

The Sanawarian

December 1978



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

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Being the Magazine of the Lawrence School, Sanawar

EDITORIAL

“It was this noble attachment to a free Constitution which raised ancient Rome to that bright summit of glory to which she arrived ; and it was the loss of this which plunged her into the black gulf of infamy and slavery. It was this attachment which inspired her Senators with wisdom ; it was this which glowed in the breast of her heroes, it was this which guarded her liberties gave peace at home and commanded respect abroad, and when this decayed her magistrates lost their reverence for justice and law and degenerated into tyrants and oppressors. Her Senators forgetful of their dignity and seduced by base corruption, betrayed their country. Thus her citizens, dissolute in their manners, became contented slaves, and she stands to this day a monument to this eternal truth that public happiness descends on a virtuous and unshaken attachment to a free Constitution. The voice of your father’s blood cries to you from the ground. My sons scorn to be slaves.”

Joseph Warren



A Bit Of Ye Olde Schoole



Founders And All That

Headmaster's Speech

Mr. Sabanayagam, Member of the Board of Governors of Sanawar and Lovedale, Old Sanawarians, Parents, Ladies and Gentlemen

It gives me great pleasure today on the 131st occasion of our Foundation to welcome you Sir to our celebrations as our Chief Guest. As Chairman of the Board of Governors of both Sanawar and Lovedale you have taken the greatest possible interest in the welfare of the two schools in spite of your multifarious and more demanding responsibilities as Secretary of Education. We are indeed fortunate to have a person of your experience at the helm of affairs of Sanawar and if I may speak on behalf of my colleague Mr. Vyas, Lovedale also.

I also welcome with pleasure members of the Board of Governors of Sanawar and Lovedale. I particular I would like to welcome the following new members to the Board of Sanawar—Professor V.V. John, Mr. Ranji Bhandari and Mr. Ramesh Chand. Professor John is a familiar and famous figure in the educational world and is currently a member of the Minorities Commission Mr. Bhandari a parent with three children in the school is already on the Board of several educational institutions and brings with him wide experience as an Industrialist of some distinction and Mr. Chand will be known to most Old Sanawarians not only as a shrewd banker but

also the winner of the President's Medal from this school in 1953. He also has two daughters in the school.

The school has introduced for the first time the twelfth class under the new pattern and thus no students have graduated this year. The only Board exam. that we put up candidates for this year was the Secondary School Examination which is conducted at the end of the 10th class in the new pattern. 73 students appeared for this and I am glad to say that in spite of all the difficulties we faced and incidentally are still facing, all qualified for the +2 stage although 3 children have to reappear in Hindi and 1 in Maths. The results are somewhat disappointing and also rather puzzling because although we have not emphasised the importance of this exam. very much for reasons which I shall explain later some of our better students have not done as well as expected chiefly because of their failure to score high marks in the languages, especially English. As an English medium school we pride ourselves on the standard of our English and yet our children have scored poorly in this subject. We are obviously teaching the wrong kind of English !

On the games and extra curricular activities our tails are up for in Cricket, the 1st XI has remained unbeaten throughout the season winning all matches and this feat has also been achieved by the School Soccer XI this term. Among the notable victories have been against Military School, Chail, Punjab Public School, Nabha, and Yadavindra Public School, Patiala. In the Inter Public Schools Athletics the girls team came first with Ravni Thakur being declared the best athlete. The boys alas again did not do so well and came 13th out of 18 schools. In swimming there are only 14 out of 34 records which are pre 1977 while in athletics.....records were broken this year, and I am glad to say that the level of enthusiasm seems to have gone up by leaps and bounds.

In extra curricular activities, the notable achievement of the year in my view was the boys cum masters cycling expedition to Kanyakumari. Six boys and three masters spent six weeks of their winter holidays cycling from Sanawar to Kanvakumari. This is the first time that such an arduous and in many ways hazardous expedition has been undertaken by any school in India. I am given to understand however that the expedition would never have been conceived had the Geographers among the group realised when they saw the map on a globe that it was not in fact down hill all the way! Among their many adventures they

were just able to avert a nasty incident in the deep South when a crowd collected on seeing J.P. the only Sikh on the expedition, who was at the time wearing a white turban for they thought that he had a broken head the masters were soundly admonished for their heartlessness in bringing him all the way from the Himalayas. All in all however it was a terrific effort and they deserve our congratulations. Other extra curricular activities continue to flourish with unabated enthusiasm and this in spite of the many constraints that are being put on us year after year by the pressure of examinations.

An academic community thrives on ideas and innovations and in this I am glad to say we are not lagging behind others. Among some of the experiments that I may mention are our integrated curriculum in the 7th and 8th classes—the only two classes I may add that are not hindered by Board examinations in the senior school, for which we have produced a lot of our own material of study. Another experiment is an educational exchange programme with the Atlantic College in Wales. 14 of our 12th class students accompanied by Mr. B. Singh visited the Atlantic College in the Summer Holidays where they attended a course on the theory of knowledge and took part in community service programmes and we are hoping to host a group from there during the

winter holidays. A third now abandoned was our experiment in using the grading system in place of marks. It was a very fruitful exercise and convinced the majority of us of its superiority over the marking system but alas we had to give it up in order to fall in line with the practice of the Central Board whose influence on our lives seems to be increasing day by day. A group of us are attempting to do some research in the advanced field of Radio Astronomy for which we have received a grant from the National Science Academy. I am given to understand that we are the only school in the country to possess a Radio Telescope. We have introduced ceramics as yet another creative hobby for the Children and also started classes under the name of 'Design for Living' which I am glad to say has proved popular among both girls and boys. We are gradually introducing social work into the daily curriculum and today all our children sweep and clean their dormitories and serve at meals. As a matter of fact we have I believe a very fine plan of graded social work extending into the neighbourhood but I doubt very much whether we will be able to implement it because of the pressure of the dreaded examinations. Once again this year staff and children spent eight days in the interior of Himachal climbing and trekking and living rough—an exhibition of the various expeditions has been set up and I hope

you will have the time to see it. Photography has been revived and is fast becoming a popular past time among the children—the exhibition of photographs will vouch for it.

All this would not have been possible without the whole-hearted cooperation and enthusiasm amongst the staff and I would be failing in my duty if I did not place on record my sincere gratitude for their devotion and loyalty. There have been some changes on the staff. We bid good bye this year to Mrs. Sawhney, Mr. and Mrs. Symonds, Mrs. Vasundhra, Mr. Aggarwal Miss Bhatti and Mr. Goswami, and I welcome to our teaching fraternity Mr. Jalalabadi, Mrs. Channa, Mrs. Matharu, Miss Randhawa, Miss Dhall, Mrs. Aurora, Mr. Mishra, and Mr. Puri. Mr. Sequeira and Mr. Gurdev Singh have taken over as Housemaster of Vindhya Seniors and Siwalik Juniors respectively in place of Mr. Mundkur and Dr. Gupta and Mrs. Gurdev Singh has taken over Siwalik girls in place of Mrs. Sawhney. Dr. (Mrs.) Ahuja left us at the end of last year and we were very fortunate in having in her place Dr. U.N. Mandloi who has transformed the medical department into a more efficient unit. I am also glad to tell you that we have a regular school dentist at last in Dr. Mrs. Ahuja. Mrs. Daniel retired as Matron after many years of devoted service and her place has been taken by Mrs. Harkirat Kaur while Mrs. Malviya has taken over as

Matron of P.D. girls and Mrs. Sequeira who was there has moved to Himalaya boys. Mr. and Mrs. Smolin left at the end of last year and Mr. Smolin's place has been taken by Mrs. B. Singh as B.D. Kitchen in charge while Mrs. Jalalabadi is holding fort in the P.D. Kitchen, which was vacated by Mrs. Sidhu who moved to the G.D. kitchen.

I must also place on record my sincere appreciation and thanks to the administrative staff, the maintenance staff, those responsible for the children's food and their health, whose quiet industry and unswerving loyalty have been a major contributing factor in the successful management of a complex residential community.

It would be appropriate at this point to mention that my Board of Governors have very kindly at my request thoroughly overhauled the remuneration of all categories of staff and I would like to thank them on behalf of the entire community for this. The new package contains such innovations as leave travel allowance, pension and life insurance and once again Sanawar has set the pace for others to follow. One hopes that this will not only help us to retain our expert staff but will also attract new talent who otherwise would prefer more lucrative professions. The remuneration package is going to cost the school about two and half lakhs of rupees and inevitably the major part

of the burden will have to be borne by parents. I am convinced however that a fair share of this could be raised by an effort from the Old Sanawarians in the same manner as they had for the new Dining Hall. I do hope that they will take this matter up seriously.

Of Old Sanawarians I have sadly no news. I am sorry that they continue to be so uncommunicative because it really gives us great pleasure to hear of their achievements in life. However I know we must be in their thoughts from time to time for they write to register their offsprings on the waiting list and judging by the spurt in such registration I think I can safely report that if nothing else at least they have not been unprolific since leaving school. It gives me mixed pleasure to report that perennially young Old Sanawarian Bill Colledge has presented the school with a trampolene worth over Rs. 20,000/-. We were hoping to have a trampolene display at the tattoo this year but unfortunately the equipment mysteriously disappeared without trace after landing in Bombay—hopefully all of you may yet see it if you are here as I hope you will be next Founder's. On a sadder note I have to report the passing away of Mrs. Tilley whose husband's name is immortalised in the school song and who herself was a real stalwart amongst Old Sanawarians for keeping the flag flying. Many an O.S. will miss her annual Newsletter and of course she will be missed

most of all at the annual O.S. gathering in London for she was the moving spirit behind the get together. Many of you sitting here will remember Mr. V.D. Vyas as I do for not only was he a friend but I like some of you also had the privilege of having been taught by him—it was with great grief that we learnt of his sudden passing away in Lucknow early this year in the prime of his life.

And so I must move on to more mundane things like the current educational scenario. This might seem to be a simple enough exercise for all we have to do is utter the magic numbers $10+2+3$ and lo in front of you will unfold well I would as soon as not say what will unfold for I regret to say that unlike Alladin's genie or Ali Baba's magic words the magic numbers do not open in front of us a cave full of treasures. On the contrary we find ourselves faced with a potpourri of gimmicks and contradictions and people vying with each other to jump on the bandwagon of educational reform. The result? We who have the job of teaching do not know what is happening literally from day to day for today it is this book and tomorrow the revised edition neither of which by the way are available or today this subject and tomorrow it is dropped for another or again today it is this syllabus and tomorrow parts are deleted because someone totally unconnected realises that the person who made the syllabus

was equally unconnected with school education and therefore had no business to prescribe the syllabus. As if syllabii and books pertaining to them and classroom subjects are the very heart and soul of education. Of course it is not but who am I to say so for much greater men have decreed that it is not and so we have to add to the magic potion SUPW—Socially Useful Productive Work but wait that is not all—why not just change the magic numbers a little and make it $8+4$. I hope you are all with me because I am not. Then add a dash of subjects—13 of them and reduce it by two and there you have it the wonder that is Secondary School Education in this country. This is what Whitehead has to say on subjects...‘Eradicate the fatal disconnection of subjects which kills the vitality of our modern curriculum. There is only one subject matter for education and that is life in all its manifestations. Instead of this single unity we offer children...Algebra, from which nothing follows; Geometry, from which nothing follows; Science from which nothing follows; History, from which nothing follows; A couple of languages, never mastered...Can such a list be said to represent life, as it is known in the midst of living of it? The best that can be said of it is, that it is a rapid table of contents that a deity might run over in his mind while he was thinking of creating a world and had not yet determined

how to put it together.' Written in 1929, nevertheless there is a basic truth in that statement. We only have to try and remember the subjects that we learnt at school in the classroom to realise how really useless they were by themselves. If I may mention my own experience, it was the other things that we did which related directly to life outside the classroom which really was responsible for my education and I suspect the same would be true for most others. The books I read in the Library, the knowledge I gained on a hike with my teacher, the compassion I learned in rescue work, the thrill of life I felt in swimming across the Jumna or the sense of achievement when I built my first radio, the pain I felt when I worked with my hands felling trees. And what do we have now? Last year I took a group of children on a flood relief expedition—the same children for they are now in the 12th class asked to go again when floods ravaged North India a few weeks ago—what terrific education it would have been but I had to refuse for they had to finish their courses yet and the books hadn't arrived and the Universities would require over 80% and what will happen if they get a second division? That piece of paper on which marks are irrevocably stamped by a heartless computer damning you for life judging your ability as if it was god itself; that merit list, the sole judge of a good school—yes we too have

been on it and the miracle is that in spite of it all we at Sanawar have managed a modicum of education in the real sense of the word. But we are on a losing wicket ladies and gentlemen—a sticky wicket at best a game to be abandoned at worst. I could go on to elaborate but that briefly is the picture. I am glad that the Education Secretary is with us today because I and am sure most of you will after hearing me need reassurances that there is a silver lining and things will improve soon. I wish if I may be allowed to Sir to make one request of you and that is to lessen the burden of examinations on the children. As soon as we return from the short holiday after Founder's we will be plunging headlong into examination preparation not just for the 12th class but for the 11th and 10th classes too. So from now until the end of April the three classes will be doing little else but preparation for these. As a matter of fact today the moment a child enters the 9th class he is caught in the whirlpool of examinations from which he will only emerge if he is lucky after the next 7 years. Is it not possible to have some good schools who have certain standards to miss out on the Secondary examination? Virtually all our children go for higher education for which the minimum qualification is the 12th class—why not allow such schools to skip the 10th class Board exam. so that they may be saved for another two

years and two important years at that from appearing in a competitive exam. Today I mentioned the 10th class results in a low key because that is precisely what I would like it to be so that we do not lose our perspectives of education but I doubt whether public opinion would allow me to do so unless I have your help Sir. Parents quite rightly are anxious about the future of their children and no amount of assurances from me will allay their fears. I do hope Sir that you will consider seriously my proposal—you will do a great service to Education.

For me as your Headmaster there will always be a silver lining so long

as I am associated with children. They are my hope and *raison detre* for continuing in this profession. I feel this every year but never say it but I think I should this time. It is the wonderful bunch of kids sitting next to you who innocently and unflinchingly take every kind of battering that we can inflict on them and yet at the end of the day can smile and say thank you—it is they who remain our only hope. When all is crumbling around us our children here stand out as true Indians of the future. Ladies and Gentlemen I now have great pleasure in commending to you the boys and girls of Sanawar and would like to end by saying to them a very big Thank You.



An Open Letter

To : Mr. Henry Lawrence
Founder

From : A much - much - much
Sanawar Parent

Dear Mr. Lawrence,

You must be eagerly awaiting the news of all that had happened up at 'Sna' this Founders. Although I am still in the dark as to whether we drive all these miles to celebrate your or Gandhiji's birthday, or to honour your foundation stone which you laid way back in 1847. Since between your old and new students, they have left no stones unturned, I presume it must be the many happy returns of your birthday.

We arrived on the 2nd morning to find the children busy in their school athletics a-la-olympic style. As we were already late for the parents athletics, that is, to Birdwood and back, the Scandal Point which was filling up with different types of automobiles, became our venue for the next meet. Gradually the stream of parents climbed into view and screaming faces of the children running across, each to their own cars (to see what 'tuck' Mama has brought up) filled the air. Grubby hands were all around perfumed and impeccably dressed mothers and 'Hi! Pa' resounded in between the din. Next we moved to the Gaskell Hall, where the parents were served with 'Tea and sympathy'. Out in the open we met new friends of our children and old faces of our friends. This year we heard the 'Snaglish—dialect spoken by most of your illustrious students, a definite change from the 'Hinglish' they spoke previously.

On the same evening, we witnessed the ever popular A.D.S. play. This performance has not changed much from your days and I feel it is a fitting tribute to your departed soul. Its hilarity, originality and sheer authenticity is followed up to the last 't' (Y) and is no doubt a warm welcome to an enthusiastic parent, who glows to see their children's favourite teacher romp and scamp around with rapid ease. This year's story was certainly a change from last year's as instead of falling women and men at post, they had a fallen woman and postmen.

The next morning's programme was to watch the OS's (unfortunately you must have missed this species). They are of two varieties—old and new. While the old come up to register their offsprings, the new come up to register their mobike speed. Wearing blue faded canvas cloth trousers (which go up in price with every tear and wear), driving through the crowd in neck breaking speed, just to prove that manners are a thing of the past.

The Tattoo night was held under a bright star spangled canopied sky with eager eyes of parents enthralled by the mass of bobbing heads swaying in perfect rhythm. The lantern drill looked ever so bright till they spelt 'Good night'!! In between the tattoo and the 'grand finale' there is this mad scramble of moving silhouettes of all shapes and sizes to locate their parents. There is jostling and pushing in amongst the precariously perched chairs, unstable benches and stepping on fingers on literally stone cold steps. As a matter of fact, Peacestead turns out to be any thing but peaceful.

The martial traditions of the school echoed in amongst the Trooping of Colo-

urs and the school march-past. You will be glad to know that the present Sanawarians are truly healthy in body, if not in mind. The lapse in mind is because they have found out that $10+2+3=0$, for which the staff blamed the system and eventually the bored' look of the school 'board' left the parents in a dilemma. We were told to realise that education is anything but 'books', as how many people can afford to buy them in India? Prior to that we were regaled with the blowing of trumpets and a big smart Sirdie taking long strides and perfect 'wand play' came into view with chota sirdies striving to keep in tune and step. We then went into an uphill task of finding fantastic creations in the form of handiwork, sculpture, batik, painting and carpentry. The science exhibitions had walkie talkie radios and powerful telescopes so that one could watch through the buildings and shrubs from Birdwood to Leisure, from Charlie to Long Back, from Moti's to Hospy. Loved watching the 'SNA PICTORIAL' a moving happening of Sna' twenty five years ago. You will be glad to know that nothing has changed, right from the so called school clothes or treks to Sadhupul. Only that Mr. B. Singh looked leaner and Mr. Gore hairier.

School 'fete' leaves our wallets' 'fate' all hollow and empty, never-the-less a certain nostalgia creeps in as you know your lovely holiday is coming to an end. At last the Founders are over, cars that whizzed past you while coming up, so that mothers could have that minute extra with their kids, now meander slowly down to the awaiting heat of the plains and the loneliness of homes. I looked

back to see the last glimpse of the green tree tops and the brilliant blue above it—both mingling to a sparkling aqua or Phiroza as I see it, a hue that saw us through parents coffee, A.D.S. and the school play, scones and muffins at the fete, mother's eagerness, father's concern, a warmth that makes me come back to super (an adjective of recent vintage) Sanawar every Founder.

Yours Sna'lly,

Mrs. Krishna Roy

Snasick

Once more 'Founders' is over. The children have gone back emptying the larder and the already meagre bank balance. To all the requests of hard work and more studies it was 'Never give in'. As I drive down the Kalka road, I muse over Founders '77 and the feeling of 'Snasick' creeps in. To me 'Founders' at Sanawar is a gorgeous holiday complete with my old friends and the new ones of my children. I love watching the glowing faces of kids, whose parents are there and feel sad to see unhappy faces of children whose parents just couldn't make it. The passing 'Hello' from teachers, who are burdened with all the organising of back breaking happenings—a beaming smile from the Headmaster's wife—the steaming 'cuppa' with the matron whose rooms and bathrooms are loaded with changing mothers—all this and many more, are a perfect welcome for me to Sanawar and to Founders.

I think about the first day when the Athletic Meet took place. It was more an O.S. get together than anything else as they arrive from the plains oozing with

new found confidence, away from their last year's baggy grey shorts and battered blue shirts. Instead of watching the relays and the medleys, one could see midis clashing with levis and salwars vying against harem pants. Followed by parents tea, where the american georgettes took over from the french chiffons and the much travelled parents in their continental suits pooh poohed over the printed dupattas. The first evening saw us craning over shoulders trying to recognise our child's teacher in the staff play. The story, like in other years was set in England, like last year, excepting the maid, the cast was generally Indian. This time it was the turn of another senior master to take off his pants—and instead of a HE sergeant there was a SHE sergeant. The play was well acted and the audience nearly burst their seams with laughter. Well done staff. The next day was an exhibition day and it was a treat seeing young master's of tomorrow painting, carving, stitching such gorgeous pieces of art. The new parents ofcourse gleefully looking at the tag 'sold' on their offsprings' handiwork—suddenly recognise the hand writing on the tag. The school play is another event I enjoy, apart from your own child, every second child on stage happens to be a face known and one does feel like a Mother Hen. This year it was a Hindi play and the face that wept and sighed in English last year, wept and sighed in Hindi this year and when you came up for fresh air—you had to answer your child's—Didn't you love Siki, Chicky, Vicky and various others on the stage? And talking of nick names it seems every one has one

at Sna'. It starts with Heady and ends up with Charlie — masters, matrons, teachers students and all.

