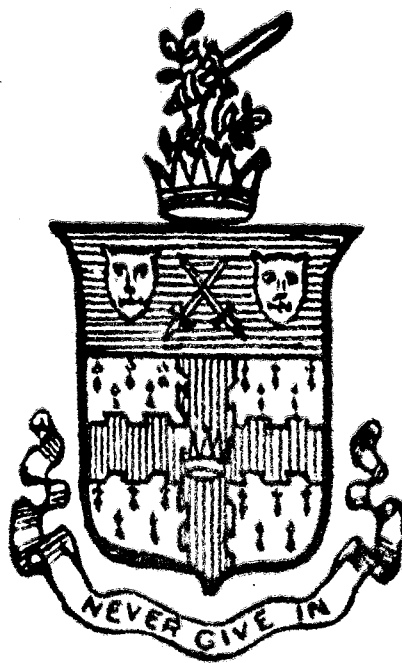


The Sanawarian 1979



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

THE SCHOOL STAFF, 1979



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had to work for them, and (2) the new courses that we are doing do not seem to cater to the requirements of the IITs and medical colleges. About the first we cannot do anything except to appeal to the concerned institutions to hold them later but we are arranging special classes for prospective candidates to the IITs and medical colleges to prepare them as best as we can. It will mean curtailing their other activities but that can't be helped. Now we also have a class 10 examination known as the Secondary School Certificate. In this too we have fared reasonably well. 82 candidates appeared and once again all candidates passed but one boy was given a compartment. So all in all we have reason to be satisfied but every endeavour is being made to improve on these results further.

The beginning of the year saw little in the way of extra curricular activities because the three senior most classes were all involved in examinations which didn't give over until the third week of April. We had to postpone Hodson's and Boxing to after Founder's and the first cricket match we played was in the second week in April about two months after the beginning of term. The cricketers have done well having won against Chail and being runners up in the district tournament. Nine of our boys have been selected for the district team including the captain. In soccer the 1st XI were less successful losing narrowly to all the three schools against whom they played but since they were all away matches where the grounds are full sized and turfed, it does not really reflect on their playing ability which has shown a lot of improvement. The swimmers have done well. In Chandigarh we won virtually all the individual championships in

the respective age-groups and also the team championship. Here at home no fewer than 14 records were broken and we now have only two records which are pre 1974. In athletics the girls came 3rd in the Inter Public Schools Meet while the boys alas again fared badly and were able to get only the---position. Trekking and hiking continue to be popular and the exhibition of the various expeditions that were taken out during April will give you all an idea of what the children have been doing in this sphere. Progressively the children have been undertaking more tasks in the way of self help and social work. As I mentioned last year, a new compulsory subject has been introduced in the curriculum known as socially useful productive work or SUPW or SOUP. We thought when we heard about this that we were really in the soup until we saw what was meant by it was virtually a carbon copy of what we have been doing at Sanawar for years and so instead of being in the soup we are now happily thrusting more of it down everybody's throat! The exchange programme with the Atlantic College in Wales saw a group of 17 foreign students and two teachers at Sanawar in December and our second group spent six weeks there this summer accompanied by Mrs. Solomon. So all in all our co-curricular activities are being followed as vigorously as ever.

On the staff the major change has been the retirement of Miss Chatterji and I must place on record my sincere gratitude and I believe I am speaking on behalf of all of us young and old Sanawarians--for her's was a singular contribution which most of us would be hard put to equal. We certainly miss her diminutive yet formidable presence strutting about the campus and on behalf of us all I

would like to wish her a very happy retirement. We have been fortunate in finding Mrs. Channa to replace her as Senior Mistress—no less a formidable figure but perhaps a shade less diminutive! Mr. Gurdev Singh has resigned to take up a post of Headmaster and his place as Housemaster has been taken by Mr. Matharu. Teachers who have joined during the year are Mr. and Mrs. Ramchandani. Some of you may know Mrs. Ramchandani as Sonali Parmar. Miss. Neerja Gupta, Mr. Andrew Gray, Mrs. Tangri, Miss Bakshi and Mr. Rajeev Mehta.

I take this opportunity of thanking all members of the teaching staff and others for their loyalty and devotion. The type of job that they have to do precludes anyone from following a 9-5 routine and it really takes some effort to work at the pace we do throughout the year. To compensate we do not have much in the way of riches but we do have these beautiful surroundings and I suppose we are lucky in that.

Sanawar depends a lot on the goodwill of a lot of people and organisations for its smooth running and sometimes indeed, its survival. I must specially mention Brig. Badhwar, Commander of the local Brigade, Col. Chatterjee, CO of the MH and his merry band of doctors who come to our aid during any medical emergency. The Garrison Engineer, Major Ahluwalia, who is responsible for turning on the taps and were it not for his help recently we would have had no water. Then we have the Director, CRI, the Commandant of the 14 GTC, XEN, Kasauli, Principal of St. Mary's School, Kasauli, the Manager of our Bank, the Postmaster, the people who manage the telephone exchange, the SSO, and a host of others. To them all

I express my sincere thanks for their help when ever we have needed it.

News of Old Sanawarian boys continue to be heartening. About the girls, alas we only hear from them when they are getting married but I must say judging by the number of OS children we have admitted this year they aren't doing too badly. We learnt that KC Mehra is now Resident Director of Tatas at Delhi, Richard Mountford is Principal of Sherwood College and Ranjit Bhatia ran in the veterans Olympics in Germany. Maneka Gandhi continues to be the Editor of the magazine Surya. In academics, Jasjit Bhattal was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship at Magdalene College Oxford, and Sashi Mehta is a doctor at the PGI. Meera Sethi stood first in the M. Com. Exam. in Delhi. We were very delighted with the visit of Professor Stewart Mclean who is professor of Chemistry at the University of Toronto. He has instructed all Indian Universities whose students he examines for Ph. D's to send his fees to Sanawar as a donation. He has also been subscribing to the very expensive magazine, the Scientific American for the School Library. We are missing our perennial stalwart Bill Colledge this year but his donation of the trampolene has been a great hit with the boys and girls—I was hoping that he would be here to see them perform in the Tattoo. It would not be out of place to mention here a donation of Rs. 5000 for a tennis court by Dewan Ramesh Chand.

The OS are now in the process of organising themselves into an association and I am glad of it. They have become more active and I must thank them all for their efforts at collecting funds for their old school. The recent Ball held in Delhi was most successful

and I am glad to learn that a similar fund raising effort is underway in Calcutta and Bombay.

Talking about the Ball in Delhi, the moving spirit behind it was an ex parent who no longer has any direct connection with the school. He is that great little man with a big heart, Mr. Tejpal Singh. I can't see him amongst you up there but I must express my thanks to him and also to Gurdip Singh—theirs was a real labour of love. I would also like to thank the other parents and OS for their contribution in making the function a success.

On the educational front a degree of stability has been established but a lot of confusion still exists especially with regard to admissions to institutions of higher education. The requirements of different states are so different that it is impossible to cater to everyone. You can now appear for the IIT and NDA after the 11th class and also after 12th class. One can do an Honours course in two years after the 12th from Punjab but three years from Delhi. You require two languages to qualify for West Bengal and of course Maharashtra won't look at you if you are seeking admission in a professional college simply because you happen to have done your class 12 from outside Maharashtra. Because of this uncertainty quite a large number of parents are withdrawing their children after the 10th class Board exam. and I don't blame them. We at Sanawar feel sorry to lose a half finished product because that is what a child is at that level. It is really the last two years at Sanawar that shapes and rounds off a student and makes him what I would like to refer to as a true Sanawarian. Opportunities to develop Leadership and organisational ability are really given

full scope in the last two years and I would therefore urge parents to consider the matter very seriously before taking a child out after the 10th. If the overriding factor is a short cut to a degree then let me tell you that is a myth because there is no short cut to a good education. If that is your objective then choosing Sanawar in the first place was a mistake and committing another mistake by withdrawing your child won't put that right.

Alright, now about the prices about which I promised I would say something. A ream of foolscap paper, say, suddenly shot up from Rs. 22 to Rs. 35. That's just one example of the serious problems that we are facing and are likely to face for some time until some saner people come at the helm of affairs of this country. A school on whose Board I am has just hiked the fees by another Rs. 1000 per annum to meet this crisis to take its annual fees to Rs. 5500 as compared to Sanawar's Rs. 4000. Balancing a budget is now becoming more illusory than the rope trick unless of course you happen to be the Government in which case you simply have to print some more notes. Actually we do have a printing press at Sanawar but we have not yet had sanction from my Board to go into the money-making business but money we have to make to preserve our standards. Unfortunately the only real source we have is what we earn from fees and although I am as anxious as you to keep the cost of education at Sanawar as low as possible, apart from tightening our belt even further I see no way out but to put the burden on to you. I fear therefore that next year we shall once again have to increase the fees.

Now on more mundane things, in order to fit in with the timings of the 10+2 we

have had to reorganise our curriculum somewhat and I have decided to hold the promotion exams. in March/April in future. It may be necessary to change the dates of the terms but I am not sure of this yet. Anyway, there will be no promotion exam. at the end of this term.

The Central Dining Hall is the first major construction undertaken by us since independence. With its completion we have been able to commission a new library, a home science Laboratory and a play cum craft room for the preppers. With it the first phase of my plans for improvement of facilities for students at Sanawar is complete. The second

phase consists of making bed sitters for the senior students for I believe they require more privacy than they get in the large dormitories that they are living in at the moment. After that I would like to build a proper sports complex for indoor games like squash and badminton and also a full size swimming pool.

This is a fairly modest dream that I have of the Sanawar of the future but I have cherished the dream ever since I have come to live on this beautiful hill top and I am sure that with your help that dream may come true one day.

FOUNDERS 1979

It came and went by in a flash. The laborious days of practices and toil in the sun were over-and resulted in a fruitful Founders. The exciting event of our annual function was over and gone before I could say Jack Sprat.

As usual the school campus was dressed up with paint and polish. The cracking, peeling paint was adorned with a new coat and a sparkling Sna' stood out in these hills, waiting to welcome the scores of parents who come diligently each year.

A crowded Quad, cheerful voices, a chorus of 'hi's' and 'hellos' now and then and occasionally an anxious, searching face were all a part of Founders gaiety and charm.

Atheletics went off with a bang ! (though the gun refused to work) with Himalaya whisking away the cup in both the boys and girls departments. The Kalinga this year was awarded to Jolly and the Bala to Supriya Pratap. I must say it was a wonderful display of sportmanship and capability. The parents had coffee at Gaskell Hall after this, a refreshing change after the sweltering heat at Barnes.

In the evening the A.D.S. was staged, a historic event, I might say, in the sense that it was the first year a Hindi play was staged. There were varied comments on its success though, I personally feel it was pretty good.

The 3rd was an eventful day, with the Variety Concert and Tattoo to follow. The

Concert we an amalgated affair with Preppers and the Senior School both participating. The Manipuri dance stole the show with Feroz Ewari stealing a good many hearts in the audience. '7 imes 7' appraised us of the great necessity of calculators in the world today.

