

The Sanawarian

1975



The Magazine of the Lawrence School, Sanawar,
Simla Hills

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The Sanawarian



Being the Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

EDITORIAL

The unusual delay in placing the Sanawarian in the hands of the readers has been owing to the 'change of horse in mid-stream.' Mr. Sumer Singh who did most of the spadework for this volume was compelled by domestic circumstances to leave Sanawar before it went to the press.

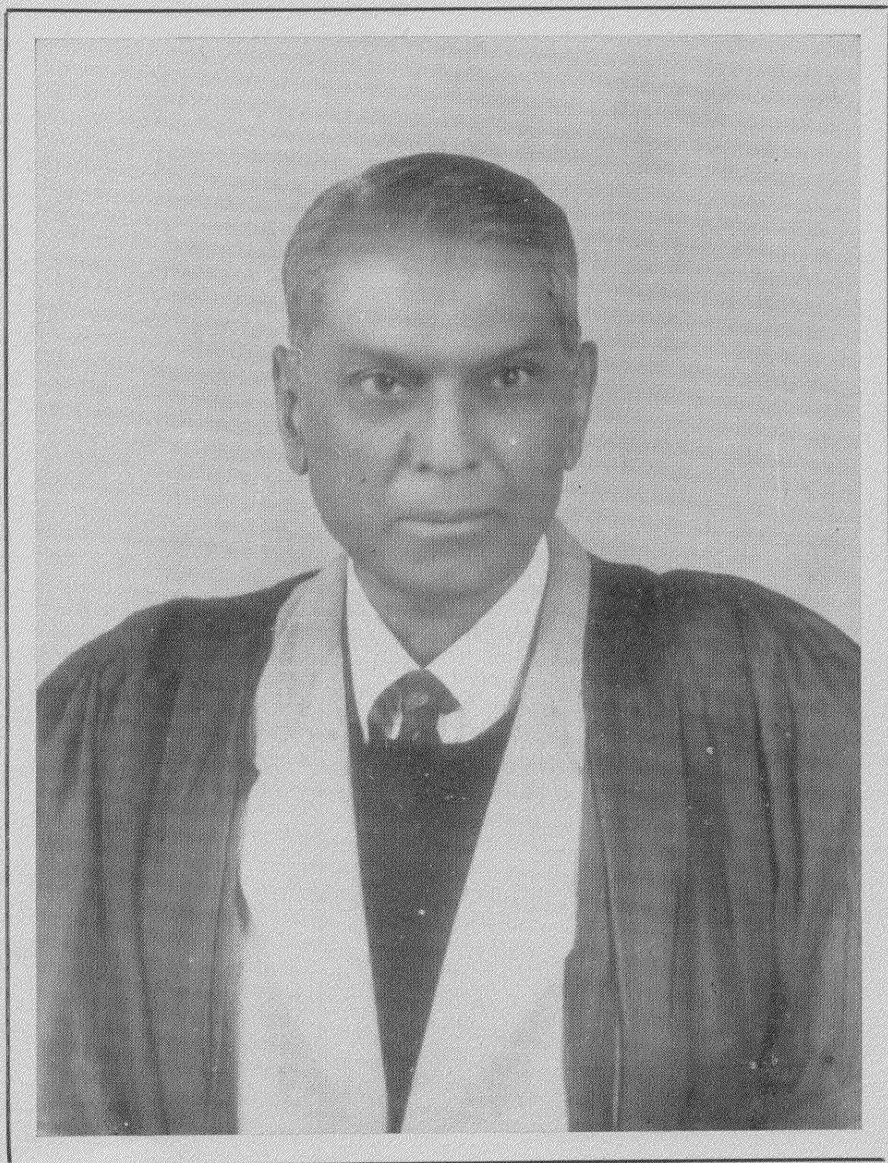
The year 1975 has been a year of innovation and progress for Sanawar. A number of activities have either been newly introduced or revived. Among the former the pride of place goes to the 'new' tutorial scheme both for the boys and girls, gymnastics for girls, subject societies, poultry and mushroom farming; among the latter is the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, adult education campaign by our own students, project work and social service.

An event of singular interest has been the seminar for the members of the teaching staff on how to run the tutorial system more effectively. It was conducted under the leadership of Professor R. Mathai and his colleagues of the Indian Institute of Business Management, Ahmedabad. The seminar was another in-service aid which enabled the staff to visualize what is expected of a modern, residential school like Sanawar. It will, it is expected, go a long way to bring out all the dormant potentialities of the children studying in this school—potentialities of the mind, body and spirit.

Another change of national consequence as also of Sanawar, was the adoption of the 10+2 educational plan. Though skeptics are not wanting, what is wanted is the will to succeed and the humility to experiment. Shortcoming if any, can be overcome in due time.

The poultry and mushroom farming are added to the work experience programme and it is satisfying to note that both of them, started by Mr Longman, are working profitably under the supervision Mr. B. D. Atri.

The year 1975 brought very sad news to the school. Major Som Dutt, the tenth Headmaster of the school, who held the reins of office from August 1956 to February 1970, passed away. In the demise of such a great soul and friend, the School has become the poorer. That he was loved and appreciated for his humane qualities is amply brought out elsewhere in this volume. Though memory be proverbially short and gratitude rare, Sanawar records its gratitude to the departed Headmaster. Those of the alumnae and alumni who were privileged to be with him in the school will testify that the late Major Som Dutt was a 'man.' This issue of the Sanawarian is fondly dedicated to his sacred memory. May he rest in peace.



The late Major Som Dutt

The Staff 1975



Founder's 1975

Pagal Gymkhana

It was a very interesting thing. Everyone enjoyed it. Only "duds" didn't enjoy it.

The first item was tug of war, staff vs. fathers. This item was very interesting because we saw the weak masters getting pulled by the tough fathers.

The next item was blind boxing. In this we saw the boys were blind folded and had to box with their opponents. You should have seen S. Latta boxing with Navi (Navjot Singh Randhawa). The very good item at last came. It was the 'Matka' race. The mothers and lady staff took part. It was fun watching the matka crash. In this a mother came first.

Next was 'murga' race which reminded us of our worst punishment. Guneet Randhawa and Tarun Kapoor cheated and came first. But they did not get any prize because they cheated.

The fifth item was the sack race. In this Kandhari came first and Nikul Malvi went flying.

The next item was tug of war P.S. vs. O.S. In this, Present Sanawarians let the rope go and the O.S. fell. Then again after a lot of pulling P.S. won.

The L-III boys ran for apples. Jagat Jeet nearly fell into the tub with another boy and they got wet.

The eighth item was tilting the quintain. In this a lady hit the quintain but no water fell. Another person hit it, water fell this time but it missed him.

The next item was father and child piggy back race. In this the fathers had to take their children on their backs. One father fell.

The next item was tug of war, mothers vs. lady staff. The fat mothers pulled the thin lady staff. It was interesting.

The next item was the balloon race for Form I boys. The boys ran to get their balloons but some didn't get any.

The fancy dress was also interesting. One boy looked very cute in a rabbit suit. At last the Pagal Gymkhana ended. It was a big success.

Ravi Inder Singh Sahi
U-III A

The A.D.S. Play

The A.D.S. play, which is always good, was even better than usual this year. It was a hilarious farce in three acts called "Post Horn Gallop." We simply couldn't stop laughing throughout the play. Each character was funnier than the other.

The director and producer was Mr. B. Singh. He was also acting and was very funny charging around with a rifle, in his role of an eccentric lord who spends his time fighting an imaginary enemy.

Mrs. Das, playing the outspoken maid, Ada, had us holding our sides and laughing helplessly, especially when she did the stamping dance with a rose in her mouth.

The play wouldn't have been half as good without Mr. and Mrs. Longman who were extremely convincing and funny as a Cockney couple. The unconcerned way in which they kept drinking tea and eating sandwiches, in spite of the chaos

all around them sent us into fits of laughter.

Mrs. Sawney was quite at home in her thoroughly amusing role of a helpless looking guide who was thrilled to be in a castle in which "she could be closer to Cromwell than ever before." She played her part beautifully.

Mr. Abraham was very convincing as the exasperated young son-in-law of the Lord, who is constantly running up and down, either from the two fierce villains, Mr. Gore and Mr. Bhalerao, or from the amorous designs of the maid, Ada. (He must have got tired with all that running about).

Mr. Sumer Singh, Miss Cooper and Mrs. Smolin also contributed a great deal to making the play the success it was. We are looking forward to next year's A.D.S. play.

Vikram Brar
L-V C

The P.D. Show

The P.D. show was on the 3rd evening. The first item was a Hindi skit called "Pujariji ka Byha." There was a pujari who wanted to get married. One day a Pandit came to his house and told him that somebody's daughter wanted to get married. So the pujari said, "Will you let me marry that girl?" The Pandit said, "What! Your marriage with that girl!" The pujari said, "I will give you a lot of money." The Pandit said "O.K." When the pujari went to the house of his bride-to-be, the girl's father was shocked to see

him. So he says to the bear trainer: "What should I do?" "I'll do something," said the bear trainer. So he dresses his bear in a girl's dress. In the end the Pujari gets to know that he was married to a bear.

The second item was a poem. The third item was a song. It was very nice. The fourth item was a Kabui Naga dance. It was also very nice. The fifth item was an English play called 'The Kings Shirt.' The King lost his laughter. So everybody in the palace was sad too. Then an old man came and said "Change shirts with the happiest man on earth, and you will laugh again." In the end the King married his daughter to the happy man. I liked the dance, because it was very colourful and amusing.

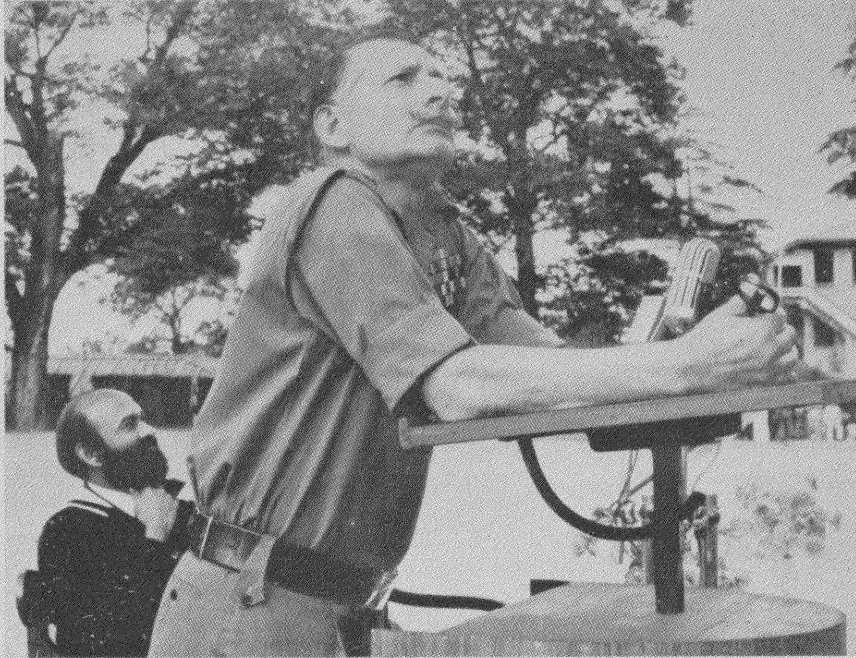
Harminder Bawa
II B

The Tattoo

The Tattoo is an important part of Founders, so important in fact that without it 'Founder's' would lose much of its charm.

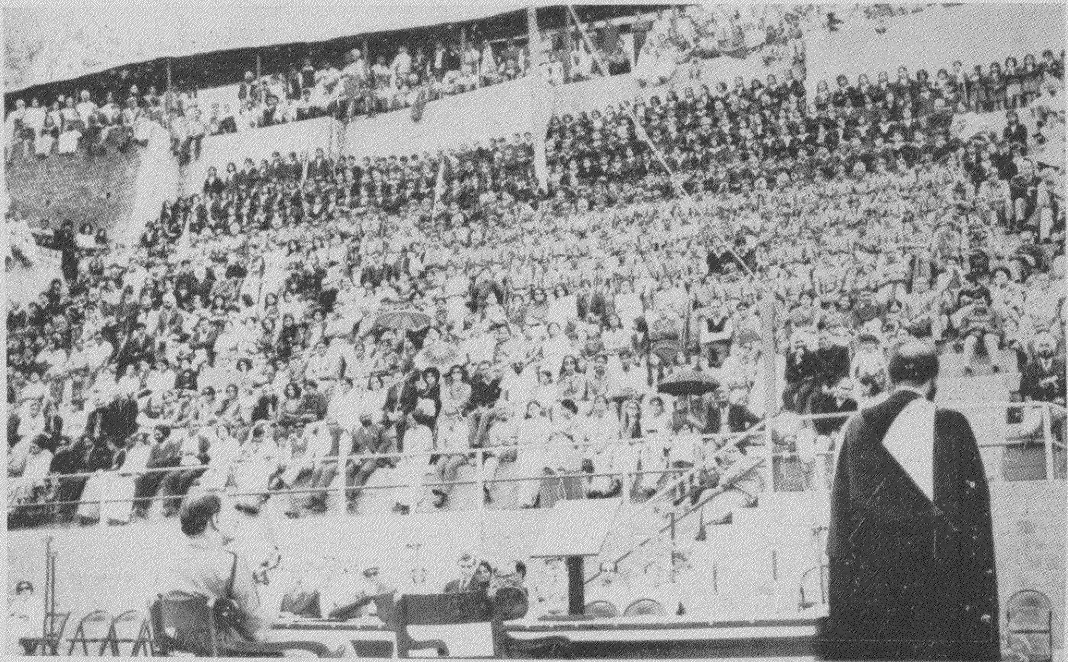
There was much huddling and whispering on the banks of Peacestead which died away suddenly as the first clear notes of a bugle peeled forth. The lights came on to show two groups of boys and girls on either side of the field. The P.T. display was superb and the timing excellent. The tableau of the 'swastika' looked wonderful from the banks.

Founder's speeches at Peacestead



The Chief Guest—Field Marshal Manekshaw addresses the parents, guests, staff & students

The Headmaster, Mr. S.R. Das, presents the Headmaster's report



Founder's : 'Pagal Gymkhana'



Preppers



Tug o'war : Mothers vs Staff : (Ladies)



Tug o'war : Fathers vs Staff : (Gents)

The next item was exercises on the parallel bars. The exercises were well performed and everyone put up an outstanding display. The highlight of the performance was the dive through the hoop of fire which was acclaimed by quavering 'ooohs' and 'ahhhs' from the banks.

Next came the Bugle Band. The colourfully dressed Drum Major, Judge, commanded his troop very well. The buglers bugled with gusto, if not in tune.

The boys' groundwork was next. Though the exercises were new, the item was quite boring due to the repetition of each exercise by about 18 boys. A select team of 10 boys could have put on a much better show.

The girls' gymnastics fairly bowled everyone over. Dressed in red and white, the Sanawarian girls outdid the boys at their first performance in the Tattoo ! Hats off to them !

The Bhangra was the next item. The drumming was excellent and the boys were very lively.

Exercises on the high horse came next. It was enjoyable to watch the boys almost sailing over the horse. The two Bikrams were outstanding and all in all the horse-work was magnificent.

The last item of the Tattoo was fire-fighting. The Red Indians (and some one behind the shack) did their work so well that the girls waiting to be saved thought it best not to tempt Providence. By the time the fire engine arrived the fire had almost fizzled out. But they did a good job of putting out what was left of the fire.

The Tattoo ended with a bang as the firefighters turned their hoses on the parents. It was a unique performance.

Ashok Bhagat
VI-B

The Senior School Concert

The curtain opened on the School orchestra, which played 'Rag Bihag' with great dexterity. The nine-minute long Rag finished quickly enough, and the "Sweet Sensation" replaced them. Though far from sweet, the band was extremely good. Rajiv Sawhney surprised us all with his singing. Sanjiv Bhalerao on the drums and Ravi Sawney on the guitar were also excellent.

"Under Secretary," Ramesh Mehta's famous play, was next on the list. Though it had been staged before, the play was enjoyed by all, mainly on account of the superb acting displayed by all the participants.

The ballet "Charumitra" was the last item on the programme. Mohini Oberoi as King Ashok, Navneet Maini as Charumitra, and Navneet Kaur as the Bhikshu were particularly good. But each participant, from the messenger to Charumitra herself, showed a special aptitude for her part and contributed her bit to make the ballet the roaring success that it was. Miss Bhatnagar deserves special congratulations for the excellent show.

The show ended as usual after the first verse of the School song to the accompaniment of deafening applause.

Gurmeet Kaur
VI-C

The Fete 1975

This year's fete was on the morning of 5th Oct. in Birdwood and every one seemed to enjoy it.

There was the giant wheel, coconut shy, flash arranged by Sanawarians and O.S., lottery, balloon, shooting, stalls with tempting eats, lucky dip, hit the coin in the bucket and flower stall.

I first went to the Sanawarian flash of which my brother was in charge. Harjinder, who did not know what the game was about, won ten rupees to his surprise.

Being unlucky there, I went to the Ice-Cream to cool my self down.

My next move was back to the flash stall. Oh! I thought I was winning; I had almost won, but to my utmost surprise, someone else came and took the prize and before I could speak, he had walked away. I was left gaping at him.

Then I bought myself two balloons, but as I felt silly I gave them away.

Then I took ten rupees from my brother and went upstairs to eat something nice. Guess what I saw? It was something like a super market.

Oh! What delicious 'chat', cakes and 'tikies' there were. I had two helpings of each. Then I went to have a Coca Cola. Running here and there, at last I found the place of the coupons.

After the drink, I went down and tried twice to "Hit the coin in the bucket." Again I was unlucky, I missed it every time.

Then I tried "Tear the paper in one chance." It was all about tearing two holes in a paper in one go. Unlucky me! Here too, after spending three rupees, I gave up.

Then up the stairs to the shooting stall I went. The Senior School boys who were in charge left, leaving me with my pellets. I had no choice but to walk back to the Prep School.

OH WHAT A DAY IT WAS! Would I like another chance?

Of course, yes! I shall practise all I can for next year's fete.

Devendra S. Tak
L-III A

The P.D. Art Exhibition

The P.D. art exhibition was opened on the 2nd of October. I saw the exhibition on the 4th afternoon because Guneet and I opened it. There were very nice things in it. There was embroidery. There was a huge cat made of cotton. There were tortoises, and napkins and many other things. There was woodwork also in it. I made a boat, a candle stand and a lorry. Our class made a collage copied from a mosaic of Byzantium. I did the yellow bits in it. There was a story book of monsters in the exhibition and three monsters drawn above the book. They were very frightening. There were things written about America. There were churches made out of thin cardboard. I liked the exhibition, but not very much.

Prabhjot S. Sodhi
Form II-B

Founder's 1975

It was supper-hour when I reached Sanawar on October 1. The advancing shapes, in the velvety darkness, seemed to be somewhat larger than the largest of sixth formers, Gosh, how these children grow, I thought. It was only when the 'shapes' got closer that I realised: these are parents! So many of them, already, putting into operation the School's new (and welcome) scheme to have parents literally 'messing' around the place. It was good to hear their animated chatter—almost like children, themselves. They'd been promised a "picnic" and they were ready to rough it out. Good, I thought to myself. The best of all possible things—it has really augmented the Sanawar family.

When I landed at the Headmaster's house, I was welcomed by a right, proper maid. "Aw!" she screamed. "Last year when you arrived I was in a maid's costume and now you are here—and I am in a maid's costume. But I've been promoted. I am playing Lady Elrood's maid."

It was "mine bostess"—Pheroza Das, just back from her performance. Good, I thought once again. With Pheroza Das raising the rafters as the maid in the staff play (she was superb, last year) we should be off to a pretty good start.

And with this thought—and a good dinner—I went to bed.....

Oct. 2nd

8-30 a.m. Gandhi Jayanti at Birdwood. Crisp, cool sunshine. Something specially

lovely about this morning—always. The children, the staff, a smattering of parents (why weren't there more of them? Maybe the dorms were too comfortable after all!) The Headmaster hoists the Flag, the National Anthem is played and then, special Assembly in Barne Hall beginning with the serene, uplifting, "Abide With Me."

The Headmaster spoke of the greatness and the humility of Mahatma Gandhi. It was a simple, direct and heartfelt address, and the children listened attentively. The Assembly ended with the soul stirring "Ram Dhun."

10-00 a.m. What's Pagal Gymkhana? What are we supposed to do? It was the parents, again, all a-buzz because the familiar Athletics had been replaced this year with the odd (mad?) sounding Pagal Gymkhana. But, it turned out to be great fun, and a lot of the Mums and Dads participated to the everlasting joy/discomfiture of the children. There was the Matka Race and the Sack Race and the Piggy Back Race—and there was the Tugo' War (Staff vs. Fathers and Mothers vs. Lady Staff (sic)...but not Mothers vs. Fathers in this International Women's Year!) Who won or who lost wasn't important—everyone enjoyed oneself. Maybe we could go more "pagal" next year? All this was down at Barne's, so now it was up (and huff!) to Gaskell Hall for 12-00 noon coffee for Parents. You have to see it to believe it. Parents and teachers, parents and others parents,

meeting probably after one full year or or more, greeting each other like long-lost kinfolk. The flash of colours—lovely sarees, super O.S. outfits (not too much of woollies—Sanawar was pleasantly warm) and a lot of bonhomie. The Staff—wonderful, gracious, patient and so friendly—did duty at the coffee urns while everyone got acquainted and reacquainted.

5-30 p.m. Staff Play. It is called "Post Horn Gallop" (and don't ask me why it's called, "Post Horn Gallop" Mrs. Das had warned me the night before). I didn't ask. All I wanted to know—as did all other parents—was : how's Bhupi? Because The Staff Play is Bhupi and Bhupi is The Staff Play. This time, too, producer-director Bhupinder Singh (very ably assisted by Stage Manager Uma Mukherji) did a grand job—but this time, actor Bhupinder Singh, playing the hallucinating Lord Elrood, did not corner the action. The cast was pretty well spread out—with Josephine Sawney outstanding, as usual, in the role of the guide at Elrood Castle. But it was Raymond Longman as country-bumpkin Bert who had them laughing in the aisles. He was just superb. And giving him very adequate support as Maggie his culture-conscious wife was Catherine Longman. You can take a bow, Mr. & Mrs. Longman—in fact, two bows! The rest of the cast responded splendidly to the director : Pheroza Das, absolutely delightful and verry funny as Ada the romantic maid; Chander Bhan Abraham, extremely good as Chester, with Amanda Cooper, pretty and pert as Patricia. Joan Smolin made an appropriately bewildered

Lady Elrood, while those two "regulars" Madhav Gore and Ashok Bhalerao once again had the children screaming with laughter, with their cloak-and-dagger roles as Mr. Capone and Mr. Wedgewood. Sumer Singh proved alert and efficient as Boy Scout Willis. Messrs. Dhillon and Soloman did a most audible—sorry, laudable—job of the prompting. And whoever of them was responsible for prompting Pal Capone Gore, deserves a medal!