If I don't mention Charlie (Charan Das for all who know), a stay at Sna' is not complete. How he keeps track of those hundreds of baturas zooming past and the never ending plates of gulab jamuns wheezing out—its really amazing. Then there is this walking talking instant calculator—the tuckman. Before you can say Jack R—he's opened two milk bottles, two juice bottles, and handed out two amul chocolates and two five stars—all for my wee son—and the other kids had yet to follow (Next year I am seriously thinking of opening up a chocolate factory at Sna). At last the Tattoo—an indelible mark if not on your skin—definitely in your heart. Every mother looking for her child, hoping he is not catching a chill. Coffee comes with 'Hello auntie' and more muck on your blankets.

Its the D'Day. The NCC boys with shorts two sizes too large all starched and straight, the band all shining, dotted with little turbaned surdies—a true martial feeling creeps up your throat. Not to mention the smartly turned out girls true to the writing on the wall—'Send, (her) to Sanawar and make a MAN of him'—they could out do their khaki clad colleagues! This is the only function when I secretly shed tears behind my dark glasses as I watch the whole school, especially the preppers, all peppy and frisky, march past you regardless of line, step or file. Here you find children from all corners of the world under one big 'Sanawarian' umbrella walking out to become better citizens and humane human

beings. For this, one has to thank each and every one of the Sna. staff for providing our children a home away from home. And as I drive out of the gate I look back not to say Goodbye but to look forward to Founder's 1978, when we will again rent the air with "Well done Sna. Super Sna."

Krishna Roy

Needle Work Exhibition—'78

Needlework is a time consuming hobby, and sometimes does prove monotonous and humdrum. But on the other hand it can be very profitable on a large scale.

Today it is an education in itself. In Sanawar there is a separate needlework Department and it is also taken up as a subject by the girls of the IX and X Classes. With time and effort they are on the way to becoming young accomplished needlewomen.

Year after year the department puts up a sale and an exhibition at Founders and it adds a good profit to the finances of Sanawar.

During Founders parents come proudly to see the work of their children, the exhibition provides a show of their young talent, neatness and most of all their patience. Children work on their pieces the whole year round.

Similarly this year also the department put up an exhibition. The room was a heaven of colourful decorations with intricate pieces of embroidery spread neatly and in good order.

The first thing that caught the eye was the huge tapestry of 'The Good Shepherd' by Ava Mehta. It had been completed after two years of hard labour and has been given for the school buildings.

Special mention must be made of Ava Mehta for her patient labour and generosity. Ava was a great help in the putting up of the exhibition too.

The other prime exhibit was the 'Pin and Thread' work or what is known as the 'Spiroknit' done on a black ground with white and golden thread.

The sales table consisted of such diverse items as a baby's bib to a mother's apron. The sale and exhibition made a profit of Rs. 250/- this year.

Mrs. Mundkur, Head of the Department rewarded the young workers with a good party. Probably the exhibition was a success due to her efforts, patience, keen interest and most of all perfect guidance.

Nisha Chhabra
U-V A

Swimming Gala—'78

There was excited chatter in the air and butterflies in the stomachs as the 1978 swimming gala opened with a splash.

The competitors formed a big variety. There were those who were good, those who were so so and others who had nothing to lose. There were the eye catchers and the eyesores. The hot

favourites from both B. D. and G. D. formed the topic of the spectators' heated arguments. Though many of the victories were predictable, a strained atmosphere of close competition prevailed. This was however, more true for the boys from B.D. than the girls from G.D.

The girls offered a slower and less spectacular show. They were fewer in number and less prepared than the boys, this being the reason for their general standard being much lower. Amongst them, however, were a few who did not fail to impress.

The victories of Oona Man Singh easily spoke for those who might have wondered why she had been branded "the best". She showed a sleek style combined with speed. In her smoothness and grace, she didn't let the effort show that led her to smash some five old records. The enthusiastic applause and the pile of certificates were well earned.

Others just missed the pedestal of cover-girls because luck just passed them by. Anuradhika Bhandari and Anu Bedi are two such examples. The former's shortcoming was a severe attack of cramp which caused her to undergo a couple of days of hospitalisation. However she has victory to her credit as well as the first position in the ten length race. Anu Bedi too was handicapped by cramps, coming second in all her events. Ziya Ghandi came into focus setting a new record for the three lengths' back-stroke. The Vindhyan Relay Team (Senior) improved their old record by 3.2 whole seconds.

Watching boys was a greater excitement in terms of suspense because the victories were less predictable.

Highlights include the Opens' three lengths crawl race. Remember the blur in the water? Rahul Brijnath, after lagging behind in the first length due to a faulty start, propelled his way to victory at an impressive speed.

Harbhajan Bambri was another reaper of several laurels. He collected certificates for all his four events, setting two new records in the process.

Other creditable swimmers include Rohit Negi and Gautam Dutt. Both of them can boast of stamina and style as well as speed. Each one set a new record in one of his events. Negi gave a new timing for five lengths crawl and with Dutt there evolved a new record, for 1 length butterfly. Next year's candidates will be swimming against J. Kapoor's new timing for the three lengths back stroke.

The boys Opens Relay Race marks the climax of the Gala. This accompanied by deafening cheering and applause. The race was quite a furious and close one causing whirlpools in the little pool, from which the Siwalikan Team emerged triumphant.

The brief prize-giving ceremony heralded the close of the season's swimming and as the victorious relay teams of both boys and girls dived into the pool with their cups, we were to see the last dives for a long time to come.

Salman Mahdi

A word on Camps

.....and it was as narrow as a mule track; how the bus stayed on the road was a mystery to us—because everytime we looked out of the window, one wheel or the other was always half off the edge of the road: and three thousand feet below us, the waters of the Giri river twisted and turned and formed white foam. It really was an unforgettable journey.....

Another thing which I remember was that if at any place we fell into conversation with the local people—they always asked us why we weren't travelling by bus—or were we walking because we hadn't enough money to pay the bus fare? No one was convinced by our arguments—and they always gave us that look, which a keeper of a mental asylum gives a newly arrived mental case!

Our staple diet, while hiking, was rice and dal. For breakfast we had cornflakes, bread, jam and tea.

We cooked our own food. But when we were in a big city, we always ate out.

After a few days of hiking our clothes became quite filthy and torn, and we always were a disgrace to the village or town in which we stayed. But the most unbearable thing was that our socks, after a couple of days, became crusty and hard, with sweat; and the places where we put up for the night, always smelt of sweaty socks, bread and baked beans!

The last day we spent at Chandigarh—and did all that there is to do in a big city. After all, we deserved it!

Six days in the wilderness of the Himachal Hills, and one day in a civilised city—it all balances quite well!

Khushwant Gill
U-V C

After a difficultly eaten lunch we walked over to Solang, about fifteen kilometres away. When I say "walked over", I tend to give the reader an impression of eighteen of us walking in the crisp mountain air, with a light breeze behind our backs and with a song on our lips. Please correct that impression. We were plodding on like mules with the weight of our rucksacks bowing us down, sweat pouring out of all the pores sweat can possibly pour out from, tongues hanging out well below the level of the adam's apple and the blisters on our feet hurting like anything.

On the next day, we hiked from Solang—which could be called our base camp, to give the thing some pomp and splendour—towards the beginning of the River Beas.

The 24th began, for all practical purposes, with a mugful of porridge. Then, we hiked above the tree line of yonder hills, and, well in the snow line on a flattish piece of land, we camped. The tents, carried by the porters on the previous day, were pitched up clumsily, by us novices, but effectively enough.

At night in our sleeping bags, on our air mattresses, wearing two cardigans, one windproof jacket and one feather jacket, three of us squeezed in our two men tents, we felt cold. And when I say "we felt cold", I do not say it in

an easy, offhand way. I do not mean the slight chill you feel when you come out of the swimming pool or the cold your mother warns you against catching on a breezy day. I mean the Real Thing.

The eagerness with which we waited for the morning to arrive, would have delighted Mr. B. Singh had there been P.T. on the morrow. And there was more than P.T.—we had to climb to a peak at fourteen thousand feet before packing up and leaving. Anyway, we had cornflakes and boiled eggs and, leaving the girls and some boys feeling sick, the rest of us set off.

Mandeep Seekond, Monty Khanna, Taranjit Singh, Tarun Sawney, J. P. Singh Mr. Das and the guide Mr. Arya should be applauded for making it...

I was lucky to sit in the Matador, the next day, for the Raison—Sanawar stretch is a long one and we had had a tough camp—the singing would have been too much to bear.

Paddy Rangappa

U VI

Miss Chatterji

The '78 Sanawarian would not be complete without a mention of Miss Chatterji who left Sanawar this year, after a long and successful innings.

I did not know Miss Chatterji for very long but the impact of her personality did not require the length of time to make itself felt or be remembered and

even now, though she's been gone a few months, many's the time that one remembers what she'd have done, said or worn on many a different occasion.

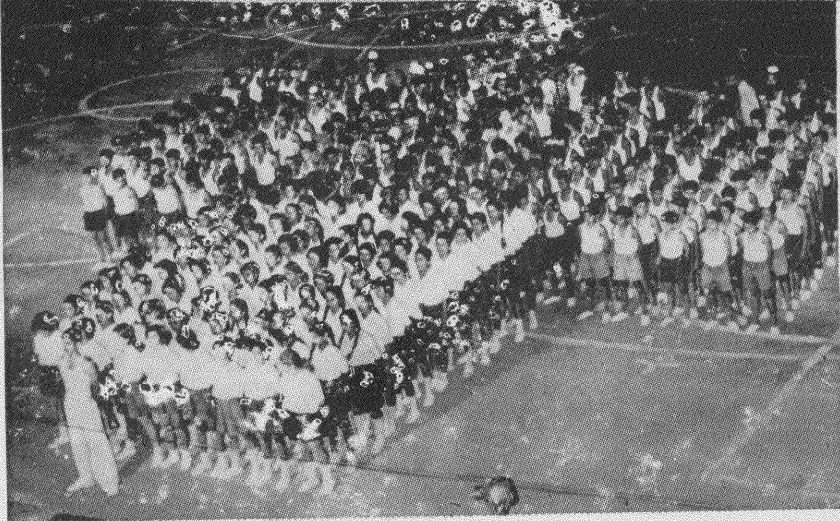
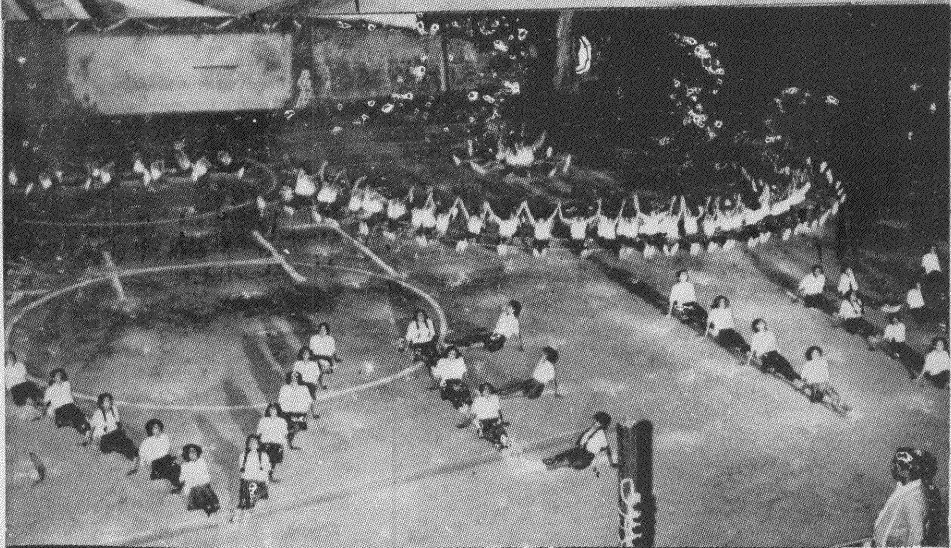
My first memory of her was of a very helpful and considerate person who took me and my rather scatty ways in hand and proceeded in the most tactful manner to show me the ropes—how to organise myself on both the domestic and school fronts—inviting me to a never to be forgotten cup of excellent coffee (freshly ground beans and all) and a piece of the most delectable applepie one sunny Sunday morning out in her little garden with the first sweet-peas and petunias just appearing and then a large hunk of cinnamon bread carefully wrapped that I must take home for my children. Such kindly gestures are not easily forgotten.

I remember her punctuality, her ease of manner and sense of occasion and her style. She combined in her person the best of a lady and a teacher and by her strong sense of duty and dedication to her work. She set an example to both the students and the staff.

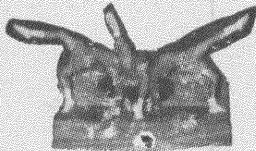
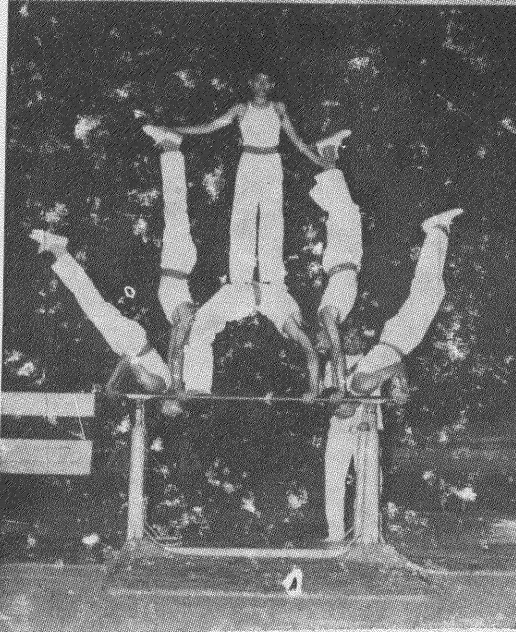
"Miss Chatterji is coming" was oft heard down the corridors of Birdwood, on Peacestead even in the M. C. R. and her light, quick step and smiling "Well, dear..." was a familiar and reassuring sight. Often a reminder of duties forgotten or delayed! And one misses the neat, little hurrying figure with the parasol sometimes with a bunch of violets in her hand.

We would all like to wish her joy and pleasure in her new life.

M. Khan



Founder's



More Founder's



Dancing at Founders

Impressions And Expressions

My first impressions of Sanawar

When I first came to Sanawar it looked like a small city of many different kinds of houses. It looked a little older than I had imagined. I like moving around in the hills. I have some friends. It's lots of fun to live with your friends. It is very cold but I like it cold.

Another thing I like about Sanawar is the food. I enjoy the food thoroughly. The cooks are also nice and helpful.

We play cricket and the fields are very good.

There are many different kinds of birds here and I keep watching even though bird watching is not my hobby. I have seen one or two parrots. There are some different kinds of eagles. I get tempted to watch them. Their long powerful wings lie motionless as they skim along the air like an aircraft. There are many crows here that caw in the morning and that's what wakes me up.

There are nice activities. Yesterday there was a social in which boys had to dance with girls. Of course everybody danced and the next morning everybody said that they enjoyed it a lot. And I did like it!

The teachers in the school are nice and explain anything you want to know. The only problem was Maths which I had forgotten. But when I started writing everything came into my head automatically.

The only real problem here is baths. The bathrooms are very crowded everyone says "hurry up"! "hurry up"!

Otherwise I think the school days I will lead are going to be happy I am enjoying school a lot.

Aditya Sharma
L IV

Seasons in Sanawar

It is strange how seasons not only affect the climate of a place but the moods of a human being. Here in Sanawar the seasons are clearly defined, and they also bring with them mood.

Though I have not seen spring or summer in Sanawar it is apparent that they will bring with them lightness of spirit. The first season I experienced here, was the monsoon.

Heavy grey black clouds, wet, slushy ground, a number of gumboot figures in wet Duckback macintoshes walking dispiritedly down a leaky covered passage—these were my first impressions of a Sanawarian monsoon. It was rain, rain and more rain. It was a depressing sensation to gaze out of your window in the dormitory onto a wet world—always the trickling of the limp complaining rain. Where were all the clear blue skies, the view, the Himalayan ranges, and the healthy fresh air I had been told about? All I could see was slush.

Slowly, as September drew into October, the clouds departed taking all the damp and gloom away with them. There were hardly any rainy days, and people began to take their linen out to air in the sun. The khudside was covered with brightly coloured dahlias and

cosmos flowers. The sky was a beautiful blue. The sun was warm and strong—Sanawar was getting excited. Good weather and Founders approached simultaneously.

The long, sunny days! I sat around the campus browning myself and feeling lazy contentment crept over me as I basked in the sun. Never too hot, never too cool. After the long cramped, wet days it was heaven. It is amazing how a sunny day can cheer one—it is good to get out of bed when the sun is shining.

All too soon, the days began to shorten. Leaves turned yellow, then golden, brown, and few. Autumn leaves lay in this red brown blanket on the ground. The sky was absolutely clear, and seemed so close, so blue. It was cooler though, I wore my 'cardi' almost all day. It grew chilly, even the sun. The examinations were drawing closer, they brought with them tension and an all round feeling of burden. No more long lazy days. Nights were cold; it was horrible to wake up early in the morning and put your foot on the cold stone floor. More and more people complained of chilblains, colds and sore throats. As if from no where, gloves, mufflers and polonecks appeared. Finally the exams came round, and were done with red, swollen fingers. Fires were lit in the dormitory. I froze, shivered and continually blew my nose. The people around me kept warning me "If you think this is cold, wait till you come in February!"

Well I survived February, and somehow struggled through till March. I am sick of cold, of numbness, of continued

colds—of winter. I'm looking forward to spring!

Joya Chatterji
U-V A

A Home Scientists Analysis

Home Science or Home Economics or Design for Better Living, as it is known as in our ancient beautiful hilltop of Sanawar, was introduced in August, 1978. After long news of tentative enquiries and lectures from various members of the faculty it was found that here was a woman's domain that men could also enter. After gathering a lot of courage and determination four boys decided to take up this subject. The first serious blow that we met with was when one of our comrades left us after a few days of hard work. We wondered how we would manage getting through this subject which was to many, only meant for girls. With our fingers crossed and remembering God all the time, we decided to carry on.

The first few days found boys completely bewildered, in dire need of a psychiatrist, namely, Mr. K. Solomon, but to my surprise I found even he encouraged me. The first few days found us writing pages of notes on topics which I expected would not be there, and I would wonder how much more knowledge we would add to the annals of cooking. After long and tiresome hours of writing my stomach would rumble and my hand would cry in agony as there were more notes than cooking.

Finally our first cooking session started off with a simple preparation of the most popular drink in the world—coffee and later on we advanced into more sophisticated complicated preparations. Soon one could easily make out from our faces that now we would prefer notes to cooking. But when we told our classmates about what we had cooked and what we would be cooking in the following days they looked at us admiringly as if we were one step above them in the so-called “Sanawarian Heirarchy.” Moreover, we found them running around us with polythene bags !! I must not, however, deny the fact that I was just a run-around helper, hunting around for onions, green chillies, spices and other ingredients, for the greatest and I am sure the most experienced cook—Neena Paul (my cooking-mate).

The girls in the class study hard, but by hook or by crook I managed to beat most of them in the class tests. The pinnacle of my achievement was when I beat the majority of them, in a class test, in the chapter, I thought by all rights, so help me God was their preserve. The chapter was ‘Nutritional Requirements for various Age Groups, including Pregnant and Lactating Women.’ After all, I’d think to myself why do I need to know about pregnancy and pregnant women, or do I? But whether I like it or not, I had to know it and do it! By this time the load of work had increased and we could feel the burden on our shoulders because the time was running short, leaving large parts of the course unfinished.

Now I can say, I am a better and wiser boy. The subject is highly interesting, scientific, extremely technical, fruitful and upto date. The full credit for this, of course, goes to our teacher Mr. S. B. Matharu, who has spent long tiresome hours compiling our notes, helping us during times of crisis and has rendered to us all possible help when needed. It was her labour that got reasonably good results for all of us. If she had not been there, studies would not only have become monotonous and boring, but also incomplete.

Incidentally I won the Homescience Prize for 1978 which was totally unexpected and I thought a girl deserved it more. But nevertheless I proved again in this century of women’s lib and women’s emancipation that what a woman can do, a man can do better!

An interesting note for the reader would be that Prabdeep Sethi, Mungpi Tonsing and myself are I think, the only boys (to the best of my knowledge) to have taken up this previously purely feminine subject — Design for Better Living.

Sudarshan Bansal
U-VI A

Drawn Back

It was the night of 1st October, 2010. Four middle aged men lounge in a room after dinner. The atmosphere is conducive to nostalgia. These men are all confident and prosperous men, having carved their niche in society. Indeed they are a far-cry from those nervous lads who left school far back in '79 to make their way in a forbidding, ruthless world.