Tattoo was super though freezing cold. This year after many years a new voice was heard over the mike-Mrs. Channa was the compere and a good one too. It was a terrific performance and was duly applauded. The banks were a screaming mass of cheerful humanity with a few trying to get back at Mr. B. Singh for not having allowed them to yell during practices. The scalding coffee was much appreciated though the possibility of some descending upon your head was always there. Then there came onto the scene a Jovial, jubilant, singing, dancing troupe-the farmers and their counterparts coming from Punjab, celebrating their harvests. They were so enthusiastic and 'josh' inspiring that the audience could not resist joining in their fun and laughter. The lights on peacestead were blinking unable to make up their minds whether to come or not as the dancing had not ended. Many couples were seen dancing around to the best of the best of the Dholak. Phew! it was a lovely evening.

The 4th dawned bright and clear. A bit too bright for the cadets who were roasted brown by the end of it. But the Trooping

of the Colours was very impressive and an event to be proved of.

We were duly impressed by our Chief Guest, Sir John Thompson. His personality swept us off our swaying feet and he was blessed a million times over, (remember the extra holiday he gave us? How can you forget!) Its pretty true Headie plays a loosing game each year. The exhibitions were good and the craftsmanship of the children impressed many an eye.

'Oliver' was the crowning glory of Founders. It was an excellent show The Artful Dodger's voice played a few nerve racking tricks on Mr. Gray, but it was back with him safe and sound on the finals. It was undoubtedly a superb performance & I am sure everyone will unanimously agree with me. The play was well cast and a welcome change.

The next day the 'Fete' spread itself out in Birdwood, a colourful and gay scene though it has a hateful habit of becoming more and more expensive each year.

This concluded yet another Founders. Except for the zoom of an amazing number of cars going down, it was quiet once again, peaceful and unexciting, yet beautiful and serene, a haven of pine trees and firs.

Mohyna Khurana
L VI C

A PARENT'S VIEW OF FOUNDERS

My Dear Mr. Das,

I am sorry for sending my felicitations on your superb Founder's celebration so late.

The sounds and sighs of Sanawar (which ought to justifiably sieze an old Sanawarian) keep on haunting me with reverberatings of "Super Sanawar". I felt my dream had been realised at long last, for I had heard second hand reports on your Founder's over a quarter of a century ago in Lovedale! I must confess that I witnessed your celebrations more as a Lawrencian than as a parent, not dispassionately, but with a tinge of emotion to see our sister school pay its homage to our common founder Sir Henry Lawrence. At times I felt transported to Lovedale. The similarities were striking, but for local peculiarities which led to conspicuous observations.

There was an absence of window-dressing, trappings frills and red carpets. Yet the spirit behind all the shows was more vital than mere ostentation—your taking everybody in your stride with your nerves intact, keeping cool under circumstances which usually engender frayed nerves were indeed a laudable conquest adding yet another feather in your cap. I was deeply touched by the sense of spontaneous participation by all your members of staff. There was total commitment in one and all, the responsibility was shared by all and not monopolised by a few.

I also found an absence of protocol—for example-no seats were reserved for the VIPs—a practice smacking of social hierarchy and casteism. Instead there was democracy meritocracy and egalitarianism. I believe

Chief Justice, the Chief Ministers and Generals too were received without any fuss.

By inviting parents to live on the campus, by converting common rooms and lounges into dormitories for them, you dealt a blow to the critics of public schools, who aver that they are exclusive institutions, 'ivory towers' where an esoteric atmosphere prevails. The concept of 'islands of excellence' separated from the mainstream of life was shattered when you exposed both the inside and the outside to the security of all.

I must confess my dissoppointment at not witnessing your traditional staff English play—an experience that I missed. The Hindi play was, however, well acted and well received by the audience. For an anglophile this was a big loss, but I understand that with our standard of English in India today many nuances of the English language would have been lost on the audience. So it was just as well you made that departure this year.

'Oliver' was superb in every detail, surpassing even the original, I bet! Impeccable English, flawless diction with excellent music led me to believe that you had imported your cast from England! It was an aesthetic experience—one rarely to be had in our country today.

The Tattoo was a synchronisation of brisk movements, agility and vigour. The Bhangra dance as a finale to the evening's entertainment added colour, rhythm, life and of course lots of dust! The P.T. display, I feel, would put in the ancient Greeks a sense of humility and inferiority. The variety entertainment was characterised by spontaneity

and amateurishness. The kinds on stage, en masse, displaying your whole Prep School population, seemed to have enjoyed the entertainment even more than the audience.

Your Founder's speech was characterised by your subtle humour and tact. Schools like ours do not live by results alone and judging by your versatility, diversity of gifts and other achievement, your results are excellent. If academic excellence (which is judged by the yardstick of results alone) is the *raison d'être* of our public schools, then I feel that we are narrowing our frame to that of ordinary schools, whose main purpose is to produce 'good' results by hook or by crook sacrificing quality and excellence in other spheres. Whilst you were on your feet delivering your speech. I prayed—'Thank God, my son Rahul is under your tutelage and I am sure that many parents uttered the same prayer together with me for offering the best of the two worlds to our children, East and West so beautifully

synthesised in your person. Sanawar is fortunate to have a person of your calibre at the helm of the affairs. I may be dubbed a sycophant...but it comes from my heart with all my gratitude and sincerity.

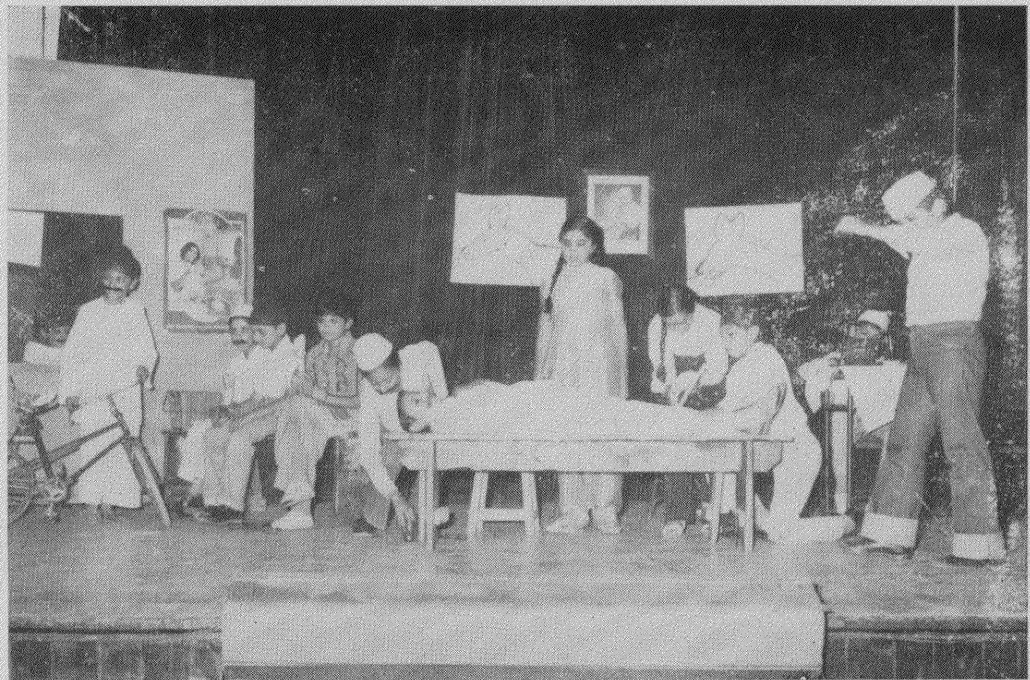
I find that I have made a serious omission by not mentioning your exhibitions and Fete. Your exhibitions of art, crafts, needle work were of very high standards, prodigious out-put on a massive scale and the Fete was so well organised. It was a paradise for gourmets and gamblers. You certainly know how to make money.

I want you and Mrs. Das to receive my deep appreciation and gratitude for making it possible for me to be with you, amidst your 1979 Founders Celebrations. Thank you so much. I will measure the memories of that occasion dear and precious.