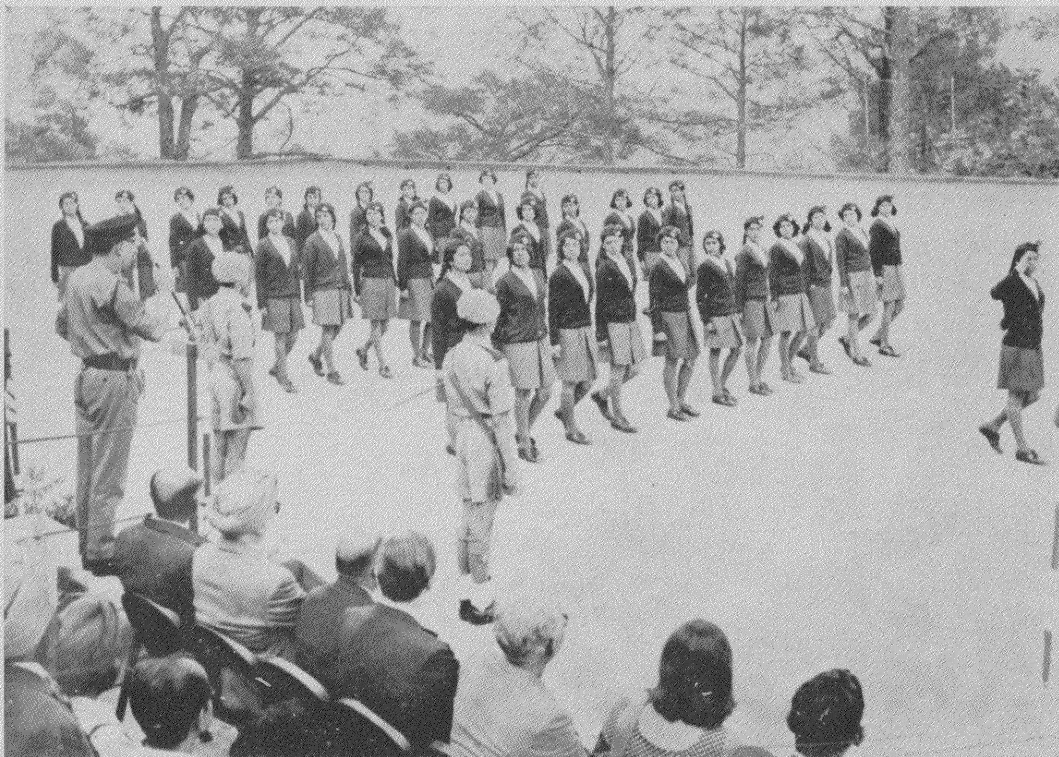
A most enjoyable play—witty, hilarious, an apt choice for Founder's.

Oct. 3rd

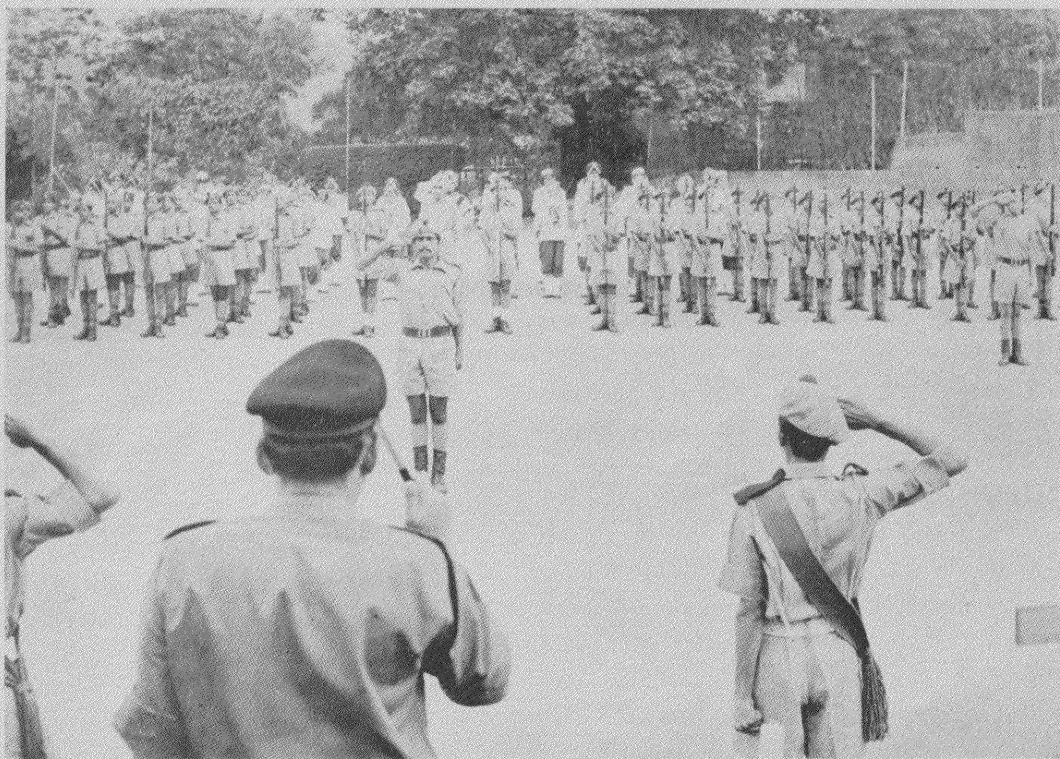
Chief Guest, Field Marshal Sam Manekshaw arrives—is given a roaring welcome by the School.

4-30 p.m. The Prep. School Concert. A Favourite with all parents—so fresh, so spontaneous, so utterly charming. First, the skit, in Hindi, "Pujari-ji-ka-Vivah," with a cast of nine and a whole lot of exuberant "baraatis." Shailender Choudhury was excellent as the Pandit. Choral Speaking was a new and lovely item. "I'm Hiding" by Dorothy Aldis was beautifully rendered by a group of Preppers. Also good was the Fisherman's Song with Satinder Pal Singh as the leader. Next came Kabui Naga—a tribal dance. This was excellent—kudos to dance director, Miss Bhatnagar. Kavita Singh as the hunter was particularly outstanding. And then, the English play, "The King's Shirt"—all about the search for the Happiest Man on Earth, to make the gloomy King laugh again. A happy,

Trooping of Colours March past : Girls



Field Marshal Manekshaw taking the salute.



Tattoo

Fire Fighting : Mr. Longman and students in action



The audience at the staff play



funny play with a moral—one which was hilariously referred to the next day by the Chief Guest in his speech. Little Robin Roy as the Jester and the lovable Rajesh Saggi as the Tramp were very good, indeed.

7-15 p.m. Now, onto the Tattoo—that most marvellous of items on the programme. Each year the sombre beauty of Peacestead—so aptly named—beckons tantalizingly. While the regular items once again elicited applause and admiration from the audience (the Mass P.T. display—so excellent; the gym work by the boys—wonderful as ever; the Bugle band—absolutely terrific; the Bhangra—colourful and exciting) the piece de resistance of the evening was the brand-new item, Girls' Gymnastics. It was first-class, a real eye-opener. The girls, erect and alert, gave such a wonderful display of gym work that, time and again, the entire audience burst into a spontaneous applause. Indeed, once again, it was a case of: "Anything you can do I can do better!" The boys had better watch out...

A lovely, chastely-worded commentary by Romola Chatterji heightened the enjoyment of the evening. And, this year, the Tattoo ended with a laugh and a damp squib, thanks to the valiant efforts of Mr. Longman and his magnificent fire (fighting?) machine!

Oct. 4th Founder's Day

8-30 a.m. Trooping of the School Colours and March Past. A glorious morning which everyone said was "just right"

for the Parade. Peacestead sparkled with many colours, up at the stands. The School Band is in fine fettle, the Parade is smartly turned out as the Chief Guest, Field Marshal SHFJ Manekshaw, is escorted by the Headmaster to the Parade Ground.

Year after year, this ritual is gone through. And I'm willing to bet it inspires every person present—no matter how many times they've seen it. Personally, I continue to be astounded by this awesome, thrilling display...and always delighted with the March Past—particularly the tail-end of it, with those enthusiastic little Preppers stepping out in style!

Another innovation: Speeches at Peacestead. A bit dicey, because it started to drizzle when the Headmaster made his address and 'came down' a bit when the Field Marshal got up to speak—nevertheless a most acceptable change, because, for once, everyone stayed put for the Speeches. In fact, had the Speeches been held at Barne Hall. I am afraid there would have been a stampede, since everyone—but, everyone—was determined to hear the FM.

And he didn't let them down. After the Headmaster's interesting, often jocular, speech, Sam Manekshaw rose, with raindrops falling on his head—and then...there was laughter every minute and clapping every other. And then I realised that right from the word 'go', this 128th Founder's had seemed more fun than ever before—and the reason

was the Chief Guest. His very name and impending presence had acted as a tonic for all, parents, children and staff.

5-00 p.m. Sr. School Concert—another treat in store. First the Orchestra with Raga Bihag, well played. Then “The Sweet Sensation”—music, vocal and instrumental by Rajiv Sawhney, Ravi Sawney and Sanjiv Bhalerao. Foot-tapping music to which the younger audience responded vociferously (Incidentally, where were Ravin Grewal and his accordion? We missed them!).

On to “Under Secretary”, a Hindi play in three acts. There were many slips here (apart from pretty Ambika Anand’s saree!) but it was all good fun and got quite some laughs.

And now...“Charumitra”, the Ballet over which the whole School had been buzzing for days. It’s great, they told me, You’ll like it—and that was the understatement of the year. For, “Charumitra” was just fantastic. The high standard of professionalism achieved by the 40-odd young performers was almost incredible. The choreography was impeccable; the dancing, superb. While I single out Navneet Maini and Indermohini Oberoi for special mention, kudos must, indeed, be given to the entire cast. And a very special bouquet to Shakti Bhatnagar, the producer of “Charumitra”—not only did she present a great “happening” at Sanawar, she proved herself a real trouper for whom, despite personal tragedy, The Show Must Go On.

And here I am—with my seventh Founder’s behind me—still thrilled over the whole thing, as I am sure, are other parents with many more Founder’s to their credit. Of course, no report about Founder’s can ever be complete without mention of the Arts and Crafts, Needlework and Science exhibitions—splendid testimony to the talent and hard work of the students and the unflagging zeal of the teachers.

And a very big hand to the O.S.—that happy-go-lucky band of loyalists who, year after year, contribute so much to the Founder’s scene.

Gulshan Ewing

Some (Manek) Shaw—isms

Never Give In? Oh, I don’t like that motto for girls!

To General Dev (Member, Lovedale Board); You mean you’ve been living in Ooty since last year and haven’t looked me up? You couldn’t have been thirsty, then.

Sitting in the middle of a circle of girls in the garden of the Headmaster’s house, the Field Marshal was admonished by a lady guest: Sam, you’re only talking to the girls—what about the boys? “What do you think I’ve come here for?” Then turning in the direction of the boys: “And what are the boys doing there? They should be here, talking to the girls!”

Oh, I don’t like this modern dancing. I am dancing in one place and my partner is away over across the floor and then some other lady comes in between, and I don’t know what’s happening!

I used to smoke 100 cigarettes a day. I gave up overnight. Not for any moral or ethical or health grounds but simply because they are damned expensive. Oh, but was a bad-tempered fellow for a fortnight—so much so that my colleagues used to tell my wife : for God's sake, give the blighter some cigarettes !

And how do you feel now, after having given up smoking ? "Just virtuous—that's all !"

To the girls (at lunch) :

You are all so pretty, why must you wear these long skirts? Can't you get your Headmaster to allow a higher hemline? Just a little higher up.....

When told one of the girls in the Ballet was excited about having her moustache painted on—

"Oh, it can't be as nice as mine !"

When he expressed disappointment over the fact that, at the Parade, all the Marches were played except "Sam Bah-dur," Mrs. Das almost tearfully said : "Oh, we didn't know about that".

"And how would you know", commiserated the FM, "after all, you're a mere civilian."

Contributed by :
Mrs. Gulshan Ewing

HOUSE SHOWS

The Siwalik House Show

Revealing darkness the curtain opened, The silhouette of a man could be seen climbing in through a window and then there was silence again. The plot of the play was centred around a kind-hearted

burglar who succumbed to the entreaties of the young woman whom he had come to rob and instead of robbing her he left her a whole lot of gifts. The play, "Good Night Caroline," was acted well. Peeks acted superbly as the burglar. Ambika Anand spoilt the effect of her acting by laughing at the climax when she was supposed to be tearfully entreating. The play was a good comedy and Ambika directed it well.

An accordion solo by Ravin Grewal kept the whole audience spellbound.

Next came the Dandya Ras dance from Gujarat. It was well executed. The timing and the rhythm were very good. It was just that too many girls had been squeezed on to the stage and the stage did tend to look cluttered and crowded. With half the number of girls it would have been slicker.

'The Golden Mean', a play in two scenes by the juniors, was set in an imaginary land—straight out of a fantasy. It was a little long and tended to drag towards the end. But the actors conducted themselves remarkably well and deserve a pat on the back.

Then the 'Rainmakers' poured their music onto the spectators. Twice during the show the band came in and proved its mettle.

'The Rehearsal', a one scene play with just three actors, was hilarious. Sokhey as the director was superb. Peeks as the actor was also very good.

The last item was the Hindi play. As usual the Siwalikans maintained their high standard in Hindi plays. It was a very funny play. Nakul and Dayanita acted extremely well—hats off to them.

The first house show of the year was a success. We must congratulate all the directors for having done a wonderful job and let us hope that the other house shows will be just as good, if not better.

Sandeep Behl
Sixth—A

The Himalaya House Show

A sudden hush filled the hall. Expectantly, the audience craned their necks towards the opening curtains.

Mysterious lights filled the stage. The dance had begun, the Himalaya House show on the floor.

The dance slowly built up to the climax, and the curtains closed on the first item. Next Sricar Baba sang a few songs, followed by some juniors doing a lively Scottish country dance (did the 'reserve' dance or were there no injuries?).

Hemant Mattoo sang a song. The hall was still. It was beautiful.

Then the "local version" of Laurel and Hardy took over. And over and over. They stole the show away, with a perfect Laurel (Sanjay Sikri!) and a perfect Hardy (Behl!).

The Punjabi skit came and went—I can't say much about it. "It was Greek to me!"

A few, or rather, a couple of haunting melodies followed, haunting because they were old enough to be ghost songs by now and then the Hindi play which was good.

"The Purple Flowers" blossomed, and were accepted.

"The Poison Party" was sheer poison (I didn't say how or why, I might have died laughing—but then again, I might not have).

Nekhil Rawley
Sixth—A

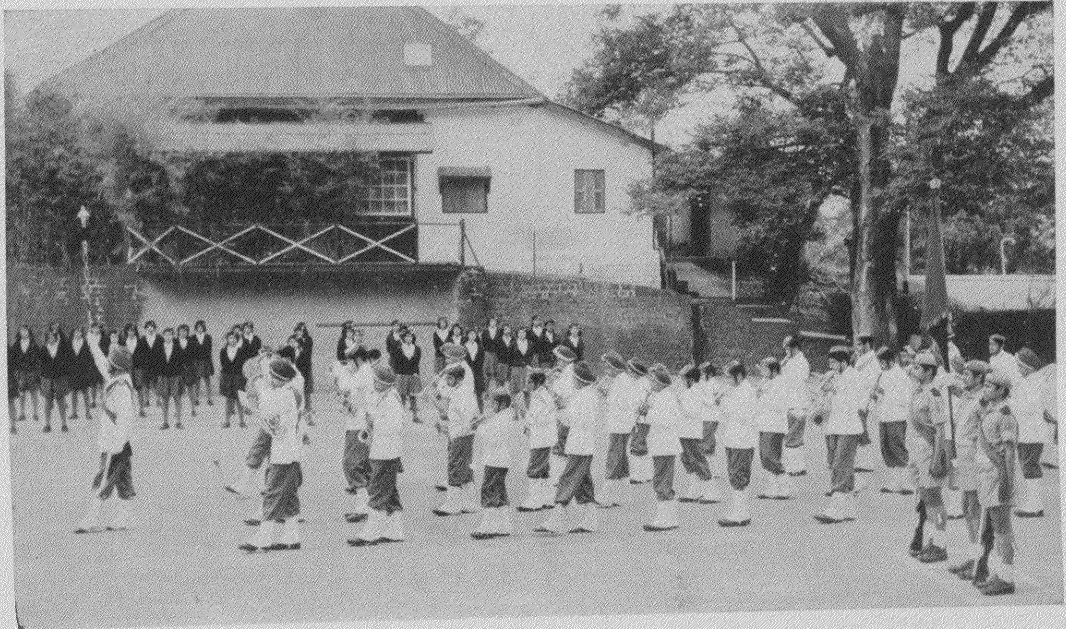
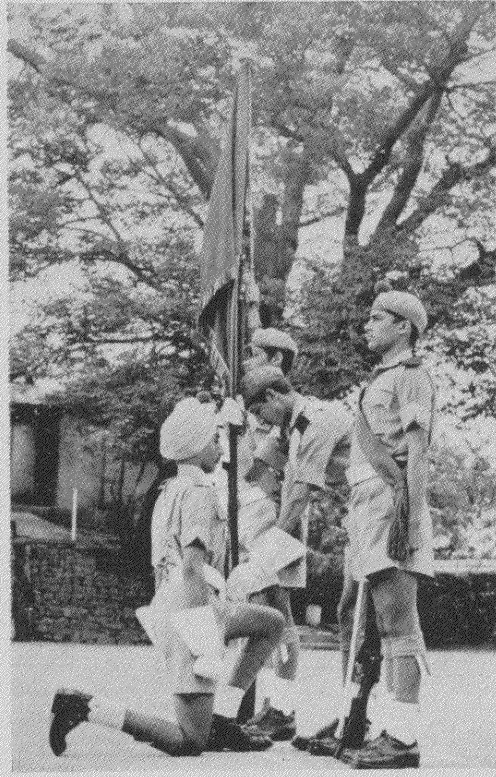
The Vindhya House Show

The curtain opened onto a Mock Fashion show, the first item of the Vindhya House show, and for a good ten minutes the Vindhya juniors kept us all in fits with their modelling. This was indeed a very original idea and the Upper Fifth and Sixth Form girls made a very good job of the production.

Next was the Dance, "Krishan Vandana." It was very skilfully presented but for too long. The "Evening Shadows" (as the girls called themselves) then presented two songs, "January" and "Shalla-la," melodiously sung—OFF-TUNE! The guitar, however, was extremely well played.

The Hindi play "Anju Didi" followed and while we were waiting patiently for the third scene to begin, we suddenly found ourselves listening to "The Savage Rose." The play had ended. "The Savage Rose," alias Rajiv Sawhney, played on the guitar and sang "Smoke on the Water." "Locomotive Breath" and "Song

Founder's : Trooping of Colours



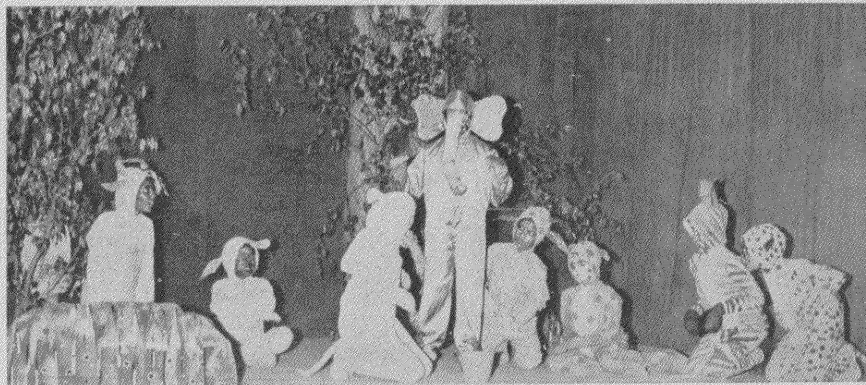
Founder's : Tug o'war : OS. vs. PS.



Annual Sports—Preppers' relay race



Prep School Show



Sung Blue." The first two were very good, the third sounded as if he had a stomachache.

The last item was an English Play "Quiet Please." The story revolved around two brothers who had not spoken to each other for ten years and how their long silence is broken by an unexpected visitor, who, due to a breakdown in her car, is compelled to spend the night with them. Nikhil Rawley and Sarvajeet Bhandari acted very well. Nikhil had done an excellent job with the direction. The play received a hearty applause. We left Barne Hall after the curtain fell to the sound of the Vindhians shouting three cheers for themselves—cheers which they richly deserved because most of the items were directed by the children themselves.

Gurmeet Kaur
VI—C

Nilagiri House Show

The last House Show of the year began with a folk dance. Under Navneet Maini's guidance. The dancers put up a good show.

Eera J. Singh then presented an extremely well executed piano solo, which was followed by a chorus, "On the Banks of the Ohio" sung with great gusto by the juniors.

Then came the Hindi play 'Bade Aadmi' and we had our usual dose of slapstick humour. However, the hall resounded with laughter.

A duet by Rupa and Gautam followed and they sang very well. The Manipuri faction of Nilagiri House then surprised us all by their excellent rendering of a Manipuri song.

"Have you Anything to Declare?" a comedy in English, followed. Rupa as the eccentric Miss Woodbine, Molly as the irate Susan with a mania for her umbrella and Gautam Rana as the joking cocaine smuggler "Cutery" were particularly good. The cast kept us in fits with their eccentricities for half an hour. And the House Show ended on this pleasant note.

Gurmeet Kaur
Sixth—C

CAMP 1975

Expedition to Chor Peak

On the morning of 15th March, nine students and three masters set out on an expedition to Chor Peak.

We set off in the school bus from the Quad at 8-15 a.m. Our first stop was to be Naura. Till Rajgarh the journey was comfortable. But from Rajgarh onwards the road was untarred and the bus ride became jerky and bumpy. As we reached Naura we heard over the radio that our hockey team was beating Pakistan in the finals of the World Cup Hockey Tournament. This was indeed inspiring news.

At Naura we packed all our rations in our pack frames and then had our lunch. By this time Mr. Solomon had arranged for a guide to take us to the base of Chor Peak. After lunch we set off for the snow clad range of Churdhar. We had brought mountain tents with us from Sanawar but the guide told us that at the foot of the peak there were gujjar huts where we could spend the night and so we left the tents in the bus.

In the beginning the climb was very rough and steep and it was necessary to rest after a short distance. The guide went very fast in the beginning and many of us were quite tired and out of breath. After some time the climb became more gradual. The upslope climbs alternated with flat stretches. Again after a little distance the climb became steep. Soon it began to grow dark and we crossed the snow line. The speed of the climb became

faster as we wanted to reach the gujjar huts before it was totally dark.

By this time I was completely tired and lagged behind the rest of the group. Mr. Solomon stayed behind to help me, while the other boys went on ahead with Mr. Das and Mr. Longman. I felt quite faint and I suggested that we should light a fire and sit down and get some rest. Mr. Solomon convinced me that this would not be wise as there was the danger of black bears coming to attack us and the only safe course would be to go on till we reached the huts. So I managed to push myself forward. Mr. Solomon took out his torch and began to walk on. I followed him. Suddenly I found myself stuck in thigh deep snow. I tried to pull myself out but I could not. Mr. Solomon had gone on ahead and I called out to him to help me. He shone his torch in my direction and I managed to pull myself out. The climb seemed to go on and on and I kept falling into the snow. At last, when it seemed that we would never stop climbing we caught up with the others.

The guide had made a mistake and missed the path in the snow and so we had lost the Gujjar huts. Where the rest of the party had stopped was to be our camping site for the night. We cursed ourselves for having listened to the guide and having left our tents behind. We had to sleep on snow. Everyone's feet were numb. We put our feet close to the fire which we had lighted, to get the blood



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circulation going again. Mr. Longman made some wonderful tea by melting the snow and he cooked all our food for us. After this we changed our damp shoes and socks and put on all the clothes we had. We were at a height of 11,000 feet. All of us got into our sleeping bags and tried to sleep. It was about 11.30 p.m. The wind blew strong and cold. At 3.20 a.m. I felt some drops of water fall on my face. My sleeping bag was soaking wet at some parts. I called out to Pasha and Bill and found that most of the other boys were awake too and most of them also had wet sleeping bags. By 4.00 a.m. we were all asleep again.