Ah yes, and speaking of the school, they have another thing in common—they are products of the same legacy—that relic called “Sanawar”.

And now here they are, men who have prospered in diverse walks of life—a lawyer, a doctor, a civil servant and a businessman.

Now a little tipsy, memories begin to crowd their mind. A formidable man with a great moustache shouting at errant boys a little old lady tongue—lashing docile boys less than a third her age and almost twice her size; a boxer turned English teacher using his skills to keep his charges under check, a bespectacled librarian keeping jealous charge of his library and finally a huge man—with a professional veneer helping his P. T. I. Colleague by keeping the boys trim and doing forward rolls! The train of thought passes on another sight. A methodical political science teacher talking of drops in the ocean of knowledge or a Maths teacher calculating the probability of India winning the current cricket match and the list goes on never to end.

Now completely engrossed in memories of yesteryear, the four begin to talk about the escapades they shared of the plate of tarts that vanished from the dining hall one hungry Saturday night, of the Headmaster’s lemon tree cleared of lemons of the antisocial little boys who skipped assembly, of the shortcuts taken during Hodsons’ with a fuming and puffing, P.T.I. or D.H.M. behind them or of midnight swims in the swimming pool.

The talk invariably leads to the bill of fare. The way they all agree to a boys

heart is through his stomach but school assuredly did not adopt that method.

However, it seems they still have some affection, respect tenderness or love, call it what you like for the school. How could this be and how could the feeling persist even till the fag-end of their careers. The consensus among them is, understandably that Sanawar was among the few schools that packed more in a day than others did in a week. The routine followed the strict time table through morning P. T. Inspection, assembly classes, games and hobbies, prep and night self-study with scarcely five minutes between.

The Headmasters they remember with pride, a product of a public school and never tired of comparing Sanawar with his school holding up his hands in exasperation when he learnt that most seniors were veterans of more than half a decade!

The element of Sanawar, our tipsy friends feel is tradition. “Dammit” says the businessman, “Conventional”—says the lawyer. The doctor being too drunk, the civil servant gets away with a “No comment”. But tradition in Sanawar has taught them to exercise restraint and caution, qualities that have stood by them through inflation, medical analysis, legal battles and whimsical politics. And some people say that all Sanawarians were good for was for the army!

The conversation turns to sport and they recall their triumphant dispatching of rival schools and the race for the “Cock House” which took precedence over even academic and frequently led to fights which added an extra flavour to the whole affair. The best, of course, won

but shadows were cast by never-say-die patriots to ulterior means and allusions used by the victors.

The memory of girls is evergreen. Recalling the poignancy with which the business man bade adieu to his love sets the others chuckling. Strong friendships did develop in the course of education, and its aim was generally fulfilled.

And finally conversation passes onto Founders and the fun they had on preparation, the disappointment they suffered, the assertion of "Never Give In" and finally a splendid week studded with shows, demonstration, a parade, an athletic competition, a torchlight tattoo culminating in a fete. As memories come to an end and they return to the present, a deep feeling of guilt passes over them.

They have never returned to their alma mater since that far-off day in 1979. They probe for some way in which to alleviate the feeling and they alight on one. Tomorrow Founders begins "lets go" says one voicing the thought of the others and they rise and make for the door.

The twenty first century should get them there in time for athletics tomorrow.

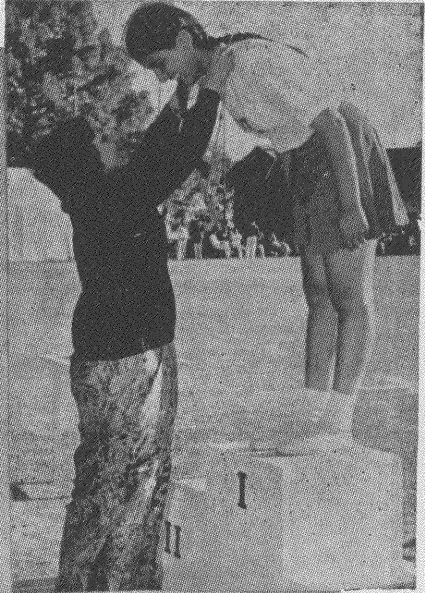
These men will probably return year after year as Bill Colledge did and many after him for each of us Sanawarians is tied to it by an invisible cord. And that feeling will rise as always in the hearts of each Sanawarian. Past or present at the completion of each successful Founders... at Sanawar next year.

Rai Tarun Handa
U-VI

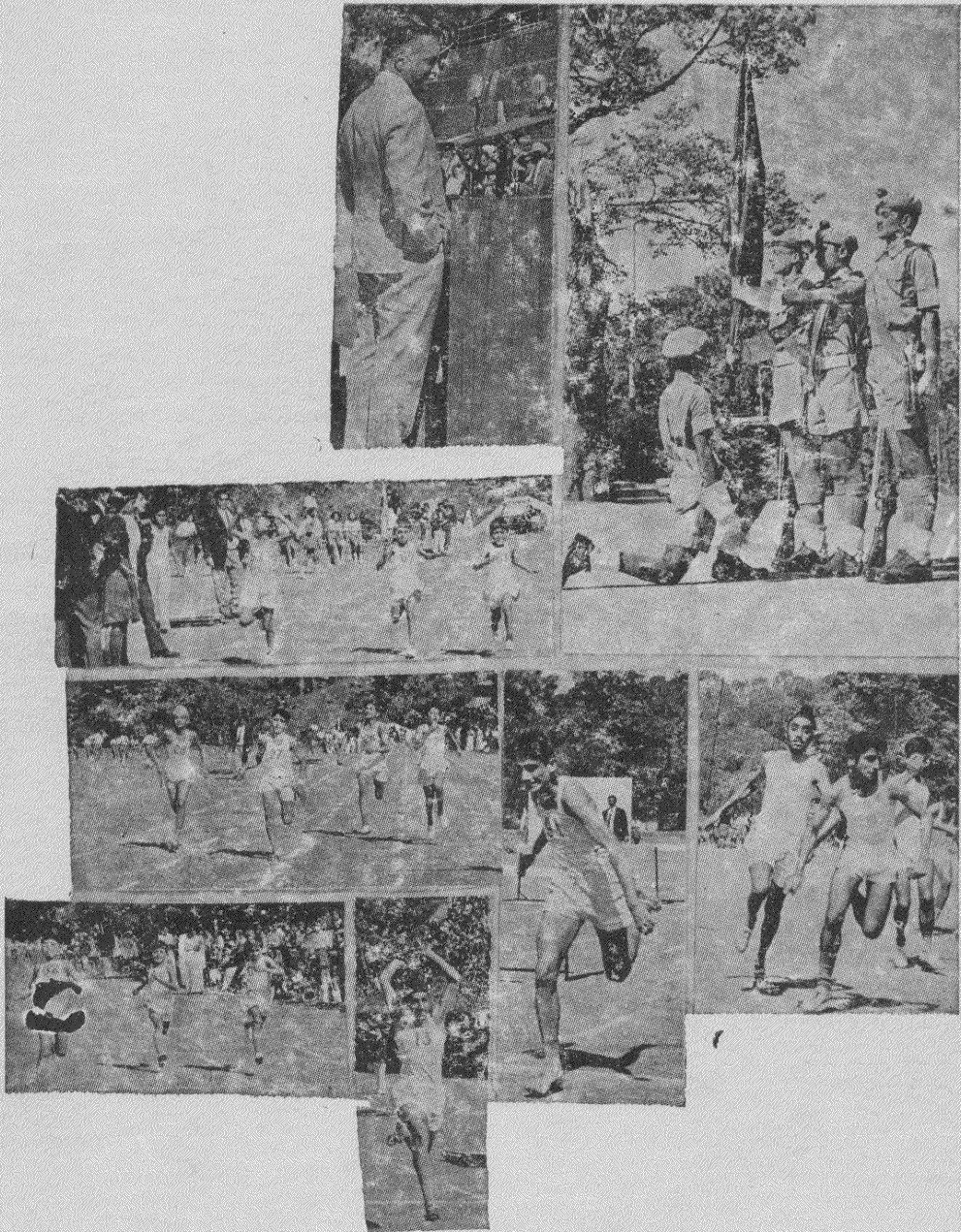




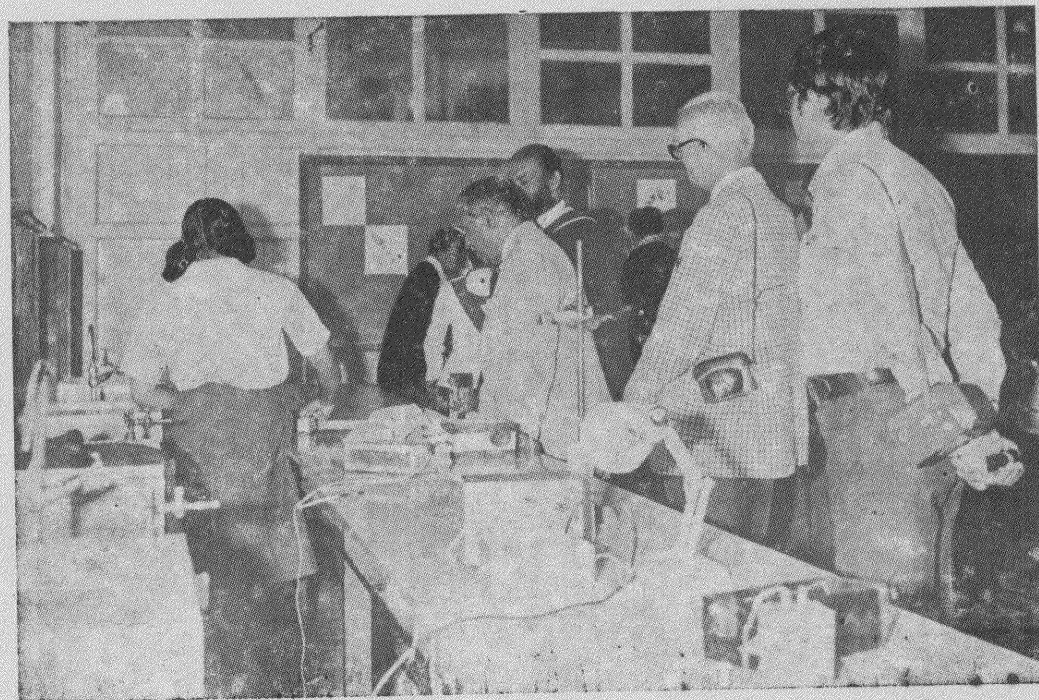
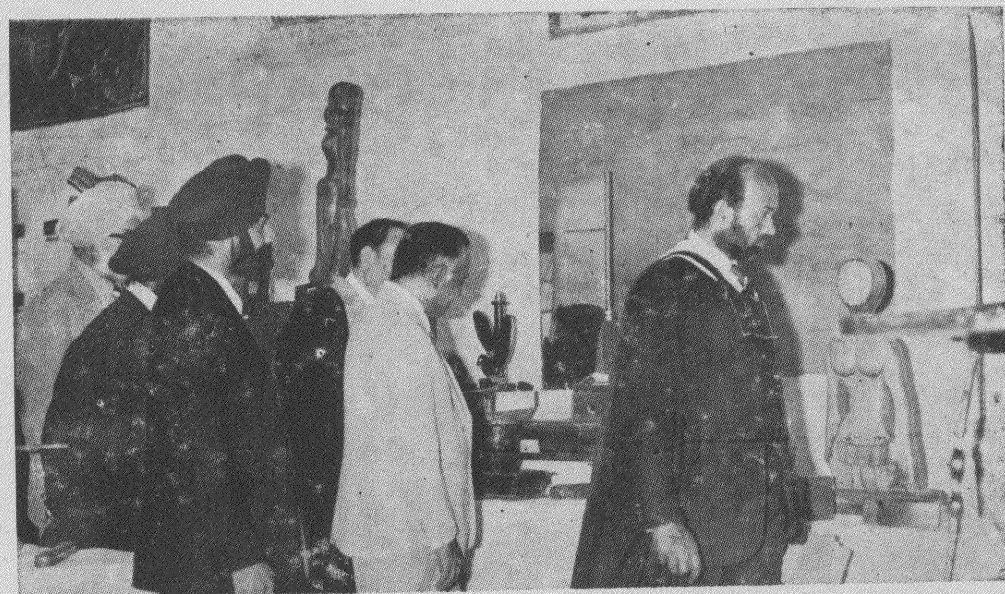
O.S. in the Sun



Girls in Action



Keeping Up The Tradition



See what we can do

Dissent

live wisely, fearlessly, and freely are, I must say, quite unfree. You are so burdened with your do's and don'ts and are such poor slaves of the clock and the bell."

"Why has this happened to us, Inana? Why should the clock enslave and the bell dictate?" Asked Sulaiman earnestly.

"In the good times, when the earth was young and free of clocks, when the reading of time was taken from the sun, the shadow, and the stars, man was a lot freer. In order to know time man had to be out of doors, look at his own shadow lengthen and shorten, and feel his pulse in the soft twinkle of the distant stars. The day was not the consequence of twenty-four hours, the hour not the results of a circle cut by the long hand of a clock, and the minute not the tick of sixty tocks. With the coming and going of the seasons man learnt the cycle of the year. The waxing and the waning of the moon gave him knowledge of the month.....But what good is it telling you all this, what good?" Inana stopped with a sigh of despair, and she, as was her nature, sighed and laughed again.

"Are we all prisoners here, prisoners of the clock, a device of our own making?" Queried Sulaiman in a broken voice, "speak to us O sweet maiden of mirth and laughter, speak and say, shall we remain a poor and miserable lot forever? Shall this harsh, irritating noise of the bell remain our teacher of time, and the clock be our merciless master? Speak Inana, speak and say. Tell us is there no escape from this?"

"Escape there is, but who can help escape from this misery Sulaiman?"

"The Gods I should think, The God's to whom we pray." Sulaiman replied seriously.

"The Gods are ignorant of your enslavement, besides, I must tell you that they do not care. No amount of praying will move them to take pity and help; not once have I prayed to the Gods, not once have I pitied myself on bended knees. The wise in our land say; you cannot petition the Lord with prayer. Have faith Sulaiman, not in God, but in your ownself. Ah man has made a prison of the world where in he dwells, so shall he, and he alone, shatter its suffocating walls and reach out for his own freedom". Speaking thus, Inana fell silent for a while and then bubbled into laughter and came down from the rock on which she had been standing and talking and laughing. Moving close to Sulaiman she held his hand and pulled him towards the cool shores of the calm waters of Mansarovar where she lived. "There are no noisy bells in my land, nor a ticking clock, no schools, no classes; no punishment, no reward, only love. Love between man and woman and every living creature, love of water, earth, sun and air. And I tell you this Sulaiman where there is only love there is no good and there is no bad."

"I'll come with you Inana," Sulaiman gently spoke, "for I am tired of the clock and bell, tired of rules and routine, dos and donts. Everybody here is no better than yesterday and the day

before. Its so dulling, so oppressive. I have had enough. Its time to choose—I choose you and the land beyond good and bad.”

Smiling and happy, Inana led him away. Sulaiman felt as if he had been born again a vibrating new life burned in him, his blood quickened with warmth and love. But they had barely

moved ten steps together when an anxious voice from behind yelled at Sulaiman; “Hey! Where are you going? The tea-break is over, didn’t you hear the bell, the bell?”

“To hell with the bell” Sulaiman shouted back laughing and vanished into the woods with the mirthful maiden of Mansarovar.

P. R. Misra



Of Guys And Dolls

Glamorous and Drab

The whispers grow louder and more excited day by day "Wow! What are you going to wear? " Who are you going to dance with? " " Hah you just watch me!! " Yahoo! Freak out! "

Socials! The word is on everybody's lips, Socials!! Socials!! Socials! So what?

I find it hard to understand that state of excitement which every Sanawarian experiences during the days preceding a SANAWARIAN GET - TOGETHER. After all, from the point of view of many, a social is such a drab monotonous and undesirable affair. It really, in my opinion, uncovers the weaknesses of the structure that is Sanawar. Taking the social as a symbol of this school, we can really understand how this place functions. The social reveals the dilemma of not only Sanawar, but of our country's entire social structure, a reflection of the struggle between the values of the East and those of the diametrically opposed West through which we of the present generation are living consciously and unconsciously.

The hours preceding a social are tense and nervous. We all know that certain taboos have been predominant for several hundred years in our society one of these being the inequality of women. I have found that in any case, from the boys point of view the girl is considered one who has to be defeated, impressed—she cannot be treated as an equal. The image of the 'male conqueror' still prevails even in these 'modern days.'

Everybody moves up from the bottom of the hill we hear the music from our

ancient amplifier, feebly drifting in the cool, evening air. And there are so many lights on in Barne Hall. to make one suppose that one has, by mistake, walked into a movie-studio.

The first thing we notice is a row of girls sitting on one side, and another row of boys on the other. In the middle on the floor, a few couples are miserably trying to start off the dancing. The girls and boys stare at each other, with expectant faces, each expecting the other to commence the dancing.

No doubt the scene is glamorous. Its all jeans T-Shirts, blazers, ties, jewellery, make up and glittering shoes—and Wrigleys chewing gum—of course. And yet it looks so strange, the mod people under the kindly smile of Mahatma Gandhi—is there some irony in his eyes? And the Barne Hall seems so inappropriate for a festive gathering of the young. The wooden creaking floors, the royal flags, the school flag, which cant be removed from its podium by anybody. I think that stern gaze of Henry Lawrence really reflects what he would have thought of the whole business.

Thoughts are mixed—

"Oh hell! 3 hours to go, what a drag!"

"What! Fast! Only 3 hours left". I think the majority think the former.

Finally the thing starts—The floor is full. But, would you care to notice how many couples are actually dancing. On one side I see a crowd of 10—12 boys dancing among themselves, their female counterparts doing the same on the other side.

After much prompting and convincing I manage to persuade a few boys to go and ask girls to dance. But, to my disappointment they return a few minutes later. Upon inquiring as to why they are back they reveal to me that the girls declined their invitation to dance.

The first time I heard this, I was flabbergasted. How can a girl ever, ever refuse to dance with a chap who comes and requests her to do so? It happens in Sanawar!

Boys are scared of girls and vice-versa. Because of the segregation of the sexes, there is a complete communication breakdown, and this results in the unbecoming things taking place.

And watch the crowd on the floor thin out to a miserable few as the slow music comes on. How can a boy dance close with a girl?? Shocking! There has to be at least 3 metres space between the dancers. Hear the whispers rising as a desiring couple begins dancing slow. Watch those artificial smiles, that polite talk and the formal half hearted "Good-nights" after the social (finally) finishes. What a pathetic affair.

Oh! And the next day? "X and Y are going together remember how they danced last night?" "Oh M! You've really fallen for N have'nt you? You really took off last night!" Gossip, gossip. "So you know that P and Q etc. etc. etc."

Funny isn't it?

Of Guys and Gals and all That

See that place? That's Sanawar, one of the country's few co-educational boarding schools. See those people? Those are the Sanawarian girls and that Group there? Those are the Sanawarian boys. The boys and girls are never together. They don't know each other and don't share with each other. Where is the rapport needed for the concept of co-education to find its full expression. And who is responsible for this situation?

See those people there? They are the Staff. Well educated people, all of them, with lots of nice degrees in their closets. They belong to more or less the same elite class as the students of Sanawar.

For Co-education to find its real meaning the correct atmosphere is needed. It should be free of taboos and prejudices and stern moral voices constantly echoing in the minds of the students. In the absence of this atmosphere there can be no learning from living with each other.

The education the boys and girls receive has taught them to value, Levis, Wranglers, Wrigleys chewing gum and "top of the pops". Their lifestyles are becoming more western than Indian. As long as they confine themselves to wearing western clothes, listening to western music and reading books by western authors, this is fine. However as soon as they start applying western concepts to their own relationships with other humans there is trouble. They are Indians and India has a set of social values and concepts evolved over centuries. This involves segregation of the sexes and unquestioning obedience to elders views (which

may be translated into unquestioning obedience to teachers views and any rules made by them. Not voicing your own opinion is considered the ultimate in tact and breeding.

With such a set of values firmly anchoring us down it is difficult to make a move towards any other concepts however much we may try. The pull both ways is so great that a whole new range of paradoxes, controversies, blacks and whites emerge from the attempt at transition.

In wanting to be socially accepted, we constantly look over our shoulders to verify that our conduct is in accordance with that of others. For example we will not make an attempt to sit next to a friend in the dining hall (especially if the friend is of the opposite sex) simply because no one else has made a similar move and because we might be running the gauntlet of any amount of social taboos in doing so. And if we manage to remember the multitude of "shoulds" and "should nots" and somehow do the "right thing" it calls for a mental pat on the back.