With kind regards

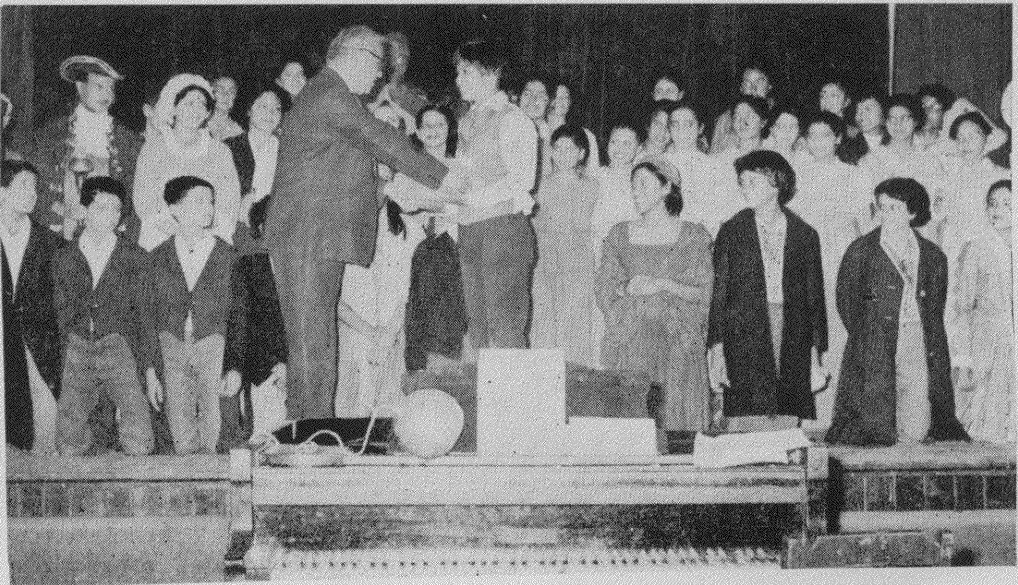
yours sincerely
Shakuntala Ahalla

FOUNDERS

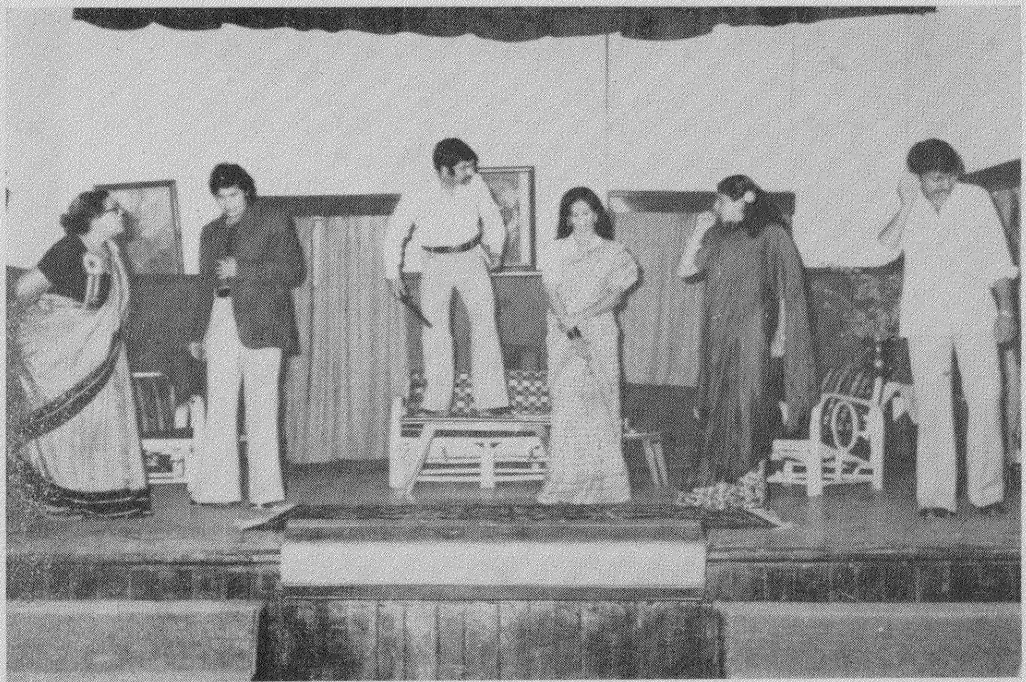


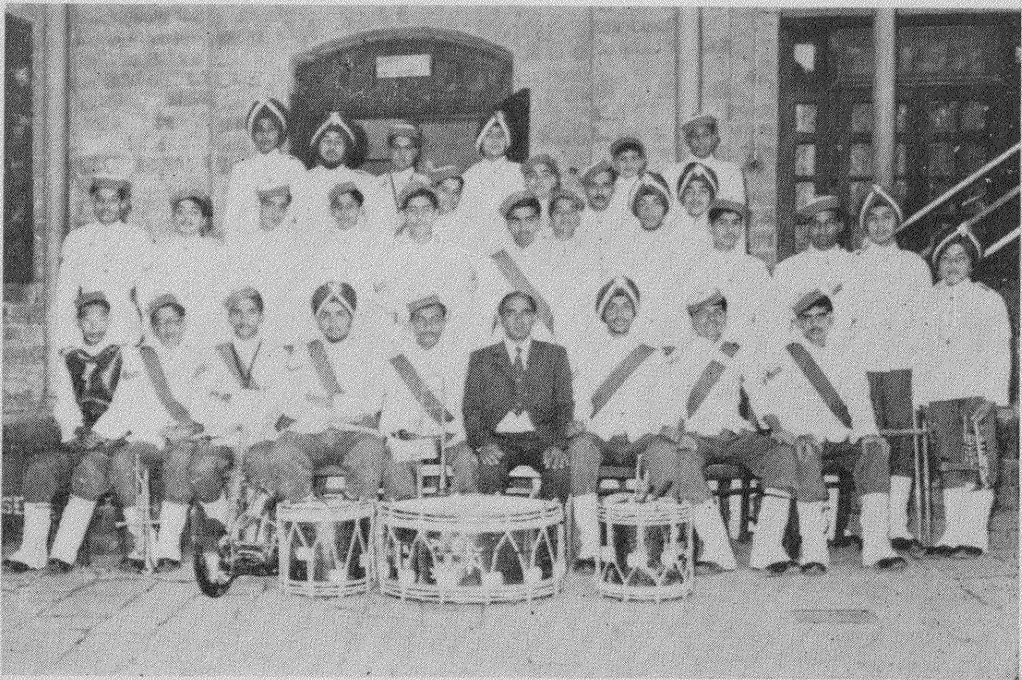
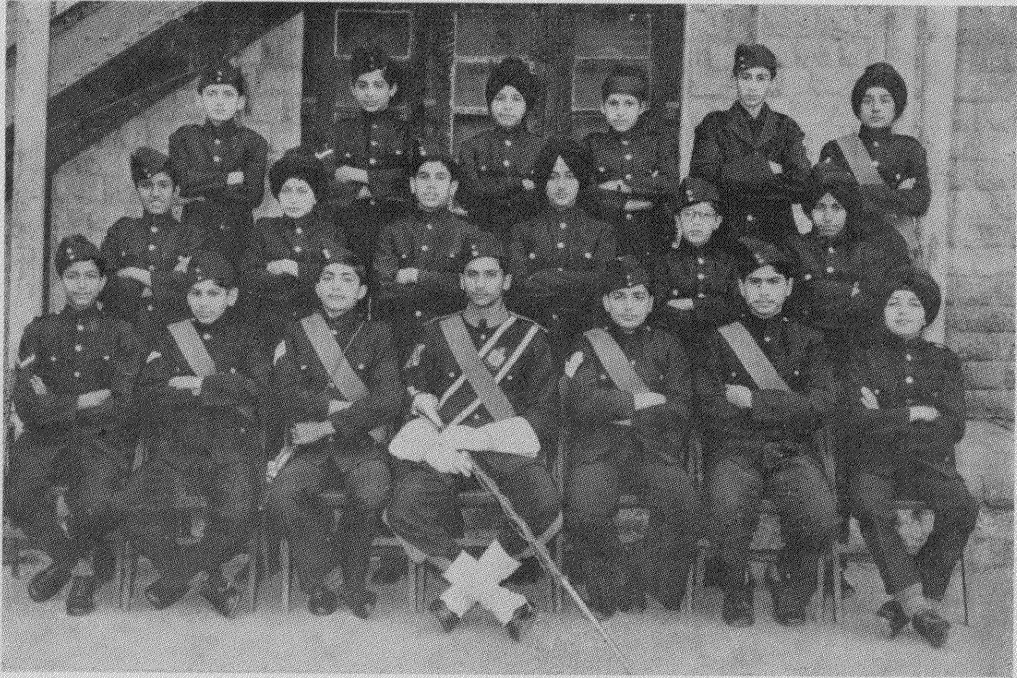


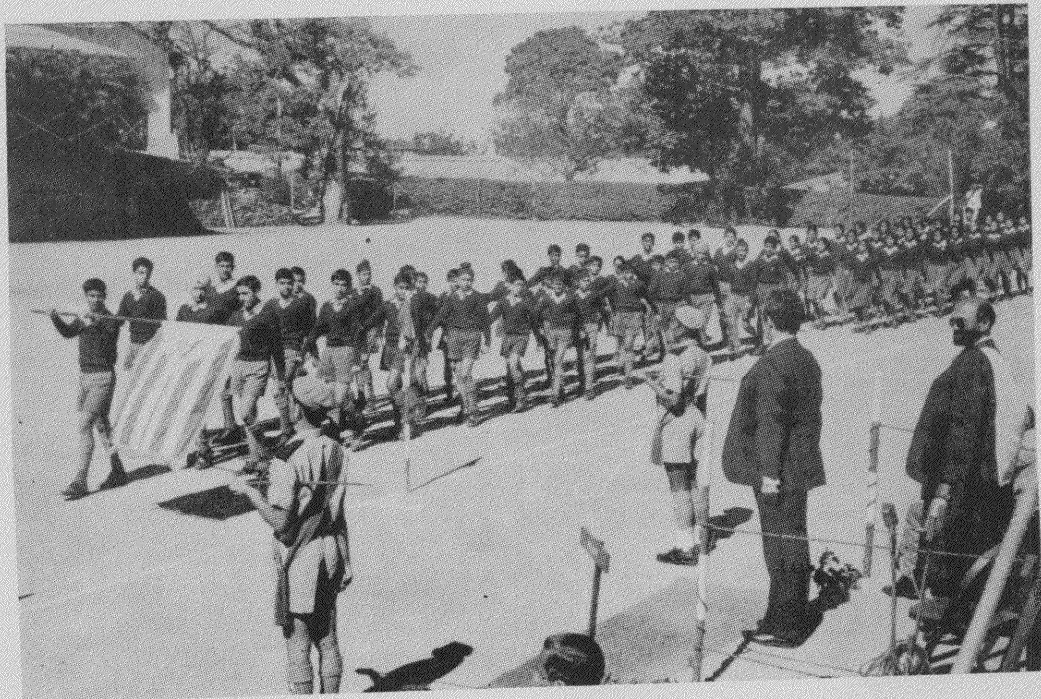
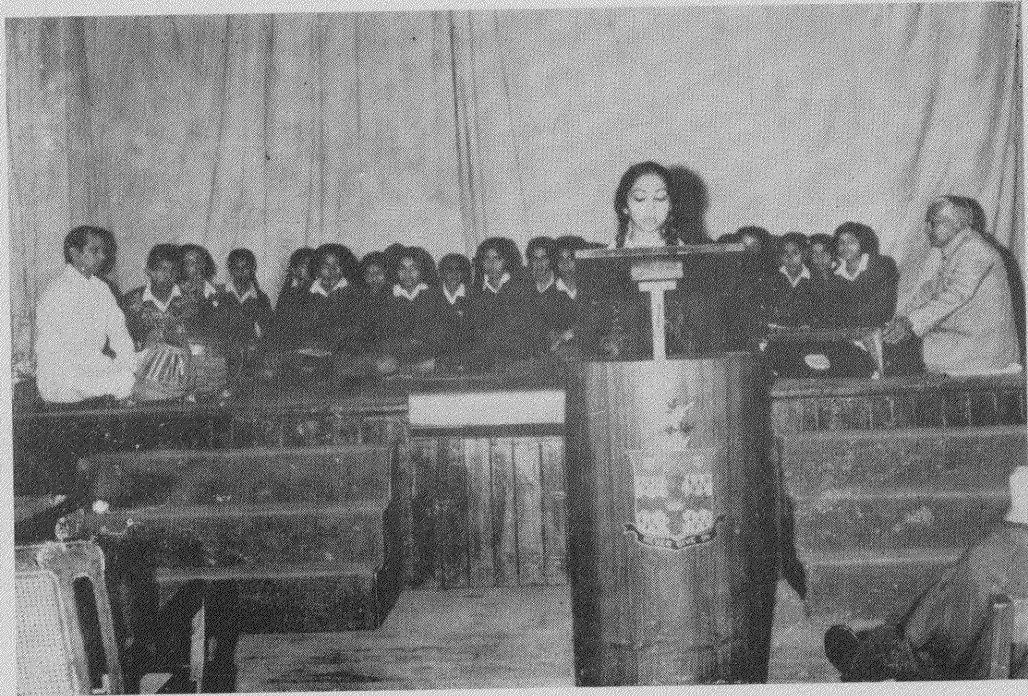
"OLIVER"

