

1976

The
Sanawarian

December 1976.



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

The School Staff, 1976



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EDITORIAL

A single wheel can never move

That great Indian exponent of the art of government, the duties of kings, ministers, and officials, and the methods of diplomacy, Kautilya, advised the Maurya King, Chandragupta, that "a single wheel can never move." He was instructing the king that however great, efficient and powerful he might be, single-handed, he could not exercise sovereignty or kingly power; that 'sovereignty is possible only with assistance.' As a cart on a single wheel comes to a halt, the administration of the state stagnates unless every one is involved meaningfully. Without the people and their co-operation the complex administrative machinery fails.

On winning independence India and her leaders vowed that all the citizens would have equal social, political and economic rights; that India would be an egalitarian society. But the story is different after thirty years. The poor have become poorer, the rich, richer and the weaker sections of society still weaker. Not a day passes in India without a conflict caused by the all pervasive caste. India, thus, is divided on two fronts; the rich versus the poor, the privileged versus the under-privileged.

Poverty has reduced the poor to inhuman conditions. The per capita income at constant prices in 1950 was Rs. 253/- and today it is only Rs. 375/-. "Poverty line", an expression coined in the early sixties, exposes better the situation of the masses in India.

'Poverty line' means the 'bare minimum' for survival. The Central Government Pay Commission has defined 'poverty line' as "the minimum required diet for a moderate activity." This diet provides the minimum amount of calories, protein and other nutrients, one needs in India to work normally. And that food requirement is 2250 calories.

To say that half of our countrymen cannot afford even this minimum and that about two-thirds of our people are at this line and that millions every year are joining this miserable group is disgusting and repulsive. Coming to numbers we can group our citizens as follows :

Top class	...	10 million
Middle class	...	60 million
Just above the Poverty line	...	270 million
Below the Poverty line	...	270 million

Statistics show that only 83 per cent of the total urban population is provided with drinking water supply; of the 5.76 lakh villages, about 28,000 or about 4.3 per cent of the total rural population is provided with pipe water supply and another 7 per cent of the rural area have some kind of water supply and the rest of the villages don't have any kind of organised water supply at all. Going at the present pace of development, and investment on drinking water facilities the calculation is that it will take India another 40 years to have organised drinking water facility for all.

The per capita availability of cotton cloth in the country has declined continuously from 14.7 metres in 1961 to 12.9 metres in 1974, while the coarse and lower-medium varieties required by the poor has come down from 49.4 per cent in 1961 to 42.3 per cent.

The institutional growth of our medical system has undoubtedly resulted in more medical personnel, hospitals and dispensaries. But who profits by them? Not the masses, but the rich. 80 per cent of our doctors and 90 per cent of our hospital beds are at the disposal of the rich urban population, though only 20 per cent of the total population live in urban areas. The most striking point is that about 60 per cent of our rural population remain without even the basic medical facilities. 10 to 15 per cent of pre-school children go blind every year due to malnutrition. 45 million people suffer from serious eye trouble; out of the 15 million people in the world who are affected by blindness on account of trachoma, 4 million are Indians; the saddest part of it is that 60 to 80 per cent of these cases were preventable. Moreover, 10 million are victims of goitre, about 20 million of filaria, 8 million of active T.B., 3 million of leprosy. Infant mortality rate is 131 per 1000 live births and mortality rate is 15.1 per 1000.

1971 Census revealed that India is only 29.3 per cent literate. The situation of the illiterates down the decades is as follows :

1941 : 270 million	1971 : 386 million
1951 : 300 million	1976 : 410 million
1961 : 334 million	

'It is (therefore) a sad commentary on our development plans that our progress in literacy should be read as progress in illiteracy.' The picture in many of the states is gloomier still. In 1971 Jammu—Kashmir was only 18.58 literate, Bihar and Rajasthan 19 per cent, U.P. 21.70 per cent, to take just a few. The all India literacy rate for women was only 18.70 per cent, while for women in rural areas it was just 12 per cent.

50 per cent of our children who join school leave it in the first standard itself; 60 per cent abandon school before they reach the V standard; 70 per cent before they reach the VIII standard. Drop out on the basis of sex is agonizing; seventy per cent of males and 80 per cent females drop out of school. In contrast, we see that India has the third largest technical manpower in the world and India is the seventh largest book producer, and third for English books, in the world.

As the number of unemployed is increasing day by day we don't have the precise estimate of the unemployment problem. The estimate is in 1951 : 3.3 million. The 'Bhagwati Report' estimated that in 1971 India had 18.7 million unemployed and in 1976 there were 21 million job seekers. The National Sample Survey estimates that there are 19 million man years of unemployment in India. It also estimates that 70 million persons have to be provided work in the next decade and if they are to be fully provided with work 200,000 employment units have to be found per week. But the annual absorbing capacity of the organised sector is only 500,000 per year.

In the agricultural sector India produced a record harvest of 121 million foodgrains. But 3 decades of planning have bypassed 60 million agricultural labourers, 35 million landless labourers and 40 million marginal farmers.

The army of the landless agricultural labourers increased by over 25 million and the number of cultivators had come down from 93.2 million to 78.2 million and a very large number of marginal farmers joined, and are steadily joining, the landless labour. The land distribution pattern is that the bottom 40 per cent of the rural households have hardly any land, while the top 10 per cent have 60 per cent of the cultivable land when the per capita availability of arable land in India is only 0.67 acres.

On the industrial front Prof. Mahalanobis tells us that 1.6 per cent of the industrial companies control 53 per cent of the total industrial capital, while 86 per cent of the companies have only 14.6 per cent. Putting the rural and urban sectors together we see that the top 10 per cent have about 60 per cent of the wealth of the

country and the bottom 40 per cent have practically no wealth at all. A study conducted by NCAER shows that about 10 million people have to subsist with an average of 27 paise per day, 50 million people on 32 paise and 100 million on 42 paise per day. The N.S.S. estimate is that the bottom 125 million are destitutes.

Industrially India is the 9th largest producer in the world but on taking into account the per capita income India is ranked among the lowest, 105th out of 109 nations of which the U.N. had made a study, with a birth rate of 33.4 per 1000.

India, then, presents a picture of a few rich living wantonly in luxury, while the masses go starving and naked. 'The question of all questions is why a few have benefitted from the toil of the millions?' To give a practical answer to boys and girls of Sanawar, the school social service scheme is coming in, in a big way and all the School-leavers will get an opportunity, during the course of their stay here to acquaint themselves of the real India in which they are living and for whose development they are preparing. They will get to know how much of India's developmental efforts reach the poor. They will have a chance to evaluate whether there is equality and social justice. It is hoped that they, and the reader alike, throw off all pretensions and strive in real earnestness to realise the aim of the Father of the Nation, Mahatma Gandhi, in building "an India in which the poorest shall feel that it is their country, in whose making they have an effective voice, an India in which there shall be no high class and low class people, an India in which all communities shall live in perfect harmony." For this every Indian must come forward; otherwise the wheel of development cannot reach the poor masses; 'a single wheel can never move.' If all are actively involved, if all segments of the society sink the age old differences of caste and religion and work together *and share together* the wealth of the nation, no one in this great country of ours should go hungry or shelterless or naked. If the 'haves' don't act in time, the 'have-nots' will not wait any longer. As Karl Marx said, they have nothing to lose except their 'chains.'



In high places regard for others is rarely to be found.

Juvenal

Founder's 1976

Headmaster's Speech

Air Chief Marshal Mehra, Members of the Board of Governors of Sanawar and Lovedale, O. S., Parents, Ladies and Gentleman :

It gives me great pleasure to welcome you Sir and Mrs. Mehra to our 129th Founders celebrations. It was kind of you to agree to be our Chief Guest and honour us with your presence on this important day for the school. As a distinguished Air Force officer whose deeds in the services are now legendary, you have earned for yourself a reputation of a fine officer and a fine gentleman. Therefore, an ideal example to our young generation sitting in front of you to emulate. At the helm of affairs of the Olympic movement in India we look forward very much to your dynamism bringing the same degree of success and laurels for the country as did your stewardship of the Air Force. We are also very glad that Mrs. Mehra and two of your children are here with you to participate in our Founder's and we welcome them also.

I shall be brief in my report as the school continues to flourish and most of you here know of our achievements during the last year. In the academic field, we have once again done well in the All India Higher Secondary in which 65 children appeared of whom 27 were placed in the 1st division and 34 in the 2nd division. Praveen Vashisht stood 8th in India in the merit list. There were a large number of distinctions in several subjects. On the games side, we have continued to take

part in several inter-school fixtures having decided to measure ourselves against more than one school. We find that our standards are still not as high as they should be but I have no doubt that within a year or so we shall be flying our colours with pride. The decision to participate with the schools in the plains has resulted in our having to reorganise our games schedule but I feel that we have to overcome this so that we are not left in isolation as in the past. In Athletics, we walked away with almost all the medals in the State Athletics meet with Rajiv Khanna doing particularly well breaking the state record in the triple jump in the open section. However, we were sadly last in the Inter Public School Meet mainly due to the fact that two of our star athletes were indisposed and could not take part. The scoring system in this meet is such that it depends on individual performances rather than on team effort. In Cricket, we were soundly thrashed by the Doon School playing on their ground. However, we put up a better show against Patiala and Nabha and our youngsters are keen to avenge their defeats and I am certain they will be able to do this from the way they are shaping. The soccer also has been disappointing as we lost to Nabha and Patiala on their grounds although we played extremely well and we hope to reverse these decisions next year. Our achievements in the extra-curricular activities have been of a very high order and I am glad to say that hiking and expeditions have once again become a corner stone of outdoor activities. This year,

the Headmaster's party climbed a peak of 15,000 ft. at Manali and during the summer vacation, a party of children and masters trekked in Ladakh and were able to climb up to 16,000 ft. Himani and Ravni Thakur put this effort to shame by actually walking from Manali to Leh over three high mountain passes. Those of you who saw the tattoo would have seen our new efforts at P.T., Gym. and rock-climbing and we hope that these activities will continue to flourish in the school. Our exhibitions will show you the varied nature of our co-curricular activities. In addition, you will see the exhibition of our newest ventures in mushroom cultivation, poultry farming and market gardening. Last year, I showed you the size of the eggs that our hens were laying and I am glad to say that they continue to be as good as ever. The keenness with which the children have looked after them has paid good dividends.

As usual, I must take this opportunity to thank publicly the team of staff of Sanawar who have worked extremely hard during the year. I must particularly mention the fact that we are doing quite a lot of work in reorientating ourselves in order not to stagnate. Although this is a slow process, our work has been recognised by several institutions of higher education and in a few weeks, I shall be going to Hyderabad to give a talk on our first hand experience of trying to introduce changes in an old established institution. We are learning how to analyse our problems and reorientate our empha-

sis in view of the changing situation in the country. In addition, the demand of the new 10+2 system is being met squarely and I am confident that we shall be able to show that we are second to none in implementing the scheme of the Government of India in spirit as well as in practice. Staff changes have been few this year and this I believe is a good thing for the school. I would also like to mention that our Board of Governors kindly revised the staff salary last year a move which was overdue. The salaries are now probably the best amongst the Public Schools in the country.

I welcome back Dr. D.C. Gupta who has returned from a year's course in the U.K. to learn modern methods of teaching languages and I am hoping that with the help of the Government of India, we shall be able to use his services in a new language laboratory which will be the first of its kind in the country as far as schools are concerned. I also welcome the following new members of the staff:

Mr. Matthew Parel	Mr. Khalid
Mrs. Joseph	Miss T. Singh
Mr. J. Roberts	Mr. T. Williams
Mrs. N. Bhoyar	Mr. Satnam Singh
Mr. M. Goswami.	

The other categories of staff deserve a special mention from me because of their hard work, loyalty and devotion. Visitors to the school are always impressed by the standard of maintenance of the school and the other day an old O.S. from Australia visiting the school remarked how much cleaner and better kept the school looked.

This is a tribute to all those who are responsible in keeping our estate as beautiful as ever, if not more beautiful. In addition, of course, they are involved in the feeding and looking after of the children and the other things that go with running a school of this nature and size. The fact that we are able to put on an elaborate show during Founder's is a testimony of their work and I thank them for their efforts. It would not be out of place to mention particularly my thanks to Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Bhupinder Singh who is known to all O.S. with affection and fear, I hope. As my number two, he has always been a perfect support and also sometimes a foil to some of my hair-brained schemes. His love for the school is really something we should all be proud of and we are indeed fortunate to have him here with us. He has seen the school through its many ups and downs with unstinting devotion. I must also thank the Bursar and his administrative staff for keeping the paper work going without which in these days of officialdom, we would soon come to a grinding halt.

It is my privilege also to thank for their help Shri Surinder Kishore and his staff at District H. Q. at Solan, Brig. Mehdiratta at Kasauli, Col. Sharma and his staff at Subathu, Col. Jain and the M.H. staff at Kasauli, Dr. Balasurahaman and the C.R.I. staff for their kind help in moments of need. It would not be out of place to thank some other less known people who, nevertheless, served the school specially and have always gone

out of their way to see we are not put to any inconvenience. These are the Bank Manager and his staff, The Postmaster of Sanawar, the telephone operators who handle the archaic equipment with the greatest of patience so that even London comes in loud and clear much to every one's surprise, including theirs. Also all the officials of the railways at Kalka and Dharampur and the Himachal Road Transport who have always risen to the occasion whenever we have required their help. A special mention must be made of the help that we have received in our endeavours to encourage mountaineering from Mr. Harnam Singh, Director of the Mountaineering Institute Manali, and his instructors. Those of you who saw the tattoo would have seen their efforts in training our children and you will be glad to learn that we have arranged with Mr. Harnam Singh to run a skiing course for 10 days during the next winter holidays and I am very thankful to Mr. Harnam Singh for taking so much interest in our desire to instil a sense of adventure in our children.

Of O.S., we have very little news although we bump into them all over the country and indeed all over the world.

I can say that they are in each and every kind of profession with the exception of I believe, politics. I leave it for the audience to judge whether this is a good thing or not, but we meet them as doctors, nurses, journalists, lawyers, accountants, social work, in the services, in business and even in sports. Gurbir Singh

Sandhu won the National Skate Championship in January and later represented India in the Montreal Olympics. Of the seven best polo players in the Wills Trophy at Delhi, six were O.S. :

Maj. V.P. Singh Maj. H.S. Sodhi
 Maj. R.S. Sodhi Maj. R.K.S. Kalaan
 Maj. K.S. Garcha Maj. R.S. Brar

We are proud to think that we are able to train these disciplined young men and women. Their success in life must in some measure be due to the training they have received here and on this Founder's day, it is my privilege to greet them and send them our blessings wherever they may be and this includes those who are here today.

We have embarked on an ambitious programme of buildings in the school in order to cope with the demands of the 10+2 system of education. Since this means that we shall be having children in the +2 stage who would be in transition between school and college, we would be failing in our duties as teachers if we do not prepare them adequately for the life in front of them. This means not only preparing them socially, culturally, academically but it means preparing them to face the problems of life outside the confines of our well organised school. We have been doing a lot of thinking on this and I hope that in two years time we shall be an example to other schools for the way in which we tackle this problem. A private school like this, when it embarks on new ventures, requires funds and these can be

only acquired from the private sector and rightly so. The school does not have any endowments as is often assumed by outsiders nor do we get any grant from Government. So, our only source are those in the private sectors who are deeply interested in education and so far, my appeal to them has had encouraging responses for funds. Here, I must mention Mr. Raunaq Singh of Raunaq. Enterprises who has generously donated Rs. 1,00,001 and Mr. D.R. Sondhi of Hella, who has generously donated Rs. 20,000. I hope there will be more who can equal or raise this figure. The appeal has gone out to parents as well as O.S. and I would like to thank all those who have responded so generously and I do hope that those of you, who have forgotten to do so, would not hesitate to help us while you are here. In December or January, we hope to organise shows in the metropolitan cities to raise funds and your assistance will be sought and I am sure, generously given. I know of other schools, where certainly such spontaneous response has never been so forthcoming. The O.S. must do their bit, especially now that increasingly they are becoming parents as well and so their stake in the school is greater than ever. Last year, I did mention that one of the best means of helping the school would be to establish some sort of a fund for the staff of the school to help them in their retirement. Unlike other services, the school has no pension scheme and members of the staff particularly of the poorer sections find it very

difficult to eke out a living after retirement. Most O.S., who are sitting here in front, I am sure, will remember with affection the class four staff and it is with this affection that I would appeal to you to establish this fund. Another thing the O.S. could do would be to establish some squash courts. Squash is a very fine game particularly in the hills where weather is often bad. I hope my suggestions do not fall on deaf ears.

This is the last founders that Shri K.S. Channa will be Chairman of the Board of Governors. I would like to place on record my deep gratitude to him for his able leadership and the inspiration that he has given. Sir, I am not just mouthing words for sake of formalities, I mean this sincerely and I hope we shall have the pleasure of your friendship even after you have stepped out of the chair. It is indeed rare to find some-one of your stature to be so humble, friendly and always willing to give advice when it is sought and which I have valued immensely. Dr. S.M.S Chari has retired as Joint Educational Adviser and his place has been taken by Mr. Veda Prakasha and I welcome him to the Board and look forward to his years of association with the school.

To change the subject and speak about myself for a brief moment, there have

been many enquiries from parents and prospective parents about my continuing to serve the school. Of course, this is not for me to say as much as my employers sitting in front of me who may deem it otherwise but I would like to read a poem that I thought was quite amusing and perhaps appropriate to convince you that I wish to continue to live in this beautiful school.

An Headmaster stood at the Pearly Gate
His face was worn and old.

He meekly asked the man of fate
Admission to the fold

"What have you done" St Peter asked

"To seek admission here?"

"I was an Headmaster back on earth

For almost twenty years!"

The gates swung open swiftly

As Peter touched a bell,

"Come in," said, he, "and take a harp

You've had enough of Hell."

I am certain, ladies and gentlemen that my ascent to heaven (if it be assured?) will be swifter if I go to another school and I wish to serve for a little longer than twenty years!

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen for gracing this occasion. Your presence has done much to inspire us to greater heights.

I shall now ask the Chief Guest to say a few words. Thank you all.

Founder's 1976

by Gulshan Ewing

It is with a deep sense of loss/regret/postal-gia that I write this report on Founder's '76—my eighth consecutive Founder's (I "joined" the School in 1969) and, in all probability, my last . . . at any rate until my OS offspring decide to produce candidates for this magnificent Institution.

What can I say about Founder's '76, that I haven't said about Founder's '69 to '75? For me, each Founder's has been a thrilling, unforgettable experience. The School has had its ups and downs over the years but never, in any of my eight Octobers have I witnessed a flagging of spirit or enthusiasm either on the part of the students or the staff—or even the O.S. that valiant band of 'cheer-uppers' who come year after year with their love-cry of 'Keep It Up, S'na!'

And so to the 129th Founder's Day Celebrations . . . seemingly routine calendar of events and yet so full of charm and freshness and a certain joie de vivre which must surely be matchless. From Flag Hoisting for Gandhi Jayanti to Pagal Gymkhana to Coffee for Parents—a getting-to-know-you process with parents, staff, children and O.S. in fine fettle. The hills are alive to the sounds of excitement, bonhomie and sheer abandoned chatter.

Acquaintances re-acquainted, friends re-united, the stage is set for the first real salvo of the week. The Staff Play (no, Pheroza Das did **not** play the maid). It

was '**See How They Run,**' a totally mad, mad play deftly directed by Bhupinder Singh who, himself, played the dithery Bishop. How does he manage to cast himself so perfectly, year after year? Indeed, the entire cast rose to the occasion although I will make special mention of Devaki Srinivasan (she played the maid) and the always impeccable Josephine Sawney.

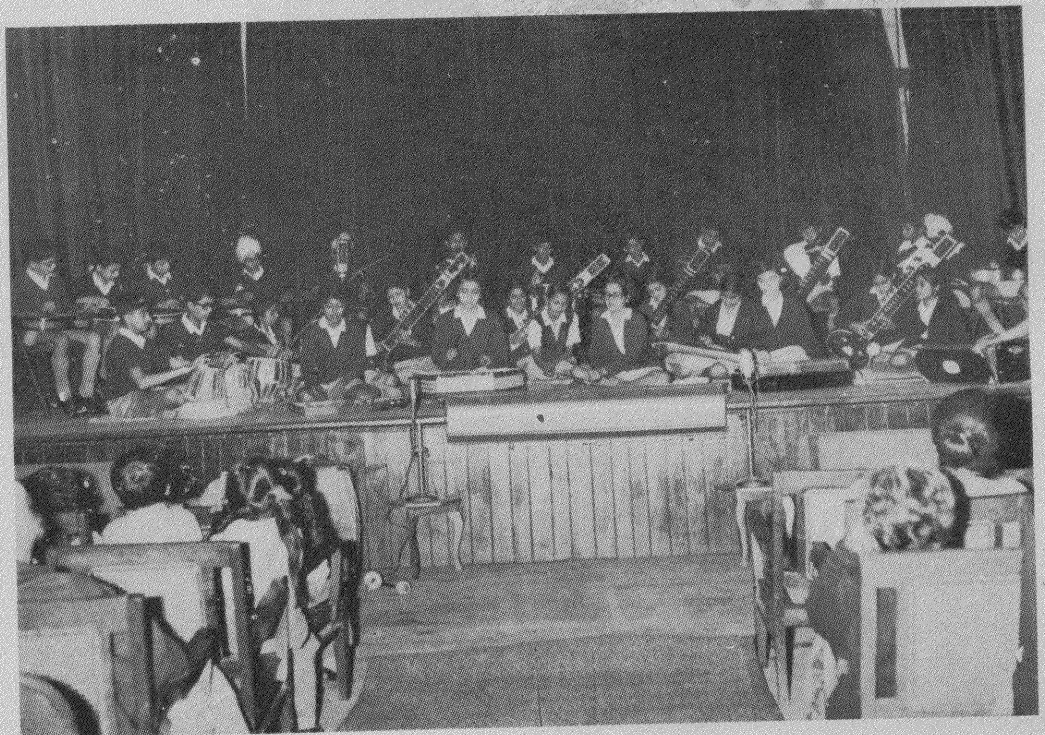
A good start with a runaway hit! Well done, S. A. D. S. I was rather taken aback with next day's Prep School Concert. It was so different, so mature. I thought the choice of the (translated) Marathi play '**Bobby**' was sensational. Such deep thinking, such perceptiveness—it was mindboggling and yet what a lovely thing the Preppers made of it! I have no words to describe the magnificent job little Shiraz Das made of the title role. Absolutely astounding! She made me cry for the thousands of little boys and girls who have 'no mamma, no pappa' despite having two living parents.