We were all out of bed by six o'clock the next morning. Some of the boys' shoes and sleeping bags were frozen over. Mr. Das told us that we would not be making an attempt on the summit because of the severe night we had had and also because we did not have proper equipment. So we began the down-hill climb. At many places we stopped to take group photographs on the snow. We had an easy time coming down. We stopped on a flat stretch and all of us helped to make the breakfast.

After breakfast we climbed down to Naura. From Naura Hansraj brought us back to Sanawar in six hours. Back in Sanawar we had many stories to tell the others. Like my being buried in thigh deep snow, calling out to Mr. Solomon for help. And Wadhwan skidding 50 feet down hill on the snow, trying to stop himself with one of the B.D. kitchen 'karchis.'

All in all, it was a wonderful experience and it taught us many useful lessons.

Sandeep Behl
Lower VI A

Ten and a dog on Chor Peak

On Sunday after the Founder's Fete we set off for Chor Peak. We could not get there that day so we camped by the road side. Ten of us were in the jeep and Caesar, the dog. Next day we drove to Nohra and left the jeep there. It was very hot walking up, and everybody had big pack frames except Caesar, Roger, and I. We got lost in the afternoon, and then we found a boy who showed us the way to the Gujjar huts. It was very misty, and we nearly had to run to keep up with him. We lit a fire, and cooked our supper. Mr. Dhani Ram was the best fire puffer (Raju was good when he stopped talking). It soon got cold, so we went to bed early. I hated the smell in the hut. Next day after breakfast we set off for the top. The last part was very steep and rocky, and poor Caesar had to have a push. Cokokri was first to the top, and Daddy was last because he kept taking pictures. We had lunch at the top then we went to a temple down on the other side. We got some fresh water there, then we had to climb up the ridge again. We followed our arrows down to the hut and cooked a huge meal (Tarun ate 30 sausages). Next morning we struggled with our last fire with much puffing by us all. Mummy lost one fried

egg into the fire and. Daddy burnt some chappatis. The water in the stream was very cold for washing and poor Mohinder got his fingers frozen.

We soon walked down to Norha and were pleased to sit in the jeep again. Miss Srinivasan had to hold Caesar to stop him jumping out. After a bumpy ride we got back to Sanawar at about 5 o'clock.

Sandra Longman
Form I A

Manali

"Like the lazy coco-coconut tree," sang Antony Lipman as we sat around our bonfire and listened with a mixture of joy and regret. This was our last night in camp, the joy of the past week was over and we faced again the monotony of classes.

April 13th—It had to be, the buses for our trip to Manali arrived three hours late and by that time some of the excitement had died down. Those who had been up since 4 a.m. began to feel sleepy again. Our spirits soon bounced up again as the bus gathered speed and the boredom of waiting was forgotten.

At ten next morning the tiring journey was soon forgotten when we jumped out of bed, all set for morning P.T., and realised the beauty of Manali. The camp site was surrounded by a paradise of majestic, awe-inspiring, snow-clad mountains. We spent the morning preparing for the rough dogs ahead of us by trying certain initiative tests and learning about the mountains in the area. Our group

was given the name Everest. In the afternoon we climbed up to the snow line and had a lively time sledging and snow-balling. Some people saw snow for the first time. The next morning we got up at 5-00 a.m. and looked forward to our trek to Solang Nala. It was a twelve kilometre walk and very tiring as we had to carry our packs with all our sleeping bags, rations etc. On reaching Solang Nala we realized that the bag containing a hundred parathas had been left behind in Manali—food for someone. The Solang Nala hut was at 8,400 feet so well above the snow line and we spent the afternoon tobaganning, ski-ing and having snow fights. We used the camp fire to dry our socks and shoes but many got burnt in the process. The first night we slept in a log hut and were rather uncomfortable and were expecting to be extremely cold but to our surprise we were not. The next day one group went up a snow covered peak with a height of 13,800 ft. The climb was very tough and only five people managed to reach a point about 200 feet from the summit. Then they had to come back as time was running short. The return climb was much quicker as they glissaded and slid most of the way. The view from near the top was fantastic, huge snow covered peaks all around and the Manali valley stretching away on one side. Two people said that they saw a black bear—or was it a yeti? The other group went for a hike further up the valley towards the Rhotang Pass, but the wind was very strong and some of the little ones nearly got blown away.

The first group back pitched the tents but then as more people arrived there was an argument over who should sleep there. Those who won were quite cold in the night as the tents were on snow and with the arrival of some foxes most people buried themselves in the sleeping bags. The next day we took down all the tents, some people tried rock-climbing, others ski-ing and we all enjoyed the last morning in the snow, We left after lunch and the walk back to Manali seemed quite short.

The next day we went to the Vashist baths and spent most of the morning washing off the week's dirt. After lunch it was our turn to go to the market. All the shopkeepers were thrilled because their money boxes were filling up. We had our last camp—fire and expressed our thanks to Mr. Thakur for making our week so enjoyable. The next morning we left Manali with heavy hearts and reached Sanawar at 8-30 p.m.

Kandaghat

The bus arrived at 3 o'clock and we were off. On the way we sang songs. We stopped at Solan and bought sweets. The bus tyre got punctured. We reached Kandaghat at 6 o'clock and settled down in the Rest House. Ah! What fun! No studies. No more regular timings. Next morning we went to Chail. We walked some of the way and went by bus the rest of the way. We saw the palace of the late Maharajah of Patiala. It was beautiful. We came back to Kandaghat in time for dinner. Next morning we went to Simla

by train. We crossed through many tunnels on the way. At Simla we visited the Vice-Regal Lodge. Then we roamed around on the Mall. We returned to Kandaghat in the evening. Next morning we went to the Sadhupul stream. We had our lunch there and went for a swim. We came back to Kandaghat and had a camp-fire at night. Deepa Goswami sang a song and Rajni Parmar told us some of her famous ghost stories. There were dances and songs and jokes galore. The next afternoon we started back for Sanawar. As we entered the dorms the dread of studies and a regular routine was on our minds again.

Vandana Sarin
U-IV C

Dehra Dun

"I had often wondered what it would be like to be without water on a hot day. The hike to Dehra Dun with Mr. B. Singh gave me first hand experience of this. The first lap of our hike was from Nahan to Girinagar. The walk was long and the hot sun beat down upon us mercilessly. Our water supply ran out and we walked tortured by thirst. We reached our destination late in the evening. Next morning we were off to Renuka Lake. Here Mr. Joshi and his group gave us a royal welcome. The serene beauty of Renuka held us captive, but we had to leave early next morning for Sataun. The walk to Sataun was the toughest of all. By mid-day we were lumbering along with parched lips hating the sun more than anything else. We reached Sataun late in the evening—each part of our bodies crying for

rest. We left early in the morning for Dak Pathar. This stretch was not too bad—probably because we knew that this was the last day of our hike. Dak Pathar was a beautiful place, but most of us could only think of the next day at Dehra Dun. Early next morning we got on to the bus for Dehra Dun each of us humming happily to himself. We stayed at Doon School and we spent the day in the typical Sanawarian style seeing movies and eating all sorts of food. We had covered a distance of 120 kms. We left for good old Sanawar with mixed feelings. We did miss our timely meals and comfortable beds, but the thought of studies. Ugh”!

Gautam Rana
VI-A

A Dream Fulfilled—Chor Peak

“There I was at the peak and it seemed incredible. All at once I tried to take in the panorama which lay spread below me—me who stood at the top of Chor Peak. I realized that I had to be immensely grateful to the little group of boys. Mr. Solomon, our undisputed leader and the two sure-footed guides whose dexterity and assurance was a joy to match and admire. There had been moments of anxiety and fear too when one dealt with steep precarious curves and endeavoured to scramble up the risky glaciers. In our venture to reach the top were also embedded the hopes and aspirations of the rest of our party of thirty who were as much in this as the seven of us who reached the summit

of Chor Peak. It was a moment to cherish. Gradually the haze and the mist lifted from my mind and I was able to see the picturesque surroundings of Chor Peak.”

Neelam Puri
VI-A

Dehra Dun—Mussorie

“Our party of ten, including Mr. Amar Singh, left Sanawar at 7.00 a.m. on 13th April. We plodded on to Kumarhatti. Our next stop was Boholi. The sun was merciless and we were thirsty. From Boholi we followed a rough hill track. After a long trek we reached Sarnaghat, tired and hungry, showing visible signs of fatigue. We had lunch at Nainatikkar, thirty one kilometers from Sanawar. From here we set out for Sarahan. We reached Sarahan at six in the evening. We had covered forty nine kilometers on the first day. Our target for the second day was Nahan, about thirty kilometers away. We stayed in a rest house. We had covered eighty two kilometers away. We reached Dhaulakuan round about two o'clock. We had our lunch there and then caught a bus to Paonta. We stayed in the Gurdwara. We had walked a hundred and ten kilometers from Sanawar. The next day we were ferried across the Jamuna and landed in U.P. We were picked up by a bus and whisked away to Dehra Dun. Dehra Dun is not much of a place. Like most U.P. towns it is fly ridden, hot and filthy. The next morning we hoisted our packs on top of the Mussorie bound bus.

Founder's



The Chief Guest going round the Art Exhibition



Founder's : Scenes from the Ballet



Mussorie is thirty one kilometers from Dehra Dun and we made it in just about two hours. Mussorie is a seasonal town. It is beautiful in its own way. We went for rides in the cable cars. That night we nearly froze to death in our two blankets. Next day after lunch we caught a bus to Dehra Dun. In the evening we visited the F.R.I. The next day we began our return trip. We went by bus to Saharanpur and from there we caught a train to Ambala. We reached Ambala quite late and spent the night with Seekond's grandmother. She looked after us very well. The next morning we caught the first bus to Chandigarh. Here we met Messrs. Hassan, Joshi and Aggarwal with their parties. Mr. Joshi chartered a bus for Sanawar and took his party away. The other three parties went to Kalka and from there chartered a bus to Sanawar. It was a fruitful trip during which we learned to live peacefully with each other".

Rahul Bhargava
VI-A

Dehra Dun—on bicycles

"Amid shouts we left the Quad in a three-tonner. At Kalka we proceeded to the M.E.S. Bungalow where fifteen bikes, all glimmering in the sun, waited for us. After a bit of delay we set off. We had a breakdown before we reached Pinjore. As the day wore on the heat became intense but we were able to forget it in the excitement of the milk-bars. We reached Ambala dogtired and bedded down for the night. We started early

the next morning. We could see that we were travelling through a prosperous state, with tube wells and consolidated farms at every furlong. After a hard day of biking we finally reached Saharanpur. Our lodging had been arranged at the Remount Depot (Thank God we didn't have to sleep with the mule and the horses). Early next morning as we were leaving town we banged into Bagchi. He invited us over to his place, an invitation we had to decline as we were keen to be off. Later in the afternoon we had our first puncture and who should be responsible but the incorrigible Bakshi. Our first attempt at repairing a puncture was a great success. We finally reached Dehra Dun after being ambushed by some I.M. A. cadets, almost robbed by some pathans and nearly loosing two boys. We had two whole days in Dehra Dun—sight seeing, swimming, movies and shopping. The two days flew at a tremendous speed and before we realised it, it was time to start back. By lunch time on the first day, we reached Paonta. We saw a headless body in the river. By nightfall we had reached Dhaulakuan. We spent the night in the verandah of a guest house. We started at four the next morning. We had a stiff climb till Nahan. From Nahan it was all downslope till a place called Kalamb. We had our lunch in Raipur Rani, if a bun and pakoras washed down with a glas of milk can be called lunch. After this the heat became stifing and the flies unbearable. We saw jampacked buses with people being pushed around inside and at a window a little

child gazing contentedly at the world as he sucked a lollipop. It was late at night that we finally trickled into Chandigarh. Realization that we had done 420 kilometers and gone on the first biking trip of the school came much later. We returned to Sanawar the next day. We had created history with a history teacher, Mr. Hassan, the so called Uncle, David of Doon School."

Alok Kukreja
U-V A

Renuka

"The lake with its beautiful surroundings in the dying rays of the setting sun lay before us as we forty five, weary, sweating travellers stepped onto the parched grass beneath the cool trees. It was love at first sight, the first glimpse of it held me captive. The birds chirped among the green leaves of the trees on its shores, the water lapped at its banks, a perfect picture of serenity. It was beautiful, very beautiful. More beautiful than anything I could have imagined. There was not a minute during the four days that we stayed at Renuka that we could shirk all through the day we were occupied in some thing or the other. After dark we had camp fires. Whatever free time we had we spent in swimming and boating (to say nothing of poaching!). We came very close to nature and began to appreciate it.

Jasmit Rana
U-V B

Manali, April 1975

13th. Camp at last! We got up at 4.00 p.m. and waited for our bus. We saw Mr. Dhillon's and Mr. Hassan's truckload of guys go by—hope no body missed Mr. Hassan's white flop hat. We reached Manali quite late and were greeted by a drunkard. We ate our dinner with great relish even though it was only rice and burnt meat.

14th. After breakfast we did some initiative tests. In the evening we went sight seeing, the monastery, the Had-amba Devi temple and the log cabins which are ideal for honey mooning couples (Sadhna Singh please take note!). At midnight we were woken up by a dog howling outside our tent. Suddenly there was Meenakshi with a shoe in one hand and a kukri in the other ready to kill the dog.

15th. Sulphur baths at Vashisht. Sonia sat in the tub for one and a half hours doing a jig to the music from a transistor. In the afternoon we went to a mela at Vashisht sumptuous jalebis. As we were settling down to sleep we heard a girl shouting for help her husband was being beaten up by some drunkards. We moved into a small room in the Mountaineering Institute. Geeti pretended that she had had lugri. So convincing was her acting that in the morning some people vowed that they had been able to smell it.

16th. We walked to Solang Nala. In the evening an exasperated Seema tried to teach Taintony (Antony Lipman)

how to cut wood. At the camp fire he sang a song which sent Chati (Sanjeevta) into fits of hysterics.

18th. Went to Meera Sahni's place for lunch and gorged ourselves on alu puris. Punam had a hand to hand fight with the cook when he refused to give her her seventeenth puri. We got our mountaineering badges at the camp fire. Taintony and old man Longman did a dance wearing stolen nighties. They tore the nighties and to make up for this blew kisses at the rightful owners.

19th. We were woken up at 4.00 a.m. by Rouser (Mr. Longman) shouting to wake up the boys. Gaga (Gayatri) added to the confusion by shouting out her dream of Sunday and Leisure. The journey began with much shouting and waving from the two buses. We saw the other bus stop because Bhullar hadn't cared to hold his cap tightly while waving it at three party local girls. Finally we were back in Sna' with sun burnt noses and tanned faces.

Seema Seth, Meera Sahni
and Punam Jhina
Sixth—A

Chail—Kufri—Simla

While we were walking to Dharampur we met a madman. We enjoyed listening to him. From Dharampur we caught a train and got off at Kandaghat. We had tea at a dhaba. From Kandaghat we hiked it to Sadhupul. We had a dip in the stream and met some preppers. Then we walked up to Chail and reached there

at about 6.30 p.m. We had our supper in a dhaba. We waited for Mr. Robinson and some boys who were coming by bus from Sadhupul. When they arrived we had a cup of tea and started for the Military School where we stayed for the night. The next morning we had breakfast with the school and saw their class rooms and attended the fete. The next morning we started for Koti. It was a tiring walk. We spent the night at Koti. It was cold and we collected firewood and had a good fire. Next morning we started for Kufri. There were patches of snow on the way and the boys had snow fights. We spent the night in Kufri. Next morning we went on to Mashobra. From here we had intended to go on to Tattapani but we couldn't get a bus and so we went to Simla. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly at Simla and did not want to come back. The next day we caught a bus for Garkhal from where we walked up to Sanawar.

Ranjan Kalia
U-IV A

Sadhupul

We left early in the morning for Sadhupul. There was great excitement to see who was going in the first bus. We all reached Sadhupul around twelve thirty and then it was lunch time. After lunch we unpacked and rested. That evening we went padding in the stream but we did not wear our swimming costumes so some of the boys and girls got their shorts wet. The next day we wore our swimming costumes and swam in the

stream. The Lower Three boys were lucky because they were sleeping in tents. The Halwai and the Tuck Shop came to camp. We got our pocket money and bought whatever we wanted. There was a tent for M.I. too. In the stream a boy caught a beautiful fish. There were many pretty stones in the stream. We would find white stones in the stream. Then at night we would rub the stones together and see sparks. There were many fruit trees but we were not allowed to pluck the fruit. One day we climbed a big hill and when we reached the top Sadhupul looked like a doll's house. We enjoyed ourselves very much at camp.

Shiraz Das
Form—II A

Renuka

After hours of waiting, we pushed off at noon for Mariyog. We were on a hiking trip to Renuka. We stayed in Mariyog on the roof of a rickety old house. Some of us tried our luck at fishing in the nearby Giri river. But we were not quite successful. That night none of us could sleep as the cold wind howled and tore at our blankets. Early next morning we set off for Kheri on foot. We followed the Giri river all the way through. At places we had to scale high rocks or ford the river. It was rough going. But at last we managed to reach our goal. Kheri was a small village with a few shops. We spent the night under a small tin roof. With the new morning came complaints, blisters, stiffness and

bruises. Grumbling and growling, we set off along the road to Nahan. We had to abandon our hike and we clambered gratefully on to a Nahan bound bus. At Nahan we dumped our luggage in a dharamsala and set off to explore the town. But we did not go far because everyone was dead beat. Refreshed by a good night's sleep, we set out on Thursday for Dadahu. We had to walk the last three kilometers to Renuka. At Renuka we enjoyed ourselves and Mr. Joshi's scouts looked after us very well. Next day we headed back to Nahan by bus. At Nahan we visited all the places of historical importance. Everyone admired the fort. On Saturday we bussed it to Kumarhatti from where we walked the last few kilometers to Sanawar. The hike was useful because we learnt many lessons which we would not have learnt in our day to day life.

T.S. Sandhu
L-V C

Dalhousie

The eleven of us, including Mr. Nayar, walked down to Kalka from where we caught the train to Pathankot. At Pathankot an army truck took us to Dalhousi. We stopped at an army mess and we were shown the inside of a tank. At Dalhousie Mr. Chadda was kind enough to accomodate us in Grand View Hotel at subsidized rates. The next morning we got up early and had a lovely view of the hills surrounding Dalhousie. We did not want to exert ourselves as we were already tired after the

previous day's journey; so we took it easy. In the afternoon we went to near by places of interest. Early next morning we decided to go to Khajiyar a beautiful place about 22 kilometres, from Dalhousie. After reaching Lakad Mandi we were told that the route to Khajiyar. We walked about five miles in the snow till some villagers coming from Khajiyar told us that we were taking a great risk. So we returned to Dalhousie. On Thursday we went on to Chamba. From here we set off for Khajiyar. We lost our way and reached late in the evening. We stayed in the Youth Hostel. Khajiyar is a very beautiful place situated in a valley with a lake in the middle and deodar trees all around. Next morning we hiked back to Chamba. It was a very tiring journey as one of the boys got ill and had to be carried. We went back to Dalhousie the same day. Next day an army truck took us to Pathankot and we returned to Kalka by train. We reached Kalka early in the morning on Sunday. From Kalka we took a bus to Garkhal and from there we walked it to Sanawar.

Nitender Dhillon
&
Birender Singh Dhanoa
U-IV

Sangla

It was five minutes past six on 14th April when the matador carrying the Headmaster and the school prefects swung out of the school gates. On and on went the matador followed by a jeep with a trailer and as we talked, laughed, sang and slept; it went past Dharampur,

Solan, Taradevi, Simla, Kufri, Tapri, Rampur, Kalpa till we reached our destination—Karcham. The girls had their first shot at cooking and we had burnt dal for dinner.

Tuesday : With our heavy packs on our backs we made it to the Forest rest house, which was a long 17 miles away. The Baspah valley was full of blossoms : peach, apricot and apple, and the long hike was worthwhile.

Wednesday : We explored the rest house and found that the place was without water, electricity and comfort. We spent the rest of the day trying to become mountaineers by learning to tie ourselves into knots. The snow behind the rest house was ideal for a snow-fight—and we, did have one !

Thursday : We climbed to a height of about 10,500 feet and set up Camp I. Leaving Jogi, Chuti (Malhotra) and the instructor to guard our equipment we clambered down to the rest house.

Friday : After eating our quota of dalia and bread and butter all the boys and Simi and myself climbed to Camp I, where we had tea before carrying on to Camp II, at a height of 13,106 feet. Nakul almost brought down our two-man tent trying to bandage Simi's sprained ankle. We had to do without tea, as our equipment contained only 3/4 of a stove, the remaining 1/4 having been forgotten at Camp I.

Saturday : D-day. Dressed as though for the North Pole, we slowly began

climbing the pass. When forbidden to climb any further Simi and I sat down on a rock at 13,796 feet, and began to comb our hair. But the climax was reached when Simi washed her face with water Sandeep had got for drinking—and how Sandeep protested!

Chuti made himself a hero when he saved Sohi from taking a short-cut to heaven by glissading without an ice-axe.

Sunday : Back in Sangla once more we decided to make aalu ke parathas. Joon proved himself an expert in the art. We toured the village so as to learn more about the people. The people were poor, but very friendly and we were invited to tea. We witnessed the festival of Ramnavmi where their gods Menagis, Tignagis, Taunagis were clearly displayed. The people showed us how to wish by taking three rounds of their temple and rotating the prayer wheels all the while. By the end of it we were spinning as much as the prayer wheels.

Monday : After a long wait for the mules, we walked back to Karcham, leaving the luggage and boys behind. By evening, after fighting through rain all the way everyone except Mr. Das and Sandeep reached Karcham, where we quickly finished 152 chapatis and 47 eggs for dinner.

Tuesday : When Mr. Das and Sandeep finally arrived with the luggage, we began our journey back. We reached the

MES inspection bungalow after 8.30, had dinner, kidnapped a dog called Mousey and got lost in dreamland.

Wednesday : Simla. Our matador was serviced while we roamed the Mall, intent on spending all the cash we had. Trishool bakery must have run out of pastries! Before we knew it, we were back again to our intense grief.

Gurmeet Rajinder Singh
VI C

Simla—Theog—Narkanda—Thanedhar

On Monday morning we went to Simla by bus. We spent two hours in Simla and then cycled to Sanjhaul. From Sanjhaul we hiked it to Kufri, a distance of 16 miles. We stayed the night in a rest house. We had only one reel in our camera and everyone wanted to take photographs of the others in their funniest poses, specially while they were eating and so the reel was soon used up. The next day we hiked to Theog via Fagu, a distance of 20 kilometres. On the way we stopped to drink fantas and Jacky was 'thugged' of all his money. At Theog the boys were so hungry that they ate up all the food and left nothing for the teachers. The angry teachers went and ate in the bazar. The next day we hiked to Narkanda. The next morning we tried to climb Hatu peak but we could not reach the top because of heavy snowfall. In the afternoon we hiked till Thanedhar. Here Vijay Sharma (O.S.) took us to Stokes' house. Sanjeev Stokes had made arrangements for Dr. Dhillon's party but instead we made use of them.

Stokes had three huge dogs and even though the weather was quite hot all the doors and windows had to be kept closed to keep the dogs out. Sanjiv Stokes arrived early the next morning and met us. After a hearty breakfast we left for Rampur. The walk was tiring and the trek was rough. Somehow we covered the 36 kilometres to Rampur. We spent two nights at Rampur and returned to Sanawar by bus. It was a very tiring hike and all the boys covered at least 130 kilometres in five days.