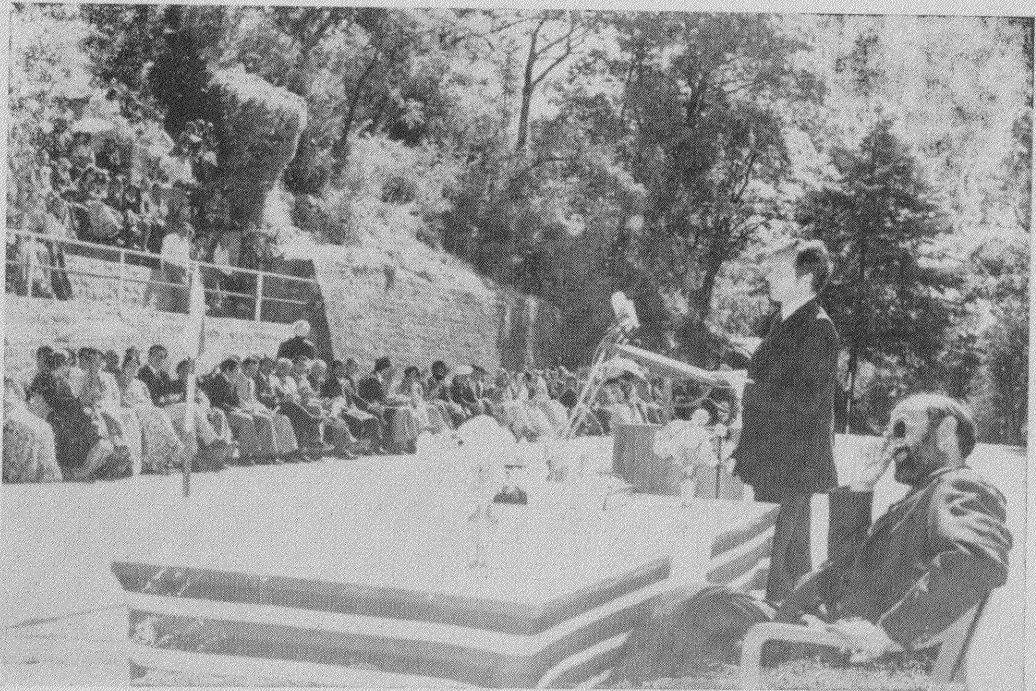
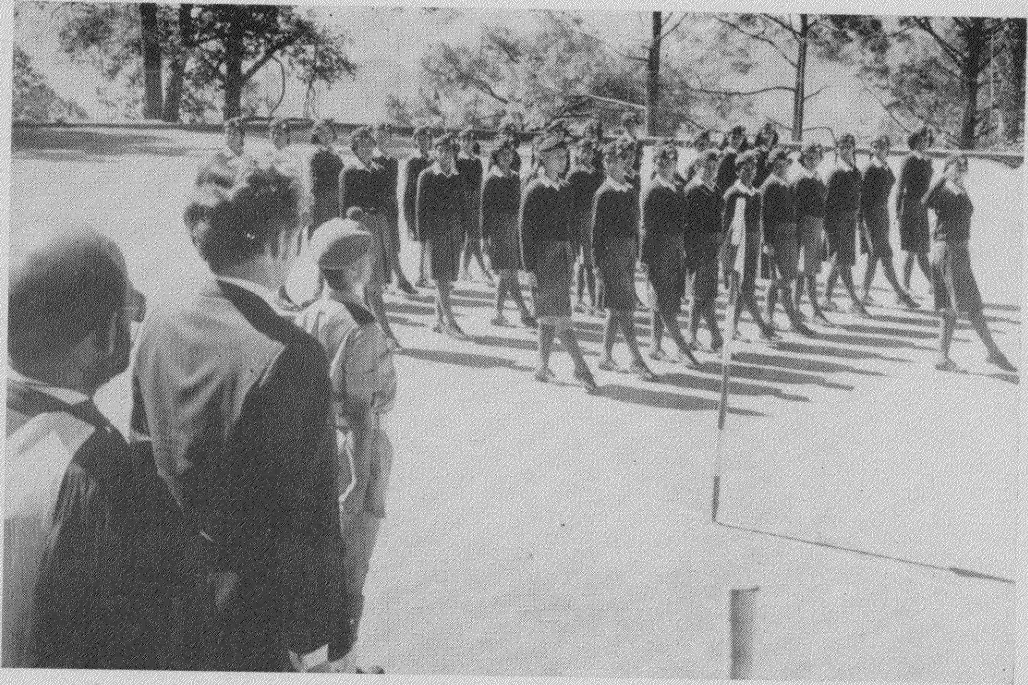














POETRY

ME THE WATCH

Hello, my dear people,
and how are you,
This is Mr. Tick-Tok
welcoming you.
You must have heard of me,
I am very sure,
A small round watch
and not at all poor.
Twenty-one jewels I've got
and three little arms.
But sorry to say,
I've got no palms.

My longest arm
is as pointed as swords,
And it runs so fast,
its breaking all records.
The smallest one
is so slow on the track
You have to keep kicking it
in the back.
Some watches break—
they don't have any luck.
But I still have
plenty of pluck.

Romil Bahl
L IV A

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

Children of the Sun,
Have a lot of fun;
Enjoy yourselves with love
And laugh with God above.
You hit the frogs with stones
And break their little bones,
You shoot the birds with your 'gules'
And make them look so pale.
Why are you all so crazy ?
You pluck my flowers, you kill my daisy.
Smile, be gentle, and you will find,
That you 'll be happy in the mind.
Let the animals live in peace
Butterflies, lions and even geese;
Flowers cry without their leaves,
So do not pluck them children, please.
If you fight and play in the rain
You 'll be hurt and sick with pain.
Eat your 'veg', you 'll live for long,
Even 'kaddu' makes you strong
Be yourselves, love everyone,
Every daughter and every son,
If you really want to run
Like the children of the Sun.

Lower III B

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon, as he sails the sky,
Is a very remarkable skipper.
But he made a mistake when he tried to take
A drink of milk from the Dipper.
He dipped it into the Milky Way,
And slowly and carefully filled it;
The Big Bear growled, and the Little Bear howled,
And scared him so that he spilt it !

Sandeep Joshi
L IV A

ME, THE TENNIS BALL

I am a tennis ball,
Nice and round,
And my favourite pastime is
Bouncing on the ground.
I'm thrown at a stick,
That hits me high,
And sometimes I hit three sticks
And don't even sigh.
I'm smacked with a round thing
that has many a string,
And oof, Mama ! Does it sting !
Then I go flying over a net
That has not caught me yet.
Then at last when its all finished,
And everything is up,
A person who says bow-wow
Nearly gobbles me for his sup.
My life is so exciting
And sweet as a doll.
And now don't you wish
YOU WERE A BALL ?

Romil Bahl
L IV A

THE SEA

I looked around at the waking sea,
Vast meadows of Blue and Persian Green,
It seemed to me that it would never stop
It's charming ripple but for me.
Our ship was but a speck of dust,
For we were but an ant in mud,
A mud that's blue and transparent,
Revealing its structure with every look.
The sun was rising every minute,
And the sea shimmering as if enamel,
To me it glittered as if it had encountered,
The sparkle of a wizard's wand.
I look towards the south in silence,
The hazy land I focused on.
To me the end of pleasure seemed near,
Depriving my desires for the sea.

Sanjay Chaudhri
Lower V A

NOSTALGIC HILLTOPS...

Like Herman Raucher's Summer of '42

I'll take you to my.....

'72 though not a summer,

But I go there now and then.....

now and then

Mostly to reassure my fading.....

memories and eyes

That magic still prevails.....

though it has

A bitter sweet tinge and.....

overflowing with sentiments

The sharp pine needles blanket my pain.....

like it always was,

The chill watches on as I wind.....

my way upwards,

I've climbed the hill countless times.....

the pines

guard me jealously,

And after the chill comes the.....

nostalgia...why...why

My face darkens because I cannot.....

fight the emotion,

After all who can on this.....

serene hilltop.

I see you coming...slowly...slowly

but then you.....

never came

B.S.S.

Written for M.S.

Spirit of '72

MYSELF AS PLANET EARTH

One day a gigantic comet banged into the Sun. Then I was born.

For a few rounds of the galaxy I was angry. Then I started cooling down. Then water formed. This was the sign of life on me. Then over the centuries humans and animals formed. One day animals began fighting. I killed them with snow.

In 1147 I felt pain. This was my first wound from an explosive. Now people started advancing. A war with explosives broke out. Then in 1847 a man started digging into me for gold.

In 1857 there was a gold rush in California. I laughed.

Then in 1939 a terrible war broke out. They did not only kill people but started to kill me. In 1943 I felt great pain. In 1945 I came to know that it was the first "A-Blast". In 1947 I returned the blast with a volcano called 'Krakatoa'.

I am going to die. Why don't they understand?

Aftab Chopra

U III A

OF PEOPLE AND PLACES

A TRAIN JOURNEY

All train journeys are of the same type—green fields, dirty barred windows and overwhelming black smoke that leaves you sitting like a Negro after a fight in a coal cellar. The one I undertook from Poona to Tamil Nadu was no different from the average sort. To be sure, there were the green fields, of the barred windows, there was no doubt. But this train journey held a unique quality—it did not bore me. Though I travelled for four days without respite (after which I felt like a very old gherkin boiled in an oiled rat). I did not sleep all the way as I usually do, but watched the India I was born in. I saw cities, developing or rotting in their own industrialism. I goggled at the village belles and the lush green fields which had supported them for generations past. I pitied the seething masses of beggars that howled and cajoled and whined at every station. These were some things that went towards making my journey interesting. And of course, instead of reaching my destination on the fourth day, I reached it on the sixth day.

Rakesh Sharda
L V B

A TEMPLE TOWN

A dull, but crowded town lies on its foothills, just like many others in the country. but lift your eyes above and you witness a "mandap" of pure gold, glistening like a glow worm on a dark night.

Vijayendra Rao
L V I A

Go up the hill on the busy zig-zagging road and an astounding sight greets you—that of the richest temple in the country, the "Tirumala—Tirupathi—Devasthanam", the abode of Lord Venkatheshwara.

Thousands of pilgrims, their shaven heads bobbing up and down like poppies in a wind, stand in a perfect queue, waiting for a "darshan" of the deity. Some bathe in the tank, chanting "shlokas" and throwing water towards the sun, hoping for miracle cures and the satisfaction of unfulfilled wishes.

To the right in a large building, with barred windows, sit fat "pujaris" counting the earnings from the "hundi". The gold, silver, jewels and money in their hands, waiting to be absorbed into the ever-widening riches of the establishment.

On the other end lie the drab modern buildings where the pilgrims sit after their vows have been fulfilled. The barbers also sit near here, about a hundred of them, all shearing masses of black hair with their sharp razors. Hair which afterwards will be made into wigs for export, thus adding further to the wealth of the Lord.

This is Tirumala, the abode of Lord Venkateshwara, a town in a state with a per-capita income of 76 rupees a month.

MY VISIT TO SANCHI

During my summer holidays I visited Bhopal. Sanchi is 68 kms. away from there. One day we planned to go to Sanchi. We got ready at seven o'clock, packed our lunch and started off. We were in Bairagarh 7 kms. away from Bhopal.

When we reached Sanchi we went to the Circuit House and rested. In Sanchi there are many very old Buddhist monuments and stupas with sculptured gateways. We saw monasteries and Ashoka pillars with lions carved on them. We saw the houses where the Buddhists used to live. We walked about on the balconies of the stupas. We read notices telling us things that happened many years ago.

Close to the stupas is a museum. There were winged lions, riders on elephants, statues of Buddha and of God. There were weapons, bolts, locks, spoons, ladles, bells and cooking vessels of those days. All these were dug out, I could tell this because they were rusty and broken. After such an interesting day we returned in our car to the Circuit House, had our lunch and returned home.

Gaurav Rampal

THE YELLOW CITY

On the 21st December at 07-15 hours we departed from Jodhpur and going via Pokhran we reached Jaisalmer at 14-00 hrs.

Jaisalmer a place of compelling beauty has a predominant number of houses and its imposing fort built of yellow stone giving it a distinctive yellow appearance.