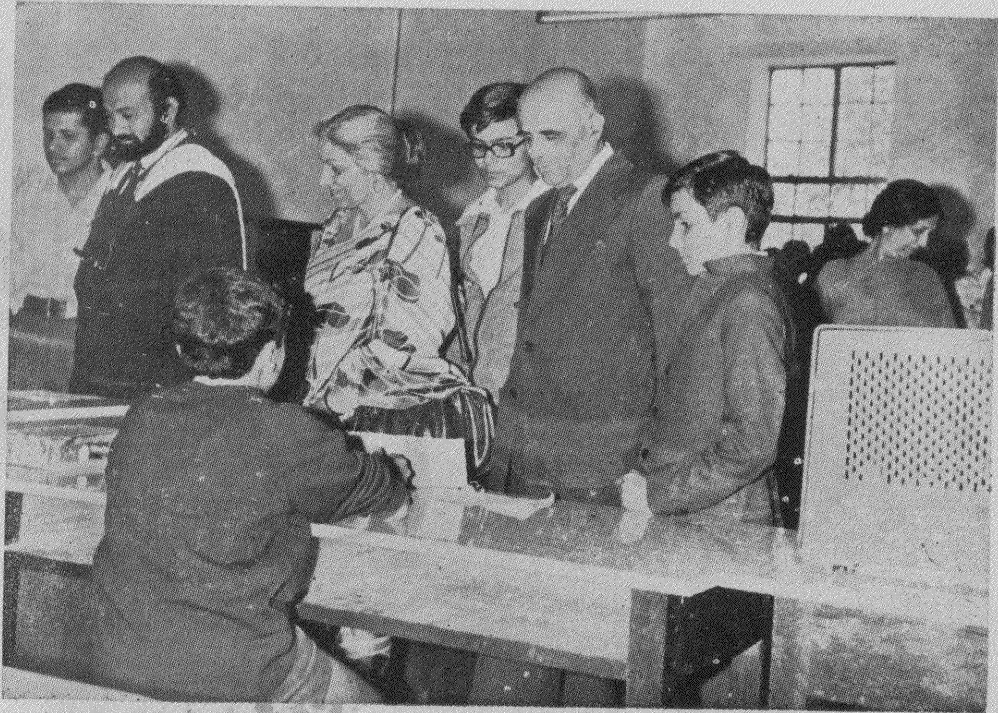
And the Punjabi Play! Gosh, how everyone laughed! What a perfect choice to place before Sanawar parents. **Jis Da Kum Use Noo Saaje** . . . and very appropriate to the 'role reversal' modern women are talking about these days. That pint-sized yet perfect Balinder Singh Dhillon must positively be nurtured in the theatre—he's that good. And Inderdeep Mann as his cantankerous Kamala was excellent.

The Chief Guest, AIR CHIEF MARSHAL, O.P. MEHRA, addresses the gathering at the 129th Founder's



The School Orchestra conducted by Dr. Kulshrestha welcomes Parents and Guests to Founder's 1976





Headmaster Das takes the Chief Guest around Founder's Exhibition



The Song from Rajasthan, the Mime item and the spirited *Dandiya Ras*—all helped to make this a memorable Preppers' Show.

On to the Tattoo—in the velvety dark of Peacestead. Always a gorgeous item. Romola Chatterjee's exquisite commentary did superb justice to the absolutely thrilling and eye-catching sequence of events. The Mass P. T., as usual, was fantastic and the Gym work by both boys and girls was terrific. I would particularly single out the **Parallel Bars** on which were performed some outstanding gymnastic feats.

The Saree Drill, the Rock Climbing, the Bugle Band—all super. The Pageant, unfolding pages from Mughal History, came last as the frosting on the cake. Despite adverse acoustic conditions the various voices giving the narration made this an outstanding and very colourful item.

Founder's Day, October 4th. Air Chief Marshall, O.P. Mehra is the Chief Guest and takes the salute at the Parade. How smart my Sanawarians look! The Trooping of the School Colour is an awe-inspiring ceremony. The Parade is practically faultless, the Brass Band first class, the March Past very grand. The Speeches, held on the Parade Ground (a welcome innovation since last year) held everyone's attention. The Headmaster, once again spiking his speech with a generous dollop of humour, recounted the School's achievements amidst thunderous applause and ear-splitting O.S. cheers.

The Chief Guest made a brief but clear-cut and precise speech, extolling the sterling qualities and contributions of a school like Sanawar. He made a special mention of the munificent gesture of Mr. Raunaq Singh (a fairly new parent) who donated rupees one lakh and one towards the construction of a new Dining Hall for the School. A rousing "three cheers" for the Air Chief Marshal brought the speeches to an end—but not before the Chief Guest had declared the customary extra holiday!

And that left only the School Concert as a fitting finale to Founder's.

It began with the School Orchestra playing Raga Bageshwari. An extremely competent performance.

The Play, following thereupon, was, surprisingly, **The Barrets of Wimpole Street**. I say "surprisingly" because it's a difficult bit of theatre to perform and it is rather sombre. But even as the first Act unfolded, I could see that the entire cast was going to be up to the challenge. Very many good performances, difficult to single out. However, a very special mention of the "heroine" Elizabeth Barret so well acted by Dayanita Singh. She sort of held the whole play together and was an inspiration to the others. And, oh yes, I've never seen anything so cute, so delightful, so funny and so endearing as the very real performance of Sweetie of Sanawar who played Flush as if born to the West End.

And then—the Annual piece de resistance. The Dance Ballet produced by

Shakti Bhatnagar. This time a short piece **Vasavdatta**, based on a poem by Rabindranath Tagore. Beautifully choreographed, haunting music a group of talented young dancers led by Madhvi Bajwa as Vasavdatta the Court Dancer and Mohini Oberoi as Uggupta, the Young Ascetic. A beautiful and chaste item—a feather in Sanawar's cap.

And, of course, I cannot miss mentioning the Arts and Crafts and Needlework Exhibitions, perpetual testimonies to

the great work done by the staff and the students. This time, moreover, I was particularly glad to find a World Wildlife Exhibition—a fine and worthwhile project.

And so, it is over. Founder's '76. But there will be '77, '78 . . . and on and on. 'Cause this family is a permanent ever-green family—the Sanawar Family and I am proud to have been a part of it.

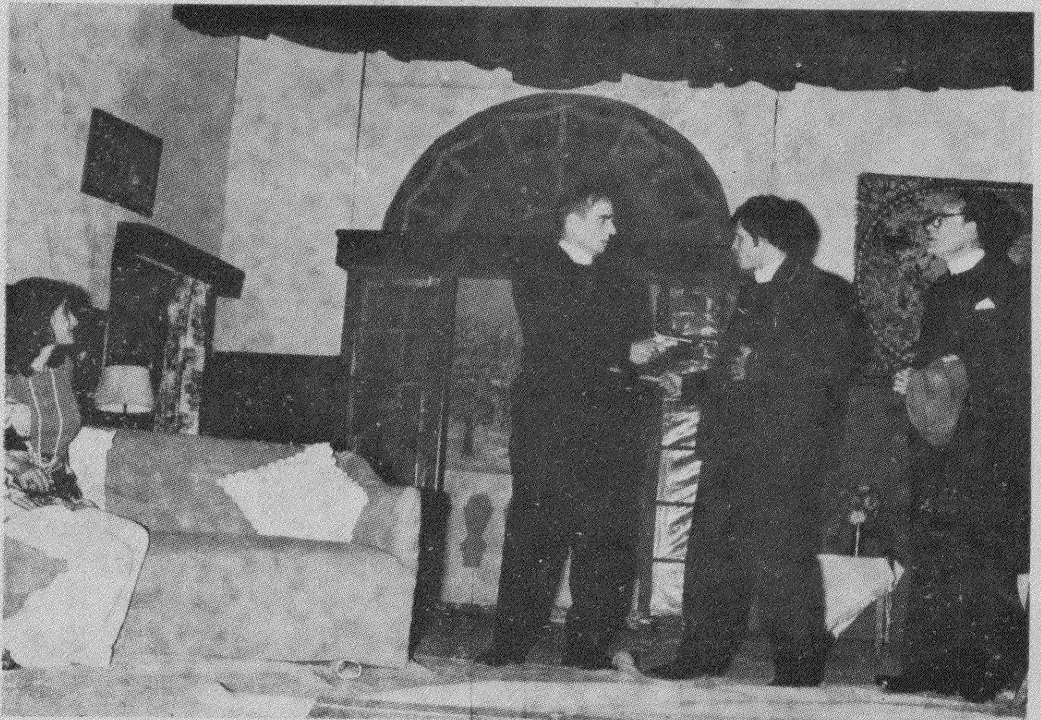
Thank you, thank you, beautiful Sanawar.

Keep your father's principle, my son, do not spurn your mother's teaching. Bind them ever to your heart, tie them round your neck. When you walk, these will guide you, when you lie down, watch over you, when you wake, talk with you.

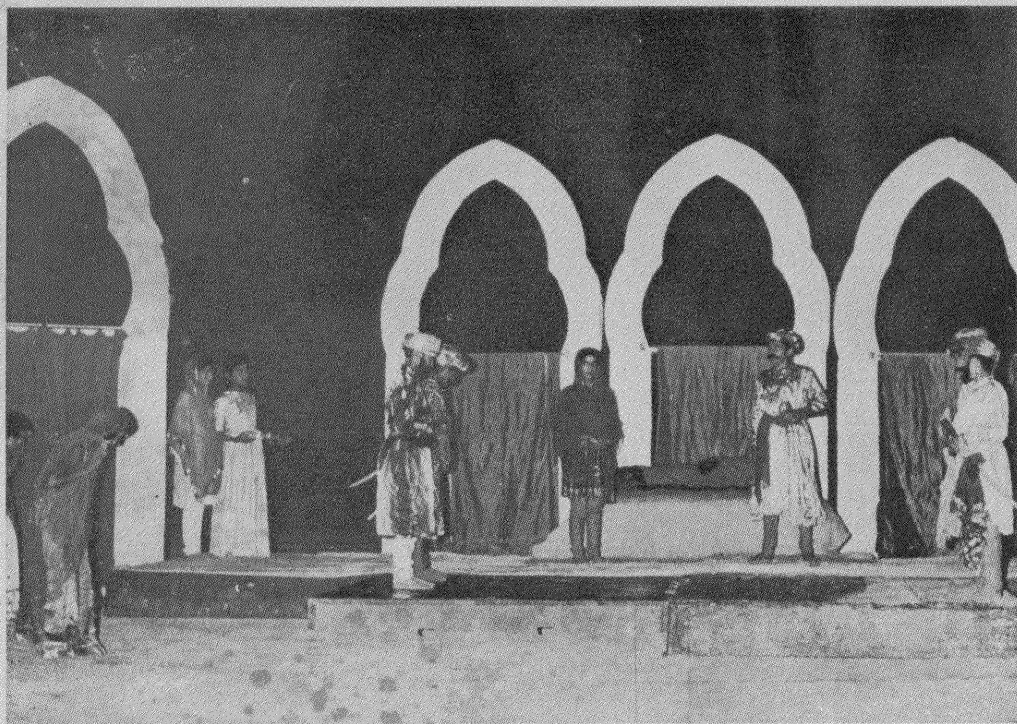
Proverbs 6:20



Scenes from the staff-play "See how they run" at the Founder's



A scene from the Pageant—"The downfall of the Mughal Empire"
(Directed by : I. Hasan)



Founder's Ballet directed by Miss S. Bhatnagar



The Tattoo

by

Ulka Puri, U-IV

Peacestead was marked with fresh white crosses—all ready for the Tattoo. After Miss Chatterjee had welcomed all the parents and Old Sanawarians who were present, the floodlights were switched on and bugle calls from both ends of Peacestead were heard.

The mass P. T. began. The girls wore smart red shorts, new socks, well polished shoes and the boys looked smart (but certainly not as smart as the girls). Although the P. T. is done every year, it yet maintained its high standard. There was lots of cheering during the P.T. The girls and boys gave a fine display of their 'josh' and smartness. It was something worth watching.

Next were the boys doing gym on the high horse. As usual there was smartness in the movements and everybody was quite impressed. Then one after another boys as well as girls did some very good groundwork. The Juniors are really good gymnasts!

The boys, blowing hard into their bugles, were seen next marching across Peacestead. This time the Band Leader of the Bugle Band was Ravin Grewal.

Working over chairs, doing handstand on the edge of chairs, all this was included in the chair-work which was done by both boys and girls too for the first time.

During the intervals between one item and another Miss Chatterji informed us about all the other activities of Founder's.

Next on the list was a Sari Drill or Sari Dance. This was something original and we were glad of it. Two girls held each sari (a variety of them) and then made various forms and shapes with the colourful saris, in time to familiar tunes played by the band. This item was one which was especially enjoyed by everyone.

Then came the parallel bars. Anjali and Joy also participated in this and were simply superb! No one had expected the girls to be so good. The boys, too, were exceptional!

Then our eyes turned towards the tall tree in the corner of Peacestead where the daring boys and girls demonstrated various methods of rock-climbing, rescues and so on. Everyone was really amazed.

Last, not least, was the Historical Pageant. This was about the rise and fall of the Mughal Empire. Short Scenes from the reigns of different Emperors were acted out. It was done quite well, and even though people were feeling a little sleepy, since it had been a long programme, it was enjoyed by most.

So, here came the end to a glorious evening which everyone had enjoyed immensely.

The Parade

by

Khushwant Singh U-IV C

The sun was high in the sky, as one hundred and thirteen cadets and thirty nine appointments marched onto Peacestead to the strains of 'Hanste Lushai.'

The parade stood at ease, waiting for the chief guest to arrive. Thoughts of the 1974 parade flickered through our minds, when we had had to stand at ease for half an hour in the sweltering heat because the chief guest had arrived late.

But Air Chief Marshal O.P. Mehra turned out to be a punctual man. He took the salute and then inspected the parade. I tried to locate my parents, who were sitting on the banks, but my efforts were all in vain. I doubt if an eagle could have located its prey in that seething crowd of humanity.

Meanwhile the band had marched across Peacestead, and now, playing 'Colonel Bogey' was marching back to its original place, in front of the first squad.

This tune has always fascinated me and is my favourite marching tune. So when the band stopped playing, I wished that it would play the same tune again. And

it did! The first squad marched out smartly to the strains of the second half of 'Colonel Bogey.' And so throughout the morning we stood there in the scorching heat, our starched shirts sticking to our sweat covered torsos...

After the band and the first squad had marched through our ranks, we marched briskly and formed up at one end of Peacestead for the march past. Twice a day and day after day we had practised it all; the 'khuli line' the eyes right, and the rest of it. And we were quite happy when we halted on the other side; our minds were now on the fête being held the next day.

The rest of the parade halted, and then we marched back to our original places, while the band went past the saluting base.

Ah! At last we marched out of Peacestead, having saluted and taken permission from Air Chief Marshal Mehra. Then the juniors and the pperstre marched past the saluting base, and were given a terrific applause by the O.S. and parents.



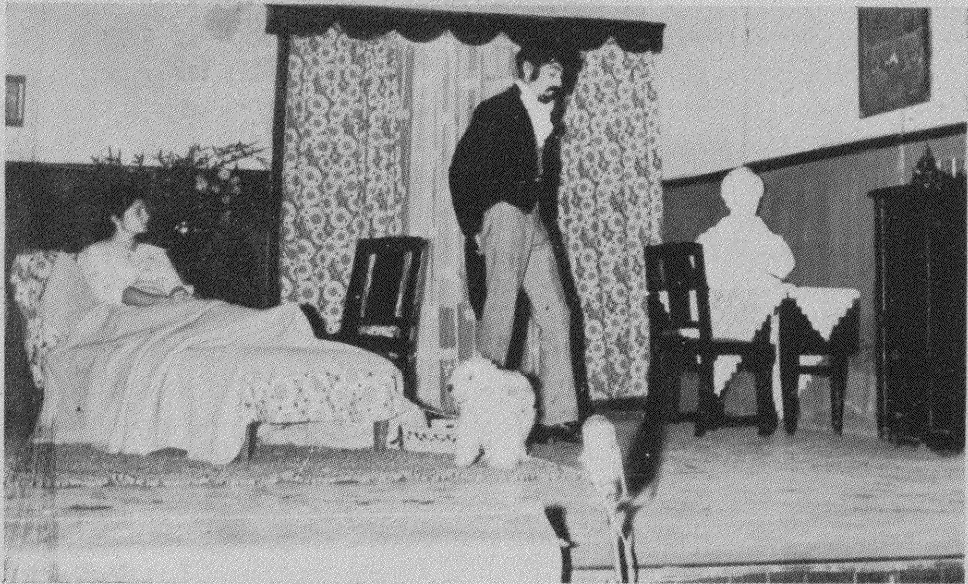
The House Shows

Vindhya





Scenes from the School Play at Founder's
"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"



The Barretts of Wimpole Street

by Dr. K.C. Khanna

The Senior School's production of this famous play on the occasion of the Founder's Day this year highlighted the interest in dramatics which Lawrence School, Sanawar, cultivates to promote cultural activity.

The Director of the play, Mrs. Sawney appears to have selected this difficult play in order to involve a large cast and to test the histrionic ability of the principal characters of the play.

The play was well rehearsed—in fact so well that occasionally one had the feeling that words meant everything for some who played minor roles. However, this feature gave added support to those who had taken the leading roles. They brought out the import of their dialogues by appropriate pauses and meaningful gesticulation. This unfolded the play and helped forward its movement. I was glad to observe that the set was simple and the costumes were appropriate but not elaborate. Obviously whatever time was available in the midst of manifold activities was well used on the preparation of the play itself. The tempo at which it progressed was just right.

It is not necessary in a school play in which everyone is doing his or her best in pursuing amateur dramatics to single out those who succeeded in a larger measure than others in unfolding their roles. It is a cooperative activity, more particularly in a school than on the professional stage.

No one in the Senior School cast did anything to drop the play. It proceeded smoothly from the beginning to the end to the great delight of the audience.

I saw this play in London within a week of its opening. Sir Cedric Hardwicke brought out the stern character of Edward Barrett in such a remarkable way that while you pitied him you also sympathised with him in his loneliness. Sarvajit Bhandari made a heroic effort to render this difficult role. Dayanita Singh had undoubtedly entered the spirit of Elizabeth's character. And Bella Hedley and Henrietta Barrett played by Jyotsna Dhadha and Rajni Parmar were well portrayed as two entirely different types. The former, a strange mixture of being self-assured and unconcerned could however, have emphasized her inability to roll hers. Rajni Parmar stood out as a forthright child of Edward Barrett, so different from the others. Her decision to break her vow made on the Bible, though of a piece with her character, served as a foil to Elizabeth's deep feeling of scorn for her selfish father which ultimately tipped the scale in favour of quitting the flat so secretly and suddenly as she did. While all the other characters helped to create the atmosphere of the Barrett's household, Sweetie of Sanawar presented the role of Flush so meekly and so well. It could certainly give points to Flush that appeared on the London stage.

The Prep School Show

by Sunetra Sen, L-V C

Out of the curtains stepped a diminutive little "Chowkidar," (in reality one of the Prep school boys in disguise) and announced the first item of the evening, the English play "Bobby." There was an expectant hush in the audience and the curtains drew open to reveal the stage done up as a living room. The English play did not live up to the expectations of the audience. The main actor, Shiraz Das acted well but the theme of the play was poor and the children's artistic talent could have been highlighted much more by a better choice of play. Towards the end the play began to drag when there was a repetition of the same things—how much a child misses her parents and how much she needs them.

Next in the evening's performance was the Rajasthani song. It was a folk song by the girls in traditional Rajasthani costume. They looked very cute all dressed up and doing those coy actions which are an integral part of an Indian folk song.

The little "chowkidar" hopped once more out of the curtains to announce the Punjabi play. The Punjabi play "Jis da kam use noo sadje," was very topical, based upon on ordinary Punjabi family's every day life. The husband and the wife have a controversy about which one of them does more work. And, just to prove

each other wrong they change jobs. This changing of jobs creates many humorous situations. The wife goes off to her husband's office and creates confusion there making her husband's employer thoroughly sick of her and of the female sex in general.

