

The Sanawarian

December 1977



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

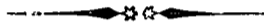
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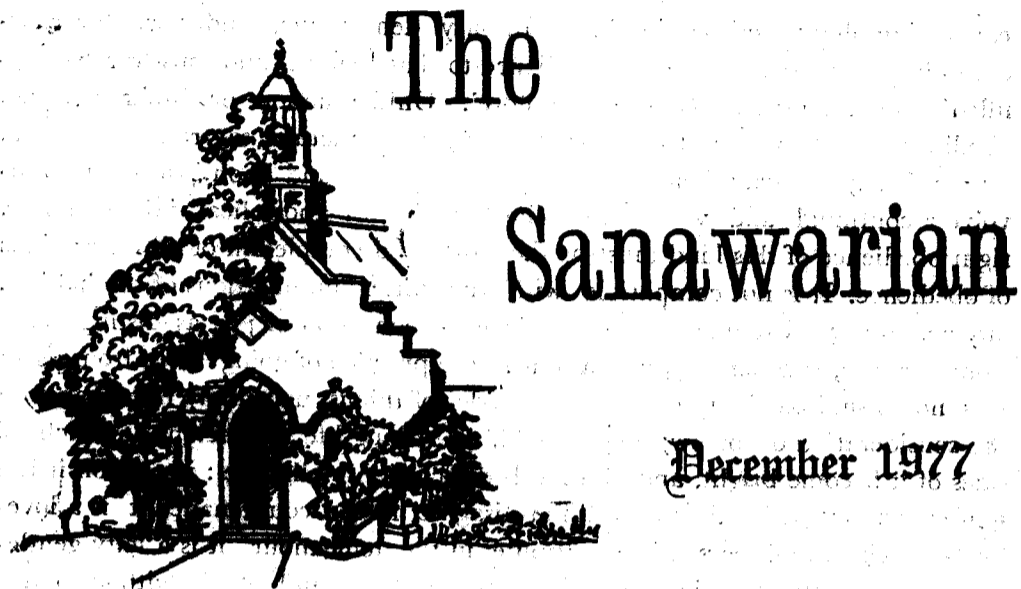
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The editors would like to apologise and regret the delay
but do not take responsibility

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Being the Magazine of Lawrence School, Sanawar

EDITORIAL

'Noble Manners'

"There is nothing comparable for moral force to the charm of truly noble manners. The mind is, in comparison, only slightly and transiently impressed by heroic actions, for these are felt to be but uncertain signs of a heroic soul; nothing less than a series of them, more sustained and varied than circumstances are ever found to demand, could assure us, with the infallible certainty required for the highest power of example, that they were the faithful reflex of the ordinary spirit of the actor. The spectacle of patient suffering, though not so striking, is morally more impressive; for we know that.

Action is transitory - a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle this way or that—
Tis done; and, in the after vacancy,
We wonder at ourselves, like men betrayed;
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.

The mind, however, has a very natural repugnance to the sustained contemplation of this species of example, and is much more willingly persuaded by a spectacle precisely the reverse—namely, that of goodness actually upon the

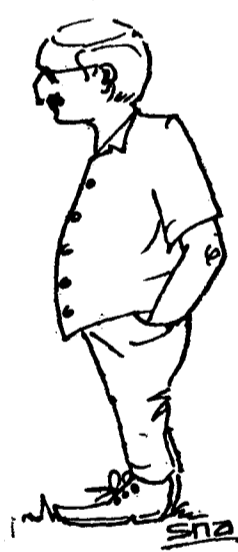
earth triumphant, and bearing in its ordinary demeanour, under whatever circumstances, the lovely stamp of obedience to that highest and most rarely—fulfilled commandment, 'Rejoice evermore'. Unlike action or suffering, such obedience is not so much the way to heaven, as a picture, say rather a part, of heaven itself; and truly beautiful manners will be found upon inspection to involve a continual and visible compliance with that apostolical injunction. A right obedience of this kind must be the crown and completion of all lower kinds of obedience. It is not compatible with the bitter humiliations of the habit of any actual sin; it excludes selfishness, since the condition of joy, as distinguished from pleasure, is generosity, and a soul in the practice of going forth from itself; it is, no sensual partiality for the bright side of things, no unholy repugnance to the consideration of sorrow; but a habit of lifting life to a height at which all sides of it become bright, and all moral difficulties intelligible: in action it is a salubrity about which doctors will not disagree; in the countenance it is a loveliness which connoisseurs will not dispute; in the demeanour it is a lofty gentleness, which, without pride, patronises all the world, and which, without omitting the minutest temporal obligations or amenities, does everything with an air of immortality."



STAFF

THE STAFF

By S.N. ALBERT.



Founder's 1977

Headmaster's Speech

Gen. Gill, Mrs. Gill, Members of the Board of Governors of Sanawar and Lovedale, Parents Old Sanawar-ians and Friends.

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I welcome on behalf of the school one of the most distinguished soldiers of our country and army, the Army Commander of Western Command. A soldier is known for his bravery in the field of battle and you are no exception Sir. I have a feeling that being a brave soldier you do not like your virtues extolled in public but I am afraid that is the price you have to pay for having risen to a distinguished position in the finest army in the world. Moreover my children sitting opposite me would like to know what it is that counts in being a good soldier. I am sure you will be able to explain that better but since you are unlikely to touch on your exploits I have to do it for you. Having been commissioned into the Para Regiment in 1942, you were parachuted into enemy occupied Greece with 12 other men with the mission of destroying a bridge which was being used for supplying the enemy forces in Egypt. After completing the mission successfully you fought on with the guerillas in Greece before moving on to Italy. You were awarded the Military Cross in 1943 for your gallantry. The country

has recognised your contribution by first awarding you the Param Vishist Seva Medal in 1969 and the Padma Bhushan in 1971. The citation for the latter reads "for displaying exceptionally high devotion to duty, professional ability and zeal." We are indeed proud of having such a distinguished soldier with us on this day when the school is 130 years old. Now Sir, the man behind all this has to have some kind of source of strength and in Mrs. Gill, who has done us the honour of coming with the youngest member of the clan, your grandson, we have indeed a lady of distinction, if for no other reason but for having kept a fine soldier in such fine fettle ! I also take this opportunity of welcoming the members of the Board of Sanawar and Lovedale and I am personally sorry that our new Chairman Mr. P. Sabhanayagam, Education Secretary, Govt. of India has been unable to come for reasons beyond his control. But I look forward with pleasure to his guidance at our deliberations since he brings with him a vast fund of experience in administration and education. As usual we are delighted and honoured to play hosts to our parents and well wishers and of course all the OS, who with unfailing loyalty turn up year after year in large numbers from literally the corners of the world. A special mention here about Bill Colledge and his wife Phyllis,

who are with us once again after a lapse of three years. The peace offering that he brought me saved him from a rather painful fate in the Headmaster's study for having missed out last year—I am told that it would have refreshed his memory of his youthful days at Sanawar.

The academic results were good. In the All India Higher Secondary all those who appeared passed, with 45 in the first division and 15 in the 2nd Division. Anuradha Verma and Leila Simoes were placed 5th and 6th in the all India Merit List in Humanities. In the Secondary School Exam 76 candidates appeared but since there were no divisions I can only give as a yardstick that all but eight qualified to follow science courses in the +2 stage. While the overall results were good, the results were somewhat disappointing as regards the children expected to do really well. But we did face many difficulties regarding books and syllabus and I hope that next year we are able to rectify this.

The sports scene has been rather lean because both the Upper Fivers and the Sixers were involved in crucial examinations. The former were appearing in the new Secondary Examination and the latter in the Old Higher Secondary. For this reason, we had no 1st XI in Cricket and a depleted season in hockey due to the postponement of the examinations. The athletic season was very promising with sixteen records

falling by the way side with the girls doing particularly well. Mention must be made of Rajiv Khanna who broke three records including the long jump record which had remained unbroken since 1935 – when it was established. Rajiv also put up a very fine performance in the Public Schools athletics where he got two gold and one silver medals. However the sports and co-curricular side of the school continues to flourish with usual enthusiasm and I hope that once the dust settles and the 10+2 is firmly established we will be able to concentrate a little more in bringing up the standards.

There have been some changes in the staff. Surgeon Commander Dewan, Mrs. Bhalla, Mrs. Gupta, Miss Oswald, Miss Srinivasan and Mr. Roberts and Miss Bhatnagar, have left us and we wish them success in their new positions. Dr. Mrs. Ahuja, Mrs. Khan, Miss Bhatti Mrs. Parel, Mr. Dwivedi, Mr. and Mrs. Symonds, Miss Addy Mr. Indervijay Singh and Mr. & Mrs. Batish have joined us. Mr. Kohli has taken over as Housemaster of Vindhya Junior Dorm. and Mr. Abraham as Housemaster of Nilagiri Junior Dorm and Mrs. Bhoyar Housemistress of Himalaya Girls Deptt. If the school has shown any progress, it is due entirely to the unstinted devotion of the staff. Theirs is not an easy job and to be at it virtually 24 hours a day for over eight months in a year calls for a

degree of perseverance and professionalism which I am afraid is not often recognised by others. I thank them all for the support and help and co-operation that I have received from them all. Not many of you however come across the rest of my colleagues who are responsible for the smooth administration of the school. I usually refer to them as the back room wallahs or the merry men and women who work with the Bursar. My heartfelt thanks go to them one and all for their co-operation and hard work.

A school like ours depends very much on District Administration, the local brigade, the P and T dept, the Banks and so on. I wish to place on record my most grateful thanks to the DC and the SP who continue to look upon us with great affection and help us whenever we need their help. The Brigade Commander and his merry men—the Air Force and the CRI and the Military Hospital. We would be hard pressed but for their help in every sphere.

Not much news of our O.S. I must however mention two names to illustrate the stuff that they are made of. First Bul Bul Singh, who was seriously injured rescuing a young child from certain death on the hill slopes of the Kulu valley. He is, I hope among us today. Then there is Vivek Mundkur who has taken to the sport of hand gliding and is amongst a handful of enthusiasts who are pioneering this

sport in India. An exhibition of his photographs are on display in Birdwood. However from my point of view the O S during the last year have excelled themselves in collecting funds for the school in association with parents. Some of you may have attended the Spring Ball in Delhi which collected about a lakh and half for the school building fund and I most heartily thank the O S association in Delhi and all those young and old who helped to make the show such a success and I must especially mention Major K.S. Sidhu who shouldered much of the responsibility of the organisation of this function. Recently the Bombay O.S. with M. S. Grewal and Kanti Khanna as the moving spirits organised a premiere and collected Re. 85,000/- for the School. My grateful thanks go to them and all others who have given a great deal of their time to help the school with funds. I hope this will not be the last effort as the O.S. are now coming into positions of eminence in the country and can do a lot to help preserve Sanawar's traditions of good education. I hope to talk to them at the O.S. meeting about areas where they could render some meaningful help. I had mooted an idea last year about the fact that retiring staff after spending the best part of their lives in the cause of Sanawar get very little in the way of retirement benefits to see them through the rest of their lives. This is an area requiring urgent attention and a fund to help such people

would be a fitting way of saying thank you to a devoted lot of people engaged in a worthy cause. Indeed I believe that more and more O.S. should take on such responsibilities which are essentially a social service.

The 10+2 is now firmly upon us and one can at last see a chink of light through all the confusion that has so far existed. Lack of proper planning in its implementation has been the main cause and even today I am not absolutely clear about what is going to happen to our children once they leave Sanawar. For a large part of the year we have had to work without text books and syllabii and the chopping and changing that is going on makes me ashamed as a teacher. To face discerning children in a class without knowing what we are doing or where we are going is to my mind not only immoral for the profession but creates amongst children a degree of cynicism about the competence of us adults and the world into which their future is being committed by us. Most people think that some how by changing numbers from 11+1 to 12+2 is going to be the panacea to all the ills that face the educational world in this country. Let me point out that there

is no such magic formula involved— what is important about the 10+2 is the philosophy behind the structure and it is the failure to give a workable shape to these ideas that has been the cause of all the confusion and chaos. It is my earnest desire to see that at least at Sanawar we can implement the essential ideas of the 10+2 and we shall be working towards this end regard less of what any one else does. I do however urge the Government not to be over anxious about hastening the processes of change by turning a blind eye to the various factors involved in initiating radically different attitudes and methodology amongst teachers and the public. A great deal of orientation and field work is necessary for such a major development.

It has been a trying year, plagued with uncertainties for staff and children and I marvel at their forbearance of a situation which could only be described as chaotic. To hope that the year ahead will be free of problems of the 10+2 is probably being too optimistic—but we can, perhaps, hope for fewer problems. I apologise for ending my report on a gloomy note and would now like to invite our Chief Guest to address us.



Chief Guest's Speech

After looking around your School and seeing the facilities you have, the teaching and other training that you get from your fine teachers and the results it has produced, which you have shown us—I can say that you are very fortunate to be in this School.

My three children were at your sister school at Lovedale and I know that they got a good liberal education with every facility for sports and extra-curricular activities of all kinds.

There comes the day when you leave School—a sad day for many, no doubt, (as evidenced by the number of OS present) but one which has to be faced. Then comes the problem of what you do next—more education at college with a specific aim in view in most cases. This was a Military School and still maintains its old military traditions. Many of you children are the sons and daughters of servicemen or ex-servicemen and 40% of the vacancies in the School are for such children—actually I believe that there are more than 40% in the School at present. But the odd thing is that only a small percentage of the boys who leave this School go into the Services. Your Headmaster has expressed his concern about this and has discussed this matter with me and other Senior Officers of the Services. He has positive views on the subject and has made valuable suggestions besides making his own contributions here and elsewhere towards popularizing the Services as a career.

Today I am going to briefly plug the Services as a career, and naturally the Army in particular.

When I joined the Army as a private soldier in January 1941 there was a World War on and I had no intention of being left out of it. I never had any intention of being a professional soldier and five years later, when the War was over, the day of reckoning, of awakening, I may say, came to me as it did to many others. For certain reasons I did not have a school leaving certificate—and in fact I still do not have one. So I decided to stay on in the Army, if it would have me—and fortunately for me the Army decided that I was fit to be granted a regular commission. I have never regretted that decision and look forward with sorrow to the day, not now far off, when I will retire. The Army has given me everything—a full life of hard work (and relaxation)—a life of satisfaction and a feeling of achievement.

There is nothing quite like the thrill and pride of commanding a body of good men—and the Indian Army has the best in the World.

I have spoken about myself as an example of a man who never had his eyes set on the Army as a career, as a boy. How much more you will get out of it if you determine on it as a career now.

The main reason for lack of enthusiasm for the Army as a career among public school boys is lack of publicity, or rather poor publicity. The posters put up by the Recruiting Organization are enough to make a strong man weep—one doesn't know whether to laugh or cry when one sees them. Regrettably we have to get such material prepared by a Government agency—and any one who has had the misfortune to see the short

films produced by the Ministry of I & B will realize the handicap under which we labour in this respect.

The NCC should create a certain amount of enthusiasm and motivation. That it fails to do so is our direct responsibility. The training and the facilities we provide are inadequate and unimaginative. Your Headmaster has remarked on this. We are aware of it and are trying to do something better. I always remember my son telling me that the reason for his not joining the Army Wing of the NCC at School was that all they did was Savdhan and Vishram.

I am aware that the youth of today looks more to the future than we did in my young days. This is a world-wide phenomenon. I will not speak more of the satisfaction which a lifetime of service in the Army gives. But what has the Army got to give besides this, in material terms?—and these are important. It gives plenty. But I would advise those whose aim is to become rich or who do not want to move around much or face occasional discomfort or hardship or danger NOT to join the Army.

Besides the pay you get which is good, taking into account the overall conditions in the country, you get perks and privileges which are really worth quite a lot—for example I pay Rs. 162/- rent for a very large house I occupy in Simla. Besides, the Army has now decided to look after its people itself to an extent which was not done before. Our new Army Group Insurance Scheme requires a payment of Rs. 60/- a month by an officer throughout his service. Besides giving him insurance cover in peace and war, this

small payment will give him an amount of 2½ lakhs when he retires after 32 years service. This amount, properly invested, will give him a return which together with his pension will give him an income for the rest of his life at least equal to what he was being paid in the Army, and in many cases much more.

We are also working on a scheme whereby on payment of a moderate amount of money over a period of years every officer can have a house in a place of his choice by the time he retires. In fact we plan to do it in such a way that the house is ready long before he is due to retire and will then be hired by the Army so that he gets most of his money back. I wish very much that these schemes had been thought of when I was a young man.

So you see that you will be financially in a good position when you retire. In addition the Services give you an education—a BA or BSc from the NDA. Only graduates are commissioned now. Besides, the Army teaches you and gives you the ability to handle a very large number of jobs after you retire.

A word for the girls. You also can join the Army, in the Medical Corps. We had two lady doctors in 60 Para Medical Coy when I was commanding 50 Parachute Brigade; one of them is now the 2 IC.

A good indicator of the popularity of the Army can be obtained from matrimonial advertisements; hence immediately after a War the words 'Army Officers need not apply' occur frequently. But the Government and the Services look after

their War Widows very well now. Anyway the noblest profession is to be a good wife and mother.

I am about through with my speech. I am not going to moralize on the theme 'Play Up, Play Up and Play the Game' because it is quite possible that at my age I may be talking rot. The modern attitude was very well brought out in the third item of the Prep School Concert last night—The Man and The Tiger; you may get further advice on this from young Master Damanjit Singh. However I will say that in the Army at least, although many people have a very wrong impression in this regard, plain speaking and honesty are still regarded as virtues and 'Pay Dividends'—to stick to the materialistic theme. I am sure that your Headmaster and teachers have given you adequate and correct advice.

Having seen the truly splendid performance put up by you children last night and this morning I can well understand why so many parents and 'OS' turn up. My very sincere congratulations to all of you. I have asked the Headmaster for permission to bring a representative military audience next year to see how a Torchlight Tattoo should be organized, for example.

My best wishes to all you children in whatever you may do in your life, and my best wishes to your teachers and to Sanawar.

My thanks to your Headmaster for inviting me to be your Chief Guest. I have enjoyed it enormously.

The Headmaster has agreed to give you two days holiday. You deserve it. Thank you and Good bye.

Founder's 1977

Oct. 2nd—Oct. 5th.

Almost a decade of "Founder-ing"... nine years, to be exact...and I feel I haven't had enough. I "joined" this great institution in 1969 and was "discovered" as "writing talent" by the then Editor, Mr. H. Sikund. I have penned my thoughts on each Founder's since then, first as a bewildered parent, awed, and over-awed, by the magnificence of the events and then, progressively, as a seasoned parent overjoyed, overcome, happy, delirious, proud, humble, sentimental...through the next two Editors, Mr. S. C. Arora and now Dr. Harish Dhillon . . . who insisted on this report of 1977 even when I have no longer a child in the School. But then, who am I to say 'no' to my Editor? And, if you will pardon a bit of the personal sentimentalising, in each of the boys I could see Roy Ewing; in each of the girls, Anjali Ewing—and I really didn't feel as if I did not have a child in the School.

And so, if I were to be asked that eternal question, if you had to do it all over again? ... I would say, "Oh, take me back to '69 and let me start afresh". For the magic of Sanawar still holds me spellbound, the charm of Founder's still has me captive.

Let me, then, take you with me on this sentimental journey of Founder's 1977 ... the 130th Founder's.

Oct. 2nd—8-00 a.m.

A crisp, fresh morning, such as only Sanawar can produce and at Birdwood, the Headmaster hoisted the Flag, the

School Band struck up the National Anthem and Special Assembly began at Barne Hall, with touching and serene 'Abide With Me, sung by all. The Headmaster in a simple address spoke with feeling on Gandhiji, likening his precepts and edicts to Jesus' Sermon on the Mount. The Assembly ended with the inspiring 'Ram Dhun'.

9-30 a.m.—Apparently, the Headmaster had decided to go "pagal" no more! So it was Athletics, once again—but with a welcome difference. This time it was on Olympic lines, with the Olympic flame burning (up to the end), the grand March Past (well done, Himalaya!) the taking of the Oath and the releasing of pigeons. The track events had all of us enthralled and there were many superb performances, outstanding among these being Sanjiv Saran, Ravni Thakur and Seema Jamwal. Keep it up, Sna'!

12-00 noon — Buzz - buzz, Chatter-chatter, Hullo-Ji! It's Coffee for Parents. A riot of colour...no, not the Coffee (thank Heaven) but the parents and O.S. and Staff in their multi-hued garb, all getting together like one, big happy family, which Sanawar undoubtedly is. When did you come? How are you-ji? What's the play this evening? Ah...what's the play.....

5-30 p.m.—It's "Dry Rot" and it's not all rot; in fact, it's very good, very hilarious, very well acted and very well produced and directed by the one and only Bhupinder Singh (Mr. B. Singh, to you). A real horse-laugh, this one, with Pheroza Das as Sergeant Fire and B. Singh as Alfred Tubbe sharing top

honours. Also very good were Pauline Symonds as the maid Beth and Chanderbhan Abraham as the faltering Fred Phipps. The rest of the cast rose to the occasion to make this a most entertaining "opening" night fare.

Oct. 3rd—4-30 p.m.

The delightful Prep. School Concert unfolds in the presence of Lt. Gen. I. S. Gill, PVSM, MC. GOC-in-Chief, Western Command the Chief Guest at Founder's '77. And as soon as the curtain went up, every single person in the audience began asking: who's this little poppet? They were asking about the absolutely lovely, perky little girl who came out to announce each item with an aplomb and a gamin charm which had the entire Hall asking for more. She was Meeta Mattoo (unfortunately listed in the Programme only as 'prompter') and she was sensational.

As usual, the Preppers were enchanting, as they went through an amazing repertoire of items. A lovely Bhajan, in raga yaman kalyan; a recitation of Ogden Nash's Tale of Custard the Dragon (very ably rendered); an English play 'The Man and The Tiger' (well acted by Sachin Taneja, Damanjit Singh Sonali Bhandari and others); an inspiring, Patriotic Song—followed by three English Songs, among them a hilarious rendition of "Daisy, Daisy", which brought the House down; a contemporary and funny Hindi play and a beautifully executed Santhal Dance. Well done, Preppers!—and congratulations, Prep. School Staff on the excellent handling of this delightful display.

7-15 p.m.—Darkness descends. Strains of the bugle can be heard in short, practice notes all the way to Birdwood. We

wend our way to awe-inspiring Peacestead, this year sheathed in a thick mist that lent bewitching overtones to the always beautiful venue. Everything was just superb: the mass P.T., the gymnastics, by both boys and girls (but, why were the girl's items cut down?—they were only introduced last year and were such a stupendous success); the Naga Dance, the brand new Toy Soldiers item; and last, but not the least, the excellent Bugle Band. All this, and Romola Chatterjee's commentary, too—which, as usual, was impeccable...a fitting accompaniment to a most rewarding evening.

Oct. 4th—10-00 a.m.

Epithets and adjectives fail me when I begin to describe this main item which takes place on Founder's Day; the Trooping of the School Colour. It is a culmination of the events preceding, a breath taking spectacle, almost mind-boggling when you stop to consider that lined up on parade, in front of you, are school boys and girls giving as good an account of themselves as the best of trained Services personnel—a point mentioned also by the Chief Guest in his direct, forthright and amusing speech immediately after the Parade. The Headmaster, as always, gave a scintillating address, listing the hopes, achievements and ambitions of the School. He paid tribute to his valiant Staff (God bless them—what would Sanawar be without them, I have always said), to the loyal and disciplined band of O. S. (a unique feature of the School); and singled out for mention, Bill Colledge (once again back in his old Alma Mater, to whose arms he returns so faithfully, from thousands of miles

away) and Bulbul Singh (the Apple King) who, since his near-brush with death has begun to look—in Mr. Das' words—a cross between the Headmaster and Moshe Dayan! A Grand Parade, this year, one which Sanawar can truly be proud of.

5-00 p.m.—The Senior School Concert. The last of the "entertainments"—if you don't count the next day's Fete as entertainment, since it is operated with a dead-serious motive: empty your pockets!

A varied Bill of Fare. First, the School's excellent Orchestra which played raga Shive Ranjani, composed and directed by Dr. Kulshreshtha...followed by a one-act play based on Tagore's "Drishti Dan." And what do I see? That grand little actress, Dayanita Singh, who last year carried away the honours as Elizabeth Barrett, doing pretty much the same, this time in Hindi! Take a bow, Dayanita. This was, indeed, a difficult role and kudos must go to the director, Dr. D.C. Gupta who did a most competent job. Others in the cast gave able support to the heroine, among them being Komal Singh who, it transpires, is Dayanita's sister (Two histrionic talents in the family!)

After this tear-jerker, the School Band played some very lively tunes—and then on to the Ballet, the main item on the programme. It was the everpopular "Shakuntala", ably choreographed by Mrs. S. Biswas, assisted by Mr. D. Biswas with music by Dr. Kulshreshtha. It was an enchanting, enticing piece of dance with Amrita Guron dancing the title role. Most impressive was Mohini

Oberoi as Dushyanth while special mention must be made of Vandana Sarin who, as the lusty fisherman danced beautifully. And then I noticed there was a Kavita Singh who did a dazzling number as the Court Dancer. And wouldn't you know it? She is the third of a talented trio—the youngest sister of Dayanita and Komal Singh. Honestly, three talented sisters!

The concert, followed by the Fete next morning, brought to a close the Founder's celebrations. But I could go on and on. I cannot, however, seal this report without mention of the Arts and Crafts, Needlework and Science Exhibitions at which I saw the most versatile and praiseworthy exhibits—a tribute to the innate talents of the students as well as to the perseverance and hard work of the teachers. As I had said in one of my earliest reviews: the Staff of Sanawar is really the staff of Sanawar—the School leans on it for support which it gives loyally and unstintingly.

The curtain comes down. The players have dispersed. But not for long—for it is **not** THE END. God Bless Sanawar, beautiful, beautiful Sanawar.

Gulshan Ewing

—:o:—

The Old and the New—Response

“If only!”—the words of a dreamer. Young men have their ambitions, old men have their draemer. If only—if only I could capture and present to you the spirit that prevails at the O. S. reunion in London.

There is a room over a select hostelry in the centre of the metropolis and once a year, early in May, it resounds to the noises that are peculiar to Sanawarians, Most have studied their Omar Khayyam it seems, the glasses filled to the brim indicate “better be merry with the fruit-full grape than sudden after one—or bitter fruit!” The coherence of sentences uttered make sence only to those in the immediate vicinity. The babel sees that.

The years have disappeared A bristly moustached retired General becomes “Ting-Ting” once again—he used to play the triangle in the School Bands. A successful business man, success denoted by the increase in his girth, becomes “Tanky” again. Balding heads are greeted as “Curly”, but should a master have the temerity to attend, there is nothing lost in respect when “Sir” greets his presence. They don't live in the past entirely Mrs. Tilly is bombarded with questions about the present and her fund of knowledge is inexhaustible. She can tell you just what Pichkowie's youngest is doing She can tell you the date the Head last went to Delhi—and way—and she can tell you who entered the matrimonial stakes and the odds offered that it would ever come off. What a huge debt of gratitude we owe her.