In a situation as tense and perpetually shifting as this, living from day to day becomes a social gamble and every decision is a momentous one. This tends to make an individual nervous and tense

and his reactions, therefore becomes unpredictable. The idea of a free relationship between boys and girls is new in Indian Society. It is in fact, a very modern idea. When we start preaching it, a very beautiful concept loses spontaneity. It is when we stop to think about our relationships with other people and become self-conscious about them, that, those relationships lose their innocence. And in an atmosphere of almost paranoid restrictions, prejudice and controversy any relationship is bound to acquire stiffness, become incoherent and lose meaning. The deliberate arrangement of rules and timings to bring about contact between the two sections of the school to an absolute minimum to make it almost illegal, brings about this effect more surely than anything else could. Is it not a pity to deny human beings their humanity?

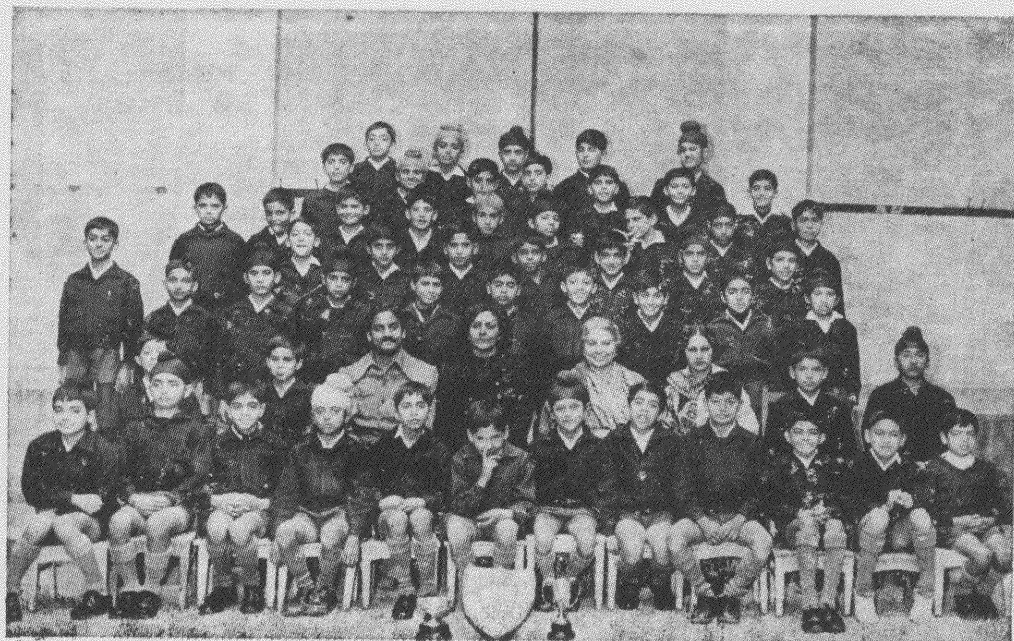
Yet all this is merely the reflection of a society in a state of transition. It is the reflection of a state of mind. Sanawar is just a unit of this society where boys and girls stand like big question marks among each other until they leave school to be caught in a society where currents are that much stronger and swept away—to some kind of shore.

Saba Mahdi

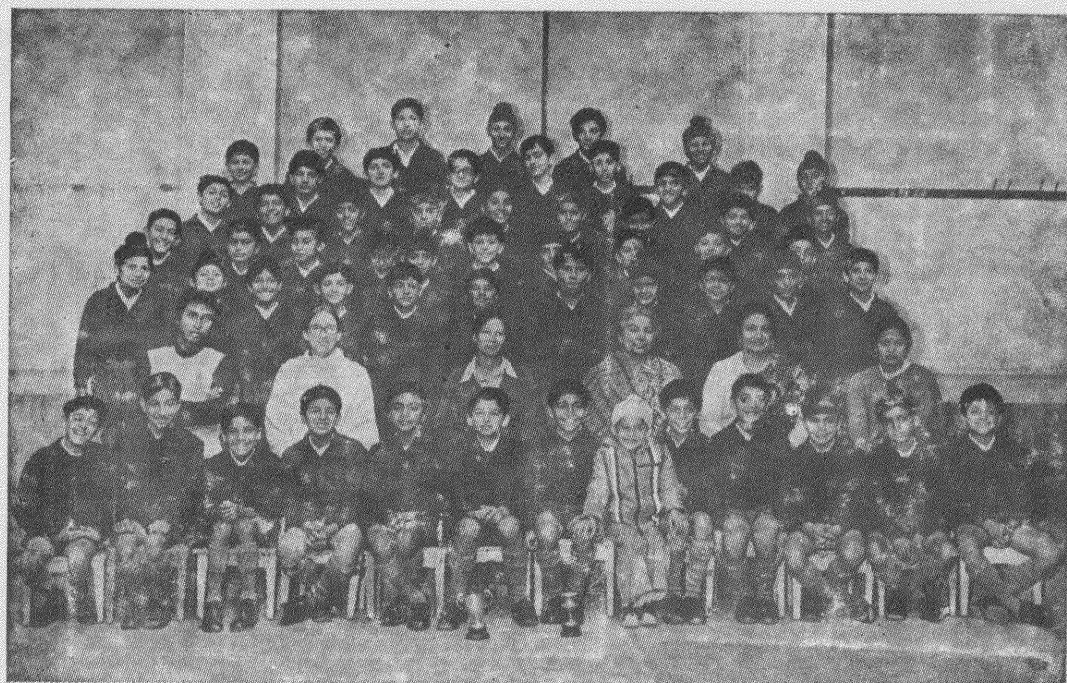




Preppers



Himalaya—Nilagiri P.D.



Shiwalik—Vindhya P. D.

Justforkix

A Report on Todays Weather

(Written with a Gloominess akin to hell)

The weather today is miserable, and so it has been for the last four or five days. Fog is not to my taste, and dampness is definitely not of my kind. To top it all, it makes no sense whatsoever to switch over from perfectly sunny weather to perfectly foul weather, before you can bleat out "what, what?" In such weather, especially today's one cant go and dive into the swimming pool and say "Pneumonia is for the lower castes." I mean, you cant just ignore these cheerful ailments. I am hoping, with, of course, the whole hearted support of me mates, that the weather today will make a change— for the better. This is no lighthearted matter, for missing swimming which we have only twice a week, is no joke. That I can assure anyone.

Rakesh Sarda

L-V

The Purple Cow

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.

Gelett Burgess

The Diversions of the Reecho Club

(Exercises in the manner of well-known poets)

Mr. John Milton

Hence, vain, deluding cows.
The herd of folly without, colour bright,
How little you delight,
Or fill the Poets mind, or songs arouse !

But, hail ! thou goddess gay of feature !
Hail, divinest purple creature !
O, Cow thy visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And though I'd like, just once to see thee,
I never, never'd be thee !

Mr. T. Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly O'er the lea;
I watched them slowly wend their weary
way,

But, ah, a Purple Cow I did not see,
Full many a cow of purplest ray serene
Is haply gazing where I may not see;
Full many a donkey writes of her, I wean,
But neither of these creatures would I be.

Mr. P. Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee, Blithe Spirit !
Cow thou never wert;
But in life to cheer it
Playest thou full part
In purple lines of unpremeditated art.

The purple pale colour
Melts around thy sight
Like a star, but duller,
In the broad daylight
I'd see thee, but I would not be thee if I
might.

We look before and after
At cattle as they browse;
Our most hearty laughter
Something sad must rouse
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
Purple Cowe,

Mr. W. Wordsworth

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the Springs of Dee
A Cow whom there were few to praise,
And very few to see

A violet by a mossy stone
Greeting the smiling east
Is not so purple I must own
As that erratic beast.

She lived unknown that cow
And so I never chanced to see
But if I had to be one
O the difference to me !

Mr. J. Keats

A Cow of Purple is a joy forever
Its loveliness increases, I have never
Seen this phenomenon. Yet ever keep
A brave lookout lest I should be asleep
When she comes by. For, though I would
not be one,
I've oft imagined 'twould be joy to see
one.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Ask me no more. A cow I fain would see
of purple tint, like to a sun - soaked
grape—
of purple tint, like royal velvet cape—
But such a creature I would never be
Ask me no more.

Carolyn Wells

Sequel to the Purple Cow

Ah, Yes ! I wrote the "Purple Cow"—
I'm sorry, now, I wrote it !
But I can tell you anyhow
I'll kill you if you quote it.

Gelett Burgess

(Contributed by Rajni Bagai)

Riddles

1. What would you do if you were being chased by a pink elephant and a blue tiger ?
2. Why does an elephant have teeth sticking out of his mouth.
3. Why was the cricket team given cigarette lighters ?
4. 8 men take 1 hours to build a wall. How many hours would 4 men take to build the wall.
5. How can you put 10 on 10, and still have ten ?
6. When is a cricketer worried ?
7. How do you make, eleven even?



Of Books and Films

The Oldman And The Sea

To appreciate this book is imperative to examine the main tenets of Hemingways writing and the philosophy behind it. Hemingway generally has a very stark and direct manner of writing. He avoids the use of a ponderous vocabulary and the simplicity of his writing serves to enhance the starkness of life. His themes are often based on life in its rawest form. In none of Hemingways books has he ever viewed life as a paradise but rather as a hell of a struggle. He views it from the perjorative angle. On reading his books one can equate his philosophy of life to a man toiling and sweating through a steaming jungle. It is not surprising that many of his short stories (the most brilliant being "The Snows of Kilimanjaro") are set in the Wilds of Africa where one has the opportunity to witness life in its most primeval form. From most of his writing it is evident that he dislikes old age intensely for to him it represents an ebbing away of vitality signified by sexual desire and drive, all of it amounting to impotence in man, both mental and physical. Perhaps this is the reason why he finally committed suicide—to avoid the horror of what for him would have been Death-in-Life. Whenever he writes about sexual intercourse it is in an extremely raw and savage form almost amounting to perversion, but his descriptions do not read like pornography and seem almost apt. It allows the reader to contemplate the extent of bliss that can be derived from life. He feels that people create their own temporary paradise termed 'happiness' which can

take them away from the true world for just a little while. In Hemingway we can observe a smattering of the literary form of surrealism. Another feature of Hemingways writing is that he generally gives detailed description of the natural environment as a backdrop for his themes. However the one weakness that may be pointed out is that he sometimes consciously or unconsciously takes shelter in vagueness when he cannot express his philosophy clearly in words though the thought maybe clear in his mind. On this note it will be interesting to consider in what respects the "Old Man and the Sea" conforms to his conventional way of writing and how it differs, as well as the merits and demerits of the book.

In this book, two predominant themes are discernible. The first is a portrayal of old age, not from the sexual point of view in this case, but merely as a slow decline of mental and physical faculties. The second is man's constant struggle with nature. One point that is brought home to the reader is that man can rarely win in his long struggle with nature. Man is mortal but nature is immortal and ubiquitous. Both these are extremely conventional themes but the manner in which they are approached is original.

The basic story is that of an old, impoverished Spanish fisherman who ventures out to catch fish after a long period of bad luck, minus his young assistant who is a way on another fishing expedition. A little distance from the shore he hooks a mammoth fish which, far from yielding to the pull of the line,

drags him a great distance into the sea. For three days and nights the old man sticks to his prey with a tenacity borne out of his determination to achieve. He survives by living on smaller raw fish which he is able to catch when his adversity relaxes on the line. Eventually it develops into a struggle between strength and sheer determination and after a long and strenuous effort he manages to spear the fish. But this is not the end of his labours. The return journey is a continuous struggle to ward off aquatic predators who hack at the fish which is tied to the side of the boat, being too large to be hauled in. Eventually he gives up being far too exhausted and pulls up on to the beach with just the skeleton of the fish which is of an impressive size.

However, more than the actual story it is the thoughts of the old man and the manner in which he has presented them that really makes this a book worth reading. Throughout this struggle the old man's memories drift to the halcyon days of his youth when he travelled as a ship-boy leading a life of excitement and adventure. His most frequently recurring memory is that of the sight of lions on the beach as he approaches the coast of Africa. Yet his thoughts are hazy and disoriented like a disjointed dream one has when in a delirium, and these dream alternate with thoughts about the fish, survival, and pathetic anticipation of victory. Hemingway's graphic description of the gradual numbing of one hand as it strains on the line and then of the other

makes it possible for the reader to actually experience the same sensations as the Old Man. This is one of the strongest points of the book and indeed of Hemingway's writing—that he is able to sketch such clear, realistic pen-pictures that the reader unconsciously finds himself actually experiencing the events and feelings described. One extract from the book that has left an indelible mark on my mind is when the Old Man forces himself to eat the small raw fish, no matter how revolting, because it will give strength and recall the sensation in his right arm. Moreover, the thoughts have been presented in a simple direct way which does not allow the reader to forget that these are the thoughts of a poor fisherman.

A book like this gives the reader insight into the deep concern Hemingway has with people and his wide and profound understanding of life.

Kanika Dutta
L VI

On Writing Essays

My introduction to essay writing was in Class II where I was asked to write ten lines about my family. I duly noted down, after a laborious collection of data, a graphic description stating the heights and weights and habits of my family. The following year of course, I wrote a slightly less detailed and perhaps more interesting essay on the same topic. By the time I was in Class V, I was fairly adept at writing essays.

It was in the same class that a remark from my English teacher had a decidedly detrimental effect on my essay writing from then onwards. Perhaps in an effort to widen and improve our vocabulary we were asked to use "bigger words". Not only did this put a clamp on the natural flow of words, it also constricted my flow of thought. As a result my essays were both insincere and exaggerated. It shamed me to read some of my earlier essays for in the midst of a perfectly simple essay a thunderous word would pop up making the attempt very forced. I was not satisfied.

Later I was given a book of essays to read by George Orwell and perhaps I owe gratitude to the greatest English essayist for helping me correct my style of writing. In an analysis on essay writing he advocated the use of simple language and stressed more importance on the clarity of thought. An effort ought to be made to put across one's thoughts in a clear and precise manner and a clear and sincere essay is bound to earn more appreciation than a jumbled, ponderous, pedantic one. Indeed vocabulary is mainly an abettor in the process of essay writing and apt use of it produces commendable results but particularly in this form of writing be it an analytical essay or otherwise personal thought and feeling is most important. "Bigger Words" do not count. This is certainly evident in most of Orwell's essays and even today he is considered one of the supreme English essayists.

However this remark from my teacher did help me oddly enough, when I

wrote essays in Bengali. I am ashamed to say, that I never fully mastered my mother tongue and essay writing in that language became a difficult task because of the lack of vocabulary: in this case, put a clamp on my thoughts. Ironically the situation was reversed so I made use of the fact that a certain amount of marks were allotted for vocabulary and wrote down elaborately garnished essays. It did not read as badly as a flowery English essay because a good part of Bengali Literature is very elaborately and dramatically written. However my thoughts were never sincere in these attempts.

Now, however after plenty of practice I feel I can produce a fairly sincere and clear piece and still include a couple of "bigger words".

Kanika Dutta

Book Reviews

Bloodline—Sidney Sheldon

It is a powerful book by a powerful author. Sidney Sheldon describes the cut-throat behaviour of opportunists in the world of big business.

It is the saga of the Roffe family tracing its rise from its humble origins in the ghettos of Poland to a prominent position in today's jet set world. The Pharmaceutical Company that they are owners of is threatened by a break-up with the death of the last male bearing the Roffe name. Manipulators begin operations for the control of the company.

Into this turmoil steps Elizabeth Roffe. Being the majority share holder she naturally becomes the prime goal of these manipulators. Everyone becomes suspect—from her closest cousins to the man she loves; Rhys Williams, her father's right hand man.

The plot progresses through murder, violence, love sex and bewildering happenings. The climax is reached in a burning house on the Italian Riviera where the villain betrays himself, and everything is explained.

Sheldon tends to become long drawn out in parts though the book is entertaining and entirely readable which perhaps explains its being a best-seller.

Arvind Chatrath

Overload—By Arthur Hailey

There has been a considerable furore recently over the alleged exploitation of the names of certain famous authors. One of the victims of this trend is Arthur Hailey. New books appearing under his name are now suspect on the grounds that they may not actually be written by him, his name only being used to make the book saleable.

However, 'Overload' seems to be a genuine article—the style of writing tallying with that of books like 'Hotel' and 'Airport', also by Hailey.

The story which deals with the power situation is of considerable interest in the times when the world demand for power is growing by the moment.

The setting is in California USA where a public utility power company is

facing the situation of a rising demand for power coupled with a falling supply of it. In their attempts to develop the resources of power available to the Company has to contend with internal and governmental inertia and the opposition of conservationists, terrorists, and common publicity seeker.

The leading character in the story is a more or less typical by now Hailey character—a dynamic aged executive. In his relationship with his wife and with Karen a quadreplegic, may be detected with a touch of bathos and some other situations in the book do seem improbable. However, these factors do not seriously mar the story.

'Overload' though not perhaps a master piece may be regarded as being an interesting and competently written novel.

Rajni Bagai

Film Reviews

Reviews of Films Screened

By

The Film Society

Life on this hill top would get quite dull and monotonous if there weren't any extra curricular activities, society meetings, social and matches etc. Our Film Society is one of these, Membership being confined to the Sixth Formers rather flattered us.

The films screened so far have been slightly off-beat. McLarens experiments in colour, form and music, strange little

science fiction fables and a glimpse of lovers dancing in slow movement at the edge of the world.

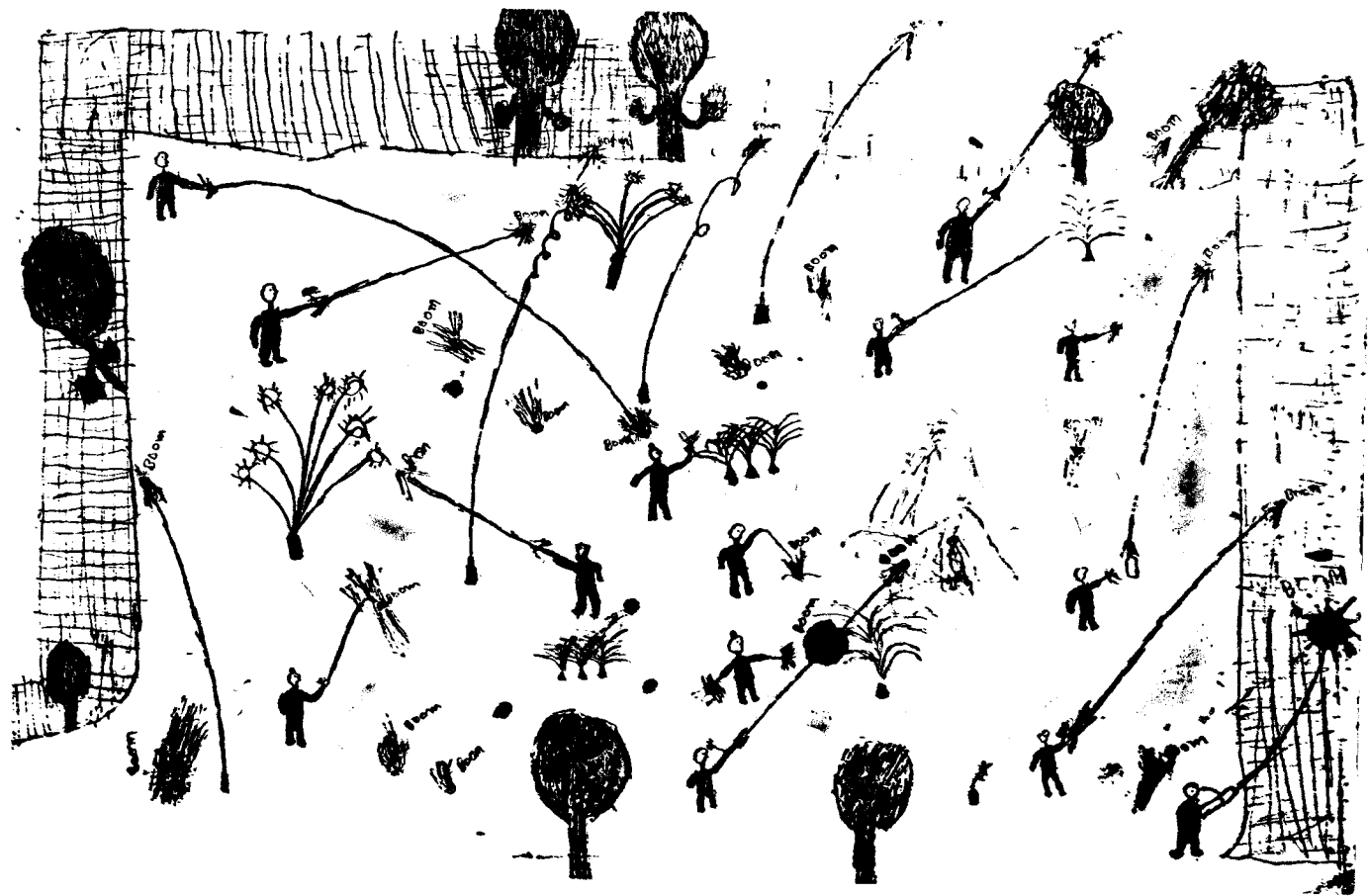
There were some others of a more traditional variety, Shakespeare's Comedies and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. There was a film on Dickens which threw a strong new beam of light on the great Victorian how hard-pressed for money he was despite his spectacular success, unhappily married to a rather tired woman, innumerable children and sadly yearning after other gay youthful amours. Spending his last years at public readings, white and trembling on the large stage until his voice suddenly rose and filled the hall

and he became the young Dip or the unreliable and irresistible Mr. Micawber and left tired frail Dickens behind only to come back later reluctantly and mostly only to make ready for another poem.