On the other hand the husband is doing the housework. Every thing seems to go wrong! The milk boils over, the children forget their lunch and many other such major catastrophies occur. Finally they decide that their original jobs were better and the family is again back to normal. The humour was slapstick in places, but on the whole the Punjabi play provided an interesting and entertaining diversion from the monotony of the English play.

The Punjabi play was followed by a mime. The mime called "Statue" was a repetition of one of the earlier performances. This reduced the entertainment value by half. It was acted well.

The dance was the last item, but certainly not the least. In fact, it was one of the best items, second only to the Punjabi play, providing a fitting end to the Prep School show. The standard of the Prep School show has improved. When the curtain drew open for the last time, for the curtain-call, I knew the show had been a success from the positive storm of clapping.



Preppers in action





The Brass Band

The Bugle Band



A.D.S — 1976

by Ava Mehta, U-IV C

Since this was my first year in Sanawar I had never before seen a 'Sanawarian' A.D.S. performance, though I had heard a tremendous amount about how successful each and every performance was. So I was quite excited at the thought of seeing the A.D.S. performance of 1976.

On October 31 was the A.D.S. first performance and the whole school was assembled in Barne Hall. As the lights in Barne Hall were switched off there were many Shhh ! and 'be quiet' to be heard from the audience.

A minute later the curtain was pushed aside by tall Dr. Dhillon who announced the name of the play. The name of the play apparently was 'See How They Run.' The audience shuffled about and sat erect on their chairs each trying to put their heads a bit higher than the person in front in order to see every possible part of the stage.

The curtain opened, taking us to the Vicar's sitting-room. Miss Srinivasan who acted as the maid was hopping from place to place dusting furniture and generally making the room look neat and tidy. Ida, the maid, looked, hardly 18 with her hair tied up high.

In the background stood Mrs. Roy—Penelope, beautiful dainty Penelope, the Vicar's wife. The Vicar, Mr. Sequiera, indeed acted well, so well that a few days later when he took chapel duty I thought a Vicar had come to preach to us. I cannot put into words how extremely well Mr. Gore acted. He won the hearts of

the audience. In the play he was a German prisoner who had escaped and when he first crept up on stage I felt a little, just a little bit scared because whenever I see Mr. Gore on the Sanawarian premise he always has a big grin on his face but here he looked quite ghost-like. Well done sir! you acted with great 'josh.'

Mr. Bhupinder Singh, the Bishop in the play was beyond compare. I've heard he's been acting in the A. D. S. for a number of years and each time better than the last! I don't think the play would have been such a roaring success without him.

How can I write how well Mr. Abraham and Mr. Bhalerao acted? They deserve a special 'thank you' for making the play so very enjoyable. In my opinion Mr. Abraham (the soldier) had the luckiest part in the play for he had 'Penelope'—the Vicar's gorgeous wife, for more time than the Vicar himself (Isn't that unfair, Vicar?).

And what can I possibly say about the tall, handsome and smart Dr. Dhillon? The part of the soldier was just right for a person like him.

... ..And dear Mrs. Sawney, how can you act as a drunkard so very well? We thought you were actually drunk (Ah! but how do we know, you really might have got drunk!). Anyway, your acting was superb. We all roared with laughter (Mrs. Das the loudest) when you Mr. Sequiera came out in your shorts!

The curtain closed and once again reopened for the curtain-call. After having sung the school song we clapped and clapped till our palms were black and blue, and led out of Barne Hall with

smiling, happy faces, having thoroughly enjoyed the evening's delightful entertainment.

Thank you all—please, please give us something just as funny next year too.

Children's International Summer Village

by Seema Gulati, VI A

The C.I.S.V. organisation was founded by Aunt Doris (as we call her) in the year 1951. That year there was only one camp but ever since the number has increased and now there are 30 camps a year. The organisation conducts seminar camps and inter-exchange programmes.

I became a member of this organisation in the year 1970 when I was selected as a member of an Indian delegation to Denmark. That was the very first experience I had ever had of being with so many people from so many different countries. After staying together for four weeks we sadly bid farewell and after that the only way of keeping in contact was through letters.

In May this year I was chosen again to attend a similar camp in Sweden from 7th July to 4th August. I was to be one of the four junior counsellors. There were two junior counsellors from Sweden and one from Italy. There were delegations of five from eleven different countries of the world.

I arrived at the camp site two days before the camp was to start. There were seven people already there of whom two were junior counsellors so I had someone of my own age group. As there was lots to do it didn't take me long to get down to some work. These two days

went by pretty fast and then on the 7th morning as we were settling down for breakfast the first of the delegations arrived. The whole day we had people trickling in. Everyone arrived but for the Tanzanians who had some problems with their flight.

From the very next day camp activities began with the hoisting of the C.I.S.V. flag and the C.I.S.V. song being sung for the first time. In this way the days slipped past and we came to know each other better. We worked, played, sang and danced and came to know about other people and their countries. But all too soon it was the last day and everyone was seen packing. This was a very sorrowful sight. The last day too went by and it was night and there was a camp-fire where we all sang songs which we had learnt. Towards the end was a candle ceremony and a small speech made by the camp directress which brought tears to all our eyes.

The night changed into dawn and the first delegation to leave was the American one. As we had seen everyone trickling in we now saw everyone leaving and the last to leave were the Canadians. With the departure of the Canadian delegation the wonderful camp at Vaste Bordne came to an end.

A Trip to Leh

by Ravni Thakur, L-V A

From Jispa a place in Lahaul, our march on foot began. The journey upto now had been accomplished by jeep and the green Kulu Valley had slowly merged into the dry semi arid Lahaul district.

On the 11th morning we set off for Zing Zing Bar, a much-frequented tavern before the 1962 war. The Chinese and Tibetans had held a combined fair here and goods exchanged hands. On the way we came across a beautiful and completely still lake wedged between rugged rocks. After having lunch there we moved on for Zing Zing Bar which was still 12 kms. ahead.

We reached Zing Zing Bar late in the afternoon. The 24 km. had exhausted every one and sleep seemed the best remedy.

The next day dawned with a tough climb ahead of us. We were to cross Baralachala Pass the height of which was 16,532 ft. The climb was tediously exhausting but the rugged desert scenery and magnificent rock formation somewhat made up for this.

The top of Baralacha was draped in snow and the Suraj Kund lake which is the source of the river Chenab, still had a few blocks of ice of floating on it. After stopping beside it for a short rest and lunch, we continued our journey to Kinlun Sarai.

On the way we waded through soft snow, which however was not deep. Now we were along the river Yunan which still had plenty of ice across it

though small pieces were continuously floating away. Our camp for the night was beside the river and early the next morning we were on our way to the Sarchu plains.

The terrain soon changed from debris and glacier moraines to vast treeless plains alive with wild life. We had a few glimpses of the Himalayan marmot and millions of colourful birds flew over us.

At Sarchu we had a much needed rest for a day and fresh the next morning we left for Jugta.

The scenery now mainly consisted of debris with streams occasionally breaking the monotony. What fascinated us most were millions of large rocks precariously balanced on top of sand mounds forming rock caps.

From Jugta our destination was Takh, a small camping site used by shepherds. On the way we saw a village of about 15 tents across the river Zora. We were told that these villagers were isolated from every one else and only came across in the winter month when snow bridges formed across the river. They lived in tents made of yak hide, used yak hair for coats and ate yak meat.

Takh formed the base camp for our climb to Moirang La Pass, a climb of two days. The first part of the climb was comparatively less steep and was along a small stream shrouded by stunted willow trees. We camped directly below the pass and the next day began our tough climb.

The steepness of the slope left us breathless and the ordeal of climbing it was absolutely man-killing. But it had its compensations. The view from Moirang La Pass, a height of 16,750 ft., was absolutely marvellous. The whole main range of the Himalayas was visible and the valley below seemed like a drained out lake.

The next day our track took us around first one hill and then around the other. And then came the job of crossing the river Zira at three different places. The water was swift and at places knee deep. We camped on the other side of the river for the night.

Our next stop was Sangtha. The word in Ladakhi means joining place. From Sangtha there are four different ways leading to four different passes. Our path was on to Tang Lang La Pass which was situated at a height of 17,582 feet.

At Sangtha we found small stone houses which were made up of small rooms, built into each other. The people in summer moved on to the mountain pastures while in the winter the huts were used. We also saw lots of small temples. These consist of engraved stones placed one on top of the other. The engraving was mainly writing but occasionally the picture of Lord Buddha or the Lotus flower was visible.

The next day we stopped at the base of Tang Lang La at a place called Zora. The next day we left for Tang Lang La. The first half of the journey was through the Debring Desert. For 8 miles there was no sign of water. As soon as the Debring plain finished the slow climb began. The going was not as tough as that of the previous passes but due to the height we had slight breathing difficulty. At the top there was a big board welcoming us to the top of the highest mountain road in the world.

We camped for the night at a place called Rumse, an army depot. The next day we hoped to get a vehicle for Leh but it seemed that we were destined not to do so. After reaching our camp for the night, a place called Miru, where we saw our first trees we were lucky to intercept a survey truck and within an hour and a half we were in Leh.

We spent two days in Leh, visiting the many Gompas or Temples. The biggest Gompa in Ladakh was the Hemis Gompa. It owns vast lands and the people say that it has riches enough to support the whole of Kashmir.

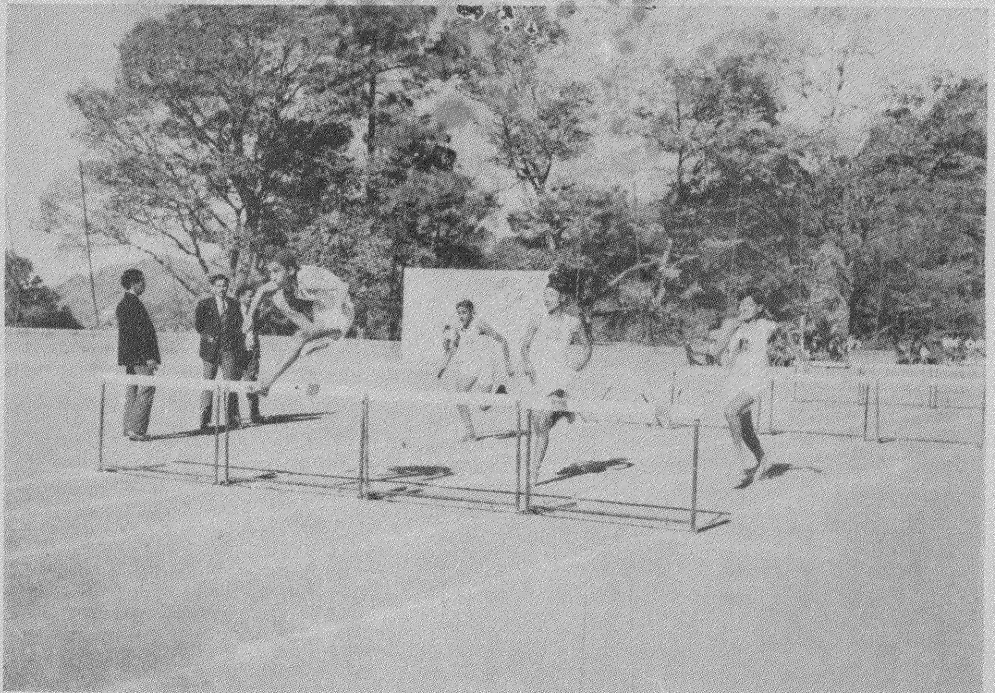
From Leh we left for Kashmir and soon the dry desert was left behind and the green, wide valley of Kashmir was reached. It was a great contrast but a pleasant one nevertheless.

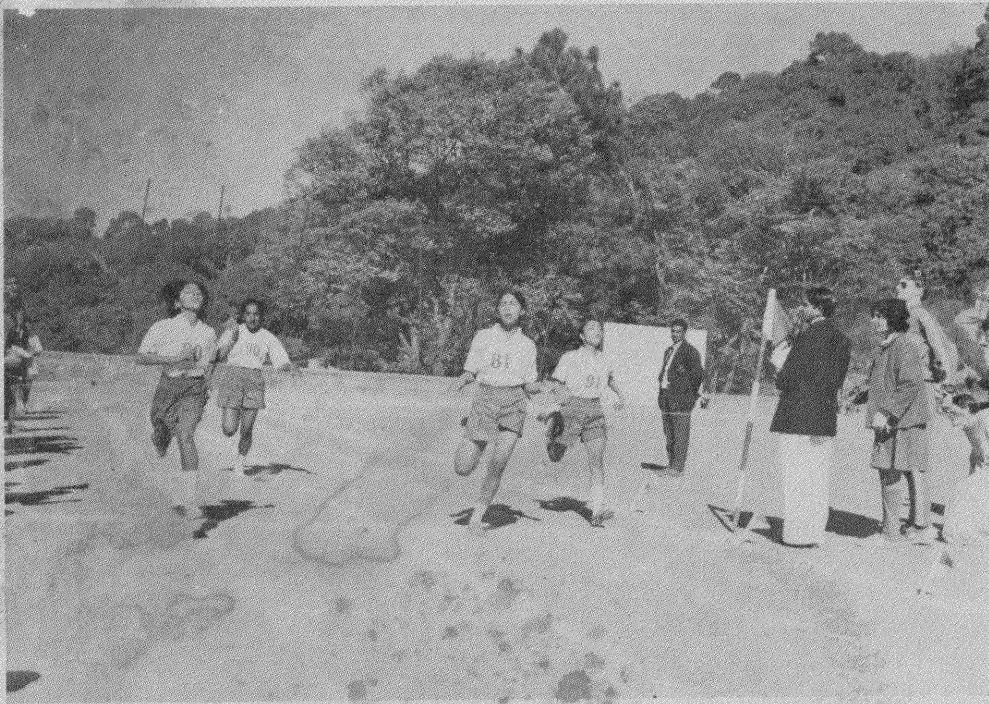
ATHLETICS 1976



Rajeev Khanna winning the 100 m.

The 'Hurdlers'





A close finish to the girls' 100 m.

The Inter House Relay



A Trip to Ladakh

by Anjali Ewing, Sixth A

"You mean you are going to Ladakh?"

"Yes!"

"Luck You!"

Lucky me? I wondered. I wasn't so sure. I was torn between decisions, on the horns of a dilemma, you might say. On the one side was the prospect of going home. Bombay, the beautiful Bombay, with umpteen things to see and do. The prospect of getting together with the family, with friends during the holi's. On the other side was yet another prospect—a very beckoning one. A trip to Ladakh. It was all tied up in my mind with mystery, adventure, enchantment—the challenge of the unknown. If I missed it now, I could never do it again, this period of my life would never come again. And then, this was Ladakh . . . not just any old place. So, I decided it was "Lucky me," Ladakh it was!

Pleasant journeys, unpleasant journeys they don't really matter when you await their end. Ludhiana—Jammu—Srinagar—Dras. Now here we were in the middle of nowhere with a full day's journey between us and our destination.

The next day, we were back on the road and although my back was aching and my body very stiff, my eyes were wide awake, trying to take in everything. In the early morning hours the mountains looked fresh but I could not see the peaks for they were hidden by the mist. The road was winding before us and when I looked below, I could hear the stream gurgling. The day became sluggish and

the heat oppressive. I fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun was low on the horizon and the mountains were steeped in crimson, purple and blue. I stared in breathless awe as the mountains took on a veil of gloom with the setting sun. Looking ahead, I saw a rainbow just in front but it was an interminable age ere we passed under its archway—a door we passed, to find ourselves in Leh, the capital of Ladakh.

During the next few days, we covered the places which people had suggested we see—monasteries, the army airfield and the only centrally-heated hospital in Asia. The monasteries, filled with dusty books and scriptures, with hoarded treasure and antique copper images and other statues particularly held my fascination. We visited the army planes, used to bring food and provisions. We studied one plane and inspected it closely, but to our disappointment were refused a trip.

After four days of comparative ease, we had to prepare for the real test. A hike had been arranged into the mountains, and our backs creaked as we strapped all kinds of things into them. We pitched our tents under some spreading willows and slept early. Up at the crack of dawn next morning, we struck out to reach the base of one of the snow-clad mountains. By the time we had reached half way, we realised that some of the boys were not with us. However, we decided to continue without them and by the time we reached 13,500 ft., our ears were bursting with

pressure. After savouring the view and clicking a few shots, we started back. The descent was rapid and we lost altitude all too quickly so that we all had splitting headaches by the time we got back.

The following day, while the boys called to the snowline, the girls went into the village and learnt as much as they could about the life of the people. That evening the boys returned tired and happy.

After nine days, our stay in Leh finally came to an end and once again we were on the road, our destination, this time, Sanawar. For the last time we feasted our eyes on the picturesque landscape. We passed the same places as before, this time in reverse order—Dras, Srinagar, Sanawar. And as the road wound and twisted before us, my mind drifted back to the remote yet beautiful place.

Hike to Broken Bridge

by Alok Kukreja, Sixth B

The atmosphere was tense—we all waited expectantly for the bell to go. Along with the bell came relief, and a feeling that we would soon be out of here.

It was late noon when we finally left Sanawar. Groups of five had been made and a leader appointed. The general notion was to get used to the idea of moving out in small groups unaccompanied by a master.

The short two hour walk diminished our spirits considerably. After all, walking in the hot sun, with a 25 kg. pack on one's back is enough to make even a keen hiker uncomfortable.

Anyway to cut the story short, dusk found us at our destination. It was then that we discovered that two groups were missing. That was the beginning of a frantic hour in which a search was made for them, tents were haphazardly put up,

a fire was set going and Roger turned up at odd intervals to 'steal' fire-wood.

The delight of pitching up tents soon wore off...to be replaced by another novelty—cooking dinner! Everyone enjoyed it, forgetting the fact that the dal was 'kachha' and the rice gave one the feeling of 'khichidi.'

That night, one was almost certain that everyone would be dreaming of their snug beds at school. Of course the poking stones didn't help much...

Next morning—and it was a harsh 'come-back' to reality. Tents had to be packed, rucksacks tied, and breakfast cooked.

We were provided with maps and requested (ordered is a better word) to make our own way back to school. Anyway, after a day's work of struggling, we arrived tired but happy back in Sanawar.

Camp at Manali

by Vijay Parmar, Sixth A

Excitement once again filled the air after a week of gloomy faces due to the flu epidemic that resulted in the postponement of camp. Smiles changed places with scowls and Sanawar was once again cheerful.

Our party, a small one of eight, was to leave for Chandigarh on the 25th. We walked down to Dharampur from where we caught a bus to the plains. Chandigarh was a veritable oven and the intense heat quite took away our breath. A general rush to the milk bar and a hospitable stay in Manbir's house saw the day through.

The next morning dawned cloudy and saw us on our way to Manali. Our driver was a fearless Sikh who drove fast and furiously and on many an occasion saved us from the clutches of the roaring Beas thundering below us. We arrived at 8:30 p.m. and were led to the Mountaineering Institute where we put up for the night.

It was the 27th, we collected our equipment and hiked to Solang Nala. It was a blazing sun that fastened its gaze upon us as we sweated our way to our destination. Layers and layers of snow ensconced the hut in which we were to stay. Too tired, to give vent to our 'snow balling' fancies we slept early.

On 28 April we planned to assault Petalsu, a peak rising to 14000 ft. with its base in the Beas valley. Early breakfast, and a long trek up snowbound passes took us past the tree line. Once in the open the sun's glare upon the snow forced us to don goggles. It was noon when we

stopped for lunch. Thoroughly exhausted we had half a mind of turning back and it was only the perseverance and determination of the instructor that led us on. The next three hours were a nightmare. Our bodies were turned into panting automatons of flesh and blood as we plodded on and on, finally gaining the summit. Glissading down to camp, we made it down in a mere hour and a half. The rest of the day was spent in preparing for the rock climbing the next day.

On 29, the middle of our camp period, the weather having turned murky, we attempted to scale a few nearby rocks. Having first gained a bit of confidence, we then attempted a rock face, no less than 100 ft. high. It was the most thrilling experience in the whole of camp. Lal Singh, our cook, philosopher and guide was the leader. His agility at such heights was amazing. After lunch we made a snowman, as the snow was melting quickly. A few photographs and then the demolishing committee was ushered in.

The 30th was once again a bright and sunny day and we walked back to Manali, the most beautiful walk ever, replete with cascading waterfalls and lush countryside. Reaching Manali, we visited the hot water baths. Layers of dirt were washed away and sunburns showed through clearly. The days of romping in snow had left their mark. In the evening we went to town to buy trinkets and indulge in the delicacies of Chinese food.

6:30 a. m. the next morning and we were on the bus—destination Chandigarh. The first was spent in travelling from the interior of Himachal to the plains a lengthy journey of 11 hours which left us dog-tired on its completion. Lunch was had half way, at Sundernagar. Reaching Chandigarh at 7:00 p.m. we had dinner and slept.

Up early next morning, we roamed around Chandigarh's vast shopping centres. Having had a sufficient number of 'Cold Coffees' to cool the heat, we left for Sanawar reaching at five after an extremely comfortable journey.

My Last Camp

by Anjali Ewing, Sixth A

After watching the slides of the previous batch's camp, I knew that the expedition before us would be tough but nonetheless enjoyable.

Saturday morning found us crowding around the matador and eagerly pasting some wild life stickers on the two vehicles. We set off, once every one was in. Around the Garkhal bend, we hastily pushed our hair in place when the cine camera was brought out. Chocolates were passed around and we munched them happily. We had a long journey ahead of us, so we sat back and sang gaily until we had exhausted our quota of songs. Then, tired, we dozed off while the matador sped towards Manali.