Every year Mrs. Tilley says, "This is the last!" The response is characteristic—"Never Give In!"—and the following year we all turn up again. She can still lead us in 'the School Song. Never do sopranos become so ultra soprano; never do baritones descend lower than profound basses. The emotion is choking. How we manage to read the small print of the pamphlets through misting eyes beats me. But I know you're just the same. As Major Som Dutt used to say, "O. S. are such an emotional bunch when it comes to School matters"

What a Founders we have had. Three years ago at the O. S. Meeting here, I forthed about the 'tamashas that did nothing for the memory of the Founder. It is so gratifying to see a return to the true meaning of this hallowed week with Sir Henry ever in the forefront of events throughout the programme.

How many years ago was it that, unbeknow to me, a very diminutive Snawar Boy joined me in the Chapel when I was taking photos in the Font area. I only knew of his presence when he asked, "Is that the founder, sir?" He indicated Sir Henry's marble bust and I said, "Yes" "When did he die" "In 1857." I said and added, "It's written there." He repeated the date, "1857!—did you know him?" I must have looked old even then, but the years have made me realise the wonderful tribute he paid me—and to all OLD Sanawarians. Of course we know the Founder, that's why we are here, and I'm certain he knows every one of us.

The present occupants of his shrine have not lagged in their endeavours to fulfil Sir Henry's earnest wish. Your

achievements in his name are astounding. No wonder the Head spoke with such conviction during his address today. We are indeed proud to belong.

There is a marked significance in the figures that make up this 130th anniversary particularly figure 3. We have had first, the "Bursar" era; secondly the Som Dutt era; and thirdly the "Das" era which will be as successful and fruitful as its predecessors.

Let me quote Middleton in conclusion:—

"And I, who with expectant eyes,
Have fared across the starlit foam,
See through my dreams a new sun
rise,
To conquer unachieved skies,
And bring the dreamer home!"
And there let me rest—this is home.

Bill Colledge



Impressions

Rain washed roofs red in the brilliant sunshine dispersing clouds and feathery mists...flower bedecked hillsides, colour on verdant green, a landscape clear against the sky as one approached the Lawrence School—"THE" at being the senior among such four. A heritage. A perfect illustration of equality of the sexes as the girl gymnasts performed valiantly alongside brawny lads bringing grace and dignity to the prosaic ground work exercises...No records broken but the will to finish, never mind winning. The endeavour of Khanna—running the

race of his life, lithesome grace with speed. Auburn pigtailed curling upwards as each hurdle was cleared. Another Khanna. Such pearls in a gem encrusted necklace of memory.

The composed, confident and elfin humour of Meeta Mattoo as we took her to our hearts. "The next items, Ladies and Gentlemen" clear against the G.K. curtain. The gusto of "Damn" and "Hell" as the preppers rode with Daisy; the sheer femininity of a graceful guitarist. "Let them laugh at us," the key chord of the staff presentation as debagging a master becomes the high spot of "Dry Rot". The complete self effacement of a loyal and hardworking staff as they mingled with parents—just who was who? Domestics—unobtrusive, efficient, silent, spotless roads and paths clean, dust free, fragrant.

Policemen, numerous courteous, helpful as car after car milled in a crowded car park and left unscathed. Mr. Gaskell's back was turned. A motorcade from Tilley's to the Lawrence Arch. The modern Sanawar. Control.

The hushed "Give Thee humble and hearty thanks..." in the chapel spelling peace with reverent response. The colour dipped in salute...tradition preserved... Pride in ceremonial, pride in the gallant achievements of the Chief Guest and a sincere, humble and soldierly response. The Preppers stepping out, the unqualified smartness of the girls' contingent on parade. The skill portrayed in the Arts and Crafts—nimble fingers, nimble, inventive minds. Rubies and emeralds set in a glistening diadem crowning a pageant unforgetten.

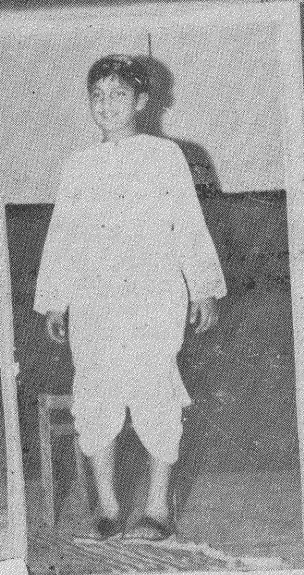
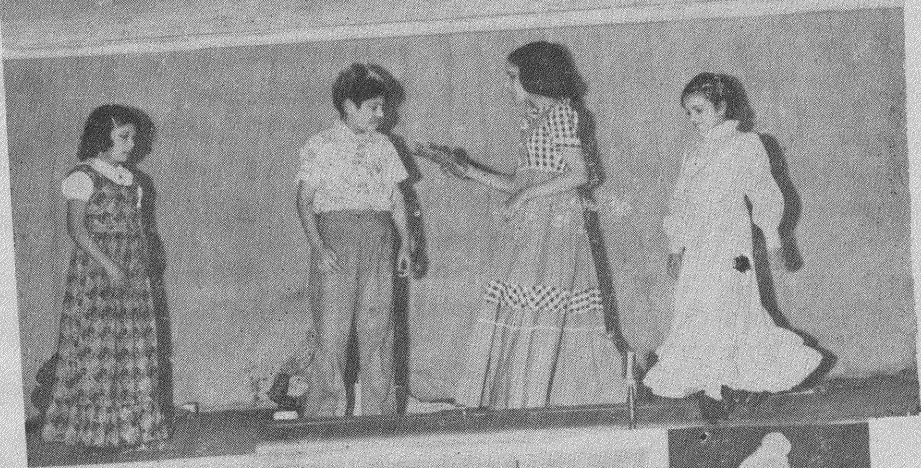
Age knew no barriers as Old and Young booted leather to a creditable draw. The maturity and sense of the '47-'57 group—quite well behaved gentlemen.

Lengend brought to colourful life, "punka wallahs" enjoying comic relief behind a gilded throne—tempo extraordinary in the rendering of modern music, a proud mother as a trumpet called uneeringly. A weighty cake—gratitude unbounded as hilarious and generous laughter greeted a music hall curtain call. The efficiency of graceful waitresses, the terse, time-conserving speeches, toasts honoured with loyal devotion. "This is home!" Martial airs fox for trots, dancing feet, dancing eyes, beauty of saris, the strength in a well trimmed beard, manly bearing Sanawarians all.

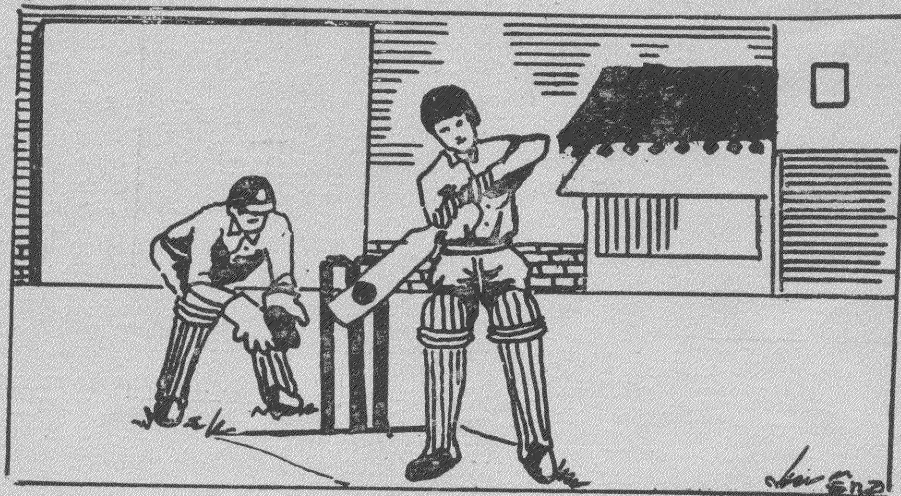
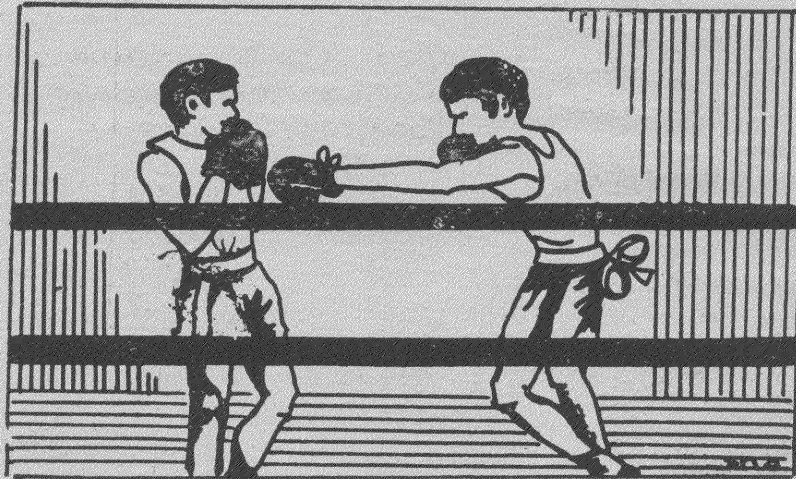
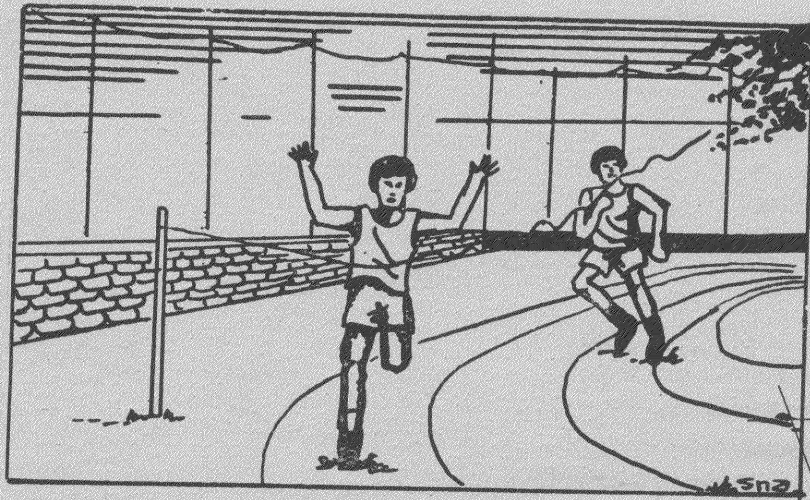
The informality of the Fete, loud, raucous, friendly, money parting without sorrow. Swings, roundabouts, coco-nuts. Eyes on the magic moment—12 noon—four days holiday!!! The long line of cars winding away—the look backwards—"The best school of all!"

Bilkul





PREPPERS AT PLAY



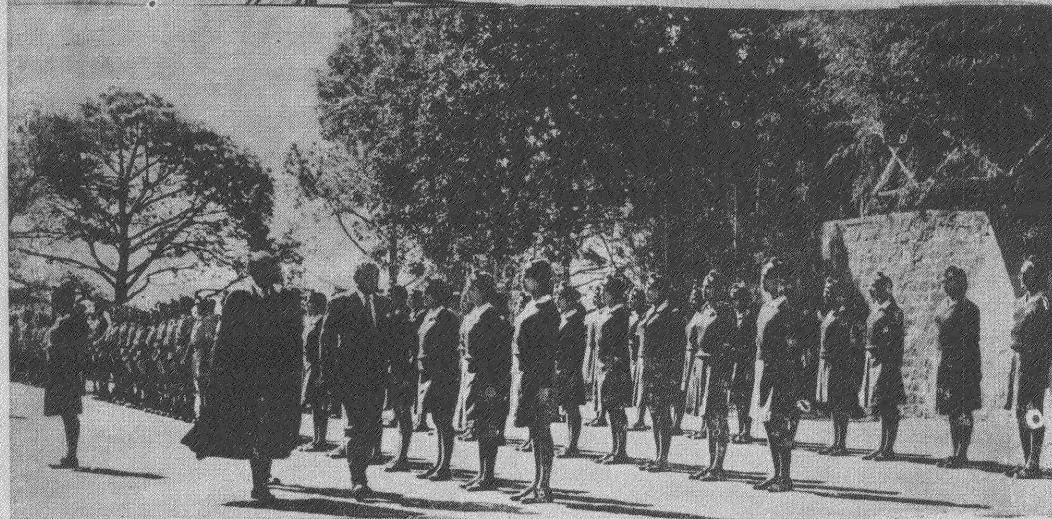
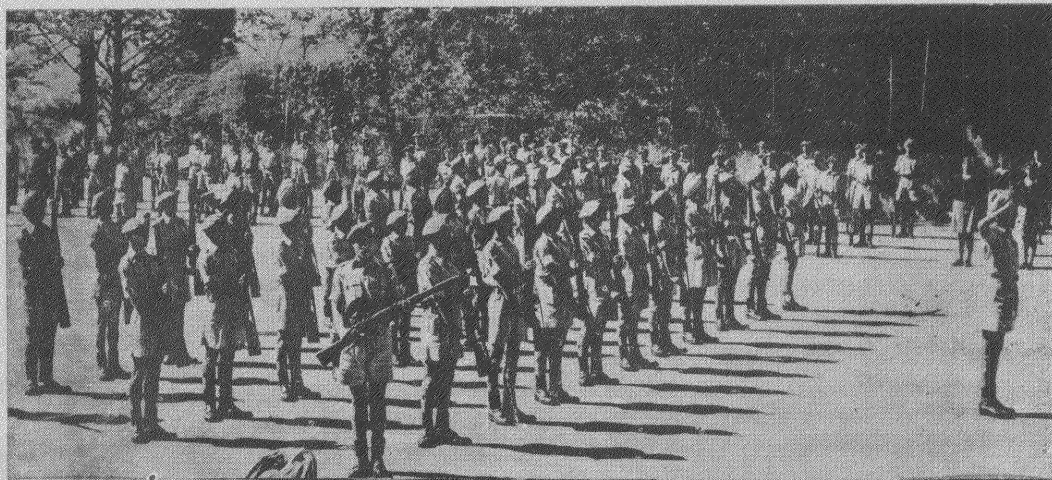
US AT PLAY

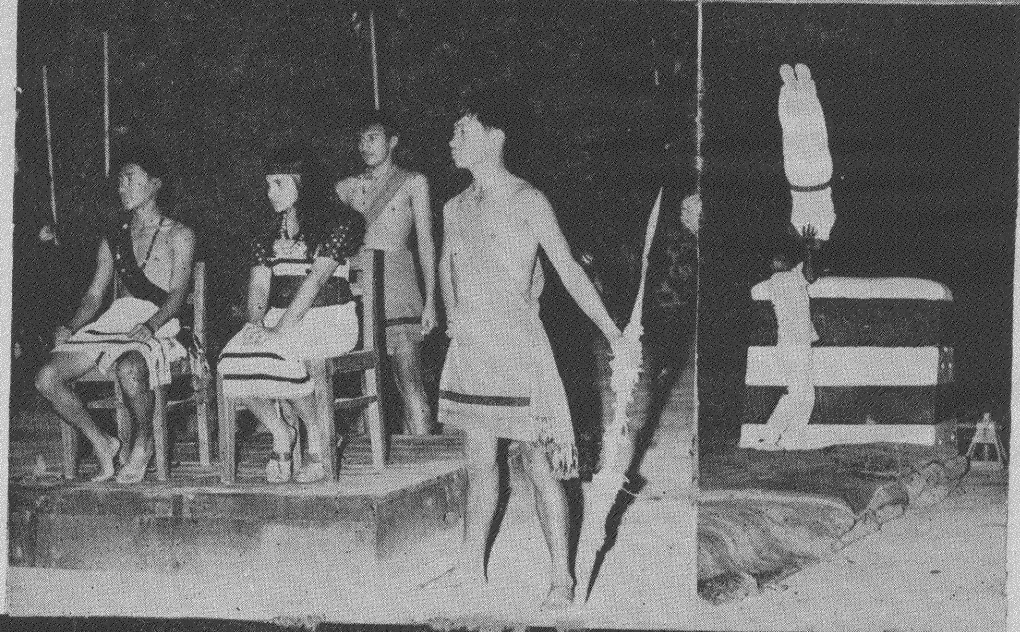
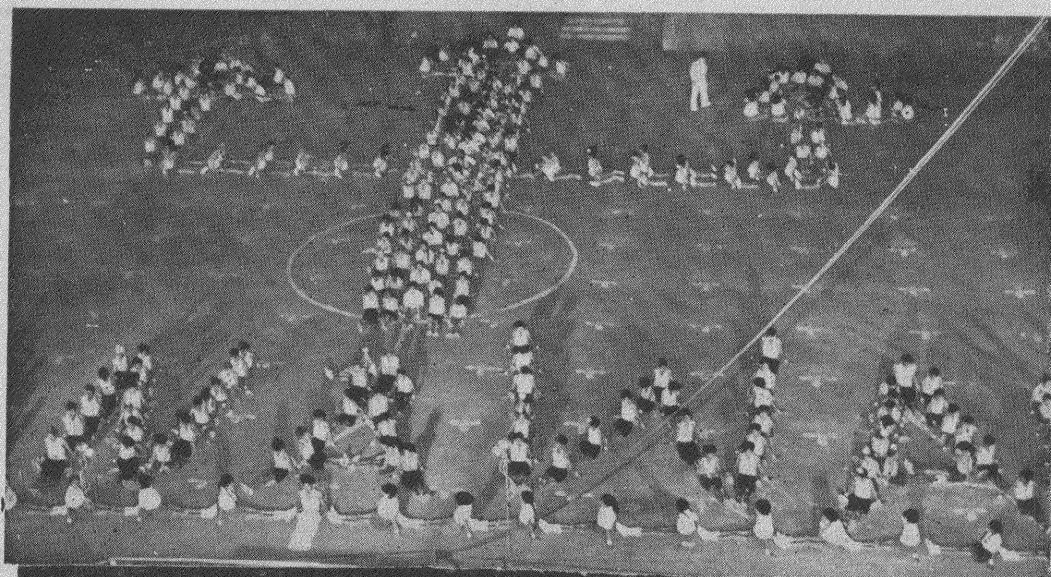


STAFF AT PLAY !



EVENING 4th Oct.





3rd Oct. NIGHT

Camps '77

The world of 'camps' in S'nar is redolent of haversacks and tin mugs, boys and girls in faded blue shorts with enormous torn gunny-sacks on their backs the ends of saucepans sticking out, bus break-downs, blistered feet, wood-smoke and hot gruelly messes wolfed down by the hungry and tired. It's a world of confusion that starts off at the Bakery or the Quad after a hurried early breakfast of hard-boiled eggs and tea with many an excited "Enjoy Yourself", "Don't make a pig of yourself" "My God what luck yaar". A world of exhilaration, aching legs, smelly sleeping bags and wet socks. But it's a time that every Sanawarian looks forward to with joyous anticipation.

Here are a few excerpts from the '77 Camp diaries—

Incredible! Unbelievable! Classes had ended. All 42 of us were on the way to Dharamsala..... Bright and early on the 21st, we set off for Palampur.....

The 21st evening saw us at Palampur.....at 4 am. the next morning, groaning and muttering we set off with Mrs. Solomon..... we returned, late

in the afternoon with a "Ghurail"..... Tues..... We crossed the Jalori Pass (10,328ft.) on our way to Banjar..... the next day. Aut..... the day was spent playing Kabbadi with Mr. Hegde..... On the 20th we started on an 11 Km. hike, but half-way we climbed to a temple on the hill. While having lunch, a storm began but on the way down it abated. We stopped at a tea-shop. we walked to Bathad and the next day we made our way to Bachleo Pass where some of us scaled a peak 10,945 ft. high. went on to Sarakhan and made the local store man run out of his stock of bisquits. we climbed to the top of the Rohtang Pass, there was fairly heavy snowfall all the way..... at the top of the pass there was a small tea-shop..... .

Tea-shops and bisquits figure as large on the landscape as mountains and snow but the last word on camps was said by Rameshwar Jamwal—

"On the way it rained heavily. I got soaked to the skin. In our haversacks everything was wet (absolutely). Even my vests and underwears were wet. I was very, very wet. Even my money was soaked to the skin. But dried later on".



Annual Prize-giving 1977

Shri P.P. Srivastava I.A.S., Divisional
Commissioner, Simla presided

PRESIDENT'S MEDAL 1975	...	{ Anjali Ewing Rajiv Khanna
Dewan Ram Pershad Gold Medal	...	Sanjiv Bajaj
Nellie Lovell (O. S. Prizes)	...	{ Sanjiv Bajaj Anju Latta
Yashpal Choudhry Gold Medal	...	Arjun Bhagat

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

Sixth A	{ 1st Dayanita Singh 2nd Tarun Handa 2nd Anu Bedi
Sixth B	{ 1st Mandeep Seekond 2nd Padmanabhan Rangappa
Upper V A	{ 1st Ashok Goel 2nd Sangeeta Ahluwalia
Upper V B	{ 1st Ravni Thakur 2nd Neena Sahai
Upper V C	{ 1st Indermohini Oberoi 2nd Sunetra Sen
Lower V A	{ 1st Anand Swarup Pathak 2nd Pankaj Bhutani 2nd Rishi Mohindra
Lower V B	{ 1st Oona Man Singh 2nd Harbinder Purewal
Lower V C	{ 1st Ranjan Roy 2nd Kumud R. R. Kumar
Upper IV A	{ 1st Kadambari Puri 2nd Satwinder Kaur
Upper IV B	{ 1st Rena Brar 2nd Shalini Bhatia
Upper IV C	{ 1st Suvrat Saigal 2nd Amrita Sapru
Lower IV A	{ 1st Sonia Gupta 2nd Mala Ahluwalia
Lower IV B	{ 1st Rakesh Sarada 2nd Mohanmeet Kaur
Lower IV C	{ 1st Abhijit Pandey 2nd Monish Chawla
Upper III A	{ 1st Harminder Bawa 2nd Teshula Mohindra

Upper III B	{ 1st Shiraz Das 2nd M. Pritam Singh
Upper III C	{ 1st Reemah Sen 2nd Arati Chand
Prep. School		
Lower III A	{ 1st Sonali Bhandari 2nd Vijayant Khosla
Lower III B	{ 1st Jyotika Bawa 2nd Gautam Nanda
Lower III C	{ 1st Shailendra Choudhry 2nd Indrani Dhadha
Form II A	{ 1st Meeta Mattoo 2nd Geetika Ahuja 2nd Vivek Mahajan
Form II B	{ 1st Gunita Sodhi 2nd Hamina Khatra
Form I	{ 1st Archana Nagpal 2nd Viraj Verma
Dancing Prize	Indrani Dhadha
Woodwork Prize	Sandeep Singh
Clay Modelling	Apoorva Lakhia
Indian Music	Pawan Bala
Makrame	Saisha Gore
Needlework	Amrita Sidhu
Art Prize	Hari Singh Baidwan
Potato Printing	Gurdeep Singh

Special Prizes

The Durrant Prize for Literature	Dayanita Singh
Special Prizes for English	Tarun Handa
	Illoosh Judge
	Ravni Thakur
	Atul Kapur
	Anshuk Jain
	Sunetra Sen
	Harmala Singh
	Oona Man Singh
	Khushwant Singh Gill
	Arvind Ahuja
	Suvrat Saigal
	Amrita Sapru
	Sondhy Mukherjee
	Rena Brar
	Sonia Gupta
Rakesh Sarada	
Mohanmeet Mann	
Teshula Mohindra	
Harleen Bedi	
Reemah Sen	

The Sir Henry Lawrence Prize for History	} ...	Dayanita Singh
The Hodson Horse Prize for History	... {	Ravni Thakur Amrita Sapru
Special Prizes for Geography	... {	Ashok Goel Arun Sarna Anuradha Verma
Special Prizes for Hindi	... {	Ashok Goel Amita Gupta Sharmila Mehta Anand Swarup Pathak Suvrat Saigal Rakesh SarSa Rahul Prakash
Special Prizes for Sanskrit	... {	Muktesh Chaturvedi Sonia Gupta Abhijit Pandey Teshula Mohindra
Special Prizes for Punjabi	... {	Satwinderpal Kaur Shabnam Anand Gurinder S. Dhillon Apramjit Singh
Special Prizes for Chemistry	... {	Mandeep Seekond Neena Sahai Anand Swarup Pathak
Special Prizes for Physics	... {	Mandeep Seekond Lalit Sharma Rishi Mohindra
Special Prize for Biology	... {	Sanjay Batra Ashok Goel
Special Prizes for Gen. Sc.	... {	Amrita Sapru Abhijit Pande Arati Chand
Arora Maths. Prize	... {	Arjun Bhagat
Special Prizes for Mathematics	... {	Mandeep Seekond Tarun Handa Ashok Goel Jaspinder Singh Rishi Mohindra Apramjit Singh Rena Brar Suvrat Saigal Pankaj Sapru Teshula Mohindra Arati Chand
Special Prizes for Economics	... {	Padmanabhan Rangappa Anand Swarup Pathak
Special Prizes for Political Science	... {	Anita Chandra Jatinderpal Singh

Special Prizes for Civics	...	{ Ravni Thakur Ashok Goel Harbinder Purewal
Cub-Reporting	...	{ Ravni Thakur Anshuk Jain
Special Prizes for Chess	...	{ Y. Gopal Krishan Suvrat Saigal Gurinder Kaur
Special Prizes for Art	...	{ Illoosh Judge Sirikar Baba Sajan Sethi Feroz Ewari Chitra Stokes
Special Prizes for Music	...	{ Praneet Kaur Naresh Handa K.R. Rajkumar
Special Prizes for Band	...	{ Kulpreet Singh Tarun Sawney Kr. Surya veer Singh
Special Prizes for Woodwork	...	{ Susham Singla Ajay Singh Y. Gopal
Special Prizes for Sculpture	...	{ T. Rabindra Kumar Sukhbir S. Badal
Special Prizes for Leatherwork	...	{ Purnima Khanna Oona Man Singh
Special Prizes for Batik	...	{ Illoosh Judge Preetinder Kaur Pooja Uberoi
Special Prizes for Needlework	...	{ Sangita R. Aggarwal Jaya Khurana
Special Prizes for Indian Dancing	...	{ Indermohini Oberoi Har Kiran
Poultry Prize	...	Ranjan Roy
Mushroom Prizes	...	{ Sunetra Sen Vandana Awasthi
Certificate of Merit English Debating	...	Anu Bedi
Certificates of Merit Hindi Debating	...	{ Deepa Goswami Pankaj Sapru
The Best Exhibition of Camp	...	{ Mr. K.J. Parel's Group Mr. H. Symonds' Group Mr. & Mrs. Solomon's Group

Trophies

Yog Raj Palta Memorial Art	...	Dayanita Singh
Study Cup, Girls	...	Himalaya
Study Cup, Boys	...	Siwalik
Cock House, Girls	...	Himalaya
Cock House, Boys	...	Siwalik
Cariappa Shield	...	Himalaya

30th November, 1977.