A film which I liked immensely was "Downhill" based on a common place situation of an elderly man's attempt to retain his youth by having an affair with a young girl. There was very little motor communication to be heard, yet with the picturesque photography of a ski-resort and the use of a flashback technique the effect was impressive. This exploring of a human situation made a deep impact on me.

Dayanita Singh





Diwali

Of Sport

Cricket at Eight Thousand feet above Mean Sea Level

The sun was shining brightly on the western sky, seeming to smile at the numerous creatures great and small—of the earth below it; the birds were singing (all sorts of songs; some from films and others, like "Belfast", from records) and we were feeling sick. The reason for our feeling sick was Hansraj's driving, designed to break the euphoria of the toughest and, to a lesser extent, the fact that the above mentioned birds were singing out of tune. However, we bore this slow torture with an alacrity which arose mainly because of our high spirits. The insides of our stomachs might have felt like Hiroshima did after the atomic bomb, but our hearts were in the right place.

It is every Cricketer's dream to play on Chail and we of the Sanawar First XI can also be called 'Cricketers' in a rough, offhand, way. Some felt the same surge of delight and ecstasy that Tensing must have felt when he was but a hundred metres from the top of Mount Everest. Besides having the highest Cricket pitch in the world, which is only a minor point, Chail is also known for her concrete pitch—which provides entertainment for all present, except, perhaps, the batsman, by pitching the ball at unpredictable angles (sometimes its 62° sometimes $\frac{\pi}{4}$ and sometimes just 0) at various parts of his anatomy and making him jump in all directions in attempts to avoid it—and for the good food she gives her guests, which is a major point.

Bernard Shaw defined Cricket as "eleven fools playing and eleven thousand

fools watching" but, obviously, this tells nothing about how the game is played. The idea is that the bowler sort of bungs the ball from one wicket to hit the other, the batsman spoils his fun by putting his bat in the way, thereby hitting the ball away, a fielder puts himself in the path of the ball, thereby hurting himself, collects it and throws it at the wicket keeper, the batsman meanwhile, runs across the pitch shouting "yes", "ok" or other such obscenities and tries to reach the other side before the wicket keeper can stump him with the ball (yes, surprsingly enough, the same ball). All clear?

So we started at 10-00 a.m. on the 29th morning with Chail batting. They scored 67 runs before they were all out and after this scoring it was an apprehensive Sanawar XI that went in to bat. The trepidation did not exactly lessen when we were 11 runs for 4 wickets. Anyway, we scored 74 runs and declared and this scoring was mainly done by Guneet Rana (41 runs not out) Wazir Jai Singh (19 runs not out) and Sharad Khanna (74 runs)—the score keeper.

The match ended after this without any Second Innings. Although we were programmed to play the Western Command Team with some Chail players, we insisted on coming back, so Mr. Mundkur obliged.

The journey back to Sanawar was uneventful except that we got Rs. 10/- each, which we spent on various consumables, and that we were going so slowly that the Mohan Meakins Co. Solan, who were on a strike managed, with ease, to overtake the bus. Anyway, we reached back. When we had come back last from

Chail, no one had put his head out of the window to be greeted and asked by expectant fellows, "who won?" because that time we had lost 8—2 in football. This time however, that shyness and aloofness was absent, for we were warriors returning from a victory. In fact, even when we were not asked, we yelled, "we won!" and the reply we got was, invariably "So what? Our atoms lost and we can't ask for a holiday now". It was quite apparent that the sympathy of the audience was not with the School XI—no congratulations or anything. Makes a chap feel injured, this sort of thing. Depression sets in and one feels, very much like an over-ripe tomato. "Life, itself, is an over-ripe tomato," I tell myself, philosophically, and my depression lessens to some extent.

Paddy Rangappa
U.VI

India at Edmonton

Five gold medals, four silver medals and six bronze medals—that was all that the Indian Contingent managed to get at the recent Commonwealth games, at Edmonton, Canada

Three of the golds came from our wrestlers, one from the weight lifter Karunakarn, and one from the captain of the Badminton team, Prakash.

Barring the wrestlers, the boxers and the badminton team, the performance of the rest of the contingent was hopeless.

In athletics we managed to win a miserable Bronze medal. Shivnath Singh, Asia's best long distance runner failed

to figure anywhere in the 10,000 meters, and while running the Marathon—he collapsed due to over exhaustion.

Our shot - putters were placed 8th and 9th.

The gymnasts were far inferior to the English, Australian and Canadian gymnasts, and gave very poor performances.

Our boxers, Thapa and Machaiah, fought bravely before going down to seasoned opponents. Thapa reached the semi-finals, but lost to an experienced champion boxer—on points.

Kanwal Thakur Singh and Ami Ghia played well and got a Bronze medal, in the Women's Doubles Badminton Championship. Prakash Padukone, the captain, overpowered his British opponent, on his way to a gold medal.

The weight - lifters also performed fairly well. Karunakaran got a gold medal—and in a lighter class, Salwan got a silver medal.

But the performance of the rest of the contingent was very disappointing.

And the thing to note is that India is a great one for sending big contingents. Along with the participants scores of officials, ninety percent of whom don't know a thing about sports, also freewheel about a trip abroad at the Government's expense.

And when it actually comes to sports, small countries one fourth of our size and with half as much as our manpower, like England, beat us hollow. (Their medal tallies, at the end, are usually thrice as much as ours).

And to explain this queer phenomenon, many theories are put forward : the hand of politics in the choosing of the participants; the corruption of the sports officials; not enough facilities for Indians to participate in sports; an inadequate diet—and countless other points can be added here. If at the Olympics we don't do well, then the excuse is—that the competition was too stiff for our athletes; or that the participants were not fully prepared, and this had happened, and that had happened. The officials carry on and on and on.

But the main question still remains—When is India going to figure somewhere on the International field of sports ?

Khushwant Gill
U-V C

Buzkashi

Buzkashi is one of the most exciting and ancient games of all. It is the national game of Afghanistan and is played in every village and city.

Stamina, strength and guts is all that is required to play this along with a fair amount of intelligence and the Afghans are not lacking in any of these qualities.

It is not a very complicated game. In the centre of a barren circular field a small circle is marked and a dead calf thrown in. About a hundred meters to the right another circle is made and a flag is posted there. To the left of the calf about a hundred meters away is the chief guests rostrum. A fence is put all around the field and the spectators stand outside that.

There are two teams composed of ten or twelve men on horseback who after saluting the chief guest line up on the opposite ends of the field facing each other. Then at a signal the two teams gallop towards the calf and snatch it up. The aim of the game is to put the calf in the circle where the flag is posted and whosoever does that secures a win for his team.

The man who snatches up the calf in the beginning can always make a beeline for the flag, but this is not done because the riders of the opposing team block the way. So the man with the calf starts to gallop around the field, so as to reach the flag from a different angle, avoiding the opposing team's riders. His team mates form a shield around him all the way.

Secondly the opposing team's riders simply come galloping head on into the man with the calf and send him and his horse as well as themselves tumbling to the ground. Then someone else snatches up the calf and gallops off towards the flag or for another round with everyone thundering after him.

Sometimes a free for all melee results in the middle of the field with everyone trying to get hold of the calf. But the most exciting thing to see is two horsemen thundering along on their horses each cutting and hammering the other person so as to get the calf which is held between them. How they do this while galloping at sixty miles per hour is a mystery to me. In the end whoever manages to gallop up to the flag and drop the calf in the circle, secures a win

for himself and his team. The prizes are things of use like blankets, overcoats, shoes and such like.

Buzkashi is a very dangerous game and men are often hurt very badly. But a death is rare because the horses are trained not to trample upon fallen riders.

This game has been an attraction to many film producers and quite a few of them have included this in their movies. One of the famous scenes is of the movie "The Horseman" where Omar Sharif plays the role of a tribesman.

Seeing Buzkashi is like playing it— One gets all excited and breathless just sitting there on a grassy knoll outside the fence.

And Buzkashi has another quality— it reflects the life of the Afghans : it is harsh, tough, requires endurance and is played freely and wildly.

Kushwant Singh Gill

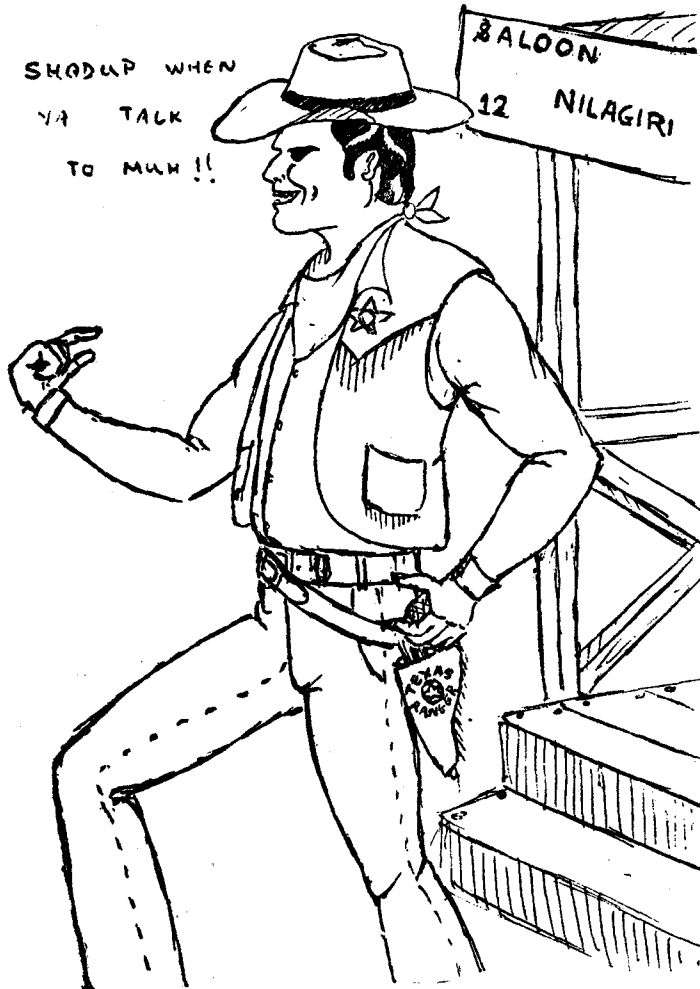
U-V



As We See Them

Mr. Abraham

“and he rode and he rode and he rode and suddenly he turned and fired !!! (Mr. Abraham engrossed in a blood-curdling western). Known and feared throughout the land west of the Rockies/Kalkas for his speed with his gun. It is commonly heard nearly everynight. “You better take things hard m’boy because I’m watching you.”



N. Kapoor

The Fastest Gun In Sanawar

Poetry

The Stallion

The rain came cascading
in streams
And through the tall trees
the wind wailed.
Lightning struck, thunder growled,
no animal set forth
to face nature's fury.

The seagulls, soared,
their wild cry ringing.
And on the barren moor,
one speck still stood.
The proud stallion lifted
his head,
And stared at nature's fury.

The rain came cascading
in streams,
And through the tall trees.
the wind wailed.
Lightning struck, thunder growled,
But yet the animal stood
without fear, gazing—gazing,
At nature's fury.

Anjani Khanna & Kadambari Puri

L V

The New Doll in the Nursery

A little doll on the floor,
open her eyes,
While a teddy bear walked through the
door looking very wise
The teddy asked the doll,
"What are you called?"
The little doll answered
"Miss Hair of Gold"
"Well if that is your name
we may as well play a game,
"But what shall we play?"
"Why Jack and Jill my dear dame"

"Well how do we play?"

"I will tell you just be gay,"

"But I dont understand,"

"Wait and see its just grand"

Well both of them played and played
and played and played,
And after that,
together they stayed.

Romil Bahl

L IV B

Over There

Yearning for some peace
I set off for the lily pond
To have a last look at the sleeping geese,
Over there

Where the leaves,
Rustled in the breeze
Where the shadowy trees,
Looked like overgrown peas
Over there

Where the water rippled softly
Shimmering under the moon,
Which leaves you humming moon a tune
Over there

I set out in the hope of seeing
that scene again,
But on my way,
I was waylaid,
By a tyrannous storm
Over there

The wind had started roaring,
The hyenas had started howling,
I was left with a strange twitching pain,
In my heart
Over there

The trees swayed from here to there,
The wind fumbled in my hair
Leaving me in a trance, unawares
Over there

The night had become dark,
Lou roared the blast
And everything looked scary
Over there.

Harleen Bedi & Mimi Pritam Singh
U IV

The Daisy

The daisy on the hedge,
Was looking nice and yellow,
But compared to the rose,
It looked a dirty fellow
A butterfly flying past,
Sat on the rose,
And the rose with a smile of pride,
Struck a haughty pose,
The daisy looking by
Turned to the other side,
and thought to herself,
She is full of pride,
But a girl came by
And saw the rose
And picked it
With her naughty little toes.
And as the little girl,
put the rose in her hair,
The daisy looked down,
and said "that's not fair"

Romil Bahl

Tears Unneeded

Don't cry my friend, don't cry.
Forget your sufferings and live a full
life,
Don't bother about your parent's strife
I know that they live apart,
And that you exist with a suffering heart.

But Don't cry my friend, Dont Cry.

Every normal human needs a mate
And therefore if they marry again,
It is just your destined fate
Don't tear yourself into two parts
Each one filled to the brim with hate.
Don't cry my friend, Dont cry,
Face up to life wherever you may be,
Dont join the realms of incongruity,
You're young, and that blissful age,
Where happiness is a precious necessity
So, my friend, dont with life be sore,
Just show me that lively smile once more

Vijayendra Rao
L VI A

The Monkeys

Sing a song of monkeys
A jolly bunch of monkeys
Leaping and swinging in their cages,
Looking as wise as ancient sages,
Nochalant or carefree manner,
Nibbling peanuts or peeling a banana,
Everyday is just another to a monkey or
his brother!

Sing a song of monkeys
Happy merry monkeys
If you're ever tired or blue
I can tell you what to do!
Let the monkeys at the zoo
Make a monkey out of you!

Uma Khan
L IV

The Race Of Life

The sunrise greets
A hoard of people,
Busy active, sincere,
To their own cause only

People thoughtless and insincere
 To all that's human
 It's the race of life
 The race is on,
 Flocks crowd upon
 Shallow meadows
 There is too little grass
 No thoughts, no feeling exist
 Nobody can think of you.
 "Indifference" they say is the word today
 With dusk comes the silent peace
 People are no more seen
 The scene is quiet and dark
 I can now move, come out of my nest
 And roam the silent streets
 My thoughts troubled yet my thoughts.
 The horizon is yet so far
 So many miles to go
 May I be tired, weary,
 But I must
 It's the Race of life
 Oh! If only I could
 Exchange my days for nights

Salman Madhi

Summer

The scorching heat or shimmering sound
 Form part and parcel of summer in our
 land;
 When "air-conditioned" rich complain
 and swoon
 And the poor just sweat until the mon-
 soon.

A Street

Its night, restaurants and discos are
 bright
 And men and women in silver and gold.
 "Oh! so rich,

Are strolling among beggars shivering in
 the nearby ditch,
 For them only darkness, for the money-
 ed, light.
 Those clad in gold peek at windows, for
 something nicer,
 Those that are naked hope sadly for one
 plated paise,
 And after their outing they in Mercedes
 will go
 Leaving the poor to mingle with the
 rubbish that others have thrown.
 Hawkers cry out enticing us by their
 wares;
 Pickpockets at work on people who are
 unaware,
 Of their rescally presence in the unearth-
 ly din
 Caused by the rush-hour traffic they are
 caught in.
 At midnight there is a comparative silen-
 ce in the street,
 The Policeman quietly perambertating on
 his beat;
 He controls the crowds streaming out of
 cinema halls,
 Puts an end to the gambling and inter-
 venes in the brawls.

Lower Sixers

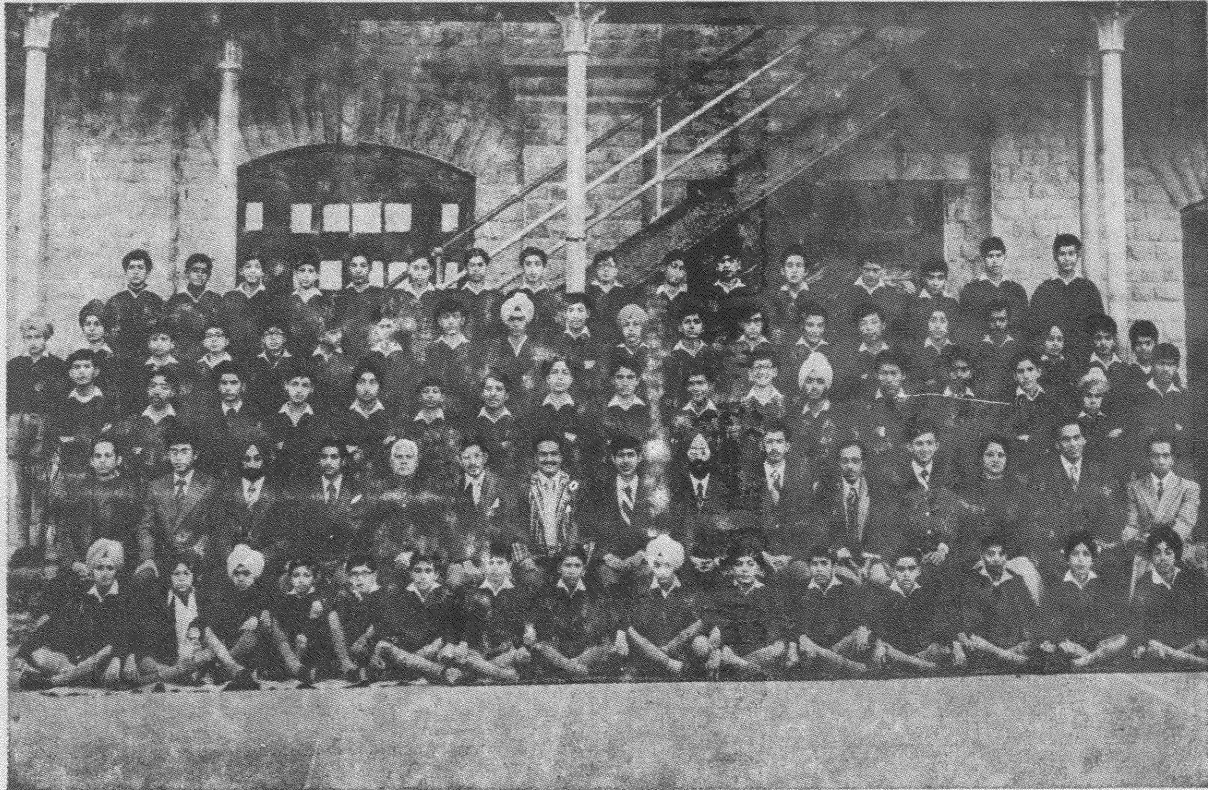
The Assembly Line

It's been a long time
 Since the noise of machinery
 The sound of voices
 The sound of footsteps
 Resounded on this long assembly line
 I look around
 The rain is leaking through the rusted
 roof

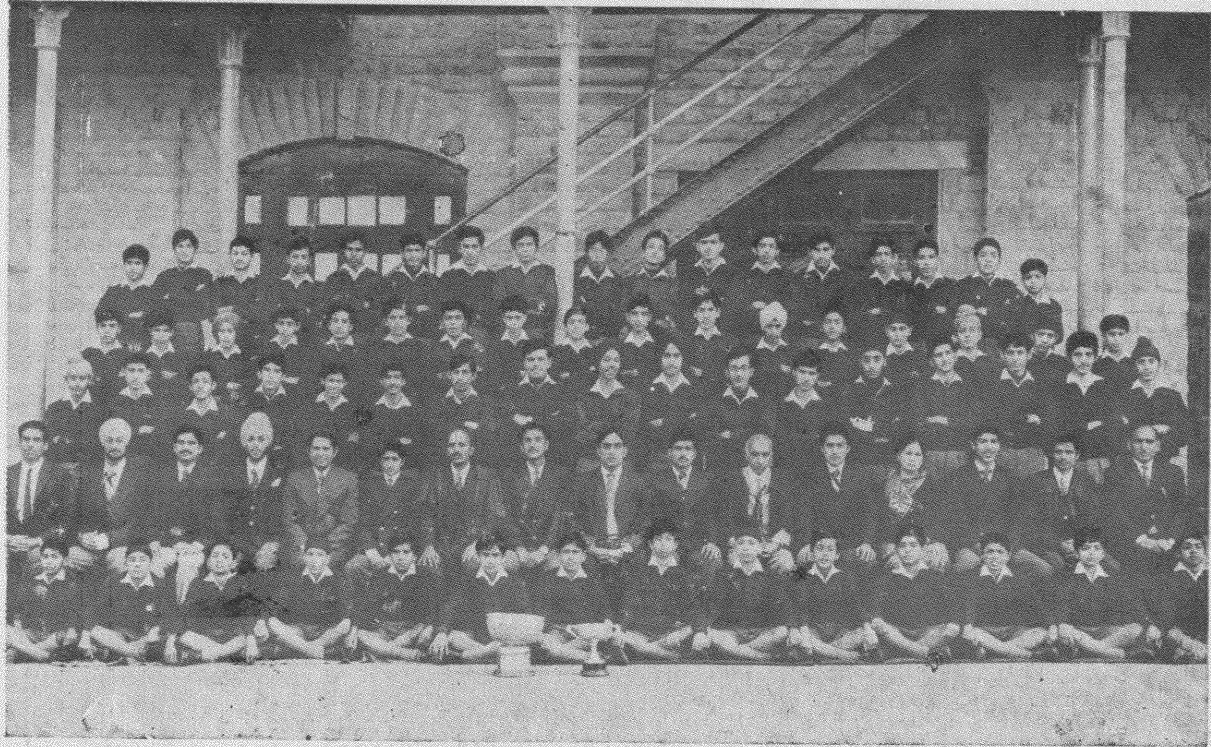
The patches of oil reflect spectrums on the ground,	As the sun settled down behind the hill at the end of that black day.
There is a smell of dinginess and rot	The factory was deserted
The machinery is eroded, cobwebs all around	Throughout the night there were moans of pain, misery
I remember the day when it closed	And now as I walk among black, dilapi- dated machine
"We have lost everything" announced the executives	Kicking cobwebs avoiding crawling insects
"Fight unemployment," the dejected workers and cried	A little sign outside, "To Let"
But all in vain.	Rots in the pouring rain.

