiring, but as it grew hotter we began to sweat and it was heavy going. We rested at Rajgarh for a little while and then walked on to Keri. Part of this walk was along the Giri river. We walked 38 kms. on this second day.....

We spent the night at Keri and on the third day went on to Renuka. Someone had said that Renuka was only 20 kms. away and we felt happy to think that this was going to be a short and easy walk. But the road was nothing but rock and pebbles and as the day wore on Renuka seemed to become increasingly elusive. All the people we met on the way had a different distance to tell us. Someone said it was just around the next bend, another person said it was six miles away and someone else said it was 12 miles away. The more we walked the further Renuka seemed to be receding. Finally we reached Dadahu, a small village about $1\frac{1}{2}$ kms. from Renuka, at 9-30 p.m. It was estimated that we had walked 50 kms. that day—seems nearer to 100 to me. It had been a long tough walk. We had crossed the Giri river 18 times.....

The next day we went to Renuka and did some boating and saw the game sanctuary there. We set out from Dadahu at 4-00 p.m. It was very hot and some villager showed us a path which was very steep. Fortunately we had not walked very far when another villager showed us a proper route. We walked till 10-30 p.m. On reaching Jamta we decided to spend the night there. It was very cold and windy and no one had a proper sleep. We had covered 26 kms. that day.....

We walked on to Nahan the next morning. This was only 9 kms. away. We spent the day at Nahan and thus ended our hike.....

On the whole we walked a distance of 145 kms. in five days. It was a very enjoyable and instructive hike

Sandeep Behal
U-V A

Mussorie

The fifteen of us and Mr. Mukherji squashed ourselves into the minibus and had a "bumpy" ride till Barog. Filled with enthusiasm we put our luggage on our back and walked till Solan (can you believe it? Dhody and 'Mutton' Ramchandani actually kept up.) Here's a real howler—we stayed the night in a Govt. Girls Higher Secondary School: sad to say it was a day school!

The next day we reached Nahan and were sweating like sponges being squeezed by a really heavy hand. Sick of the sweltering heat, we urged Mr. Mukherjee to carry on to Paonta Shahib, and believe it or not, we started to walk

towards Paonta Sahib, at 9-00 p.m. The night was pleasant and we walked on at an unhurried gait, enjoying every moment. Finally just as our luggage began to bear too hard on us, we espied a wheelbarrow, planted by the mercy of God by the roadside. We hastily piled our stuff into it and, taking turns, we pushed and pulled it along the road.....We reached the sacred Paonta Sahib in the early hours of the morning. We swam in the river and refreshed ourselves and reached Dehra Dun the very same day.....

The next day we woke up quite late and someone got the bright idea of meeting his cousin in Doon School. Suddenly every one seemed to be having cousins studying there. We changed hurriedly and went to Doon School. We had a good time exchanging gossip.....In the evening we did some skating and being quite out of practice, I came back with a sore back.....

On the third day we went up to Massorie. I was really struck by the beauty of this hill station. We spent a good deal of time in exploring the town and even did a spot of horse riding. We spent the night at Oakgrove school.....

The next day we came back to Dehra Dun. We stayed the night at Welhams and had a good swim in the pool there.....

The next day saw us packing for our return to Sanawar.....I feel that the trip finished too soon. In spite of the intense heat each one of us enjoyed himself thoroughly.....

Ajay Mahajan
Sixth C

Kulu—Manali

There were eighteen boys and two escorts—Messrs Joshi and Bhalerao. We were on our way to the Valley of the Gods.

At Dharampur we split up into two groups, one under each escort, for the journey to Simla. We reached Simla at midnight.....

Around noon the next day, we set off for Mandi. The bus wound its way down the hill, with a steep cliff on its right and a sheer drop of about a thousand feet on its left.....We reached Mandi late in the evening and spent the night at the H.P.P.W.D. Rest House.....

The party had a hasty breakfast and made its way to the bus stop. We started on our way to Kulu at around ten o'clock and saw the Beas meandering its way through a small valley with steep, gigantic and majestic cliffs on both sides.....After three hours of hill terrain we descended into the beautiful Kulu valley. The Beas rushed down the valley and the roaring water crashed against

the boulders and the rocks and the hills on the sides of the valley resounded with the echoes of the music of the water. Beautiful flowers bloomed all over the valley and huge trees rose majestically beside the river banks. The Valley of the Gods looked remarkable in its rich attire.

Kulu town itself was a big disappointment.....The first sound that we heard besides the shouts of the porters was the braying of donkeys ! There was nothing to buy, nothing to see. The boys refreshed themselves with a dip in the river and Mr. Joshi cast fruitlessly for fish—to console himself, he bought fish for dinner.....

We left Kulu at noon the next day, hoping that Manali would not be another disappointment.....As we neared Manali we saw, to our great delight, a panoramic sight. The high peaks around glittered with snow, while the lower hills were thickly covered with deodars and poplars. The river flowed swiftly and loudly and the forests were interspersed with spacious lush green pastures. The beauty of the scene was enchanting beyond words—this was indeed ‘The Valley of the Gods,....We made our way along the Manali-Leh highway, which is the highest mountain road in the world, to our destination—the Youth Hostel.....We had a dip in the hot spring water baths at Vashist and came back to the Hostel at dusk, thoroughly refreshed.

Early the next day, we took a bus to Rohtang Pass. We stopped at Garoba and the driver told us that we would have to walk 45 kms. to Rohtang. Most of the boys stayed behind near the bus. A few adventurous souls made their way towards the pass. Only five boys made it to the Rohalla Falls (15,000 ft.) Here there was four feet of snow. We played about in the snow, pelting each other with snow balls and sliding about. Mr. Bhalerao sketched, while Mr. Joshi went about 2 kms. from Garoba and told everyone that he had climbed till 18,000 ft. !

In the evening we went out shopping. But the prices of most things were beyond our pockets and very little was bought.....

At night while we waited for dinner, Puri and myself asked Mr. Joshi to relate an interesting experience. Mr. Joshi was off in ‘jiffy’. He said that along with some villagers, he had killed a tiger measuring 19 ft. (Mr. Ripley, sir, please include this in your next edition of ‘Believe it or Not.’)

The next morning we started back at 4-00 a.m. We covered the 300 kms. to Chandigarh in just under 13 hours. It was a very tiring journey and we reached Chandigarh feeling completely exhausted.....We reached Sanawar the next day at 5-00 p.m. Thus ended our very enjoyable and memorable trip to the ‘Land of Milk and Honey.’

Sanjiv Kapur
Sixth A

Srinagar—Vaishnodevi

With a cold wishbone in my hand, I remember, I had once wished that I should go to Kashmir. After years my wish came true and I went to Kashmir during the Camp week.....On the 30th April we left for Jammu by train, reaching there the next morning, hot, tired and weary. We spent the rest of the day resting and catching up on our sleep. Next morning we flew to Srinagar.....Almost at once, on reaching Srinagar, we set out to see the renowned gardens : Chasma Sahi, Nishat, and Shalimar. For a while one felt the ease and elegance, the graciousness of the Moghul times.....Next day we went to Gulmarg.....This was indeed a heavenly place. Before us lay miles of green valley dotted with pine trees. High snow clad mountains surrounded it on all sides. We did some riding and after having our lunch we went back to Srinagar.....

The next day we went to see Verinag, the source of the Jhelum. It is hard to believe that such a big river starts from a pool no more than a few feet wide. After a few hours we were back in Srinagar. We saw a movie in the evening and did some shopping.....

Next day we flew back to Jammu. From here we went on a pilgrimage to the Vaishnodevi temple. We reached the temple after four hours of steady walking. Before entering the temple we had to take a cold bath. The temple was really breathtakingly beautiful. To enter the temple one had to pass through a small cave, which was wide enough to permit the entrance of only one person at a time... We returned to Jammu and took a bus and before one could say 'Jack Robinson' were back in Sanawar. It had all been so rapid that I couldn't believe that I was back in Sanawar. I pinched myself but did not wake up. Sadly I walked back to the dormitory.

Gautam Rana
U-V B

Watching the World Go By

It is just a patch of grass by the roadside, but it is my haven. I am surrounded by nature and beauty. I sit alone; a gentle breeze runs light fingers through my hair, ruffling it across my brow. I sit here, and from this spot, watch the world go by.

There comes a tinkling of bells like those I imagine in heaven. Who or what could it be? A woman—"a pillar of beauty, a temple of love." Contentment and happiness is on her face and I envy the careful way in which she walks, humming to herself.

Weariness, discontent, anger is on his face. He scowls and glowers. Why? For some reason which he is not mature or sensible enough to study and reason out. I pity him. Because he is the most unlucky person in the world. He seems to have no love, joy, no understanding in his life.

"One-two-three—HEAVE, One-two-three—HEA". How hard he works. He stops, only to wipe the sweat off his sun-tanned face and arms. He is happy because he need not ask for anything. Everything is his. For a hard-working and conscientious person always achieves his aims and aspirations.

She is tired of life? Of a drunken husband? Or of wayward children? All she wants, now is—death. It will at least free her of the demands of life.

Why is he staggering? Oh! he is drunk. He is too scared to face reality and just wallows in the fantasy of drunk-land. He cannot face up to things. I pity him.

She is in love. She is young. She is lovely.

He is in love. He is young. He is handsome. What a fantastic couple they make. Seeing them walk arm-in arm reminds me of my youth and infatuations. Truly Youth, I adore thee.

I have been sitting here everyday for a long time. I am old now. My skin is wrinkled, my eyes are dim, my voice quavers, my hair is white. My body wasted. But, I am content. I have liked, hated, pitied, adored, feared and loved.—I have lived.

Nita Basu
Sixth C

A Wonderful Night

Suddenly the lights went off and then I heard a strange knock. I was very frightened by that time, so I tucked myself inside my bed. I kept on hearing the knock. So I got up, took my torch and went to the door. With my trembling hands I opened the door. What do you think I saw? I saw a fairy girl with a

message written on a paper for me. I took the message and read it. I was happy to know that the fairy girl had invited me to her birthday party. I thanked her and asked her what time I had to come and to which place. She said, "Come at twelve o'clock to the woods", and then she vanished. I went to my bedroom and saw the time. It was eleven o'clock in the night. So I said to myself, Why not make my bed and get ready? There was plenty of time left, so I made my bed, got ready and thought of a present to give to the fairy girl. Then I remembered my toy wand which my aunty had given me for my birthday. I wrapped it up in a paper and wrote on it "To Dear Susie." Susie was the fairy girl's name. I went to the woods at twelve o'clock. I gave the present to Susie. She put the present aside and with me waited for her other friends to arrive. When they arrived she put the present aside. Then we played many games. Susie taught us many games. Then we had cake, lemon juice, and orange. Then we went home at two o'clock in the morning. That night I enjoyed myself a lot.

Suishta Saigal
II A

Henry
(*My Own Story*)

Once upon a time there was a boy named Henry. He had a sister named Ann. One day as they were going to the market a man gave them sweets shaped like the letters from A to Z. Henry ate the letters shaped like H, E and N.

Then he became a hen! Ann was very sad. She gave the hen sweets shaped like R and Y.

As soon as the hen ate the above sweets she became Henry once again.

Deepinder Singh
Form I-A

The Wedding

I woke up suddenly to the sound of 'Tequila' and wondered where I was. Then memory came flooding back—my arrival at Nagpur, the drive to the village. Ashim showing me around, the beautiful legend-ridden graveyard behind the house. Wondering where on earth the noise was coming from, I bravely ventured out from my bed and down the stairs.