On the day of our arrival at Jaisalmer we went to see 'Patwonki-Haveli'. The front of this five storey ancient house was adorned with sculpture, carvings and lattices, all in yellow stone, having not a square inch of plain surface.

The same evening after an unsuccessful hunt for some stone work to carry home we went to the 'sain' sand dunes 47 kms from there. It was a bushless, clean desert area with beautiful sand dunes called 'barkhans' where we saw the huge red sun dip into the clear yellow horizon. It was a magnificent sight.

The next day we went to the fort. This fort built in the 10 century by Rawal Jaisal of Gwalior has repelled all attacks on it including one by Aurangzeb. It is built on a steep hillock and has 22 bastions. In the fort are eight Jain temples, each in honour of one Tirthankara. These were hewn out of rock in the 11th century and are exquisitely adorned with carvings from top to bottom.

Following our visit to the fort we made a trip to the Akkai wood fossil park where we saw huge petrified logs said to be about 180 million year old.

On the 23rd morning we left for Jodhpur after a very fruitful trip to Jaisalmer, the real desert city.

Sharad Rawal
L V I C

THE CITY I KNOW

Chandigarh, 'the city beautiful' lies in the prosperous 'land of the five rivers'. It is a splendour of architecture, an achievement of Carbousier, the renowned French architect. A city radiating calmness, serenity, and a haunting beauty. Glistening and basking in the sun during the day, the beautiful city lies like a bud surrounded and protected by sturdy sepals, being enclosed by the lofty Himalayan mountains.

When the giver of light vanishes and darkness cloaks the city, instead of the usual hustle-bustle and zooming of cars, it is extraordinarily still and silent, a few tree-tops and roof-tops gleaming in the silver light of the moon. It is almost hauntingly noiseless and seems cold, austere.

Yet in all its beauty, it often seems artificial, too well planned and without an individual personality. The parallel roads and streets seem too clean and exact. Though I have spent five years in Chandigarh, I often feel it is like a paper flower—strikingly colourful, beautiful, but sadly lacking in naturalness.

Preeti Shridhar
L VI A

Kamal Ahuja
L IV A

YUGOSLAVIA

Yugoslavia is a small country and its population is 22, 000, 000. It is about six times smaller than India. The people of Yugoslavia are white. They eat different food from India people. For example—in India people eat chappatis, dal etc, but in Yugoslavia people eat beef and mutton with bread usually.

The President of Yugoslavia is Josip Bross Tito. He is one of the oldest Presidents of the world and his age is eighty-five years. He has been the president for thirty-five years.

Yugoslavia imports mostly food products and machinery, petroboils, chemicals, tea, tobacco, rubber, tyres and some types of cars. It exports wool, milk, wheat, sacks and bags etc.

The shops and houses in Yugoslavia are modern and well equipped with modern electrical gadgets which are meant for safety and other things. There are lots of earthquakes in Yugoslavia and many people get killed by them and lots of damage has been done. The neighbouring countries of Yugoslavia are Italy, Austria, Romania, Hungary and Bulgaria. People often go to Italy for shopping and to other countries for winter or summer. Yugoslavia has many nice places to see. These are Dubrovnik, Bundra, Spalit, Titograd, Belgrade, Hercegnovi and Zagreb.

MY EXPERIENCES IN NEW YORK (MANHATTAN)

I had just returned to India from America and would like to tell you some of my experiences.

I went to a school called Wagner Junior High. The standard of education was low and the seniors tough and mean. I often got into tiffs with them and since I was a junior and they were seniors this was not to my advantage. I was threatened with being punished under a bus, recieved a Karate chop on the back of my neck as 'initiation' and almost fainted because of a blow on my head But these bad experiences did not last long. I made friends with most of the kids and they were very nice.

I found out a lot about American kids. They were indisciplined and a large percentage smoked, drank and took drugs.

We lived in a very nice, spacious apartment. There was a park nearby and I often went there to play with my pals. They were very interested in hearing about India. My father got a super stereo system and I was usually found listening to music. My brother lost no time in becoming a T. V. addict and was always watching it.

New York is the most exciting city I've ever been to. I always had so much to do. These were discotheques, ice-skating rinks, fast food counters, shops, concerts, ballets, operas and plays, the latest music, fashion and toys. On the street could be seen millions of cars from a Rolls Royce to a Volkswagon Beetle. But despite all the fun and games, New York is known as the most dangerous city in the world. Someone was always

getting robbed, beaten or killed. My brother and I were not allowed out of the house after dark because of this. New York was also very polluted. The air was foul and there was rubbish everywhere.

There were also many lovely sights to see in New York—the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Centre, Mary's Twin Tower, Chrystler Building and Central Park. There were lovely museums, shops and parks everywhere and I thoroughly enjoyed myself in the 'Big Apple' as it is called. I hope that someday I will have the opportunity to go back and visit it.

Navina Haider
LVA

MY EXPERIENCES WITH THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

Russia. The name strikes a bell. A sound which embodies a feeling of distaste, bringing with it a sense of despair and doom. But why this world-wide pessimism? Doesn't Karl Marx's philosophy advocate equality among all classes of society? Then why are people so violently anti an ideal such as communism. Our so called 'democraticness' has given immeasurably to those who have, and has left the people who keep India ticking, the farmers and workers, high and dry.

I agree with your statement that the Russian Government is terribly autocratic and dictatorial, that it must open its gates more liberally to the outside world and remove the restrictions imposed on its citizens. The Moscow Olympics have successfully achieved this, but now everyone talks of boycotts. Yes, the Kremlin is very much to blame for our anti-Russian-ness. It has gone wrong after Stalin's terroristic reign, and the Russian people, under this brutal administration, have somehow grown a hard, cold crust around themselves, and have seemingly become distant. However, on breaking this invisible shell, there emerges the true Russian, a Russian full of fun, love and the sporting spirit. A Russian whose heritage is the marvellous culture of his ancestors, a Russian full of personality, enthusiasm and, of course, vodka!

The 'Emperor Vikramaditya', one of Air India's fleet of 707's was gliding into Moscow's International Sheremetyeva Airport. The sky was overcast with clouds and I could see nothing of the famed city. Suddenly we were beneath this blanket,

forest of pines swept under us, and the ground was a whiteness marred with the black streaks of roads. Then we touched down.

Two of my five senses were most affected when I first touched Russian soil. A freezing stream of air flowed over my face, surprising me immensely and a beautiful fragrance of pines and un-polluted air, wafted to my nostrils. This is one amazing thing about a Russian winter morning. The air is frosty-fresh, dry and free of dust, a wonder to breathe.

The Russian people smiled enthusiastically and their eyes were curious. Their smiles displayed a rich array of gold, a substitute for lost enamel. (Yes, they have a terrible dental problem. Our Adivasi maid, complaining of a tooth ache, was seen by a stunned dentist, who had never seen such perfect teeth in her life. "Eez Indii," they said. "Kharasho!" The second phrase marked their approval and assent. Indians have a comparatively easier time in the U.S.S.R. compared to other foreigners.

It was springtime, even then, when we went outdoors we were all so booted and gloved that one might have mistaken us for large spheres. The Russian kinds, however, had virtually nothing warm on, and hardened snowballs in freezing water without gloves. Their hands assumed a rosy red colour and their cheeks an even more sanguine hue. They were on the plump side and constantly asked for chewing gum. Give a Russian chewing gum (even some adults) and he will do anything for you. Recently, however, the U.S.S.R. has begun manufacturing quantities of the much desired product.

I noticed that all schools in Russia whether in the Easternmost region or Kamchatka or on the Russo-Polish border, subscribe to exactly the same syllabus. Even the uniform worn by boys and girls is the same throughout. The uniformity is a point in favour of the Soviet Government. It brings about a unity among the people and no snobbery, and parents don't worry about "a good school" and can send their children to institutions close to their homes. This, as might occur to you, is a great advantage in winter. Moscow itself has over a thousand schools. There are two main types of schools in Russia. An ordinary one and a "spets-shkola". The special schools teach an extra subject, be it a foreign language like English, German or even Hindi, or a particular art. These schools are visited by embassies of the countries whose languages they teach. The Hindi teaching school in Moscow exchanged many cultural programmes with us.

Then there is a special third set of schools which recruit extra-talented children and focus on teaching them and encouraging them in what they have an aptitude for. These are the schools which produce the excellent sportsmen, musicians, ballet dancers and scientists. Children are not forced to attend these schools and may attend an institution of normal routine.

Children and their education are the prime concern of Russian people. One afternoon, when my father had to attend an important meeting, the car came to a halt. Along with it, other traffic had to stop, even cars of important Russian officials, and a convoy of about 30 buses filled with kids came down the avenue. The buses were led by sirening police cars, while vehicles of the

same nature along with ambulances followed behind. Our Russian driver informed us "The children have right of way. They are the future of our country." Being a kid in that country is a great privilege.

Among other things, the child learns the ways of communism and himself begins climbing the ladder to become a good communist. They do social work as a starter, learn to love labour and not be ashamed of it.

The Russians have a great pride in their country. This pride and their hardworking, persevering nature have brought them from the poverty of 1917 to the self-sufficiency, general welfare and power of the nation today. They are a very hardy race-having suffered extremely throughout history, with Mongol attacks in the thirteen hundreds followed by European, in more recent times. World War II, Stalin's terroristic reign and the severe winter have added to this toughness.

Russia. The name brings images of happiness to me, of the first snow, coming in all its regal splendour and then melting in order that a more permanent one might follow, of freezing toes as we played, of plump babies wrapped up in layers of clothing, of delicious ice creams even during the winter and of clean streets, helpful people and warm tea from the 'samovar' and rich pastries. Russia! Red banners wave past one's eyes at the sound of this name, and we think of a superpower. A Power of enormous capacity for destruction. A power which rose from the rubble of 1917. ! A communist power.

Roy Sinai
L V

A STREET URCHIN

Running about in gay abandon, yelling in devilish glee but yet learning the inevitable marks of poverty, hunger and sadness, we perceive the street urchin or 'chhokras' as people are disposed to call them. He will look up to you, fun in his eyes, hunger in his stomach and poverty on his body. He will run any errand for you, show him some love, but more important, give him some money. For he too has to fill his stomach. The pavement is his bed, the sky his roof the houses his walls. Yet he grins at you, pleased as Punch, on top of the world with the rainbow around his shoulders. But he is just a nobody—a street urchin.

Rakesh Sarda
L V

CRAZY PAVING

A city of shifting colours which never run into each other, the sky turned dirty blue under a sweltering sun, the flies hovering over piles of garbage in the heat. passed by a million feet, each pair making its own contribution to the brilliant pattern that makes up Calcutta.

Like any city that grew without a plan, Calcutta is composed of myriad lanes with buildings stooping like grand old men, to cast a shadow over them with scroll work and predo-grecian columns and iron trellis brackets, remnants of The British Raj. South Calcutta or "Sahibpara" is noticeably different—wide roads, clubs, old double-storeyed houses. Of course, all this is gradually being replaced by matchbox skyscrapers, as is the maidan from where the typical Calcutta humour originates.