Anil Bhalla
VI-B

Narkanda—Bagi—Khadrala

We left Sanawar early in the morning on 13th April. We managed to get a lift in Mr. Hassan's truck till Dharampur and from here we caught a train to Simla. Mr. Dhillon made friends with the driver and each of us got a turn to ride in the engine. Baja (Sanjeet Bajwa) and Jeet Mohinder had the longest ride. It was great fun. We learnt about the engine and also waved to the other boys. At night Alu (Vivek Ahluwalia) invited us to his place to dinner and had rice, mattar paneer, cholas, chicken, curd and cake. Yum! Yum! Next morning, after a good sleep, we carried our luggage down to the bus stop and caught a bus to Narkanda. We had made sandwiches for lunch and we ate these after we had settled down in the rest house. After lunch we went to play and Harmeet and Varun had a fight. Harmeet pushed Varun down and he went rolling

down in the snow. It became very cold and it began to snow. We collected pinecones and firewood and made nice fires in our rooms. Next morning we left three boys to bring our luggage on the bus and we set out for Khadralla. The road was uphill and there was a lot of snow on both sides of the road. After sometime Bongo (Navdeep Kindra) couldn't walk anymore and we had to carry him and when the bus came we put him on the bus. We collected many wild flowers on the way. They had lovely colours—blue, pink, white and red. They were all small flowers bunched together on the end of a single stalk. When we reached Bagi we had our buns for lunch. A dog followed us from Narkanda and we called him Bhai because Bhai Rajinderpal said that it looked like his cousin's dog. On the way to Khadralla it began to snow and we managed to get a lift in a truck. We took turns to do the cooking. I made the dal one day. It was very tasty though Amarinder Singh put in too much salt. Khadralla had very beautiful scenery though there was no electricity, no water and no bathrooms. At Bagi we saw the apple orchards. The people get their money from apples and potatoes. The people here are very kind. The Postmaster sent us a bagful of apples. We met some Gaddis driving their flocks of sheep. One of them told us that he had a thousand sheep. From each sheep he got three to five kilos of wool and he sold the wool for thirty rupees a kilo. We saw the woollen cloth that the villagers

make from the sheep's wool. It is very warm. It is called 'pattoo'. We came back to Simla, dumped our luggage in the Holiday Home and went to a dhaba for lunch. We also saw an exhibition of skiing photographs. The next four hours were spent in the train to Dharampur. From Dharampur we came up to Sna' in a matador. Oh ! How sad to be back in Sanawar again.

Puneet Matta
U-III B

An adventurous Hike—Kandaghat

We had originally planned to leave Sanawar on April 14th immediately after breakfast. But to our great disappointment, the bus our three groups had chartered reached at about 2.00 p.m. Consequently we left for Kandaghat after lunch.

At Kandaghat we enjoyed carrying own luggage up from the town to our camping site.

While we got busy settling down, our 'leaders' set about making necessary arrangements for our meals, fire-wood, etc.

Next morning we left for Kiari Ghat with our lunch packets in our haversacks and water bottles across our shoulders. We were not in a mood to walk up by road. So we followed a path leading through the valleys and up the hills. We had a taste of a tough climb at a place but every one made it bravely and cheerfully.

Mr. Gurdev Singh decided to make this visit memorable by taking photo of us all! It was a sight to see Mr. Matharu walking back to Kandaghat with shoes dangling across his shoulders and he plodding along bare footed. Later on we learnt that Mr. Gurdev Singh had a tough time in getting his shoes exchanged for the right size. The trip to Kiari Ghat, on the whole, was very thrilling as well as adventurous.

Our next hike was to Sadhupul. Once again we decided to follow the stream instead of the road. Mr. Gurdev Singh led the whole group. Suffice it to say that it is a *challenging* trek and we would like to recommend (or suggest) to other groups to have their own personal experience by hiking along this stream next year. For us, it was quite a thrilling adventure.

Next two days we spent seeing places at and around Simla. Some of us visited B.C.S. for the first time.

Other beautiful places that we visited around Simla include Wild Flower Hall, Shrabbra, Kufri, Phagu, Cheeni Bungalow (now called Indra Rest House) and Moshabra. On our way back from Phagu Rest House we had lots of fun playing in snow still lying unmelted at many spots by the road. We showered snow-balls at one another and exchanged a few hits with Mr. Gurdev Singh and Mr. Matharu too.

We reached Kandaghat by train at about 7-30 p.m. and had our supper.

On April 19th (Saturday) we left for Chail. We gave the dry rations to a "Hotel-wala" for preparing lunch for us...we went away to see the Military School. Luckily their Founders' celebrations were in progress. We had an opportunity to go round their exhibition as well as the school campus. General Pinto was their Chief Guest. Then we went to see the highest cricket ground. We returned to the hotel took our lunch and walked up to the Palace Hotel situated in attractive surroundings. In short, we enjoyed this trip to Chail to our hearts' content.

We got up quite early next (Sunday) morning and packed up our things. After a hurried breakfast we commenced our journey back to Sanawar. We walked up the hills into a thick forest. We were walking in a single file led by Mr. Gurdev Singh. But there seemed no end to the forests. We were all determined not to give in.

After hours of continuous trekking up and down the hills, with haversacks on our backs we decided to move down to the railway track and then further down to the main road, near Salogra. It was, once again, an adventure to walk down the steep hills along one foot wide paths. Luckily, every one reached the road side, safe and sound.

From Salogra to Solan we had a plain walk. We had our lunch (was it really a lunch?) at Solan at 5.00 p.m. After our 'lunch' we decided to reach Dharampur by bus in groups as it was not possible to get seats for all of us in the same bus.

From Dharampur we trudged up to Sanawar with our backs, sipping water from one another's bottles. One of us disclosed: "We have covered over a hundred kilometers during this pleasant, thrilling and *adventurous hike of the year 1975.*"

Susham Singla
L-IV

Samir Kukreja
U-IV A

Dalhousie

We left after lunch on Monday. Mr. Katoch took the luggage down in a bus and we all walked to Kalka. At Kalka we had some tea and our supper and got into the compartment which Mr. Katoch had got for us. The train left at 9.00 p.m. and reached Pathankot at 7.00 a.m. We unloaded the luggage and left it with Narata Ram, the cook, while we went to have breakfast. After breakfast we got on to our bus and soon we were off to Chamba. The journey was uncomfortable and many boys were sick on the way. We reached Chamba in the evening. We saw a movie that night. The next morning we went to a mandir which was on top of a high hill. We came back to the rest house for lunch after which we went to sleep. We got up and had our dinner and then went to see another movie. After breakfast the next morning we pushed off to Khajjar. The way was very rough and it was all up hill. We reached Khajjar in the evening. The next morning after breakfast we set off for Dalhousie. We had to cross snow

and it was very slippery and many boys had to be carried across by Narata Ram. We reached Lakkar Mandi safely and had our lunch there. After lunch we pushed on to Dalhousie. We reached Dalhousie by tea time. We checked into a hotel. After tea we were allowed to roam around. In the morning we caught the bus to Pathankot. At Pathankot we had a bath. The train started at 6.00 p.m. and reached Kalka the next morning at 6.00 a.m. We caught the bus to Garkhal from Kalka and from Garkhal we walked back to School. It was a very exciting journey and I would not mind going there again.

H.S. Bhambri
L-IV A

Dehra Dun—Trekking

Rushing through an early breakfast we made our way to Sarahan. From Bohali we were told of a short cut which turned out to be a longer route, but the beauty of the hills along the route was adequate recompense for the extra walking. We had lunch at Naina Tikkar—a lunch which kept us awake through the night (upset stomachs!). We reached Sarahan in the evening. That night we couldn't sleep properly—blistered feet, stiff legs and upset stomachs. The next day's destination was Renuka. We had at Do Saraka which was only a cross road. We had a long rest at Jamta and then got on a bus to Dadahu. We reached Renuka in the evening. As we neared the lake we heard some girls shouting for help. We ran as fast as we could.

Horsie (Harsh Sabharwal) jumped for a boat but landed in the water. He climbed into the boat and finally succeeded in saving the girls. The next day we walked only 28 kilometres from Chandira to Aaijoli. On reaching Paonta we swam in the Yamuna and visited the Gurdwara. Next day to save money on the ferry we walked across a suspension bridge which could take the weight of only one person at a time. We climbed onto a bus to Dehra Dun. Mr. P. N. Khanna, an O. S., parent very kindly put us up in his house. The next morning we made our way to Mussorie. In Mussorie while some boys tried to recover from the effects of the bus journey, others went out shopping. Next day we began our return journey. We came back to Dehra Dun and after having a dip in Mr. Khanna's swimming pool we went straight to bed. Finally, on Saturday we caught a train to Ambala. From Ambala we got onto a train for Chandigarh and from Chandigarh we got a bus for Sanawar. As we passed through the arch we realised that our most interesting hike had come to an end. Our special thanks to Ruby Dhaliwal who helped so much to make Mr. Aggarwal's hiking party a success.

Bhupinder Choudhury
VI—C

Hike to Gorkha Fort— an O. S. view

The first inkling we had of the forthcoming trip was when B. S. Bala came and announced that we were going up

the next week end for an attempted assault on Gorkha fort. Its unique feature was that it would be the first time Preppers, a parent (not O.S.) and O.S. girls—including a mother would attempt it. We at once went into vigorous training with the old Sna'r P.T. and our creaking bones were brought back into action after several years.

On the 6th April by 9.00 a.m. we were at the Koti Rest House. Leaving the O.S. offsprings (and prospective Sanawarians) and the grandmother and mother of the Bala clan (who incidently hasn't missed a single Founder's since 1948) we all left well armed to the teeth with water bottles and a dry lunch.

The way down to the stream was a miniature Tippu Sultan's slide and we had our hearts in our mouths all the way down.

We reached the bridge at 10.00 a.m. and started the first part of the climb and were soon out of breath. Half way up Mrs. B.S. Bala gave up and we left her with her lunch and a huge pile of cardigans—so much so that the villagers thought they had come to sell them!

Raids on the water bottles were often made and the first water point was a welcome sight. After cooling off we then covered the second lap of the hike and reached the pool at the top of the first hill. Opinions were divided whether to turn back or not, but the Sna'r motto

prevailed and we set out again with renewed zest.

At this point we made the mistake of taking the wrong path and the took a merry jaunt right down into the valley. From there the fort was now here in sight and the prospective climb ahead made all our hearth sink but there was no turning back. The climb from then on was steep and the going hard for us oldies while the P.S. were running ahead like mountain goats. On the way was the surprising pleasure sight of violets in shady corners which was quite refreshing.

We reached the fort at 1.30 p.m. and felt the hike was well worth the effort with the lovely bird's eye view it gave us of the whole countryside around.

When we settled down for lunch we realised there was no tin opener and had to make do with a stone!

The trip back along the right path was quick with the added incentive of a sumptuous tea waiting for us.

Back at the stream everyone quenched his thirst and had a dip. From there on, it was a mad rush back to a heavy tea and race back to Sanawar to be in time.

The Preppers were worried sick as to how they would account for the wet underwears! Anyway we reached back a tired but happy lot.

Dr. N.K. Bala
O.S.

POETRY

The Upside-Down Town

There was a town upside-down,
 With doors upon the roofs,
 And windows underground.
 Horses never wore their hooves,
 But always wore fancy shoes !
 The people wore gloves upon their feet,
 And shoes upon their hands
 Instead of cold they felt the heat,
 And they used water as land.
 They never used money,
 And never knew what to buy.
 They gave away their honey,
 And then began to cry.
 It was a nice town,
 It was quite near a bay.
 It had a circus with some clowns
 And all the people were gay.
 This nice town upside down,
 With doors upon the roofs,
 And windows underground.

Rahul, Ravi and Nishad
 U-III

Home Day

Home day is a happy day,
 The boys and girls excited.
 They all are now on their way,
 They all are so delighted.

Amrita, Anuradha,
 Sheetal & Arunjot
 U-III

Birds

The cuckoo brings spring,
 On its wing.

It sits in a tree,
 It's joyful and free.

The sparrows are small,
 Merry and gay.

They make squeaky calls,
 While making nests of hag.

The peacock is a colourful bird,
 Its tail is like a fan.

To describe it there are no words,
 So I don't think I can.

Kadambari, Anjani & Seema
 U-III

The Royal Family

Once there was a King,
 Who was sitting on a swing,
 And aiming with a sling,
 But never hit a thing.

His Queen was fair,
 As white as a polar bear.

She didn't have any hair,
 Oh ! didn't they make a good pair !

Their daughter's name was Sunny,
 She had a very thin bunny,
 Because she didn't like to spend any
 money,

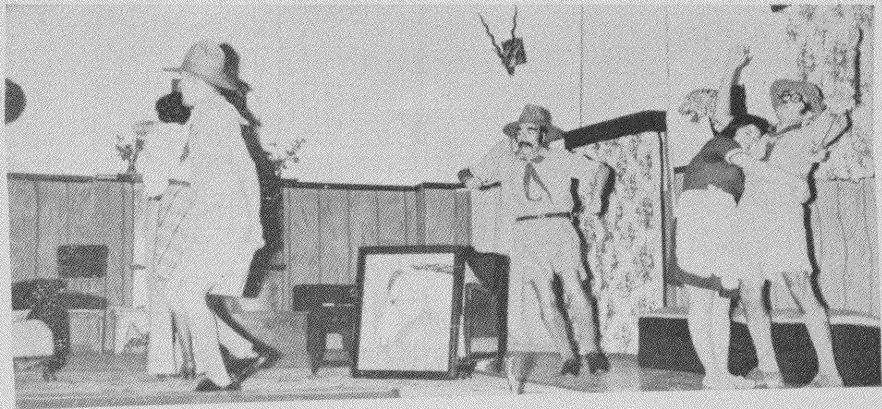
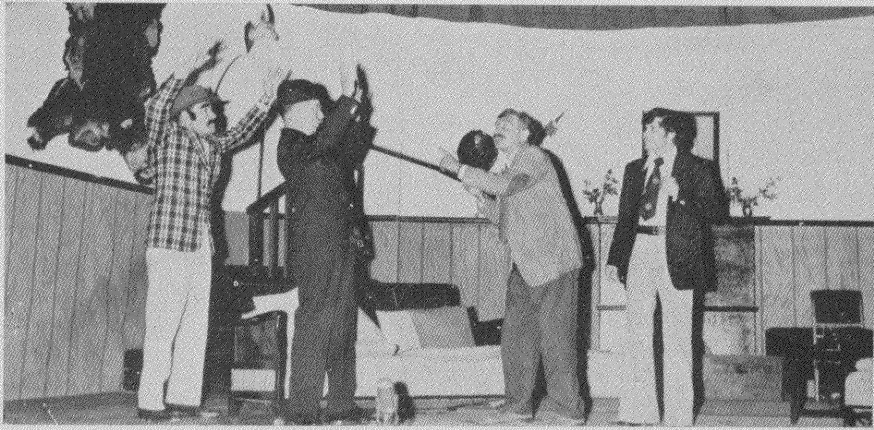
Oh ! her poor little bunny.

One day the Royal Family sat on a
 sink,
 And the colour of the sink was pink.

If only the sink had been stronger,
 This story would have been longer.

Rajwinder, Apram and
 Navdeep U-III

Founder's : Scenes from the staff play



Founder's : The School Play



The Prepper's/Dance at Founder's



Remembrances from Yesterday

. . . and once again I descend
 the stone stairs
 the urge to feel secure and wanted
 comes alive and I peep through
 the hedges trying to
 seek the place which often calls me
 to which I come hungrily—
 The place which now to me seems
 to be so aloof so unused
 but still bubbling up past memories
 of you . . . I walk on
 and turn to the left and
 look silently at the mud before me
 now covered with fallen
 pine-needles looking very much the same
 like they did yesterday . . .
 was it yesterday you left me
 alone . . . weary . . . unhappy ?
 I sit down and the heaviness
 over me is like the arresting buzz
 of bees . . . even now when
 I close my eyes I see you there
 and your face torments me . . .
 your mirth-filled laughter
 shuts out all the noises of this world
 in which you too lived . . .
 comforting me, loving me . . .
 I remember your twinkling upturned eyes
 your warmth, your soft hands . . .
 and you smiled looking around
 saying that life was beautiful . . .
 but now you're gone—
 my destiny is bleak
 I' am nothing . . . in my anguish
 I expect to hear you coming down
 the stairs any moment . . . I wonder
 where you are—

looking at me ?
 I've known what it was to love you
 I know what it's like to lose you
 now all is cold an unapproachable
 not appeasing to the eye
 and I'm strangely out of touch
 with the mortal world
 having realised you, my love, were mortal
 too . . .
 the memories call me
 they obsess me, disturb me
 and yet I yield willingly to them
 arriving at this place in a different world
 where our love grew, where we planned
 our life dreamt dreams of the future
 and our everlasting togetherness . . .
 where did you go and why ?
 do you see me alone here ?
 you fled like the clouds
 and I see your reassuring promises even
 now
 why must I remind myself of you
 and destroy myself in this agony of lone-
 liness ?
 it's strange how you remember the things
 you most want to forget
 because they make you mad by
 reminding you of the things
 that could have been
 that might have been
 but which you know can never be—
 and so you sit
 looking at the clouds blowing
 across the sky and think
 of the ease with they forget
 the upon which they form
 an integral part of themselves . . .
 they forget because they know they
 wouldn't move if they attached
 their love to the unsatisfied receivers

but they must fly on further and further—
 I too must try
 to overcome you, forget you
 because you're the past, you're gone
 and I must carry on
 if I'm to live . . .
 but tell me, do memories fade as easily
 as do the clouds ?

Vivek Ahluwalia
 U-VI A

In...out...of the sea
 Fire without light,
 A sea without water,
 A soulless man,
 Fire...
 Dark fire...
 Sleep...

Nikhil Rawley
 L-VI A

Fire . . .
 Water
 The air is no more.
 Void . . .
 Empty life,
 Empty dreams,
 Empty thoughts that echoed
 In empty halls,
 Words that drifted,
 Finery in darkness,
 Blazing fires of freezing coldness,
 Walking on glass,
 Walking, watching,
 Seeing the earth pass...
 Walk carefully...it may break...
 Isolation...
 Light in the distance...
 Darker...
 Darker...
 Darker...
 Lo earth...
 Fiery seas of molten metal
 I'm melting
 I am the sea
 The sea...is me ?
 Above...below...

The Enchantment

What is it Sanawar
 That draws one to you ?
 Is it the roaring wind that blows
 And sweeps the hillside as it goes ?
 Is it the low moaning sound
 That goes on and on ?
 Is it the brown bare branches
 That point their knotted fingers to the sky?
 Is it the sudden touch of spring
 That makes the sleepy buds emerge
 And in their new apparel say
 The world is ours—Today ?
 It's more than just the one thing
 That makes you love Sanawar
 May be it is the air of Spring
 Or the spring in the air
 And those of us who care
 To be touched by it
 Live in the spirit that pervades
 The very stones that go to make
 The enchanting place—Sanawar

but they must fly on further and further—
 I too must try
 to overcome you, forget you
 because you're the past, you're gone
 and I must carry on
 if I'm to live . . .
 but tell me, do memories fade as easily
 as do the clouds?

Vivek Ahluwalia
 U-VI A

In...out...of the sea
 Fire without light,
 A sea without water,
 A soulless man,
 Fire...
 Dark fire...
 Sleep...

Nikhil Rawley
 L-VI A

Fire . . .
 Water
 The air is no more.
 Void . . .
 Empty life,
 Empty dreams,
 Empty thoughts that echoed
 In empty halls,
 Words that drifted,
 Finery in darkness,
 Blazing fires of freezing coldness,
 Walking on glass,
 Walking, watching,
 Seeing the earth pass...
 Walk carefully...it may break...
 Isolation...
 Light in the distance...
 Darker...
 Darker...
 Darker...
 Lo earth...
 Fiery seas of molten metal
 I'm melting
 I am the sea
 The sea...is me ?
 Above...below...

The Enchantment

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 Or the spring in the air
 And those of us who care
 To be touched by it
 Live in the spirit that pervades
 The very stones that go to make
 The enchanting place—Sanawar.

S. Kapila

Lines

Hollow walls
 With misty sooting
 Forgotten names
 Look through the window,
 Flashing under the passing poles
 For a brief moment
 Brief memories,
 Brief regrets,
 Brief dreams
 With long deep wounds
 Pass by the tea stains on the window.
 But the train goes on
 Past dusty stations
 With dusty coolies
 Past empty fields
 Where the night lies heavy and smug
 Oozing over, reclaiming
 What the shadows of light had snatched.
 From empty houses
 Empty eyes look
 Far into the night
 To see darkness,
 And far into the coming day
 To see light.
 The blank window next to me
 Looks on.
 It has seen this before,
 Will see it again
 With other eyes to watch through.
 The forlorn clacking of the rails permeates the night
 As bulbs on their naked wires dance shamelessly.
 The old lady sleeps,
 For life was long and tiring.
 But the soldier sees a war ahead
 His puckered face is worried,
 He hears laughter in the rails

The sound is dismal—
 He's probably wondering
 When his next leave will come.
 The old lady rolls her head
 As the train slows down
 And stares at me,
 Unseeingly,
 As I get off.

Nikhil Rawley
 Sixth A

Achoo

I heard a bunny sneeze,
 She said, "Excuse me please"
 It made a little breeze,
 That tickled all the trees.

Deepak Saluja
 L-III A

This Fine Day

This fine day,
 In the middle of May,
 When all the people around are gay,
 Oh! what a fine day.
 The sky was deep blue,
 Where all the birds flew,
 I watched a gentle stream flow,
 And little ripples seemed to glow.
 The sun like a golden ball,
 Which had given light to all,
 Was now moving towards the West,
 And had hidden behind an eagle's nest.
 And when the sun was setting,
 The darker it was getting,
 The only thing I could say,
 Oh! what a fine day.

Rajiv Thakur

The Toy Train

Once I had a toy train,
 It had come from Spain,
 It got left in the rain,
 And it rolled down the lane.
 There it was stopped by a crane,
 The crane felt vain,
 For catching a fine train,
 But I was in pain,
 Having lost a train.

Jatinder S. Purewal
 L-III B

Siggle Viggie Pie

Siggle Viggie Pie,
 Thought he could reach the sky.
 He jumped to have a try,
 But he couldn't jump that high,
 And he fell down quite close by,
 And said with a long drawn sigh,
 "Oh ! what a fool am I !"

Rajesh Saggi

The Red Indians

The Red Indians gave a war cry,
 From the mountain which was very high.
 They sent a burning arrow,
 It went through the heart of Mr. Narrow.
 The Red Indians weren't cooling,
 So the Cowboys were losing.
 The Cowboys lost badly,
 And they went back very sadly.

Vaneet Ahuja
 II-A

The Modern Girl

The Modern Girl,
 Oh ! She shines like a pearl,
 She wears a maxi coat
 And she never sits in boat.
 She has to sit in a Modern Ship,
 To Hong Kong she loves to make a trip.
 She does not admire Nature,
 But bothers about her future.
 Her hair is very trim
 Her heart is full of jealousy,
 Oh, up to the brim.

Kiran Deep Sandhu
 L-III A

I believe in Democracy because it releases the energies of every human being.

Woodrow Wilson.

STORY

The Secret Cave

Four children were on a tour of Africa. There were two girls and two boys. Their names were Bessy, Anne, Jim and Jack. They had gone to stay with an old lady who lived there. Her name was Mrs. Manders. She was a widow and did not have any children of her own but she liked children.

It took the children a few days to settle down in their new surroundings and then they decided to go out with a guide and explore the country. It was dense with all the trees of Africa and they wondered what secrets it held.

Mrs. Manders knew a guide she could trust. His name was Tabu. She asked him to come to her house on day. When he came he agreed to take the children. It was planned that they would start out on Monday the following week.