The living room clock struck 12 and as I watched, a booted-suited figure came towards me. I said 'Hello'! Who are....." then I bit my tongue. It was a skeleton! I opened my mouth to scream, but no sound came forth from my throat. The figure came closer and closer and I watched hypnotised. It came, took my hand and led me out of the house just as I began to hear the strains of music again. It brought my mind back to my present state and I tried to wrench my hand free, but it was held in a vice-like grip.

I forgot everything as a procession came by. Loud music, riotous dancing, the barat—it was a wedding procession of “Skeletons”!! A decorated ‘Palki’ followed with a figure in a lovely sari in it. It was followed by another ‘Palki’, this time empty. I was roughly pushed into it, and before I knew what was happening I was in a red sari and weighed down with more jewels than I had ever seen before.

We reached the graveyard. A pandit was waiting for us, ready for the wedding. The figure in the preceding ‘palki’ was gently led out and placed at the side of the skeleton bridegroom in front of the pandit. Then I was roughly pushed out and seated beside a skeleton in front of the pandit. When too late, the meaning of the mysterious proceedings dawned on me—I was to marry a skeleton. I sat in a trance during the wedding proceedings. At last the ‘puja’ finished and the guests began to sing and dance. I was yanked on to my feet and there I was dancing with a skeleton! To add shock to shock, Ashim was there, dancing with a skeleton in a beautifully embroidered ghagara. Then the hypnotism wore off and as I could not bear it any longer, I screamed as loudly as I could. Then I knew no more.

The sun rose overhead and woke me up. I thought about the strange dream I had had and laughed. Imagine marrying a skeleton! Then I noticed my surroundings. I was in the graveyard and Ashim lay asleep a few yards away. !?!

Gurmeet Kaur
Upper-V C

My Cow

I have a cow. It is white in colour and on the white colour it has black spots. It has two calves, one is a male and the other is a female. It gives lots of milk. We make cheese out of it. We also make butter out of it and many other things. When we touch the cow it moos. We give hay to her every day. We clean her on Sundays. I like the calves very much.

Mandeep Purewal
Form I-B

My Dog

I have a dog. When anyone passes near our house he barks loudly. He is white in colour. He likes to play with me. He has two ears. He has four legs. He has a bushy tail. My dog used to have one puppy but it is dead now. We give our dog a bath every Sunday. He can jump very high and can run fast. He eats bones and drinks milk. He is a nice dog.

Amandeep Purewal
Form I-B

My Best Book

My best book is “Briar Rose.” It is a very nice book. It is a very difficult book. It has many stories and pictures in it. Some times the teacher reads stories from it. All the boys and girls like the book very much. The first story is “The

Shoemaker and The Elves.” I liked the story of the four friends. That is a very nice story. There are questions in it. The colour of the book is brown. I like it because it has nice pictures.

Mandeep Baveja
Form I-B

Shivaji

Once upon a time Shivaji visited Aurangzeb. Shivaji was not treated properly by Aurangzeb. So Shivaji wrote him a letter saying that he had not been kind to him. But Aurangzeb became very angry with Shivaji. So he captured Shivaji and made him a prisoner. Shivaji was surrounded by Aurangzeb's soldiers. One day Shivaji pretended to be ill. So he ate many medicines. Then Shivaji said that he was getting better. So one day he hid in a fruit basket and escaped. He came a long way and got dressed in a sanyasi's clothes. He roamed about for a long time and then came to his own place.

Prabhjot Singh Sodhi
Form I-B

How I Shall Dress Upon “Home Day”

1st December is the “Home—Day.” I am having about two-months holidays. I shall get up in the morning and have a bath. I shall powder my face and polish my nails. I shall wear my pink maxi, you know it is very pretty. I shall wear my fancy sandals, necklace and bangles. I shall put a lovely broach on my coat. It is very pretty. My Mummy gave it to me on my birth-day. I shall go trotting to Chandigarh with my Mummy.

Pawan Bala
Form Junior A

King Sher Khan (My own Story)

Once upon a time there was a king named King Sher Khan. He was a very good king. One night a thief got into his palace and tried to steal his clothes. He was caught and brought before the king. It was winter time and the thief was shivering in his torn clothes. Sher Khan instead of punishing him gave him the clothes that he had tried to steal. From that day the thief stopped stealing.

Harbir Romana
Form I-A

Little Jack

Little Jack was fat,
And ate his apple pie,
And bit his eye,

He sat on the mat.
There came a fly.
And he went crying by.

Rajesh Saggi
II-A

Katy the lonely girl

Once upon a time there was a girl named Katy. She was an orphan. She prayed to God every day but God wanted to test her. So he went to her hut dressed as a poor man. He asked for food which she gave him gladly. When Katy slept that night, she dreamt that she would get a ring which would bring her good luck. The dream came true and she lived happily ever after.

Devashish Ohri
Form I-A

A Zoo

I have been to a Zoo. I saw many lions and tigers there. Hippopotamuses were swimming and sealions were eating fish in the water. I rode on an elephant. There were monkeys sitting on the trees and they made faces at me. They made me laugh.

It was wonderful to be with the animals.

Sumar Pal Singh Sethi
Form I-A

Football

My father is a dustman,
He wears a dustman's hat.

He wore, 'cor blimey' pyjamas,
He lived in a council flat.

He bought a ten-bob ticket,
To see a football match.

The ball was in the middle,
And skinny passed it back.

Fatty took a flying shot,
And knocked the goalie flat.

Where do you think the goalie was,
When the ball was in the net?

He was half way round the goalpost,
With his knickers around his neck.

So they laid him on a stretcher,
They laid him on a bed.

He ate a lump of jelly,
And found that he was dead.

Harjinder Singh Randhawa
Form II-B

John

Once upon a time there was a boy named John. He was very honest. One day an old man went running to John's house to hide himself there. After some time a few robbers reached there in search of him but they couldn't find him. So they asked John if he had seen him. John told them where the man was hiding since he didn't want to tell a lie. The old man was then killed by the robbers in front of John and his money was taken by them. From that day John has wondered if it is right to speak the truth if by so doing innocent people are harmed.

Varun Batra
Form I-A

The Mysterious Night

Then I heard a strange knock at the door. I was feeling frightened to open the door. I suddenly heard a rough voice. I went to look out of the window, and what do you think I saw? A "Man Mountain." He was ten times bigger than my house. I couldn't tell my dad about, it because he had gone out for a wedding. I woke my brother and told him about the giant. He wouldn't believe me. When he saw him, he and I felt excited. After a while he was going away. My brother and I followed him until we reached a wood. He went in an underground passage. We entered a small room there. He took out the hat from his head. As quick as a wink he became as small as a thumb. Then he put some thing in his pocket and went out of the passage. When he put on his hat he became a giant again. Then I told my brother to stand in front of a tower, and I climbed to the very top of it. After a few minutes the giant was walking toward the tower. Then he saw my brother and sprang at him. As soon he was running by the side of the tower I jumped on him and cut his hair. He became as small as Tom Thumb. And with one stamp of my foot he was dead.

Rajesh Saggi
Form II-A

Hope!

He looked at his watch: 7-30. Wasn't she ever going to come? "Hell" he thought, "there's yet fifteen minutes to go." So having nothing better to do, he thought about her.

She was so beautiful and he—well, he really was very, very shabby—"sidey" was the appropriate word. He nineteen and she? She had said 22, but somehow he couldn't believe her.

The thought of yesterday lingered so freshly in his mind. He had rung her up and at the last moment when he had heard a click on her side, he had hurriedly put the receiver back. He was nervous, right?

"But I must", he muttered, "I really MUST." So he had dialled her number again and the click came so quickly on the other side that he wasn't quite prepared to speak. For some moments he just stood still and when three "Hullo!" had been uttered by her, he stuttered, automatically squeezing the receiver in his hand. All the breath in him, came out in short rasps. Now stop being foolish, he added crossly to himself and he had asked her. There was a pause on her part and he started—She's gonna refuse—By God! What was to happen?

In a very cautious tone she replied that she'd have an answer for him in the morning, at college. He put down the receiver, cold sweat starting out on his forehead. It wasn't that he hadn't dated a girl before this, but this girl—she was different. He momentarily remembered the morning and her cautious, on-the-guard affirmation. She had asked him "Why," but he had skipped the issue by pointing at his watch and saying "Quarter to eight. Okay?" He hadn't seen her throughout the morning or afternoon, for that matter. She was coming anyhow.

He tried to analyse his feelings for her. He pondered and thought and at last was inclined to believe that he THOUGHT he loved her. The way people talked of love, it was so ordinary. But here was he just realizing that he was in love with someone older than himself. That didn't matter, anyhow. He loved her and that was all there was to it.

Thus, lost in his reverie and completely oblivious of his surroundings, he didn't notice her come in. Just happening to glance around without actually seeing any thing, he saw her at the same moment as she him. He got up hurriedly, almost upsetting the vase on his table. Just for a second, he glanced at the flowers and then at her. She looked so lovely in that simple sari, that all he could do was stare at her. A deep red crept into her cheeks at this constant gaze. The only other person in the restaurant an elderly man, looked on in obvious amusement as if to recapture his youth. Other problems of daily life overpowered these and he pondered over the rising prices and his wife who seemed to be getting out of hand.

In the meantime, both of them had sat down and were waiting for the coffee to come. The boy shifted nervously in his seat, cleared his throat, thought, and then desperately tried to make conversation. He talked about the weather and she in turn, replied that it was very pleasant. Why? He muttered something unhearable. He wanted to tell her how he felt for her, but his excessive nervousness wouldn't let him.

At the back of his mind, the picture of the phrase, "like a boy on his first date," appeared and he now understood what the lines meant. He talked of the normal things—music, films, science, literature, books—infact anything and everything that came to his nervous mind.

At one time he had her in fits of laughter (he never quite understood when girls would laugh—they were a funny people!). She looked absolutely fantastic when her whole face lit up and her little eyes twinkled. Once again, there was, however, the inevitable uneasiness, although they now seemed to have broken down an intervening wall of tension. He tried his best to break more of these ‘silly’ walls but she only faintly smiled at him.

The coffee went, the bill came and with it her voice which neutrally said that she was expected to reach home soon. Couldn’t she just be a little more positive in her tone? But this this was just the first date—he could already see the future dates.

She started to thank him profusely but he cut her short and asked very sweetly, if he could walk her home. If it wasn’t too much out of his way, she wouldn’t mind, she replied.

Should he wait for their second meeting or tell her now? Just suppose she had got bored and was contemptating on whether she should come again or not? No! He must tell her.

At this moment they were passing through the park. It was a cold, winter evening with a pale moon hanging in the ethereal sky, looking down upon them. The stars looked just a little more livelier and closer and brighter than they usually did—to him! He was walking face down, she by his side, when from the corner of his eye he saw something glitter momentarily. He looked sideways and saw on her beautiful hand, a beautiful, little ring, studded with the something that had glittered:

“That’s a lovely ring,” he said sincerely. She halted and her face turned pink then red, then deep red and was returning to normal colour, as she stammered out something He didn’t hear the whole thing just “engagement” “Ajai” “last month”. His heart leaped up, beating against his ribs, and as sadness came into his eyes she realised his state of mind. She wanted to say something, but by then it was too late. He had left her, cold sweat starting out on his forehead again.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth A

* * * * *

A Picnic on a Rainy day

My father and I went to a place called Jhajha for a picnic. We went and settled down on the banks of a lake. I sat fishing while my father set the tent up. All of a sudden the black clouds started to gather up and soon it began to rain heavily. Both of us ran into the tent and lay down on the bedrolls and went to sleep.