Salman Mahdi

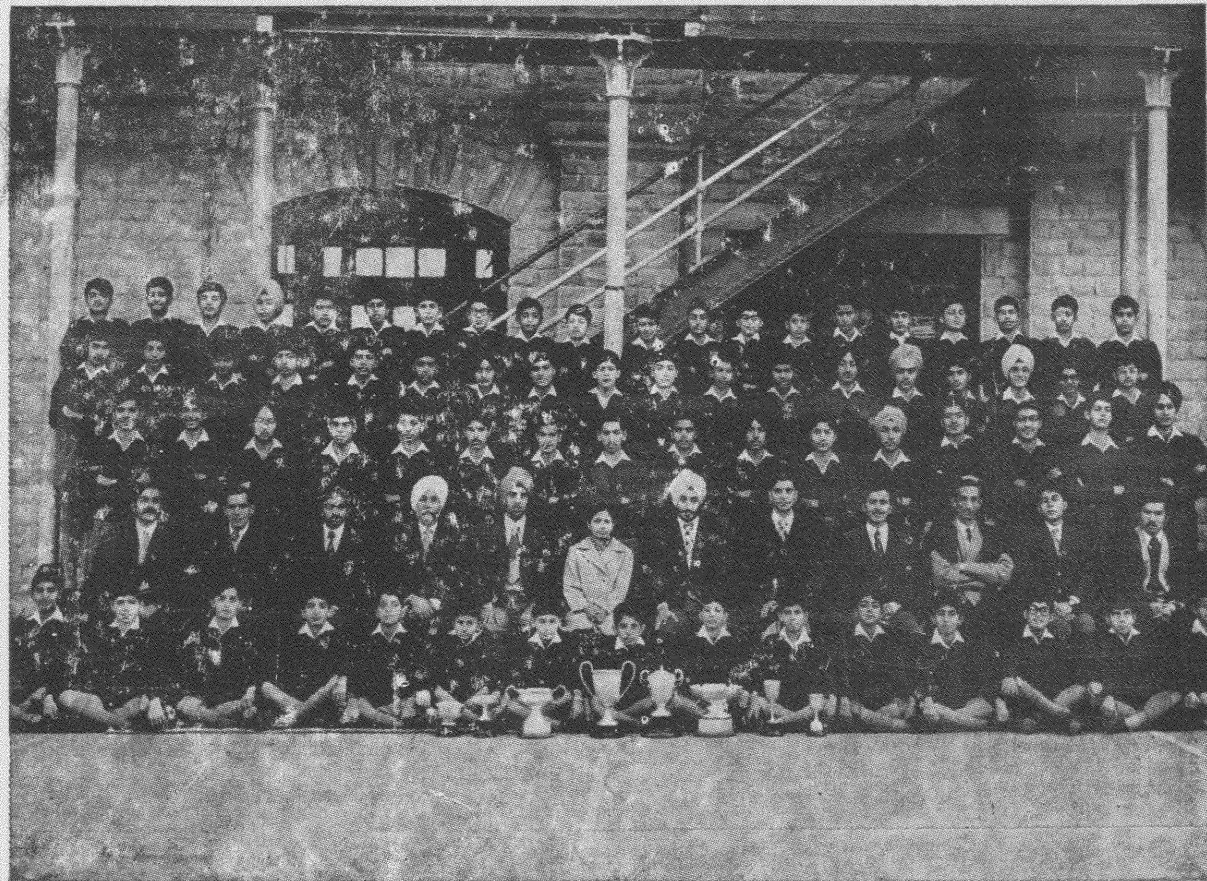




Siwalik



Vindhya



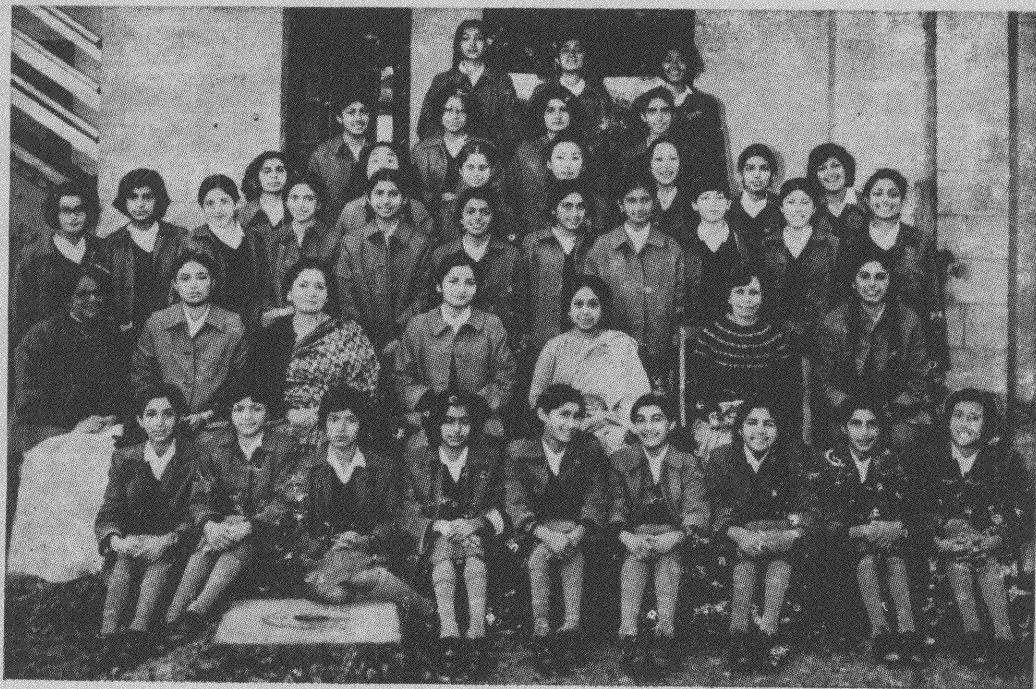
Himalaya



Nilagiri



Himalaya



Nilagiri



Vindhya



Siwalik

Of Travels

Six Weeks in the U. K.

Great Expectations. Dont think I'am talking about the novel by Charles Dickens but about the expectations we all had before going to the United Kingdom. Our expectation which were a result of what we had heard about the U.K. from other people were soon shattered as we saw the life there at first hand on our exciting and fascinating trip.

The weather at Heathrow was quite chilly when we got off the Thai International DC-10. But a great surprise awaited us. The driver of the airport bus was a Sikh (Sardarji) who welcomed us cheerfully in his loud Punjabi voice. We weren't shocked though—we had all heard about the British streets being infiltrated by Indian Sikh citizens.

What one usually hears about British domestic life makes one think that heaven is no better while India with its crying millions seems like the opposite thing. So to get a real idea about British life we each spent about two weeks with different families at different places. I stayed in the county of Devon, and Mr. and Mrs. Cannon with whom I stayed really gave me a wonderful time. I did quite a lot of sightseeing etc. But from the very first day of my stay I noticed how different life was there. I think the word to describe it is—"detached" or rather a total lack of interdependence. This was something that all the members of our trip afterwards unanimously agreed about. Anyway after spending two weeks with the families we all realised that just as Britain is well developed

scientifically India is far more developed psychologically in its social or community life.

But observing the ways of living was one aspect of the trip. Another was sightseeing and we all saw many different places. The place where I stayed for those two weeks had picturesque countryside and those days I just wished that I was poet and could write about the countryside a la Wordsworth. Jonathan Cannon, the boy with whom I stayed, was very much interested in Cathedral architecture with the result that I learnt so much about Cathedrals, Churches, Abbeys, Priories etc. that I might as well have been converted to Christianity.

Anyway, after these two weeks, we all met at the Atlantic College in South Wales and each of us was overflowing with stories about our experiences. Nixi seemed the most unfortunate one since the only thing she had done was to go on a 200 miles long cycling trip. And Guri—oh she was just beaming with excitement to tell everybody how she had filled the house she had stayed in with Indian food which she had cooked "herself" and food wasn't exactly the term she used at that time. Dalal had spent his two weeks with a girl and we all had to listen to his fairytales also.

The next week we all did some social and community work which was arranged for us by Mr. Andrew Maclehose who was the person incharge for the trip in Britain. This social work varied from making gardens, taking interviews to cleaning dustbins and beaches. Some of us did social work with some problem children and after being for one week

with them we came to the conclusion that the problem children in India are "morally" far better than the British ones.

Atlantic College has a course every year called 'The Theory of Knowledge' which explains the logic behind knowledge and we also participated in this course (very actively). The course consisted of a whole lot of lectures on different subjects and group investigations etc. but one thing which struck us was the different methods of teaching there. One way to describe it in brief will be to say that there is an "active participation" by the students in the class and after every lecture there is a discussion so that every student can express his views. Another thing which was different from Sanawar was the amount of reference work every student did. But I must say that they had a lot of free time to go to the library and to work there and after every lecture all of us were always supplied with a Bibliography.

The social life of Atlantic College is very different from ours. There is free mixing between boys and girls. The College has students from 40 different countries so instead of having House shows they have National Evenings and during our period of stay there we all had an Indian National evening. Payal and Gagandeep successfully managed to show Indian classical dances. Gautam, Nakai and I did a Bhangra. Thank God those people did not know what real Bhangra is like. Praneet wore a colourful Rajasthani dress which gained her a lot of boy friends (Good for her). Guri sang some latest Punjabi hits, energetically,

and Mira was the one who really cooperated with every item very willingly. All this time Mandy was busy taking photographs—although she hasn't thought of blackmailing us as yet. In brief the girls made a big hit. I must tell you that they had a lot of trusted friends when they left Atlantic College who even CRIED for them.

One thing about Atlantic College which I'll never forget is how one day Mr. B. Singh told me in a grief stricken voice to get him some edible food from local restaurant as he had got tired of the Atlantic College 'English food'. He looked so disturbed that I wouldn't have been surprised if he had burst out crying.

The last word about the College, I must say was their Discotheque. I don't want to say much about it but one thing I can say is that if the Atlantic College students came to the Sanawarian social then they'll term us and the social 'pre-historic' or 'primitive'.

At the end of the theory of knowledge course we left the College and went on a two days long sightseeing trip. On the way when Kabir went on and on with his exhaustive accounts of cars, mobikes and other vehicles on the road, Kunal complained that he had got so fed up that he wanted to commit suicide.

Our last day was spent shopping in London. We came face to face with Britain's inflation. On this last day the girls led such a shopping campaign in London's Oxford Circus that we boys most certainly thought that the United Kingdom was going to be denuded of all marketable commodities

We all left London on 15th August except for Kunal who stayed for an extra week. We bid a tearful goodbye (especially to Ann Richardson and Mr. Mchle hose who had looked after us really well) to the foreign land and so to cheer us all up Ramyad sang a very melodious Indian wedding song (P.S. Ramyad's songs were very popular in Atlantic College).

Jatinder Pal Singh

U VI

The Foreign Returned

With much dread we greeted our foreign returneds. Our visions of them coming back in tight levis transparent halters and blonde curls were sadly dashed when we saw them coming along in slushy P.T. shoes and familiar old salwar kameezes. They were perfectly recognisable and hadn't changed even a wee bit. They were all given welcoming thumps on the back and Kabir must have got an extra enthusiastic welcome as he had an enormous blotch of mud right across his trousers!

They all arrived in lots, the first among them was J.P., who being disgusted by his extra early arrival went straight back home.

The rumour that Nixie, Payal and Praneet had acquired an accent was proved wrong-much to our disappointment. An assortment of tales poured out. Oh! the mid night parties, the discos, the fantastic departmental stores, the scrumptuous eating joints—they were all too good. Trunks spilled out with

goodies, from swimming costumes to heavy coats. We looked on in amazement, and I daresay in jealousy too (!)

The foreigners seem to have been thoroughly impressed by our Indian beauties—their charm, height, tan, long black hair and sophisticated dress. Some one was most enchanted by J.P.'s "top hat" as they called it and even requested him to wear it down to breakfast.

The many broken hearts left behind of course have been accounted for, Nixie having already received what might come in the category of a love letter. Mr. B. Singh, I learnt, had quite a time keeping off the extra affectionate admirers. "At an arms length" was his advice to them. Gauti as usual was upto his craziness and was caught in the girl's quarters! Not very surprising is it? Keeping him away from girls is like keeping Jughead away from Pop Tales' hot dogs.

Mohyna Khurana

U-V A

My Tour Of Europe

It was in the year seventy-four that our family set out from the famous port of Dover in England to France. We went on a huge ferry whose hold was full of chained cars and its deck was full of gaily coloured people.

We crossed the British Channel and anchored in a France bay. We then took our car and as it was dark, started looking for a camping site. As we found one, we drove in and set up our tents. As we all were tired we had early dinner and went to bed.

Next day after breakfast we set out for Paris. Reaching Paris we had lunch at a restaurant, booked ourselves into a hotel and set out sightseeing. The first place we went to was the famous Cathedral Notre Dame. After about looking around for one hour we went to one of the wonders of the world, 'The Eiffel Tower'.

There we enjoyed ourselves a lot. We went right to the top of the tower and had icecreams. As darkness started to fall we headed back to our hotel. There we had dinner and went upstairs to our room. We talked for a while then dozed off.

We then went to Italy and at Pisa we saw another wonder, 'The Leaning Tower of Pisa'. At Rome we saw St. Pauls and going from country to country we had great fun in our holiday.

Romil Bahl

My Life In Jeddah

Jeddah, the main port of Saudi Arabia is not bad at all. Its just that the people there are very very rich. They drive Rolls-Royces very recklessly. Their aircraft fleet is great but the Air-India Fleet of 14 makes better use. The sea is very dirty but the port is very large and big ships pass through. The roads there are bad in the city but the highways are broad and smooth. You get everything there imported. There is nothing that you cant get there. The ladies there are in PURDAH (which means that they cover their faces). The ladies are not allowed to drive there, they can't go out shopping alone so they are usually stuck at home.

For me life is very nice over there. It is hot, very hot and we have air-conditioning even in winter. But once one gets used to that climate and kind of living it is not so bad.

Aditya Sharma



Opinions

Down With Prohibition

We visited the Mohan Meakin's Brewery to find out what welfare work was being done for the workers there and to do a questionnaire on the same subject. I was greatly excited that I would be able to see how they make beer and other drinks at the factory. My friends too were curious to know how beer was made and we were thrilled with the thought of spending a night at Mr. Handa's house.

As we entered the brewery we found it very clean. Mr. Handa came along with us to show us around the brewery. At one point Mr. Handa cracked a joke with Karandeep Sandhu saying that he should wash his hair in beer. Karandeep looked very surprised and asked why. When Mr. Handa told him that beer is good for his hair, Karan's face looked so funny that we all burst out laughing.

The welfare officer explained and showed us the different stages of beer-making. At one point Mr. Handa took us to a very cold room where the temperature was below freezing point. The beer in this room was in big tanks. The beer here still had yeast in it and was left there to ferment for seven weeks. Mr. Handa made all of us taste the beer. Many of us did not like the taste of the beer. The girls made funny faces as they found the beer too bitter. Mr. Handa even opened the taps and told us all to

have a wash in beer. Then excitedly Archana, Shalini and Radha tried to wash their hands in beer.

After seeing the brewery we split up into four groups. Each group leader asked the welfare officer questions. After the welfare officer had answered the questions, all of us read the answers and talked it over with our class teacher. In this way I realized that company did a number of good things for its workers. They are listed below:-

- (a) The company gives loans to its workers and charges no interest.
- (b) It gives free education to the workers children. They have their own school where their school kit is free.

Our class visited the school. The school buildings were not as good as I thought they would be. I went round the school and met the children. Most of the children were sitting on the floor and studying. I felt they were not very comfortable. But they themselves looked very happy and cheerful. I felt they were happy because they felt that their school was a very good school and they were getting a good education. I was curious to see what they were studying and they were curious to know who we were and why we had come. Some of my friends and I gave them some of the labels which we had got from the brewery and they felt very thrilled with them.

(c) There is free medicine for the sick workers. This they get from a dispensary.

(d) The workers are encouraged to have insurances. There are two types of insurances: All the workers who earn from Rs. 100 to Rs. 1000 a month can join the Health Insurance Scheme. The company pays twice the amount these workers put in. For those who earn over Rs. 1000 a month the company pays their full insurance. A nominal rent is charged for housing and electricity. The worker can also have free transport when they want it.

I feel the company is wise to do all this for its workers because if its workers are not happy they will not work well and there will be dangers of strikes, lock-outs and burning of the company's goods. If the workers are happy, they will work well and produce good things and this would benefit the company. The companies who do these things are really sensible. The Mohan Meakin's Brewery certainly seem to look after its workers very well.

As we were leaving the brewery one of the welfare officers said to us that we, as a class, should go down to New Delhi and gherao the Prime Minister's residence and tell Mr. Desai not to go ahead with his Prohibition Policy. Many of us cheered the officer because many of us felt that the

Mohan Meakin's Brewery people were doing a great deal for the welfare of their thousands of workers.

Ashish Rampal

L III



Education In India—A Criticism

Students of today are the leaders of tomorrow. Education hence occupies a very crucial role in the development of a nation. In essence, it is the educational policy which frames and moulds the leaders of tomorrow.

Educational policies change too frequently, or should I say that with every change of government a new policy comes forth. As a result each system transforms the earlier into nothing but an experiment which can ruin the lives of many children.

The Ministry is mismanaged and led by people with strong political affiliations although this is not always the case. Frequent changes are a characteristic of a democratic network which can result in conflicting ideas and streams of thoughts. In the end the only ones to suffer are the school-going children. Either with too much work load or no load at all.

A lot needs to be done on the implementation side. The administrative network is too complicated and slow. There is no uniformity, large demarcations exist between the educational

systems present in the different states. Directives sent by the government if they do reach the institutions arrive late.