Owing to bad weather and a torrential downpour, we halted at a rest house in Bilaspur, and ate the good-packed lunch. Bad luck followed upon bad luck and we wasted precious hours in repairing two punctures. Unable to reach our destination before night fall, we piled into a small room in the Circuit House in Kulu. The next morning we reached

the Mountaineering Institute where we unloaded all the equipment. In the evening we were taught a few basic knots and natural climbing. The next morning, we went down a 90 feet rock after the initial horror at its steepness. Later, in the afternoon, we were given our kit in preparation of going into the mountains.

Soon after breakfast, we set off for Rahla with our pack frames on our backs. The six hour walk completely exhausted us. Our hearts were pounding with the exertion and we sank down on the snow gratefully. But after eating some biscuits, we were up again, for there were tents to be pitched and cooking to be done. It was late when we finally crawled into our sleeping bags.

We had scarcely closed our eyes, when we were being woken up again (or so it seemed). At noon we set off to look for a suitable site for camp I and had it not been for Mr. Das's persistence we would have set it at a very low height. Then, we glissaded back to the base camp 10,000 feet with the help of our ice-axes. The

next day, we packed our personal kit to go back to camp I (12,500 ft.). We spent an uncomfortable night on the snow and after a mug of cornflakes the next morning, we braced ourselves for the stiff climb ahead of us. The surface of the snow had hardened into a crust and we found it extremely difficult to kick steps. The going was tough but at last we stood atop the peak (Kothi Teech 15,400 ft.) and gazed in wonder at the other peaks which loomed ahead—fierce and formidable. When we reached Camp I, a rude shock awaited us. Some greedy crows had overturned the open tin of condensed milk and the tent was full of the sticky milk. Once our hungry tummies were satisfied, we dismantled the camp, and every thing packed, plodded back to the base camp. Coffee was ready and we sipped it with pleasure while we related our experiences

to the three girls who hadn't climbed the peak. We spent a pleasant evening with the other mountaineers.

The next morning, there was a frantic dash for everything when the girls were told that the others were ready to leave. But it was only a scare and after breakfast we set off for Manali once again. We spent some time in the town and then bathed our blisters and swollen feet in the sunken baths.

The next morning, we left early, but once again a puncture detained us and it wasn't until 9:00 p.m. that we reached Chandigarh. After a hearty meal, we resumed our journey and it was after midnight that we reached Sanawar. As the matador passed the school gates, loud moans echoed through the 'Mattie'—
"OUR LAST CAMP IS OVER!"

—:0:—

Hike to Ozark

by K. R. Kumar & S. N. Albert, U-IV A

Founder's was over and the five days' holidays had begun. Though we were tired we decided to do something constructive and the idea which appealed to all of us was the idea of going on a hike. It was finally decided (after much discussion and argument!) that the hike should be to Ozark.

The first day we spent in planning our route and getting together our clothing, gear etc. On the second day the seven of us left Sna' after breakfast. Our route was down to Dharampur by the bridle path and then up to Dagshai. Since none of us had been beyond Dagshai and we had no map we couldn't chalk out our

route beyond. We made good time to Dagshai and there we quenched our thirst and filled our stomachs at the Military Dairy Farm.

After lunch we packed up and descended down the mountainside. We passed a graveyard and then Ambech village and finally reached Gandhi Gram. From here we collected information about the terrain which lay ahead.

From Gandhi Gram we followed a path down to the village Badi Boli and ~~from~~ here we took a short cut down to the stream. Here we refreshed ourselves by washing our faces in the cool water and by making some tea.

While we were at the stream we met a kind-hearted villager who guided us up a steep climb to the village of Nainatikhar. It was here that the first cracks in our plan began to appear. We did not know the local name for Ozark and when we mentioned Ozark the villagers didn't know which place we were referring to. After a lengthy discussion with the villagers we came to the conclusion that Ozark was locally called Bhur Singh.

Though we were all dog-tired and on the verge of collapsing, Raju insisted that we go a little further—he argued that by doing this we would not have to cover an impossible distance the next day. We trudged on. Fortunately we met a very hospitable villager who not only permitted us to pitch our tents in his field but

also promised to show us a short cut to Ozark the next day.

The night was fairly cold but being thoroughly exhausted every one enjoyed his sleep—except Khogen who was unfortunately sleeping on an uneven piece of ground.

The morning found us refreshed, excited and eager to continue. We made short work of breakfast and of putting our things together and set out at a brisk pace. It was a short walk through a forest—we were at Ozark. This last stretch was the best part of the hike as we had left our tents and haversacks in the village.

Ozark gave us a wonderful view of the valley around. On the peak was a small temple dedicated to a hill god—Bhur Singh. We could see Sanawar in the distance looking like a faint patch of red dots. To the right was a rock shelf beyond which was a sheer drop of 350 feet, looking down this made one dizzy. The breath taking scenery and the feeling of achievement took away all our exhaustion and we felt relaxed and fresh once more.

Time waits for no man and it didn't wait for us. For about half an hour we let the beauty and the peace of our surroundings seep deep into our hearts and minds. Then with heavy hearts we said goodbye to Ozark and began the return trek to Sanawar.

A Trip to Bombay

by Harbir Singh Romana, L-III A

Mr. Sunil Dutt liked our Punjabi Play which we had staged at our Founder's this year. So he invited us to Bombay to stage the play.

On the 8th morning we started for Ambala with Mr. & Mrs. Gurdev Singh in our school matador. On the way to Ambala we stopped at Pinjore Garden for lunch. The rest of the journey was quiet. We reached Ambala at about 1:00 p. m. Our train started from Ambala at 3:00 p. m. and we reached Delhi at about 9:30 p. m. At Delhi we changed into a first class coach. We started from Delhi at about 10:30 p. m. and reached Bombay at 6:30 a. m. on the 10th November. Some one had come to pick us up at the station. We went to the hotel "Sun'n Sand" where we had to stay.

It was a nice and cheerful hotel. We had our breakfast at 9:00 a. m. The breakfast was two toasts each, two fried eggs and a cup of tea. After breakfast we went to see a film shooting. It was boring there.

In the evening we went to Mr. Dutt's for dinner. We also saw "Lalia Majnu,"

in Mr. Dutt's under ground theatre. It was a nice film. We had our dinner and then went back to the hotel. The next morning we went to the hall in which we had to act our play. It is the biggest hall in Asia. We rehearsed there for some time and then went to see some places. We saw the fish aquarium. Then we went to see the Gateway of India. After seeing these places we came back to the hotel.

In the evening we went to the hall. Our hearts were beating fast. We got dressed up and were waiting for our turn to come.

Our show went off quite well but there were some mistakes which nobody noticed. After seeing the rest of the items we went back to the hotel.

The next morning at 10:00 a. m. we started for Ambala in an express train. We reached Ambala the next afternoon. From Ambala we came by the school bus to Sanawar. It was quite a long journey.

We enjoyed the trip to Bombay very much.

Camp At Nahan

by Arunjeet Sodhi, U-IV A

At last ! It was the 25th, the day we were all awaiting. We (Mr. Bhalerao's group) were going to Nahan and from there we would go to Renuka and Paonta Sahib. Mr. Kulshreshtha and his group and Mr. Goswami were coming with us.

On the 25th we had our breakfast at eight o'clock and then got into a three ton truck which was going to take us to Nahan. We were about thirty six in the truck, so we were all jampacked.

After a dreadful journey during which nearly everyone was sick we reached Nahan. We were to stay in the rest house called "The Farmers Home." Here we hired a dormitory and all of us settled down to rest. That night we planned to see a movie "Dho Thug." It was an entertaining movie full of unnatural stunts.

The next day we went to the Nahan Foundry which was a huge plant which made iron objects. We saw the molten iron being poured into various shapes.

The third day we went to Markanda for a swim and we enjoyed ourselves but because we misbehaved while coming back we were told not to take short cuts so we returned completely 'conked' out.

That evening we went to Ranital Lake for boating.

The next morning we left for Renuka by bus. When we reached Renuka we went to the place where the scouts were living and we talked with the scout master. After some time when nearly everybody had gone for a swim Mehta, Sirkeck and I hired a paddle boat for an hour and we enjoyed ourselves except when we got stuck in the weeds.

The next day we were free but in the afternoon we visited the turpentine factory.

The next day we visited Paonta Sahib. We enjoyed the langar at the Gurdwara. After some time we went to the market at Paonta and had ice-cream, kulfi and biscuits. At six o'clock we left for Nahan.

On the seventh day we left for Chandigarh and we saw 'Barood' which was again another movie full of stunts. We bought sweets and had our lunch in a dhaba. We spent the night at Panchayat Bhawan.

The next morning we left by bus for Garkhal. We reached Garkhal at 11.00 a.m. From Garkhal we walked up to Sna' completely 'fagged' out.

Camping at Taradevi

by Rishi Mohindra

As luck would have it, it was a clear day on 25th May. We wasted no time in packing, and after having a good breakfast, we departed for Dharampur with Mr. Gurdev Singh, our tutor.

Though each boy was carrying a haversack weighing about 10kg, we made the journey in a short period to be in time for the train. The train was on time, and we boarded it and set off for Taradevi—our base camp. The three-hour journey wasn't eventful, except for Raju who was mostly seen in action with his red water-pistol.

By 12.00 noon, we got off the train for Taradevi Scout Halt and waved the train good-bye. It soon vanished from our sight in the pitch darkness of the third longest tunnel (which is 1615 ft. long), on the way to Simla.

We reached the camp and rented a room. We had our lunch and relaxed the whole day. The surrounding place was infested with lizards, wasps etc., but we made ourselves comfortable on the double storey beds.

The next few days we spent in visiting the surrounding places. We climbed up to Taradevi Temple, went right down the hill and had a bath in the cold stream.

Then we visited Jatog and Simla. In Simla we spent two days and then we went to Narkanda.

Narkanda is a beautiful place and the scenery with snow-capped mountains captured our hearts. We took photographs of the scenery and enjoyed ourselves.

The evening saw us returning to Simla. From Simla we gloomily boarded the train for Dharampur.

Camp At Dalhousie

by Bharat Puri, Sixth B

To admire the peace and serenity of the countryside with its lush greenery and its beautiful flora and fauna is quite a treat and keeping this in mind we set off for Dalhousie with the two 'physicists' of Sna'—Mr. Mukherji and Mr. Aggarwal.

After 29 hours of rigorous travelling we reached Dalhousie late at night and we were utterly tired and exhausted too.

The next two days were spent in exploring the multifarious pasts of Dalhousie, seeing movies and gobbling down as much as we could.

On the third day we set off for Khajjiar, a little health resort about 30 km. away. We reached early in the afternoon and were quite enamoured by the scenery, there was green grass all over and a little lake in the centre. The rest

of the day was spent in playing about on the green.

We set off back for Dalhousie the next morning trudging wearily back through the snows, having snowball fights with the masters and stopping every now and then to refresh ourselves. We reached late in the afternoon and spent the rest of the day roaming around.

The next day we set off for Dharamsala by bus. It was a long journey and the strain began to tell on the boys. We

reached in the evening and spent the remaining part of the day in settling down.

The next day saw us at a small Tibetan town—'McLeodganj.' We visited many temples and monasteries but were unlucky not to meet the famed Dalai Lama as he was meditating.

We set off for Sna' the next day (our last) and reached early next morning, a tired but contented lot.

*He who pursues virtue and kindness,
shall find life and honour too.*

Proverb

Hike to Palampur

by Samir Kukreja, L V A

On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, twenty five boys eagerly set off from the school Quadrangle towards Kalka. I was one of them. Our plan was to go to Palampur and then to the Dhauladhar Range. The weather was pleasant and ideal for walking. The Himalayans set off at a quick pace and we reached Kalka by one o'clock. After waiting for about two hours, we all saw Mr. Solomon and his Nilagarian boys arrive. Then we caught a bus for Chandigarh. We saw a movie and spent the night at Chetan Gupta's.

The next morning we had an early breakfast and caught a bus for Palampur. The journey was long, but interesting. On the way we saw the beautiful Nangal Dam.

The following day, we began a long and exhausting climb to our base camp Kholi. Over there, we slept in the shepherd huts.

The next day, we went to a place, Danyog Ka Nala. We played about in the snow, which looked beautiful on the trees. We also climbed a glacier and it

was great fun sliding down it. In the evening, we talked to the shepherds and got to know all about their lives.

Early next morning, Mr. Solomon and a few boys went for a hunt. The rest of us just went to find another campsite at Khopu and then we lazed about in our camp. Mr. Solomon's hunt was unsuccessful. At night we had a campfire. Everyone took part and contributed a joke or a song.

The next day we went to Thatri and on the way back, we lost the path. After struggling up hillsides, we finally found our way back to Khola.

The journey back to Palampur was easy and the next day we reached Chandigarh. On the 2nd of May, we were back in Sanawar feeling sad and depressed. But, our hike had been an enjoyable one.

My Visit To Rampur

by R.S. Jamwal, U III

When I went to Rampur with my friends at camp time I must say I enjoyed myself very much. First of all we had to pass through Simla where we stayed at a nice hotel. We were a bit sad to leave Simla but we were also excited to reach Rampur. We had a long journey but in the end after travelling a long time by the river Sutlej we reached and there we rested for the night. Our plan was to see the town which was almost a kilometre away. We enjoyed ourselves in the town and bought sweets and also pen-knives. When we were going back we threw stones in the river and at about twelve o'clock we reached back. The rest of the days passed happily. We enjoyed eating the out-of-door meals. On the last day we had planned

to go for a minor hike with Mr. Katoch to the other side of the river Sutlej. We had to go right up two or three hills. I was one of the first six boys who were giving a lead of $\frac{1}{2}$ a km. to the rest. But Mr. Katoch got a bit angry with us for going so much ahead. The next day we started back and again we passed through Simla. We stayed at Tourist Hotel. When we were leaving Simla we were all very sad. After leaving we started to feel a bit happier. But when we had only gone about 10 miles there was a landslide. We were stopped there for about one and a half hours, so we reached back here about 9 o'clock at night. We ate our dinner and enjoyed our sleep because we were very tired.

House Shows--1976

Vindhya

by R.S. Jamwal, U III A

The Vindhya house show was very good, especially the acting. The first act was an Indian Dance about Rama, Sita and Ravana and how Ravana captured Sita and in the end Rama fought with him and won.

The second one was the one I liked the best. It was about a boy and his magic brush and whatever he painted would come alive. And his brother and sister kept telling him to draw more and more.

The Hindi play was also very good. It was about a sick boy and different

members of the family wanted to get different doctors. The name of the play was "Bimar Ka Ilaj." In the end he gets alright by himself.

The fourth act was a song named "Top of the world."

The last one was a very frightening one. It was "Thread O' Scarlet" in which there was a murder and a robbery and murder. But in the end the third man who had really done the robbery is found out by a guilty conscience.

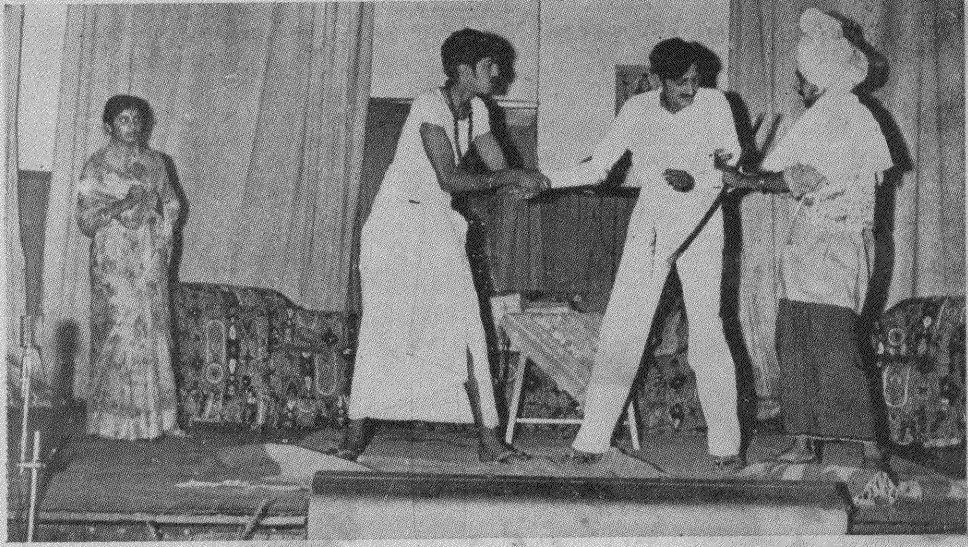
And the last is the School Song with all the actors.

Nilagiri

by Ravni Thakur

After five minutes of waiting, the curtains parted and an immaculately dressed dancer stepped forward to announce the first item, "Jee Hazoor", a three act Hindi play. The play was a comedy and revolved around a young man who deceived the entire population of a town and after extorting money from all the leading townsmen vanishes. The play was good and all the actors acted well. Navneet Kaur and Gurcharan Kadan deserve special mention for their confident and spontaneous acting.

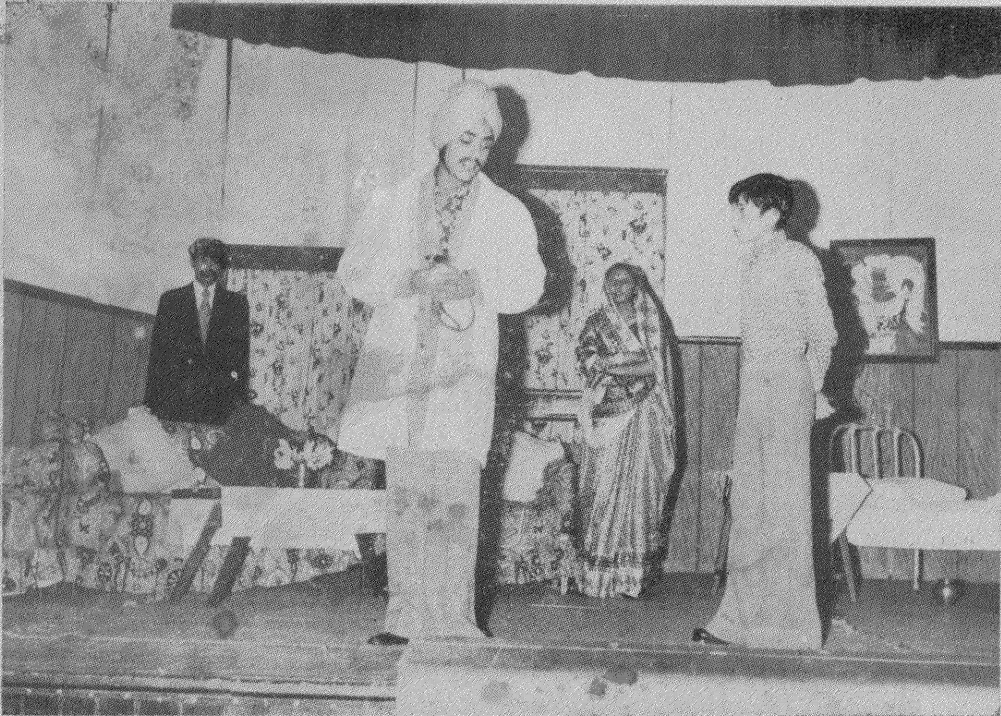
The lights dimmed for a second time and the usual cry of Shh! travelled as fast as lightning from one end of the hall to the other. This time we had in front of us four neat rows of boys and girls ready to sing a song. Oh! I know the song," my immediate neighbour whispered. After giving here the full benefit of my toothed smile, I settled back to listen to the chorus. The song, "A spoon full of sugar helps the medicine go down," was sweetly sung and received the well deserved applause. Well done Juniors!



House Shows

Nilagiri

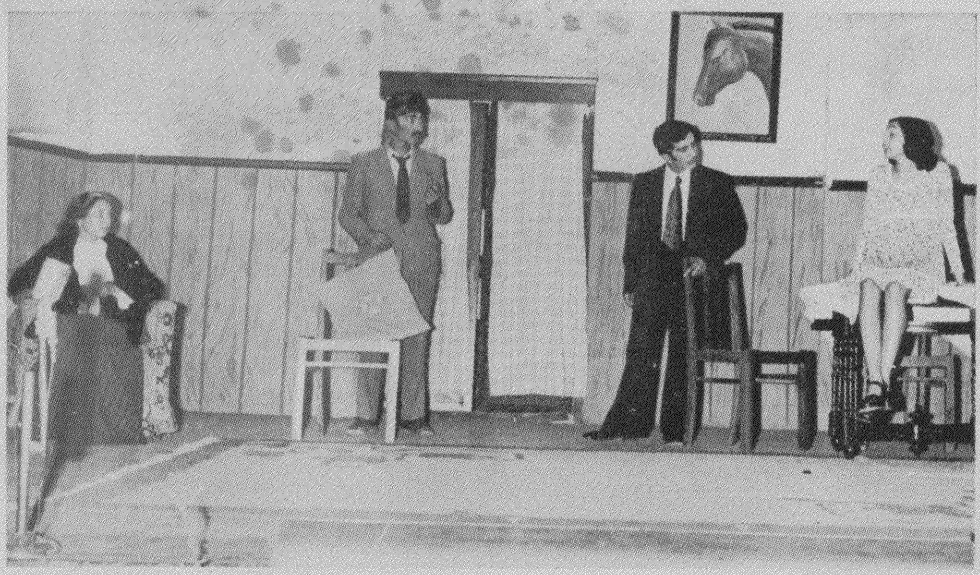




Vindhya

House Shows

Himalaya



The announcer stepped forward again, this time to announce a one act English Play, "Royal Welcome." The play was the highlight of the evening's show and told of how a member of the town committee was left out of the reception party, which receives the princess. The play, a comedy, tells of how he was unexpectedly rewarded by being given the honour of receiving the Princess at his home at tea.