The rest of the week went by with packing up for the tour. The four children were very excited. On Saturday, an African newspaper published some very startling news. The children were highly excited. It said: "OLD PROFESSOR HILTONS IMPORTANT PAPERS STOLEN." Next day, on Sunday, more startling news came "LADY HERICK'S JEWELS STOLEN."

As the children read this, Jim said, "I wonder if both these thefts have a link." As the children thought this out, Bessy suddenly cried out: "I remember something. Last month and earlier also for seven days thefts took place one after

another. They baffled the police. It seems that the thieves disappeared and were not caught. This happened on the seventh of last month and ended on the fourteenth. Well, yesterday was the seventh and may be it is a kind of pattern the robbers have adopted."

The children suddenly knew what she meant. It was true that for some months these robberies had been taking place. They were talking about this when Mrs. Manders came in and asked them to come and pack up the food.

Next day they started out early. It was very hot. They went along longing for the jungles. They knew they had to go fast. So they walked on discussing the robberies. By evening they reached the forest and put up their tent for the night.

Next morning, they continued their journey. Suddenly, the guide Tabu said in broken English: "I no see this place before. I lost." They realised they had come into a part of the forest where Tabu had never been before. They became worried. Jim tried to comfort them by saying, "Let's carry on. Sooner or later we are bound to reach some place from where we can signal for help. Here the trees are so thick that hardly anything can be seen." In the evening they came to a high hill. It was agreed that they would climb it the next day.

At night all went well. Next morning they got up and ate a large breakfast and started to climb up. Suddenly, Jack

saw something that made him scout. It was a cave. The boys went up to the cave leaving the girls with Tabu.

They entered the cave and as they heard voices they stopped. Jack saw a light inside and went in quietly as Jim followed. Then he got a shock, for the voices were speaking clearly in English! The first voice said: "At least we have got a small fortune. We got the papers and jewellery. Now the two of us can live quite happily." The other person laughed and said, "Yeah, that's true enough."

Jim grabbed Jack's hand and they quickly left the cave. The two men in the cave had almost caught them. They ran to the girl and told them what they had discovered. Now, all that was left was to capture them. Anne came up with a very good idea. The children returned to the cave. The boys stretched a rope across the mouth of the cave. Anne and Bessy went to the cave and suddenly screamed. The men came running out and fell over the ropes! Before they could get up, Tabu and the boys had tied them up. Just then, a helicopter flying overhead saw the children's signal and landed. The robbers who had been caught by the four children were taken away.

Kadambari Puri
U-III

The Day I Got Lost

One day my servant and I went to a fair. As we were walking, I saw a man selling toys. I went to the shop but my servant did not know that I had gone. He kept on walking. Soon he discovered that I was not with him. Then he started to search for me but could not find me. Then he went home and told my mother who got very worried.

As I was looking at the toys I saw that my servant wasn't there. I started to search all over the fair for him. As I was searching, I saw a man making toys of clay. He was making pigeons, cars, buses and many other things. I got interested in him but soon remembered that I was lost. It was getting dark and the crowd started clearing.

As I was walking I saw a train stop near me. I had some money and bought a ticket and got inside. After a ride I came out and after some time I felt sleepy. I went to sleep near a fountain. Then I felt someone shaking me. I got up and saw it was my servant and I was very happy. Soon we were walking home again.

Nitin Beri

"A most wretched custom is our electioneering and scrambling for office."

Cicero.

The Best Season of the Year

The best season of the year for me is Spring. This is because in Spring, new leaves come out and flowers bloom all over. It's lovely! The cool breeze brushes past our faces and we feel as if we are flying in the air.

It's neither cold nor hot. The birds are twittering happily everywhere and flying in the air. The flowers are bright coloured all along the paths of our gardens. The butterflies are flying all over the place with brightly coloured wings. It is in this season that everyone loves picnics and long hikes, especially in hill stations. It's very enjoyable! We also love to go for bicycle rides and swimming. There's a lot of greenery all around.

We are lucky because we are in a hill station and we can go hill climbing. Everybody is in bright-coloured clothes. We eat ice-creams and drink cold things. Everyone adores 'Sweet Spring.'

Supreeta P. Singh
L-III A

Man's Ancestry

Man began as an animal but through the years of evolution, he developed into the species called 'Homo Sapiens' to which our modern man lived the life of a wanderer—a nomad. For food, he depended upon the existing animals and wild grass. He hunted for food day after day. When the herds of animals moved to better pastures, he also moved; the animals meant life to him. Wild grass

around him were found to be edible. He ate the seeds of these grasses, but what of the time when these grasses became sparse? He moved.

Gradually, as man developed, both mentally and physically, he discovered that these grasses grew from seeds. Why could he not grow his own grass, instead of depending upon nature? Thus began the first stages of agriculture. Man became a food-producer, he was no longer a food-gatherer.

Similarly, man, through the years discovered that if he tamed and domesticated animals, he would not have to move with the herds of animals when they moved. He would have his own animals, which he could kill for food. At first, man domesticated animals only for meat and milk, but later he learnt that they could be used as beasts of burden, watchdogs, etc.

When man became a food-producer and began domesticating animals, he found that he did not have to move often in search of food.

In the first stages of agriculture, he had to move after periods of time, when the soil became inferior, but as his knowledge increased, and he discovered the use of manure, he was in a position to become a settler.

Thus, through the discovery of agriculture and the domestication of animals, man became a settler and started along the path leading to civilization.

Man no longer needed to hunt. The hours he had previously spent on hunting

were now free. He had leisure and thus began to ponder over the aesthetic aspects of life and began to think of contrivances that would make his life more comfortable. His mental faculties began developing at a rapid rate and soon he began developing what is called a civilized culture.

Thus, we see that man's becoming a food-producer and his domesticating animals, brought a large advance in his progress, an advance that brought him to the doorstep of civilization.

Meenakshi Chakravatti
L-V

" Motor Racing "

"Brrrr! Wrrr!! Wrooom B-o-o-m!" I pulled the key of my car (Red Racer). It was a super car. I was having a 50-mile race and for it I was getting two lakhs. My car's number was 8. At first I was feeling very nervous, but afterwards I cheered up thinking about all the money and the cheering I would get. People passing by all cheered. I was coming third and then I pressed my accelerator with full force and found myself coming first.

After about forty miles my car broke down. Not a second did I waste. I leaped out of my car and fixed it. I was quite far away from the others. But suddenly I overtook them with a big B-r-r-r! and a Wrooom!!!! I had reached the finishing point. Loud Cheers! happy faces! and the loudest shouts I had ever heard! My whole family was there including my dog who was wagging his tail.

I also heard loud shouts saying "Come on, car number 8"! After that I got my prize and went on a long holiday with my family.

Shiraz Das
III-A

A Frightful Experience

One night when I was fast asleep I saw a really frightful dream.

I saw that a witch had come into my room. She had a red drakula behind her. She was wearing black clothes, she had a magic wand in her hand, and had big teeth. I knew she was going to put a spell on me. I was clinging to the wall. When the witch came towards me, I felt afraid and tried to run out. But it was of no use because the witch had put a spell on the whole house. I couldn't move at all and just like a caterpillar I was stuck to the wall.

Then do you know what I saw? I saw that the witch had taken out a box from her mouth and opened it. I knew something dreadful was going to happen and I shouted; but it was of no use because my parents had gone out.

When the WITCH opened the box, I saw something that gave a shine. And do you know what it was? It was a reddish golden drakula.

The DRAKULA came nearer and nearer to me and pulled me. The Witch forced some pills into my mouth and I fainted.

When I came to my senses I screamed. I was happy to be in my house.



The needle work Exhibition.



A Saturday House Party in Progress.

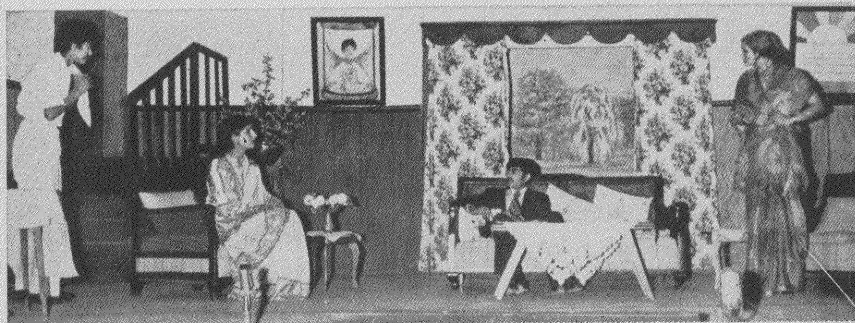
THE HOUSE SHOWS



Vindhya



Himalaya



Nilagiri

The Witch had disappeared. My parents were there instead.

What a frightful dream it was !

Kavita Singh
L-III A

A Day in a Boat

Nishi, Atul, Gunit and I were feeling very pleased with ourselves in the morning. One reason was that it was a holiday, and secondly we were going to spend a day on a big boat belonging to Atul's father.

We quickly changed, ate our breakfast, then waited for Atul's father to pick us up.

At about 10.00 a.m. Atul's father came to pick us up. When we reached the harbour, we saw many boats and ships. The car stopped near a yellow boat. We got on the boat and moved out of the harbour.

At about 1.00 p.m. we had our lunch. After a little while, a motor-boat came up, and five men climbed onto the boat. Gunit said : "I don't like their looks, I'm going to hide." Just then the five men pulled out pistols and one of them said, "Don't move, we are taking over the boat."

After that they tied us all, including the Captain, the Engineer and another man. "Thank God, Gunit is hiding," said Atul's father. At that moment, the door opened and in came Gunit. He said : "I knew they were upto no good."

He freed us all. Then we planned our escape. The Captain stood behind the door and Nishi yelled : "Help! Murder! Help!." A man came rushing in, and the Captain gave him a good knock with a chair. The man fainted and we tied him up.

Then I said, "Hey, here's the radio". The captain quickly sent a message to the police. He then sneaked out of the room, and soon came back dragging a man behind him. We tied the man up, then began yelling.

The remaining crooks came running in. The adults jumped on them and after a struggle, the bad men were knocked out.

After a little while, the police came and took the crooks away.

That was the most exciting day I have had.

Rahul Roy
U-III

Major Som Dutt

By

Bhupinder Singh

I was deeply grieved to learn the news on my arrival in February 1975, of the passing away of Major Som Dutt in Goa on the 12th of January. Indeed, he had been suffering greatly ever since his retirement at the close of 1969 and in the words of Mrs. Som Dutt "he bore his long illness with courage and a dignified fight against overwhelming odds." "It is not life that matters but the courage you bring to it," would perhaps best describe the entire concept of Major Som Dutt towards life and Bill Colledge aptly referred to the legacy he left us in these "Happy and unafraid were all who lived with him among our hill."

Educated at Col. Brown School, Dehra Dun and Cambridge, he had his first close association with Sanawar when he was the executive officer at Kasauli. He saw action in World II and eventually joined the Army Education Corps. He came to Sanawar as the first Indian Headmaster on 23rd August 1956 and retired after a very successful and long innings, covering a span of nearly fourteen years.

Suave and dignified, soft-spoken and self-effacing, he endeared himself to one and all by completely identifying himself with Sanawar and what it stood for. There were innovations in the field of education, diversification of activities and Indianisation, but whatever was the

best in the traditions of this great institution continued to be held in reverence. Thus was maintained the essential link with generations of Sanawarians of the pre-Independence vintage and for many, scattered all over the world, the Alma Mater became a place of pilgrimage.

The entire school lined up from the Bakery to the Quad—expectation, curiosity rife both in the young and the old—a distant clapping slowly working its way up and mounting to a crescendo, a red MG noising its way up to the Quad—a soldier, chest out, chin in and shoulders square, alighting. August 1956, Sanawar welcoming its first Indian Headmaster. October 5th 1970, a car wending its way down the chapel slope, a formation of out-riderson motor cycles escorting, Old Sanawarians, all the School lined up—an aura of sadness—Major R. Som Dutt being seen off. He had come up for the Founders shortly after his retirement but little did we realise that this would be his last sojourn pilgrimage to the hill top he loved so dearly.

Major Som Dutt has gone, but his memory will live on. And I will reiterate: years will roll by, seasons shall change and whenever Sanawar shall remember in its prayers its architects, people who brought the School to the fore—his name will always be there.

Snatches from prayers resounding at Assembly—"lives and good examples of all who have served thee here . . . for their words of life, for their understanding influence . . . their friendship and unwearied kindness," will ever continue to remind us of Major Som Dutt.

* * * * *

Tributes to the late Major Som Dutt

PAT—He's gone—but what a magnificent legacy he left us—"Happy and unafraid." So were all who lived with him among our hills. There are three other words that are analagous—"Never Give In." He's gone—but what an example he left us with his own life—the quiet dignity of a true gentleman. It is clear that many who served under him preserved just that trait in their own lives, Sanawarians are proud of them. Soft spoken, direct, confident, he faced with equanimity praise, censure and rude abruptness. He's gone but he was a mentor and friend (and even more) to all.

No—he hasn't gone. With every breeze laden with the fresh and fragrant pine that blows o'er our beloved hill-top will come the lasting memory of one who literally gave his all for us and for our School.

Bilkul

II

Major Ravi Som Dutt, "Pat" to his friends, who were legion—joined the Lawrence School, Sanawar on the afternoon of the 23rd August, 1956. He was no stranger to these hills for he had done a stint as Executive Officer, Kasauli in the '30s.

The eldest child of a close-knit family comprising of a brother and two sisters, Pat was educated at Col. Brown's School, Dehra Dun. He went to Cambridge to study History, to box for his College and to have a wide circle of friends. On his return to India he had the varied experience of being a business executive with Dunlop's, doing a stint of journalism with the Pioneer, Lucknow, working in Kasauli and serving the armed forces during World War II when he fought in Burma and the Middle East. After the war he was in the Army Education Corps. He ran the military schools in Jullundur and Ajmer and taught English at the I.M.A., Dehra Dun. This, then, was the background of our first Indian Headmaster.

It is difficult to write dispassionately of a man who gave so much to this school. He was kind to those in need (many a child got through S.C. English because of his coaching); friendly to one and all and understanding of human nature and its foibles. Under his wise guidance S'na went on from strength to strength—having got off to a good start

under the late Mr. E.G. Carter who held the reins of office in post—independent India.

Major and Mrs. Som Dutt's home was open to everyone. You met parents, children and staff whenever you went there.

Sophisticated, he was greatly admired for this by his young friends. Education became a great adventure. The House Shows came into their own as boys and girls acted on the stage together. Camping and hiking grew very popular. Inter-School matches were kept in proper perspective with Pat setting the tone as a good sport.

The Friday Form was an attempt to stimulate young minds to enquiry. The V. S. Os. who came to us from England enjoyed Major Som Dutt's special friendship. The Public School Headmasters' conference, England, offered scholarships and admission to their schools, to Sanawar in the first instance and subsequently to other schools of its kind. The Prep School became a veritable gold mine. Examination results were good. The Sanawar boys and girls were excellent advertisements for the School. More than one Old Sanawarian won the coveted Sword of Honour. In fact, it was but natural that O.S. joined the Army, Navy and Air Force officers' ranks and conducted themselves with distinction. Administration and the business world were also fields into which O.S. ventured with considerable success. The girls, not to

be outdone, chose varied careers from teaching to modelling, the art of designing and to hotel management to mention but a few. Small wonder that British Council friends of the school referred to Sanawar as the finest school in the Commonwealth in their annual reports.

In the words of his sorrowing wife: "Pat has left a great void in my life but I think I will have the courage to bear the loss just like Pat bore his long illness with bravery, courage and a dignified fight against overwhelming odds. It was not right that such a good and generous person should have had to suffer so much. But God knows best, I suppose, and now at last, Pat is at peace, no more pain, no more struggling and fighting for breath and with no more strength to fight even the thought that he will suffer no more and is at last at rest is a slight comfort." Like the Founder he could well have said, "I have tried to do my duty." To me personally, he represents in his own words "The magic that is Sanawar." Tolerant, generous to a fault, life was for him a many splendoured thing. May his soul rest in peace.

Romola Chatterji

III

Major Som Dutt—for how long was that name and that figure almost synonymous with "Sanawar." And how many people: staff members, parents, children associate that name with the School with affection and respect!

I first met Ravi Som Dutt, 'Pat' to his host of friends, and his charming wife Merl, in Jullumdur many years ago when he was commanding the K.G.R.I. Military School there in the Cantonment. Son of Colonel Som Dutt and brother of Lt. General 'Dodge' Som Dutt, Pat followed the family tradition and, after taking his M.A. at Cambridge University where he also took his Blue for boxing, he joined the Indian Army. He saw service in Burma during the Second World War but had to be invalidated out of active service. However, the Signals Corps' loss was the Army Education Corps' gain and, by this twist of fate, the eventual greater gain of the country as a whole and of Sanawar, where he reigned as a dignified and distinguished Headmaster for many years.

Until India achieved its independence in 1947 the Lawrence School, Sanawar, had remained a school exclusively for the children of the lower ranks of the British element of the Indian Army, and was the responsibility of the Defence Department of the Government of India. The martial and spartan conditions of the establishment continued for a number of years after independence under an English headmaster groomed in the old tradition. In 1952 the responsibility for the School was transferred to the Ministry of Education, and it was after that it began gradually to take on the shape and nature of a school run on English public school lines. With his Cambridge and Army background, this was a task

for which Pat Som Dutt was eminently suited, and in 1956 he became the first Indian headmaster of the School.

I was a School parent long before I was, or ever dreamed that I would be, its Bursar. In 1958 my wife and I were seeking a good Indian School into which to put our son. We had visited one or two public schools and had been very disappointed with what we had found. We had not expected Sanawar to be any better than the others, and to this very day I remember my surprise and delight, from the moment I stepped into the School, of walking straight into an atmosphere vividly reminiscent of my own old school in England. The cleanliness and neatness the orderliness and purposefulness, the aura of tranquility and peacefulness, the friendliness of the staff and the open-air freshness, gaiety and good manners of the children, and the beauty of the place too, they were all there, I was astonished! Our son joined the School the very next year!! And our daughter followed too in due course.

But it was not until, by a strange quirk of fortune, I joined the School as its Bursar in 1963, that I had the privilege of really coming to know Pat and Merl. By then he had fashioned and shaped it into the mould of an institution which by the time he retired from it in 1970, was among the best of its kind in the country. This was in very large measure due to his own qualities of head and heart. He succeeded in adapting the

School to Indian conditions while at the same time preserving and upholding the best in its old traditions. He fully understood the importance of a sense of history. He was possessed of the administrative acumen to delegate authority and responsibility and to let those concerned get on with the job, while himself keeping a benevolent eye on things in general. He succeeded in the by no means easy task of achieving continuity of staff, which is of such very real importance in a residential school. His and his wife's hospitality, friendliness and helpfulness to all and sundry were well known, as was the ease of access to them by parents, children and staff alike. The happiness of the children was a testimony to the general atmosphere of happiness of the whole place. Shortly after I joined the staff I remember being told (but not believing it!), that very many children were delighted and looked forward with eagerness to returning to School at the end of the vacations. I soon discovered for myself, very much to my surprise, that this was indeed true! And further proof of the children's love for the place, if further proof be needed, was to be found in the constant, frequently repeated visits of Old Sanawarians, girls and boys, to their Alma Mater not merely at the time of Founders but throughout the year, and their patent joy and pleasure at being in the old, familiar surroundings once again even though they might and very often did have to rough it on a mattress on the floor in a noisy dormitory! Pat Som Dutt went out of his

way to make Old Sanawarians completely welcome and at home, and to encourage them whenever they could and to maintain as close links as possible with the School. The enthusiasm, frequency and pleasure with which they did so was clear for all to see. And in the broadness of his vision and the goodness of his heart he did not restrict his endeavours to the younger generations but extended them whole-heartedly to the pre-'47 Old Sanawarians too, many of whom (and at least one an octogenarian!) have delighted in re-visiting their old School, coming from places as far apart as the U.K. and Australia. This too was due mainly to his own encouragement.

So, it was with sadness that we learned of his passing away, and our hearts and deepest sympathy go out to his devoted wife, Merl. He endeared himself not only to many generations of Sanawarians but to parents and staff too, by his humanity and gentleness and understanding, and we all feel the loss of an old friend. He was truly, in those well known words of Chaucer, 'a very *Parfait gentle man*.'

F. B. Manley

IV

The School reopened on 10th Feb. 1975 on a piece of shocking news; it was on every one's lips: "Major Som Dutt is no more." It is a terrible loss for Sanawar and its well-wishers.

In mid-August, 1956 Sanawar saw its first Indian Headmaster in the person of Major Som Dutt. As he came from the Army Educational Corps people were a little diffident about his taking over. But within a year of his coming all doubts were dispelled. With his command over English, he was considered to be an Englishman, but at heart and in action he was cent per cent Indian. Present Sanawar is Major Som Dutt's making. He introduced many new activities to make education more broad based and as time passed we all realised how clear he was about his educational ideas. Some of the features he introduced in Sanawar life were the mark reading system of assessing a child in studies, House plays where boys and girls took part in the shows together, more avenues for hobbies and more importance to Indian Music and dancing and to needle work. He firmly believed that education should be a part of life and that it does not end with the formal teaching in the class rooms. To make it a part of life, education should be such that children should gladly accept it. To make education easily acceptable to the children, he thought that formal examinations should be abolished as they frighten the children.

He always encouraged boys and girls to meet each other outside the class rooms in a healthy atmosphere. He wanted to have a common mess where boys and girls could have their meals

together but due to lack of funds, he could not implement it.

He was a thorough gentleman. Whenever anything went wrong in the school he took full responsibility for it. But for a good job done he gave all credit to the staff and the children.

His house was open to the staff, the children and the servants at all times of the day. Whenever any one had any difficulties it was natural for him or her to go to Major Som Dutt for guidance. He was a friend, guide and a 'Guru' to all.

His passing away is a personal loss to me. I have learnt so much from him that I shall always remember him with gratitude. It is he who taught me how to drive and repair my car.

In 1967 I bought my second hand car, which Major Som Dutt after driving and checking certified for me. I brought the car to Sanawar and after parking it near Gaskel Hall, I came up to call my wife. When we reached the car park, we found Major Som Dutt polishing my car and Mrs. Som Dutt holding the tin of polish. The sight was so touching that I had no words to express my thanks. After that every Sunday morning he used to come and teach me about the parts of the car and how to repair them. Not only this, he introduced me to fishing. He lent me his fishing rod and reel in the beginning and took me for fishing wherever he went. All this shows how great a gentleman Major Som Dutt was.

May God give him peace and rest in his eternal sleep and courage to Mrs. Som Dutt to bear her loss with courage and fortitude.

U.P. Mukherji

V

Schools, like politics, business or sports teams, can be run outstandingly well, indifferently or badly. The success or failure of the enterprise depends largely on the person at the top. He rightly earns praise if successful, and criticism if a failure.

Major Som Dutt was a man who made an already great School into an even greater one. In the many years he was in charge he brought to Sanawar an air of friendly confidence. It was his charm and good nature, together with all his natural attributes of leadership and example, that earned from all those lucky enough to have been associated with him the deep respect we all had for him. How often can it be said of a Headmaster that to staff and students alike, he was one of their friends? That was the quality, above all else, that we are glad to remember of him.

During my time at Sanawar in 1962 and 1963, both he and his wife, Merl, made me feel that Sanawar was my home. Twelve years later I feel as strongly attached as I did then, and I know that I am one of the so many others whose attachment, however many

years go by, will always be the same. What is the magic of a place, if it is not the happiness that the people in that place have been able to generate? Major Som Dutt has contributed so much, and it is only right that we should all once more remember.