S. R. Das,
Headmaster.**The Inter-House Gymnastic Competition 1977**

Some 244 boys and 100 girls took part in the competition. With the kind courtesy of 14 G.T.C., Subathu, their Judges came to help us run the competition.

Results are as follows. :*Boys Deptt.*

1st Himalaya	...	137.8 pts.
2nd Nilagiri	...	135.5 "
3rd Siwalik	...	132.2 "
4th Vindhya	...	131.7 "

Girls Deptt.

1st Siwalik	...	98.2 pts.
2nd Himalaya	...	94.3 "
3rd Nilagiri	...	94.2 "
4th Vindhya	...	84.2 "

Best Gymnast Competition*Senior Boys*

1st	Sharad Khanna
2nd	Rajiv Thakur
3rd	Kr. Kishan Singh

Junior Boys

1st	Manish Midha
2nd	Sharad Bhoyar
3rd	J.S. Purewal

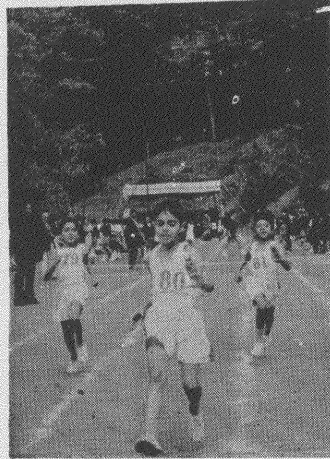
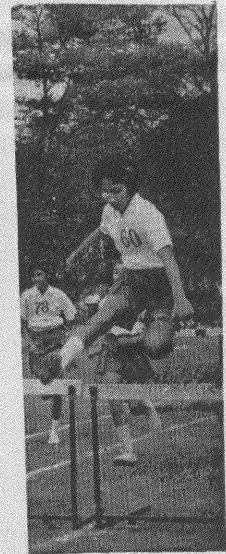
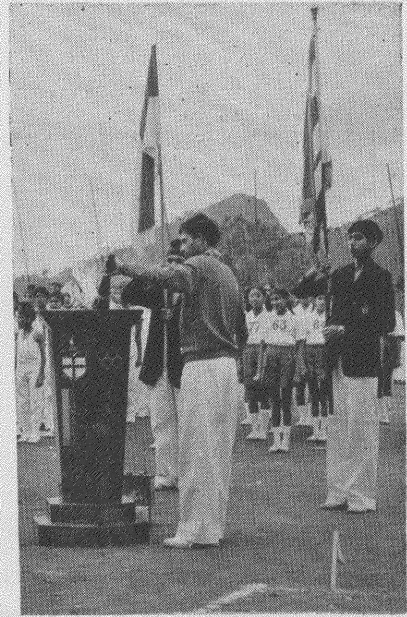
Girls

1st	Jyotsna Dhadha
2nd	Shalini Bhatia
3rd	Reena Brar.

Proficiency Award Certificates

Jyotsna Dhadha	Kr. Kishan Singh
Sharad Khanna	Tarun Sawney
Gautam Shaunik	Arvinderpal Singh
Sanjay Nagpal	





ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC TEAM KAPURTHLA



THE GYMNASTS



First ELEVENS HOCKEY

INTERVIEWS

HEADMASTER

Handa, Bhullar and I chose to do a stint in journalism for our project. Bhullar and Handa confined themselves to topics like 'The Role of Journalism in the World of Today', 'Freedom of the Press', 'Origins of Journalism' etc. I also did something on similar lines and then decided to go on to some reporting, which was why I had taken up this project in the first place. Interviewing is what I started off with. The Headmaster was the first and most obvious choice—and so I bearded him. This was the result:—

Q 1. It is generally accepted that you are very temperamental—can you honestly say that this is never a handicap in your work?

HM: No! it's often a handicap.

Q 2. How long do you think it takes to become a Sanawarian?

HM: A Sanawarian! I don't think one can put a time limit on that but in my view anyone who has finished his final exam. from Sanawar should be an old Sanawarian and to be able to imbibe the spirit of Sanawar depends on the person. Even some of those who are old Sanawarians may not have imbibed this spirit.

Q 3. Are you happy with the English system of running Public Schools in India—Do you think they suit the native genius?

HM: I am happy with the way the Public Schools, copied from the English Schools, have developed in India. Pity that the Headmasters in Public Schools

have stuck to the same old system that was established more than 30 years ago when society all around is changing rapidly. Although we give an all round education, I don't think we prepare children for the new society effectively.

Q 4. Has your experience shown that the effects are lasting—or do you feel that a different system can or should be evolved? If so, how—what?

HM: You see,—I think the role of the Public Schools should be to make young people into effective adults. That is people concerned with their community and people who take initiative, express themselves against injustice, help the weaker sections and so on. Because the children in Public Schools not only get a good all round education but also come from an elite society. Our system should be such that they use their position of privilege to help society. Unfortunately few children from Public Schools do this. Public Schools should not be such closed institutions and should play a leading part in the development of the community in which they exist and allow people of the surrounding area to use the facilities by providing extension services with the help of students.

Q 5. Don't you think that you should have greater and closer contact with the students and staff?

HM: Well! It would be nice if I could meet every student and every member of staff everyday, but this is not physically possible. A lot of my time is taken up by meeting students and teachers but with 600 students and about 60 teachers

and 150 other staff it is physically impossible to do so. A balance has to be drawn in meeting people, spending time on thinking of policies, and doing one's administrative work. As Chief Executive I spend more time on meetings than most other people in my position.

Q 6. What is your reaction to criticism?

HM: I like criticism. I might get irritated but none the less I appreciate it.

Q 7. We believe that you wanted to bring about some changes in the attitudes and working of the school. How far have you succeeded and has there been adequate response?

Are the staff the obstacles or the children the disappointment?

HM: The changes in attitude—to try to bring about greater rapport between children and staff and teachers and give greater responsibilities and greater opportunities for taking initiative to the students. To have less of hierarchy and more of community. But such changes cannot happen overnight and take many years. I am generally happy with the response. As for the students and staff being obstacles and disappointments, neither are. As I told you I am generally satisfied. There are some obstacles and disappointments but these are a part of life.

Q 8. Are there any other changes that you would like to bring about?

HM: No, I've already given you my broad view on the role, the Public Schools should play. Within that frame work, whatever changes that can be made, after consultation with students and staff

will be done. But we must not be afraid of experimentation nor should we change simply for the sake of changing. All changes must be done with the spirit of constructive criticism. And if generally found to be unconstructive or unsuccessful, should be modified or even abandoned.

Q 9. Do you think that there are any major short comings in this school? How do you propose to tackle them?

HM: No, there are no major short-comings but I do wish to give children greater responsibility. This we hope we can do by providing a school counsel. It would also be less of a military atmosphere.

Q 10. What is your opinion about the students and their attitude towards the school, one another, staff and towards the opposite sex?

HM: I think that the girls tend to subdue the boys. I think they are afraid to express themselves and tend to take little initiative on their own. Though there should be more co-operation and activities between boys and girls and less of the rigid demarcation between both the sexes in the activities organised by the school. For instance Indian dancing is confined entirely to the girls while very few girls would dream of taking up electronics and motor mechanics. With women playing a greater part in the taking of decisions in life today, the role of both the sexes overlap considerably. In Sna' we should keep this in mind when making changes so that girls and boys are prepared to take on each others roles. For instance if I introduce Home Science

I would like all boys to have a course in this. And equally if motor mechanics is introduced, girls should learn something about motor cars.

Q 11. Do you always tell the truth ?

HM: No !! I am not a saint !!!

Anu Bedi

U IV V

DR. H. P. S. DHILLON

Q 1. Who is a Sanawarian? How long does it take to become one ?

Ans. A Sanawarian is anyone can look upon this hill top as a sort of second home and who, when he's away from here, regards Sanawar as a sort of emotional anchor—As far as time is concerned I don't think it is possible to lay down any specific time—though ofcourse it would have to be some length of time to be able to think of Sna' as a second home.

Q 2. What is your opinion of the students, their attitude towards the school, the teachers, one another and towards the opposite sex ?

Ans. Well! I find by and large they're very lovable—they're a little confused in their minds about what they feel towards the school. Their attitude towards teachers—lets say—in the last three years has gone through a change. Before they were more obviously respectful and yet didn't really seem to know the teachers, now they are more familiar with the teachers and there seems to be more of friendship than before. Towards each other I find they tend to get into groups and all their affections and loyalties are centred only in these groups.

Q 3. What is your attitude to a boy girl relationship? For example what would you do if you caught a girl and boy holding hands behind the Art Room ?

Ans. I'd ask myself: Why behind the Art Room? Surely if it was a harmless thing like holding hands they wouldn't need to go behind the art room to do it. Well, I feel since its a co-ed school there must be a greater coming together of boys and girls and yet the times, the world is very promiscuous today and we owe it to our selves, to our children to give them some measure of protection from the instincts which could lead them astray.

Q 4. Has being an O. S. helped you as a teacher ?

Ans. It's a difficult question. It's as if the Sna' that I knew as a student was different and the Sna' that I know as a teacher is a different entity all together. But yes, in problems arising in dorm life I suppose my own experience has helped, but this would have been true even if I had been educated in any other public school.

Q 5. Do you approve of the words of the School Song ?

Ans. Yes, I do ! Only if we believe we are the best will we strive to achieve perfection because there'd be a standard that we have to maintain and ofcourse, for me its the only school that I've really known and so I just accept the words.

Q 6. Do you enjoy teaching the boys as much as the girls? Who has been or is your favourite student ?

Ans. I've taught different batches from year to year. I found, generally speaking that girls are more responsive more

sensitive and specially when you're teaching literature you can feel an immediate communication with the girls. Ofcourse there have been boys with whom I've been able to achieve this and there have been girls who've yawned in the middle of an explanation of Keats 'Ode to a Nightingale' but what I say is an overall generalization. Its difficult to single out one student but I can say that the 1972 group has been my favourite group. Maneka Anand, Jyotsna Jamwal, Rohini Arora, Harsimiran Grewal, Gayatri Sondhi, Vasant Dhar, Neeraj Madhok, Sonali Parmar, Mala Khosla—they all came together in one group—all very alive, very responsive, very challenging. I liked them because side by side with the class room teaching there seemed to be some personal give and take. I feel I did the most with this group. I was totally involved with them and was truly a teacher.

Q 7. You're obviously a very popular teacher. How much of a lift does it give you? Can a teacher function without being popular? How much of a handicap can it be?

Ans. Yes I do feel flattered about this popularity thing. This may be a sign of my mental immaturity but that's the way I am. I feel a certain amount of popularity does help, specially in your dealing with the children outside the class room—performing an unpalatable task like meting out punishments becomes easier because you know the children will accept these in the right spirit and harbour no grudges and resentment afterwards. In the same way I suppose

the unpopular teacher's task becomes so much more difficult. Ofcourse, as I've discovered, popularity and unpopularity have little to do with playing down to the children. I've known teachers who have constantly tried to curry favour with their students and still been very unpopular and I've known teachers who were strict to the point of harshness and yet were fairly popular.

Q 8. Can you recall your own English teacher? Do tell something about her.

Ans. Actually I had a series of English teachers but I suppose the person you want me to talk about is Miss Chatterji. I remember the first day she came to teach us in U-III. The term had started and we'd been without an English teacher. Just after the Milk Break Jaideep Singh came running into the class shouting at the top of his voice—"Yaar, she's come—she's fab"—we didn't use the word 'Jaaz' then. Ofcourse what he was referring to was her appearance, because she always used to be so elegantly dressed. Infact she was fastidious about everything. What I remember most about her was the painstaking way in which she corrected all our written work. I look back with regret now and think that if I had done my correction work properly, my English would have been much better than what it is.

Q 9. That was lovely sir, but what is your relationship with her now, both of you being English teachers in Sna'?

Ans. I am still in awe of her, still a little frightened of her—nothing to do with the person she is—and yet in spite of this we do have a cordial, friendly relationship.

Q 10. You have been heard to say that you'll happily spend the rest of your life teaching in Sna'. For Heaven's sake sir, do you mean it?

Ans. Yes, I mean it. There are times when you feel resentful of this splendid isolation, when you feel that all the staff here are very inbred, but I myself get into a terrible rut. I resent the lack of intellectual stimulus and sometimes for weeks together I have not had an intelligent conversation with another adult and then I go into class and teach and find that my teaching is getting across to the children and I experience such an upsurge of feeling, a sense almost of intoxication, and at that time nothing else seems to matter. And of course outside of class I've been able to achieve such a satisfying relationship with children, that it gives me great fulfilment. For these things there is no substitute and this is why I say so happily that I am willing to spend the rest of my life in Sna'.

Q 11. Then sir, what's happened to your ambition as a writer—ambitions of your salad days?

Ans. It's a question which always bugs the rest of my family as well. I remember five years ago my sister said something along similar lines and the words she used were—"Oh God! It makes me sick to see your contentment, your smug satisfaction. You're like a pig wallowing in the muck and the mire, with no desire to improve."

Yes, I do have ambitions. I want to be a recognized writer and to this end I do write a fairly great deal. It's just that I am not the sort of person with

drive and push. All these years I just haven't known how to cross the bridge between finishing a piece of writing—and getting it published. Now that my first novel has finally been published I am more than ever convinced that I can further my ambition just as well being here in Sanawar as anywhere else.

Q 12. Do you find material for your novels, stories here? Intellectual stimulation among the staff, students. Do you find it all amusing—i.e. the people and situations?

Ans. Not so far. Till now I've been drawing on my experiences before I came here but just this last year an idea has come to my mind for a story and I'm just letting it grow. It's about a boy from a low income, rural background who wins a scholarship to come and study in a school like ours and I'd like to be able to write about the conflicts and tensions in his mind, the almost grim experience of being brought up with children who are from a very different background. I don't know—it's still an idea but I feel if I ever get down to it, it has great potential. What I find amusing is the earnest seriousness which is brought to the most trivial matter. Sort of things being blown out of proportion and a sense of balance, a sense of perspective is lost and it is true not only of the students but the teachers as well. Often it becomes difficult to keep a straight face when you see people getting all worked up about whether a decision in a cricket match was correct or not.

Q 13. Would you clearly make out in your stories that it is Sanawar you write about?

Ans. What ever it was I wouldn't specify in my stories that it was Sna'. It would obviously be San'. I would use material from here and project it against a more general background.

Q 14. What is your reaction to rudeness—is it violent or merely indifferent? What is it that you hate most in the attitude of the students/staff?

Ans. As a person I react very strongly to rudeness but I also feel that sometimes it is not intentional. For instance when I'm walking down the road and there are a group of students sitting on the wall deep in conversation, I wouldn't regard it as rudeness if they didn't jump up like jack in the boxes to wish me. The sort of rudeness which really bugs me is when you're trying to give a child a talking to and the child puts on a pose of annoyance and indifference. With the staff I think it is the sort of cynicism, the ability that some of them have, to mock at everything, everyone and to criticize. I feel if they do not believe even in themselves or in what they are doing, they are just throwing away their lives.

Q 15. Do you find the staff narrow minded—the younger or the older? Do you think it has something to do with age?

Ans. By and large I don't think the staff are really narrow minded here. I feel as a group they are friendly, enterprising and fairly outward going. The problem, as I think I said before, is in our location. We're forced always, even against our choice to interact only with members of the school community. If there were some

frequent contact even if it were only with the army in Kasauli or Subathu, we'd always have some yardstick for comparison and it would be easier to understand each other, easier to accept things without giving them an exaggerated importance. In Sna' at least, I feel age has little to do with the sort of person one is.

Q 16. What would involve conforming in a place like Sna'? Do you consider yourself a conformist?

Ans. I feel a conformist in Sna', at least among the teachers, would be a person who is willing to answer any calls that may be made upon his time or his mind even beyond what we normally regard as our job or as our working hours. In this regard I think most of us are conformists. I, as an individual, do sometimes tend to grumble when I have to do a little extra bit but I don't really mean it. So, I suppose I am a conformist.

Q 17. Do you find anything lacking in Sna'?

Ans. Its something you can see right through—this isolation. Ofcourse the physical isolation we can't do anything about—we're just on a hilltop and we can't do anything about that, but on the mental and emotional plane we must try and let the world in. I feel our children are so very sheltered and protected that when they find themselves suddenly confronted with an absolutely different kind of world most of them are at a loss as to how to make a place for themselves in this new world. I wish somehow that, at least in the last two years in School, we could

do something so that our children when they go out don't feel so lost and so completely at sea.

Q 18. Can you honestly say that you're satisfied with the life you're leading.

Ans. In one particular respect I'm not. I feel I'm not qualified enough to teach English language. My M. A. was in English Literature. Ofcourse, I have evolved some sort of a method and my teaching does bring fairly satisfactory results but I'm not entirely satisfied with it. I wish I could do a course in the teaching of English Language and then I would feel better equipped for my job. But when I'm teaching literature and also outside the class, in my dealings with the children and the staff, I'm completely satisfied. Quite apart from anything else this place is so beautiful that life passes happily and quickly and this means personal satisfaction.

Thank you sir.

Anu Bedi

MR. STEWART MCLEAN

(O.S. 1942—1946)

Q 1. How long have you been away from India and what did you feel coming back to Sanawar—just nostalgia?

Mr. McLean: I've been away for almost 32 yrs. and yet coming back to Sanawar was like coming home.

Q 2. What was Sanawar like in your time—academically—sportswise—attitudes of the teachers and students and their relationship—relationship of the boys and girls?

Mr. Mclean: Academically I think it was good. I made teaching chemistry

my profession—my life work—and the chemistry I learnt here from Mr. Kemp served me till I got to University. I didn't have to do it again. I feel Chemistry here was begun significantly before it did in N. America.

Ah ! sportswise—very strong in most ways. There was a lot of emphasis on competitive sport. The big game of the year was with the B. C. S.—They were our biggest rivals. But between the Houses too there was keen competition ! As far as attitudes and relationship are concerned we were probably closer in the last years. The relationships were much more formal than they are today—I'm not a scholar here any longer to judge but from what I see, I suspect, they're much easier now. The academic staff were responsible for us almost entirely in school. Each House had a housemaster but very few of them paid a day to day interest about what went on in the houses. Mostly, the houses met their house-master only on Saturday—a period used to be given to house meeting at the end of classes when we used to write letters—letter writing period. The important difference was that the military staff were responsible for the discipline outside the classroom and the discipline was very strict indeed ! Sergeants from the regular army were seconded to the school. For each house we had one Sergeant Major and a staff of three Sergeants.

About the relationship with the girls—well, we were at the same school but we saw girls at a distance. We never had classes together. During Church in the mornings the girls sat on the left

side of Chapel and the boys on the right—we'd sneak peeks at them!! They used to wear very pretty uniforms. In the summer they would wear uniforms of a pretty print and in winter gym tunics sort of things. They wore hats as well. We almost never spoke to them. I had a sister and those of us who had sisters were allowed on Sundays, after Church, to go to Peacestead to meet them, I remember this was called 'sisters boys'.

For classes the girls had half of Birdwood and we occupied the other half. Some (very few) of the forward ones would sneakily see some girls at the cannons—that was considered the height of dare and boldness. During the time I was here, towards my senior years, 'sister boys' became more liberal. Above a certain class we could go to meet girls who were not your sisters—but only confined to Peacestead. I don't remember all the details but mostly we used to admire the girls from a distance.

Q 3. What was the routine and the extra curricular activities then?

Mr. Mclean: Well! There was very much less than you have now—there was so little time to do anything other than the usual organised work. School went on till 4-00 p.m. and prep was from 7 o' clock till 9 o' clock. Between 4 o'clock and supper we had organised sports. We had military organisation for almost every thing,

There were a few things people were engaged in. One was the Dramatic Society. Another the Debating Society on Sunday evenings. There were relatively few other things.

The things we looked forward to were the 'roaming holidays' when we could break bounds and go for walks and hikes. We had three 10 day holidays in the year—the main one ofcourse Founder Holidays.

Every morning we'd be up as soon as it was light and then have some activity depending on what section we were in—maybe P.T. or Drill till breakfast.

Our Term started in the begining of March till the middle of December with the Founder vacations as a break. But boys' whose journey home would take more than two days, were not permitted to go home.

Our routine was an extremely strict one.

Q 4. What were classes like?

Mr. Mclean: Strict! We had to be quiet and speak only when spoken to. Ocasionally we had a little fun but mostly we had to put in a lot of hard work. I suspect a lot of difference now! We would be given mostly instruction during classes and most of the work and problem solving would be done at Prep.

Q 5. What were the socials, House Parties and House Shows like?—Did you enjoy them?

Mr. Mclean: Well, as I said we had very little time for such things. We never used to have any House Parties or House Shows. The only time for fun and games was Saturday evenings. It depended on the time actually. Near Home Day we had more relaxed fun.

Organised social events were rare. We maybe had one school dance a year. I remember one School dance which

was a big farce because no boy had the courage to go and ask the girls for a dance. Most of the boys were up on the balcony peering down at the shy girls and various devices had to be tried to try and get the boys down.

Founder's celebrations was our main social event. We would have a big parade, display of exhibitions, P.T. Gymnastics and the A.D.S. I remember there was sort of a Gymkhana where you had to play foolish games and the like.

Did I enjoy the socials—I think people did enjoy them though no-one would admit it but he wished he had the courage to get into the swing of things. But he was too shy—we were not very socially advanced.

Q 6. What differences and changes have you found now? Are they positive or merely an out come of the changing time?

Mr. Mclean: The changes I have seen are vastly weighed against the things that remain the same. The changes I have observed, so far, have all probably been for the better.

The very strict military organisation was most probably a good thing for us but that time has passed. The atmosphere now is more relaxed but I think its more possible now for young people to develop good work habits and attitudes from inspiration and something from within and these are probably of more permanent value than if they are forced or dictated to you.

I must say that one of the changes that I suspect that you people may find

hard to believe is that the food is considerably better—much much better. If we had food like this we'd consider we were living in a first class hotel. The food we had was in small quantities and generally inedible.

Q 7. Is there any change which is specially confined to the school?

Mr. Mclean: I see the world and society changing around me. But I feel the important things about Sanawar stay constant.

Q 8. What do you think about the atmosphere in Sanawar today?

Mr. Mclean: Well I've been here two days and I find it a very fine and happy atmosphere. People seem to be enthusiastic about what they're doing and I don't think I'm looking through rose coloured spectacles but we still have the same school spirit.

Q 9. What did Sanawar do for you?

Mr. Mclean: I think Sanawar moulded me. I was here in my formative years and whatever I have developed into, for good or for bad, is strongly influenced by every year of my life in Sanawar.

I feel I'm a better person having been in Sanawar.

Q 10. If given a choice would you prefer studying in Sanawar now or back in your own times?

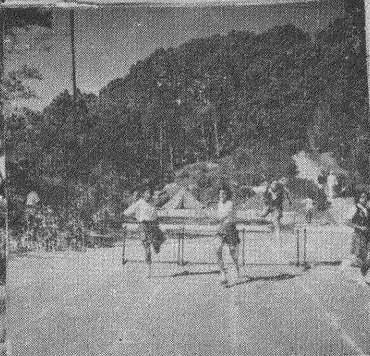
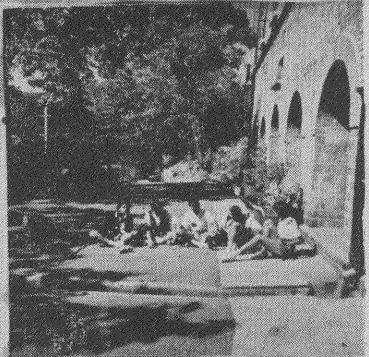
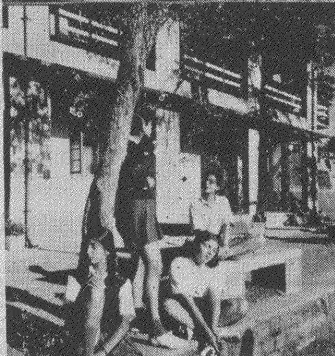
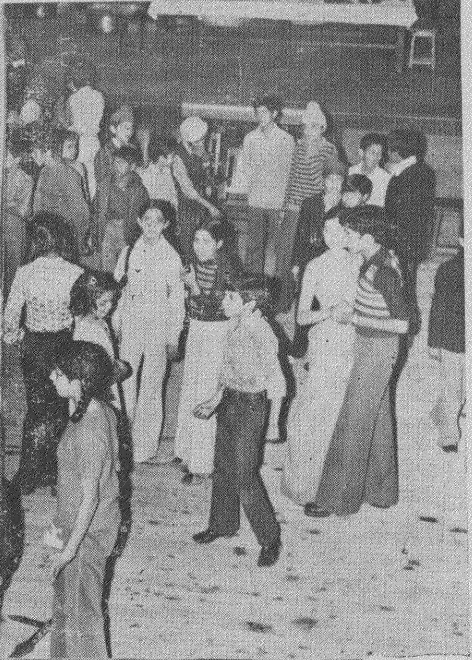
Mr. Mclean: This is one of the questions that is so hypothetical because I'll have to be young now. And now a days I would certainly like to be in the Sna' of today. That's the best I can say but I suspect at present you are more close to what I consider an ideal than we



then and if you'd asked any of us, then
you have much more individual respon-
sibility to develop your own self than
we had. The very strict discipline we
had was probably good for us but in the
modern time we feel that you should
develop individually rather than have
something forced upon you.
the full.