The play was magnificently acted and kept the audience roaring with laughter, especially when Vineet Kapoor made his grand appearance without a pair of pants. Payal Singh acted very confidently but kudos to Mitul Banerji for giving the best performance of the evening.

Next Ulka Puri entertained us with a piano solo. "El Chocolo." The piece was well played but the player seemed rather in awe of the audience.

The piano solo was followed by a skit "The King of the ring." It was a

sweet short and unusual skit. It ridiculed the famous sport of boxing by pairing of two extremely unequal weights. The skit was enthusiastically carried out and received a thunderous applause.

The last item on the evening's programme was a dance "Holi Khein Holi." The dancer portrayed the joy the people experience during Holi. The movements were performed with great zeal and vigour and the colour throwing combined with the stage lights gave just the right effect. The dance went down well with the audience and the applause it received was deafening.

I looked down at the two aspirin tablets in my hand. After precisely five Nilagarians had warned me to get either a pillow or two tablets along, I had finally succumbed to their wishes and brought these pills along. Now I hastily throw them away thinking they had not been needed after all. Well done Nilagarian!

It was a very well managed and well performed House Show.

Siwalik

by Anjali Ewing, Sixth A

The lights were put off and the the great red curtain rustled. People shifted in their seats to get more comfortable and the juniors leaned forward expectantly.

The dance had some 'mod' steps but was lively and rhythmic. Bharati danced with grace and charm and I think everyone's eyes rested on her in the beginning.

Little Baggage then sang his song but had to stop in the middle to gasp for breath. When he sang—"Joshi Bhadoshi," the hall rang with laughter and amused squeals from the children.

I closed my eyes and slumped in my chair when the curtain opened for the Punjabi skit. As I gleaned later, there was little humour in it and it had been thoroughly boring.

The lusty voices of the girls and boys singing a song from—"Fiddler on the Roof" woke me. It was nice and gay and I began to think that the show wasn't so bad after all.

And, oh! Had to tell, Rajiv Thakur announced the English play and poor "Dobby" (Rajive Krishan) who had been tuning his violin for his solo item, stalked back-stage and demanded to know why he had been left out. A minute or two later he came down smiling smugly to himself and with all ardour and zeal determined to please the amused audience. But, 'Raag Bhopali' could hardly hope to elevate all our deflated spirits.

The English play—"The Man In The Bowler Hat" did not really click. Somehow when the curtain fell it seemed incomplete to some for in actuality, the play was about a company of actors performing a play.

Maybe some felt that the accent was put on, but hands down Ravni's announcing was good!

Papa Ravin and his Sunshine Band were too dull and even the sounds of the trumpet were barely audible and besides, one couldn't really make out if they were playing Lara's theme or not!

Sikki's performance in the Hindi play was superb. Surprisingly, he managed to keep twitching his shoulders throughout the play.

I don't think we expected anything outstanding because of the short time for practice and the influenza epidemic which hit the Siwalikans especially, I hope they will have a favourable enough time next year.

○ Fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing is it,
To suffer and be strong.

Longfellow.

Games and Matches

Cricket Against Telco

by Sanjay Malik, U IV B

It was 10 o'clock. The sun came down upon Sanawar in its reddish glory. The clouds glided gracefully through the sky. Birds could be heard chirping in the distance.

The players had gathered on the field and were warming up for the forthcoming match. At 10:30 was the toss and the Malik team won it. They chose to bat. The batsman came onto the field. But today ill luck was with the Maliks. The first two batsman were out before the twinkle of an eyelid. They came back to the pavilion without a score. The next couple batsmen did not play very well either. When Mr. Hasan and

Mr. Malik came onto the field, luck changed sides. Mr. Malik and Mr. Hasan built up the score to sixty runs. This saved the day. Eight wickets fell by lunch. After lunch two wickets fell and the Maliks were out for one hundred and thirty six runs.

Now it was time for Sanawar to bat. The first two batsmen came onto the field while the other team practised fielding. The highest scorer was Sharma who was not expected to score so much. Sanawar really did play confidently and they won. The Sanawar score at the end of the match was 137 for eight.

1st XI vs Doon School—Cricket

by Alok Kukreja, Sixth B

It was a clear, bright and totally tranquil day, when our team walked in confidently to field. Rajiv, earlier, had lost the toss and hence the fielding.

Vipin, the Doon School Captain looked extremely confident as he walked into bat. However he was dismissed without opening his account, when he fell l.b.w to Rana. Doon School now began to get wary and set the tempo for the day with a fast scoring rate. At 60 misfortune struck, when Nakul, one of their very fine batsmen fell l. b. w., this time to

Rajiv. He gave a good display of batsmanship with all around strokes and kept our fielders on their toes. Their third wicket fell, when one of their batsman Mukherjee, raised a lofty catch, and was caught at mid-on by Chandra. The scoreboard then read 135. During this time Sna' displayed some active fielding. However, one could see that valuable runs were being lost, due to wrong field placement. Goel and Joshi, two members of the Doon team made a formidable partnership of 130 runs, which was shattered when Gurpal caught Joshi, of Rana.

score at that point read 270. Shortly Doon declared at 294 for 7 when the lunch-bell rang.

With a challenging score at hand Sna' was rather unsure of the future, but the opening batsmen gave no hint of the worry in their minds. However Bhandari was dismissed soon at a score of one. H.S. Gill and Chandra now began a partnership. They were however not hitting out, but scoring mainly on pushes and singles. At 23 our second wicket

crumbled, Sna' was now in a soup. With 2 hours to go, we had only 7 wickets in hand. A pleasing feature of the Rana—Chandra partnership was their willingness to take singles. Our innings collapsed suddenly when Rana was caught at long-off near boundary for 9 and Judge caught at mid-on at 14. Rajiv was also dismissed for 2. With half-an hour to go, Sna, was tethering on the brink of total collapse. After a hard fight Sna' was dismissed for 84 runs.

Cricket Fixture between Sna' and Welham's

by Alok Kukreja, Sixth B

The day had dawned at last! All over the embankments could be seen groups of Welhamites. Sna' won the toss, and chose batting.

Our opening batsmen were, however, not very impressive. B. D. S. Sethi and Sial both crumbled under the opening attack. Runs were mainly being added by singles. Our batsmen were not hitting boundaries. Joshi played a good game but was dismissed at unlucky 13. There was no saviour and our innings collapsed at 31.

Welhams, from the very beginning displayed their superiority. Rambir, a very fine batsman, continued to bat until he

was caught by Matta for 38. Jani, another one of their batsmen gave a good display of strokes but was caught at mid-on, again by Matta. Welhams continued to score until the score-board read 155 for 7 when they declared.

Sna' was now on the verge of an innings defeat. Our captain, Apramjeet, now played with a sense of responsibility and scored 33. However, our score could not still overtake Welham's and shortly after lunch our team was all out for 96.

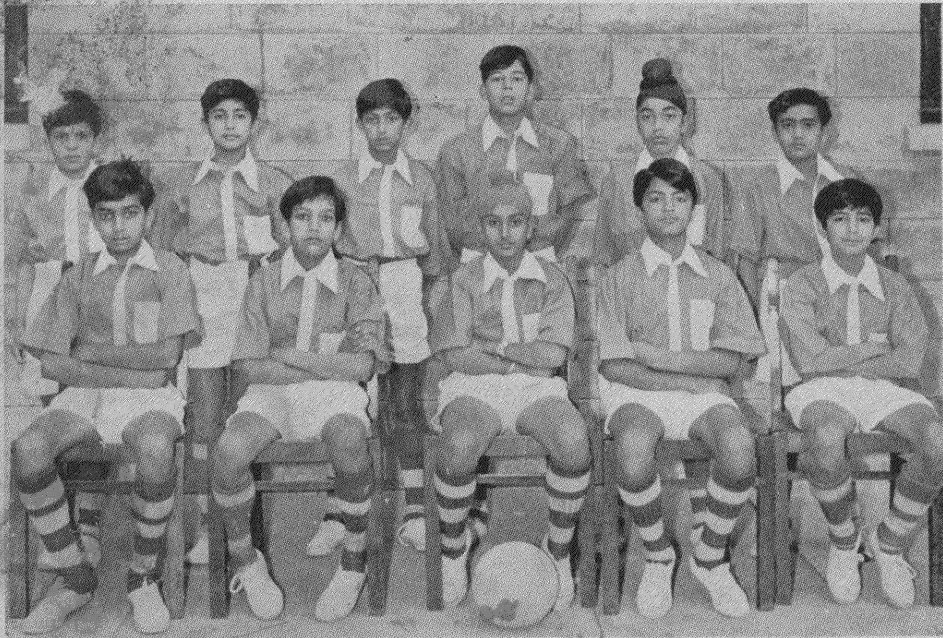
Welhams whom we had beaten last year, had taken their revenge and Sna' however, lived to fight another day.



The Senior Football XI

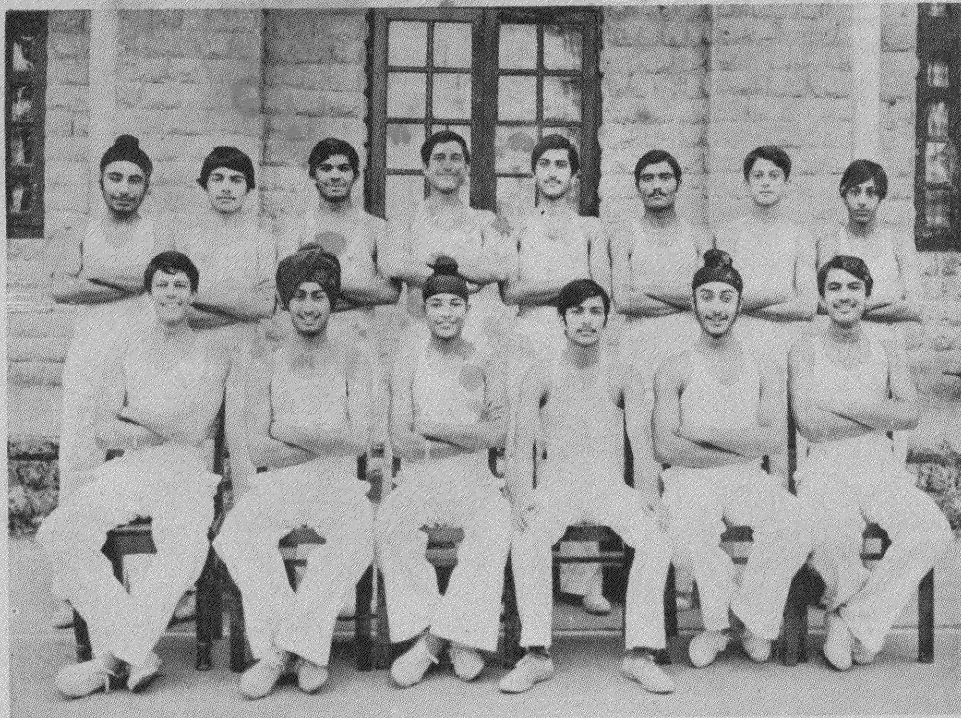
Football—Colts





Football—Atoms

Gymnasts—Seniors



Sna' 1st XI vs. Y P.S.*by Alok Kukreja, Sixth B*

It was the perfect day for a match. A solitary cirrus cloud was about the only spectator nature had provided. Sna' won the toss, so it came as no surprise when our opening batsmen trundled in to bat

Our first wicket fell almost simultaneously with the first run. Chandra had been the unlucky one. (Perhaps it seemed the gods were angry with him). Next followed an almost "too good to be true" partnership. H.J.S. Gill displayed some perfectly timed strokes, his predilection being leg glances. He was however bowled at 24, when the scoreboard read 39. A breezy 7 by Rana, and a rather stagnantly played 15 by A.V. Singh were some of the highlights. Dutt, too, was bowled at 7, when he played a (seemingly easy?) ball on to his stumps. (Was the number 7 a bad omen?) This fall unleashed a row of wickets which began to fall like ninepins in the face of Y.P.S. onslaught. Khanna hit a couple of confident strokes, but was soon bowled. A quick

scurry of wickets and shortly after lunch we were all out for 88.

Y.P.S. opened out badly, losing a wicket for 4 runs. However they were not to be deterred. A responsible and steady show of batting, soon showed that they were the superior team. At a not-to-be-trifled score of 83, Sna' awoke from its slumber, quickly taking 5 wickets by Sharma, 5 stumps and 2 caught by Judge infused excitement into the match. They were soon all out for 133 runs. Y.P.S. had got a lead of 45 runs.

High hopes soon fizzled out, when our earlier performance began to repeat itself. A saving partnership between Dutt and Judge and we were 63 for 4. A regular collapse followed, and this time there was no Messiah. Sna' had been dismissed for a trifling 79 runs. Fate had dealt her hand.

Y.P.S. had a target of 35 runs to accomplish. Scoring fast with the loss of only 2 wickets, and the target was behind them. It had all been done in two shakes of a duck's tail!

:O:

Pleasure-lovers stay poor,
he will not grow rich who love wine and good living.

Proverb

Colts Y.P.S. vs. Sna'

by Atul Kapur, L V A

The day dawned bright and clear with no cloud to be seen. The Sanawar team trooped out to the field with little hope of winning the match as the Y.P.S. team was considered to be good.

Their opener was dismissed when the scoreboard read a mere eighteen runs. The next batsman was quickly out, caught Subroto in the slips, off Ravin. The Y.P.S. captain displayed some nice shots, but he was also out when he was caught brilliantly by Wazir Jai Singh off Subroto Malik. By now the sun was quite high in the sky and the Sanawarians were slogging under the sun to get Y.P.S. all out. When Y.P.S. was 40 for 3, luck came to the Sanawarians and after a few minutes their team was 40 for the loss of 6 wickets. Y.P.S. was facing a crisis!

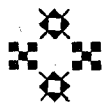
Navjot, a young batsman deserves special mention from the Y.P.S. team for trying to save Y.P.S. from a certain defeat. He scored 18 before being clean bowled by a beautiful delivery by Subroto. At last they were all out for 61

runs. Sanawar's hopes had risen considerably. Wazir Jai Singh was the most successful bowler having taken 5 wickets for 12 runs.

Our openers too were dismissed for a very small total. At lunch Tarun Sawney and Wazir were at the batting crease. After a quick lunch Sanawar added quick runs to the total. Tarun stayed at the crease while Wazir got out. Next came our Captain, Parminder, but he, too was quickly dismissed for 13 runs. Sanawar beat their total, but decided to carry on batting. Tarun Sawney and Subroto Malik built up a solid partnership of 60 runs.

Before tea Tarun raced on to 76, but he was out after tea at 77. He played a brilliant and capable innings. After 6 mandatory overs Sanawar declared at 173 for 8 and put Y.P.S. in to bat for the second innings.

At the end of the day Y.P.S. was 5 for 2 and Sanawar had won the match by 112 runs on the basis of the first innings.



He who keeps watch over his mouth and his tongue

preserves himself from disaster.

Proverb

House Matches

Cricket

by Alok Kukreja, Sixth B

A fitting finale to the long dragging cricket season—the house matches. Once again this year the house matches seemed devoid of that “josh” and enthusiasm which was prevalent a few years back. Loose fielding, dropping of vital catches and batting collapses dominated the field. Lack of co-ordination was another factor. (Perhaps a changeover to the house games could be propounded?).

On the 1st XI side, matches were at times, infused with temporary excitement. A solitary half-century here, a well taken catch there, continued to keep the spirit of the game up.

The Atoms and Colts, didn't do too bad a job. The results were at times rather unpredictable (many a team lost by a few runs, when victory was in sight). It was also evident that each House had a dominant or a particular team. Siwalik dominated in the 1st XI, while the traditionally did well in the Colts. The Nilagarian Atoms also held upto their name.

All said and done, the house-matches (particularly cricket) will always feature as a prominent part of Sanawarian life...!

Hockey

by Anjali Ewing, Sixth A

Pheeeee! The first hockey match was on! It was slow and dull, because the juniors (N vs. S) were forever getting their feet in the way. It became a little exciting towards the close and a timely goal won the game for the Nilagarian juniors.

The spectators surged towards the boundry lines to watch the Himalaya vs. Vindhya senior match. It was fast from the very beginning. An excellent pass

to Seema, and she drove it hard into the goal. A bewildered Gagan gaped at the ball which flew into the net. But the Vindhyans were now on their toes and a similar shot from Amita brought the match to a draw. The Himalayans rejoiced when Vandhana sent her penalty push slyly into the corner.

The next match was enthralling. The Siwalikans soon had a goal with excellent passing between Ravni and Angleen.

The Siwalikans were constantly compelled to retreat but at the opportunity afforded the ball was cleared and Neeti pushed an easy one, but Nixy missed. Another draw and penalty pushes. Another victory for Nilagiri.

The second day and again the Nilagarian juniors, this time against the Himalayans. Equal playing on both sides but a superb short corner pass and the ball in the banks, squealed with joy at the penalty pushes and the score remained nil.

The third day Siwalik vs. Vindhya juniors. A very boring match with far too many foot faults and clumsy passing. The game ended with neither side having scored a goal. Penalty pushes were taken and ultimately it was Vindhya who emerged victorious.

The Vindhyan seniors, however, weren't so lucky and very soon a short corner hit brought the Nilagarians one up. Both teams fought hard but the Vindhyan seniors were unable to score. The second day drew to a close with Nilagiri in the lead.

The juniors this time, the match being played between Vindhya and Himalaya. The match was unexciting until the ball went twice, successively, into the Himalayan goal. Despite their concerted efforts the Himalayans were unable to score.

In the middle of the next match being played between the Vindhyan and Siwalikan seniors, big hailstones began to fall and the game was stopped five minutes before halftime. The girls were now

all 'josh' and energy and very soon, the ball found its way into the Vindhyan goal. While the Siwalikans were still gloating, the ball slipped into their goal and at once they assumed glum faces. The match was a draw. Angleen's scoop won the match for the Siwalikans.

The next match was expected to be very exciting. The Nilagarian boys eagerly crowded above Peacestead to 'buck' for the girls. It was a game of equals and neither Himalaya nor Nilagiri (seniors) were able to score. There were a lot of exciting and hard hits from both sides but the teams were equally matched. The game was a draw. The penalty pushes were all blocked and had to be taken again. This time Himalaya scored one with Nilagiri still to go. Not to be outdone, Nilagiri scored two and with the third day over, the cup was already Nilagiri's.

The first match on the fourth day was played between Nilagiri and Vindhya Juniors. Both the teams played badly (much to everyone's astonishment). The Nilagarians got in three penalty pushes and the Vindhyan seniors were unable to get more than one. The match ended with Nilagiri winning all its matches.

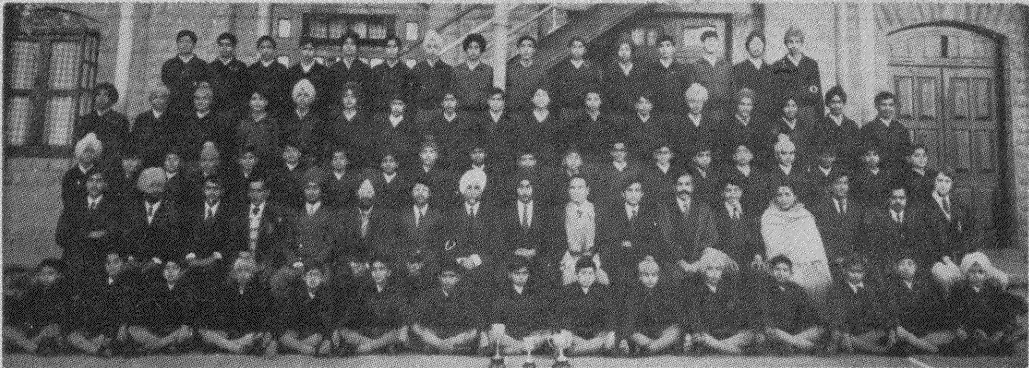
Himalaya versus Siwalik Juniors was next. In the first half, the ball was in the Himalayan 'D' but in the second half, the Himalayans managed to keep the ball on the opponent's side until in the middle of a jumble and cloud of dust, the ball was hit into the goal and Himalaya won.

The last of the hockey matches drew the biggest crowd of all and promised to be exciting. Both teams were strong, but



Vindhya

Himalaya





The Athletic Team

The Boxing Team



the Himalayans had better co-ordination and they easily got a goal. The Siwalik-ans played well in the second half but once again the ball was sent reeling into the goal (I didn't see that one because I was learning how to whistle!).

The hockey matches drew to an end

with Nilagiri in the lead followed by Himalaya, Vindhya and Siwalik.

This time it was declared that the players of the winning and runner-up House would be given certificates.

And so ended the hockey season with everyone looking forward to swimming.



Soccer—Staff vs. Students

by Alok Kukreja, Sixth B

The sky overcast with clouds, the day promised to be a gloomy one. Yet with soaring enthusiasm did the match finally begin...

The School 1st XI, eager to score early, began attacking the staff goal relentlessly. However a stout defence kept our boys from scoring. Until, Rajiv, spotting an opening, pounded the first goal of the match in.