All of a sudden the tent was blown away and we had to pull it back and put it on some where else because the soil there was too soft and wet. So we put it under a tree.

The next day the rain stopped and we built a small tree house with timber, and put the tent on the top of the roof and sides so that the water might not leak in to the house.

The only food we had was boiled potatoes and eggs with buttered bread and some sandwiches and fruit.

At last the day arrived when we had to leave for home, eight miles away. We hired a cart and left the place. This was the most uncomfortable picnic of my life.

Puneet Matta

L-III

Annual Prizegiving.

Mr. Surendra Kishore I. A. S., presided.

ALREADY AWARDED Dewan Ram Pershad Gold Medal } Rajesh
 Nellie Lovell (O. S. Prize) } Kochhar

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

SIXTH A	{ 1st Vivek Ahluwalia 2nd Sanjiv Kapur
SIXTH B	{ 1st Ratan Ramchandani 2nd Arjun Batra
SIXTH C	1st Suraj Narain Singla
UPPER V A	{ 1st Uma Sarna 2nd Ambika Anand
UPPER V B	{ 1st Ashok Bhagat 2nd Ravi Sawney
UPPER V C	{ 1st Gurmeet Kaur 2nd Navnit Kaur Maini
LOWER V A	{ 1st Anjali Ewing 2nd Anuradha Verma
LOWER V B	{ 1st Ashwani Kumar Dogra 2nd Sanjeev Bajaj
LOWER V C	{ 1st Rubinder Kaur 2nd Navneet Kaur
UPPER IV A	{ 1st Dayanita Singh 2nd Mandeep K. Mann
UPPER IV B	{ 1st Meena Bishnoi 2nd Anita Suri & Kiran Rohra
LOWER IV A	{ 1st Ravni Thakur 2nd Neena Sahai
LOWER IV B	{ 1st Kabir Bhandari 2nd Birinder S. Dhanoa
UPPER III A	{ 1st Rohit Gulati 2nd Susham K. Singla
UPPER III B	{ 1st Ulka Puri 2nd Thangminglian Tonsing
LOWER III A	{ 1st Rahul Roy 2nd Vikul Khosla
LOWER III B	{ 1st Suvrat Saigal 2nd Shalini Bhatia

Prep. School

FORM II A	{ 1st Sonia Gupta 2nd Rajesh Saggi
FORM II B	{ 1st Purneema Thakran 2nd Gurinder Kalra
FORM I A	{ 1st Vaneet Ahuja 2nd Nitin Beri
FORM I B	{ 1st Prabhjot Singh 2nd Vivesh Abrol
Form Junior A	{ 1st Sheelinder Singh 2nd Vijaynt
Form Junior B	{ 1st Pramod Kumar 2nd Nivedita

Special Prizes

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE	...	Vivek Ahluwalia
		{ Sunaina Lowe Abha Tewari Ratan Ramchandani Ambika Anand Uma Sarna Deepak Khosla Ravi Sawney
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	...	{ Gurmeet Rajjinder Singh Jasmit Singh Rana Meena Bishnoi Kabir Bhandari Ulka Puri Rahul Roy Suvrat Saigal
THE SIR HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE FOR HISTORY	...	Anjali Srivastava
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	...	{ Geeta Bhandari Dayanita Singh
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	...	{ Vivek Ahluwalia Sanjiv Kapur
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	...	{ Vivek Ahluwalia Anjali Srivastava Kiran Rohra
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SANSKRIT	...	Mandeep K. Mann
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR PUNJABI	...	Sangeeta Ahluwalia
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	...	{ R. Ramchandani (Chem) Arjun Batra (Physics) Ravipreet S. Sohi (Bio.) Anita Chandra (G. Sc.)
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	...	{ Ratan Ramchandani Ravi Sawney Gurmeet Kaur

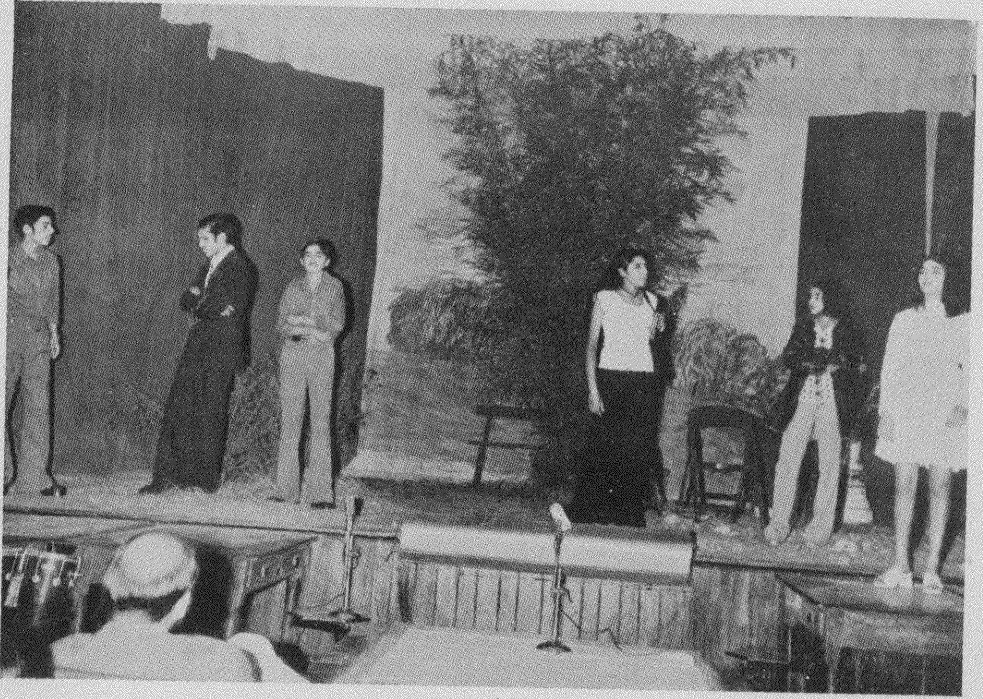
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE	} ...	Vivek Ahluwalia
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR ECONOMICS	Vivek Ahluwalia
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR PSYCHOLOGY	...	Bela Seth
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SOCIAL STUDIES	...	Ashok Bhagat
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	...	{ Gautam Rana Ambika Anand Vijay Parmar Dayanita Singh
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CUB-REPORTING	...	Vivek Ahluwalia
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	...	{ Kavita Ahluwalia Rajiv Sawhney Seema Seth
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BAND	...	{ Ajai Singh Virk Jaskaran S. Bains Maninder S. Dusing
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	Ashwani K. Dogra
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT	...	{ Amarjot S. Gyani Rajiv Khanna Puneet Sikand
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BATIK	...	{ Vivek Ahluwalia Kusum Bhambri
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	Parminder Kaur
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR INDIAN DANCING	...	Navnit K. Maini
THE THIMAYYA PRIZE FOR ORGANISING ABILITY	} ...	Geeta Bhandari
MERIT CERTIFICATES FOR HINDI DEBATING	{	Neelam Puri Deepa Goswami
M. C. FOR ENGLISH DEBATING	...	{ Uma Sarna Maninder Singh

Awards

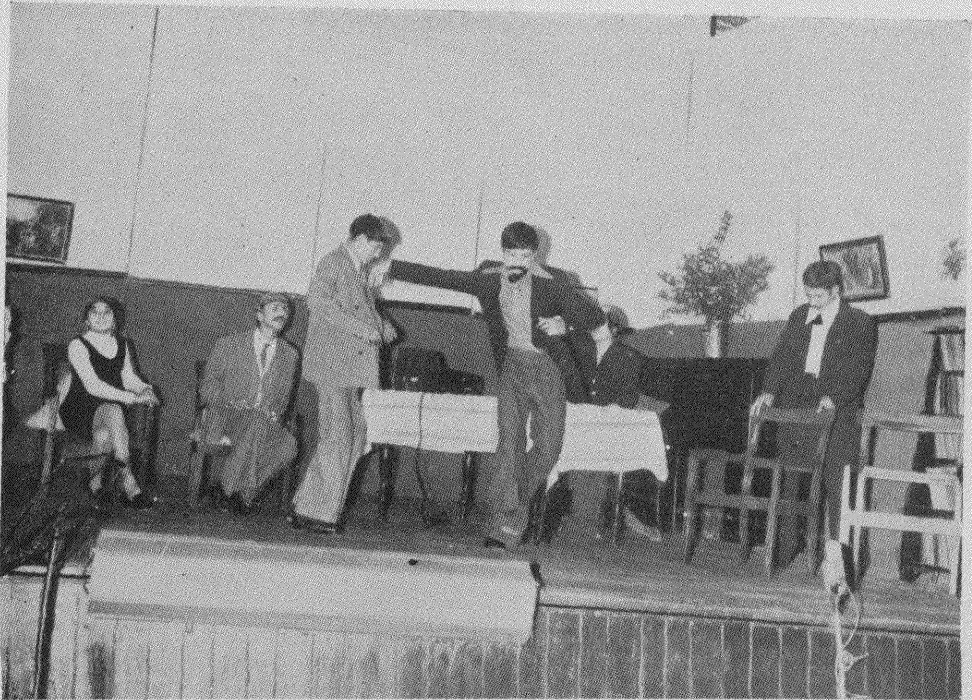
THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Jai Singh Pathania
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Sunaina Lowe
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ Ravipreet S. Sohi Ajai S. Virk Rajiv Bhandari
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Saroj Sirkeck Mininder Kaur Geeta Bhandari
M.I. PRIZE	...	H. S. Dhaliwal
GAMES' PREFECT'S PRIZE	...	Sadhna Singh

Trophies

YOG RAJ PALTA MEMORIAL ART	...	Preeti Batra
THE CARLILL CUP	...	K. D. S. Bindra
STUDY CUP, Girls	...	Nilagiri
STUDY CUP, Boys	...	Siwalik
COCK HOUSE Girls	...	Nilagiri
COCK HOUSE Boys	...	Vindhya
CARIAPPA SHIELD	...	Nilagiri