Calcutta makes a fetish of culture and education, where universities and students (who eventually become part of the ever increasing "intellectually unemployed") are a way of life, not mere segment of society, where Neitsachze and Brecht are discussed in buses and coffee houses, football fought over street corners, where shops close down when the shopkeeper wants his afternoon siesta and bus conductors are willing to let you pay for your ticket the next time you take the trip.

This is Calcutta, of the glazed skyscrapers and the pink and green houses with wrought iron grilles, sparkling white dhotis, starched and ironed, grubby jeans, where middle class morality dominates yet tolerant of aristocratic decadence. Yes., the essence of Calcutta is tolerance. It tolerates corruption, vandalism, anarchy and hypocrisy. Calcutta evokes a feeling of warmth and irreverant, rollicking humour, where you may be given respect but will not be held in awe.

Calcutta is a city of Chinese, Anglo Indians, Goans, Biharis, Marwaris who are as much a part of the city as the Bengalis. But the Bengali never ceases to expound the theory of his own ultimate supremacy—"intellectually" at any rate. In all parts of the country they are held to be a people of poets and clerks. The Babu with his brief-case, shining shoes and umbrella is almost a legendary figure.

The Anglo Indians and Goans are almost always confused being known prepetually as A.I.s or Dongs. This is a hangover from days when sallow-skinned sahibs talked wistfully of things "back home" and were laughed at behind their backs. The Goans tend to the music shops and bakeries while

the Anglo Indians are not affiliated to any particular trade although the girls are much coveted stenographers. There's is an unfortunate position. Caught squarely between conflicting forces, shunned by East and West alike. Yet they are so typical of Calcutta, that lazy, spendthrift city where appearance matter even more than empty bellies.

The Marwaris form the mainstay of Calcutta's trade and their colony in North Calcutta represents a great part of the city's wealth. Many of the nouveau-riche now own monstrous pink and green villas in Alipur complete with ornamental ponds, fountains and garden swings and bidets in which they wash their clothes. Old European firms are now owned by people with names like Jhunjhunwala and Bajoria. They frequent the only disco in Calcutta, the Victoria Memorial, and the ice-skating rink (which is also owned by one of their clan-the Birlas). Their daughters are educated in exclusive English-medium schools to make them more eligible in the marriage market and acceptable in the cocktail circuit.

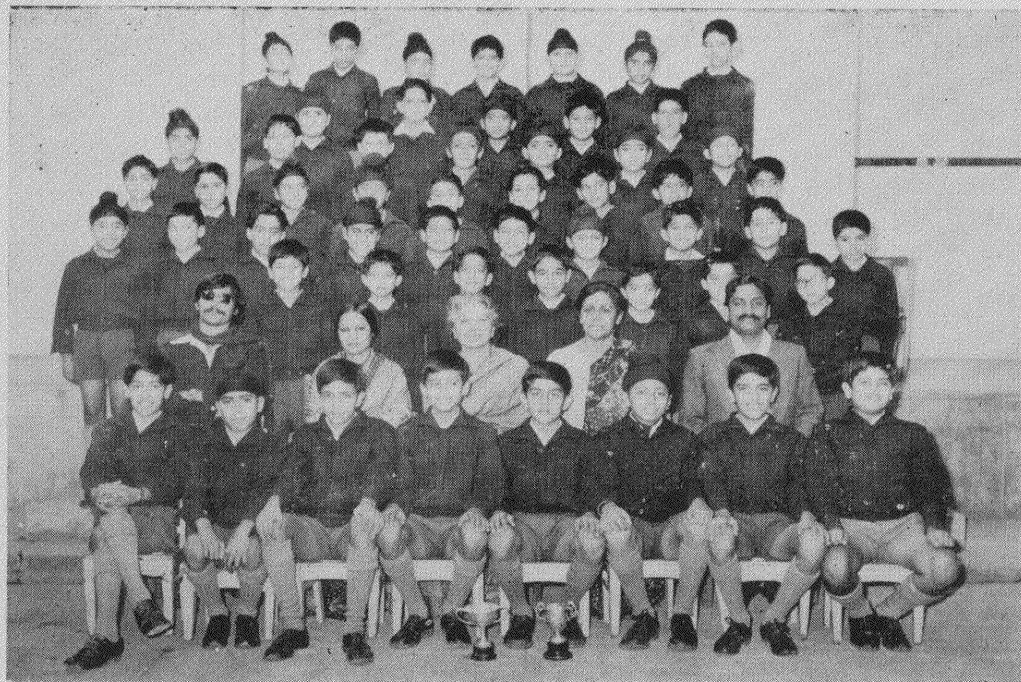
The Biharis form a great part of the work force, the patient underfed coolie, the rickshawalla, the mill worker. They bear the burden of the city's daily life which would come to a dead halt without them, if only they knew it. No account of Calcutta is complete without a mention of the broad, dependable avuncular Sardarji Taxi driver who will take a hundred rupee note from a drunk as fare and will return with the change the following day.

The Chinese have been written about ad infinitum. Suffice it to say that though they run the hair-dressing saloons and Chinese restaurants, they keep very much to themselves and live behind the impassive mask of oriental calm.

Rajni Bagai and
Kanika Datta (L VI)

THE PREP' SCHOOL

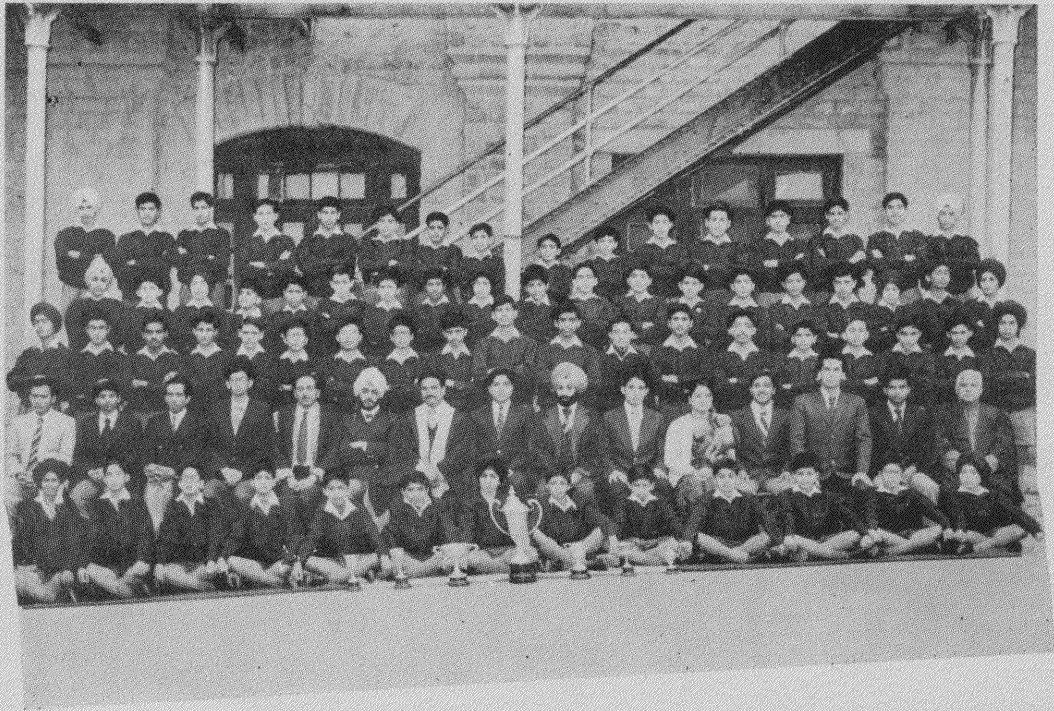


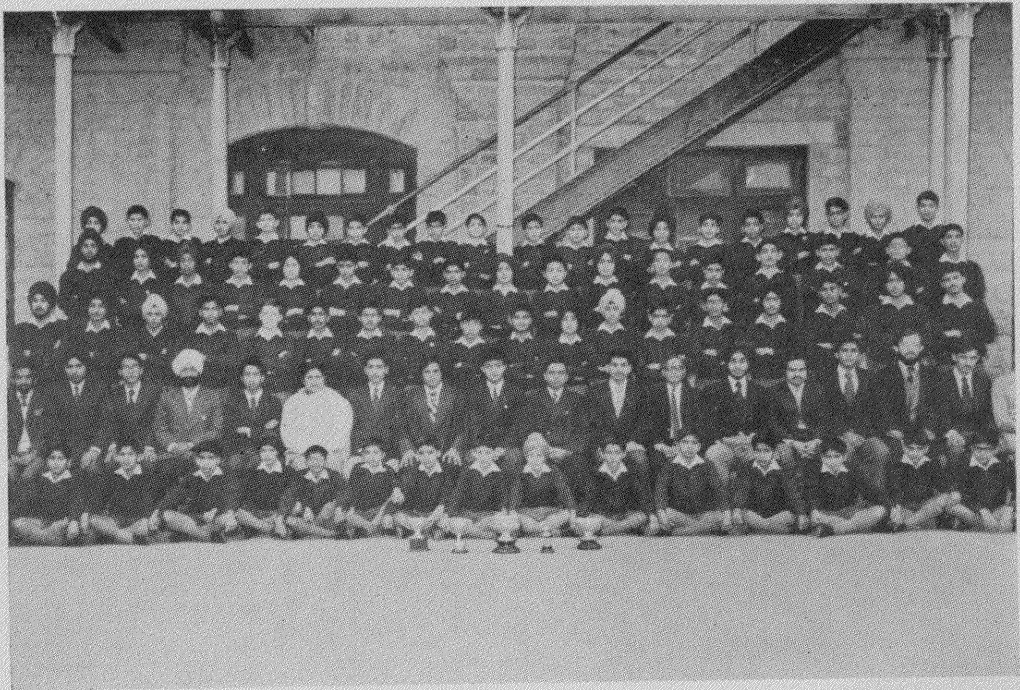
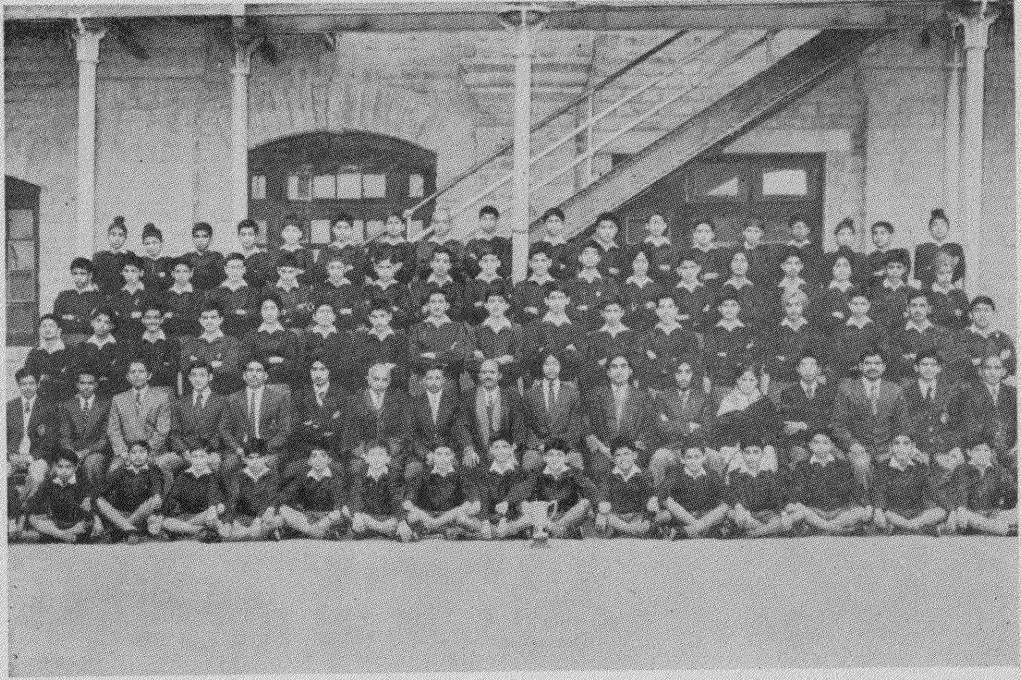