The staff were thunderstruck! And with all the firm determination (which is so common among them!) began an invasion campaign into our territory. But to no avail! Another goal by the 1st XI and our boys were in the seventh heaven.

Then misfortune struck. The staff, rather Mr. Charanjit, scored a beautiful goal. The 1st XI was in trouble. Goal continued to follow goal, until finally the score stood at 4—2 in favour of the staff.

The match, as usual, was played in the traditional Sanawarian style, with the staff (and also the boys) displaying funny antics. The weather was as fit as a fiddle for soccer, with the field covered in patches with large expanses of water.

To conclude the match was enjoyed by one and all, not for its display of skill, but rather for the healthy atmosphere of competition which it brought out.



*Not Gold but only men can make,
A People great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honour's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long—
Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky—*

Emerson

L. R. M. S. vs. 2nd Bn. Loamshire Regt. 2-9-1921

by Bilkul

The signallers in the School not on duty 'looked-in' at a message flashed by heliograph from the Kasauli Cantonment to the Principal's House (now the Headmaster's House) early in September. It wasn't in code. It merely "confirmed" arrangements made previously." Something was in the wind. There was no other form of communication. No telephone had not come to Sanaur at that time though it had been invented. If there was no sun, we used the Aldis Lamp and its loud clicking was more effective than its flashes. Conjecture was that the message had something to do with military matters. Sports arrangements and other things of a social nature were flashed 'open' but it was with mild surprise that at the 6.30 a.m. parade on the 2nd Sept. when we fell in by Companies "A" to "D" with rifles, that we noticed we were issued with 29 rounds of black-ammunitions in four clips of five rounds each. The Company Commanders were taken aside by the Chief Instructor, Sgt. Maj. Foster, North Staffs, Regt., and briefed. The rest of us were busy adjusting slings and stowing ammunition in pouches and having conversations brought abruptly to end by a terse "chuprao" from the company Sergeants.

Breakfast was brought forward after 'piling arms' in neat ranks instead of returning them to the armoury. We

filed into the dining room for a mug of 'char', quarter of a loaf of bread, ghee, and porridge of maize boild in water, sans milk, sans sugar. Someone said that the sugar had been thrown to the plates from Monkey Point and there was a strong breeze blowing. Normally, after breakfast, we spruced ourselves up for Church Parade to be ogled by the girls in Chapel, sitting on the sinister side of the aisle. Not very thrilling. So we were spared this trial and fell in as usual. Each Company moved off but in various directions. "A" went to Bhotia's Plain; "B" skirted Eagle's Nest and made towards Sabathu; "C" spread itself, "seeing without being seen" around Moti's Corner while "D" made for flower Pot Hill and merged with the scenery. There were no flowers on the hillsides, so no boy could be said to have resembled a dahlia. Company Commanders were really prefects but were on a higher plane than mere schoolboys. They were unapproachable by mere mortals. So it was the Company sergeants who told us why we were excused School for one day.

The 2nd Batt. Loamshire Regt. were to be trained in mountain warfare before being posted to the N. W. Frontier. We were to do the training taking, the part of wild tribesmen. We were warned that we were to behave like them and not look like them—a timely warning.

Sgt. Major Foster relished the idea. His own Battalion was a sister of the Loamshires and he wanted to teach them a real lesson. I was in "A" Company and our job was to cut off the rear guard as the Battalion marched in column from Dagshai to Kasauli using the bridle path instead of the cart road. It was hoped that with the rear guard out of action the rest of the column would be harassed by the other three Companies of erstwhile tribesmen en route. So we waited, taking cover as best we could and keeping the road well in view. Some of us had to be restrained forcibly from uprooting the bushes and draping ourselves in the foliage making it impossible to move. The time passed slowly for schoolboys. The usual tricks with rifles were played, seeing how many click one could get from one rifle, etc., till irate Sergeants told us just what they would do with the click they could extract from our bodies. Patience was rewarded. Borne on the breeze came the sounds of martial music as we heard the Loamshires band play the battalion out of Dagshai. The column was on the move. But they had a trick or two up their own sleeves. It came as a surprise that they had sent six scouts well ahead of the column who were using the pagdandies rather than the road. It was 'Khidge' May who spotted them and we were all for putting them out of action but 'Gone Off', Hear, our Sergeant told us in no uncertain terms that they would be seen to when they get to Moti's. In fact, they were allowed to go unmolested as

far as Garkhal when they were seen and unable to warn the column. It was then that we saw our C.O. for the first time. The Principal, Major G.D. Barne was in fact C.O. of the Sanawar Contingent of the Simla Rifles and he came along with the Kasauli Brigade Commander, his co-umpire, to study our positions. The two of them stood above us on the edge of Bhotias and I heard the Kasauli C.O. say, "where are your boys?" The 'Boss'? must have grinned and nodded his head towards 'Khidge'. I saw the C.O. start in alarm, one gaitered foot all but slipping on the polished pine needles. Whether he was shocked by 'Khidge's' sickly grin or not, I can't tell. 'Khidge's' grin was enough to frighten anyone even when 'Khidge' never intended it. A closer look showed that all the section were well hidden and ready and they moved off. The 'Boss's' step was very light!

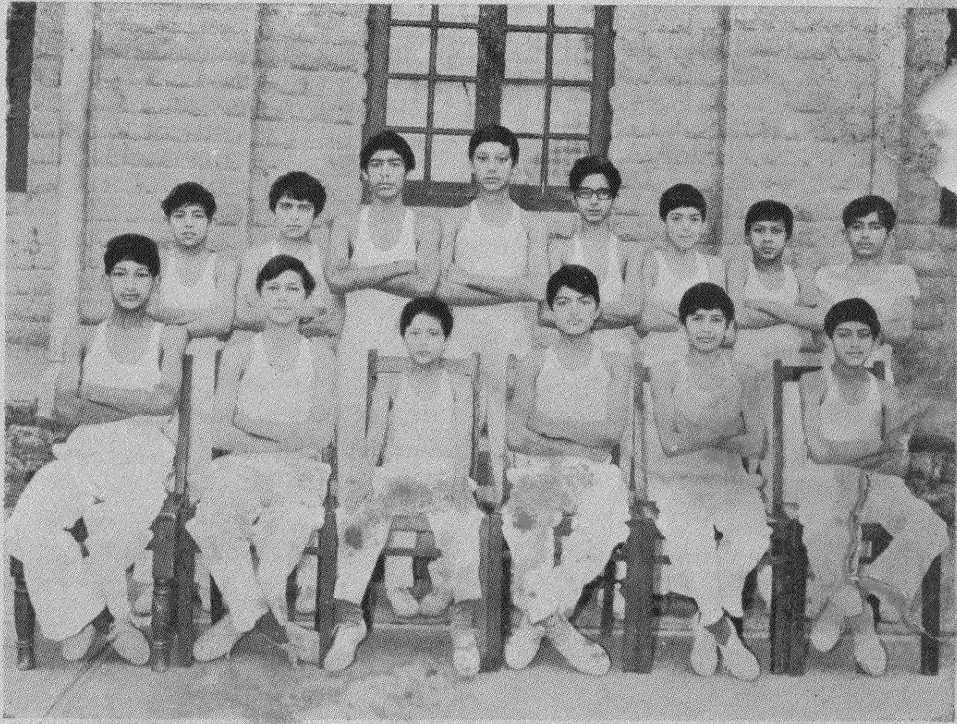
The Advance Guard came into view at 11.30. It was followed by the main column in correct drill book military formation and looked very impressive. We let them go. Our interest was in the rear guard. A short time elapsed and the section of the Loamshires appeared at the correct distance from the column. Docherty nodded to 'Gone Off' and 'Gone Off' nodded to us and we moved. It was silent—just a switch and a swish. We were to act like tribesmen so we took off our putties and wound them round our ammunition boots to give us a better grip on the slippery slopes. Rifles were loaded and cocked but were held upright and we slid down to the

road and confronted a very bemused rear guard. "Blimey!" said a sergeant, "Where the b. hell did you come from?" We had formed up in front of them, rifles held threateningly. Docherty said in his best Sanawarian, "You have been put out of action." Perhaps it was the complete surprise that prevented even one of the Loamshires from firing a shot and Docherty was quick to add, "you had better unload." They did not and instead of proceeding up hill towards Sanawar, Docherty marched us all down to the village at the bottom of the hill. His briefing had been thorough. Fraternisation only came when tunics were undone and putties took their normal spiral round our legs. The Loamshires carried their rations with them and we relished bully beef sandwiches cut in ample proportions. We in return managed enough Urdu to persuade the villagers to provide tea for all. The water in the water bottles lived to serve other purposes. The rear guard commander realised that he'd have to wait for the 'Cease Fire' before he could move but Docherty detached twenty of us with orders to proceed by Leopards Valley to join the Moti's Corner mob.

Communication between the main column and the rear guard seem to have come unstuck and I heard from one of the Loamshires, who later became my stepfather, just what happened. The Lieutenant in charge of the fourth company sensed that something was afoot and took his company to the right along the fairly well defined path towards Sabathu, before reaching Eagles Nest.

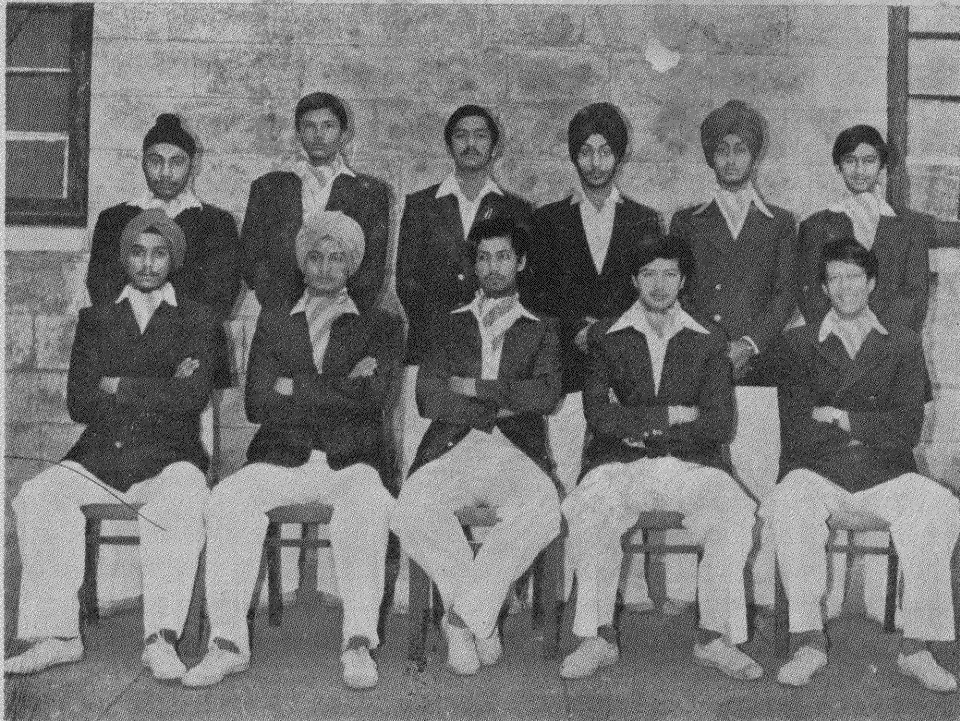
He intended joining the main Column somewhere on the road that led from Garkhal to Sabathu. They stopped for rations to be consumed and by so doing allowed our "B" Company to get into position for a surprise attack "It came alright!" My step-father's description was colourful. "A whole horde of screaming dervishes came at us firing blank ammunition right in our faces. I'm certain that at least one slipped right through my legs, firing as they went under. We didn't seem to have a chance. It was all over and still they came. The Lieut. hadn't anything to say. The C!S!M! bellowed something and we put our rifles down. We were definitely out of action."

The first two companies had gone well towards Moti's when they must have heard the rifle fire. Orders were given and they deployed correctly on both sides of the road and waited. Our "C" and "D" Company were also waiting. Somehow, rations had reached them from the B.D. Kitchen conveyed by the School Band who were acting as commissariat. True to Sanawar tradition, the rations were consumed without any attention being given to the "war" and when the last crumb had disappeared then only was "Let battle commence" uttered. The Loamshires were patient. They now knew from the umpires that one company and the rear guard had been accounted for. They didn't know that the scouts were trying to tempt the Sanawar boy captors to beer at the Brewery. The Brewery usually supplied the same boys with stale beer for the 'sap' with which to catch moths. So far, the



Junior Gymnasts

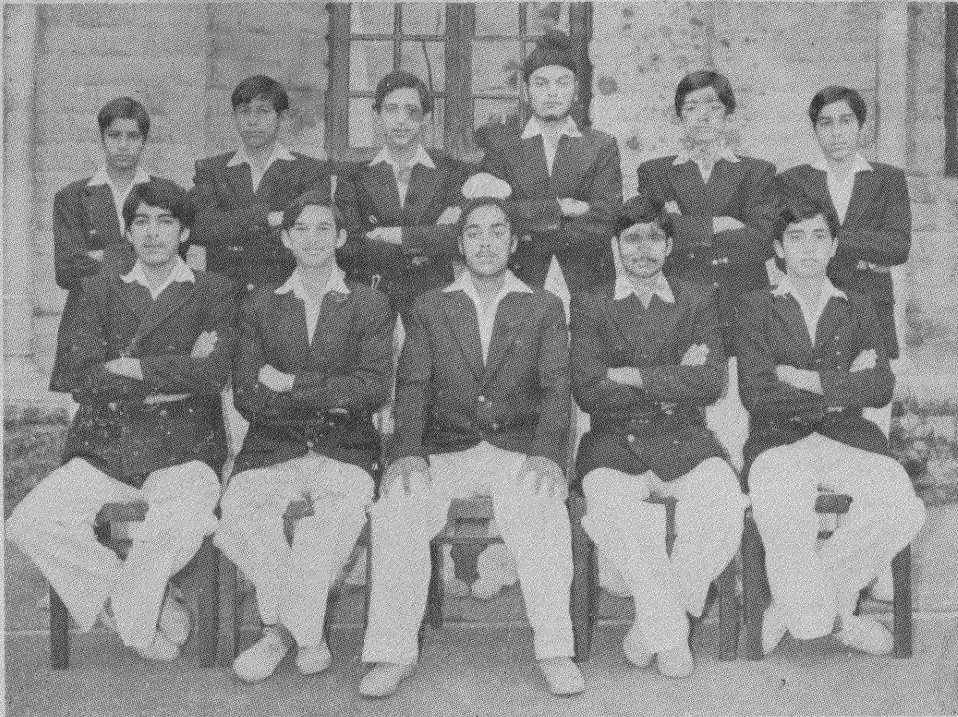
The Senior Cricket Team





The Senior Hockey Team

Colts Cricket Team



Loamshires had lost many points in that they were late in relieving the garrison at Kasauli. It was only when two sections managed to get along the 'short-back' that they encountered a section of "D" Company. This section had to retire towards the School Stores, holding the Loamshires till the buildings gave them cover and prevented them from joining the Column. I understand that bayonets were fixed—on both sides—but common sense prevailed.

The evening was drawing to a close and shadows were lengthening. The main objective as far as the Sanawar Contingent, Simla Rifles, was concerned, was reached, i. e., to delay the column. The "Cease Fire" was sounded and the look of amazement on most of the Loamshires when "C" and "D" Company made themselves evident within feet of the soldiers, was something. We weren't fully conversant with Army slang at the time, or even its more colorful epithets, but they were used, and how! Twenty of us from "A" Company had now joined the umpires' roster and made our report. A messenger

was despatched to the Dharama village to recall Docherty and the rearguard. The Loamshires formed up along the 'Long-Back;' there were casualties of sorts when roll call was made. My step-father had a cordite blackened face, so he said. Sgt. Major Foster grinned as never before. He forgot us everything. The 'Boss' and the Kasauli umpire to the Principal's house for a window-ner, we presumed, and the Loamshires marched away to Kasauli to three cheers from their "conquerors." (You should have seen the hiding they gave us when we played them at cricket at Kasauli the following week!).

Let me say right now that there is no such regiment in the British Army as the Loamshires. In all fairness to one of the smartest and bravest units ever to have served in the Simla Hills the true identity must be preserved. It was a privilege for us to have met them under these circumstances and for the rest of their stay in Kasauli they taught us most of the things that made men of us.

A foolish son is his father's sorrow,
and the grief of her who gave him birth.

Proverbs

Pocket Money — Sixty years ago

by Bilkul

We even had a special bugle call for it. Militarily, it was 'pay parade' and we 'fell-in' as the drill book demanded, but before raucous voices echoed the bugle call with tuneless "Pocket money today, boys -pocket money today!" There was no need for a roll call. No Sanawar boy missed this parade. "Wha'cha going to spend yours on?" This from the corner of a mouth cut short by a curt "Stop talking in the ranks," from authority. This was a parade after all.

A Regimental number was called by the Sergeant Instructor House Master. "No. Ninety-six!" I sprang to attention and rapped out "Sir!" turned right, stopped out of the ranks and marched to the table in front of the company. Saluted. The Sgt. Instructor handed me four annas. It was war time. There was no metal coin. Four annas was represented by four pieces of cardboard bearing the School crest and the value. The export of Indian currency was banned. I counted them to see that there were four and not three. The S.I. counted them to see that there were four and not five. Saluted. Turned left and rejoined the ranks. Waited till the parade was dismissed.

Then I joined the other plutocrats seated on the pavement wall. The subject was common. How to spend this wealth? Two annas were bespoke. One for the collection plate in Chapel on Sunday,

one for a postage stamp for the compulsory letter home every week. Four minus two left two, approximately. "Chucks?" "No, man; don't get enough for an anna!" (Chucks were sweets!) Deep meditation. Then enlightenment. "Monkey nuts?" "Hmm! Yes, but isn't there anything else?" "What?" "Sao!" (We really called it something else, rather rude and to do with parrots). Decision. One would buy monkey-nuts, the other would buy sao and then share out. "Let's go to the shop." "No, let's wait for Ramrick to come round with his box and we can dive in when he's not looking." Agreed.

Ramrick was an institution. Charley has taken his place but with all sorts of refinements. And so Ramrick would arrive. His box would be opened on the verandah of Gaskell and would immediately become the centre of attraction for all Sanawar boys with two annas to spend and no dignity to go with it. An anna worth of monkey-nuts would fill a newspaper cone, an anna worth of sao would fill a smaller cone. One hand would dispense the goodies, the other hand would fend off prying fingers, sometimes successfully. Then came the division of the spoils. Newspaper cones were fragile, needs must that the monkey-nuts be transferred to the uniform slouch hat. Seated on the pavement wall, hat between knees, nut for nut counted, equal

halves. You can bet your bottom dollar if there was one over, it was broken in two. Panic—S.M. Foster approaching—spring to attention, hat on head. Salute. “What’s in the hat?” “Nothing, sir!” It was conical on the wearer’s head, both of them. “Nothing?” and with a wry smile on his face, the S.M. lifted the hat and showered the wearer with monkey nuts. “Don’t make a mess with the shells,” he added and walked away laughing. Didn’t he do the same when he was a Sanawar boy?

The cone of sao was reclining uneasily in the ‘bosom’ of the second boy. The nuts were consumed with relish, nut for nut—a little goes a long way as the boy said when he put one nut on the giraffe’s tongue. Shells were deposited in the bosom of the first boy, to be offered later to Kishnoo in the B.D. kitchen as fuel receiving one cooked spud in return. Everything had a value.

Sao represented a more difficult division. No two coil were alike but piled on top of each other, the coils would present a fair means of division, the height being the deciding factor. It was

time consuming and the holder of the sao saw another boy approaching. “Here comes that ‘darb’ Smithy, he’s a pukka ‘splung’.” Translated, “Here comes that Lower School fellow, he’s a voracious eater.” “Go chase yourself down the khud, Smithy! You’re getting none of this.” “Alright! but don’t come and ask me for any skinnyjibs after supper!” (Smith was a past master at collecting bits of bread, raw onion, a discarded dry chilli and even some potato and making a mixture of the same in a wash hand basin, to be consumed under his bed after prep).

So the repast came to an end. All that was left was the Boss’s deep voice asking us to “rend our hearts and and our garments” when the plate came round for collection at Church Parade Service on Sunday. One anna would be deposited reverently. Came the hour of compulsory letter writing. The ‘darbs’ letters were identical—“Dear Mother, Please send me a parcel. I am well, hope you are the same, your loving son...” The postage stamp on the envelop read “ONE ANNA.”

Love is the Greatest Healer
Hate is the Greatest Poison.