Thank you, Sir,
Ann Bedi
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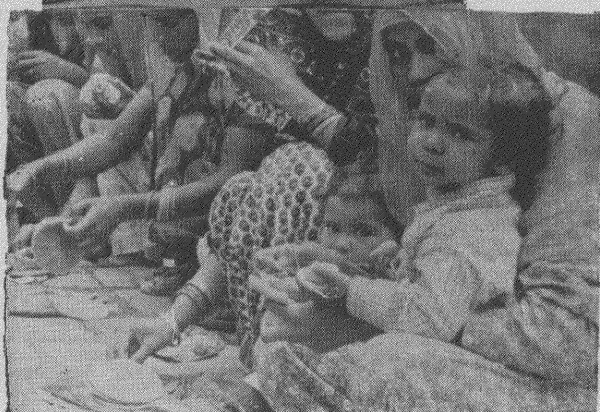
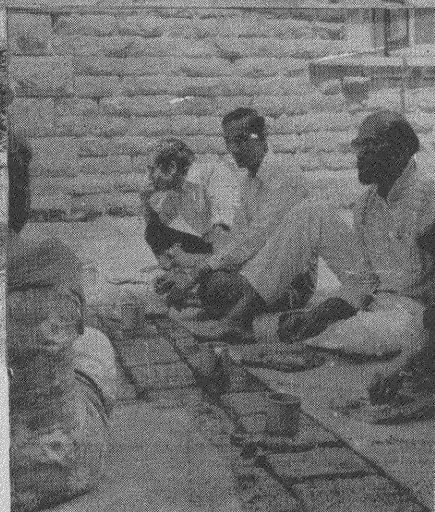
were then. By that I mean I sense that
But I liked studying here. I some-
times try to see—to understand and to
appreciate what we were going through



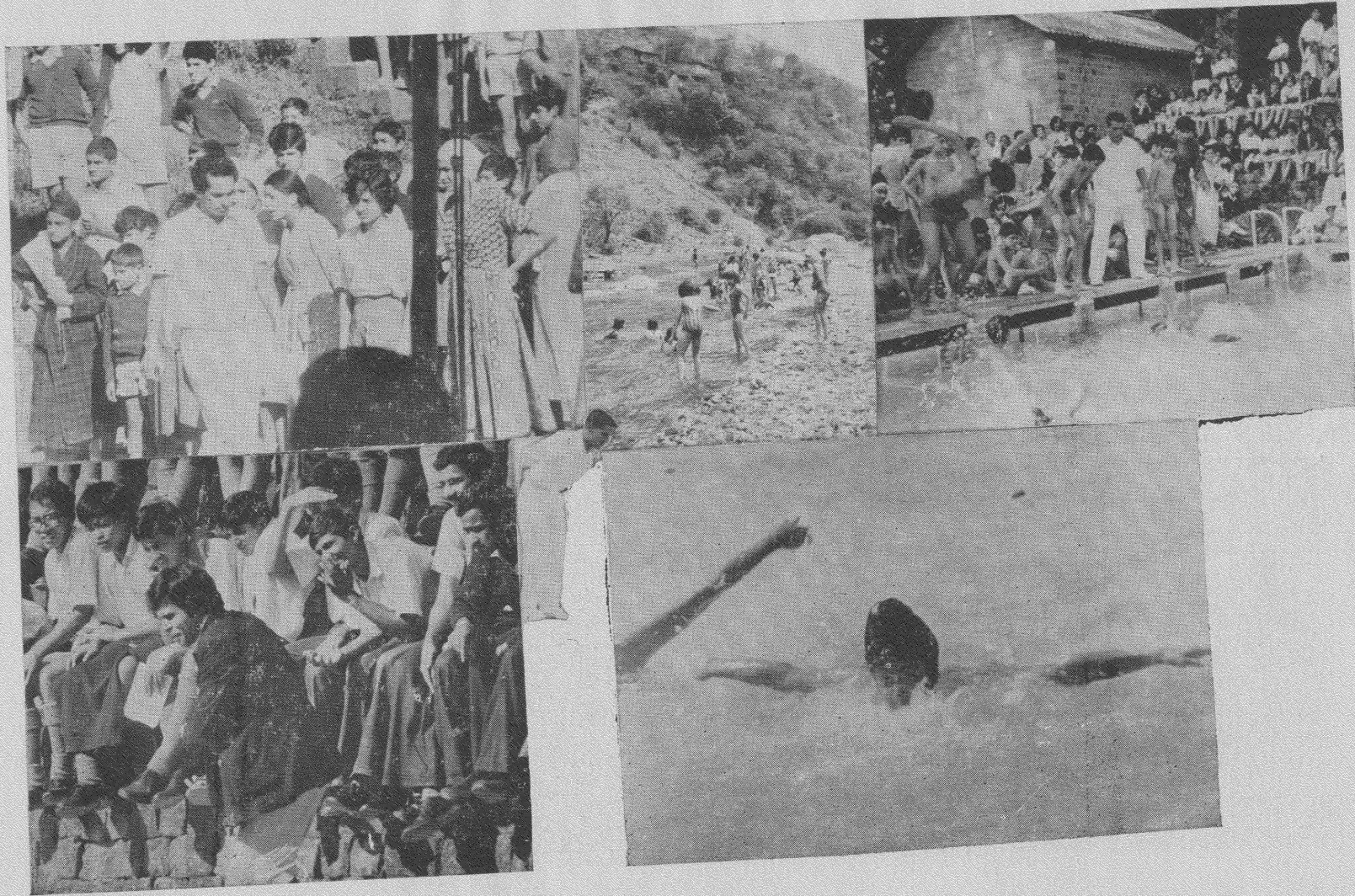
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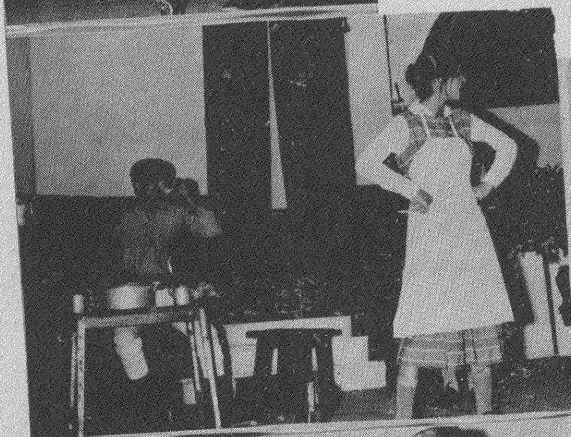
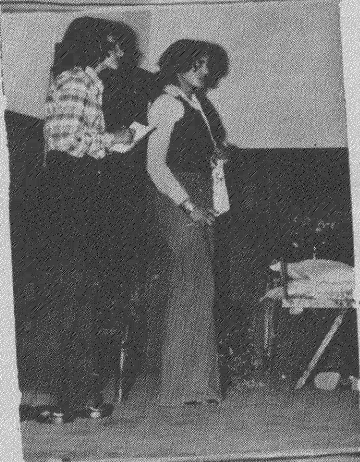
15th AUGUST 77



SWIMMING GALA '77



HOUSE SHOWS



HOUSE SHOWS

From Sky to Ocean on Hero Bicycles

At last the day had come. The day we had been waiting for so anxiously. The 30th of November 1977, the day we were to leave from Sanawar on our adventurous expedition.

All the preparations had been made the night before. We had tied our rucksacks securely to the bicycles, and with frantic efforts and suggestions from all sides about how to tie them, we had finally succeeded and hit upon a clever method of tying them. We had been practising with our bikes before in the mornings (and of course 'ducking' morning prep). It had been fun and once we had even gone quite close to Dharampur (this made people more confident that we'd never reach Dharampur—the pessimists, of course, and 'The Beard'). There had been some terrible moments too like the day when we had our inoculations.

And finally D-day came. It was supposed to be the 1st of December but had changed by Mr. K.J. Parel (the big boss) to the 30th. We were all lined up in a semicircle on the Quad. Extract from J.P.'s log book :—

12-00 noon—Everything was ready. The bikes all lined up. One of the most exciting moments of the trip. I could see the happy and worried faces of my brother and parents who were full of advice and last minute warnings.

12-15—1-30 p.m.—A hearty sendoff. The Chief Guests said a few cheerful words and flagged us off at 12-40 p.m. followed by 'Rasgulas' five minutes afterwards from Mr. Hegde at the Bakery. We were

stopped by the manager of the Oriental Bank at Garkhal, (he had partly financed us for the trip!), to give us sign boards advertising the bank which we unwillingly hung on our bikes, followed by a photograph which the manager took. Extract from Gautam's log book :—

While we were going from Garkhal to Dharampur we could see and hear the Sanawarians screaming cheerio, (red jackets were more in number). We had a distant look at them and prayed to God, though somebody had warned us not to look off the road (cause of accidents).

While going down to Kalka many thoughts were racing through our minds and the major one was whether we'd be able to do it. These thoughts we never revealed to each other and with doubts still creeping through our minds we reached the destination of our first day—Mohangram. We had done it in spite of the fact that we had thought that it would not be easy coming down from Sanawar to Kalka.

The second and the third day we had indigestible food (because it was so good) at Kulu's and K.D.'s place. Extract from J.P.'s dairy :—

2nd December '77: The first puncture.

We had been quite afraid of punctures but never showed our feelings to each other about it. After crossing Panipat we decided to go fast as it was getting dark and we were going at quite a speed when Gautam suddenly shouted to me from behind :

"Something's happened to your tyre J.P. It's punctured, the air is coming out."

I climbed down and was distressed to see that the first puncture of the trip was suffered by my bike.

The third day was a tiring one, as that day we did one hundred and forty kilometers. The first three days were tiring too, as our knee joints got used to pain.

From J.P.'s diary. 3rd December '77

.....We reached Delhi around 3'o clock...We went to Monty's place first and then moved on to Gautam's where we were received by his cheerful parents and afterwards we had lots of cake and cold coffee and then we went to see a movie called 'Samson and Delilah' after a hearty supper and went to sleep around 1-00 a m.

We left Delhi on the 5th and in the evening reached a place called Kosi where, unfortunately, we stayed in a place which had toilets fitted with Kipp's apparatus and so the result was that we had a troublesome night.

Extract from J.P.'s diary 6th Dec. '77

...We had hardly gone about 10 kilometres from Kosi when we experienced bad roads which had been devastated by the floods that had occurred last year. Suddenly, Pixy had a puncture. We all came to a halt as we were in the middle of nowhere. We all started getting brilliant ideas about how to fix the puncture. As we didn't have sufficient material to repair it we finally decided to change the whole tube and we took the wheel off the bike. But to our distress

air could't be filled in the new tube by the small pumps which we had. So Mr. Parel and Mr. Hasan had to take it to the nearest village and to their horror it was discovered that the new tube had seven punctures. Anyway it was fixed, and we all moved on to Agra...which we reached in the evening. One sixth of our jounery was over.

Our grateful thanks go to! "The Hero bicycles Ltd. Ludhiana,". Lt. Gen. I.S. Gill P.V.S.M., M.C. GOC—IN—C Western Command; Mr. S.C. Soneja, Manager Oriental Commercial bank; Mr. B. D. Bali, Manager Mohan Meakin Breweries Ltd.; Mr. Ashok Mehta (Tubes India Ltd.) and many Sanawarian parents and O.S., for the immense help given to us.

J.P. Singh
G. Shaunik

Part II

Our stay at Agra was a lot of fun. We stayed with Col. Pental. The highlight was our visit to Fatehpur Sikri and the Taj Mahal. The other attraction was the movie which we finally succeeded in persuading Mr. Parel to let us see (It was 'Juggernaut'). We were, however, in for a few disappointments as well. One of these was the para jumps which we were meant to be seeing. The day for the jumps commenced with our waking up early (i.e. 6'o clock). After a quick breakfast over Mr. Hasan's protests, (who didn't want to, go) we, were dumped into into an army one ton and were rushed off the landing zone. There we discovered, much to our distress,

that the para jumps had been postponed. We returned cursing our luck (Mr. Hasan was the loudest.) The rest of the day we spent making the best use of our last day of rest at Agra. The day ended with a shopping spree during which Mr. Hasan, Mr. Parel and Gauty showed their romantic natures by buying loose floppy (ladies) hats in colours ranging from purple to bright pink. The ostensible purpose of these purchases was to protect them from the sun, though the rest of us were suspicious.

The next day a police van arrived at our doorstep. Their purpose was to escort us through the dacoit infested area of the Chambal ravines. The appearance of the police escort confirmed Pathak's worst fears and he made no attempt to hide them.

The run continued with quite a few halts since tins of juice (courtesy Mohan Meakin) insisted on finding their way out of our haversacks and taking their own path. The day's run was very interesting since we crossed many state boundaries (U. P.—Rajasthan—U. P.—M.P.) and much to everyone's irritation the police escort changed every time we crossed from one boundary to another. The transport for the police ranged from vans to bicycles. The excitement of the day's journey reached its zenith when we reached the Chambal river. The ravines were a fascinating sight. As we reached Gwalior we saw to our horror that Scindhia School, where we were supposed to spend the night, was on top of a high plateau. The walk up (with our bikes) was excruciating and was performed in total silence. How-

ever the situation took a reverse trend when suddenly out of the blue (rather black, as it was 8-00 p.m.) the sound of a bike falling was heard, followed by loud groans. When we turned around, all we could see was J.P.'s face twisted with pain and the green body of his bike lying over him. The rescue operations were performed quickly, amidst much laughter.

Still followed by the police escort, the next day's journey ended at Datia, where we were warmly received by Taru's grandparents.

The rest of the journey to Nagpur was an exciting one. The people of the region are very hospitable. Infact, at places we were offered sweets and other comestibles (free of charge, ofcourse) which we accepted without hesitation. On the way we were also showered with a number of questions from all sides regarding our arrest as we were being accompanied by an armed police escort (arms ranging from lathis to. 303s). People often viewed us and our haversacks with suspicious eyes. Some of them even asked us what we were trying to sell.

The day before we reached Nagpur we stayed at a fascinating place called 'Khwasa'. The place Pixy claimed, reminded him of Africa since there were many date trees (which our friend mistook for palm trees) and the name also resembled 'Mombasa'. Since we reached Khwasa early, Mr. Parel proclaimed that it was high time we did some constructive work. He handed us a

paper and pencil and threw us out of the resthouse (we were forbidden to enter until we returned with at least three sets of questionnaires duly filled in with the answers of the local inhabitants).

The next day was quite a bright one since all of us were looking forward to a break at Nagpur. Twenty kilometres from Nagpur we stopped at a place called Kamptee (where there is the Guards Training Centre). We were supposed to be having lunch with the Commandant (Col. Sodhi) i.e. Arunjeet's father. Since he was away on urgent work, we were invited to lunch by the second in command, Lt. Col. Sharma. After a delicious lunch we proceeded to Nagpur. Our entry into Nagpur was not what one can call enjoyable since the first thing we did was to get lost. After spending an hour or so finding our way through the network of roads, we finally reached the maintenance command of the I.A.F.

Monty Khana & J.P. Singh
U VI

Part III

As most of us in the expedition had an affinity for the Air Force, we were glad to reach Nagpur, where we stayed with the Air Force Maintenance Command. We still cherish the memories of our stay in Nagpur and of the delicious lunch we had at Col. Sodhi's place. We attacked the food voraciously that day, and got nightmares at night (due to overeating).

On the 21st we left Nagpur and Mr. Goswami tied the transistor, which he had bought in Nagpur, securely to his

bike and thus we were pedalling on to the rhythm of the Indian music coming over it, when we suddenly heard a thud followed by a crunching sound. When we looked back we saw Mr. Goswami picking up his transistor from the road—his backwheel had gone over the it—and, as you might have guessed by now it had stopped working.

Hardly had we gone a few kms. further when we heard the familiar voice of Sanjay Batra greeting us from his car. After chit-chatting with us for a short time he left us to go on with our long hard journey.

On our way to Hyderabad which we reached on the 25th, quite a few interesting incidents occurred. One day we had our breakfast at a place called Gudi Guntoor where we ate no less than *two hundred purees*. The shopkeeper was so astonished that he didn't have any words to express his astonishment. The same day we met many carts on the way, carrying cotton to the local factories, and Mr. Goswami being a mathematician, counted them all and afterwards solemnly declared that the total number was six hundred and fifty eight,

Mr. Parel got very excited as we reached a place called Nirmal as the place had many South Indian restaurants, with the result that he forced us to have dosas for all the meals we had there. The following day was a bad one for Pathak. Early in the morning before anybody woke up, his bike somehow fell down creating a lot of 'thunder' and 'crash' and also waking us all up. The second time it fell down while he was cleaning it. Poor Pathak's reflector got broken and

he was almost 'shedding'. In the afternoon as Pathak was trying to do some acrobatics' on the bike he again fell down but this time he blamed Gautam for it as he claimed that Gautam was trying to frighten him.

On X-mas day we reached Hyderabad and in order to cheer up Mr. Parel we started singing Christmas carols. The result was that Mr. Parel bought us a huge cake at Hyderabad which we enjoyed. We stayed at Hyderabad for four days but we didn't show any signs of indolence by relaxing etc. Instead we explored different parts of Hyderabad, went for a savoury dinner at Col. Bhalla's place (Amita's father) and also visited the M. E. C. E. (Military College of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering). Here again those of us interested in Electronics were on pins and needles looking at and examining every minor detail of the tanks and complicated electronic equipment which we saw.

On Dec., 30th when we left Hyderabad, we came across many newspapers carrying news about us.

We reached a place called Kurnool, on new year's eve and in order to celebrate it we stayed in a 'posh' hotel, ate 'lavishly' and the next day we witnessed Mr. Parel paying the bill 'sneakily'.

On our way to Bangalore we stayed at Anantpur with Father Ferrer and the people at his place really looked after us very well. The next day we passed through a place called Gooty where we stayed for some time and saw the fort there followed

by Mr. Hasan's lecture on the Persian influence on the fort architecture in India. But unfortunately it was a bad day for him. Just before lunch he had a puncture which was nicely repaired by Gautam. Hardly had we gone a few kms. forward when we heard an explosion equalling that of a truck tyre bursting—Alas! it was Mr. Hasan's tyre bursting due to excessive air in it. After long tiring efforts we repaired it and Mr. Hasan's told me to check it. I climbed on to the saddle but hardly had gone a few yards forward when the tyre again 'burst open'—again due to excessive air in it. It was Mr. Hasan's fault. We fretted and fumed but couldn't express our anger. Mr. Hasan being an adult.

We reached Bangalore on the 4th January and stayed at the MEG centre but had troublesome nights there due to bugs. From Bangalore Mr. Hasan, Mr. Goswami and I went to visit some historical temples at Belur and Halebed and as they were quite far from the city, the whole way I had to sit quietly listening to Mr. Hasan's speech on 'Indo-Persian trade relations' and the fall of the Mughal empire.

Mysore was our next stop. Mr. Parel was again quite delirious on the way from Bangalore as the landscape around was full of coconut plantations. We passed Srirangapatnam on the way (Just before Mysore). This time it was Mr. Hasan's turn to go into fits of excitement. Srirangapatnam had a fort belonging to Tipu Sultan and Mr. Hasan knows the history

of the period like the back of his hand and so you can imagine what must have happened. I suppose there is no need to tell you.

At last we reached the 'historic' city of Mysore with Mr. Hasan nearly dancing

on top of his bike and Monty and Pixy trying their best to calm him down.

Jatinder Pal Singh

U VI A

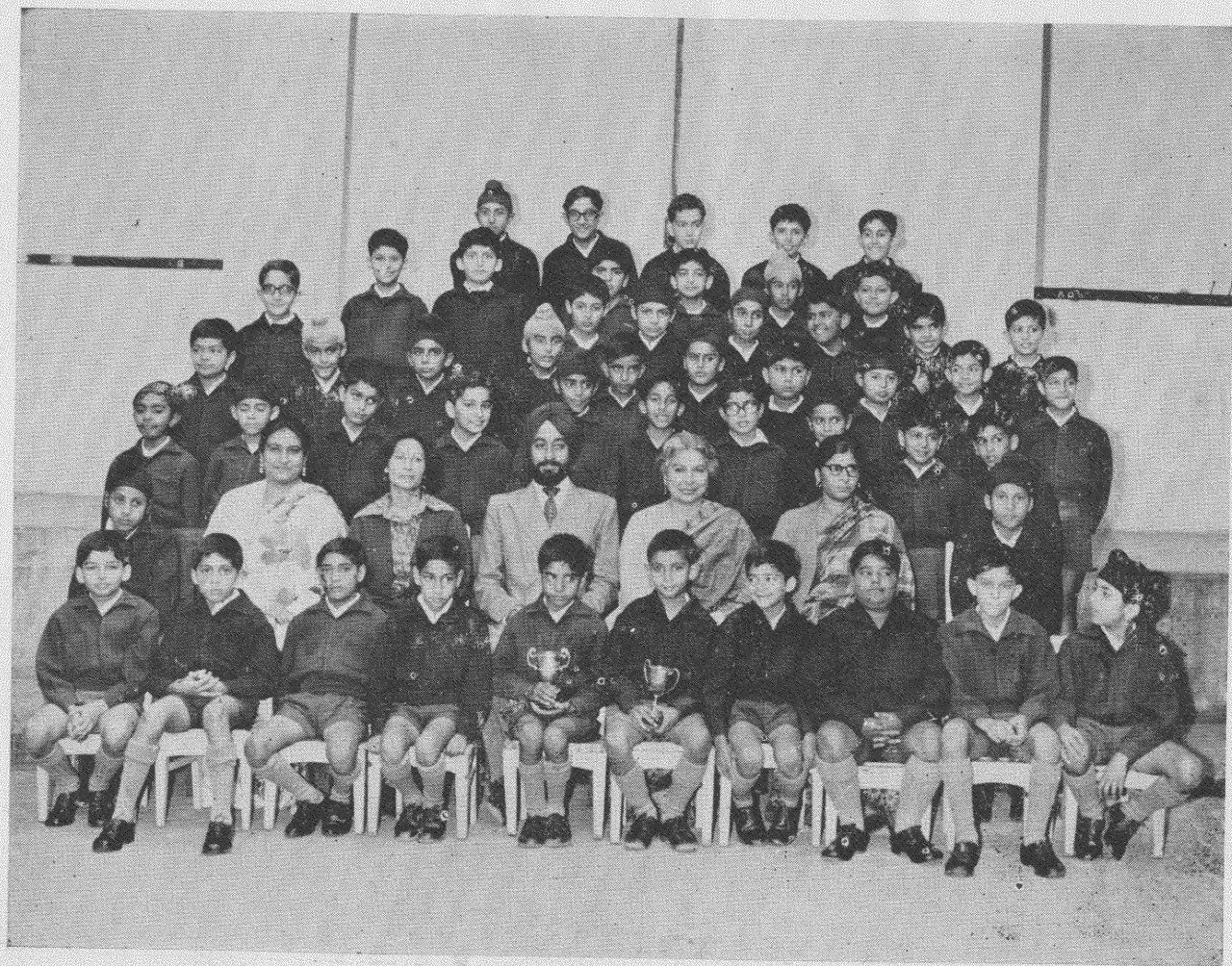
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SIWALIK—G. D.



NILAGIRI—G. D.