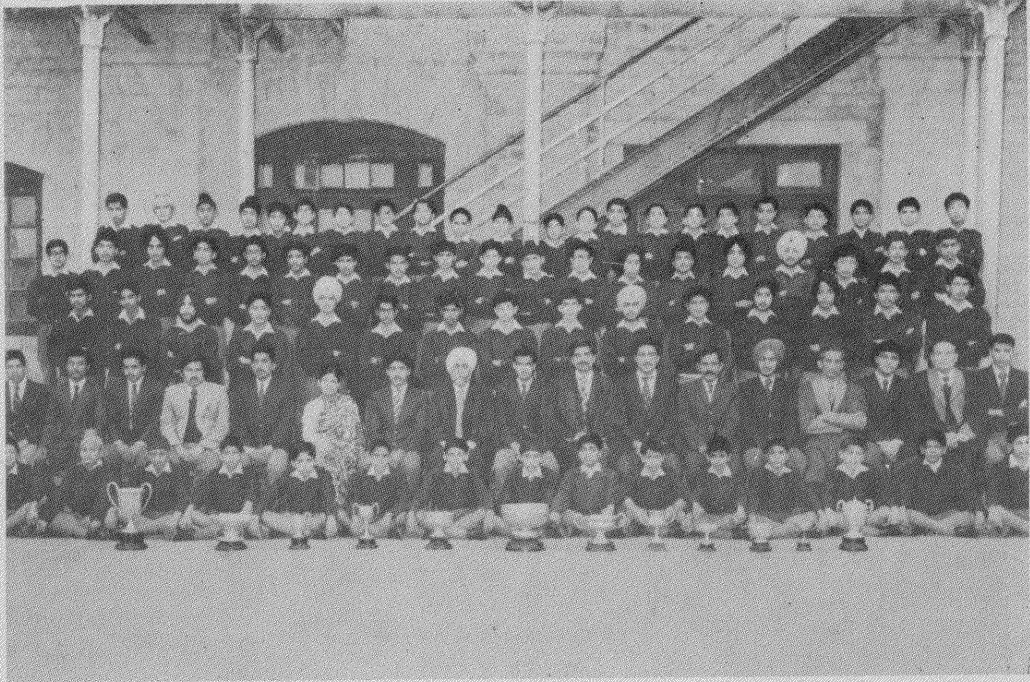
THE HOUSES











THE SCULPTURE GROUP



OF THINGS SANAWARIAN

THE CENTRAL DINING HALL

On the 7th of April the Raunaq Hall or the Central Dining Hall was inaugurated. This is a milestone in the school history. A new dining hall was built at the enormous cost of some lakhs. The donation by the wealthy helped somewhat but the bulk of the money was raised by the school. This building is unique in its structure in comparison to the older buildings. The latter have arches and a framework of windows. The former does not have arches and has an array of windows running all along the wall. It is a three-storeyed building facing Trafford House.

The idea behind building a combined dining hall for B. D. and G. D. and later P.D. was that of saving on the cost of fuel as well as realising the aims of a co-educational school. In addition the upper Sixers needed cubicles and the old dining hall in B. D. was converted into accommodation for B. D. while the girls were housed in Holiday Home. The old dining hall for girls (Parker Hall) was converted into a library and an M. I. Room. Thus there were a number of changes in the occupation of rooms.

Looking at the new Dining Hall one is certainly impressed. One can see 18 long tables and an impressive serving counter from where the servers receive the food. It also has a hot water-steam system to keep the food hot. If one goes down to the kitchen one gets the impression of being in a hotel kitchen, with chefs and cooks all in white. There are steam cookers, Omelette machines, a cold storage and a lift. All these are signs of modernisation. Plenty of new crockery has been purchased but the china-

ware is shabby. The polish is wearing off and they are chipped in places. We ought to replace these with longer lasting steel utensils. Also a washing machine would be useful, more efficient and would eliminate the manual labour required for washing.

The food is good. In comparison to B.D. the food has improved in variety. Even the quality of food has improved, we get our food hot and we get meat fairly often now.

But nothing can be perfect. There are a few flaws as well. The first is the name. I feel that Raunaq Hall is a misnomer. All the other school buildings have names of English origin such as Wavell Court, Trafford House, Birdwood, Parker Hall, Barne Hall etc. Among these Raunaq Hall seems incongruous. All the names ought to be of the same origin. The second flaw lies in the serving system. Here the boys and girls serve as a part of the newly innovated self-reliance system, but this is inefficient, unfortunately. The food is not equally distributed. The seniors have an upperhand over the juniors in this respect. Another is the drainage system. It should be covered. As one leaves the Hall the stench of rotten food is overpowering.

Otherwise the dining hall has been a success. But in order to prove its worth it will have to pay back all the debts and start making profits. Already the expenditure on fuel has dropped considerably.

Sanjay Chaudhri
L V A

A SOXY STORY

Six hours had passed since I had set foot on Sanawarian territory and those six hours consisted of a series of shocks for me. Everything was so new to me even though I have been in a boarding school since the age of five. But this boarding school was different.....so very, very different.

We were asked to go and collect our kit. Kit? What kit? Something blue and something grey was flung into our arms. After close observation we realized they were a skirt and a blouse. We tried them on. The blouses were only two and a half sizes too big and we literally floated in them. I presumed people believed in good ventilation in this part of the world. The skirts seemed quite alright to me but according to the matron they were much too short. One look from her put an end to our squeals of protest. Then came the shorts which came down to our knees. When we asked if we could take them in a bit, the matron glared at us thinking us 'peppy' new students and we were referred to as 'shameless'! The best part of the uniform then were our new pairs of socks.

The most hated object was the mirror, no doubt. That everyone wore the same uniform was some consolation. After four days our kit was changed. This time the socks were the worst part of our kit. They looked like nothing on earth. Yes, they had seen better days, faded, yellowish at parts and minus any elastic. I was utterly disgusted. In fact disgusted is not the word. Imagine wearing a pair of socks someone else had worn for four days, which was then washed with ninety other pairs in one mug of surf, dried and given to

you to wear. Opinions differ but I found it absolutely revolting and totally unhygienic. I objected strongly and I still do but there is no other alternative but to wear them, for four days till they stink to high heavens. Then we wonder why there is much of "soxygen" in the dormitories.

It is not that nothing can be done about it. We can easily do the washing of our own pairs of socks, after all are we not old enough to do so? Then they will be ours, not so and so's one week and someone else's another. But if we were allowed to do this there would be plenty of grumbling. When there is someone to do your dirty work, why bother. What about hygiene?... Cleanliness??

At the end of the day I was a fairly worn out shock absorber.

Brinda Dutta
L VI

THE POTTERY DEPARTMENT

The pleasing smell of wet clay. The sound of the turning wheel, a cluster of pots, some baked and others unbaked and 'Mrs. Arora'. This is the atmosphere which welcomes one to the pottery Room. All this encloses a beautiful art—the art of pottery which evokes creativity. When sitting on the wheel, one's imagination dives into the world of pots and your hands mould the clay into many different and beautiful objects.

However pottery has a lot more to it than just shaping the clay. After the pot dries it

has to be baked in the kiln. Then comes the preparing of the glazes. They have to be mixed in definite proportions and then ground. These glazes are used to "paint" the pots which are then rebaked. What emerges is something quite extraordinary.

All this sounds quite simple but in actual fact making good pots require a lot of practice, skill, originality and a considerable amount of knowledge.

Oona Mansingh & Preeti Sridhar
L VI

RELEVANCE OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Just as Newton coined the word gravity to explain certain phenomena in the physical world, so too did the British introduce English schools in India to suit their own purpose—that of producing a middle-class elite who would be their link for administrative purposes. Newtonian gravity fails to explain certain phenomena concerning a small planet Mercury. In a similar way public schools fail, in political jargon, to serve any purpose whatsoever in our poor country.

However, it is impossible to say that they have completely failed to serve some purpose. To adopt Napoleon 'Nothing is impossible', for if something was impossible it would have been destroyed or adapted to societies own purpose. In short Public Schools have served some purpose but not what Indian Society desires.

Several political leaders of whom Pandit Nehru is one, are all renowned products of of Public Schools. To oppose this, critics

might say that Nehru was off his blooming rocker! We do not deny such a charge but neither do we seriously uphold it for he was our honourable Prime Minister (and one does not say such things of late honourable PMs). Public Schools have produced sportsmen who have distinguished themselves in the world arena, such as the Nawab of Pataudi. Yet, critics charge that such schools do not produce enough sportsmen of worth. But then critics are critics and they will criticize for the sake of criticizing (and for earning their bread) or for trying to provide witty conversation after dinner.

India is a poor country and some say that public schools with their elitist approach are like fish out of water. But if they are not out of water it would be difficult to adapt them to the requirements of the Indian table. Thus, we might say that specimens from Public Schools are indeed being consumed well. And here the critics might just not remark.

Mandeep Sikand.

SUNDAY

One of the rare occasions in Sanawar-when you have a rouser at 7.15, not P.T. and nothing to do till breakfast which is at 9.15 is on a Sunday. It is also a day which has no classes, afternoon activities, N.C.C. and Prep on its routine. Thus a Sunday is a day in paradise for a Sanawarian.

The excitement starts on Saturday after N.C.C. practise or tea. People can be heard whispering about the great day during S.U.

P.W. (Socially Useful Productive Work). After supper on Saturday, students enter the dormitory in a very relaxed manner. The usual Night Inspection is a deletion from Saturday's routine. As a result boys talk away till the prefects come to the dormitory. Then one proceeds to get his bed ready for the night and changes in to their night clothes in a very easy fashion. Many a person sleeps late as there's late rouser the next day.

Sanjay Choudhury
LVA

GIRLS' INTER-PUBLIC SCHOOL ATHELETIC MEET 1979

On Sunday one in a hundred hear the rouser go. The Sikh boys form the unfortunate group as their weekend Headbaths are at 7.30 a.m. A majority of Sikh boys wouldn't mind missing their baths if given the opportunity. However by 8.30 a.m. the crowd starts to open its eyes as breakfast is nearing. By 9.10 a.m. the Birdwood area (where we fall in for our meals) is full of Sanawarians. Faces are glowing as ahead lies a free day.