In these sad days of reflection, it is hard to think that we shall not be seeing him again. There are so many memories of good times, kind deeds and successful events. A Headmaster has to be a diplomat as well as an organiser and teacher. Much of the work that is done goes unnoticed and unappreciated. Yet if done well, the working is smooth, the team is a loyal one and the results speak for themselves. When one considers the achievements, one is bound in sincerity to say how lucky we were to have had such a man and how privileged we were to have known him.

There will be many in this country, and many more in India, who will miss him. But in this sadness, I take comfort in the knowledge that Major Som Dutt's life was a full one, and an example to us all.

My deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Som Dutt who has done so much over these last few years to look after her husband in his failing health. She will know that her loss is shared by many, many others.

Stuart Moore

Gleanings from Major Som Dutt's Life and Work

I

*"Time goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, we go."**

Sanawar has been a hundred and seventeen years on the eternal field of Time. Contemplating our longevity as an institution one is inclined to look for a justification of our being.

Whatever comes to stay, whatever is admitted by Time to a degree of fellowship attains immutability and a perennial state of being. Whatever is discarded, whatever goes having failed to stand the test of Time, deserves to go. Only true things last and become 'classics'; and especially is this true of educational institutions, for age may not be of credit to individuals but to institutions it certainly is. It is the nature of Time to accept only verities and lend them long continuance. So in union with Time stay the significant works of men, things of lasting value, institutions, traditions, ideas and aesthetic creations.

And those that abuse their allowance of time, recede into the irrevocable past, pass out of existence: they do not cultivate the everlasting relationship with Time, they fail to be its instruments and are thrown out of being as refuse.

Whatever true has taken roots in Sanawar in a hundred and seventeen years of its history remains and will remain with Time; it has survived the eliminating factors of change and Time has still some use for it. If we appear to be † continuing the traditions which were laid down over a century ago we are doing so in conscious or unconscious obedience to the perennial reality in them, embracing all that is of genuine merit.

A happy blending of the old and the new is rendered possible only by the element of truth in both. Truth is neither old nor new, it is eternal, it is one with Time.

The false, the frivolous, the trivial, the trite and the insignificant have passed away and any effort to have sought permanence for them could not but have failed. Our self-preservation, therefore, lies in recognising the demands of Time realising the truth and achieving harmony with it; and, if we fail to do so we cannot but be refused like all rejected things that fail the rest of Time and are expelled beyond the limits of existence for good.

R. Som Dutt

* Austin Dobson, *The Paradox of Time*.

† M.C. Chagla, *Speech on Founder's Day, 1964*.

II

(From the 1972, Souvenir Brochure)

It wasn't long after I had taken over as Headmaster of the Lawrence School, Sanawar, that I began to realise how all embracing was the vision of the Founder, Sir Henry Lawrence, when he created an institution to provide a refuge and an asylum for the under-privileged children, whether of mixed parentage or not, of British Other Ranks serving in India; and that vision, implemented through years, has continued to provide though in different form that same fostering care to the children of today; for while Sanawarians post 1947 are not the deprived persons of yesterday, in so far as the status and means of their parents are concerned, they too—not all, but far too many of them to justify complacent thinking find in Sanawar that refuge and sense of family, which the busy lives their parents lead, deny them in their own homes.

Again, the threads of tradition and history, the patronage Royal and Vice-regal, the deep imprint of past personalities, in particular that of Bishop Barne, the calibre of Board of Administration, composed as they were, later, of the principal Staff Officer at Army Headquarters under the chairmanship of the Commander-in-Chief himself, left the legacy of dedicated interest in the welfare of the children, so ably continued today by the Government of India and the Board of Governors nominated by it.

These, in essence, the vision and the implementing there of, constitute the

mystery of Sanawar, which links the Sanawar of today with the strange shades of a contrasting past, the sense of belonging and being cared for, which enables not a few people to walk the same paths on this lovely hill-top, as did their predecessors, with gaiety and high spirits, gallant and unafraid.

And it is by virtue of that same mystery that old Sanawarians, whether pre or post 1947 revisiting the school find themselves instantly at home.

I could not conclude better than by quoting from a letter written by a post 1947 Sanawarian, which exemplifies what someone said: "The children don't think of the history of the school, they feel it."

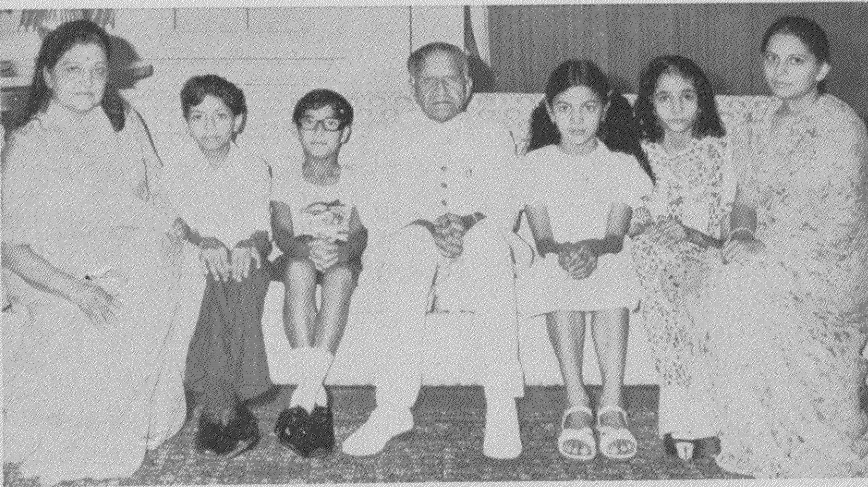
The year draws to its close and it is with mixed feelings of regret and pride that I write this.

Regret at having at last to say goodbye to my School among the whispering pines and rainbow hued hillsides, and pride at having had the honour to live and learn for many years in this wonderful place.

Some of us who are leaving Sanawar this year, feel as if we will be leaving a part of ourselves behind. We have yet to discover that mysterious, magnetic power Sanawar possesses, which binds both children and staff to it.

Perhaps that power has been handed down the years, perhaps it is present in the buildings, in the wind that blows across it, but wherever it is, it always affects all Sanawarians.

Pawan Gulati with the President of India and Begum Ahmed before leaving for the European Summer Camp.



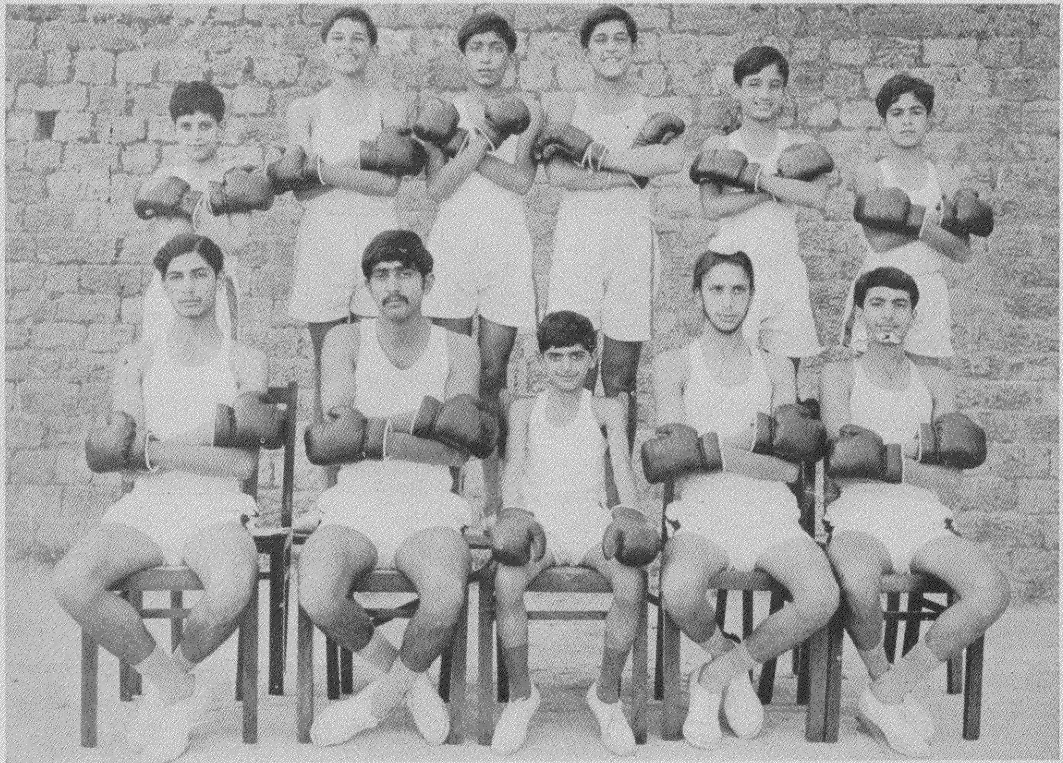
Vindhya House Show



Hindi Play by Siwalik House

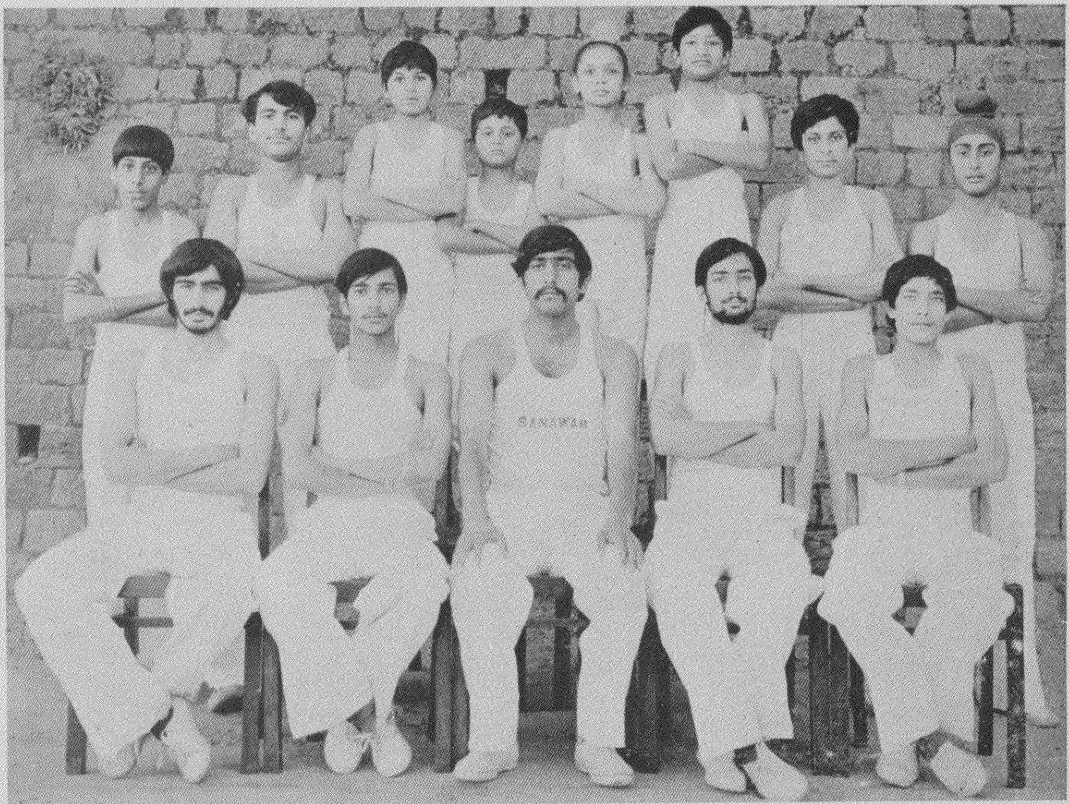


Inter-House Winners



↑ Boxing

Gymnastics ↓

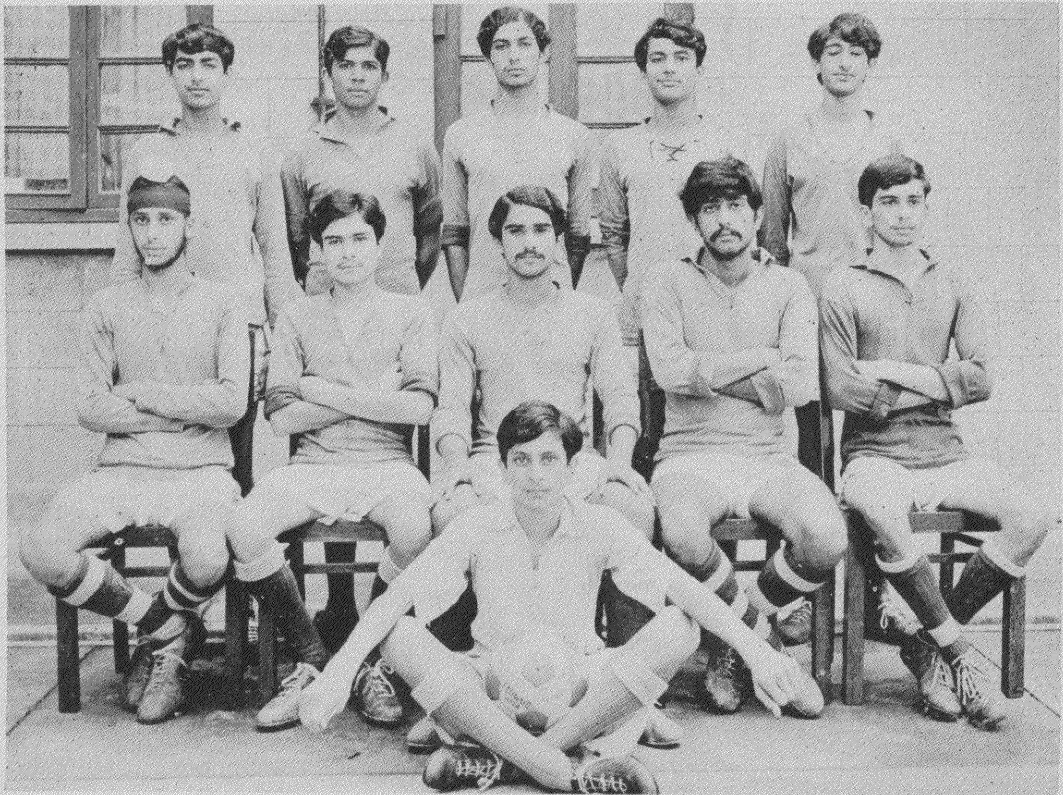


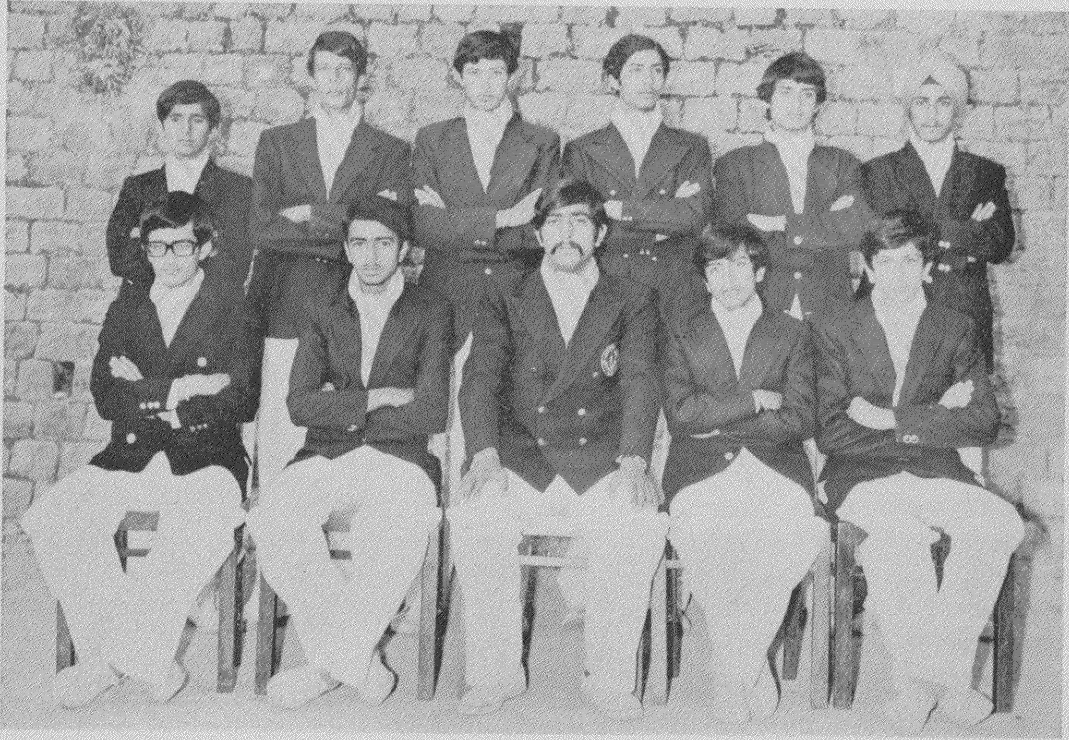
The School First Eleven



↑ Hockey

Football ↓





The Cricket Team

The school girls serving the annual community lunch (15th August)



As we look out of the window we notice the leaves are changing their tints, there is a cold spell in the air. Soon winter with its gusts of wind, its snow and clouds will descend upon Sanawar, and some of us will have left for ever, to depart to another sphere of life.

With reminiscence I recall my early days here, five years ago, and I often wish I could relive those days all over again. No matter where we go, what we do, Sanawar will always remain a "poignant memory with us, as fresh and as lovely as ever" (Rina Charan Singh).

R. Som Dutt

III

(Extract from Founder's Speeches)

1956

May I conclude, Sir, by giving you briefly my own first impressions of the School. I have found it friendly and wonderfully well disciplined—not the discipline of the drill-square nor yet the discipline of flags, slogans and exhortations but disciplined in the truest sense of the word. The children appear to do instinctively what is right and good and just. This I feel is because of a traditional way of life, a way of living and developing together, the very young learning from the very little older who themselves have learnt from those who have gone before. And then there is the tremendously refining influence of coeducation which makes children feel almost at home, with the balance and sense of security this gives. And I feel

the School is achieving its proper purpose which is not merely to fit a child for life, for that alone is insufficient because the life a child will lead is obviously conditioned by his education, but rather to send out into the world young men and women who have learned to exercise their powers and talents to the full in conditions of unity and amity with their fellows.

1957

Before I close, Sir, I should like to pay a tribute to the children, to their sense of discipline, their spirit of quiet confidence and their friendliness. Sanawar has always been famous for its sense of right conduct and has never required resource to the use of phrases and slogans to maintain it. There is an almost tangible body of protective tradition with roots that go back more than a century, and this is what makes Sanawar what it is. Their sense of confidence comes from an inner assurance of their own developing talents and their friendliness from genuinely cooperative living, and this, I feel, Sir, is the basic aim of education.

1958

I should like to refer also to the cases of those children who are weak in studies. I am mentioning this because parents, I am sure, would like to know how we tackle this problem. We ourselves are very much alive to it. The children who are weak fall into two categories: those we know are weak and those whose

parents feel they are weak. In the latter case I would ask parents to bear with us. The essence of our system is that a child should develop as a whole. No amount of high marks will compensate a child, if in his attempts to secure these, he is found lacking in effort or interest in his fellow students, his environment, his games and his hobbies. The experience he gains in the enjoyment of these activities will stand him in good stead all his life much more so than knowing that Mt. Pappa, in Burma, is an extinct volcano or that H_2O is another term for water. But we do have with us the problem of the genuinely weak children. These, in almost every case, are limited to late entrants. Parents write to us asking that private tuitions be arranged and express their willingness to pay for it. Private coaching as such is not a very good thing except in the case of new admissions who may be weak in one or two subjects. Otherwise, it makes a child dependent on a crutch, when our main object is to make children rely on, and trust, their own developing talents. In Sanawar we do not permit private coaching on payment, as it leads to a number of abuses. But this does not mean that nothing whatever is done. Our results in the Overseas School Leaving Certificate examination alone belie this. The problem is tackled in two ways. Firstly, new admissions are definitely helped to reach the standard of other students in the subjects in which they are weak. Secondly, the Senior Master Mr. Kemp,

is making a start with a system that will make our present tutorial classes a part of the School time table, when weak children can and will be given extra instruction, without either cutting in the normal time table of instruction or cutting into those precious hours which are available for games and out-of-class activities. This system has merit, achieves results and has none of the demerits of private coaching. It will, undoubtedly have to be limited to the lower forms and will also mean that fewer subjects will be learned, but these latter will be the really important ones.

1960

Over the last year we have tried to make Sanawar a truly co-educational school. Many restrictions which were imposed formerly by the British, on the assumption that the lesser breeds had uncertain morals have been done away with. In the P.D. boys and girls now feed together with remarkably good effect on the table manners of the boys and on their choice of topics for conversation. And the girls, too, have discovered that little boys are not the horrid monsters of their imagination.

In the Senior School, all cultural activities, other than the essentially masculine ones such as carpentry and the band are commonly shared. The result is a general raising of standards, e. g. where formerly Saturday Club Concerts were confined to four shows by the boys, one by the girls, and one by the P.D.

today these Concerts are the joint productions of all children, regardless of age or sex. I am sure you will agree that girls make for more charming girls on the stage than do boys dressed for the part, no matter how hard you try to camouflage knobby elbows and incipient moustaches.

Boys are beginning to take an increasing interest in Indian dancing, much to the amusement of the conservative Sixth Form, though even here the barrier is breaking down. It has been whispered that no less a personage than the Head Boy has been seen shaking a foot, more suitable for Soccer, in the delicate nuances of an Indian Folk dance.

I am often asked by visitors, and you can almost sense that the question is framed in block capitals, "Are there no incidents?" as though the lack of them would amount to an unnatural phenomenon. It is rather hard convincing people, that children are basically good, true idealists, and that it is a far more natural state of affairs to be free of incidents whether in block capitals or the lesser case.

1961

Firstly I should like to talk on how we spend our spare time. In order that my words make sense, I must say, at once that our guiding principle is that in learning to enjoy leisure a child is going a long way to becoming a cultured and civilized being. I feel this has particular application today when there is a growing feeling in the country that parading up and

down a square in an N. C. C. uniform is a major means of inculcating a sense of discipline and responsibility in a child. To my view, and I have been a soldier for over 20 years, parade grounds offer little that is of spiritual value. They serve no more purpose than to teach you to conform to certain basic movements and patterns to the accompaniment of words and combinations of words you never knew existed. Professional pride comes much later, when you join your regiment which has a soul and is fiercely jealous of its honour.

In Sanawar school gives over by 1.00 p. m. and therefore, we have the whole afternoon in which we can get down to doing something agreeable, whether on the games field or in a form that really interests us; and this, I am happy to say does not exclude reading for pleasure in the library.

So many people wistfully refuse to take up a hobby on the ground that they have no talent. We feel that this attitude is wrong. It is not really necessary to be gifted with a talent to enjoy a particular art or skill. For example, not every child is blessed with a voice or a musical ear, though many more possess these than think they do. But you can get much more from life, if by making an effort, you begin to understand the rudiments of music and singing; your appreciation of good music will be all the keener.

Neither need you be an artist to enjoy playing with paint and brush; and it is the same with anything else you care to work at, carpentry, modelling needlework and so on. I am sure that those who drive a motor car would enjoy driving far more if they knew a little more of what goes on under the bonnets of their cars other than that their engines need petrol, oil and water from time to time. There is an undoubted thrill in the feel of an engine, sweetly responsive to an educated foot on the accelerator pedal.

The important thing is not that you have talent. It is that you have tried and by trying understood. You would be surprised at the number of boys who, under the inspired teaching of Mr. Rajamani, have taken to Indian Dancing, boys who were convinced that their feet were more suited to kicking a ball at soccer, or certain parts of the anatomy in the course of normal life. And with the effort has come understanding.