The more concerning impact is on the students themselves. They are directly and more severely hit by the erroneous set-up. There are inevitable delays regarding the issue of text books. When and if they do arrive there are always deletions and additions to be made. There is no unity between the prescribed syllabuses and the text-book. Examinations are not conducted in time and results are announced after several delays, and thus schools and colleges are thrown out of gear.

The whole system is in a complete mess. Some drastic changes are needed to extricate the thousands of students from the state of chaos they are in.

Nikhil Dhaon

U VI



The Reason Why

Anyone who has made a study of society and its norms will have noted that society has always been in a constant state of transition, moving from one phase to another.

Indian society conforms to this pattern, the main cause of the conflict

being what it has always been, the unwillingness or inability of one generation to recognise the validity of another's viewpoint. Yet, familiar as the pattern may be, the situation arising from the conflict and from attempts to compromise are peculiar to Indian Society, and can be a source of considerable interest, even entertainment for the detached and cynical observer.

The age we live in is one of rapid advances in the fields of science and technology. Hence the economic wealth of a country depends greatly on the extent of its industrialization. Since the West, at the moment, provides the lead in these fields, it is only natural for the less developed countries to adopt Western technology as a criterion.

While allowing Western norms to direct our industry and economy, it is impossible not to come into contact with their social norms as well.

The social climate in India is particularly receptive to western influence, a legacy of 200 years of British Imperialism. In fact, the class most exposed to and affected by western influence is the middle class, upon which has fallen the mantle of the British administrative classes.

The actual extent of their westernization depends on their background—geographical, economic and social. Those from highly industrialized/urbanised areas will obviously be more

westernized than those from small rural towns, even if of the same generation.

However, the Westernization is often not voluntary and is, in fact, fiercely resisted by the individual, who resents being swept, willy nilly, along on a changing tide. Western views, especially on the segregation of sexes are often at direct variance with Indian custom. Western civilization is considerably younger than that of the East, and therefore has that many centuries of tradition less to uphold. Blind obedience to elders is not the rule here. Infact, age is not held in such reverence as it is in India.

The difference between the cultures leads to violent conflicts. More so since even very Westernized Indians are uneasily conscious of the voice of tradition that does not approve of freedom of speech before one's elders and of a more casual relationship between the sexes. The conflicts are not only internal but also exist between different people. External, more obvious conflict put a strain on the structure of society, but it is the internal conflict that results in contradictory and confusing behaviour that bewilders perpetrator and beholder alike. The warring factions so divide a person's mind against itself that attempts at compromise only lead to further confusion, since they are not sustained efforts.

Though this situation is prevalent all over India, for a closer study of it to be made, it is best to observe one of the little pockets where the problems of middle class morality are most intense.

Sanawar is such a pocket. Its students and staff are by and large representative of the middle and affluent classes, so where better to find a reflection of their society and its practices?

The teachers, though they may be said to belong to the same stratum of society, are not uniformly affected by Western influence. Some maybe more urbanised and therefore more westernized than others. They are therefore less inclined to take a firm stand on the policy of segregation of the sexes that exists in Sanawar. The others support it staunchly. In some the influence is so strong that all they have learnt of western science and technology is merely incidental. For instance, there is a Science man who still believes in the efficacy of certain metals worn at certain times to cure illnesses.

Though the rules ensuring the segregation of the sexes are rigid and are rigidly enforced by teachers who believe that that is the way things should be, even they are occasionally relaxed. Efforts are being made to relax the atmosphere of constraint between G.D. and B.D. (witness G.D.H.) and even the most authoritarian of the teachers

find themselves agreeing with the project. This sneaking sympathy for a more liberal attitude conflicts with the beliefs tradition has instilled in them. This conflict finds its expression in behaviour that is contradictory and incomprehensible and arises out of a desire to compromise. For example a member of the staff known for his stern adherence to the principal of discipline and segregation blithely gave his consent one day to a hike where the hikers were female students of the school escorted by a young bachelor member of staff.

Though this windfall was gladly accepted the students were certainly confused by this abrupt volt face. Especially since no other indications of a change of heart followed.

The students are brought up in a milieu that is a leftover from western

domination At home and at school they adopt western standards of living—with certain exceptions: namely, they are not encouraged to mix as freely with the other sex, state their own opinion or criticise their elders with as much freedom as the youth of the west.

These restrictions, for which they do not receive adequate explanation beyond the fact that it is tradition, are resented by them and they become discontented. They are further bewildered by the occasionally paradoxical and contradictory behaviour of the staff and grow up to become members of a society which has no fixed norm of behaviour only a mixture of ideas, relics of both East and West.

Rajni Bagai

L VI



Whither Science

**“What Then” said Plato’s
Ghost “what then”**

For some time it has been obvious that profound changes are taking place in the Public’s attitude towards Science. Along with abstract Science Fiction, pure Science publications are increasingly in vogue because there simply happens to be no end to ideas and inventions. Fred Hapgood says that he has yet to meet a scientist who does not feel a successful experiment is the one which opens six new questions, and that the sweetest of triumphs is to illuminate a whole new field of ignorance, to ask a question of a kind that no one even thought of asking before.

Most remarkable is the discovery (rather hypothesis) of the chemical evolution of life. The prebiotic conditions the of earth’s crust, through an interplay of mass, time and energy, resulted in the formation and further evolution of some kind of living matter. Radioactivity, chiefly in terms of K 40 volcanic eruptions, passage of meteorites through the earth’s atmosphere, ionization by lightning, provide energy to synthesise organic molecules from Natural Chemical Elements. Stanley Milles (1953) synthesised Amino acid, an organic substance, from Methane, Ammonia, Oxygen, Hydrogen and water, under the influence of electric sparks as an energy source. This is rather unacceptable to the traditional and popular belief in God’s creation of Life.

And then there is the extraordinary, scientifically proven, Einstein’s Theory of Relativity. This theory, unlike the former Newtonian Mechanics, shows the relation between space, time, mass and

energy, with the velocity of light as a governing factor. With an increase in velocity, there is an increase in mass, contraction of length and dilation of time. Mass can be converted to its equivalent energy, and vice-versa—the Principle of the atomic bomb. Could there be a link between the Vital Life Force and the Equivalence of Mass and Energy? There may be a possibility of having a Universal relativity theory including every scientific phenomenon. This still awaits our second Einstein. The key to the mystery may even lie in a simple but overlooked fact. The test-tube baby is a fantastic achievement of modern science. Few years ago the genetic engineers of Harvard and Sussex Universities produced a complete new specimen by cloning parts of the double helix spirals from the genes of different bacteria. A frog had already been made by cloning tissues of another frog. The scientists didn’t make that living tissue, from which its cells have to be made. I’m sure they can by synthesising organic Molecules following its evolution in a controlled environment. But this, if possible, will take centuries. What about an evolutionary catalyst?

Now where does God stand if his credit of creating Life has been snatched by a natural phenomenon—the chemical synthesis of living matter? Well, He can have the credit of making the inconvertible Mass and Energy, which as we had read earlier, had caused life. But who made God? Perhaps he was made by his own God, who in turn was made by another, and so on to the infinitely Supreme Creator who created himself too because he is the Supreme One, and there is

no other possibility. That means the Supreme being existed before He created Himself into a tangible form. In the same way perhaps energy existed before mass was created from it. This analogy leads us to support that Energy and the Supreme Being are different manifestations of the same thing. One was responsible for the creation of life and the other for the creation of matter.

Let us analyse how this so called God (not the one we've proved just now) came into existence. The early man, because of his ignorance and fear of fire, lightning, storms etc. started personifying them for a psychological refuge and began worshipping these phenomena. As man evolved this belief in God too changed and many new properties of God came into existence. Now this belief took such a firm hold on peoples minds that one is sure more than half of the World's Human Population believe in God. In fact the Bible is the World's largest selling book. How about worshipping the true God, say some of Einstein's Equations? ?

A peep behind the Iron Curtain would startle us with strange Psychic discoveries. A complete new dimension to Science has come to light like Trans-Siberian telepathic contacts, strange gadgets to amplify and form "thought or Psychic power" so that it can move articles, ESP in war strategy to control enemies, teaching pupils under hypnosis etc. etc. But the most astounding invention or discovery is the Kirlian photography. A couple in Russia have developed a means to see and photograph the Aura which surrounds every

living organism. The aura reflects the physical and emotional state of the organism (especially us humans) and even changes, if it is within range, of another organism in a different emotional state. The most unbelievable revelation is that even when a part of the body is amputated, the aura corresponding to it remains, and is believed to control the cell growth and the activities of its counterpart. The aura fades when more than two thirds of the body is removed bit by bit, otherwise it will stay with the greater part. The camera shows that at the surface of the organism (a leaf) many balls of light were being thrown and exploded. It resembles a supernova. To add a last unbelievable touch, the aura fades out much before the moment the organism is going to have a Natural Death. It is probable that dogs can see this. This answer can be the living force or energy in a body, or even a finer energy realm.

How about the possibility of the existence of another world, not another planet or galaxy but a new dimension? Imagine a paper flat man, who has length, breadth, but no thickness i.e. a plane figure which is not three dimensional. He lives in a plane drawn on a sheet of paper. He can move all over the paper but cannot come out of it, that is he can't move in the third dimension. But he can definitely have a picture of it, like a photograph of a three dimensional sugar cube on a two dimensional paper plane. The flat man would locate his friend's house in North, East, West directions, but would have no idea what a second floor of a skyscraper would be.

We live in a three dimensional space and thus move up and down too. Our three dimensional cube can be photographed on a two dimensional plane. Similarly a four dimensional picture or whatever it is, can be imprinted in our space of three dimensions, but like the two dimensional figure, even we wouldn't be able to move about in our next fourth dimension. This 4th dimension is supposed to be Time. We can't go backwards or forward in time, but creatures in the fourth dimension could move in space and time. Imagine your friend living 2 years 'away' two km North-West, at a height of 200 m. What would be his 5th dimension where he can't move?

The Earth, due to the influx of meteorites and cosmic particles, is increasing in weight by 50 tonnes a day. The Moon, too, experiences a similar thing. The increase in mass will lower the angular velocity of the Earth, upsetting the Nature's Balance and our own would increase. When mass increases, the pull between the Earth and the Moon will increase and according to Sir James Jeans, when the Moon crosses the Roche's limit, it will be broken into fragments of dust around the earth like a ring, as has already happened in the case of Saturn. The Sun is living matter (in the form of energy) losing mass at the tremendous rate of 250 million tonnes per minute and as a result, will eventually be unable to hold the Solar System in its present dynamic form. But this is not our immediate concern. If life is wiped out by a nuclear catastrophe, there would

still be ample time for a few more series of life evolutions to occur before the dying Sun becomes inert.

Another intriguing fact is the disappearance without a trace of planes and ships inside the Bermuda triangle in the Atlantic Ocean, off the Gulf of Mexico. Few men who survived say that they were momentarily powerless, and all the machines in the ship had stopped. Radio contact stopped abruptly. Once an entire squad of American planes vanished there leaving no trace. This zone can be a link to the fourth dimensional world. Probably the victims drift in Time.

C. Martin Stickley hopes that a series of nuclear explosions in miniature pellets of hydrogen ignited to fusion by laser beams will become a long term method for supplying the world's energy needs. The laser driven fusion is one approach to a long term energy supply based on a virtually inexhaustible fuel source—deuterium from water. It is also along with magnetically confined fusion, one of the most difficult tasks ever undertaken. A fusion power system, using high gain targets of a kind that could not be designed with the same confidence, would produce on the order of 10^{19} high energy neutrons (14.1 MeV). This energy could be conducted in a variety of uses, including electric power and synthetic fuel production, fusion fuel enrichment etc.

And I must conclude that all this is barely a drop in the ocean of the 'Wizardry of Science'

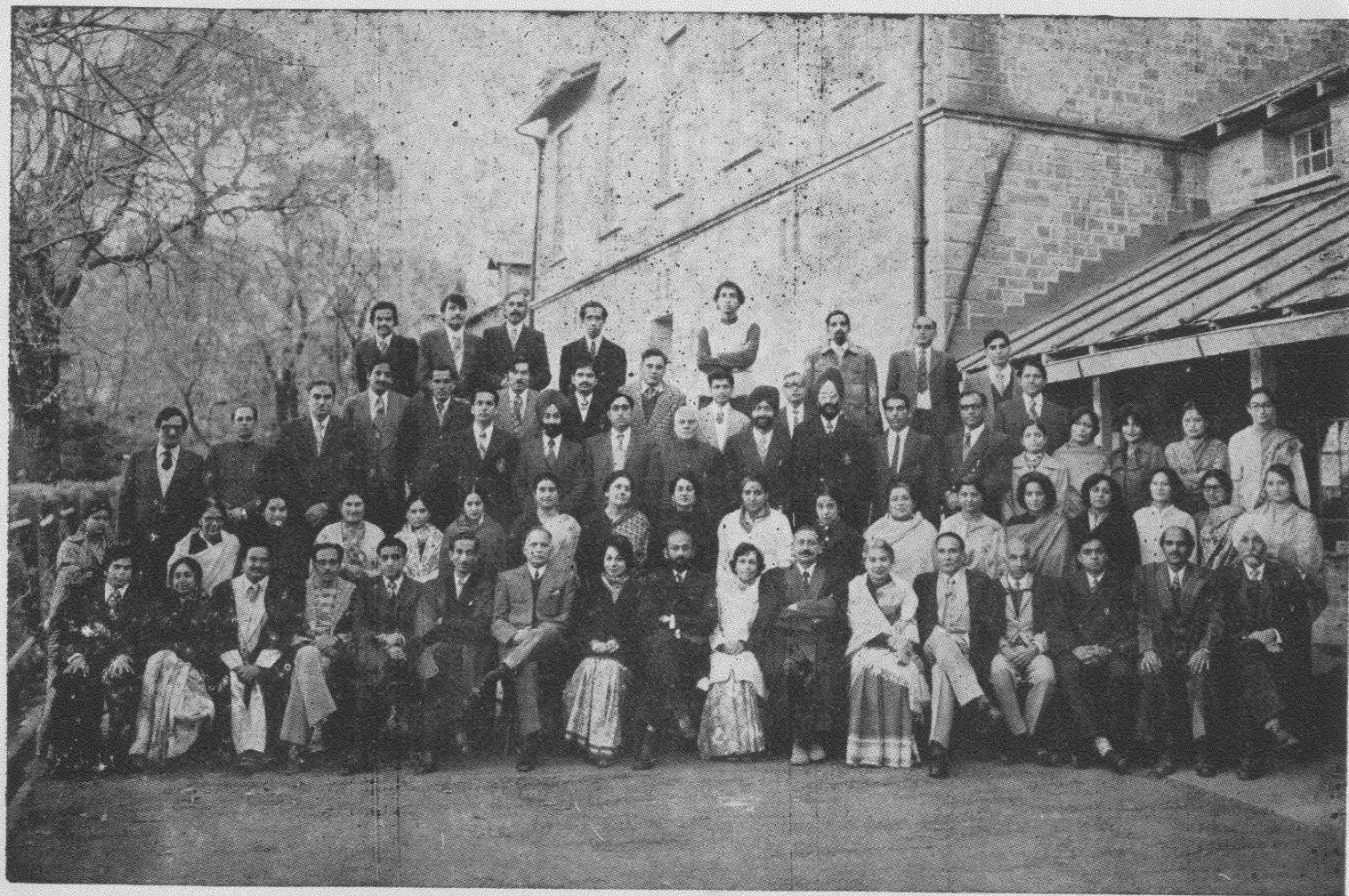
Rishi Mohindra
U VA (1978)



Answers To Riddles

1. Get off the roundabout.
2. Because he wasn't given braces,
3. Because they lost all their matches.
4. Two hours.
5. Put on a pair of gloves.
6. When he's stumped.
7. Remove the 'el'.





The Staff

• हिन्दी विभाग •



विषय सूची



सम्पादकीय		अशोक गोयल	1
1. मुरझाया फूल	(कहानी)	अशोक गोयल	...	2
2. दिक्कत अली	(कविता)	राहुल प्रकाश	...	4
3. पर खुल कर हंसिए	(हास्य-व्यंग्य)	विवेक नागर	...	5
4. नापी और सनावर	(लेख)	अशोक गोयल	...	5
5. भाग्य का खेल	(कहानी)	मुक्तेश चतुर्वेदी	...	6
6. निष्कर्ष	(कविता)	विवेक नागर	...	7
7. क्या आप जानते हैं	(स्तम्भ)	मुक्तेश चतुर्वेदी	...	8

❁ सम्पादकीय ❁

“ न जाने यह हिन्दी हमारा कब पीछा छोड़ेगी”, यह वाक्य सनावर में अक्सर छात्रों-छात्राओं से सुनने को मिलता है। भला हमें अपनी मातृभाषा से इतनी घृणा क्यों है? न जाने क्या समझकर स्वतन्त्रता के बत्तीस साल बाद भी हम इन गुलामी की काली ज़ज़ीरों से अपना छुटकारा नहीं कर पाये हैं। यदि कोई हिन्दी वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता हो तो बेचारे भाग लेने वाले को सैंकड़ों बातें सुननी पड़ती हैं। माना कि सनावर स्कूल अंग्रेजों ने शुरू किया था और यहाँ शिक्षा का माध्यम भी अंग्रेजी है, लेकिन इस सब का यह अर्थ नहीं कि हिन्दी से नफ़रत की जाए इसे भाषा नहीं बल्कि पतितों की बोली की तरह समझा जाये।

हम हिन्दी का नाम सुनते ही नाक चढ़ा लेते हैं। यही तो कारण है कि सनावर के अधिकतर विद्यार्थी हिन्दी में कमजोर हैं। आज इंग्लैंड में फिरंगी हमारी सभ्यता को अपनाने की कोशिश कर रहे हैं, और यहाँ हम हैं कि उनकी पश्चिमी पोशाक और रहन-सहन पर मरते हैं, पश्चिमी पोशाक पहनना अपनी शान समझते हैं, अंग्रेजी धुनें सुनना एक पद लिखे और सभ्य व्यक्ति का चिह्न मानते हैं। हमारी अपनी सभ्यता की ओर ऐसी तुच्छ भावना क्यों है? मैं अंग्रेजी का विरोध नहीं कर रहा हूँ। यह सब कहने से मेरा अभिप्राय केवल इतना है कि हमें अपनी मातृभाषा से घृणा नहीं करनी चाहिए। हमें उसे तुच्छ दृष्टि से नहीं से नहीं देखना चाहिए बल्कि उसके प्रति सद्भावना रखनी चाहिए और उसे अपमान नहीं अपितु गौरव का चिह्न मानना चाहिए।

सम्पादक—

अशोक गोयल



मुरभाया फूल

गणित के प्रोफेसर शर्मा जी अपना लैक्चर दे रहे थे कि अचानक मधु कक्षा में दाखिल हुई। एकाएक सभी छात्र जोर से ठहाका मार कर हँस पड़े। किसी शरारती ने पीठ के पीछे, “मैं लोमड़ी हूँ, मुझसे बुर रहिए” लिख दिया था। लज्जा और गुस्से से भरी हुई मधु, चुपचाप अपनी सहेली अनु के पास बैठ गई। गणित का पीरियड खत्म होते ही दोनों सहेलियाँ बाहर लॉन की ओर आ रहीं थी। दूर से पंकज को आते देख दोनों ने मुँह फेर लिया, वही तो था जिसने सब सहपाठियों के सामने उसे लाजिलत कर दिया था। पंकज सिर झुकाये भोले से अन्दाज़ में मधु से बोला, “मधु, आज पहली अप्रैल है न? तो सोचा क्यों न ‘अप्रैल फूल’ बनाया जाए। अगर तुम्हें अच्छा न लगा हो तो भई माफ कर दो”। मधु का गुस्सा एकदम बर्फ की तरह घुलकर उतर गया और वह मुस्कराते हुए बोली, “चलो माफ़ किया, शरारती कहीं का”।

मधु के माँ-बाप बचपन में ही उसे अनु की बुआ के पास छोड़कर चल बसे थे। मधु और अनु दोनों साथ-साथ पलीं और बड़ी हुईं। मधु अभी केवल दस वर्ष की ही थी जब शुक्लाजी, पंकज के पिता, नुरपुर से बदलकर यहाँ लुधियाना में उनके साथ वाले मकान में आये थे। पंकज भी धीरे-धीरे मधु और अनु से खूब हिल-मिल गया था। मधु और अनु के आपसी स्नेह की तो बात ही न पूछो। दोनों में इतना प्यार था कि अगर मधु रोती तो पड़ोसी पूछते, “क्यों अनु को कुछ हो गया री”?