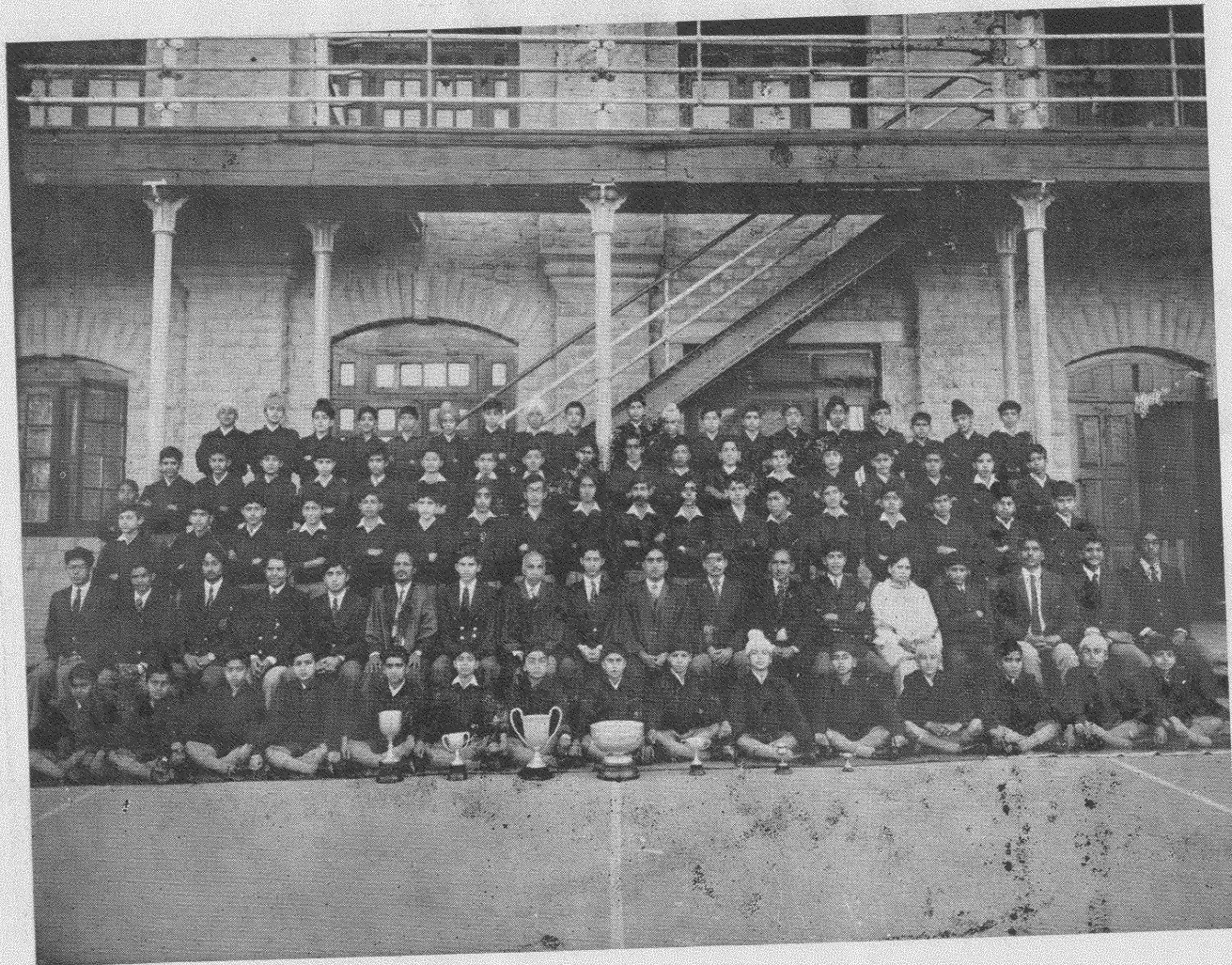
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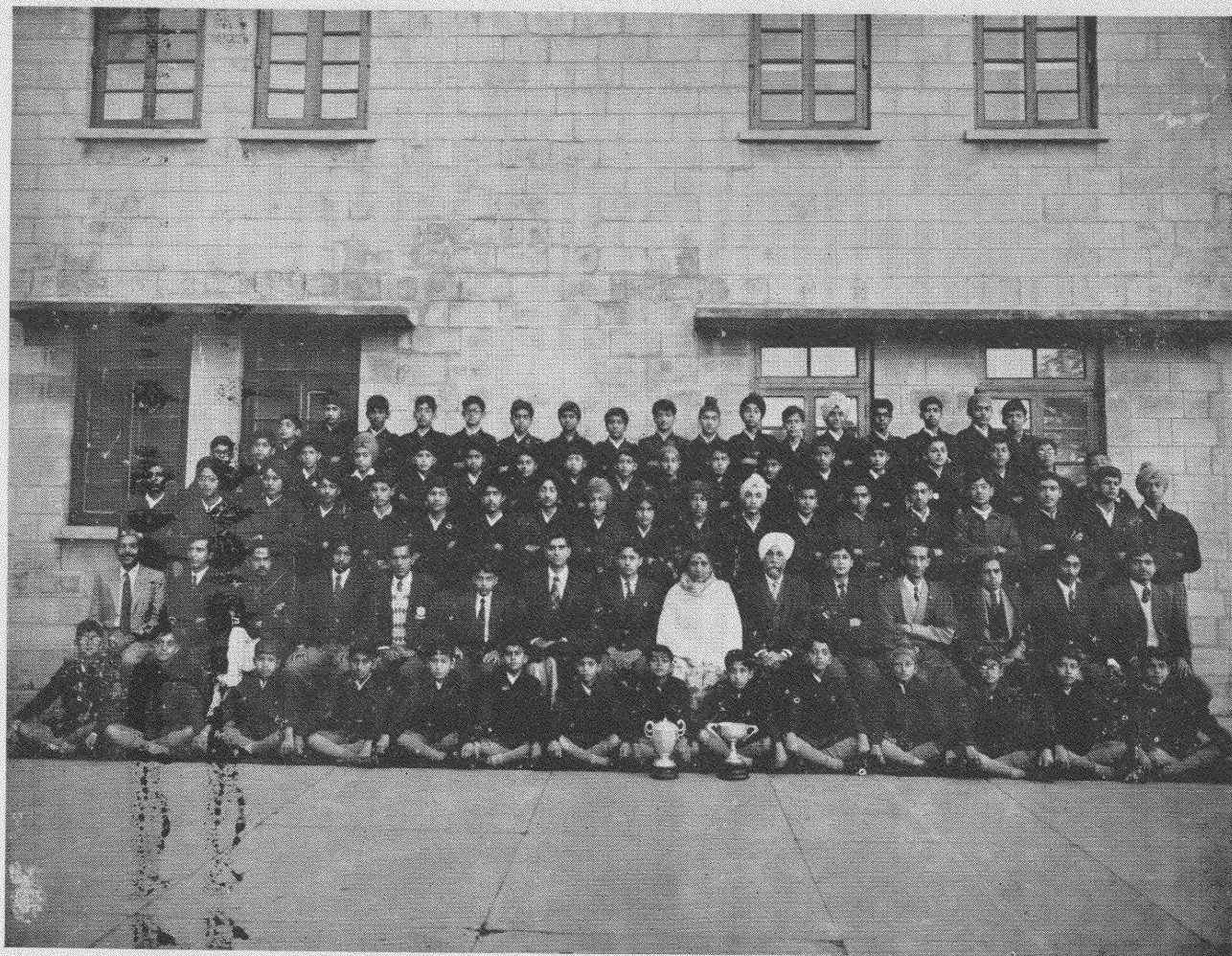
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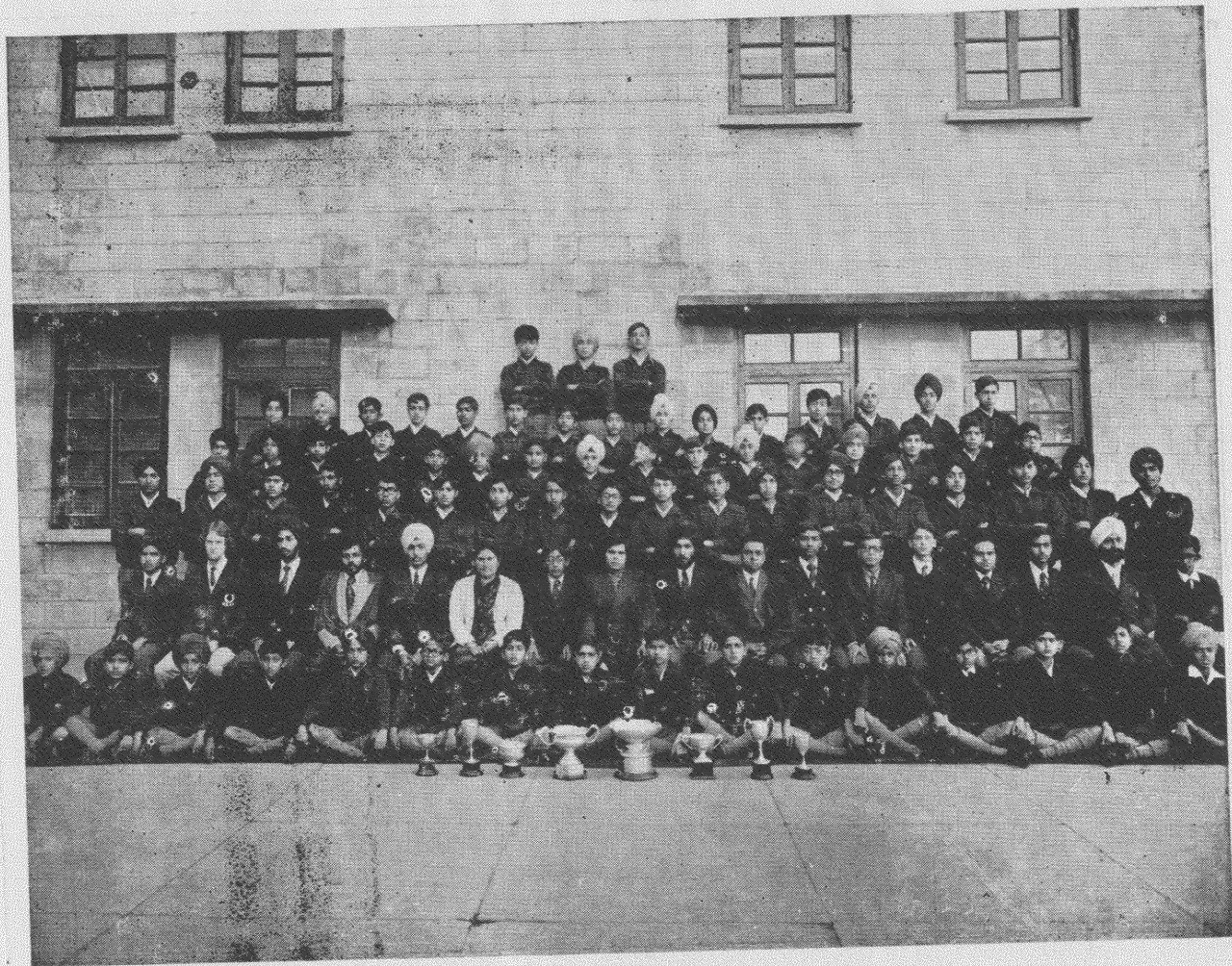
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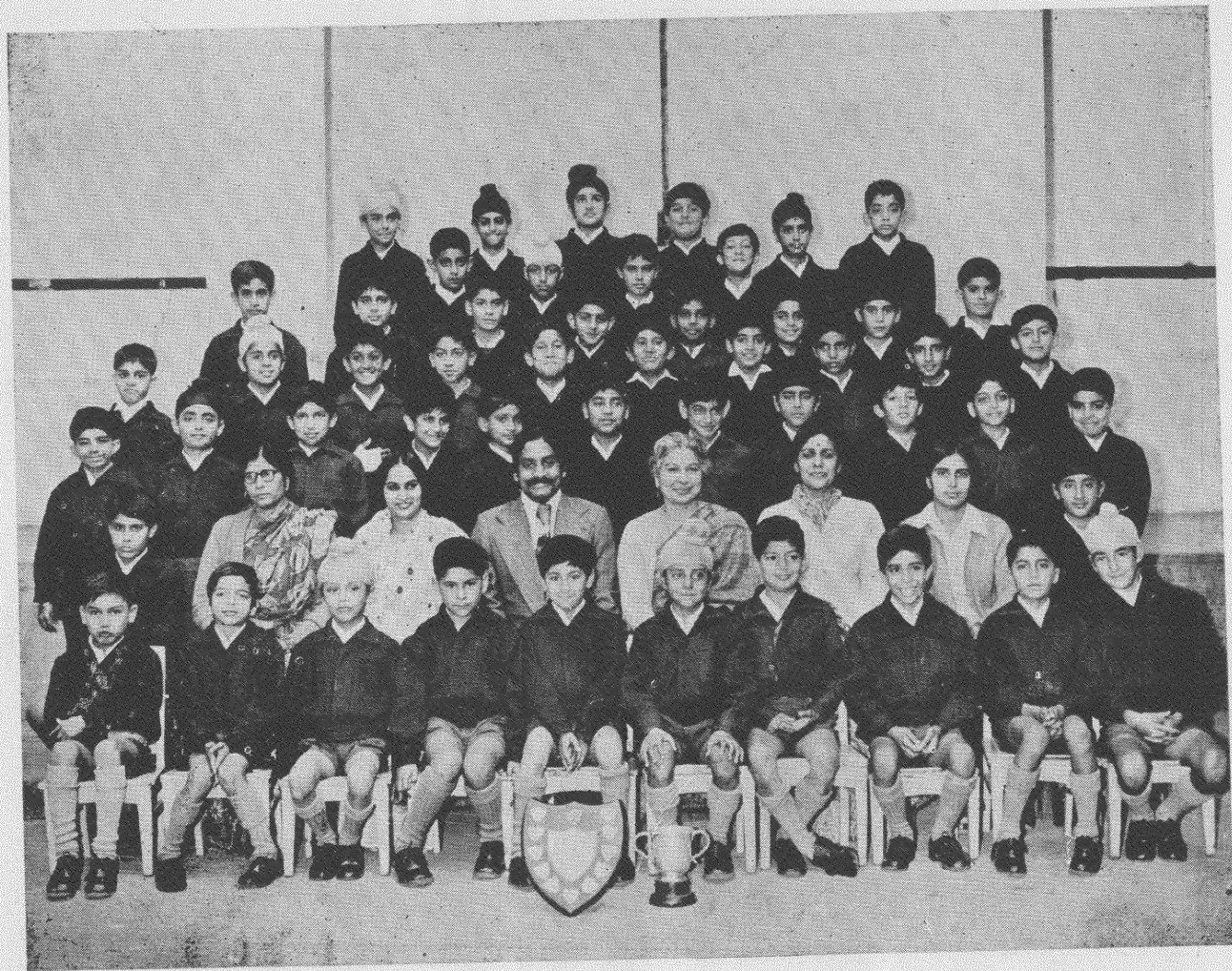
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HIMALAYA—B. D.



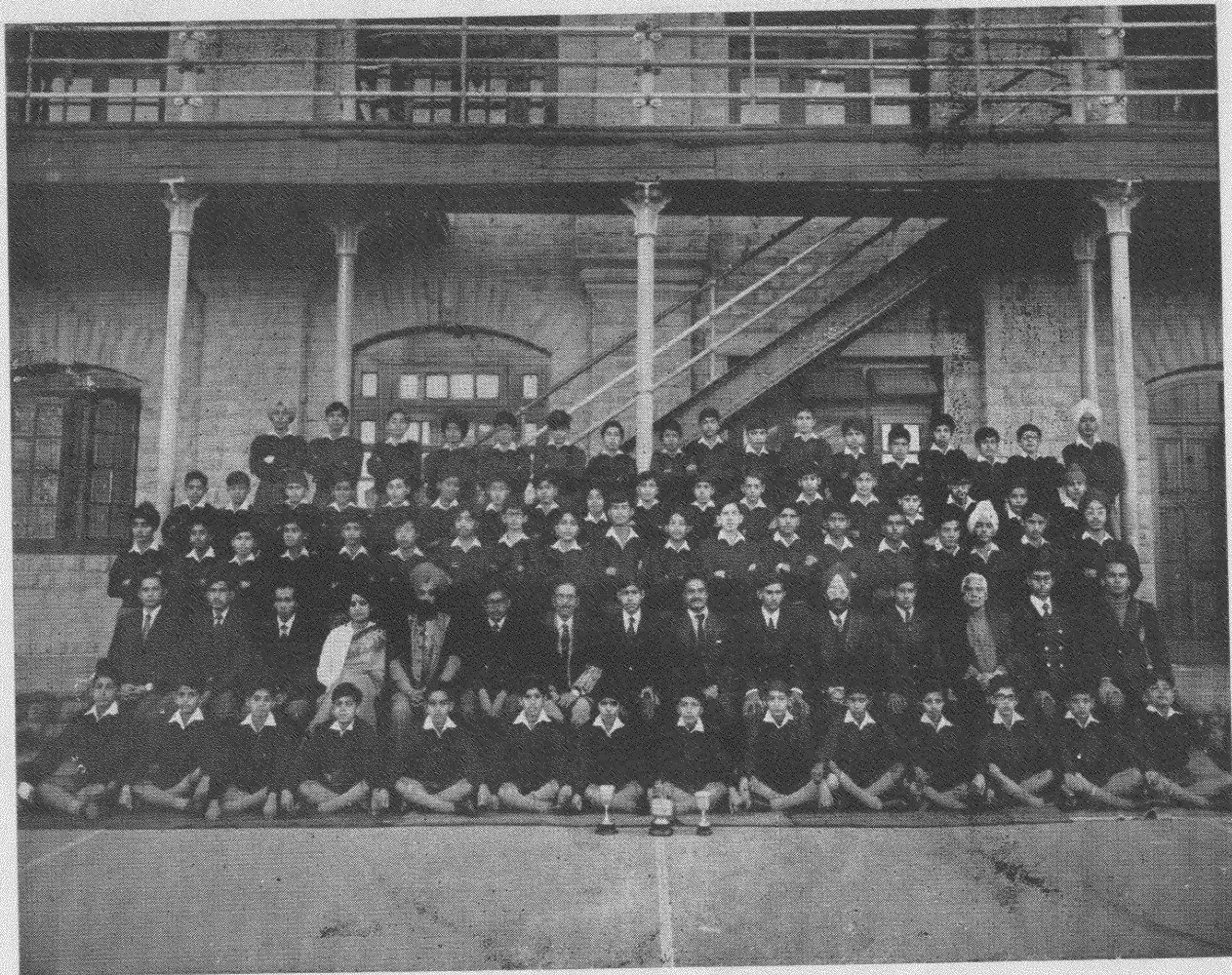
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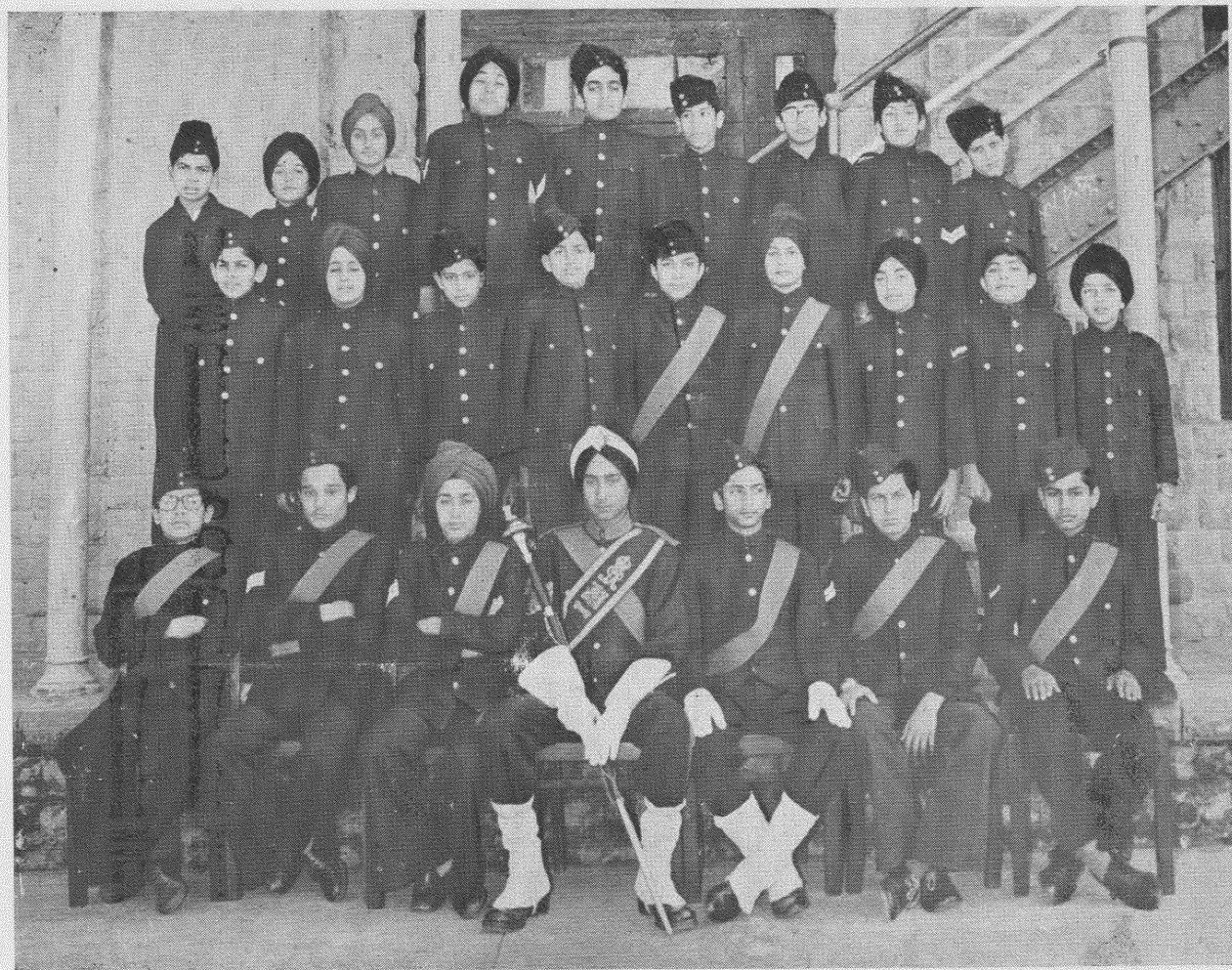
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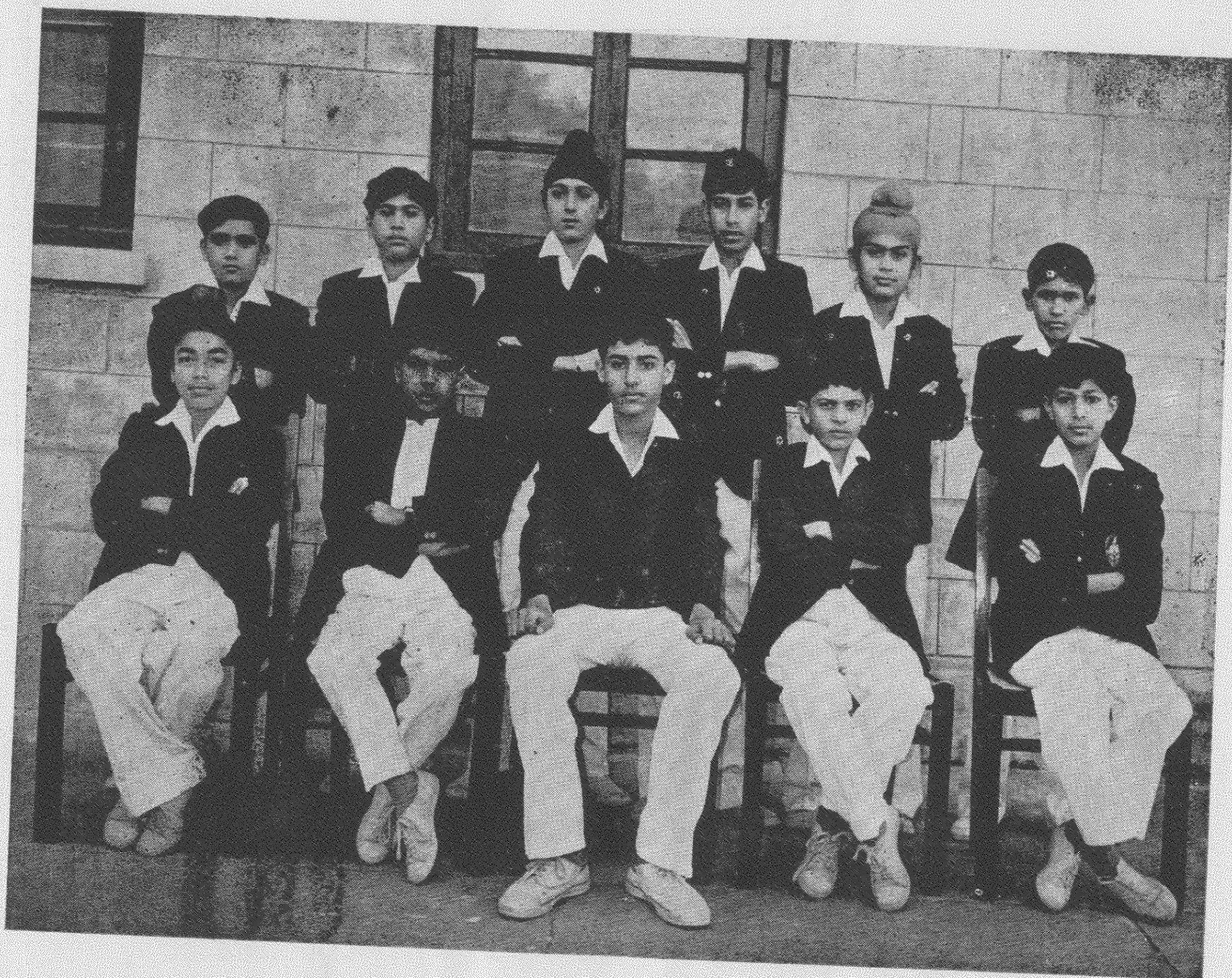
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SIWALIK—B.D.



BUGLE BAND



ATOMS CRICKET



COLTS CRICKET



COLTS HOCKEY



ATOMS HOCKEY



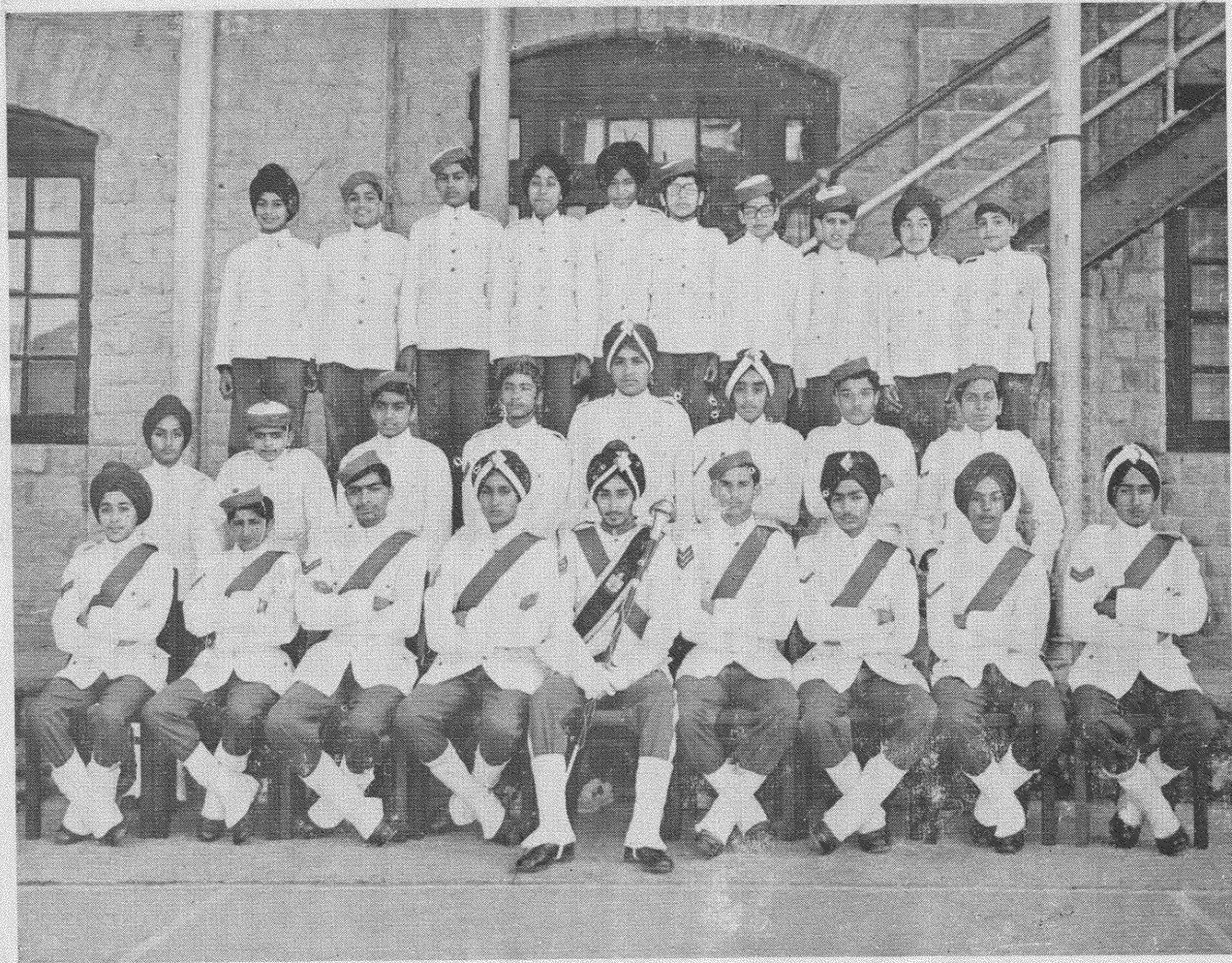
ATOMS SOCCER



COLTS SOCCER



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BRASS BAND

Of Books and Things

Moby Dick

by

H. Melville, (Captain Ahab)

Captain Ahab was a very strange man. He had just one aim in life and that was to kill the white whale "Moby Dick." His assistant Star Buck, warned him that he was leading the whole ship and crew to death, but he carried on: revenge made him carry on!

He wanted revenge because a long time ago while whale hunting the white whale had snapped off his leg—so that now he had a leg made of whale bone and every time he walked, you could hear the thumping noise that the artificial leg made.

He hated the whale. All the hate he had stored up in himself was now going to be unleashed on the white whale. And he knew that if he did not kill the whale, it would kill him.

But in his haste he killed himself. And the whale destroyed the ship and the crew and everyone lay at the bottom of the sea, except one man, and that was Ishmael.

One thing made Captain Ahab move through the worst of times and that was hate. He was a man with a strong will—power. He had faced every dangerous—situation and was not afraid of anything. If anyone would have asked me my opinion on him, I would have said that he was a man who would not leave anything undone: A man whose saying was "I'll get the whale or the whale will get me." But I don't like him any way because he destroyed his crew, all his

money, and all his oil. And I don't like to hear of or see people who waste money and human labour and a ship that is sea—worthy.

Sanjay Bhasin

About What We Read

Why not Mills and Boons and Comics?

A very very handsome and eligible bachelor with loads and loads of money.

A young girl usually around the age of 18—25 years without a penny to her name.

They meet.

At once sparks start flying and they can't stand each other and yet there is that this strong attraction between. . . .

And so the story goes on to close in a beautifully happy ending just like any fairy tale.