Buddha

Bayonet Fighting

by Bilkul

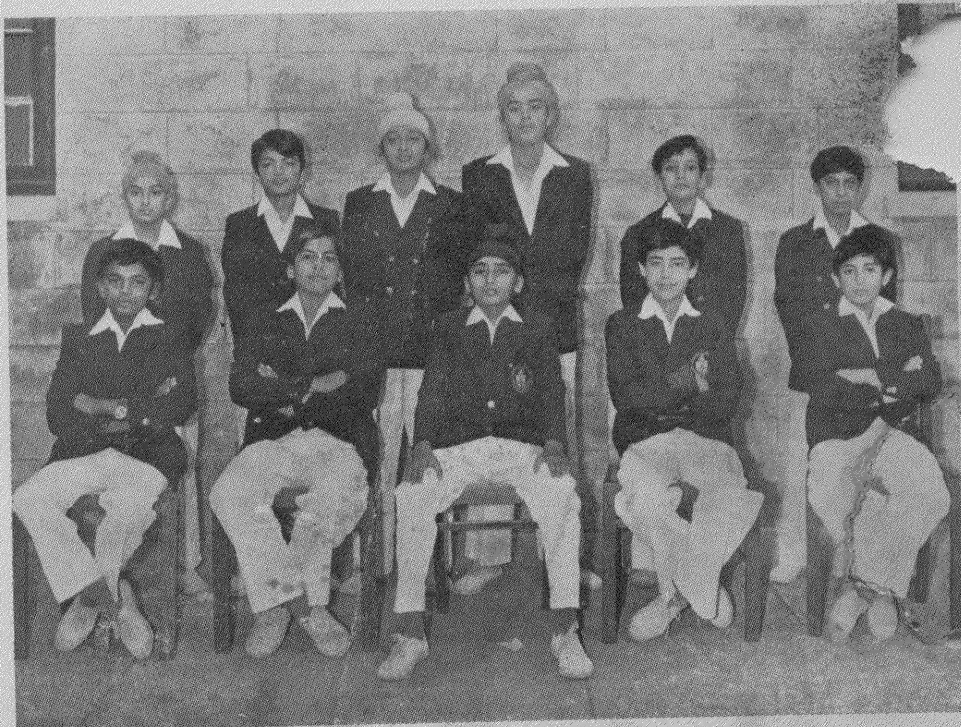
"Jackie Mealing squeezed his out!"
 No. It wasn't a boil, it wasn't a thorn. It
 was the cholera vaccine injected into his
 arm. He made a good attempt with the
 penicillins accompanying the essay.
 The serum stayed put, his pals were
 impressed.

It happened twice a year. Half a house
 dormitory would be done at a time. The
 other half would tend the sick at night.
 The roles would be reversed the next
 day. There was never an epidemic—just
 usual mumps and measles. One had to
 make allowances for the frailty of man,
 in this by going into a dead faint. "Poor
 boy!" said Sister White and helped by
 a nurse, the 'patient' would be assisted
 to a bed and given a glass of milk as
 soon as he recovered. What a setting
 for a School Drama!

The actual injection was carried out
 by a Captain in the I.M.S, while Assistant
 Surgeon Brindaban would fill the syringe
 and hand it to the Captain as the
 next boy's name was called. His left
 arm, bared, had already been cleansed
 at the correct spot by the Compounder.
 Then the "bayonet fighting" would
 commence. On the command "One"
 the syringe would be poised in the cor-
 rect position as laid down in the Regu-
 lations for the Medical Services of the
 Army, Part II. On the command "Two"
 it would be plunged into the pale white
 arm before it. On the command "Three"
 it would be withdrawn parallel with the

ground and returned to a position of
 rest. On the command "Four" the boy
 would give a slight moan, turn pale and
 totter. On the command "Five," the
 Sister would remove him as detailed
 elsewhere. The boy would sit on the
 bed, head in hand till the milk arrived.
 It disappeared 'ekdum' down a dry gul-
 let. There would be a curt, "Thank you,
 Sister!" and the boy would leave the
 hospital premises. A Sergeant Instructor
 checking his name against list would
 give the farewell parting message, "Get
 back to School!" Except for a few con-
 scientious recipients, the procedure was
 the same until the Sister ran out of
 milk. Those unfortunate enough to be
 "Too late" had to recover without milk,
 if genuine, or go back to School un-
 quenched. The little knots of wounded
 man returning to base compared their
 wounds at various vantage points along
 the Horse Shoe Bend. They knew that
 the Form Master was well aware of the
 time taken to traverse the route even at
 a slow pace. If too late to return to his
 desk, the boy would be greeted with a
 sarcastic remark such as "bury the
 dead?" and would carry on with the
 lesson in hand. Of course, sympathy was
 sought as the boy would caress the
 sore spot with downcast eyes only to
 be told to "leave that silly pin-prick
 alone!"

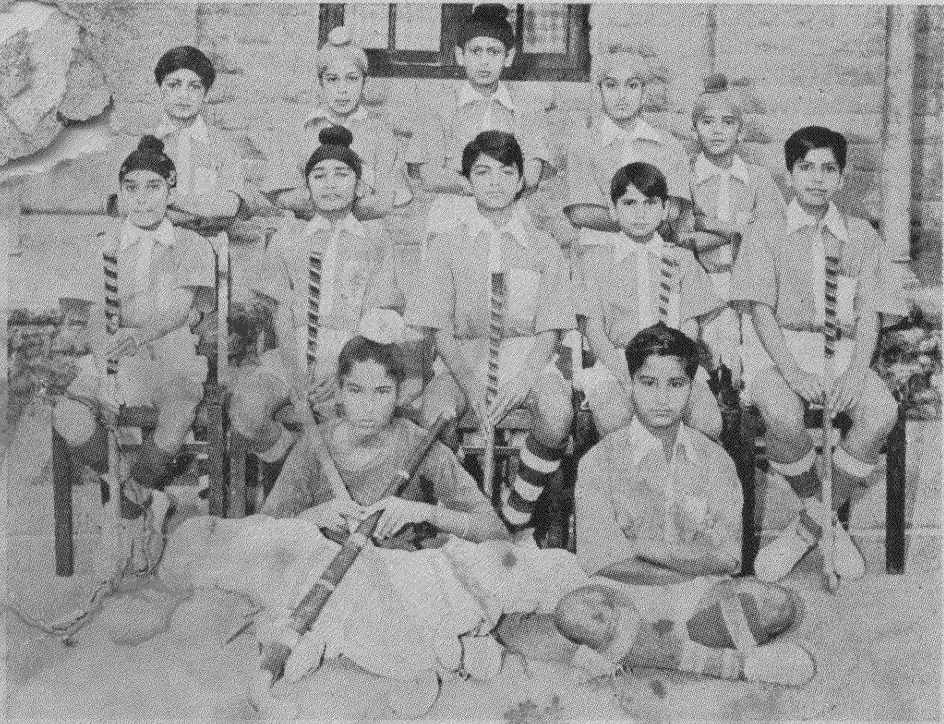
The normal duties of the day would
 be carried out. School books gave place



Atoms Cricket Team

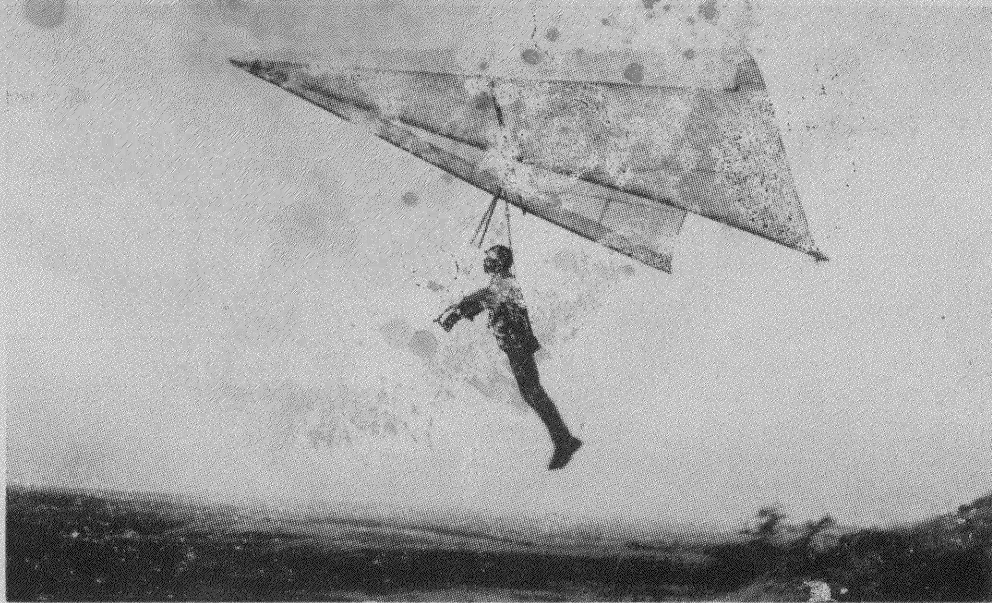
Colts Hockey Team





Atoms Hockey Team

Vivek Mundkur's 'Rogallo Wing'



to compulsory games and/or rifle practice and/or Hodson Runs etc., followed by supper, Chapel, prep., and the routine of going to bed. It was late at night that reaction would set in. A mild fever made some boys slightly uneasy and the boys in that half of the dormitory who had not received the ministrations of the Medical Officer became "Florence Nightingales."

Somehow, a bond of sympathy had been established. A moan or a groan meant that a 'Florence' would approach with a soothing draught of cold water dispensed from a wash-hand basin with

a tin mug. I think it was the only tender action known to a Sanawar boy, embarrassment hidden by the dark of the dormitory. He knew that the next night he might be moaning and groaning, especially if he was one of the late ones who missed the ministrations.

Perhaps some might reflect on the "bayonet fixing" incident at Poonah when the doctor in his speech mentioned the fact that "the general health of the School was maintained at a high level, every boy having received a prophylactic against cholera, the agony!!!"

"In India we developed at one and the same time the broadest tolerance and catholicity of thought and opinion, as well as the narrowest social forms of behaviour. This split-personality has pursued us and we struggle against it even today. We overlook and excuse our own failings and narrowness of customs and habit by references to the great thoughts we have inherited from our ancestors. But there is an essential conflict between the two and so long as we do not resolve it, we shall continue to have this split-personality."

Nehru

Bird Song

by Bulbul Singh

My song sings of today
 Blue skies and warm eyes
 Sunrise over peaks
 My voice lifts with the sun
 The song of life.
 Another day has come, my love.
 A moment will change
 Before you are up.
 Live. The sun comes to your arms.
 Don't question the night.
 Realize the day.

My Lord take me with you
 For your winged flight.
 I'll sing your praise
 And love the morn
 I'll follow your ways
 Of ever-change [always me
 Forever you] and create
 With you each happiness
 Each joy.

Winter lines were naked trees.
 Space lay white. And close.
 I went from sunlit porch
 To kitchen yards, flew into
 Rooms out of the cold
 Into welcome and the flow

Of winter snow was to share.
 The earth, warm the heart
 With closeness, smiles in storms
 Arms wider than the light.

I sang, for that is my way.
 That is my life. A bird song.
 For the seasons. A song for life.
 A song for death. All energy.
 All forms. Of one manifestation.
 The void of the beginning.
 The void of the end.

Beginning and ending in the same
 Energy rising, falling
 Like my song
 Like the sea
 Like the self
 Like the me

That is a part of this cycle.
 I a song for your lips
 You a flute for my words
 So we together, wintertime snow
 To the gardens of spring.

So I sing of now.
 For my heart is full.
 At every moment
 Sorrow and suffering
 Happiness and ecstasy
 Are all only moments
 Each a song for the time
 That will arise and fall
 And the only thing
 That will remain
 Is you and change.
 Into this first eternity.
 The life wave you
 The cosmic light years you
 The father of fortune
 Creator of the moment you.
 I seek to merge myself
 For I am only a part of.
 This song celestial, this sound divine.
 This mad man, this dancer
 This time, this self grows
 Like flowers, like trees.
 And my bird life is also
 Joy and suffering, but I fly
 Lightly from wing to wing
 A puff of wind, a spirit
 Of wandering, leave a tune.
 Learn a note from the day.
 Sing in praise and fly free.

For the other eternity
 That of change
 The life span of moments
 The waves of thought
 The reach of the mind
 To another reality
 One that can see
 That nothing remains
 Everything passes

So even the I
 Is not really yours

But a part of the gardens,
Of streams, beings in water
Beings in the day
All in this constant flow
Happening to you and your world.

Flying from tree to tree
Following the line of the sun.
Sometimes a rock to rest on.
Other times a shady tree
There are the realities of the day.
What comes across your way
In a much larger stream.
So I watch the seasons
And know its fruit
I know when it is time
To stay and time to move
I know not the future
Except its truth.

Time will pass for some
Days will go, and for others
To come I will leave
Some home coming time
Bigger than the one I take

For I must see
The garden bloom
So the future can
Rejoice in peace
For the day I keep this dream
And go along my way
Aware of the wind, aware of the sun
Knowing the people in the street
My flight is to lift their song
So I go lightly, so I fly
My way quietly, with song
For the time is in me
Otherwise softly beside of me
And out through my actions
Out through my words
The ways pass astrally
Along the day of today.
Of the past I need know
The desert from the valley
The berries from the roots
And so my lived life
Of loves and light
Brings me closer
To my destiny.

*Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us;
remember that you are like unto them, and do
not kill nor cause slaughter.*

Dhammapada

Ode to the day
by Bulbul Singh

April flowers.
White and yellow.
Over the mountains.
The face of you.
Lining in cloud
snow.

Softly, the ways.
Early, the waves.
Where in between
I keep a clinging
to you.

Hard leaves.
Turning green with life.
Day begins
In starlit eyes.
Those of joy.
That still, still

Teach me the ways.
Of solitudes.
Teach me the way.
Of multitudes.

The passing of time.
Time before.
And life to be.
Become an infinity.
In the day.
Of springtime being.

Sometimes I think.
The leaves would be.
Greener for the thought.
Of you : one time
I felt your hand reach out
And touch the Withered
Flower to bloom.

Some clouds floated.
Into the sun.
A rain fell.
From the trees.
How I watched.
The turn of earth.
Become a part.
Of a larger birth.
So that between the two.

I go in peace.
For a moment



Labour will bear fruit. Idleness will bring misery. Even if one does not
guard anything else he must guard his tongue. Otherwise,
due to errors of speech misery will follow.

The Thirukural



P. D. Boys—Vindhya & Siwalik

P. D. Girls





Vindhya

Himalaya



Be Happy
by Bulbul Singh

Be
Happy
For
A
Moment
Into her eyes
I saw the world
And into her song
I flowed
My words
Into her laugh
I heard my song
And I
Went
With
A

Dream
And
A
Cry
I will take
You to
The sky
Take me
To the
Moon
I will take you
To the
World
As a gift
For mankind

The man who regards life...as meaningless is not merely
unfortunate but almost disqualified for life.

Albert Einstein

Fair Shares For All

1. Let's share the food, my brother,
Let's share the fruits of the earth.
Steak for me and rice for you,
Eggs for tea and rice for you,
It's rice for me, but rice for you;
Fruit and wine and milk and jam,
Cheese and pickles and fish and ham
For me;
And for me, just a little rice
(If you're lucky) for you.
2. Let's share the pain, my brother,
You shall have more than your share.
Pains for you and pills for me,
Germs for you and jabs for me,
Though you die young, long life for
me;
Sedatives, deep X-ray,
Penicillin, and nothing to pay,
For me;
And a little clinic, just a mobile
clinic
(Per hundred thousand people) for
you.
3. Let's share the world, my brother,
Apartheid means equal shares.
Your land for us, and mine for me,
Sand for you, and soil for me,
What's left for you, the best for me;
Schools and bridges, roads and trains,
Oil and tractors, libraries, 'planes,
For me;
- And a nice little slum, yes, a nice
slum
(When your working life is over)
for you.
4. Let's share the war, my brother,
Let's share the horrors of war.
Peace for me, napalm for you,
Trade for me, but raids for you,
Away for me, at home for you;
Cripples, orphans, refugees,
Villages burned, no leaves on trees,
For you;
And a little pang of conscience,
just a little twinge
(Not very often) for me.
5. Let's share our wealth, my brother,
Let's share all that you have.
Gold for me, and beads for you,
Christ for me, the devil take you,
There's two for me, and none for you;
Bingo, bombs, and drugs, and booze,
Money to burn and waste and lose
For me;
And a little aid, just a little aid
(When we can spare it), for you.

(J. & B. S.)



Knowledge, love, power—there is the complete life.

H. Frederic

THE MASK OF LAW AND ORDER

When a poor man
takes a few coconuts
From his rich neighbour's land
to feed his children who are in need,
that is robbery,
according to the law.
He can be convicted,
perhaps even jailed.

When a rich man
lives in wanton luxury,
spends infinitely more than he needs
on food, clothes, amusements,
while others are starving, naked,
wretched,
that is legitimate.
There is no law
to convict him.

The laws are made by the rich,
who make them,
not to convict themselves
but to oppress the poor.
If the poor made the laws,
it would be a different story.
The rich may then be seen
in their true colours.

When a rich man
owns hundreds or thousands of acres,
while there are others
who do not own an inch,
that is not robbery
that is because we must,
at all costs,
safeguard the sacredness
of private property,
which means just reward
for the labour of ancestors
so that descendants
may not labour.

When an employer
pays himself infinitely more
than the worker—than his own servant
that is not robbery
that is merely just reward
for education and culture,
that is the way
to encourage initiative and enterprise.

When a poor man
in desperation,
gets drunk,
picks a quarrel,
draws a knife,
kills,
that, obviously, is murder—violence,
punishable by death.

When a company does
sack workers without any law
and so condemn whole families
to penury and want,
that is not violence,
because no knife has been used.

No knife need be used,
a peremptory word suffices.
Labour tribunals need not be feared
overmuch,
loopholes can be found, law's delays,
political influence...

Basically, the system thinks,
the system of law and order,
the system dominates individuals,
the ultimate sanctions rest on
violence,
no less violence,
because it is often hidden, indirect,
subtle violence,
not recognized as violence.

Yet, in our society—
there is legalized robbery and violence
in normal times—
respectable men of power
in sangha, church, and state,
robbing in broad daylight,
violent,
spilling the blood of the people
continuously
in complete freedom,
with impunity,
proud and unrepentant,
self-righteous, complacent...

So, established law and order
is not as simple as all that.
There is established injustice,
established disorder, massive
institutionalised disorder,

naked oppression,
masquerading under the guise of
law and order,
continuously, all the time.

(S. Y. D.)

Go fly a kite

by Major Vivek Mundkur

Man has visions of flight, not the deafening flight of metal monsters in the sky but of flying on arms outstretched, that comes to everyone in dreams. Adventurers turn to the sky for the ultimate adventure—even Edmund Hillary.

Hang gliding is the most thrilling and inexpensive way to fly. Otto Lilienthal was the first man to fly hang-gliders way back in the 1890s. But then Wright Brothers built the powered flying machine which started the race for bigger and faster aircraft. Fed up with noise, pollution and canned comfort of present day aviation Americans returned to primitive gliders for the experience of pure flight. In 1966 a California beach boy found a simple way to fly. He built a huge kite and took off with it from a sand dune. The surfing crowd on the beach was

stunned and soon they took to 'sky surfing'. Today they fly from mountain tops to unbelievable heights and distances.

Approached with great caution this sport proves to be only as risky as horse riding or skiing. And it can come naturally to sure-footed, 'never-give-in' Sana-warians who are accustomed to run up and down steep hillsides. No wonder that I hurtled down a rocky slope and flew while my friends, some of them paratroopers and pilots, thought it would be a suicide.

The thrill of conquering gravity and flying like a bird, with a contraption that you can build yourself, is beyond description. Those who have flown hang-gliders feel that it beats every sport that man has tried before. The experience is esoteric—reserved for the few who will dare.



Nilagiri

Siwalik

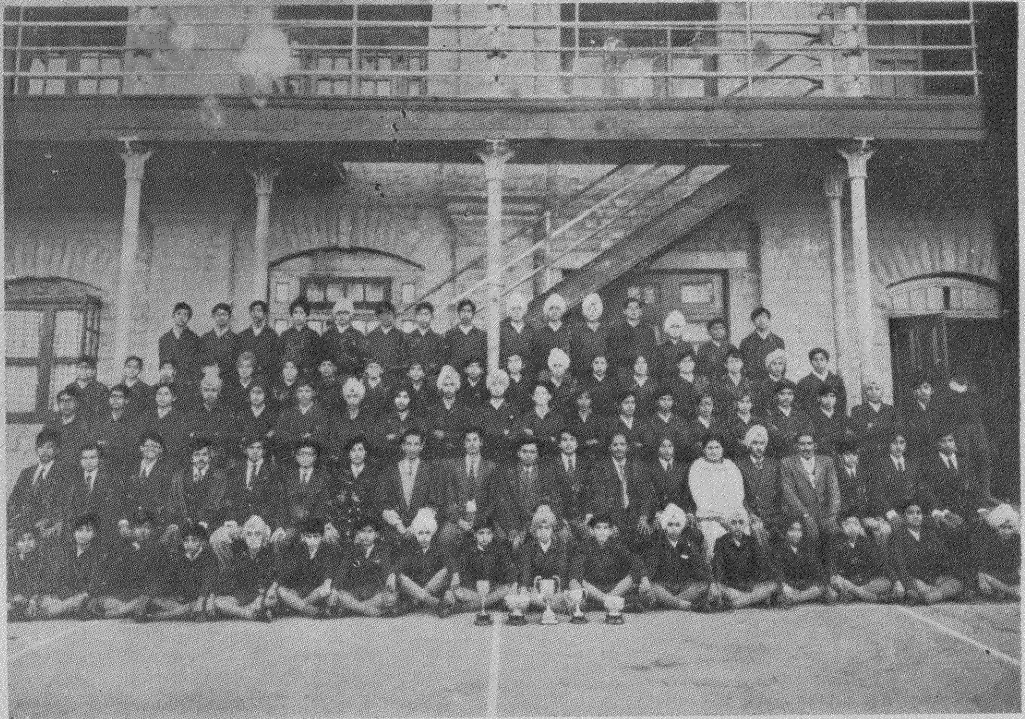
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Siwalik

Nilagir



Music and Dance Society

The idea of introducing Societies in different subjects was put forward by Mr. Das in one of the Heads of department meetings last year. The 'Music and Dance Society' started with a fanfare and evoked unprecedented enthusiasm. The response from the boys and girls surpassed our expectations. The importance and impact of this Society on the growing minds needs no emphasis. Even though a large number of students took part in it, it is the gifted ones who really benefited. This, of course, does not fulfil the aim and purpose of the society. It is only when all the aspiring students benefit by them that the real purpose is served.