House Show—Siwalik

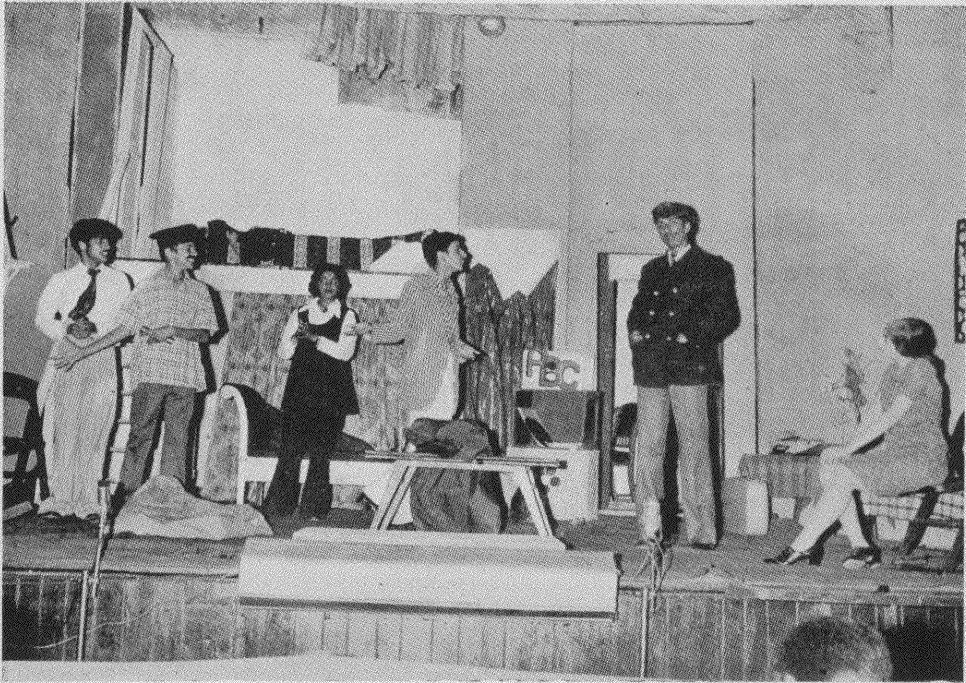


House Show—Nilagiri



Prep School Show

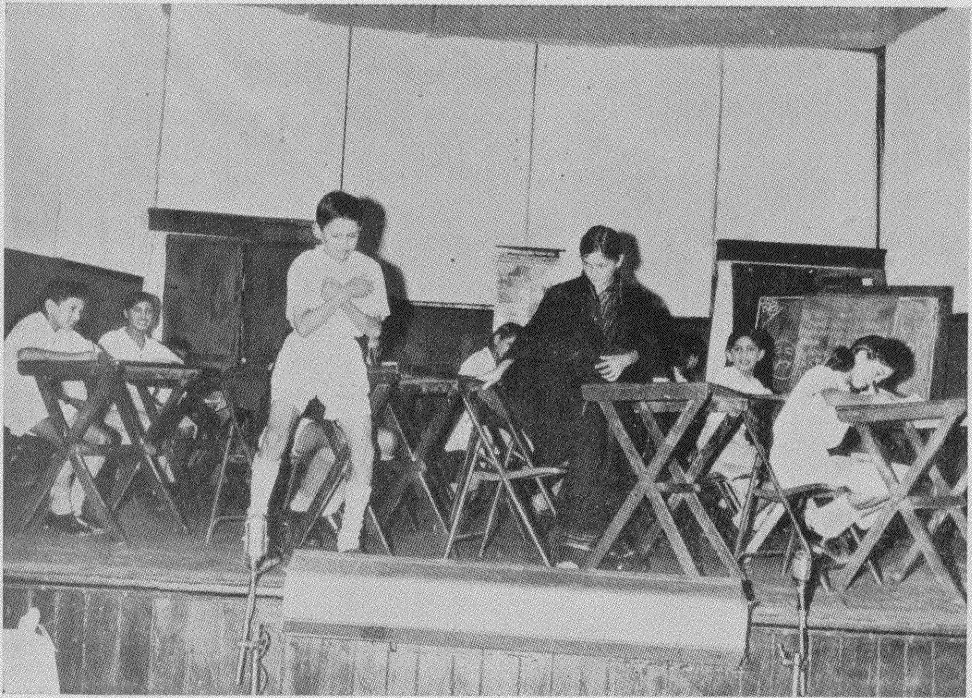




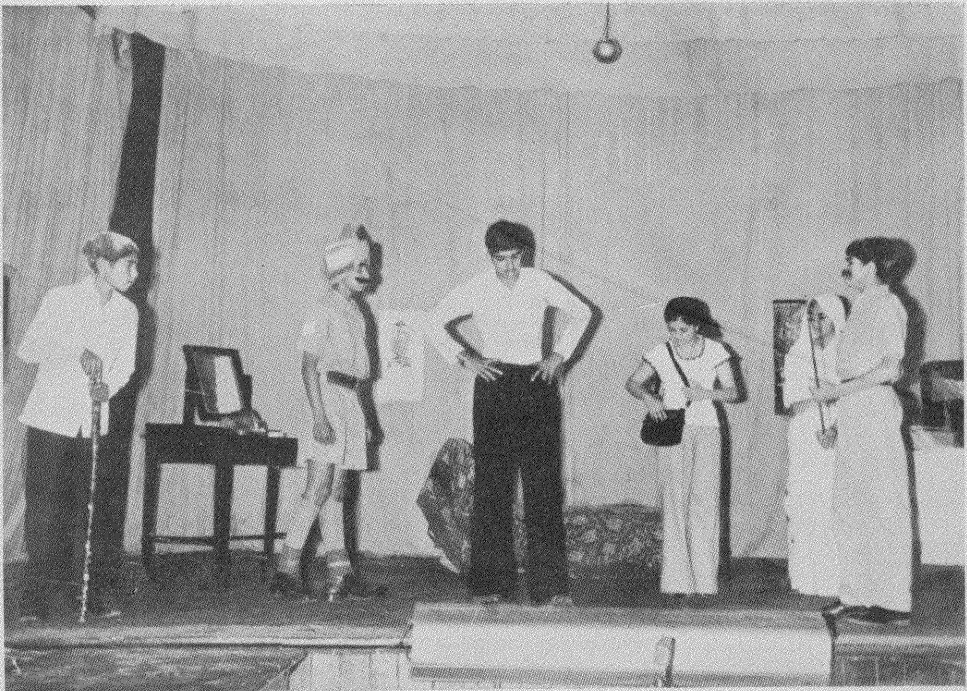
“The Black Comedy”—at Founders



House Show—Himalaya



House Show—Vindhya



House Show—Siwalik



House Show—Vindhya



House Show—Nilagiri



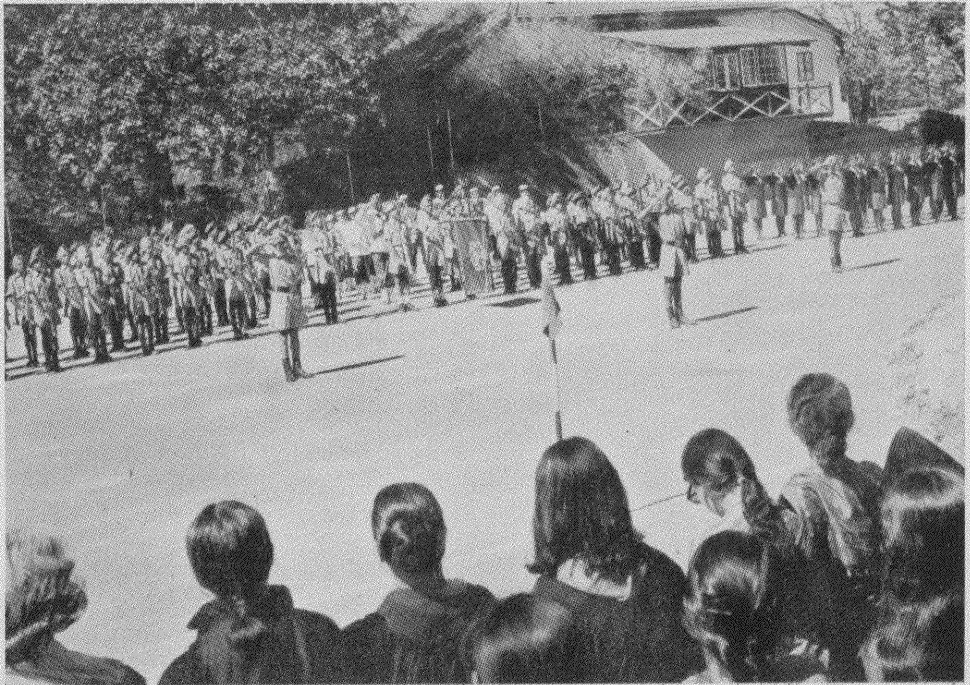
“Meghdoot”—the Founder’s Ballet



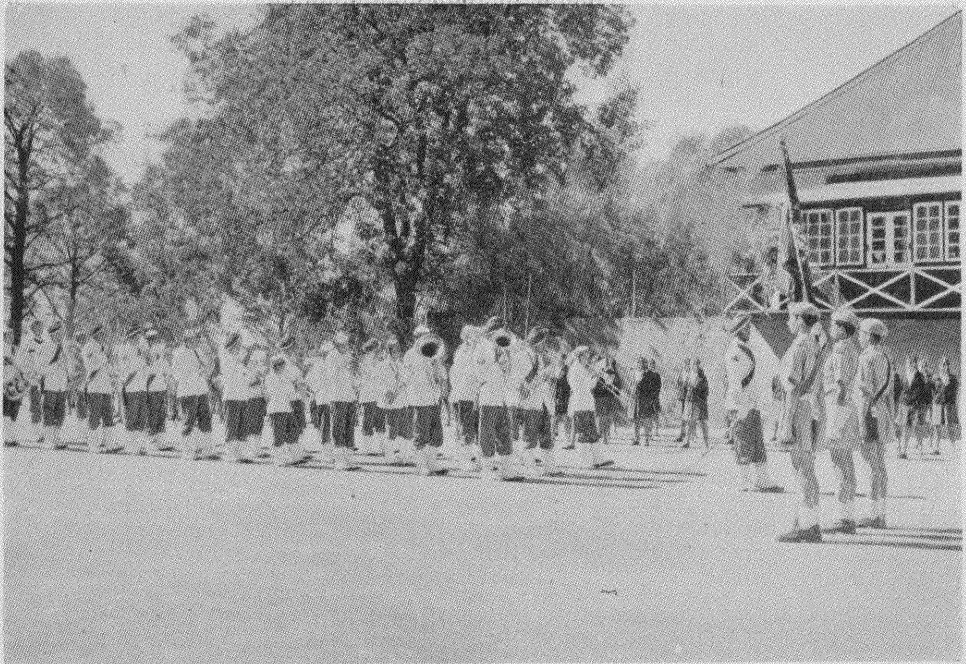
O. S. at Founder’s