The usual Hindi movie is the same—a similar plot and a similar triangle and finally a happy solution. They are about the same except the may be, today, some of the Hindi films have a contemporary Indian Setting. The location may be Bombay and Kashmir instead of London and St. Moritz or may be the hero and heroine meet at Nehru Park instead of Hyde Park.

Why does one read a Mills and Boons or go to see a movie?

Not only because its purely entertaining but because if seen psychologically, every human being at one time or another wants to escape from the mundane and humdrum reality of school or home or work as the case may be. So Mills and Boons like the Bombay film provides this escape valve.

Just for a few hours to sit in a cool movie hall and immerse yourself in a movie to forget the troubles and tensions (if you have any) of your life. It provides a dream world where everything is beautiful and lovely and happens just like you want it to happen.

Mills and Boon are read usually by adolescents. (but of course there are exceptions to every case) If one reviews it psychologically we see that during childhood, children usually read general fanciful stuff like fairy tales etc. This period of intelligence can be called 'generalization'. Then we come to the second period that of 'particularization' when they expand a little further into more meaningful reading, thrillers—Nancy Drew, Hardy boys, Chase etc. Then the next Stage which we come to is 'education'—where the girls and boys deviate into different sections of reading. Where a girl will read Romantic books, a boy will read books on the Mafia Gang or the Syndicate etc, portrayed usually in Harold Robins, Sidney Sheldon etc.

School going children usually read Mills and Boon. May she be bright or may she be dull—. She will read a Mills and Boons--why?--because it is not heavy reading and does not require deep concentration or any other exertion of the mind and so one reads it to relax from the concentrated study that are/has to be done today!!!!

The coffin of any marriage is 'boredom' therefore to seek new ideas new emotions fresh inspiration or to maintain the feeling of idealism, women read Mills

and Boon, and immerse themselves in the uncomplicated fairy tale land of uncomplicated story-book emotion of blue ribbon and moonlight where the handsome hero and beautiful heroine are psychologically, mentally and physically perfectly matched. But alas 'fancy cannot cheat as well as She is famed to do' But that's a different story.

There also can be another reason why they read them—may be because they are too lazy to develop themselves intellectually and are quite happy reading what their daughter's read—so what's the harm, as long as she is happy it shouldn't bother anyone and may be it doesn't.

Mills and Boon's greatest appeal is to the female sex or to the conventionally romantic girl. The appeal in this kind of writing, I would say, lies in the fact that it leaves the emotions intact and untouched, merely playing on one's surface sentimentality and requiring no intellectual effect.

Whether it fulfills a need or not I can't really say but one thing I can say is that certainly fills one's head with a lot of romantic notions.

Reading Mills and Boons as I see it, is all part of growing up—A girl usually passes this stage when she thinks of handsome princes on white horses and Mills and Boons is one book which seems to emphasize this theme. Surely there's no harm in dreaming.

People who read Mills and Boons I feel (from experience) do read other books as well. Can you imagine if one had only hard core science fictions to read all

the time--not only will we all begin to think only scientifically (perish the thought) but there will be no romance left in our lives. Surely its better to dream of dark eyed princes on snow white chargers than to dream of black clouds covering the face of the sun and freezing the earth !

In Sna' Mills and Boon are very popular. From L-V to U-IV one will find girls reading Mills and Boon—You see one is absolutely weighed down by studying so hard here ! ! ! !

So to relax a little bit we read mills and Boons.

Jyotsna Dhadha
U-VI A
Poonam Munjal

Gliding an—Afternoon of Soaring with the Wind

Gliding ! As soon as I heard those words I wondered what I had let myself in for. My visions of gliding was confined to wrecked plywood and jarring jolts that one sees in War films.

We, Major Genral S. N. Sharma, his son Gotty who is a friend of mine, and myself, reached Safdorjung airfield and signed forms stating that the Gliding club was not reponsible for any damage done to me in course of the flight (privately I called it my death warrant.)

Genral Sharma, who was the glider pilot is the first Silver 'C' certificate holder in India, which I'm told is a very high rating for a glider pilot. This in addition to being an accomplished para-trooper. I had a vision of him bailing out

with me churning away in free or empty space.

After on interminable delay, we got hooked up onto the 'winch' which would give the glider adequate height for a 'chukkar' round the field meanwhile I was trying to get myself strapped in with the various paraphenalia attached to the seat, commonly, I believe, known as a seat belt.

A bump and jolt and we were off. Suddenly we were soaring up at such a steep angle that I looked down to see if my stomach and lovely lunch were still with me.

After picking up courage I looked out and down and was spell bound with the view. I could see one half of New Delhi very modern, cosmopolitan, cemented and asphalted the other half being picturesque with quaint houses of red brick and green gardens.

I could feel the whistling wind change as we turned and the horizon dipping as we went up and down and around with the manoeuvre of the pilot.

I was struck by the distant blue haze which was a contrast to a blackish smoke filled Delhi sky.

On a later flight, I was shown side slipping which made me cover my mouth to keep my heart within my body. This because the glider alarmingly went into on elaborate steep sideways descent.

The landing was a silent approach on the light green landing strip, which had close cropped grass outlined by the taller surrounding grass a bump and a hop and not so jarring, tearing, sliding sides

on the ground and we scraped to a halt and were down. Gliding has always fascinated me, more so since this particular flight because now I could see what I had visualised. My eyes were opened to an unknown experience away from noise and symbols of mans machine power.

Gliding, riding the wind whistling through the wings and spars with the blue sky over and around the canopy. The rolling green earth spread beneath the seat has now bitten me. Thank you my friends who have introduced me to this exhiliarating experience.

Prasant Choudhury
U-VI A

Education & Examinations

There is often a tendency to judge education not by its capacity to develop human qualities but its efficiency in providing employment. Education if one limits it to the primary and secondary education cannot provide this Elementry need. It can at best develop the physical and mental capacity of the child, give it a minimum quantum of neccessary knowledge and inculcate habits needed for social living. Even Secondary education, unless Society is to remain static must aim to produce young people endowed with the capacity to develop new knowledge and new techniques than rather finished crafts man with a high skill in a narrow feild.

At the end of secondary educaction, we may distinguish artisan profes- sional training and higher education.

Professional and occupational training is necessary if a community is to survive but to concentrate on such training alone is fraught with risk. Communities which have given highly specialized training for some of their brightest pupil, have discovered much to their dismay that due to change in the mode of production or of the knowledge of the laws and processes of Nature have produced highly unemployed and sometimes unemployable products. Higher education is distinct from professional training as abstractness often has no direct relationship to the practical problems of life It's abstractness is its singular motive for it gives to such education its universal aspect. Not restricted to any particular field it enables the mind to unravel those general truths which give us our first glimpse of the world and of reality. The discovery of these universal truths is also the basis of human progress. However this is paradoxical only to those that have already progressed beyond the mere needs of the flesh—food clothing, living etc., ie the economically advanced nations. In a poverty stricken, undeveloped country like India the more realistic view prevails—Education is meant only for a job. Ask any of the slogging millions, who day and day out sweat cramming notes, in reading prescribed books etc. Ask them why they do it. Ninety nine out of hundred would reply to get a proper job, a decent livelihood. The thought of becoming more enlightened beings hardly ever cnters their mind.

Thus when the accepted fact becomes

that the role of education in India is to provide employment—however dangerous it is to society—the term higher Education becomes almost synonymous with specialized professional training.

This then leads us to the question. How much is Indian education today, geared to meet the aims of the young generations of Indians. Firstly—it is an accepted fact that there has been a surge in the level of employment with the increase in the spread of education without much improvement in the mode levels of society.

This clearly proves that education and employment are wholly interdependent.

Secondly, due to the fantastic increase in knowledge, and an increase in the standard of education has divided down. This is mainly due to the fact that for a job a larger number of literates with higher degrees are now applying than they did 20 years ago.

In the Indian view, the main problem—undoubtedly the fundamental in the field of education—is the system of education evaluation. The system used to evaluate students. The modern system of evaluate examinations can be traced back to antiquity. The history of Education in India provides enough evidence to suggest that the examination form an integral part of the system of Education. Many Universities like Nalanda conducted exams for entrance.

Most of these exams were subjective and highly unstructured. In spite of the regular use of exams in education during the ancient Medieval ages, not much advancement is foreseeable in respect of their techniques, tools, accuracy of measurement and so forth. It is only during the last one hundred years or so that unprecedented development has taken place in quick succession in various aspects of educational testing. It may be observed that most of the significant developments have come about through studies and experimental triants, and the research approach was adopted as the principal methodology to innovate effective tools and techniques of testing and to make evaluation procedures more valid and reliable.

As the number of exams are increased—especially in the late 19th century, they attained a new social value and significance. The use of examination results and certificates of personnel for white collar jobs and high status jobs created a new social consciousness among the people regarding the system of exams as a whole.

Despite the advancement in the system of evaluation—standardising as tests of objective types, the basic underlying pattern was that of cramming. The more thorough one was the better the memory power was and is still directly proportionate to one's success in exams. The result is that as soon as one clears the exams he forgets 90% of the course. Yet on the basis of his marks, he to a great extent gets a job related or not to what he has studied for

which he does not have any aptitude, leaving aside the professional courses. Only on account of the improved levels of research by C.E.U., S.E.U., E.R.B. as a concerted international study on this problem, has brought about many new key tests—diagnostic, power test, objective, psychological—that reveal the key of a man's personality and ability and the prospective employees can best analyse the merits of that candidate for the new jobs and also correctly estimate the merits of the student in exams irrespective of his marks. But these are so expensive and so sophisticated that their introductions in India on a mass scale remains a distant dream.

There is however nothing basically wrong in the system of education in India. A few innovative ideas—like a lesser burden of text books, greater emphasis on development and sharpening of mental facilities and blossoming of creative talent are a, 'must', to completely develop a student's personality and then to channelise his energies into fields correlating to his interests and improvement in the standards of evaluation of exams so as to fully equip him for employment and to face the challenge of life.

Lastly, a creation of a larger number of jobs relative to the field in which education is provided in the country is essential to remove the problem of unemployment and then the faults of system of education will appear negligible.

Sandeep Sharma

The Pitfalls of the English Language
Hindi Passive forms contrasted with
English passive forms.

"The most difficult part of any language is usually the part that deals with the verb. Learning a foreign language—is to a very large degree learning how to operate the verbal forms of that language, and, except in the case of those that are related historically, the pattern and structure of the verb in each language seems to differ very considerably from those in every other language".

by H.E. Palmer.

One has to face many obstacles while learning a foreign language. Verbs in the language are distinguished not only by their form but also by their use in sentences.

Verbs in English and Hindi can be analysed and examined from several points of view. One way to deal with them is from the point of view of voice. We know that the verb in English can have active and passive voice. But those learning English as a foreign language make the mistake of supposing that the passive construction is just an alternative way of saying something which could equally well be expressed in the active. They also think that every transitive verb can have a passive construction.

The passive is generally used with the transitive verb and the object of the active clause becomes subject in the passive. This rule is applicable in both the languages, Hindi and English. But there are certain structural differences in the passive voice of Hindi and English. The structural differences can be studied under the following headings:—

1. Word order.
2. Conjugation of verbs.
3. Preposition.

The difference of word order is very important. The two languages (both Hindi and English) have an important similarity, however. This is that the subject comes first in both English and Hindi except in interrogative and exclamatory sentences. Some examples:

English—	He	is	a teacher
	S	P	C
Hindi—	वह	टीचर	है
	S	C	P

Beyond this there is no other similarity. In Hindi almost invariably, the verb comes at the end of the sentence. The other items (such as object and complement etc.) are placed between the subject and predicate. So the word order of Hindi sentence structure may be presented as follows:—

Subject, Object, Predicate.

Of course, in interrogative and exclamatory sentences the subject does not remain in the initial position.

Thus, we can see the difference in the word order of Hindi and English. In English it is: S. P. O. not S. O. P. as in the case of Hindi.

Now we take the second heading i.e. conjugation of verbs. In Hindi the conjugation of verbs is much more complex than those of English. Verbs are conjugated for person, gender and number. Some examples:

English	The boy	goes	to school
(Mas. Gender)	S	P	O

Hindi	लड़का	स्कूल	जाता है
(Mas. Gender)	S	O	P

English	The girl	goes	to school
(Feminine Gender)	S	P	O

Hindi	लड़की	स्कूल	जाती है
(Feminine Gender)	S	O	P

English (1st person Pro. Sing.)	I	go	to school
Fem. & Masc.	S	P	O

Hindi (1st person Pro. Sing.)	मैं	स्कूल	जाता हूँ
	S	O	P

English (2nd person Pro. Sing.)	You	go	to school
	S	P	O

Hindi (2nd person Pro. Sing.)	तुम	स्कूल	जाते हो
	S	O	P

The position remains the same with the past and future tenses. In this respect English does not present much difficulty because there is no conjugation or inflexion for person and number.

In Hindi the gender is known by the form of the verb such as—dzata, khata-pita etc. for masculine and dzati, khati and piti etc. for feminine—in other words 'a' for masculine and 'i' for feminine if it is used in the final position of the word. In English the gender is ambiguous for the Hindi learner. He comes to know the gender only in the context of the sentence.

In Hindi, if the student is not sure about the gender of the subject, he is likely to make mistakes. The corresponding difficulty in English might be said to be irregular past and past participle forms of certain verbs.

The most difficult area in English is that of prepositions particularly those which make prepositional verbs. In the

Hindi language, there are very few equivalents of English prepositions and they are very clear in their meanings. For example, Hindi preposition 'se' could easily be used for the English prepositions "with, from, to". These Hindi equivalents of English prepositions will always follow the noun and never precede them. I think that is the main reason that they are better known as postposition rather than prepositions.

Now we could easily see the difference between the Hindi and English passive, though there is not much difference in their function. In both the languages the passive is used when:—

1. The agent is unimportant or is not known.
2. The emphasis is to be laid on the person or the thing to to whom or to which an action is directed.

Of course, in Hindi we don't have the mutative passive nor is the passive used to the effect of shifting the responsibility for an action away from the real initiator or it—"when are we expected this evening?"

The formal difference in the passive of the two languages are ones connected with the different structural patterns. There are differences in word order, the conjugation of verbs and the prepositions. The last two present greater dissimilarity. The irregular forms of past tense and past participle in English seem unfamiliar to the Hindi speaker.

As there are no prepositional verbs in Hindi, the question of the passive use with them does not arise. Thus, on the whole, the the use of passive in English

is a much more difficult task than in Hindi. The only thing required in Hindi is the careful attention on the part of the learner when he is using the gender of the subject.

There is another important difference which must be mentioned. We have direct and indirect objects in both Hindi and English. In the English passive form we can use direct or indirect object as the subject. In Hindi, however, the indirect object cannot be the subject. It is invariably the direct object that becomes the subject in the passive form. In some cases we might make the indirect object the subject, but that would sound awkward.

*Some teaching problems 'Cos
of differences*

1. We have noticed that the functional aspect of the passive is almost the same in both English and Hindi.

2. The use of mutative passive (get type) won't cause much problem since its form is fairly consistent in English:—

The plate got broken last night.

3. The passive with a single direct object is also easy to present:—

- (a) He was punished.
- (b) The announcement was made.
- (c) He was refused.

4. But the difficulty would arise when prepositional verbs are used:—

- (a) He was laughed at.
- (b) This silly business must be put a stop to.
- (c) His weakness was taken undue advantage of.

5. The use of the indirect object as the subject may also cause a problem for the Hindi learner of English:—

'The boys were given the money'. He is not used to this type of structure. Besides structural problems, he may not be able to understand the meaning of the sentence, 'Cos they are ambiguous in nature:—

Mary was given a partner

We don't know whether Mary got a partner or was given to a partner. C.C. Fries Suggested the use of preposition 'to' where there are no specific signals:—

Mary was given to John as a partner. So if we use the method as suggested by Fries in his book "The structure of English", the problem would be solved to a certain extent.

In Hindi there is no equivalent of the English passive infinite:—

There is no time to be lost.

Since this is a completely new structure there won't be any problem to understand and there may not be any interference of the mother tongue habit.

S=Subject P=Predicate
O=Object C=Complement

D. C. Gupta

The Origin and Development of Journalism

Journalism includes the writing and editing of news papers and periodicals. It is supposed to have its origin along with the advent of the printing press. However, the Encyclopaedia Britannica is of the opinion that journalism was being pursued in Ancient Rome as early as the 5th century B.C.

At first, in the Rome of the 5th century B.C. town-criers functioned as news-givers. They would stand in the city square and shout out the news. News included results of campaigns, murders, robbery, court verdicts and the new laws enacted: the law was inscribed on a clay tablet and placed in the city square so that all who passed could read. News at this time constituted bare fact. Soon however, newsletters began to appear. These newsletters were probably written on parchment. They gave information to the commercial class and to people living at a distance from the capital. They were published at irregular intervals. When Julius Caesar became Rome's Consul, he caused the publication of the world's first regular news-bulletin—The Acta Diwa, a daily. This publication is generally called the forerunner of pamphlets, corantons, journals and consequently of our modern newspapers.

Journalistic activities received a great impetus with the invention of the printing press in the 17th century. Europe around this time was racked by social, economic, political, religious and cultural revolutions. There was a dichotomy between actual news and propoganda. Revolutionaries like Knox, Paine and the "Cavaliers" produced a series of propaganda pamphlets such as the anti-Cromwell "Killing, no murder", produced in England in 1657 in an effort to further their cause. However, these pamphlets were irregular. News was still largely from 'word-of-mouth'.

The printing press was invented in Germany. Therefore, Germany was the first to feel the new wave of journalism.

Cities began to sponsor newspapers. Regulars like the 'Avisa-Relation Zeitung' (1609) came into being. In France the aristocracy began dabbling in this profession. Cardinal Richelieu, the king's minister, himself was one. In Italy, land of the Renaissance, free-lance journalism was encouraged. Journalism came to England late from the continent and first all journalistic activity was confined to the translation of continental publications. "News from Germaine" etc. were quite popular. But, an alien newspaper can never be so popular for too long. That is why "local-newsheets" developed—single sheet 'corantas' as they are called. They dealt with political matters, crime, the church etc. From these came the pamphlets which had wider scope. They dealt with a variety of subjects. Foremost among these were the "Oxford Gazette" owned by Lord Arlington. Soon local papers developed. They were sort of half-way between pamphlets and modern newspapers. They were regular and were either specialised or varied. Joseph Addison Richard Steete. Jonathan Swift and David Defoe were the great journalists of this age for this was a great age for English prose. Great publications of the era were the "Tatler" produced by Steete and the "Review" by Defoe and "Spectator" by Addison. These papers developed into modern newspapers.

In the beginning, the emphasis was on religion for Europe, even as late as the eighteenth century was deeply religious. After some time, the emphasis shifted to politics. Burke and Rousseau carried on political controversies in their pamphlets. for instance.

At this point, I would like to say something about the contents of newspapers. Modern newspapers are biased—they have their own opinions. They present their news, their way. In this way, slowly but surely mould the outlook of their readers. However, early newspapers were different; facts and propaganda were not unified as they are today. Hard fact was presented before the public. Then various ideological groups put forward their interpretations and arguments later.

In Swift's, Defoe's, Addison's and Goldsmith's time, fact and propaganda were unified. Swift's paper, "The Examiner" was a conservative newspaper. At this time too journalists were finding it exceedingly difficult to hold the attention of their readers and to get their meaning across to them. The solution to the problem was found by Addison and Goldsmith. They created figures like Sir Roger de Coverly, the country squire and Beau Tibbs the Mayfair Fop. They wove stories around these characters to make their articles more interesting. Sir Roger de Coverly was lovable, benevolent, unfailingly polite and unfailingly obtuse. He was created to poke fun at the Tories (conservatives) by Addison, the Whig (liberal). He thus accomplished a dual purpose—that of entertainment and criticism. He succeeded and his style along with others of his generation is considered a fore-runner of that of the modern journalist. This trend stimulated journalistic activity everywhere and journals sprang up like mushrooms. Wilkes 'North Briton' is a classic example.

However, reporting since the 18th century has acquired a more Professional

touch. News agencies have come into being. Secondly, the development of improved methods of communications has made reporting more efficient than that ever before, The 'Daily Telegraph' that cost 2d. in 1858, cost a penny in 1908, thus increasing sales and consequently the scope of the newspaper. Furthermore, there is evidence that with increased literacy, there is a larger reading public. Among other things newspapers have to become more varied and topical, for catering to a larger reading public.

With the introduction of the free press, journalists are a pampered race. They are certainly a far cry from the pamphleters who were hunted down in the 17th century. Today the journalist defines the time. He shapes social attitudes, comments on things of aesthetic and cultural value, political ideology; tells you what to read and how to read it, and what to think—for all knowledge is his province.

Rai Tarun Handa

U VI A

The Needle Work Exhibition 1977

It was Founder's Term once more, and little unfinished bits of work were being completed at an immense speed by our enthusiastic needlewomen. In these few weeks it was so that where there was a girl there was a piece of matting, and behind every needle and thread there was a busy girl. Thus in other words neither the needle nor the worker remained idle so much so that these weeks can be called the needlework oriented

weeks, but this immense enthusiasm would not have been there had Mrs. Mundkur not been on the scene.

But, most credit should definitely go to our two U V's Sangeeta Raj whose tremendous and sweet effort produced the highlights of the year 1977's needleworks exhibition. Jaya Khurana on the other hand must be blessed by all our very small visitors as it was she who did the lion's share of work in creating "the world of toys"—from ducks, to dolls to poodles to elephants, name them and they were there.

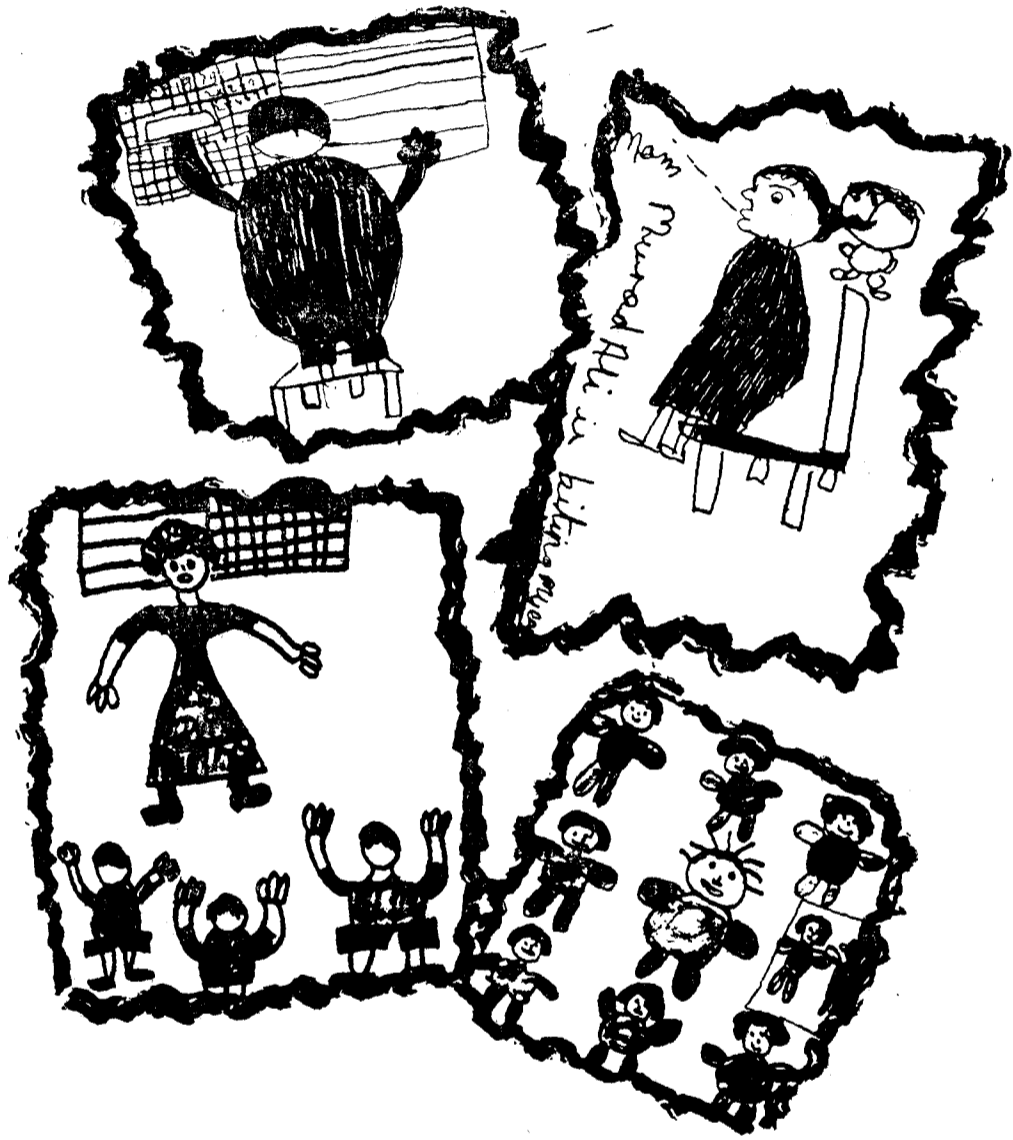
Sangeeta's Tapestry of "the lady and the page boy" got the greatest of praise as well as her bed cover done of two children worked in wool.

But our exhibition would not have been a success lest our keen young seamstresses hadn't done their share of good work. It was their cushions, table clothes, napkins and other pieces of category that adorned and gave colour and life filling up every inch of space in our department.

And now I take the opportunity of thanking all those on the behalf of the School who spared their time not only in having produced those creditable bits of hardwork but also those helped, with the Streamers and decorations, the hammering and the nailing and all the other various odd jobs. Without them all these would have been no (Rs 1000/- profit) and none of the appreciation that our School earned. 'Well done!' and I hope 1978's needlework exhibition is just as big a success if not greater.

Ava Mehta

L V



A morning in Form II

"Right children the bell has rung lets have some silence. We're going to do a new topic in Maths and I want all your attention focused on the board".

Black board scene—with a few fractions on it. Children concentrating.

Twenty minutes later—"Excuse me ma'am may I come in?" "Borwankar. Why are you so late?" Ma'am I got stuck up at M.I."

A groan from the teacher. "Get into your seat at once".

Teacher continues "Find the fractional part of $\frac{3}{4}$ th of 64".

"Ouch! Wow! stop it". Teacher—"What is happening Murad Ali?" Archana—"Ma'am he's trying to bite my ear".

"Haven't you had any breakfast this morning Mr. Ali?".

Murad, "Yes Ma'am, but she's pinching and kicking me. So, I had to stop that".

Teacher—"Now behave yourselves both of you or I shall have to spank your bottoms".

"Right! Has everyone understood? I shall now assign you some work, so settle down with your exercise books". The assignment is put on the board.

"Excuse me Ma'am, may I borrow a sharpener?" "Ma'am, may I be excused?" "Ma'am I've lost my Maths exercise book, what shall I do"?