एक दिन पंकज ने मधु से वायदा किया कि वह उसे पिक्चर ले जाएगा। मधु और अनु दोनों तैयार हो गई थी। लेकिन पिक्चर देखना शायद उनकी किस्मत में न लिखा था। अनु सीढ़ियों से गिर गई और उसकी टाँग में मोच आ गई। अनु के बिना मधु पिक्चर कैसे जा सकती थी। अनु से ज्यादा तो उसे चोट का दर्द हो रहा था। वह अनु को अपने कमरे में ले गई, अलमारी से रुई और डिटोल निकाल कर उसी की पट्टी की। उसके बाद वह रसोईखाने में अनु के लिये दूध गर्म कर रही थी कि पंकज उसे पिक्चर के लिए बुलाने आ गया। मधु ने उससे कहा, “पंकज, अनु को सीढ़ियों से गिरकर चोट आ गई है। हम पिक्चर न जा सकेंगे”। यह सुनकर पंकज एक दम उदास हो गया और उसे निराश होकर लौटना पड़ा।

सुबह-सुबह नहा धोकर मधु बरामदे में बैठी अपने बाल सुखा रही थी कि अचानक भीतर से उसे बुआजी की आवाज़ सुनाई दी, ‘मधु को उन्होंने नापसन्द कर दिया है। यह सुनते ही मधु न जाने क्यों मन ही मन प्रसन्न हो उठी। उसे समझ नहीं आ रहा था कि उस छोटे से वाक्य ने उसे इतना खुश क्यों बना दिया था, अचानक उसमें इतना उल्लास भर दिया था। अपनी मुस्कराहट को होठों के बीच दबाते हुए वह परदे की आड़ में खड़ी होकर भीतर झाँकने लगी। बुआजी पंकज से कह रही थी, “उन्हें अनु पसन्द है”। यह सुनकर न जाने क्यों पंकज के मुख पर मुस्कराहट छा गई, शायद वह भगवान का धन्यवाद कर रहा था। मधु को परदे की श्रोत में मुस्कराते देख पंकज न जाने क्या सोचकर कमरे से बाहर चला आया। मधु को इशारे से बुलाकर पंकज ने कुछ नीची सी नजरों से शरमाते-हुए कहा, “मधु आज तक मैंने यही सोचा था कि नौकरी लग जाए तभी तुमसे कुछ कहूँगा, लेकिन अब मैंने अपना इरादा बदल लिया है। मेरी तरफ से बुआजी को कह दोगी न”। मधु ने मुस्कराते हुए ‘हाँ’ कर दी। आज वह बहुत खुश थी, इतनी खुश कि उसे अपनी सुध भी न रही।

अनु सिसकियाँ भर रही थी और बुआजी उसे मना रही थी। काफी पूछने के बाद भी जब अनु कुछ न बोली तो बुआजी मधु से बोली, “तुम्हीं पूछो न, शायद तुम्हें कुछ बता दे” और फिर रसोई खाने में चली गई। मधु भरी हुई आवाज़ में धीरे से बोली, “अनु, तुम क्यों रो रही हो? अगर तुम अपना दुःख मुझसे

न बाँटोगी तो किससे ? उन्होंने मुझे नापसन्द कर दिया, तो क्या हुआ। मेरे कारण तुम अपना जी भारी क्यों कर रही हो ? यूँ जरा सी बात पर इतना उदास नहीं हुआ करते ”। अनु सिसकते हुए धीमी सी आवाज़ में बोली, “मैं वहाँ शादी नहीं करूँगी, मुझे तो पंकज... ”। यह सुनते ही मधु का चेहरा एकदम पीला हो गया। अब वह एक भँवर में फँसी नाव के समान थी। ऐसे भँवर में जिसमें से निकलना उसकी पहुँच से बाहर था। अगर वह पंकज को ‘हाँ’ करती तो वह इस घर में, अपनी अनु के पास कभी भी लौट नहीं सकेगी और अगर वह अनु को ‘हाँ’ करती तो पंकज उसे कायर समझेगा। वह कहेगा मधु कायर है, जो अपना हक भी माँग नहीं सकती। फिर भी न जाने क्यों उसके मुँह से अनायास ही ‘हाँ’ निकल गई। इसके बाद मधु सोच में पड़ गई। भला क्या सोचकर उसने ‘हाँ’ कर दी। अभी वह अपने आप में ही खोई हुई थी कि अचानक बुआजी आटे से भरे हाथ लेकर कमरे में दाखिल हुई और चिल्लाकर गुस्से से बोली, “क्यों कुछ बोली यह नाक चढ़ी ? मधु ने उन्हें सब कुछ बता दिया। बुआ जी ने मधु से कहा, “पंकज को मेरे पास भेजना”।

मधु सिर झुकाए, अपने आँसू छुपाते हुए, पंकज के करीब आकर धीमे से स्वर में बोली, “पंकज, तुम्हें बुआजी ने भीतर बुलाया है ”। पंकज आशा के लम्बे डग भरता हुआ बुआजी के पास चला गया। मधु दुबारा अपने आप में खो गई। वह सोच रही थी कि वह कितनी भोली है। वह अनु की सहेली ही थी। उसे उसकी सबसे प्यारी चीज़ लेने का कोई अधिकार नहीं है। उसने अनु को ‘हाँ’ क्यों कर दी। अब वह पंकज को कभी भी अपना न कह सकेगी। अचानक, किसी ने उसे जोर से फिक्कोर दिया, कुछ समय के लिए उसे ऐसा लगा जैसे किसी ने उसे नींद से जगा दिया हो। सामने पंकज खड़ा था, वह उदास चेहरे को झुकाते हुए, धीमे से बोला, “मधु ! यह तुमने क्या कर दिया ”। मधु न चाहते हुए भी अपने को कठोर बनाते हुए बोली, “पंकज, तुमने मेरे प्यार को गलत समझा है। मुझे अब अकेला छोड़कर चले जाओ, Please ”। पंकज निराशा और उदासी की भावनाओं को अपने हृदय में ज्यों की त्यों समेट कर लौट गया और मधु अकेली अकेलेपन में खो गई, एक उदासी और हार भरी दुनिया में, जहाँ से वह कभी नहीं लौट सकती थी। वह सोच रही थी कि यह उसकी हार थी या जीत। वह उस मुरझाए फूल के समान थी जिसकी पैलुड़ियाँ सूख कर गिर चुकी थी। वह इतनी कमज़ोर पड़ चुकी थी कि उसमें अपने टूटे महलों को फिर से बनाने की कोई हिम्मत न बची थी।

अशोक गोयल
लोअर छठी ‘सी’



दिवकत अली

दिवकत अली, दिवकत अली,
भैंस के जब लाठी पड़ी,
दिवकत अली, दिवकत अली,
कुछ दुलत्तियाँ भी जड़ी,
उनकी घुलाई भी करी,
दिवकत अली, दिवकत अली,
आखिर भैंस ऊपर से हटी,
हस्पताल में महरम पट्टी हुई,

दिवकत अली से भैंस लड़ी ।
होश संभाला और लड़ी ॥
भैंस जब आकर उन पर हुई खड़ी ।
उन पर गोबर भी करके धरी ॥
भीड़ एकत्र होकर खूब हँसी ।
दिवकत अली से भैंस लड़ी ॥
दिवकत अली की हड्डी-पसली टूटी ।
उनकी हालत सुधर गई ॥

घर पहुँचे तो देखा—

बेगम सहिबा बेलन लिये खड़ी,
ठीले होकर तो आ ही रहे थे,

क्यों हज़रत, मेरी भैंस कहाँ गई ?
सुनकर हालत और ढीली हो गई ॥

जैसे मानो जीभ दाँतों में फँस गई,
यह सुनकर बेगम बहुत गर्म हो गई,

बोले फिर हिचकिचा कर चली गई ।
और बेलन लेकर दनादन शुरू हो गई ॥

भाई जान वापिस आये—

दोनों को अलग करने की कोशिश की,
साँड की तरह गुर्गा कर अली,
यह महायुद्ध दो घंटों चला,
शर्मिदा होकर मैदान से भाग लिए,

परन्तु अल्लाह, खुदाने में बेलन उनके लगी ।
के पक्ष से मोर्चाबंदी शुरू की ॥
आखिर भाई जान की लंगोटी खुल गई ।
थोड़ी देर में विजय बेगम की हुई ॥

राहुल प्रकाश
लोअर चौथी 'सी'



चुपके २ नहीं
छुपके २ नहीं

पर खुलकर हंसिए

१. जज - (अभियुक्त से) क्यों जी तुमने उसे कुर्सी क्यों मारी ?
अभियुक्त - श्रीमान जी । मुझसे मेज़ उठाई ही नहीं गई ।
२. पिता - (पुत्र से) तुम जरा भी ढंग से काम नहीं करते । तुम निरे गधे हो ।
पुत्र - परन्तु पिता जी, दादा तो कहते हैं कि तुम गधे के बच्चे हो ।
३. मुझे लखपति बनाने का सारा श्रेय मेरी पत्नी को है ।
अच्छा । आप पहले क्या थे ?
“करोड़पति” ।
४. अमेरिकन - तुम कौन से...नी...हो । चीनी, जर्मनी या जापानी ।
चीनी - मैं तो चीनी हूँ । मगर तुम कौनसे...की...हो । मंकी या डंकी ।
५. तुम सबक पर चलते समय हमेशा नोटबुक और पैन्सिल क्यों लिए रखते हो ?
इसलिए कि अगर किसी मोटर के नीचे दब जाऊँ तो फौरन उसका नम्बर नोट कर सकूँ ।
६. मास्टर - तेरा इतिहास कमज़ोर देखकर मैंने तुझे उसका सुधार बीस दफा लिख कर लाने को कहा था मगर तू एक ही बार लिखकर लाया है ।
विद्यार्थी - क्या कहूँ मास्टर साहब, मेरा गणित भी तो कमज़ोर है ।

विवेक नागर

लोअर पॉचवी 'बी'

“किसी के गुणों की प्रशंसा करने में समय नष्ट न करो बल्कि उसे अपनाने का प्रयत्न करो” - शैक्सपीयर ।



नापी और सनावर

मैं अपनी धुन में चला था, न जाने कैसे मेरे मन में अपने स्कूल के नाई सुख राम की इन्टरव्यू लेने की आइ। वह अपने कमरे में कालका वाले के बाल काटने में मस्त था । आमने-सामने राम-सलाम हुई और बातों ही बातों में मैंने उससे प्रश्न पूछने शुरू कर दिए ।

मैं : आप यहाँ कब आये थे और क्या काम करते थे ?

नापी : उँज तो आऊँ आइ गया था इँथी १९१७ में, पर नौकरी नी लगी थी । बेरों-दुरों दे बाल कटी ने प्राइवेट कम्म करदा था । १९४७ में फ़्लैण्डर साहब D. H. M. थे कने उन्हा रा लड़का था William साहब, Quatermaster था । उसने मिन्जो नौकरी लगाई दिया ।

मैं : सनावर स्कूल १९४७ में कैसा था ? यह Buildings वगैरह कब बनी ?

नापी : १९५२ ते पहलौ सनावर मिलिट्री स्कूल था । १९५२ में बोर्ड च होई गया था । पहले Gaskel Hall स्कूल था कने Vindhya House री जगह लकड़ी दा Boxing - Hall था बनाई रा । लड़कियाँ रा स्कूल Parkar Hall च था । होस्टला री बिल्डिंगों १९४३ च बनी ।

- में : अंग्रेज आप के साथ कैसा व्यवहार करते थे ?
- नापी : बड़े अच्छे थे जी । मिन्जो Barbar कहन्दे थे । बड़ा असूल बरतदे थे । पर मुखौला च मुच्छाँ वगैरह भी पुट्टी देन्दे थे । लड़कियाँ अंग्रेजना भी बड़ी अच्छी थी ।
- में : आजकल के लड़के-लड़कियाँ कैसा वर्ताव करते हैं ?
- नापी : अच्छा ही करते हैं । बड़ी अच्छी तरह बुलान्दे हैं मिन्जो । पर कदी मुखौला च हर कुछ बोली देना ।
- में : नापी तुम्हे Mr. Das और Mr. B. Singh कैसे लगते हैं ?
- नापी : Mr. Das अच्छे ही हैं, मैं अभी बाँ से ही आ रीया हूँ । Mr. B. Singh भी अच्छे हैं । असूल वाला आदमी है । पर थोड़ा ज्यादा सख्त है सै ।
- में : अच्छा नापी अपने बारे में कुछ और भी बताओ ।
- नापी : ले, होर क्या बताना तिजो, सब कुछ तौ पुछी लेया । मेरी दो शादियाँ होई हैं । दाँत नकली हैं, उमर ७२ साल कने अनपढ़ हूँ आऊँ ।
- “अच्छा नापी तुम्हारा बहुत-बहुत धन्यवाद ” इन शब्दों के साथ चर्चा बन्द हो गई और मेरी पेन्सिल जो हवा की तरह दौड़ रही थी, एकदम रुक गई ।

अशोक गोयल



भाग्य का खेल

नरेन्द्र का जीवन दुःखों और मुसीबतों से भरा हुआ था । दो साल की उम्र में ही उसकी माँ मर गई थी । माँ का प्यार न मिलने पर भी ईश्वर ने उस पर कोई दया न दिखाई । थोड़े ही दिनों में उसके पिता भी उसे इस दुनिया में अकेला छोड़कर चल बसे । कई दिन तक उसे सड़कों पर भिखारी की तरह चकर काटने पड़े । परन्तु एक दिन उसका भाग्य बदला । एक औरत उसकी बुरी दशा को देखकर तरस खा गई । उसने नरेन्द्र से पूछा “ये ! काम करोगे ? ” नरेन्द्र ने स्वाभाविक तौर पर हाँ कर दी । पाँच महीने तक वह वहाँ काम करता रहा । काम करके स्कूल जाता और फिर दुबारा आकर काम करता था ।

आज सवेरे नरेन्द्र की मालकिन झुल्लाकर बोली “देख रे छोरे । मुझे अब तेरी कोई जरूरत नहीं । तू पूरा दिन तो स्कूल में बिताता है फिर काम क्या तू खाक करेगा । जा अब अपना रास्ता नाप । समझा ? ” “मेम साहब ! यह क्या, कृपया ऐसा न करें । मैं तो कहीं का न रहूँगा । अगर आप चाहें तो मैं पढ़ाई छोड़कर आपका काम कर सकता हूँ पर मुझे काम से न निकालें ” । नरेन्द्र ने कहा परन्तु मालकिन ने उसकी एक न सुनी और उसे घर से बाहर निकाल दिया । नरेन्द्र अपने भाग्य को कोस रहा था । वह इतना दुःखी हो चुका था कि उसने आत्महत्या करने की ठान ली ।

शाम का समय था । बच्चे इधर-उधर खेल कूद रहे थे । नरेन्द्र धीरे-धीरे यमुना नदी की ओर बढ़ रहा था । संयोगवश, उसे उसका सहपाठी संजीव मिल गया । वह नरेन्द्र को देखते ही चौंक उठा और बोला “नरेन्द्र तुम यहाँ कैसे ? ” नरेन्द्र ने असली बात छिपाते हुए कहा “बस यूँ ही कुछ करने को न था, सोचा क्यों न सैर ही कर ली जाए ” । संजीव को नरेन्द्र की भराई हुई आवाज़ को सुनकर कुछ संदेह हुआ ।

वह बोला “नरेन्द्र लगता है झूठ बोल रहे हो, तुम जरा उदास से मालूम होते हो। क्या बात है? क्या किसी से झगड़ा हो गया?” न चाहते हुए भी नरेन्द्र के मुख से सच्ची बात निकल गई। वह बोला “हाँ यार, आज मालकिन ने मुझे घर से निकाल दिया है और दुःखी होकर मैं यहाँ आत्महत्या करने आया हूँ।” संजीव ने उसे समझाया और अपने घर ले गया। संजीव ने उससे कहा कि वह उसके साथ रहे व खाए पीये। परन्तु नरेन्द्र को बिना काम किये मुफ्त का खाना अच्छा न लगा। लेकिन संजीव भला कोई मानने वाला था। उसने कहा “चलो अगर तुम अपनी जीविका खुद ही कमाना चाहते हो मेरी राय मानो, एक दुकान खोल लो।” यह सुझाव नरेन्द्र को भा गया। परन्तु उसके पास दुकान के लिए पैसा कहाँ से आता। संजीव के पिता बोले “मैं तुम्हें दुकान चलाने के लिए पैसे दे दूँगा। परन्तु अगर तुम दुकान करने लगे तो पढ़ाई कैसे होगी?” “मैं दिन में स्कूल जाया करूँगा और शाम को दुकान करूँगा,” नरेन्द्र ने कहा। संजीव बोला “बात तो ठीक है, पर शाम को तुम्हारी बिक्री कहाँ होगी? बाज़ार तो आजकल पाँच बजे बन्द हो जाता है, स्कूल में चार बजे छुट्टी होती है। मेरी मानो तो परीक्षा प्राइवेट विद्यार्थी के रूप में दे दो और दुकान चलाओ।” “भई वाह यह विचार तो अतुलनीय है” नरेन्द्र बोला।

थोड़े दिनों में नरेन्द्र की दुकान पर काफ़ी बिक्री होने लगी। वह मन लगाकर काम करता था तथा साफ-सुथरी वस्तुएँ बेचता था। कुछ ही समय में उसकी दुकान की सब प्रशंसा करने लगे। पैसे काफ़ी आने के कारण वह अपनी दुकान बढ़ाता गया। उसने पढ़ाई भी मेहनत व लगन से की तथा परीक्षा प्रथम श्रेणी नम्बरों से पास की। वह जिला भर में प्रथम आया। उसके इस साहस को देखते हुए जिलाधीश ने उसे इनाम दिया। संजीव के पिता ने भी उसे शाबाशी दी।

आज उसे अपने पर गर्व महसूस हो रहा था। उसने आज वह कर दिखाया था जो शायद वह स्वप्न में भी देखने की आशा न कर सकता था। आज उसके जीवन में एक नई आशा, नई उमंग और नया उत्साह भर आया था।

मुक्तेश चतुर्वेदी



निष्कर्ष

सारा जग रूठा है मुझसे,
कब दिन बीता,

न जाने क्या बात हुई।
और कब रात हुई ॥

इसी सोच में रहता हूँ,
कि मुझसे क्या गलती हुई।
पत्नी भी रूसवा है मुझ से,
किरयों भी मुझसे हैं रूठी ॥

हँसने को मन करता है तो,
मृत्यु याद करने पर,

यह जग रूला देता है मुझे।
यह जग जिला देता है मुझे ॥

आखिर में इस निष्कर्ष पर पहुँचा हूँ मैं,
कि मुझे जग से क्या मतलब ।
मेरे बाजुओं में बल है,
मुझमें ही सब कुछ है ॥

मैं चाँहूँ तो कुछ भी कर सकता हूँ,
चाँहूँ तो आकाश से भी तारे,

शिलावृष्टि को भी सह सकता हूँ ।
तोड़कर ला सकता हूँ ॥

प्यारे मित्रों याद रहे ।
चाहोगे खुद कुछ करना,
तभी कुछ कर पाओगे ।
इस दुनिया के चक्रव्यूह से,
तभी कहीं निकल पाओगे ॥

विश्वेक नागर
लोअर फाईव 'बी'



क्या आप जानते हैं

1. कि मानव देह के अन्दर पाये जाने वाले फास्फोरस से 2500 दियासलाइयों व लोहे से साढ़े तीन इंच लम्बी दो कीलें तैयार की जा सकती हैं ।
2. कि भारत में अर्जुन पुरस्कार का शुभारंभ सन् 1961 में हुआ ।
3. कि मानव केश 24 घण्टों में 0.047 इंच बढ़ते हैं ।
4. कि मनुष्य के नाखून 24 घण्टों में 0.1714 इंच बढ़ते हैं ।
5. कि मनुष्य का हृदय 24 घण्टों में 1,06,560 बार धड़कता है ।
6. कि टाइप राइटर का आविष्कार श्री सी० शोलेश ने सन् 1868 में किया था ।
7. कि संसार का सबसे ऊँचा "फाउंडरर्स ट्री" कैलिफोर्निया में है ।
8. कि केरल भारत का सबसे ज्यादा "548 व्यक्ति प्रति वर्ग किलोमीटर" घनी आबादी वाला राज्य है ।
9. कि भारतीय संघ के प्रथम भारतीय गवर्नर जनरल श्री चक्रवर्ती राजगोपालाचार्य थे ।
10. कि पृथ्वी द्वारा सूर्य के परिक्रमा मार्ग की लम्बाई 96 करोड़ किलोमीटर है ।

मुक्तेश चतुर्वेदी
अपर फाईव 'ए'



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