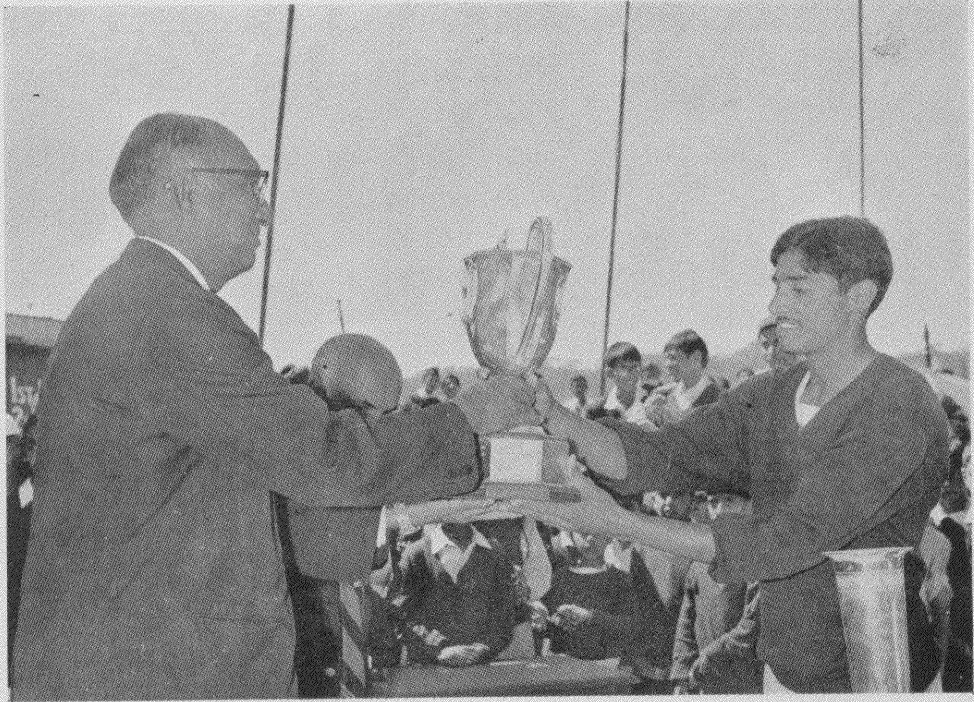


A Scene from "Meghdoot" at Founders



Founders—Parade

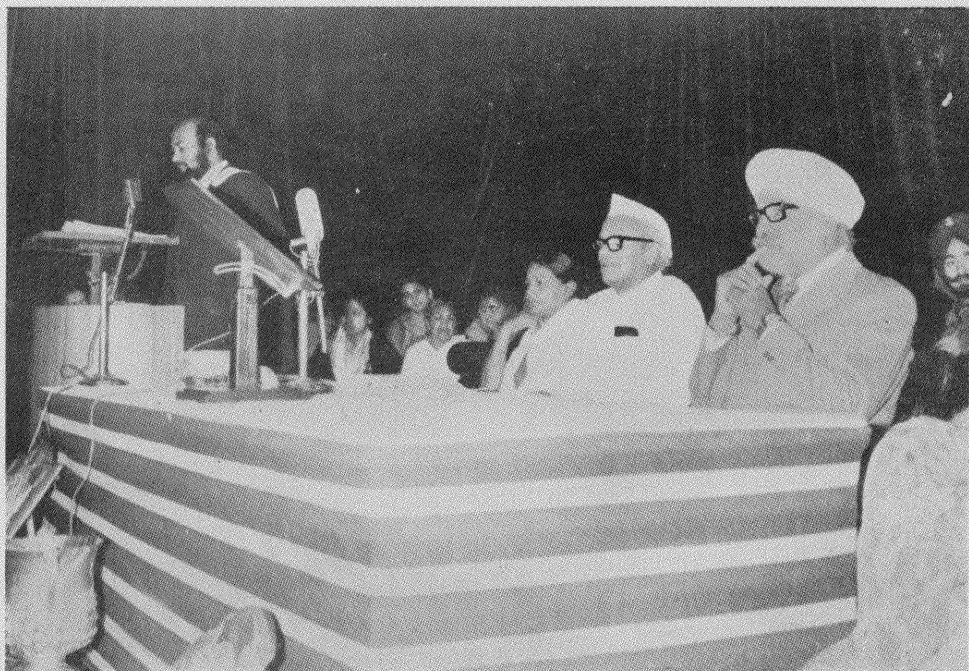




Winner—Kalinga Cup



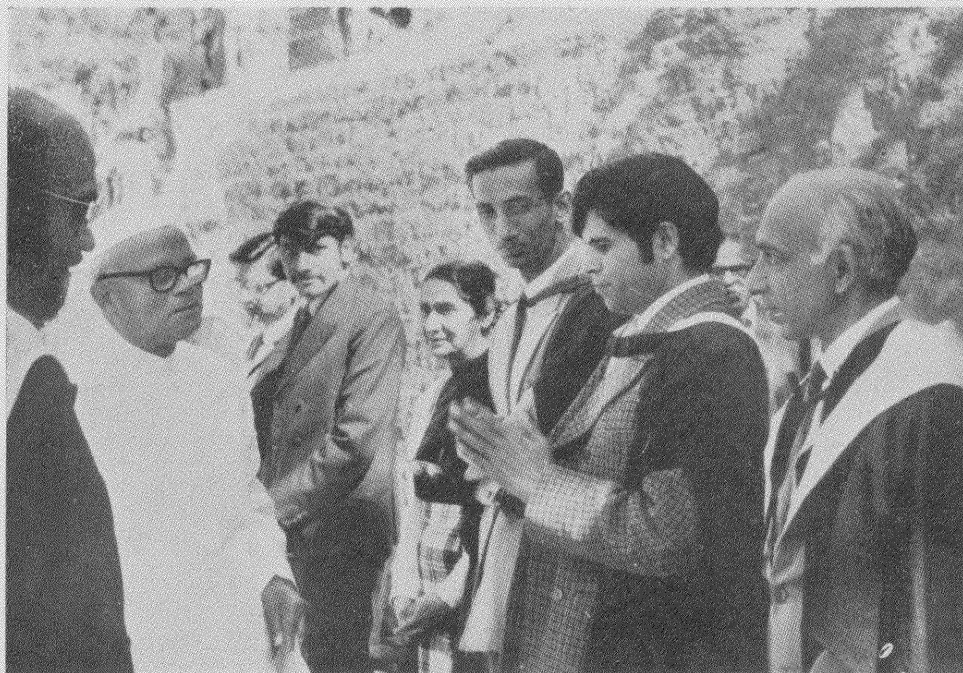
Winner—Bala Cup



Headmaster's Speech



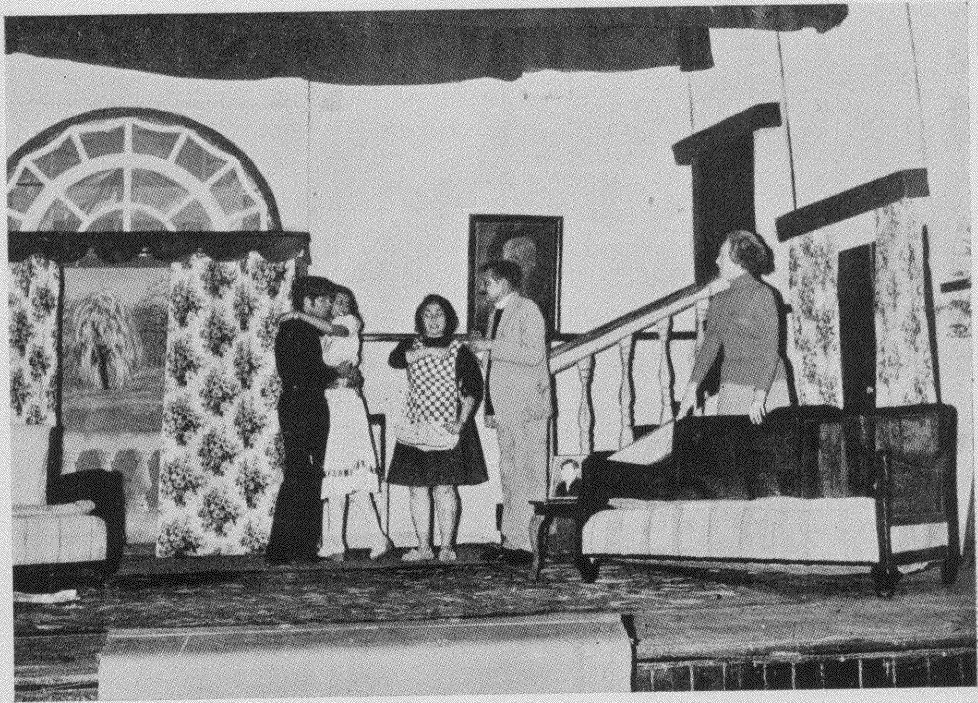
Needlework exhibition



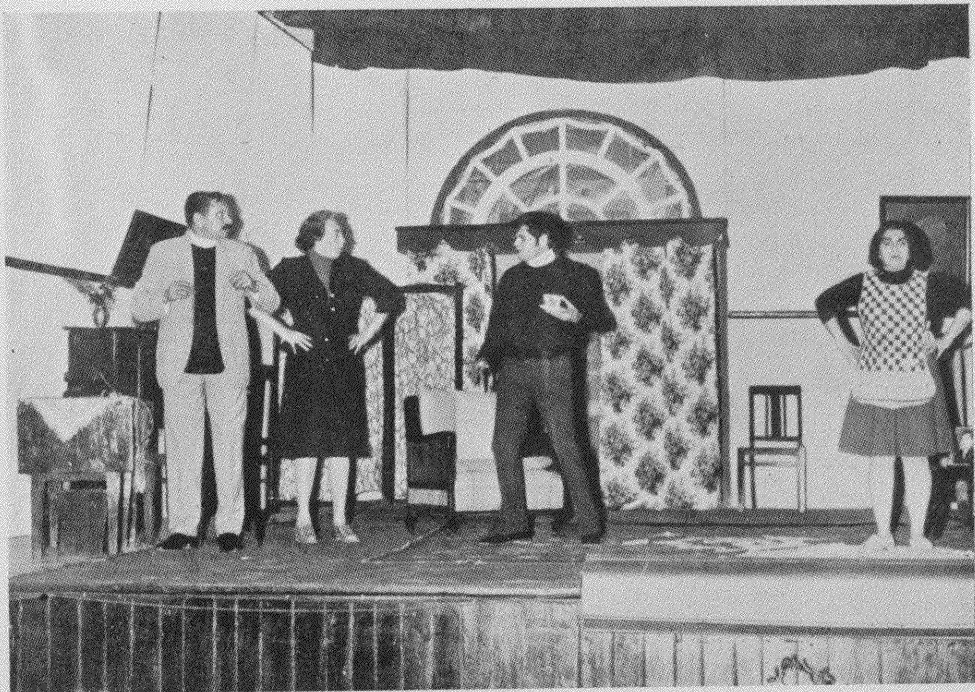
Introductions

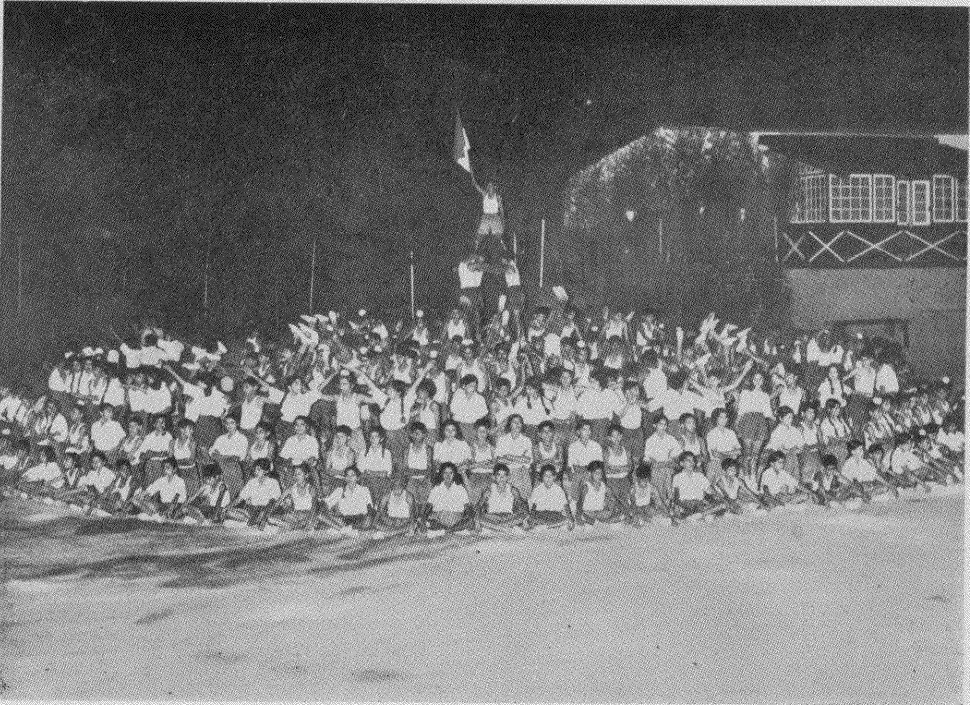


Arts and Crafts



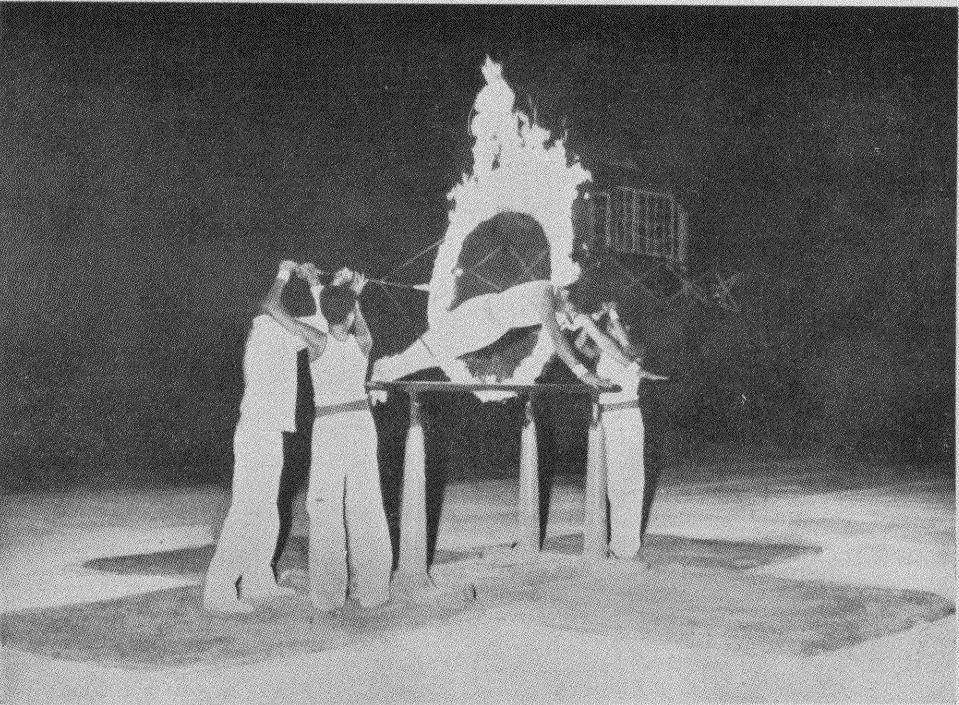
A. D. S.—“I'll Get My Man”