Teacher practically tearing the hair out of her head. Just then the bell rings for the next period. Class is dismissed.

Children chattering away. Handa is cleaning the board standing on a chair. Borwankar and Rizvi are playing book

cricket. Shalini is pulling Namita's hair. One or two children are reading at their desks.

Teacher walks into the class. The class says in a chorus. "Good morning Ma'am". Teacher—"Takeout your Dictation and spelling books".

Teacher, "Handa how do you spell the word "Stomach"? " Handa—"S-T-U-M-A-C-K". Teacher "Very poor preparation Mr. Handa—thought you had to learn your spellings at prep time".

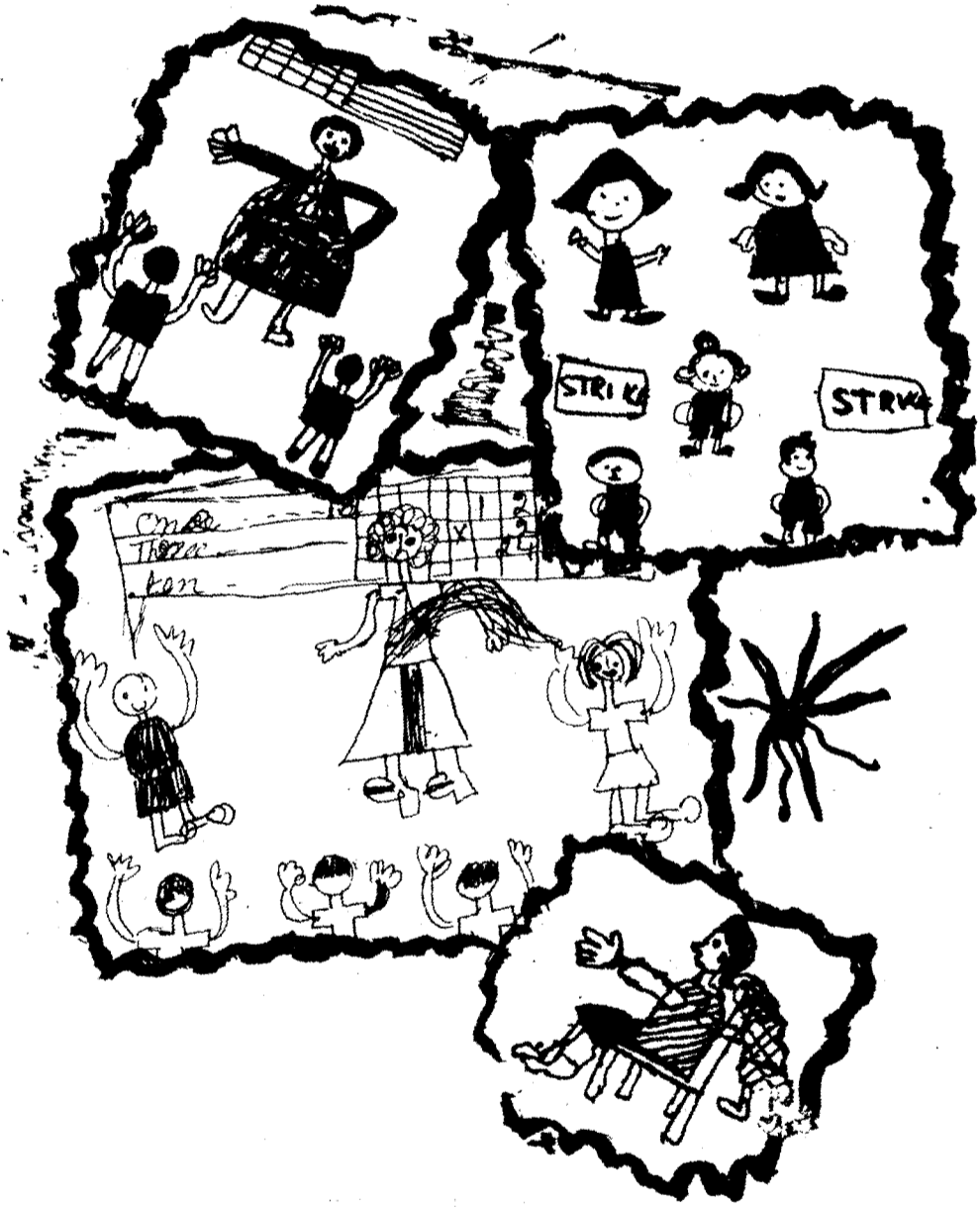
Teacher writes the correct spelling on the board. The whole class spells it out slowly in a chorus.

Teacher—"Radha write the word "Comprehension" on the board". Radha writes and gets stuck at Comp...Teacher—"Piya please come and complete the right spelling". Piya writes "Com-P-Hesin".

Chitter, chatter from a couple of boys at the back. Teacher—"What are you chattering about, Rohit Banta and Viraj? Come on, out with it".

Rohit, "Ma'am we were talking about the latest match between Pakistan and India".

The whole class starts chattering at once. Ashish—"No yar, India's 2nd last score was 465 for all out. Of course, you have any bets". K.D.S. "Okay tell me whose the best cricketer in the Pakistan team?" Rizvi "Mushtaq, any bets". Ashish—"No yar, he's their fastest bowler!" Teacher—"Pipe down all of you and lets get back to work. Bell rings. Class files out for P.T.



A Vision of the World

The End of The Earth

On the 30th of July, 2011 A.D. the third World War started. Atom Bombs and other nuclear weapons were used and everything was being razed to the around. Everyone knew that they would soon die, because the fatal nuclear radiations were spreading. After a few days the World went into darkness. The scientists said that the World would come to an end in two ways. One was that the poisoness radiations were spreading and the second could not be explained, but it would be catastrophic. After a month, day-light come back. Everyone was happy and said a silent prayer. Meanwhile the scientists had built a rocket to go to the Moon with things to live on the Moon. The scientists went away but the people stayed back not believing that something would happen.

Suddenly the earth became hot and started to burn. After five days the earth broke away from its' regular orbit, and moved closer to the Sun. Everyone died except the scientists on the Moon and it was surprising that the Earth did not pull the Moon along, and for a long time the scientists tried to find out how the Moon had not followed the earth. But they couldn't find the answer. And every night they looked at the burnt and shrived earth and wondered if any poor people lived there. But those questions always remained a mystery to them.

Sanjay Bhasin



When Robots Ruled the World

'Twas the time when Robots increased in number and man started decreasing in number. Then came a time when the Robots thought that they had much greater strength than man and they wanted to make man the servant of the World. It was man's foolishness to make so many Robots because he then became a servant of them. But once they were made they could not be destroyed because they had a lot of weapons and a big army.

Man had to keep the Robots clean, neat and tidy and his iron skin shinning. Man had to keep the Robots machinery nicely working, or he would be sacrificed to the Robots God. Each Robot had a nice shinning place for himself while man had only an ugly looking hut, with one very small room for himself and his family. Man went to the King to tell him that he could not live in such a small house but the King refused to listen and instead had the man beaten.

The Robot laws were really very strange so that no body could even say a single bad word to the Robots, they could not even go to their garden because the Robot thought man would stink their garden. There was only one well for the village and the well had only one gallon of water, if man was caught breaking the laws he would be sacrificed to the Robot Gods.

Many men used to be tortured by the Robots if anything went wrong. Children were killed when they were born.

Man felt very sorry for having made the Robots but nothing could be done.

Deepak Kumar Olyan
U III C

Journey to a Distant Moon

The whole world was getting ruined. Forests were being wiped out animals were being killed by the thousands. Factories were being built, the air was getting polluted.

It was hard to breathe. There were oxygen booths after every thousand meters. Plants were dying. There was no real vitamin in any food stuff.

A Great World War was about to break out. Every single factory was now making atomic stuff. Guided missiles were being made in thousands. Special Rockets were being made to drop soldiers and para troops. Deadly nuclear submarines which crawled the ocean bed were being manufactured. There were supersonic bombers which carried nuclear bombs.

The day of the foulest war had come! Nuclear bombs were being dropped all over the world. In every factory of each Country thousands of Space Ships and Space suits were manufactured for men women and children to escape the horrible war on earth. They were going to the moon!

Every minute 10 Space Ships were launched. The ship in which I was travelling got lost in outer space. After years of wanderings we saw Triton, one of the 2 great moons that circle Neptune. We were getting closer to this object, when we were captured by the palegreen mist. The pilot fought desperately to get the space ship out of the mist, finally, we got out of the mist and

reached the pale icy green desert of Triton.

Chetan Bhandari
L III

Honesty is a Hindrance to Worldly

Success

Honesty is a term that was forgotten long ago for a practitioner of sheer honesty does not exist in our world. Some people may be more honest than others. Like, for example myself but now wandering in the streets of life I find (have found) that the more dishonest a person the more successful he is in the world.

Everyone is familiar with the famous saying "Honesty is the best policy". But this is true only to a certain extent and applies only at certain places if one wants to gain fame. For it is truly said that the ascent to great place is along a winding stair. A lie here and there along the way is essential to put and keep yourself in the good books of people.

There may be exceptions who have followed this policy strictly and still become great and famous men. For example Mahatma Gandhi. He is said to have never lied in his life time, which I think is a lie itself.

Honesty actually is a hinderance to worldly success. To become a great man you have to be a good man in the eyes of the people and in case you do something wrong, something against the will of the public, you just cannot honestly and foolishly tell them so and bring disgrace on yourself and your family.

You will naturally drop in the eyes of the people. At such places the policy of honesty should not be followed.

But honesty sometimes does bring you prosperity and luck. It is not that you should not follow the path of honesty at all. To follow the path of honesty at the right time and from a worldly point of view is also an art. The policy of honesty should be followed only when you have done something outstanding and great. I would say to get worldly success is an art itself.

Therefore the policy of honesty is partly a hinderance to worldly success and partly not, if followed artfully.

Gautam S. Ahlawat LVC
&
Arunjit S. Sodhi LVB

A Street Lamp

As I walked down a cold and lonely street, I came across a faint shimmering light. It was all solitary and abandoned with broken glass panes. Tilting, pale insects came and danced around it not knowing that their love for this light would burn them to ashes. Passersby did not bother about the lamp but the lamp kept glowing and showing the path. It was a solitary light on the street.

In the dark, cold, bleak mid-winter evening, it was welcoming to all as a water hole in a desert of scorching heat is to an Arabian traveller doing a great favour to the passersby. Just a mere old street lamp.

Haroop Singh Dhaliwal
L V C

Those Were the Days

It is a pity that this realization hits us so late in the year—That School life has ended. We mechanically hear old-students accounts of how sad it is to leave school. A vague idea that we shall feel sad at the end lies dormant in some remote lost, corner of our brains. School life passes in the last year as in any other sports, games, concerts, hikes fun.....April, May, June.....those till perhaps the end of November. Then those shared visions become more a reality. There is a sudden grief, a yearning almost to relive those days and we realize the difference between, an idea of sadness and the real feeling of it.

March, the Calender flips back perhaps 5 years for some, may be 11 or even 12 for others. The goodbyes to Mom and Dad, a desprate last clutch at Mom's sari then lost in the huge Institution perched atop a solitary hill surrounded by mountains and valleys, rivers and streams. An Institution whose history dates back to hundred and thirty one years. Buildings with strange planked corridors and dormitories. But life picks up quickly for the little ones. Cares are lost in the excitement reckless Cowboy—Indian gamcs, 'Bang aBang' or 'Arrows'. Assembly in the morning. Later—class and the intricate mysteries of adding, substracting and the ABC. Gradually the Fundamental classes are left behind.

Now comes a somewhat more serious study and games besides great honour for the one who can run the fastest or jump the farthest. Effort is put into sports and games, because it is all for the

house. Gradual introduction to swimming memorable hikes and expeditions and on a Saturday evening the School groups around an illustrious guest who is in the process of very seriously describing the various tactics he used to terminate seven snakes during an eventful hike. The change from the Prep to the Senior School—more of the responsibility and independence. The final decision Physics, Chem., Bio. or Psycho., Eco, Geography—Science or Arts? More and more study more responsibilities some become Prefects.

The final Founders.....Exams

In secret moments of desire and mischief unnoticed one feels like hopping into Chapel late at night or in the summer taking a dip in the pool at a late hour. To forget Maths or Chemistry for a while and 'Bang Bang' to duck studies under some pretext instead of valuing the time set aside for serious work and slip stealthily across off to Charlee instead of being allowed to go.

No school is perfect, and Sanawar is no exception. It has its drawbacks. For one—there is very little originality left in any individual when he leaves because from the very beginning he does only what he is told to and is punished for what he does on his own. Never the less we owe a lot to this institution, we have learnt to enjoy a healthy spirit of co-operation and the love of comradeship. We have a certain love for games and Nature—This is perhaps the part which we will miss most, our closeness to nature especially through hikes and outings.

You regret so much that you did not go around this year capturing with a

camera all the possible sights of fun and laughter. You try awkwardly a desperate attempt to somehow feel even slightly the innocent, careless, happy pleasures of the juniors life,

Of course the memories of happiness, disappointment, excitement, tragedy, comedy, sympathy, hope and on down the line—the camera is a poor substitute for the living magic of the brain. There are too many recollections of teachers, boys, girls, of glory and embarrassment either in class or on the games field. There are too many feelings to express. But strangely they make one happier not more sad.

Sanjay Batra

My Last Years

If a fellow denies having enjoyed his last year in Sanawar, he is obviously either a liar or insane. I am neither insane nor a liar (infact I am Paddy). I can state that to me Sanawar, with its flavour of rough vintage, the aura of the sweet mountain air, the birds singing and well...all that rot.

It means its been Jolly, this last year of mine. First of all being a senior, one leads the juniors (elementary, actually, but it can be proved using the correlative index of logarithms). There is no other manner of getting greater pleasure than by leading juniors—except perhaps by eating a hot omelette.

How thrilling it is to see one's teachings to improve efficiency being followed. One of the foremost things I gathered was that to hasten work and improve efficiency. I should give every person a number for every time he has to report.

If Prayosh Badan failed to return his library book on time I obviously gave him the number 14-6374. Naturally initial 14 is his age. Regarding the next four digits. If you add them you get 20 and subtracting every alternate number you get 6. Their sum is 26, which when divided by 13 (which, naturally is the breadth of a locker in decimetres) we get 2 when therefore number 2 is announced, Prayosh Badan does a quick calculation gets his number, and reports. No delay-efficiency.

But that is neither here nor, if you see what I mean, there. Perhaps what I ought to write about is freedom in Sanawar and my opinion of it. Brainy stuff in short. Well, hazarding my opinion, if that's the expression I want, I shall take a shot at saying that freedom is topping. I mean fellows say that they don't get it but I feel we do.

So much about freedom. Now we shall drift to games when merry children play mischievously, fluttering hither and thither life snowflakes. I mean hockey and cricket and so on are very enjoyable.

But these are common pleasures which everyone—the common herd experiences. We chaps of the last year enjoy further the divine pleasure of being seniors and I also enjoy the privilege of being a lousy senior. If we don't get gifts from juniors either from love or flattery, we take it ourselves.

Talking about food in Sanawar, which is better off not talked about, we have learn't to eat just about anything by the time we have reached our last year. Our tongues are just worn-out pieces of

leather, incapable of taste for they have had a hard life. In fact if a steak and a roasted shoe were brought to me today or two plates with gravy the chances of my finding the shoe tastier are equal to nought.

My digestive system got completely immune to trouble. Infact the only time I had relief was when once I swallowed a bottle of ink. It gave me so much respite that every now and then I have it.

Considering that I am supposed to be writing about my last year in Sanawar and also considering I'm not, the reader may justifiably, feel dissappointed. The word may go around the reader's family "Paddy is out of form—he is not giving of his best" Let the reader not worry. I have not get begun to write.

Only we of the Upper Sixth form have had the privilege of being the first to enter the ten-plus-two. We have experienced the full confusion of this attempt and if we wish to start a new system of education we know exactly what not to do. First, we are convinced, the Board thought the words '10+2' sounded good. So they implemented it. Later on, they thought of the syllabus but obviously found it too tiring to the brain. So left it. The idea was to leave the sum to the teacher.

Text books, they have yet to publish.

Now of course they feel that 8+4 sounds better. If all the idea was to get a sum of twelve I feel that even the combinations "4×3" 59 minus 37 and $\sqrt{144}$ are not bad. They should give it a thought.

But it is for the confusion they have created that I'm grateful for it has brought spice to my last year in school. I mean so many periods when the Physics teacher does not know what to teach—Maths or Geography.

But I suppose every good thing has its limit. Just because we enjoyed our last year so much we are now getting twenty days more of it. We get letters from the fellows saying how nice the

plains are and how much they miss us. We just gnash a tooth or two and stay in our over depression.

Whatever said and what ever done I have enjoyed myself in Sanawar and particularly so in the last year. The reader will also find that Sanawar will enjoy the absence of my stuff in the next issue of the Sanawarian.

Padmanabhan Rangappa
U-VI

Short Stories

The Jester

Let us go back from the present to the day when the sub-continent was criss-crossed with so many international borders that its political map looked like a modern tourists guide map or, in other words, when it was divided into many minute kingdoms and principalities.

Sarakund was one such kingdom. A fat and middle aged man named Surakut Singh sat on it's throne.

As kings in those days usually did, Surakut too had a court iester with an unusually odd name Sher Singh Pahelwan. But the king a connoissuer of fine liquor, called him sherry.

Unfortunately Sher, contrary to evreyone else's opinion, thought of himself an extremely witty jester. But the king who ruled in a humourless kingdom was forced to keep him on rather than be ridiculed by his fellow sovereigns for not having a complete set of court personalities.

Life continued in this dreary manner and the king, an intelligent man, called upon Sher to display his talents only when he wanted to be lulled to sleep, which was quite often.

Finally one day Sher realised that he was not forcing any laughs from his audience.

Over powered tremendously by this discovery he turned his sorrows to paper in form of a poem, in which he ridiculed the king and the aristocracy. In a fit of a anger he sent this to Raja Surakut.

When the king read this poem, he wansn't as Sher had hoped, angered, but in fact he realised where Sher's real talents lay.

The next day Sher was appointed court poet, while still retaining his position of court jester.

Vijayandra Rao
U-V C

This Fake World

Our ship was nearing port and everybody had had their tea. Everybody was out on the deck enjoying the evening breeze when suddenly a man turned and shouted. All eyes turned on the man who was pointing at a pale orange coloured sky with a beautiful sun setting. For a minute or so, everybody was stunned. I could not believe my eyes. Then I saw that the clouds were in a stationary position.

I then went down and saw two long poles. I at once guessed what had happened! Somebody had painted a scene on canvas. I then looked at my watch and the time was a quater to five.

Drowsily I looked up and saw everyone standing up for the Ovation. I then realized I had faller asleep during my father's play.

Balinder Singh Dhillon
U-III C



Bars

Shobha was looking sympathetically at the woman, begging for help but she was helpless. The woman whose name was Kalyani cried once again.

“M—Mem Sahib, please help me. Please save my daughter.”

But Shobha turned her face away and went into the house. Kalyani's hands which had been raised to ask for help went back to wipe away the tears from her eyes. From inside the house Shobha watched Kalyani's activities but couldn't do anything. The bars in front of her forbade her from doing anything. From the day she had been married, she had been unable to do anything against her husband's wishes. Everyday she had to wait till ten'o clock in the night when her husband usually returned, completely drunk. She had served her husband with devotion but had received no reward for her labour. This man was commonly known in the whole town as Sethji.

That day Shobha decided to ask her husband for some money to give to Kalyani but she didn't have the courage to ask him. But still when he came home that night she gathered up all her courage and asked him but received no reply. She went back to her bedroom, but couldn't go to sleep. She kept thinking and then went to the window to look out. She could almost hear Kalyani's daughter crying and telling her mother not to let her die. Shobha could see a dim candle burning in Kalyani's hut protecting the hut from complete darkness.

Kalyani was the wife of a soldier who had died in war. He had left behind a daughter. She had worked in the Sethji's house for a long time and looked upon her Mem sahib as a great lady.

Just as Shobha was looking out she saw Avanti, another widow who had three children to support giving some money to Kalyani. Immediately Shobha understood that Avanti was giving away the only bit of money she had. Why is Avanti giving the only money she has although she has her own childre begging for food in the street? Why is she so ready to give the money to someone in need while my rich husband cant give anything?

“Behan—you've saved my daughter. You've saved my daughter. But I'm not capable of giving you anything in return.”

Shobha looked at them unable to do anything. The bars forbade her.

J.P. Singh
VI

Roots

The train came out of the tunnel. The sun shone down upon it and brought to light every detail—from the sooty black engine to the dirt covered second class carriages.

Inside the third carriage sat an old woman with a lined and wrinkled face. She was smiling and her face was glowing with happiness. And she had a very good reason for that: she was returning to her home town after nearly fifty

years. She had migrated with her parents to England and was fifteen when she had last seen her home. After that she had never got a chance to visit India again.

The English people were very cold and curt with the Indians and she had never really enjoyed staying in an alien land with unfriendly people.

And now she was looking forward to meeting the friendly, townspeople and seeing her old home.

The train pulled up at the station and she got off and hired a "rickshaw". After ten minutes of jolting and shaking she got off in front of a large wooden gate with high walls. She paid the man and then walked up to the gate. Memories came flooding back, but she pushed them aside and pushed the gate open.

In place of the white and brown bungalow she had expected to see, there was a massive two storeyed building which was painted a garish shade of blue.

She shrugged and moved towards the door. A door keeper dressed in a maroon dress answered the bell.

"Yes?" he said. He raised his eyebrows and gave her a hostile look.

"Is...er...is this a new building?" she inquired nervously.

"Yes". Another cold look.

"Please could you tell me who lives here now?" Her voice was steadier now.

"No one. This is an office building". This time he glared at her.

"No one! Oh...thank you". Dejectedly she walked towards the gate.

Then suddenly she remembered the mango tree at the back of the house. She and her friends had always played there—scrambling over its huge roots, which were above the ground, and swinging like monkeys from its leafy branches.

She turned around and walked to the rear of the building.

The tree was no longer there. Only a short stump and the huge roots remained.

This was too much for her. She sat down on one of the enormous roots and began to cry.

Khushwant Gill
U-V C

The Wolf and the Queen—A Fable

It is said that Catherine the Great, Queen one time, woman paragon, lingered long in the smelting mist of passions, rousing lust and greed in every walking human male.

The roving wolves snarled and sneered, leering at the possibility of biting into the tender thighs of the Queen.

The Queen cautious in weighing the needs of her tender thighs, blessed with the caress of another, let the mist of her lust intoxiate and fog the minds of men.

But that night the Queen, restless, sighed awaiting the wetting. Dripping drunk the wolf came, a star of a wolf.

Fierce, his canines gleaming, snout quivering, bloody and grimacing a hungry devourer of blazing meteor, and devoured the tender-thighed Queen.

Melting, Queen Catherine, riding naked a stallion white, star struck eternal ecstasy.

Rasputin



Poetry

Ode to Spring

Er-Spring, you perfectly priceless old
 thing,
 You knock the winter clean out of the
 ring;
 After the cold, the shivering and trembl-
 ing too,
 You, dear fellow, are too good to be true.
 Spring, spring, oh, glorious spring,
 When cuckoos sing like anything;
 And other birds are not lacking either,
 The maina, the parrot and the-er-oyster.
 The bright sun, smiling like a mischie-
 vous, blighter,
 Puts a chap in the sipirits of a fighter;
 In winter, all you see is the Holly,
 But spring! You are jolly, jolly.
 Spring, what I find about you so funny,
 Is you make blokes contemplate matri-
 mony;
 The season of love, the season of Task,
 For what more can a fellow ask?

Paddy Rangappa

Gautam Budha

The aristocrat
 of noble birth
 The Buddha
 Soft lotus smile
 Lovely, benign, sitting blood & flesh
 Elegant in meditational coitus.
 The outcaste alone

* * * * *

The wandering soul
 Solitary Buddha
 Bones and fibre
 Stretching, tensing, starving
 Sitting still
 Deep in search of
 Fire to end all fire.

Industrial Hymn

The world in my eye
 a catastrophe.....
 tons of D.D.T
 sprayed gently
 while I sleep the mad sleep
 awaiting a ticket
 to mount the sweating flanks
 of this terrific eternity,
 [blackening]
 Riding
 with a vulture gut whip in my hand
 my plastic emulsion sunshine
 my swollen belly full of rotting fish
 fished out of my itanic tungsten molar
 grin
 with iron spades
 and gold drilling machine.....
 Ahead
 my lead horse galloping
 clanking
 steel girders shuddering
 under the rush of steel,
 soul awakening
 slavish and cold
 to the plastic shining sexual gleam
 in my breast
 I bear the scorpion torch
 black shining flame
 blazing
 hideous deformities

Siddhartha

—:o:—

Pity

Walking by the sea a pitiful morning
sight.

A hungry miserable child, crying on his
right.

Depressed and heart heavy, he walks on
ahead.

Till he comes across a beautiful dabra
bed.

His selfish world is once again brighter.
Quickened is his step and spring much
lighter.

How soon is forgotten the wrenching
grief.

The low passion in his heart was so brief.

Anu Bedi
U-VI A

The Parrot and the Bear

The parrot went to cut a carrot.

But the carrot wasn't there.

A Bear was there.

He tried to cut the Bear.

But the bear growled at him.

And made him fly away.

Vipin Abrol
Form II A

A Shadow

Once a boy sat on a chair.

A shadow said,

"Come here ! come here !"

But he said,

"Where are you"

Iqbal Rizvi
Form II A

A Little Girl

There was a little girl.
Who had a little dog who bit her on the
leg.

But ofcourse she was not dead.