1964

And now if I am not jumping too widely, I would like to talk on a subject very close to the hearts of our parents. We are asked by many for advice on the subjects their children should offer and what we consider a likely choice of career in the light of our knowledge of the child I am afraid, this is a very difficult question to answer, for essentially our purpose is not necessarily to prepare a child for a particular career, and we feel that to oblige a child to take certain subjects, or to make a child adopt a particular

career which might be found unsuitable would be to do him or her great harm.

Equally, many of our parents do not ask our advice. They tell us quite frankly that young Gopal will take Maths, Physics and Chemistry, and that he is going to be an engineer, or doctor, or going into the Army. Such decisions do not always help and cause acute misery to a child who has, in deference to parental insistence, to switch over from a subject which he likes to a subject he detests.

1965

Before I request Mrs. Indira Gandhi to talk to you, I feel it is my duty to answer many unspoken queries which must be in the minds of the many parents who have defied the emergency to be with us today, and those queries must relate to how safe their children are in Sanawar.

That is a question I cannot answer—parents, Mrs. Indira Gandhi could tell you more about this—but I can tell you what we have done and the possibilities for which we have prepared. Forgive me for using the royal and Headmaster's "we"; when I say "we" I mean the staff as a team and nothing else.

Firstly, parents have an absolute assurance from us that we shall look after their children to the utmost limit of our capacity to do so.

Secondly, we have practised the children in drills to safeguard them against fire and against an attack by air, whether by day or night and whether they are in their class-rooms, sleeping in their dor-

mitories, or otherwise engaged. Those drills have been practised to such an extent that the children can now be in their allotted positions of safety within a minute to a minute and a half to an alarm being given.

Thirdly, every member of the staff, including the senior members of our class IV staff, have been instructed in the more practical forms of first aid. First aid boxes have been installed wherever they might be needed throughout the School and in all staff quarters. We have also, as you know, our own school hospital. Fire fighting parties and fire fighting equipment have also been arranged. We have also had to consider the remote possibility that it might be necessary, should the situation worsen, to evacuate the children and staff in case of a threat of real danger.

The plan for this evacuation includes the possibility of evacuation along the Kalka, Ambala, Delhi route if public transport is available and if the route is open. It also includes the possibility that this route might not be available to us and that public transport might also not be available. As an alternative we have mapped a route through the hills to Dehra Dun, viz: Dagshai, Kumarhatti Nahan, Paonta Sahib, Dehra Dun. We have contacted all the important civil officials in this area and also those others in a position to help, very fortunately the Deputy Commissioner of Nahan was a Cadet in the I. M. A. when I was an instructor there and we are satisfied that

we could trek the distance involved, a little short of a hundred miles, in twelve to fourteen days, walking at a rate to suit the smallest of our children. Supplies and water are adequate, and the Deputy Commissioner at Nahan has volunteered every assistance possible, including the prospect of transport for the very young.

1966

It becomes increasingly difficult each year for a Headmaster to find what to say at Founder's. Ritual demands that the Headmaster give a report on the working of the School. I observed the ritual for about two years, and then gave it up for the reason that I found that a Headmaster's report was the best means of putting his audience to sleep. I feel there is a market for tape-recordings of Headmaster's Report at Speech Day; those could be played back to you, in lieu of aspirin when you find you are unable to sleep at night.

1967

The second subject I should like to speak on is with regard to the fears expressed by some parents concerning the future of Public Schools in India.

May I begin by saying that few Public Schools go out of their way to call themselves Public Schools. We really are private schools; and even if the better of us are members of the Indian Public Schools' Conference, and the country continues to call us public schools and the children of these schools consider themselves public school boys and girls,

we are nevertheless private schools. I trust I am not being too shaggy dogged.

There are slightly over 21 private schools in the country which are qualified to be members of the Indian Public Schools' Conference; and I must say that few as we are, we attract more than our fair share of criticism based largely on hearsay evidence. A certain Mr. Malhotra, for example, whose car bears the number plate: New Delhi One— this represents a form of snobbery of which no public school boy could be guilty— would abolish us and, if this is outside the scope of his authority, he would like to see public school boys and girls debarred from public service. He is not alone in his way of thinking. I fail to see any justification for his animosity. As I've said there are only 21 of us. In what way have we thrust ourselves forward? No more than two of three Prime Ministers have been and are products of private schools. Pandit Nehru was the product of a private school in Harrow and Mrs. Indira Gandhi was educated in, broadly speaking, a similar school in Switzerland; two out of three is far from being disproportionate.

There is a reason why I am stressing the fact that public schools are private schools. As long as the Constitution of India does not debar a private citizen from buying a public school education in a private school, no one, not even Mr. Malhotra, can prevent these schools from functioning.

A Day with the Som Dutts

We had made it a point to visit them during our visit to Goa and we did it. They had come to Goa just a few months earlier as the climate of Ooty didn't suit Major Som Dutt. About a month before we met them he had survived a very severe attack of bronchial asthma, when doctors had almost given up hope. Our visit was a surprise and he was so visibly moved that he could hardly speak. His condition even then was pretty bad as he had an oxygen cylinder kept by his bed-side and he had to use it often. He was moving about in the house not giving any indication of the suffering he was undergoing.

All the time during our stay he was talking about Sanawar Never once during his conversation did he ever give an indication that he did not like so and so. He was feeling very bad that he was not able to attend the Founder's which they had planned to do.

Even at dinner on that day when Col. and Mrs. Simons were there he was talking to us most of the time. There were occasions when he appeared to get exhausted due to continuous talking and he refused to go and rest.

It was a moving parting when that morning he asked Merle (Mrs. Som Dutt) to see us off at the Panaji harbour as he could not do it himself. I can still visualize his spirit moving majestically in Sanawar as he did when he was with us.

U.A. Mundkur

Kidnapped

One Friday evening I was walking along the road. It was about seven o'clock. It was getting dark. Suddenly something fell on my head and I became unconscious.

When I regained consciousness I found myself all tied up and gagged. I was being taken away somewhere in a motor boat. I felt very frightened. A woman was sitting beside me and when she saw that I was awake she shouted: "John! He's awake." There was a man steering the boat and when he heard her shout he turned around. When I saw his face I got a shock. He was the man who was caught robbing our house. He had been sentenced to three years imprisonment.

He saw the shocked look on my face and began to laugh. He said: "Now I have you and I will get all that I want from your parents."

After some time we reached an island. I was taken off the boat and put into a dark hut. I started to cry. After some time I literally cried myself to sleep. When I woke up I found myself again in a boat. Looking around I was very pleasantly surprised to find that I was not with John and his wife anymore. The other people in the boat were all policemen.

The police told me that they had seen me being taken away and had followed the motor boat and came to the island. John was sent to prison for another

three years. When we reached the shore I found my parents waiting for me. I was very happy to be with them again and my mother was so relieved to see me that she began to cry.

Rohit Chopra
L IV A

My Wife—The Dancer

A Prussian blue Ferrari, a shady boulevard, a Spaniard occupying the driver's seat—nothing unusual, unless one notices the melancholy, preoccupied expression upon the gentleman's face. I was the man in the Ferrari and while one part of my mind viewed the scene impersonally, the other half fought desperately against the grief that began to envelope me as memories crowded into my mind. Memories of my wife—the dancer.

New Year's Day of 1965. This day marked my entrance into a new life and into the theatre where I saw Chiquita. The first glimpse of her registered in my mind as a glimpse of a girl, tossing her head, and moving sensuously or dynamically, in accordance to the beat of the music. On being introduced to her, I lost my heart to the clearest pair of blue eyes I had ever seen.

Two months later, we were engaged. The news of our engagement was received as the news of a major catastrophe by my well-bred relatives, the Castellás. They coaxed, threatened and pleaded but all to no avail. I was determined to marry Chiquita.

Chiquita's last performance was her final appearance, her swan song. The next day we were to be married.

The marriage ceremony was over and Chiquita was mine forever. No misfortune occurred and our marriage was a success, much to the chagrin of Donna Castella who had received the news of our engagement with deep foreboding and had aired warnings. Little did we know of what was going to take place in the future.

Marriage with Chiquita could not have been anything but a success. She was beautiful, passionate and quaint. She believed implicitly in submission to the husband's will, though the sight of her in a temper was enough to make anyone disbelieve this statement.

Chiquita was very like a spoilt child in more ways than one. If allowed to have her own way, she was a veritable ray of sunshine, but let her wishes be thwarted by anyone, but me, and the eruption of Vesuvius would be a mere drop in the ocean of her anger.

When Chiquita realised that she was pregnant, her joy was unbounded. She existed in a state of complete bliss, thinking mainly of a name for the child and how it would be exactly like me. When I think of her joy and enthusiasm, I feel as though salt is being rubbed over an open wound.

The source of her joy was the cause of her death! The child killed her, yet it lived. It was a girl and had my fair hair and Chiquita's blue eyes. I hated

the child. I named it Troy. She looked from me the most precious person in my life, my lovely, enchanting, submissively passionate wife.

The child grew up under the shadow of my hatred. She was the image of her mother, a fact which added fuel to the already intense fire of hatred existing in my mind. When she was eleven, I sent her to my mother's home, where she has lived ever since.

She never had a father's love, but she lost nothing. It was I who suffered, who repented, too late, of an emotion born through the untimely death of Chiquita. I have lived the life of an embittered man, since the death of Chiquita and most probably will continue to do so, but never, till I die, will the memory of Chiquita fade.

I have reached the Villa Castella. My daughter is inside and I hope to meet her and be reconciled with her now. The soul of Chiquita must be at rest.

Meenakshi Chakraverti
L-V—A

A Miraculous Escape

It was the morning of 17th June, when my brother and I boarded the Caravelle plane which was on a scheduled flight from Delhi to Bombay.

The journey was very boring, and we just saw an endless number of clouds. We passed our time by reading magazines. After sometime we were told to fasten our seat belts as we were going to land. As we were nearing Bombay there

was a lot of humidity in the air. When the plane landed on the runway and was about to turn, there was a big jolt and we got a few bumps. I thought we had landed. But suddenly there was great confusion in the plane. I was very frightened. An old gentleman opened the window. We all got off quickly. When we had got down we could see that the under-air craft was all damaged and the parachute of the plane was lying open. I tried to find out what had happened to the plane but no one told us. I must say that the crew were very unhelpful and did not help us to get off the plane. We were very lucky that the plane did not catch fire as it was raining in Bombay and the ground was wet.

As we were travelling alone and were the only children on that plane, we did not know what to do. So a gentleman told us an I A C bus would be coming and will pick us all up. That answer satisfied me and I didn't feel scared. By that time news reporters and photographers also came and were busy writing and taking photographs. After some time an I A C bus came and picked us all up and dropped us at the domestic air port.

When we reached the air-port I learnt that our Commander, Captain Dayal, touched down 6,000 feet away from the normal touch down area and was unable to control the air-craft. It appeared that on overshooting the runway he took a sharp turn which resulted in the collapse of the under air-craft.

All in all, it was an exciting experience.

Brinda Roy
U IV-A

Singapore

Singapore is a lovely place. I just went to live there this year. My father joined 'Singapore Airlines.'

Thousands of people visit Singapore every month. It is a beautiful place. Every one works from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Singapore has many parks and gardens. It has two zoos also. Once I went to visit the zoo. I saw many animals, jaguars, lions, lion's cubs, tigers, black panthers and many other animals. There is a snake house also. It is six times bigger than our dormitory. There is a bird park also. In there, there are all types of different birds.

Singapore is actually an island, but it has been joined to Malaysia by a bridge.

Singapore is a very clean city. It is very green also. On the sides of the roads there is trim grass. There is a raised portion in the middle of the road. That separates the road into two parts. There is a way for cars to come one way and the other way is for cars going in the opposite direction.

There is a lovely garden called Tiger Beam Garden. It is a very big garden. As you enter you will see a god's statue craved on rock. It is a Malaysian god. The Malaysians worship that god. In the park there is an electric train, magic men (men on wheels). Then there are three more smaller parks in the Tiger Beam Garden, swings see-saws, and slides.

There are many famous temples in Singapore. The new year is on 21st of January. Nearly every one in Singapore has a car. Four languages are spoken, English, Tamil, Chinese and Malay.

The person on the main road has the right of way. He can drive calmly, but the person on the other road has to stop for him.

I will again be going to Singapore for my holidays.

Ravi Sahi
U-III A

A Day In the Thar Desert

Last night I had a dream that I went to the desert with some of my friends. We went in a jeep with a trailer behind. When we reached there we saw a caravan coming towards us. The people were dressed in colourful clothes. Suddenly a sand storm arose. We ran into the jeep and closed the doors. From the window we saw the Rajasthani people. They had buried their faces in the sand. Then when the sand storm was over, the people came up to us. They called the trailer of our jeep the baby of mummy jeep. All started laughing then we went a little further. There we saw a woman carrying 5-6 pots on her head and she was walking calmly. I asked her to give me one pot to put on my head. But when I put it on my head and started walking it fell down and broke. When I was going to get inside the jeep and drive it, she started saying all sorts of bad words. Then we went to an oasis and asked some men who were sitting in the tent for some food.

They gave us some kind of 'Chapaties' and 'dal.' Then we got into the jeep and drove away. Just then we banged into a sand dune. I got a shock and I woke up. Then I saw I was sleeping in my silly, old bed.

Deepak Saluja
Form II-A

Re-union in London, 1975

It was marvellous! One hundred of us clustered round Mrs. Tilley and talking! The "Pill Box" couldn't rattle, there was no room. Those who were not talking were perusing the News-Letter. One noticed at once the apparent paradox page 1 "to be my swan song, but here we are" page 2, 3, 4, 5 to end "there will not be another News-Letter. You know, we've heard this sort of thing before. Nuff said!

So we broke up and formed into smaller, tighter groups by age, by Houses, and even romantic groups. Mrs. Tilley took the floor and interrupted frequently by mild but friendly banter, she outlined the progress of the re-union mentioning the names of dear friends who could not attend, letting us into the secrets of some of those who did attend especially Sylvia and Harry Wood from New Zealand, welcoming the new O.S., no longer new but very much one with us, and leading up to the conditions under which further re-unions would be held. Cyril Parker was especially thanked for his successful efforts in obtaining the "Pill Box."

THE FOOTBALL TEAMS



Atoms



Colts

THE CRICKET TEAMS



Atoms



Colts

We were then told to cross our arms and join hands. This was done with difficulty. The O.S. girls were still "tag-gara" but the O.S. boys were chivalrous as ever. 'Auld Lang Syne,' then the school Song. The print was very small, the lines wavered, the words remembered, the gaze wandered through the windows and the lines floated over the rippling surface of Old Father Thames. "Tilley's Hill." Stop the rot." "Best School of all" the Union Jack fluttered lazily over the Houses of Parliament. "The Last Bugle Call."

Nostalgia—Douglas Fordham projected his 8mm films fresh from the processing department, taken as recently as April. The boys ran the Hodsons, the monkeys leaped through the pine branches, (there was a difference). A young mistress shyly lowered her smiling face, (not like that in our time). The butts fluttered and settled "sergeants" and "dafties." Someone remarked: "We don't know how much we missed." Father Thames rolled on, our thoughts went with the tide rolling back the years. The grey in the hair disappeared, the shiny patches were covered again. We were in the bloom of youth, no younger in spirit than those appearing in the picture. There were among them many who are remembered and those who keep our traditions ever-green on our beloved hill-top. The reunion was in London in a physical sense but we were one with all in Sanawar. Sir Henry had bestowed his blessing.

"BILKUL"

Eggs and Mushrooms

Since we were born in October 1974 we have eaten 48,055 kgs of food and laid 161,305 eggs, we cost Rs. 28,163 to rear. We laid our first egg in April and we have paid off Rs. 10,711.00 by selling our eggs to the school and else where. Our production at the moment is 750 eggs daily, which means that 60% of us lay every day. However, this is becoming less every week - in fact eggs to be bought from Chandigarh to fulfil the needs of you hungry humans. Mr. Longman says we are dropping production too fast as well as eating too much food—may be we have got worms. He tried restricting our food but we made such a noise that he had to give us more. We have a very powerful mess committee. He has now resorted to giving us some horrible medicine to cure any worms which we might have.

At last new sawdust has arrived for our floor, which got very damp and lumpy during the rains. The high humidity of the monsoon we did not like and disease was always trying to invade us. Mr. Longman kindly gave us some antibiotics during this time to keep the bugs at bay.

The new crops of maize and rice have now been harvested, so we are looking forward to the new grains in our food. The price of food has decreased. Could it be the effect of emergency which your Queen hen has introduced?

During preparations for your Founder's we did not get much attention from the boys and girls, but now that is all over who said thank Heavens? I expect they

will be once more among us studying our psychological hangups.

Next term most of us will be unable to lay enough eggs to pay for the food we eat. Rumour is that we will be killed and eaten by your honourable selves; please give us a thought when you chew our tasty legs.

New baby chicks will be bought next spring so that they will start laying in September and save the school buying expensive eggs next winter.

Our neighbours, the mushrooms, have just been planted so they will be popping up their delicious fruit in mid-November. The 'Mushers' Chief Minister says they are hoping to produce some 4-5 kgs. every day, so mushroom omellette should be on the menu.

So long Folks,
The Clucking Gang.

From a Press Report

A group of 21 teachers drawn from schools in different parts of the country are attending a workshop on project technology at Lawrence School, Sanawar, organised by the Central Board of Secondary Education and guided by experts from Indian Universities and from England provided by the British Council (Dr. V.K. Ahluwalia, Dr. B.L. Gupta, Prof. P. K. Bhattacharya, Mr. P. J. Osbaldiston and Mr. F.K. Groom). The Headmaster of Sanawar School, Mr. S. R. Das, is acting as the Director of the workshop. The object of this workshop is to evolve a new methodology of

teaching science, which will make the subject more interesting, more readily assimilated by the students and also restore to various science disciplines their failing vitality and popularity. Any subject which is not constantly reviewed in the matter of its contents as well as methodology of instruction in order to retain its relevance to the changing life situation is likely to get fossilised and suffer the fate of the classics. Science can be taught as a discipline for the benefit of the scientists alone, or it can be a discipline for specialised action, or its applicability to life situations can be underlined for the benefit of the citizens. Science, if it is to help any country in ushering in an era of science and technology has to be for the citizen and has to be reorientated to help in solving problems of daily life as are met by the common man. The new change sought to be introduced in the method of teaching science through the scheme of project technology seeks to give more practical bias to the science teaching, pointing out at every step the relevance of science to various life situations and the way it can help to solve various problems. This is in line with the approach adopted under the new pattern of education which emphasises relevance and usefulness. The whole idea is to develop science teaching around some chosen projects allied to technology. This will stimulate innovative thinking among the students and will inculcate among them the scientific temper, originality, creative and improvisational abilities, which are so necessary to

effective teaching of science in a society which is trying to become increasingly technological. It also involves doing things with the hands by the students and this naturally develops greater interest and eliminates some of the passivity and boredom which are associated with class-room situation. Science education which is really meant to train students of science, to observe, to analyse, to infer and to generalize, has not been having its full impact because of over emphasis on memory and lesser experimentation and innovation. With the new method of project technology it is hoped that proper scientific attitudes and creative abilities will be stimulated and quite a few young students will be launched on voyages of discovery on their own.

Dr. G. L. Bakhshi, Chairman of the Central Board of Secondary Education, while giving his impressions, remarked that the utmost absorption with which the participants in the workshop have taken to the designing and preparation of various projects has to be seen to be believed. They are to be literally pulled from the work tables for coffee, lunch and dinner. They work from 9.00 a.m. to 9.00 p.m. and their complete concentration through these long hours indicates the strong motivating effect of project technology. If the introduction of this programme in schools results in the same motivation and the development of the same interest among the students, it will be a break-through in solving many of the ills of the present day education.

Another advantage of the project technology is that it very often encourages the inter-disciplinary approach which develops a wider understanding of the unity underlying all knowledge and also brings people from various disciplines together fostering a team spirit which in these days is most essential for any significant achievement in any field. This method also eliminates the isolation of science from the community by creating an awareness of the social, economic and moral problems.

This quiet work which has been going on in the beautiful campus of the Sana-war School away from the madding crowds is potentially of a far reaching importance and bids fair to be the starting point of a revolution in the teaching of science. Dr. Bakhshi revealed that the Central Board of Secondary Education has ambitious plans for a follow-up action with a view to developing a snow-ball movement all over the country with the help of these 21 pioneers.

Some of the projects designed and completed by the participating teachers are highly interesting and may even prove very fruitful. One participant selected some rocks and analysed them for their components and has obtained a positive indication of the presence of iron. It is proposed to report this finding to appropriate authorities for further investigation in order to see if it is commercially exploitable.

Some participants have been working in a cheap microscope. They have succeeded in designing and producing one and this after some further refinements might result in lots of savings to schools in purchasing microscopes. Another very simple and interesting project was undertaken by the Physics participants concerned with the development of turbines and production of electricity. This experiment perhaps can be utilised for pressing into service all the hill streams

for generating electricity and thus providing very cheap power. Another project which bids fair to prove very useful is the designing of a control circuit using photo cells for controlling movement of machinery.

The chief characteristics of all these projects is, that very cheap and improvised material has been used and a way has been shown for using scientific knowledge in a purposeful and profitable manner.



TO SERVE THE PUNJABI COMMUNITY
 To put Punjab on the Film Map of India
PUNJAB FILM & NEWS CORPORATION Ltd.,
 (A State Government Undertaking)

- (1) Has launched a Children's Film Movement in the State;
- (2) Has constructed Five cinema houses;
- (3) Has organised seven Film Festivals;

WILL

- (4) Extend the Children's Film Movement to rural areas;
- (5) Launch a Youth Film Movement and establish Youth Film Centres at the Universities' campuses;
- (6) Launch Rural Film Movement through Mobile Cinema vans;
- (7) Setup Art Theatres in large cities in collaboration with Film Finance Corporation;
- (8) Construct more cinema houses and multi-purpose open air theatres in virgin areas;
- (9) Organise Film Festivals of the Indian Parallel Cinema and foreign films imported by the Information and Broadcasting Ministry under cultural agreements;
- (10) Undertake distribution of FFC and foreign films;
- (11) Provide out-door shooting facilities to film-makers;
- (12) Establish Film Societies at important centres in the State.