47

TATTOO





Sadhna in action



Preppers Sprinting



Relay—Open

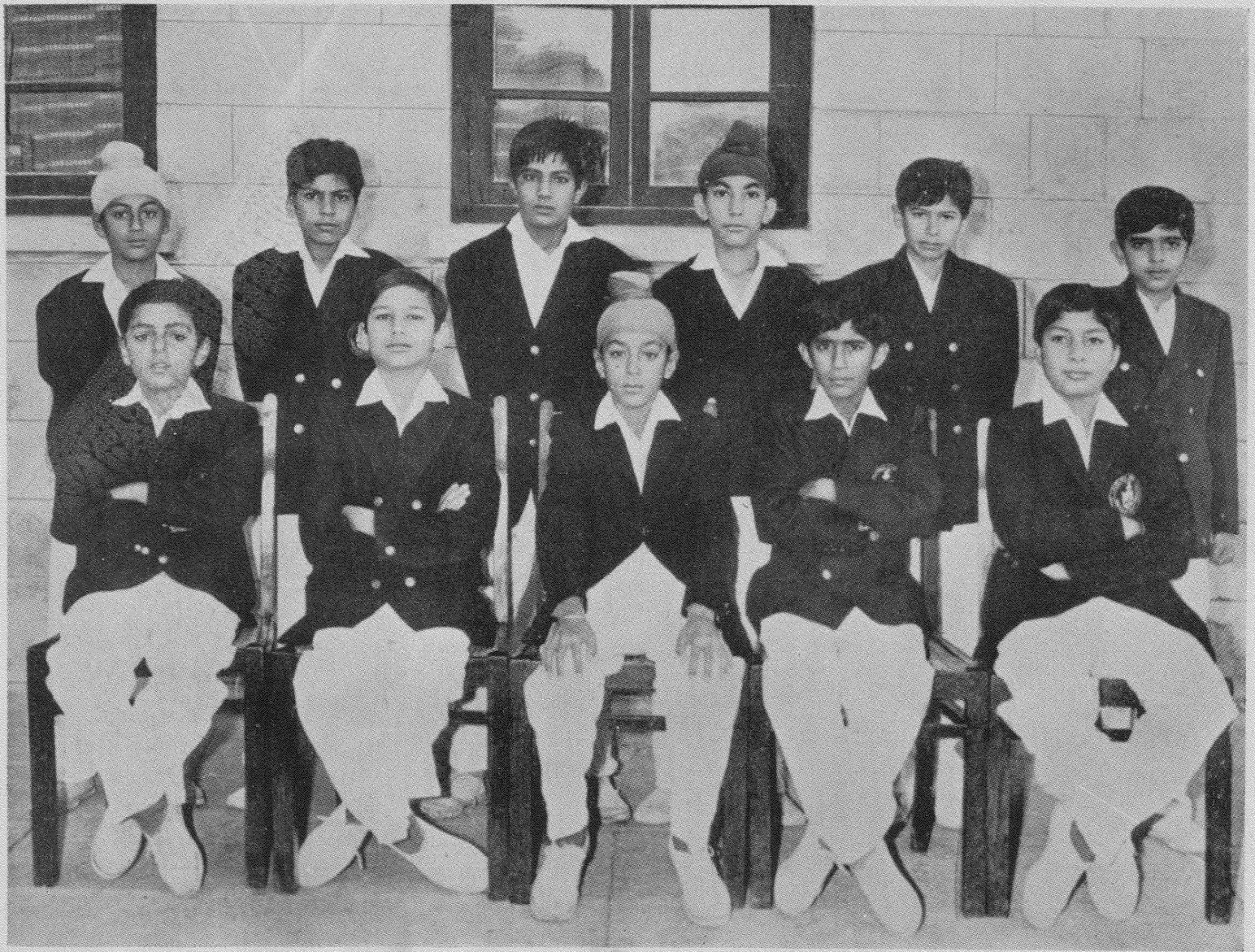


Relay Under elevens

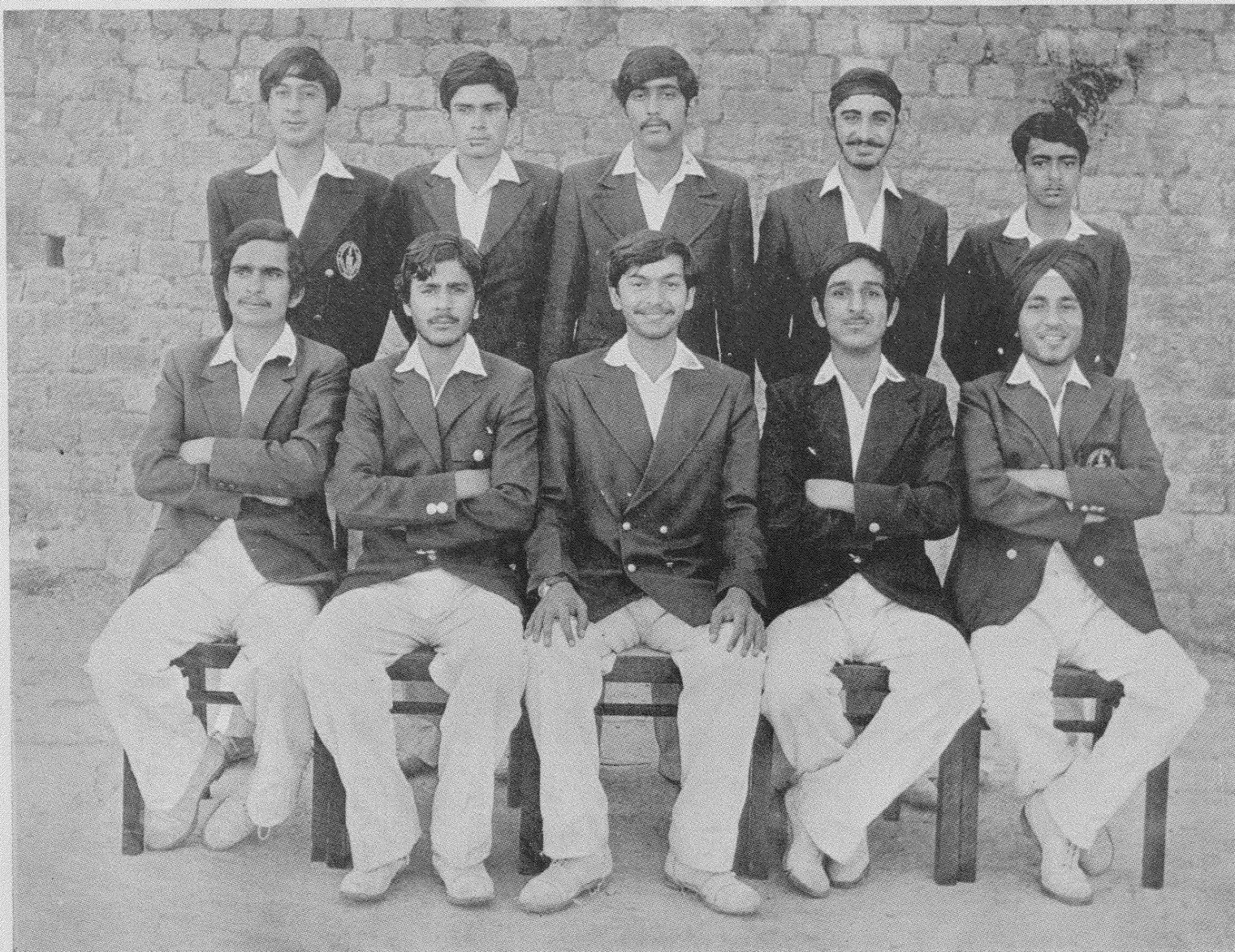


Prep School Show—Founders

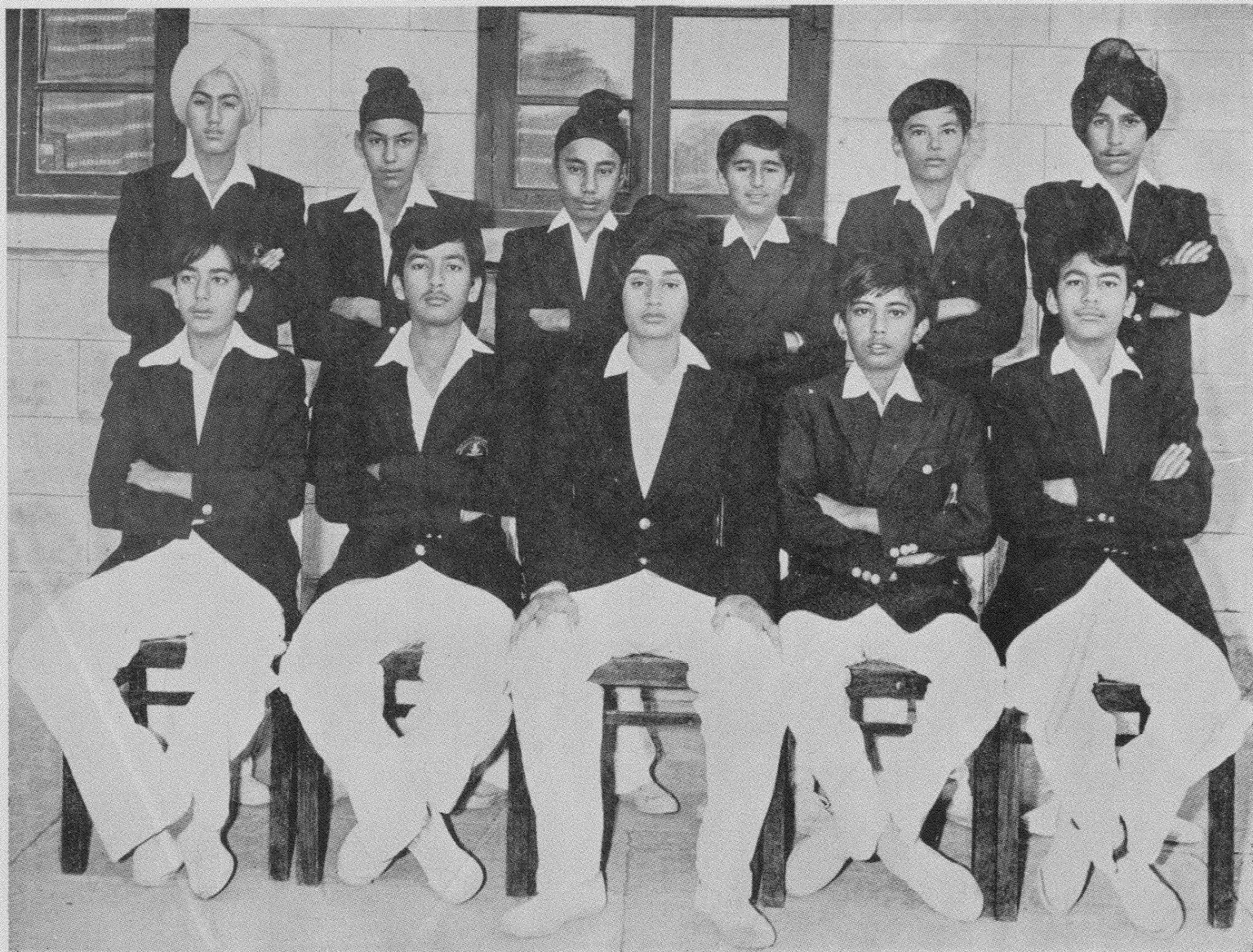




Cricket—Atoms



Cricket—First XI



Cricket—Colts



Boxing



Athletics