Sukhamar Dhillon
Form II A



The Going**(To Mr. Mishra)**

**Going on a sledge.
Going through the snow.
Going along the hedge.
Going with the wind.
Always taking in my mind.
Going on a river.
Going in a boat.
Going with a shiver.
Going very slow.
Going with the waves.**

**Now high and now low.
Going with ease.
Going with a cool breeze.
Going always going.
From some where to no where.
Its going thats fun.
So we keep going along.**

**Karoki Lewis
U-III C**

❀ हिन्दी विभाग ❀

विषय - सूची

(क) कहानी लेखन :

१. भाग्य ही सब कुछ नहीं है	कमलेश चदान	...	६१
२. सिगरेट का धुआँ	विभा साहनी	...	६२

(ख) कवितायें :

१. जीवन की भोर	दीपा गोस्वामी	...	६३
२. चोर	विक्रम मेहता	...	६३

(ग) रोचक सामग्री :

१. शिमला नगर की जल पिलाने वाली अद्भुत राधा	अशोक गोयल	...	६३
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(घ) स्तम्भ :

१. सुगन्ध	अशोक गोयल	...	६४
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भाग्य ही सब कुछ नहीं है

मैं एक अनाथ और आलसी लड़का हूँ। मुझे केवल यह ध्यान रहता है कि मैं कब खाली होऊँ और कब सो जाऊँ। मुझे सोने के सिवा और कुछ भी अच्छा नहीं लगता। अनाथ होने के बाद भी मैं ऐसे कमरे में रहता हूँ जहाँ मुझे कुछ तो सुविधाएँ मिली ही हुई हैं। परन्तु मैं अकेला होने के कारण बहुत बोर हो चुका था और काम के लिए परेशान था। मेरे चाचा जी मेरी थोड़ी बहुत सहायता करते रहते थे। वह जो भी उपदेश मुझे देते थे वह मुझे अच्छा न लगता था लेकिन मैं हमेशा चुप रहता था।

मुझे रात भर नींद न आई। सारी रात करवटें बदलता रहा। नींद न आने के कई कारण थे एक कारण यह था कि मेरी बाहों में बहुत दर्द हो रहा था। दूसरा कारण यह था कि कल ही मुझे एक पत्र मिला था जिसमें मुझे इन्टरव्यू के लिये बुलावा आया था। मैंने इस इन्टरव्यू में जरूर पास हो जाना था क्योंकि मेरे चाचा जी उस दफ्तर में बहुत ऊँचे पद पर काम करते थे। उनकी मदद से मैं इस में जरूर पास हो जाता। इसी कारण सारी रात मेरी आँखों के सामने इन्टरव्यू का सारा दृश्य घूमता रहा। कभी स्वपन देखता कि मैं इन्टरव्यू में पास हो गया हूँ, और अब अपने दफ्तर में बैठकर देश की समस्याओं को सुधार रहा हूँ।

सुबह में जैसे ही बिस्तर से उठा कि एक बगल वाले पड़ोसी के मुन्ने ने छींक मार दी। आप पुछिए मत, बस तब मुझे उस पर इतना गुस्सा आया कि क्या कहूँ? परन्तु मैं सारा गुस्सा अन्दर ही अन्दर पी गया। इस गुस्से के कारण मुझे समय का ध्यान भी नहीं रहा। मैंने खाना भी नहीं खाया अपने कपड़े पहने और सर्टिफिकेट लेकर इन्टरव्यू के लिये चल दिया।

यह दिसम्बर का महीना था चारों ओर ठण्डी-ठण्डी हवाएं चल रही थी। जैसे ही मैं दफ्तर पहुँचा तो देखा कि वहाँ कोई भी नहीं था। मैं आश्चर्य में डूब गया और चारों ओर हल्की नजर डालते हुए बैंच पर बैठ गया। इतने में मैंने देखा कि आगे से एक जमादार आ रहा है। मैंने उसे अपने पास बुलाते हुए पूछा, “क्या टाइम हुआ है?” जमादार ने पहले तो मेरी और फिर अपनी घड़ी की ओर देखकर कहा, “बाबू जी, अभी साढ़े आठ बजे हैं”। यह सुनते ही मैं खुशी से पागल हो उठा। मेरे पेट में चुहों ने कूद-कूद कर बुरा हाल कर दिया था। मैंने सोचा कि अभी तो साढ़े आठ ही बजे हैं क्यों न मैं भागकर घर से, खाना खाकर आऊँ। मैं सिर पर पाँव रखकर घर की ओर भागा। देखा कि मैं जल्दी-जल्दी में घर को ताला लगाना भी भूल गया था। जब अन्दर गया तो पता चला कि बिल्ला महाराज सारा दूध पीकर चले गये थे। मैंने जल्दी-जल्दी ऐसा-वैसा भोजन किया और फिर कागज़ आदि लेकर दफ्तर के लिए रवाना हुआ। मेरे दरवाज़ा लौघने की कमी थी कि एक बिल्ली मेरा रास्ता काट गई। मैंने मन में निश्चय कर लिया कि मेरे भाग्य में जो लिखा है हो जाएगा और उल्टे पैर अन्दर सुड़ गया।

थोड़ी देर बाद टेलीफोन की घंटी बजी। मैंने रिसीवर उठाया, कोई कह रहा था, “राजेश, जल्दी आओ इन्टरव्यू का समय हो चुका है”। मैंने कोई उत्तर नहीं दिया और रिसीवर वापस पटक दिया और नींद के भोके लेने लगा। उसके बाद तीन चार बार टेलीफोन की घंटी बजती रही और मैं आराम से चन्द्रलोक के स्वपन देखता रहा। मज़बूर होकर मेरे चाचा जी को दूसरे आदमी को रखना पड़ा। दूसरे दिन जब मुझे पता चला तो बहुत दुःख हुआ। मैंने मन में ही विचार कर लिया कि “भाग्य ही सब कुछ नहीं है”।

कमलेश बदान
लॉयर फोर बी

सिगरेट का धुआँ

पुराने समय की बात है, दो दोस्त थे, नीला चन्द और पीलाचन्द। नीलाचन्द की कपड़े की दुकान थी और पीलाचन्द की सुनियार की। नीलाचन्द का एक नौकर था, कीड़ाचन्द। कीड़ाचन्द को सिगरेट पीने की बहुत बुरी आदत थी। वह इतनी सिगरेट पीता था कि मुश्किल ही कोई श्रंदाज लगा सके। हाँ इतना स्पष्ट था कि उसकी ज्यादातर कमाई सिगरेट पीने में ही चली जाती थी। नीलाचन्द की दुकान हर समय सिगरेट के धुएँ से ही भरी रहती थी जिसके कारण नीलाचन्द का उस दुकान में बैठना उसके वश के बाहर था। इसलिए मजबूर होकर उसने एक दिन कीड़ा चन्द से कहा, “भाई कीड़ाचन्द, इस धुएँ भरी दुकान में बैठना मेरे वश के बाहर है। इसलिए तू सिगरेट दुकान से बाहर जाकर पियाकर।” कीड़ा चन्द मान गया।

नीलाचन्द रोज दोपहर के वक्त घर पर खाना खाने के लिए जाया करता था। कीड़ाचन्द इस वक्त को अपने हाथों में लेकर दुकान के अंदर बैठकर सिगरेट पीता और गाता रहता। वह गाना भी बड़े गज़ब का होता, “जिन्दगी सिगरेट का धुआँ, न पुछो किधर जाता है” :

एक दिन की बात है, नीलाचन्द घर से आने में थोड़ा लेट हो गया। कीड़ाचन्द अपनी सिगरेट का मजा लेता रहा। नीला चन्द घर से देरी से चला और अपनी दुकान से थोड़ी ही दूर हलवाई की दुकान पर बैठ गया। किसी बात पर चर्चा छिड़ी और नीलाचन्द जोर से हँस पड़ा। कीड़ाचन्द एक-दम अपने मालिक की आवाज़ पहचान गया। उसने एकदम सिगरेट के बचे टुकड़े को जमीन पर पड़े कपड़े के नीचे रख दिया और पाँव के साथ मसल कर बाहर आ गया। अफसोस की बात यह हुई कि जल्दबाजी में सिगरेट का टुकड़ा अच्छी तरह न बुझा और धीरे-धीरे उस कपड़े में आग लग गई। नौकर तो वहाँ से जाकर अपने कुछ मित्रों में बैठ गया। आग धीरे-धीरे बढ़ गई।

अचानक हलवाई ने नीलाचन्द का ध्यान उसकी दुकान की तरफ किया। नीलाचन्द ने लापरवाही से कहा, “नहीं यार कुछ नहीं हुआ। यह धुआँ तो मेरे साथ वाली हलवाई की दुकान से आ रहा है।” सयोगवश पीलाचन्द नीलाचन्द को मिलने आ रहा था। जब वह दुकान पर पहुँचा तो वहाँ आग लगी हुई देखकर घबरा गया। उसने लोगों के साथ मिलकर आग बुझाई।

जब पीलाचन्द ने नीलाचन्द को बातों में मस्त देखा तो एकदम ठिठक कर रह गया। वह नीलाचन्द के पास गया और बोला, “क्यों यार नीलाचन्द तबीयत तो ठीक है? तू भी कमाल का आदमी है, तेरा लाखों का नुकसान हो रहा है और तू यहाँ बैठा रंग-रलियाँ मना रहा है।” यह सुनते ही नीला चन्द भागा-भागा अपनी दुकान पर गया और सिर पकड़कर बैठ गया। उसने देखा कि उसका बहुत अधिक नुकसान हो चुका था।

पीलाचन्द ने उसे साहस दिलाया और उसकी सारी दुकान की मरम्मत करवा कर उसे चलाने योग्य बनाया। इस पर नीलाचन्द बोला, “यार, आज तुमने मुझे सड़कों पर भूखा फिरने से बचाया है। मैं तुम्हारा एहसान जिन्दगी भर नहीं भूल पाऊँगा। तुम हमेशा मेरे सच्चे मित्र थे, तुम्हीं मेरे सच्चे मित्र हो और बरसों पुरानी हमारी दोस्ती आजीवन भर हरी रहेगी।”

विभा साहनी
अपर फोर सी

जीवन की भोर

तम ने अंगड़ाई ली ।
 दिनेश हँस रहा था ॥
 उषा ने लालिमा फैला दी ।
 रश्मियों का बिखरा जाल ॥
 संगीत के मधुर बोलों पर ।
 बही पवन लिए सुगन्ध अपार ॥
 मन्त्रमुग्ध हो मैं हिरण सी ।
 होने लगी निहाल ॥
 आशाओं के हिंडोले पर ।
 उड़ चली उस पवन में मैं ॥
 जहाँ थे प्रसून हजार ।
 कलियों के लवों पर थी मुस्कराहट ॥
 फूल हँस रहे थे ।
 भंवरोँ ने गुंजन की ॥
 पक्षियों ने किया शोर ।
 आई इसी प्रकार ही सुनों ॥
 मेरे जीवन की एक भोर !

दीपा गोस्वामी
 अपर पाचवीं ए

॥ चोर ॥

मैं हूँ मिस्टर चोर साहब,
 खाता हूँ गलियों में सींक - कबाब ।
 तभी लोग कहते मुझको रबबर सिंह,
 असल नाम है — गब्बर सिंह ।
 चन्द मिनटों में यहाँ — वहाँ,
 कोई न जाने मैं हूँ कहाँ ।
 पाया जाता हूँ घरों के पास,
 निकालता न मुँह से आवाज़ ।
 वरना होऊँगा 'आऊट आफ' सीमा,
 फिर जेल में बनेगा कीमा ।

विक्रम मेहता
 लोअर तीसरी बी

शिमला नगर की जल पिलाने वाली अद्भुत राधा

मैं शिमला की उस जल पिलाने वाली मूर्ती की बात कर रहा हूँ जो दौलत सिंह नामक पार्क में विद्यमान है । गर्मियों की छुट्टियों में हम इसे देखने शिमला गये थे । यह हिमाचल की राधा, एक साधारण पहाड़ी औरत की मूर्ती है जो अपने हाथों में गागर थामे ऐसी प्रतीत होती है मानो सचमुच आकाश की परी पार्क की शोभा बढ़ाने इस पृथ्वी पर उतर आई हो । यह सुन्दर नारी की मूर्ती हिमाचल के लोक जीवन की एक भौकी प्रस्तुत करती है । दौलत सिंह पार्क में विभिन्न रंगों के खिले फूल और हरे वृक्षों से घिरी हुई यह मूर्ती चमन की शोभा को चार चाँद लगा देती है । ठण्डी वायु इस शान्त वातावरण से मिलकर पर्यटकों का मन मोह लेती है । पूर्णिमा की रात में यह मूर्ती देखते ही बनती है । यह अद्भुत पानी पिलाने वाली राधा को शिमला के महाप्रसिद्ध मूर्तिकार प्रोफेसर महेशचन्द्र सक्सेना ने विशेष तकनीक से लगभग चार मास में अपने अथक परिश्रम से बनाया है । इसको देखने के लिए शिमला नगर निगम की ओर से लगाया गया केवल १० पैसे का टिकट लेना पड़ता है ।

मानवाकार मूर्ती के आधार पर एक ताँबे की प्लेट लगी है, जिस पर पैर रखते ही मूर्ती के हाथों की गागर से जल बहने लगता है। इसे बच्चे-बूढ़े बहुत चाव से पीते हैं। अनेक दर्शक भी इसी मूर्ती को देखने बड़ी दूर-दूर से आते हैं। यहाँ लोग इस पहाड़ी राधा के साथ खड़े होकर फोटो खिंचवाते हैं। इस प्रकार यह हिमाचली राधा शिमला भ्रमण करने वालों के आकर्षण का केन्द्र बनो हुई है।

अशोक गोयल
लोअर फाइव ए

❀ सुगन्ध ❀

- जो व्याक्त ऊँचे विचारों की सुखद संगति में रहते हैं वे अकेले रहने पर भी अकेले नहीं होते।
- विद्या एक ऐसा हीरा है जो अन्धकार में भी चमकता है।
- विद्या एक ऐसी चाबी है जो अन्धकार के द्वारों को भी बदल देती है।
- दृढ़ प्रतिज्ञा एक गढ़ समान है जो भयानक प्रलोभनों से हमारी रक्षा करती है और दुर्बलता एवं अस्थिरता से हमें बचाती है।
- निरर्थक आशा से बँधा मनुष्य अपना हृदय सुखा डालता है और आशा की कड़ी टूटते ही स्वयं गिर पड़ता है।
- अपने को पहचानने के लिए मनुष्य को अपने से बाहर निकलकर तटस्थ बनकर खुद को देखना चाहिए।

अशोक गोयल
लोअर फाइव ए

भाग्य ही सब कुछ नहीं है

मैं एक अनाथ और आलसी लड़का हूँ। मुझे केवल यह ध्यान रहता है कि मैं कब खाली होऊँ और कब सो जाऊँ। मुझे सोने के सिवा और कुछ भी अच्छा नहीं लगता। अनाथ होने के बाद भी मैं ऐसे कमरे में रहता हूँ जहाँ मुझे कुछ तो सुविधाएँ मिली ही हुई हैं। परन्तु मैं अकेला होने के कारण बहुत बोर हो चुका था और काम के लिए परेशान था। मेरे चाचा जी मेरी थोड़ी बहुत सहायता करते रहते थे। वह जो भी उपदेश मुझे देते थे वह मुझे अच्छा न लगता था लेकिन मैं हमेशा चुप रहता था।

मुझे रात भर नींद न आई। सारी रात करवटें बदलता रहा। नींद न आने के कई कारण थे एक कारण यह था कि मेरी बाहों में बहुत दर्द हो रहा था। दूसरा कारण यह था कि कल ही मुझे एक पत्र मिला था जिसमें मुझे इन्टरव्यू के लिये बुलावा आया था। मैंने इस इन्टरव्यू में जरूर पास हो जाना था क्योंकि मेरे चाचा जी उस दफ्तर में बहुत ऊँचे पद पर काम करते थे। उनकी मदद से मैं इस में जरूर पास हो जाता। इसी कारण सारी रात मेरी आँखों के सामने इन्टरव्यू का सारा दृश्य घूमता रहा। कभी स्वपन देखता कि मैं इन्टरव्यू में पास हो गया हूँ, और अब अपने दफ्तर में बैठकर देश की समस्याओं को सुधार रहा हूँ।

सुबह मैं जैसे ही बिस्तर से उठा कि एक बगल वाले पड़ोसी के मुन्ने ने झींक मार दी। आप पुछिए मत, बस तब मुझे उस पर इतना गुस्सा आया कि क्या कहूँ? परन्तु मैं सारा गुस्सा अन्दर ही अन्दर पी गया। इस गुस्से के कारण मुझे समय का ध्यान भी नहीं रहा। मैंने खाना भी नहीं खाया अपने कपड़े पहने और सर्टिफिकेट लेकर इन्टरव्यू के लिये चल दिया।

यह दिसम्बर का महीना था चारों ओर ठण्डी-ठण्डी हवाएं चल रही थी। जैसे ही मैं दफ्तर पहुँचा तो देखा कि वहाँ कोई भी नहीं था। मैं आश्चर्य में डूब गया और चारों ओर हल्की नजर डालते हुए बेंच पर बैठ गया। इतने में मैंने देखा कि आगे से एक जमादार आ रहा है। मैंने उसे अपने पास बुलाते हुए पूछा, “क्या टाईम हुआ है?” जमादार ने पहले तो मेरी ओर फिर अपनी घड़ी की ओर देखकर कहा, “बाबू जी, अभी साढे आठ बजे हैं”। यह सुनते ही मैं खुशी से पागल हो उठा। मेरे पेट में चुहों ने कूद-कूद कर बुरा हाल कर दिया था। मैंने सोचा कि अभी तो साढे आठ ही बजे हैं क्यों न मैं भागकर घर से, खाना खाकर आऊँ। मैं सिर पर पाँव रखकर घर की ओर भागा। देखा कि मैं जल्दी-जल्दी में घर को ताला लगाना भी भूल गया था। जब अन्दर गया तो पता चला कि बिल्ला महाराज सारा दूध पीकर चले गये थे। मैंने जल्दी-जल्दी ऐमा-वैसा भोजन किया और फिर कागज़ आदि लेकर दफ्तर के लिए रवाना हुआ। मेरे दरवाज़ा लॉक होने की कमी थी कि एक बिल्ली मेरा रास्ता काट गई। मैंने मन में निश्चय कर लिया कि मेरे भाग्य में जो लिखा है हो जाएगा और उल्टे पैर अन्दर मुड़ गया।

थोड़ी देर बाद टेलीफोन की घंटी बजी। मैंने रिसेवर उठाया, कोई कह रहा था, “राजेश, जल्दी आओ इन्टरव्यू का समय हो चुका है”। मैंने कोई उत्तर नहीं दिया और रिसेवर वापस पटक दिया और नींद के झोकें लेने लगा। उसके बाद तीन चार बार टेलीफोन की घंटी बजती रही और मैं आराम से चन्द्रलोक के स्वपन देखता रहा। मज़बूर होकर मेरे चाचा जी को दूसरे आदमी को रखना पड़ा। दूसरे दिन जब मुझे पता चला तो बहुत दुःख हुआ। मैंने मन में ही विचार कर लिया कि “भाग्य ही सब कुछ नहीं है”।

कमलेश बदान
लोथर फोर बी

सिगरेट का धुआँ

पुराने समय की बात है, दो दोस्त थे, नीला चन्द और पीलाचन्द। नीलाचन्द की कपड़े की दुकान थी और पीलाचन्द की सुनियार की। नीलाचन्द का एक नौकर था, कीड़ाचन्द। कीड़ाचन्द को सिगरेट पीने की बहुत बुरी आदत थी। वह इतनी सिगरेट पीता था कि मुश्किल ही कोई अंदाज लगा सके। हॉ इतना स्पष्ट था कि उसकी ज्यादातर कमाई सिगरेट पीने में ही चली जाती थी। नीलाचन्द की दुकान हर समय सिगरेट के धुएँ से ही भरी रहती थी जिसके कारण नीलाचन्द का उस दुकान में बैठना उसके वश के बाहर था। इसलिए मजबूर होकर उसने एक दिन कीड़ा चन्द से कहा, “भाई कीड़ाचन्द, इस धुएँ भरी दुकान में बैठना मेरे वश के बाहर है। इसलिए तू सिगरेट दुकान से बाहर जाकर पियाकर।” कीड़ा चन्द मान गया।

नीलाचन्द रोज दोपहर के वक्त घर पर खाना खाने के लिए जाया करता था। कीड़ाचन्द इस वक्त को अपने हाथों में लेकर दुकान के अंदर बैठकर सिगरेट पीता और गाता रहता। वह गाना भी बड़े गज़ब का होता, “जिन्दगी सिगरेट का धुआँ, न पुछो किधर जाता है” :

एक दिन की बात है, नीलाचन्द घर से आने में थोड़ा लेट हो गया। कीड़ाचन्द अपनी सिगरेट का मजा लेता रहा। नीलाचन्द घर से देरी से चला और अपनी दुकान से थोड़ी ही दूर हलवाई की दुकान पर बैठ गया। किसी बात पर चर्चा छिड़ी और नीलाचन्द जोर से हँस पड़ा। कीड़ाचन्द एकदम अपने मालिक की आवाज़ पहचान गया। उसने एकदम सिगरेट के बचे टुकड़े को जमीन पर पड़े कपड़े के नीचे रख दिया और पाँव के साथ मसल कर बाहर आ गया। अफसोस की बात यह हुई कि जल्दबाजी में सिगरेट का टुकड़ा अच्छी तरह न बुझा और धीरे-धीरे उस कपड़े में आग लग गई। नौकर तो वहाँ से जाकर अपने कुछ मित्रों में बैठ गया। आग धीरे-धीरे बढ़ गई।

अचानक हलवाई ने नीलाचन्द का ध्यान उसकी दुकान की तरफ किया। नीलाचन्द ने लापरवाही से कहा, “नहीं यार कुछ नहीं हुआ। यह धुआँ तो मेरे साथ वाली हलवाई की दुकान से आ रहा है।” सयोगवश पीलाचन्द नीलाचन्द को मिलने आ रहा था। जब वह दुकान पर पहुँचा तो वहाँ आग लगी हुई देखकर धबरा गया। उसने लोगों के साथ मिलकर आग बुझाई।

जब पीलाचन्द ने नीलाचन्द को बातों में मस्त देखा तो एकदम ठिठक कर रह गया। वह नीलाचन्द के पास गया और बोला, “क्यों यार नीलाचन्द तबीयत तो ठीक है? तू भी कमाल का आदमी है, तेरा लाखों का नुकसान हो रहा है और तू यहाँ बैठा रंग-रलियाँ मना रहा है।” यह सुनते ही नीलाचन्द भागा-भागा अपनी दुकान पर गया और सिर पकड़कर बैठ गया। उसने देखा कि उसका बहुत अधिक नुकसान हो चुका था।

पीलाचन्द ने उसे साहस दिलाया और उसकी सारी दुकान की मरम्मत करवा कर उसे चलाने योग्य बनाया। इस पर नीलाचन्द बोला, “यार, आज तुमने मुझे सड़कों पर भूखा फिरने से बचाया है। मैं तुम्हारा एहसान जिन्दगी भर नहीं भूल पाऊँगा। तुम हमेशा मेरे सच्चे मित्र थे, तुम्ही मेरे सच्चे मित्र हो और बरसों पुरानी हमारी दोस्ती आजीवन भर हरी रहेगी।”

विभा साहनी
अपर फोर सी

जीवन की भोर

तम ने अंगड़ाई ली ।
 दिनेश हँस रहा था ॥
 उषा ने लालिमा फैला दी ।
 रश्मियों का बिखरा जाल ॥
 संगीत के मधुर बोलों पर ।
 बही पवन लिए सुगन्ध अपार ॥
 मन्त्रसुग्ध हो मैं हिरण सी ।
 होने लगी निहाल ॥
 आशाओं के हिंडोले पर ।
 उड़ चली उस पवन में मैं ॥
 जहाँ थे प्रसून हजार ।
 कलियों के लवों पर थी मुस्कराहट ॥
 फूल हँस रहे थे ।
 भंवरोँ ने गुंजन की ॥
 पक्षियों ने क्रिया शोर ।
 आई इसी प्रकार ही सुनों ॥
 मेरे जीवन की एक भोर !

दीपा गोस्वामी
 अपर पाचवीं ए

॥ चोर ॥

मैं हूँ मिस्टर चोर साहब,
 खाता हूँ गलियों में सीक - कबाब ।
 तभी लोग कहते मुझको रबबर सिंह,
 असल नाम है — गब्बर सिंह ।
 चन्द मिनटों में यहाँ — वहाँ,
 कोई न जाने मैं हूँ कहाँ ।
 पाया जाता हूँ घरों के पास,
 निकालता न मुँह से आवाज़ ।
 वरना होऊँगा 'आऊट आफ' सीमा,
 फिर जेल में बनेगा कीमा ।

विक्रम मेहता
 लोअर तीसरी बी

शिमला नगर की जल पिलाने वाली अद्भुत राधा

मैं शिमला की उस जल पिलाने वाली मूर्ती की बात कर रहा हूँ जो दौलत सिंह नामक पार्क में विद्यमान है । गर्मियों की छुट्टियों में हम इसे देखने शिमला गये थे । यह हिमाचल की राधा, एक साधारण पहाड़ी औरत की मूर्ती है जो अपने हाथों में गागर थामे ऐसी प्रतीत होती है मानो सचमुच आकाश की परी पार्क की शोभा बढ़ाने इस पृथ्वी पर उतर आई हो । यह सुन्दर नारी की मूर्ती हिमाचल के लोक जीवन की एक भाँकी प्रस्तुत करती है । दौलत सिंह पार्क में विभिन्न रंगों के खिले फूल और हरे वृक्षों से घिरी हुई यह मूर्ती चमन की शोभा को चार चाँद लगा देती है । ठण्डी वायु इस शान्त वातावरण से मिलकर पर्यटकों का मन मोह लेती है । पूर्णिमा की रात में यह मूर्ती देखते ही बनती है । यह अद्भुत पानी पिलाने वाली राधा को शिमला के महाप्रसिद्ध मूर्तिकार प्रोफेसर महेशचन्द्र सक्सेना ने विशेष तकनीक से लगभग चार मास में अपने अथक परिश्रम से बनाया है । इसको देखने के लिए शिमला नगर निगम की ओर से लगाया गया केवल १० पैसे का टिकट लेना पड़ता है ।

मानवाकार मूर्ती के आधार पर एक ताँबे की प्लेट लगी है, जिस पर पैर रखते ही मूर्ती के हाथों की गागर से जल बहने लगता है। इसे बच्चे-बूढ़े बहुत चाव से पीते हैं। अनेक दर्शक भी इसी मूर्ती को देखने बड़ी दूर-दूर से आते हैं। यहाँ लोग इस पहाड़ी राधा के साथ खड़े होकर फोटो खिंचवाते हैं। इस प्रकार यह हिमाचली राधा शिमला भ्रमण करने वालों के आकर्षण का केन्द्र बनो हुई है।

अशोक गोयल
लोअर फाइव ए

❀ सुगन्ध ❀

- जो व्याक्त ऊँचे विचारों की सुखद संगति में रहते हैं वे अकेले रहने पर भी अकेले नहीं होते।
- विद्या एक ऐसा हीरा है जो अन्धकार में भी चमकता है।
- विद्या एक ऐसी चाबी है जो अन्धकार के द्वारों को भी बदल देती है।
- दृढ़ प्रतिज्ञा एक गढ़ समान है जो भयानक प्रलोभनों से हमारी रक्षा करती है और दुर्बलता एवं अस्थिरता से हमें बचाती है।
- निरर्थक आशा से बँधा मनुष्य अपना हृदय सुखा डालता है और आशा की कड़ी टूटते ही स्वयं गिर पड़ता है।
- अपने को पहचानने के लिए मनुष्य को अपने से बाहर निकलकर तटस्थ बनकर खुद को देखना चाहिए।

अशोक गोयल
लोअर फाइव ए