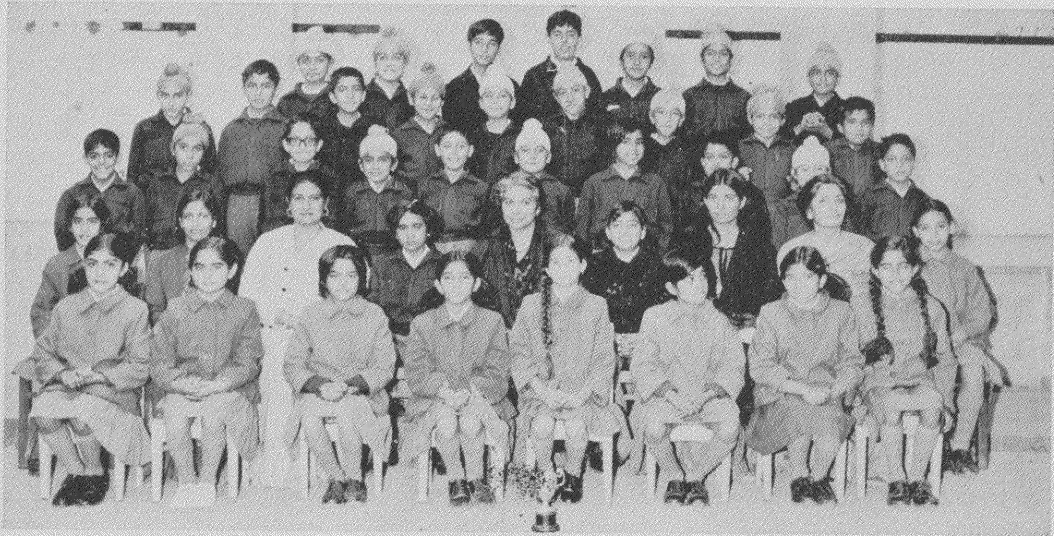
Results
of
All India Higher Secondary Examination — 1975

* * * * *

<i>Name of Candidate</i>	<i>Marks</i>	<i>Division</i>	<i>Distinction</i>
Sweeni Bhalla	F		
Diwaker Singh	432	II	
Jaskaran Singh	398	II	
Rajiv Behti	507	I	Geography
Ranjit Dhody	452	I	
Sanjiv Kapur	600	I	Geo., P & H, Eng. Lit.
Sarab Bir Singh	450	I	
Vikram Puri	509	I	Geography
Vivek Ahluwalia	589	I	Eng., Geo., P & H, Eng. Lit.
Anjali Srivastava	575	I	History, Geography
Anuradha Maira	403	II	
Geeta Bhandari	545	I	Geography
Meera Sethi	500	I	Geography
Paramjit Kaur Sidhu	455	I	
Preeti Batra	489	I	
Rajpal Kaur Brar	412	II	
Sadhna Singh	429	II	
Ajai Shukla	525	I	Biology
Anil Sood	480	I	
Anirudh Gore	456	I	
Arjun Batra	546	I	Maths., Physics
Arun Kumar Mittal	430	II	
Damanjit Singh Kang	492	I	
Ghanshyam S. Ghuman	407	II	
Harinder Singh Dhaliwal	439	II	

Harsharan Singh Kang	457	I	
Jai Singh Pathania	401	I	
Kanwaldeep Singh Bindra	495	I	Maths.
Khushbir Singh Sandhu C			Maths.
Manu Virmani	480	I	
Pankaj Gupta	438	II	
Rajiv Bhandari C			Chemistry
Rattan Ramchandani	567	I	Maths., Physics
Ravi Preet Singh Sohi	549	I	Physics, Biology
Sanjiv Jindal	434	II	
Satinder Singh	450	I	
Vikram Vasudeva	468	I	
Abha Tewari	526	I	
Deepika Rai	Absent		
Mininder Kaur	459	I	
Saroj Sirkeck	380	II	
Sunaina Lowe	540	I	Physics, Biology
Ajai Singh Virk	444	II	
Ajay Kumar Mahajan	399	II	
Bikram Verma Ansil	503	I	Biology
Jitender Singh Chandail	407	II	
Prabhjyot S. Gyani	456	I	
Suraj Narain Singla	512	I	Physics
Vinod Chander Chhabra	399	II	
Nita Basu Chaudhuri	Absent		
Poonam Singh	412	II	

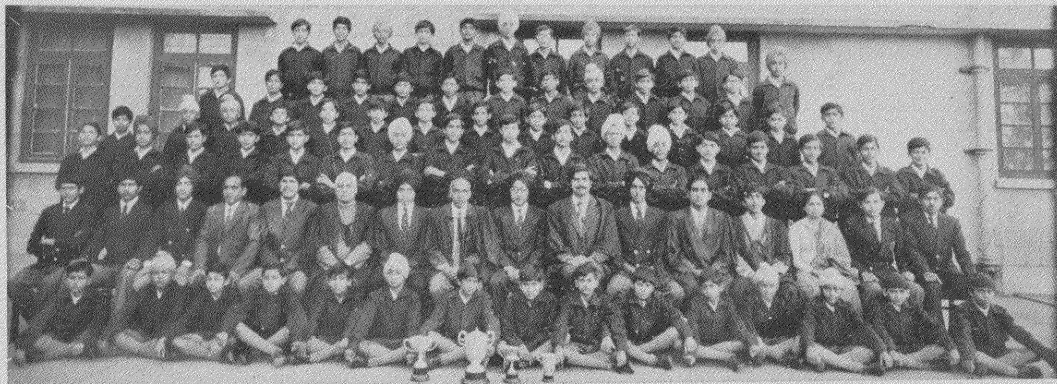
VINDHYA HOUSE



Prep

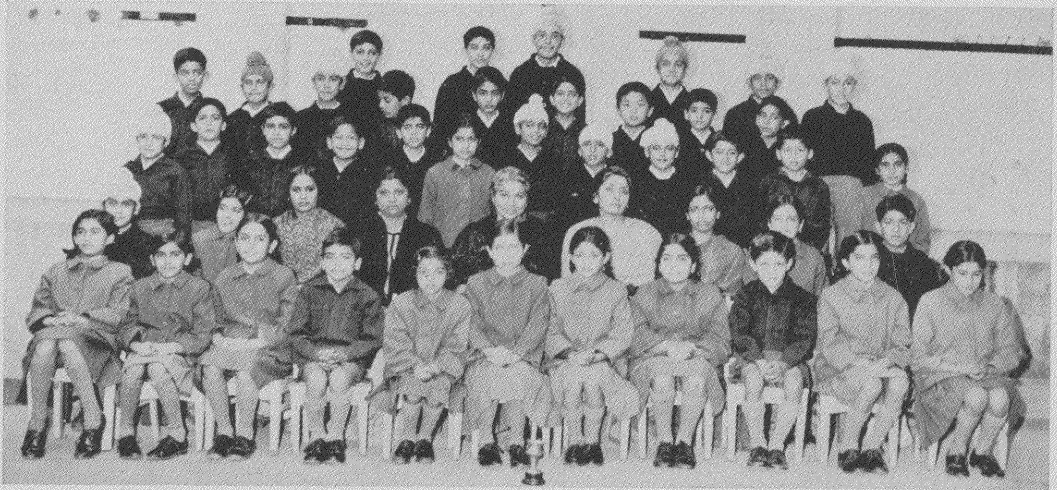


Girls



Boys

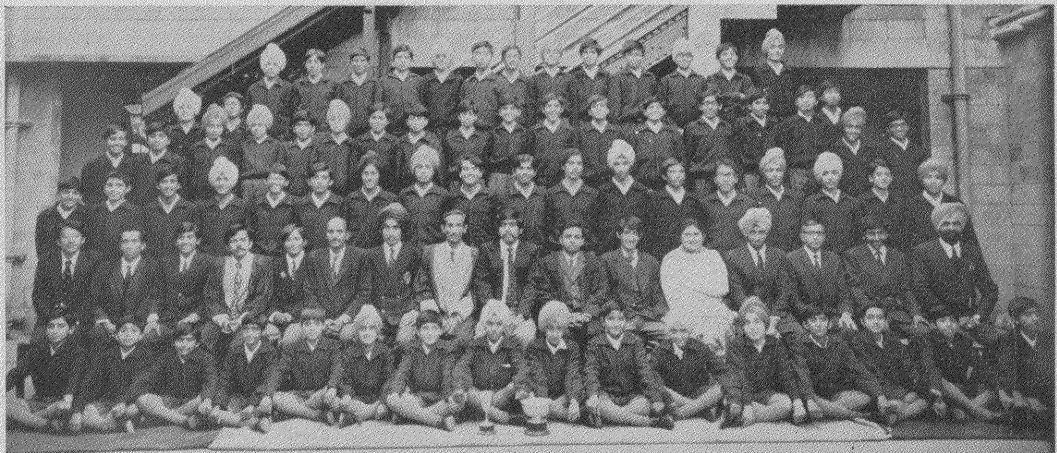
NILAGIRI HOUSE



Prep



Girls



Boys

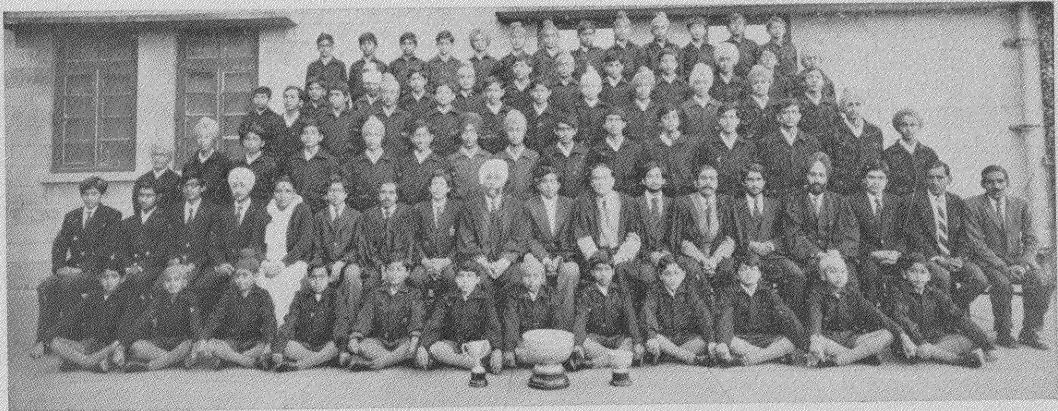
HIMALAYA HOUSE



Prep

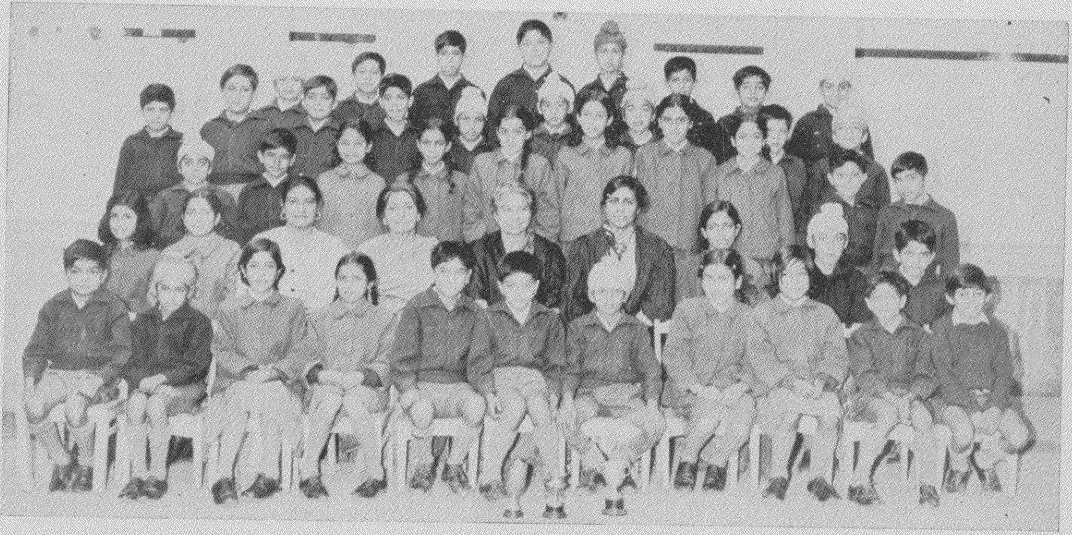


Girls



Boys

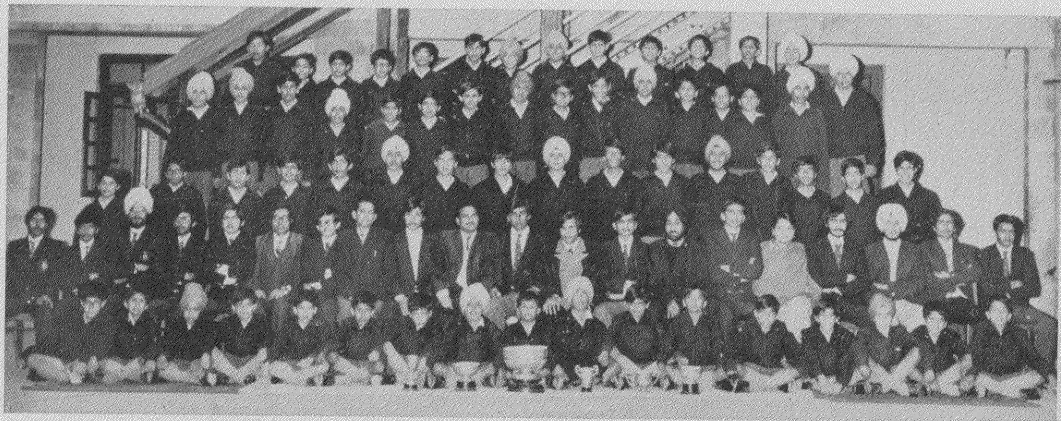
SIWALIK HOUSE



Prep



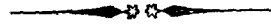
Girls



Boys

HOW THE HOUSES STAND — 1975 (*Boys*)

1. **Athletics**
(i) Nilagiri (ii) Siwalik (iii) Himalaya (iv) Vindhya
2. **Boxing**
(i) Siwalik (ii) Vindhya (iii) Himalaya (iv) Nilagiri
3. **Cricket**
(i) Siwalik (ii) Nilagiri (iii) Himalaya and Vindhya
4. **Hockey**
(i) Himalaya and Siwalik (ii) Nilagiri (iii) Vindhya
5. **Hodson**
(i) Nilagiri (ii) Vindhya (iii) Siwalik (iv) Himalaya
6. **Shooting**
(i) Vindhya (ii) Siwalik (iii) Himalaya (iv) Nilagiri
7. **Soccer**
(i) Nilagiri (ii) Himalaya (iii) Siwalik (iv) Vindhya
8. **Study Cup**
(i) Siwalik (ii) Himalaya (iii) Nilagiri (iv) Vindhya
9. **P.T. & Gymnastics**
(i) Vindhya (ii) Himalaya (iii) Siwalik (iv) Nilagiri
10. **Swimming**
(i) Vindhya (ii) Nilagiri (iii) Himalaya (iv) Siwalik
11. **R & N Trophy**
(i) Siwalik (ii) Nilagiri (iii) Himalaya (iv) Vindhya



Annual Prize-giving 1975

Presiding

The Hon. R. S. Pathak, Chief Justice, Himachal Pradesh

PRESIDENT'S MEDAL 1974	...	{ Sanjiv Kapur Sunaina Lowe
Dewan Ram Pershad Gold Medal Nellie Lovell (O. S. Prizes)	...	{ Sanjiv Kapur Anjali Srivastava
Yashpal Choudhry Gold Medals	...	Ratan Ramchandani

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

Sixth A	{ 1st Uma Sarna 2nd Ambika Anand
Sixth B	{ 1st Ravi Sawney 2nd G.S. Sohi
Sixth C	{ 1st Gurmeet Rajinder Singh 2nd Ravi Suri
Upper V A	{ 1st Anjali Ewing 2nd Anuradha Verma
Upper V B	{ 1st Sanjeev Bajaj 2nd Arjun Bhagat
Upper V C	{ 1st Rubinder Kaur 2nd Navneet Kaur
Lower V A	{ 1st Meenakshi Chakraverti 2nd Dayanita Singh
Lower V B	{ 1st Monty Khanna 2nd Meera Khorana
Lower V C	{ 1st Vikram Brar 2nd Taranijit Singh
Upper IV A	{ 1st Sartaj Singh Alag 2nd Samir Kukreja
Upper IV B	{ 1st Ravni Thakur 2nd Neena Sahai
Upper IV C	{ 1st Ashok Goel 2nd Raman Seth
Lower IV A	{ 1st Thangminglian Tonsing 2nd Sharad Bhoyar
Lower IV B	{ 1st Samrita Behal 2nd Rishi Mohinder

THE HOCKEY TEAMS



Colts



Atoms

Lower IV C	{ 1st Ulka Puri 2nd Vandana Awasti
Upper III A	{ 1st Rahul Roy 2nd Kadambari Puri
Upper III B	{ 1st Shalini Bhatia 2nd D.M.S. Sanghera
Upper III C	{ 1st Suvrat Saigal 2nd Pratiksha Misra

Prep. School

Lower III A	{ 1st Sonia Gupta 2nd Manish Kochhar
Lower III B	{ 1st Gurinder Kalra 2nd Jagjit Singh
Form II A	{ 1st Varun Batra 2nd Vaneet Ahuja
Form II B	{ 1st Vishesh Abrol 2nd Harmander Bawa
Form I A	{ 1st S. Choudhry 2nd Vijayant
Form I B	{ 1st Pramod Kumar 2nd Gautam Nanda
Art Prizes	{ 1st Chitra Stokes 2nd Kulbir Raghav
Dancing Prizes	{ 1st Kavita Singh 2nd Nisha Ahluwalia

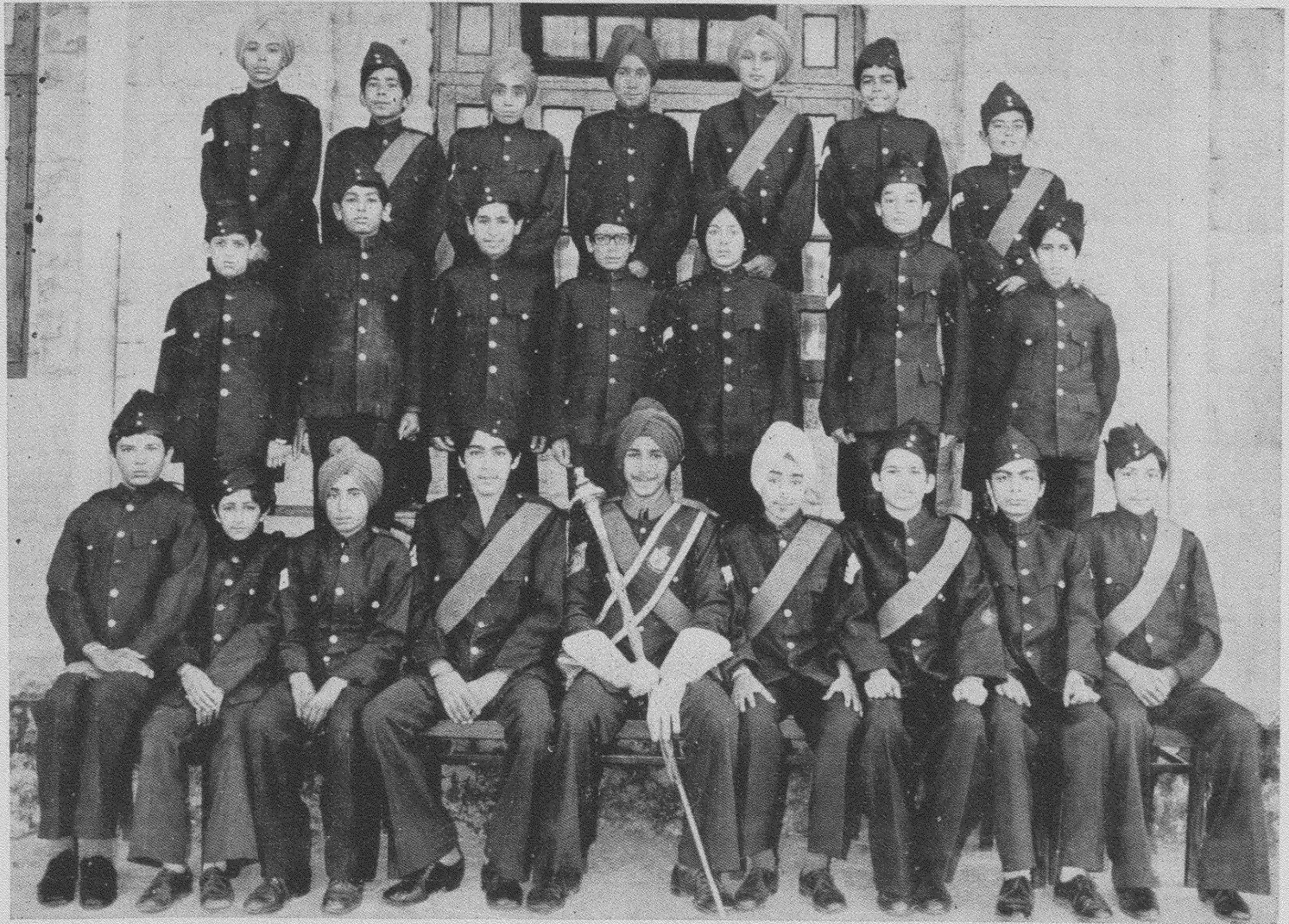
Special Prizes

The Durrant Prize for Literature	...	Gurmeet R. Singh
Special Prizes for English	...	{ Uma Sarna Ambika Anand Dipika Rai Ashok Bhagat Nikhil Rawlley Manavjeet Singh Ajanta Suri Anjali Ewing Meenakshi Chakraverti Birinder Singh Dhanoa Samir Kukreja Inder Mohini Oberoi R. Thakur Ulka Puri Sharad Bhoyar Samrita Behal Rahul Roy Suvrat Saigal

The Sir Henry Lawrence Prize for History	} ...	Uma Sarna
The Hodson Horse Prizes for History	... {	Neelam Puri Arun Sarna Rahul Roy
Special Prizes for Geography	... {	Uma Sarna Suvrat Saigal Rahul Roy
Special Prizes for Hindi	... {	Anuradha Bajaj Deepa Goswami Kiran Rohra Ruby Sehgal
Special Prizes for Sanskrit	... {	Rajive Gupta
Special Prizes for Punjabi	... {	Inder Mohini Oberoi Sangeeta Ahluwalia
Special Prizes for Science	... {	Ravi Sawney (Chem.) Ravi Sawney (Physics) Gurmeet R. Singh (Bio.) Anjali Ewing (G. Sc.)
Arora Maths. Prize	... {	Ratan Ramchandani
Special Prizes for Mathematics	... {	Ravi Sawney Dipika Rai Anjali Ewing Monty Khanna Meenakshi Chakraverti Harbinder Purewal T. Tonsing Anuradha Verma
Special Prize for Physiology and Hygiene	} ...	Uma Sarna
Special Prize for Economics	... {	Anil Dogra
Special Prize for Psychology	... {	Ambika Anand
Special Prize for Social Studies	... {	Arjun Bhagat
Special Prizes for Art	... {	S. Bhandari Bani Dugal Vijay Parmar Dayanita Singh
Special Prizes for Cub-Reporting	... {	G.R. Singh Ravi Inder Sahi
Special Prizes for Music	... {	Kavita Ahluwalia Seema Seth Minakshi Bajaj



THE BRASS BAND



THE BUGLE BAND

Special Prizes for Band	...	{ Maninder S. Dusang Gurpreet Seekond Jasmit Singh Rana
Special Prizes for Woodwork	...	{ S.S. Kandhari J.S. Nakai
Special Prizes for Handicraft	...	{ J.S. Butalia Puneet M. Wig Jawahar Inder Sahi
Special Prizes for Batik	...	{ Anju Latta Meera Gore
Special Prize for Needlework	...	Meena Bishnoi
Special Prize for Indian Dancing	...	{ Navneet Maini Navneet Kaur Mohini Oberoi
The Thimayya Prize for organising ability	}	... Navneet Maini

Awards

The Henry Lawrence Prize	...	Joginder Bikram
The Honoria Lawrence Prize	...	Gurmeet R. Singh
Prefects' Prizes, Boys	...	{ Sandeep Behl Hemant Singh
Prefects' Prizes, Girls	...	{ Simrat Virk Ambika Anand Navneet Maini
M.I. Prizes	...	{ Nakul Chopra Uma Sarna
Games Prefects' Prize	...	Varsha Gore

Trophies

Yog Raj Palta Memorial Art	...	M. Sahn
The Carlill Cup	...	Rajvinder Sandhu
Study Cup, Girls	...	Nilagiri
Study Cup, Boys	...	Siwalik
Hodson Horse Cup	...	{ Himalaya House Rajpal Bans—U-12 V. Jamwal —U-14 S. Gulati —U-15 V. Ghungesh—Open
Scanlon Winner	...	Ambika Anand

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LAWRENCE SCHOOL

AND

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THE SANAWARIANS

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