Hockey—Colts



Hockey—First XI



Soccer—First XI



Soccer—Colts



Soccer— Atoms

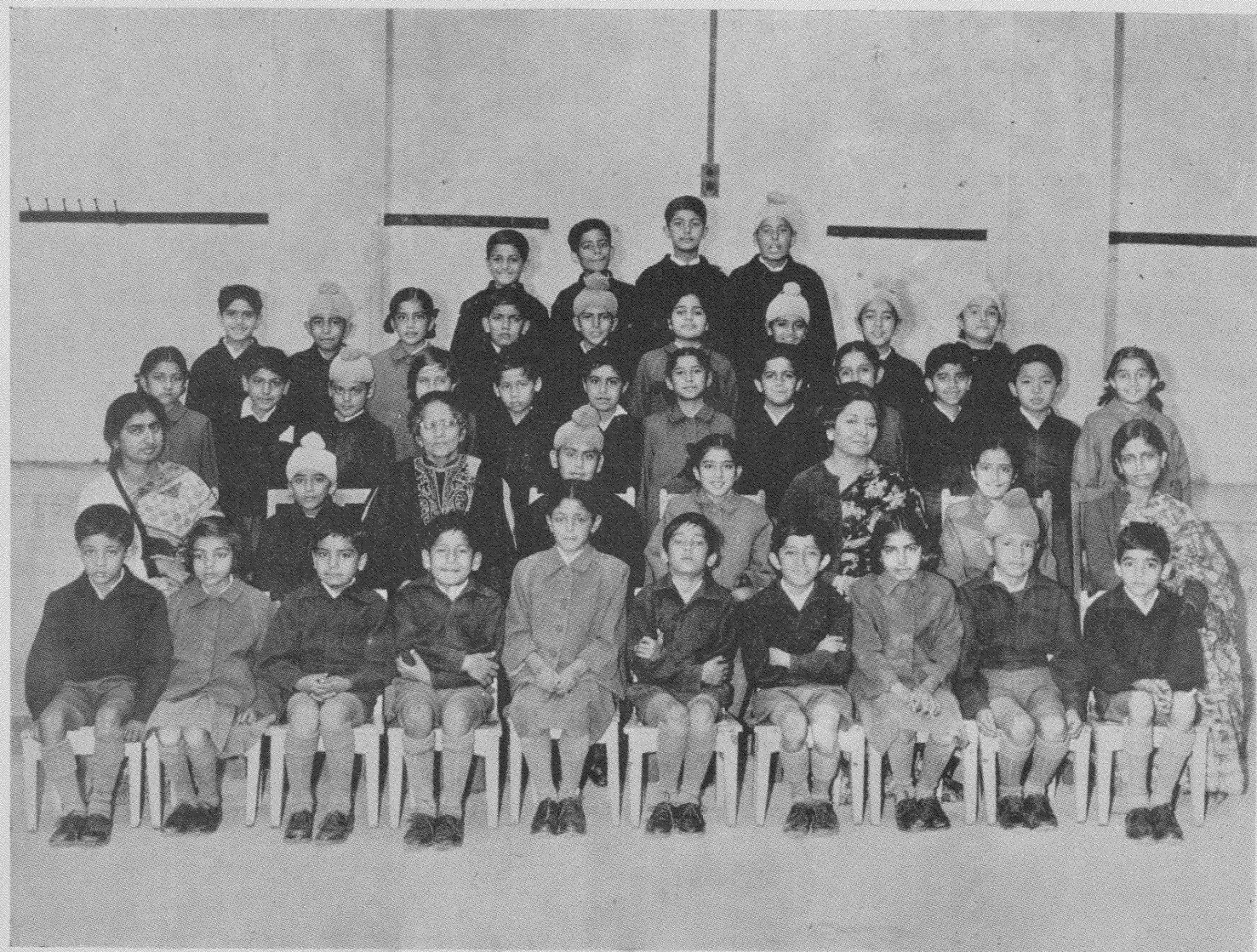
Hockey—Atoms



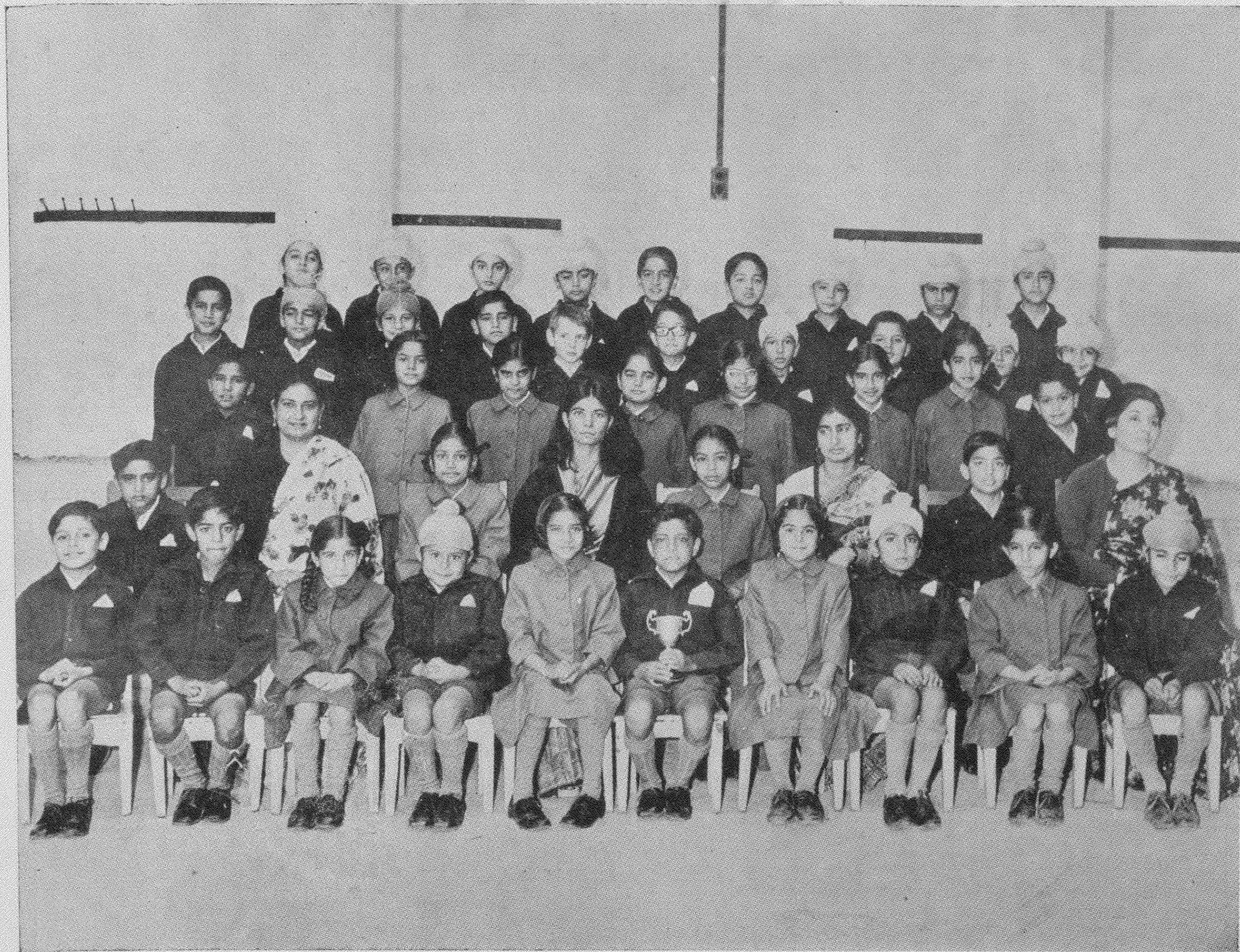
Hockey—Atoms



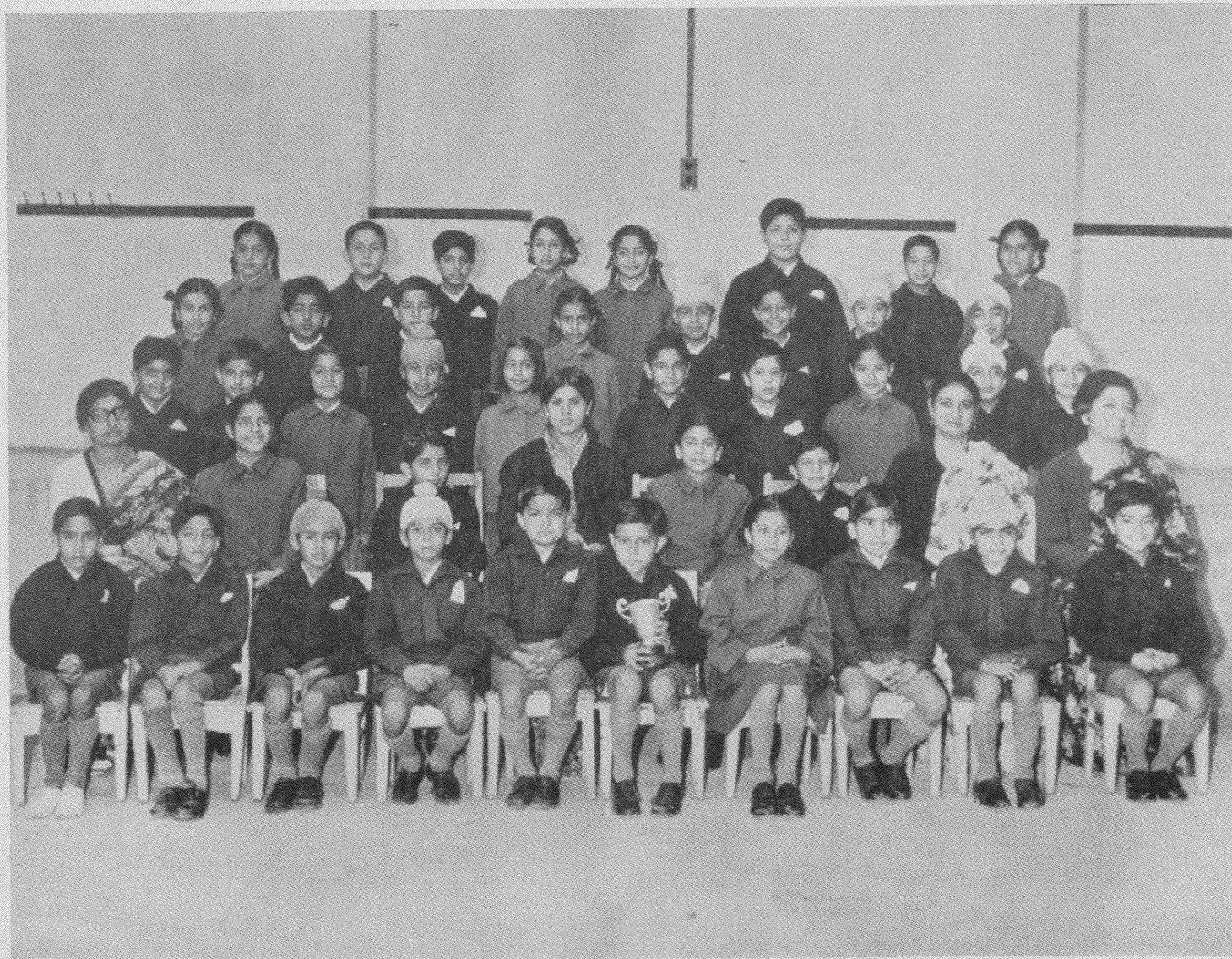
Himalaya P.D.



Nilagiri P.D.



Vindhya P.D.



Siwalik P.D.



Nilagiri G.D.



Himalaya G.D.