The Society is run by the students and the following were the office bearers

for the year 1976:—

President	...	Rajive Krishnan
Vice President	...	Deepa Goswami
Secretary		Karan Bohra
Joint Secretary		At Sharma
Treasurer		Rajy Thapar

Even the staff members came forward to enrich the evening programmes.

The Society had the pleasure of staging the performance of the well-known Russian lady artist Mrs. Rosa Duvall. The whole school witnessed the stage recital and everyone appreciated the programme. Besides this, many outside groups also entertained us in the functions held from time to time.

Dr. I.S. Kulshreshtha

Art and Craft Society

The Society made considerable progress during the year 1976. The Society met once a week and all the members worked hard under the guidance of Mr. Matharu.

In July the Society went to the Government Museum and Art College in Chandigarh. Seeing the commercial artistes and the beautiful pieces of art at the Museum filled us with new ideas.

The Society held an Art Competition at the Government Middle School, Sanawar. The results were quite satisfactory.

At another such competition at the Prep. School forty students took part and the results were surprisingly good.

During Founder's the Society put up a large number of articles for exhibition and sale. The beautiful batik hats and bags, and other items were a big attraction.

The President of the Society for the year was Bindu Talwar and the Secretary Kusum Bhambri.

G. S. Kohli
U-V C

BAND 1976

The children taking Band came very close to the standard seen in the past years. Their achievement in the playing of various instruments has been satisfactory.

A fairly large number of children who took up Band initially showed keen interest and tried to learn to play the instruments with great taste. Later, however, some of the children found out for themselves that they lacked the necessary talent for music and gave it up.

The staff of various houses organised their band group and played successfully for their respective house shows. Here I would like to make a special mention of

Himalaya House which displayed great skill at the instruments. The Siwalikan seniors were not far behind them but played fairly well for their age.

Kulpreet Singh took Band for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme and won the Bronze medal.

For the trooping of Colours parade at Founder's the School Band played two new tunes—'SAM BAHDUR' and 'SAM-MAN GUARD.' Both of them were well presented.

It is gratifying to note that most of the boys who took up Band as a hobby enjoyed band and themselves.

B.C. Katoch



The fewer our wants the more we resemble the gods.

Socrates

Mr. Turner Answers

Jonathan Turner joined the teaching staff of the P. D. in February 1976 for a term immediately after leaving, as a student, Rugby School, one of the major Public Schools. After he returned to England, we (English Society) mailed him these questions :

What Strikes you most vividly about Sanawar ?

That it is an ivory tower. What a contrast between the forms just below the *Long Back* and life at the school! And the students seem hardly aware of this. (One senior girl who should have known better commented, "I bet you didn't think we would all be speaking English; you think Indians as illiterate, don't you?" What is the national literacy rate? Do you know? You should)

This fault goes from preppers who have never handled domestic tools to sixth-formers who show the lack of initiative that results from a sheltered upbringing. Social work is an urgent requirement. Strenuous camping is also very helpful.

How do Academic Standards compare with Rugby ?

It's difficult to make a comparison because of your language problem, the fact that we specialise more and that we have an extra year (We have a 10+2 system followed by three years' university).

Then in India, the accent is on acquiring knowledge, whereas there has been and continues a trend in England to

develop the candidate's originality and analytical ability—there is less content in our syllabi but our examinations test the candidate's intelligence.

If a comparison is at all meaningful, then I would say that the higher secondary exams are slightly more difficult than our IO levels which are taken by most students at Rugby.

Your written English compares well with others. Perhaps not taking it for granted you pay more attention to it; perhaps Indians are more proud of our mother tongue.

Do you have lots of Television and teaching aids ?

We do have more money to spend on these things and they are cheap compared to a teacher's salary. One could mention the circuit television in our lecture theatre which costs about Rs. 50,000 (but compare that with the annual fees of Rs. 3000, extras included).

Tape recorders are very useful. We quite often see films in class. An overhead projector is sometimes used to supplement the blackboard, but the latter remains the most important medium (I might add that our blackboards are in better condition than yours!)

More to the point is that there are so many more books and other small items. I think it's a matter of *Penny wise, Pound foolish*—the educational rewards of spending more on such items are far greater than the amount saved.

What about extra-curricular activities ?

Well, here is the greatest difference between Sanawar and Rugby. We spend rather *more* time in the class-room, but the standards in sports and hobbies are much higher. Of course, we don't do anything, which is your best activity, but the same is true for everything else.

We do have much better facilities—much more striking and more equipment. There is plenty of land for dozens of sports fields; plenty of instruments; a small one would be in addition to Sanawar's (with such fine conditions for observation); and a fantastic new theatre which costs Rs. 1,000,000.

Nevertheless, before the new theatre was completed in 1975 our stage was hardly any better than yours and yet we produced excellent plays. In the first place, it would make a lot of difference if you had *full-length House Play*—you could have English and Hindi in alternate years; you could also transfer the skits to the House party. Secondly, we had two or three serious and difficult school plays each year and a band of experienced actors was built up, who were able to take important parts in House plays. Finally, and most importantly, there is a master with drama qualifications who

who was selected specifically for producing plays, though, of-course, he teaches English as well.

Then we have a freer time-table and are able to concentrate to a certain extent on what we enjoy most. This is much more difficult to administer and can be abused by indolent students but does have considerable advantages.

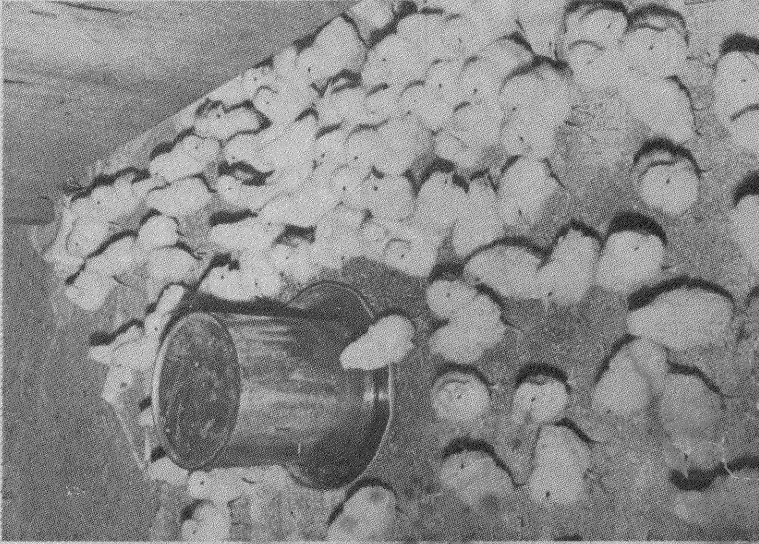
Finally, many of our staff are highly skilled outside the subjects they teach. They presumably acquired this proficiency when *they* were students, the cultural assets of a nation (or of an elite of a nation) are self-perpetuating.

What about our Social ?

That's a cheeky one. Objectively: Well, they are not exactly lively. I would suggest smaller parties in smaller rooms—perhaps a school year or two at a time, perhaps several tutorial groups. A subscription of a few paise by participants could buy some coffee and biscuits.

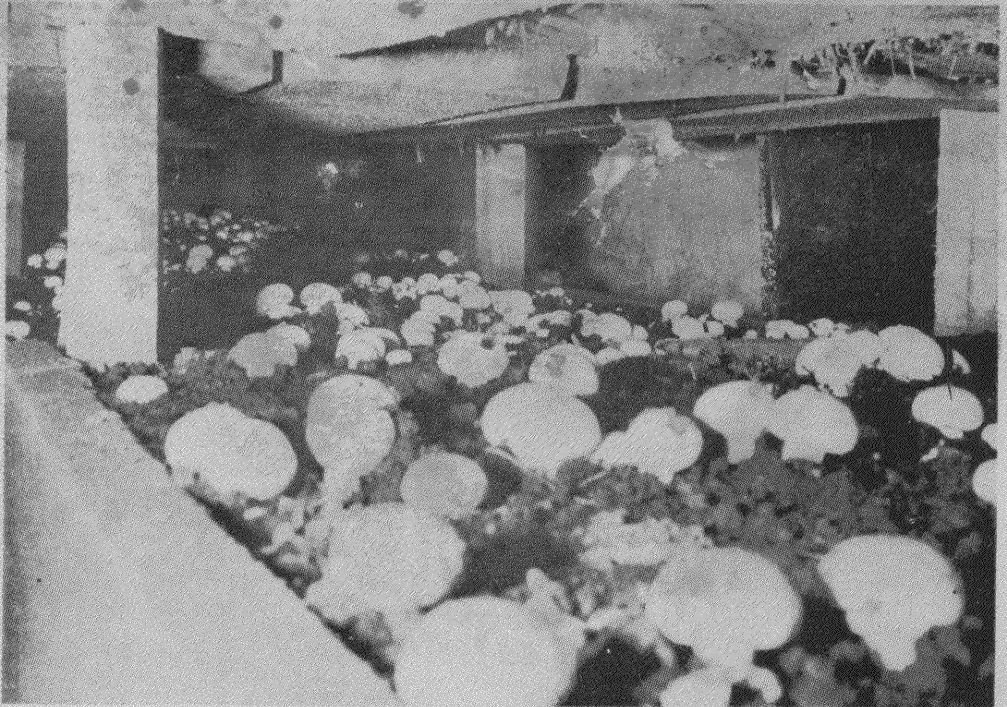
Subjectively: Shall we say that not having had the benefits of co-education, I do not know how to behave at parties. Rugby like most other British Public Schools is just starting to have girls.

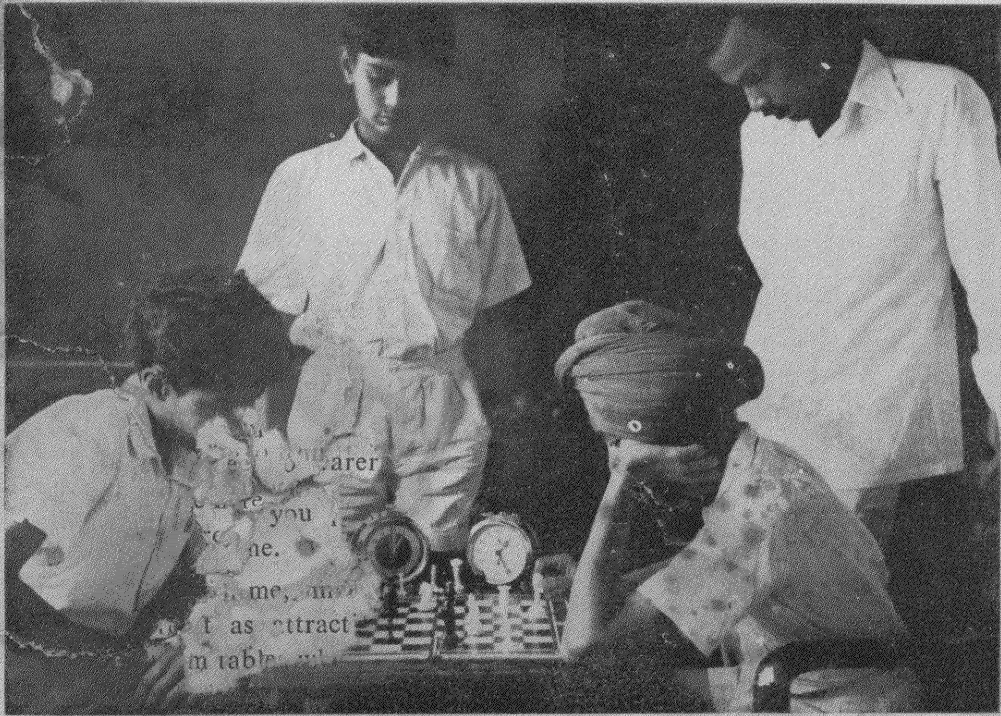
We are very grateful to Jonathan for taking the trouble to answer our questions. We wish him every success at Cambridge University where he will read law.



The Flourshing Poultry Project—the new arrivals

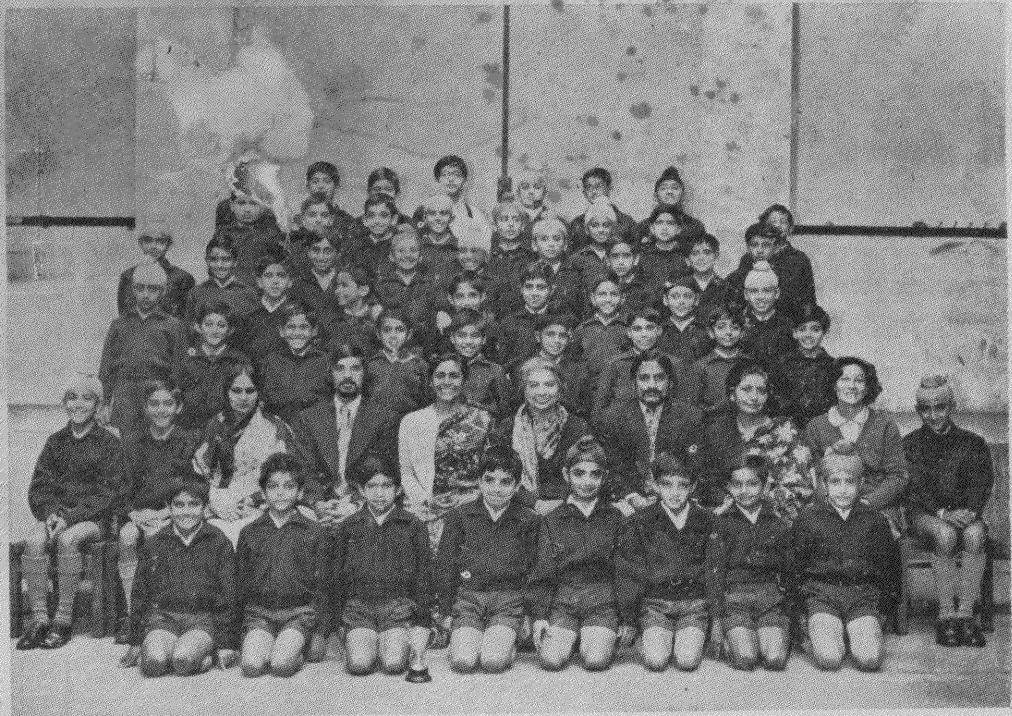
A good mushroom crop ready for harvesting





The Inter House Chess...

P. D. Boys—Himalaya & Nilagiri



Needlework Department

The needlework department is an important department of Sanawar. A large variety of things are taught here. Entering the class on any 'Hobby' session the girls would be found making several attractive as well as useful things, like bags, cases, table linen, tapestries and toys. These are taught in a large variety—knitting, crocket and embroidery.

Needlework is also a subject taught as 'work Experience' for those girls doing the 10 plus 2 system of education. In addition to table linen the making of wearing apparel and dress designing is

a large number of clothes like bournets, babies, apparel, shirts, shorts, pants, salwar, frocks, kameez, blouse, etc., were made. By the end of the year the girls were qualified to make almost anything and everything in the way of wearing apparel.

For the Needlework room a large number of play and for

The Junit was won by Ni

At the Prize Sangita Raj won

tion the
area and the
dis-
cussion

A collusion

A lady philosopher collides with a Mathematician while coming from the opposite side.

Lady : Oh ! Haven't you got eyes to see ?

Math : Madam it's not your fault. You should have come parallel to me,

Math : I know that parallel lines are never met than infinity?

Lady : She purposely struck me again

Math : Excuse me, but you are as my logarithm which help me in my

Math : I shall knock you on your face

Lady : You ill-taught and ill-brought ?

Math : On your converse polygon with its sides produced in order, you negative index, you the right angle triangle and irrational number. (By this time a scientist happens to pass by).

Sc. : Why all this wastage of energy (both relate their stories, each blaming the other).

Sc. : None of you is to blame. You could not have possibly gone in parallel lines.

Lady : Why ? How is that ?

Sc. : No

Love the saints of every faith;
Put away thy pride;
The essence of religion is,
Humility, service, sympathy.
Not fine clothes,
Not the yogi's garb and ashes,
Not the blowing of the horn,
Not the shaven head,

Not long prayers,
Not recitations and torturings,
Not the ascetic way,
But a life of truth and love,
Amid the world's temptations,
Is the secret of spiritual life.

Guru Nanak

Needlework Department

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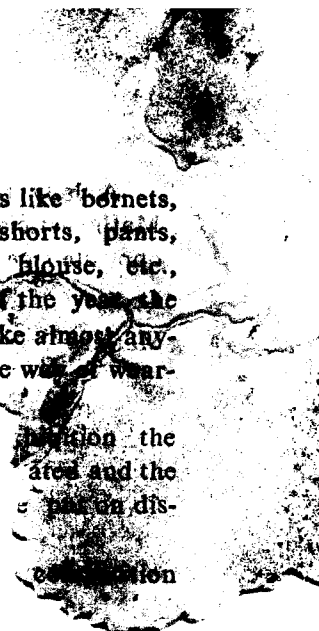
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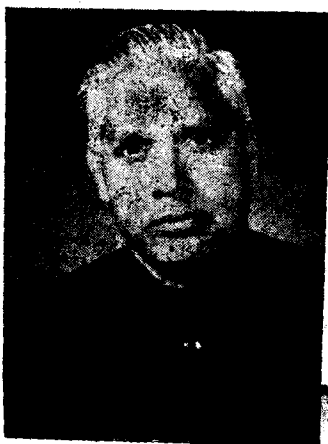
The Junit was won by Ni

At the Prize Sangita Rai won



WAPINGA

THE SPELL OF MUSIC



DR. J. S. KULSHRESHTHA

Indian Music is a profound subject. Just as Indian philosophy, logic, metaphysics and literature are mysterious so too Indian music is unique. Our ancient sages who, for the spiritual and moral uplift, found out numerous ways of sitting in the solitary forest, have come to the conclusion that spiritual forces are more powerful than physical ones, which perhaps the one way for the whole mankind, maybe, of the whole Yoga, penance, yagya and abstinence are the only ways of attaining peace. Music was surely intended for this noble purpose.

(Nada) is the essence

culture lacks the charm which the ancients had? There is no doubt that a wide gulf lies between ancient and modern music. No wonder the 'Deepak Raga' does not kindle light as in the past and the 'Megh Raga' does not bring in a shower, because they do not retain their original form. Interference from modern composers has distorted the forms. As a result that 'Deepak Raga' has become five different styles, 'Tilak Raga' has become 'Lalit Raga' in two and three forms. It is, therefore, difficult to retain their original forms.

According to the modern musicologists, the original music was strictly

The Siwalikans were constantly compelled to retreat but at the opportunity afforded the ball was cleared and Neeti pushed an easy one, but Nixy missed. Another draw and penalty pushes. Another victory for Nilagiri.

The second day and again the Nilagarian juniors, this time against the Himalayans. Equal playing on both sides, but a superb short corner pass and the ball on the banks, squealed with No penalty pushes and the score Nilagiri 1-0.

The third time Siwalik vs. Vindhya juniors. A thoroughly boring match with far too many foot faults and clumsy passing. The game ended with neither side having scored a goal. Penalty pushes were taken and ultimately it was Vindhya who emerged victorious.

The Vindhyan seniors, however, weren't lucky and very soon a short corner hit brought the Nilagarians one up. Both teams fought hard but the Vindhyan seniors were unable to score. The second day drew to a close with Nilagiri in the lead.

The juniors this time, the match being played between Vindhya and Himalaya. The match was unexciting until the ball went twice, successively, into the Himalayan goal. Despite their concerted efforts the Himalayans were unable to score.

In the middle of the next match being played between the Vindhyan and Siwalikan seniors, big hailstones began to fall and the game was stopped five minutes before halftime. The girls were now

all 'josh' and energy and very soon, the ball found its way into the Vindhyan goal. While the Siwalikans were still gloating, the ball slipped into their goal and at once they assumed glum faces. The match was a draw. Angleen's scoop won the match for the Siwalikans.

The next match was expected to be very exciting. The Nilagarian boys eagerly crowded above Peacestead to 'buck' for the girls. It was a game of equals and neither Himalaya nor Nilagiri (seniors) were able to score. There were a lot of tackling and hard hits from both sides but the teams were equally matched. The game was a draw. The penalty pushes were all blocked and had to be taken again. This time Himalaya scored one with Nilagiri still to go. Not to be outdone, Nilagiri scored two and with the third day over, the cup was already Nilagiri's.

The first match on the fourth day was played between Nilagiri and Vindhya Juniors. Both the teams played badly (much to everyone's astonishment). The Nilagarians got in three penalty pushes and the Vindhyan seniors were unable to get more than one. The match ended with Nilagiri winning all its matches.

Himalaya versus Siwalik Juniors was next. In the first half, the ball was in the Himalayan 'D' but in the second half, the Himalayans managed to keep the ball on the opponent's side until in the middle of a jumble and cloud of dust, the ball was hit into the goal and Himalaya won.

The last of the hockey matches drew the biggest crowd of all and promised to be exciting. Both teams were strong, but