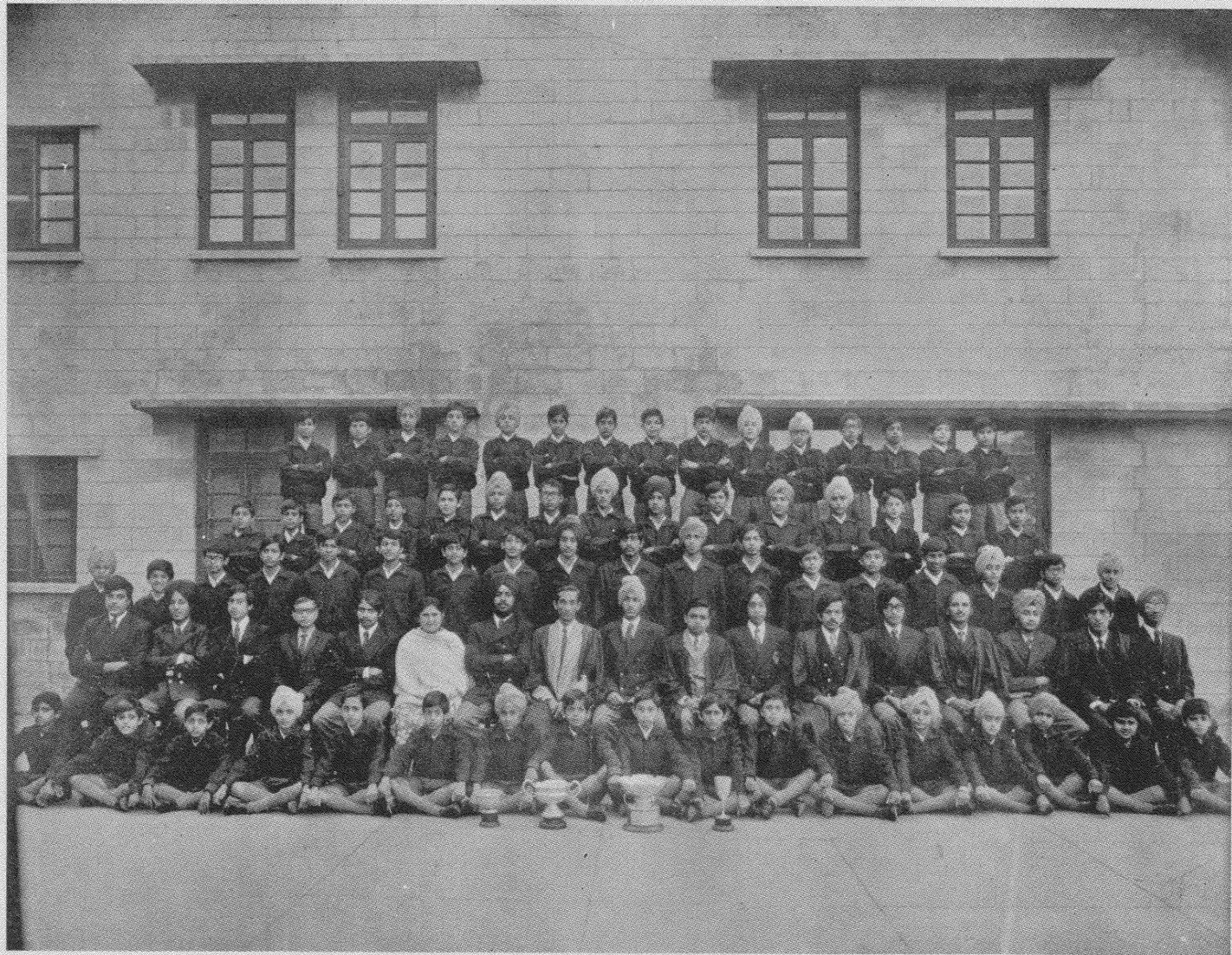
Siwalik G.D.



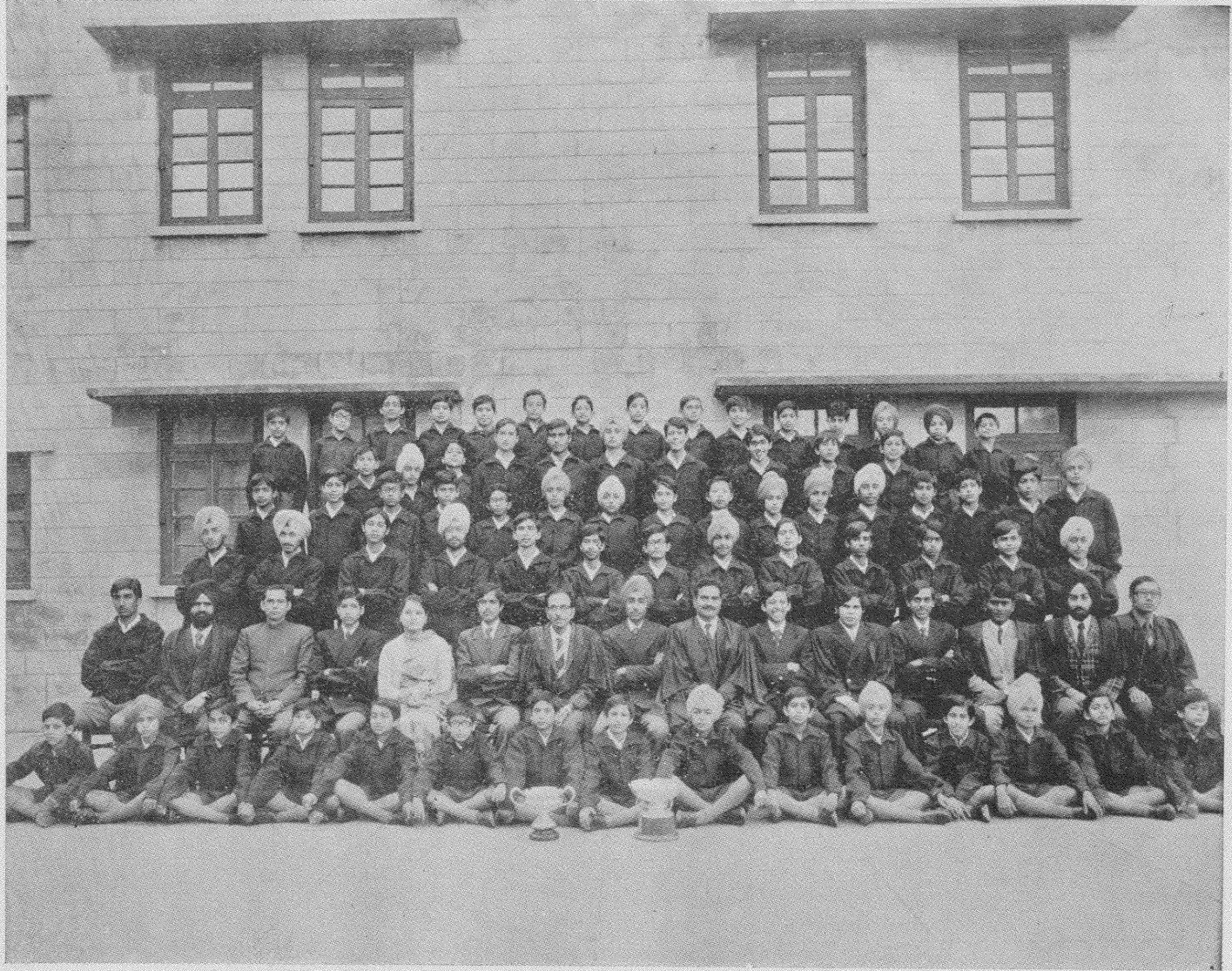
Vindhya G.D.



Himalaya B.D.



Nilagiri B.D.



Siwalik B.D.



Vindhya B D.

PUBLISHER :— S. R. Das, M. A., (Cantab), Headmaster, The Lawrence
School, Sanawar.

EDITOR :— Harish Dhillon.

Printed at The Lawrence School Press, Sanawar