"All our boys were packed, we were ready to go" but the lunch packets had not arrived. When they finally did, the 15 rather impatient girls of the Athletic Team accompanied by Mrs. Rawal and Mrs. Das, piled into the famous Sanawarians 'dibba' as the D.P.S. girls called our bus. There was a long chorus of 'byes' to everyone outside (including the headmaster's dog Bodgie) as the dibba moved off. So began our journey to the Motilal Nehru School of Sports (Rai) around 7.30 a.m. on the 2nd November.

We made slow progress at first and even a cyclist travelled faster than us. But as Laco started singing Punjabi folk songs backed by 4 powerful Sardarni voices, belonging to Bali, Ishi, Mohini and Dilli.....Hoi Hansraj also got 'pepped up'. We reached Rai in the afternoon, having stopped at the Karnal Lake for refreshment.

As we entered the school gates the bus grew comparatively quieter as we were on our best behaviour and also all of us were rather awed by the extremely clean and well planned campus. Having gone around seeing the tremendous facilities the Rai kinds had we could not help but feel envious. The common rooms provided with T.V.s the 50 m swimming pool, basket-ball courts, tennis and volley ball courts—you name it, they had it. But of course the most impressive was the athletic ground. One look at the 400 m track brought the butterflies in our runners stomachs.

There was a rehearsal of the march past and we got our first look at the other participating teams-namely-Welhams (Dehra Dun) Scindia (Gwalior), Delhi Public School, Maharani Gayatri Devi School (Jaipur), Yadavindra Public School (Patiala) and M. N. S. S. Rai the host school. In the evening we were shown the film 'Olympia, Olympia' which was very interesting and showed us details of past Olympic games.

The next day the 3rd of November the meet started with all the school teams marching to the beat of a pipe band. We, in our clean white blouses and red shorts tried our best to get the packet of sweets promised to the smartest team. This promised sweet packet was never presented. As a tradition a girl from M.N.S.S. lit the flame and we all took the oath. The 6th I. P. S. Meet for girls was declared open by Mrs. Rashida Haque Choudhary and the 100 m race started with a bang.

We did very well in all the field events, securing positions in all. We must especially congratulate Archana Partap for breaking the High Jump record by jumping 45 ft-5 ins. The sprints were a bit disappointing, I think our runners were-unaccustomed to the .100 m grass track. The points at the end of the first day were

1st M.N.S.S.	—42 points
2nd Welhams	—37 „
3rd Sanawar	—36 „

There was much excitement the next day as each event began with the spectators screaming their tonsils out and cheering their own teams. Everyone was absolutely flabbergasted as a small, 13 year old girl from Rai finished the 1500 m race with a lead of least 180 m. All the M.N.S.S. runners were outstanding.

The most exciting events were of course the relays before which we were one point ahead of Welhams. The 4 x 100 m relay began and we were coming 3rd. The 3rd runner ran in to give the baton to the last runner and then.....it happened. The baton was dropped and along with that went our chances of coming second. We came second in the 4 x 400 m relay mainly due to Seema who ran extremely well. Luck was just not on our side that day and the overall results were :

1st M.N.S.S.	—92 points
2nd Welhams	—77 „
3rd Sanawar	—72 „

Other positions secured by Sanawarians were :—

400 m Seema Jamwal	—2nd
800 m Supriya Partap	—2nd
1500 m Balvinder Sohi	—2nd
High Jump-Archana Partap	—1st (N, Rd)
Long Jump- Supriya Partap	—3rd
Shotput-Poornima Rani	—2nd
Javelin-Yours truly	—2nd

On behalf of the team I must thank Subir Sharma, Navneet Jolly and Sanjay Joshi for taking the trouble to coach us. We are determined to do better next year and hope for better luck.

On the whole we enjoyed competing, getting to know people from other schools and had a fabulous time. It was a good break from school routine and we were extremely well-looked after by our hosts. Oh ! To get up at 7.30 in the morning with a hot cup of lovely tea !

Brinda Datta
L VI A

FILM REVIEWS

(of Film Society Films)

The film society screened four films this year. They were 'La Strada', Throne of Blood', 'Apar Sansar' and Wild Strawberries'. These brought to Sanawar, an appreciation of good cinema, something that never existed before.

'La Strada' directed by Fredrico Fellini is the story of a young girl, Gelsomina, and her relationship with a brutal and savage circus strongman, Zampano.

Gelsomina (played by Giuletta Masina) is a simple and rather idiotic peasant till her mother sells her, under strains of great poverty to Zampano (played by Anthony Quinn). He treats her as you and I would treat a stray-dog begging for scraps, and finally conditions her into animal like submission, sexual and otherwise.

The film ends with Zampano abandoning Gelsomina in a small seaside village and returning a few years later to find that she has been dead for a while. Then realisation dawns upon him, of realisation of his of actual affection and even love for Gelsomina something which he refused to reveal when they were together.

Fellini, through his characters, provides nomadic inquests into life's basic problems and relationships. The film was superbly acted and well presented.

The next shown was Akira Kurosawa's 'Throne of Blood' a Japanese version of Macbeth, the only difference being that the situation is transferred from Scottish to Japanese surroundings. Washizu, Macbeth's Japanese alterego is a Samurai Chieftan, and

there is only one warlock instead of the three witches.

The old theme has, however, been brilliantly adapted and the film is an eyeopener to Japanese life in the 8th Century. The Samurai costumes and the locales seem very authentic. Thoshiro Mifune as Washizu acted well though his unaltered scowl did get to be a little monotonous. Some scenes in the film were a little unnatural, like the one in which Washizu pierced by a number of arrows including one through his neck, still manages to climb down two flights of stairs before collapsing.

Its rating—well, not bad.

Apar Sanasar was next. So much has been said about this film, specially in our country that nothing I could say would be worth reading. However, what struck me about the film was Satyajit Ray's absolute control over his medium. His images are so powerful and so vividly portrayed that even those who didn't know a word of Bengali, like me, were able to understand the film thoroughly, in spite of it being without subtitles.

The last film shown was Ingmar Bergmen's 'Wild strawberries'.

This film is about an ageing doctors introspection into his life. He undergoes self-inquisitions through his dreams, and every experience that he has, triggers off some fading memory in the recesses of his mind to come to the forefront again. These memories in turn spark another sequence of introspections. Every frame provides a new insight

into the doctor's personality, which seems to be immensely sensitive, intelligent and introverted.

The film leaves the viewer with a strangely pleasant sensation. A delicate satisfaction at having probed into the innermost thoughts of the old man, and a feeling of empathy with what he experiences.

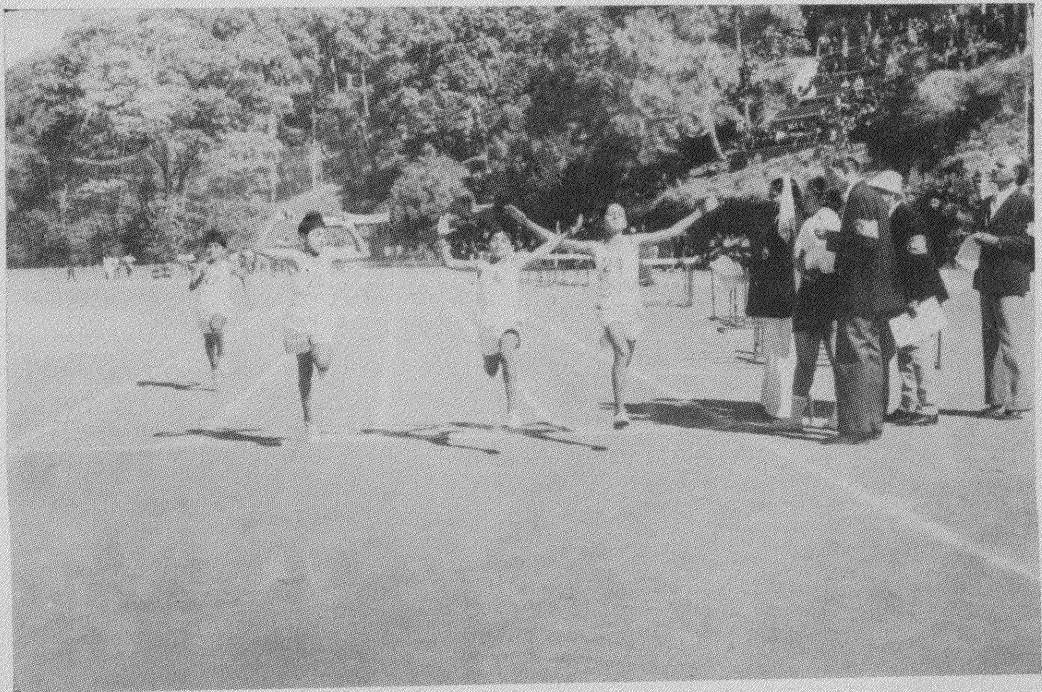
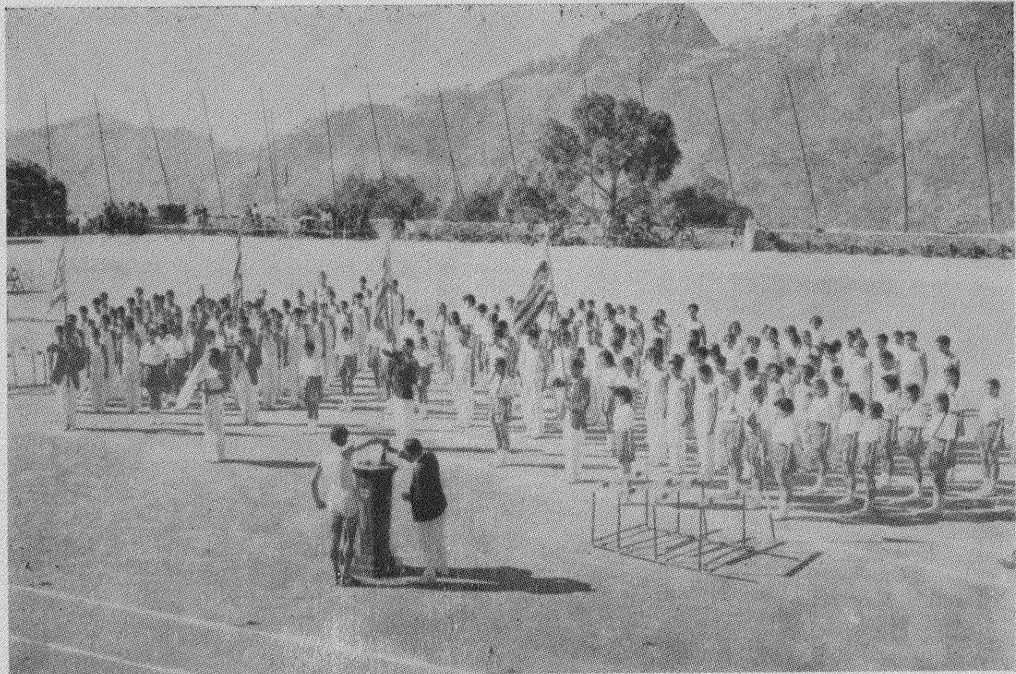
Bergmen does honour to his lofty reputation with this work, which has been descri-

bed as being 'a masterpiece of introspective realism'—Eric Rhode.

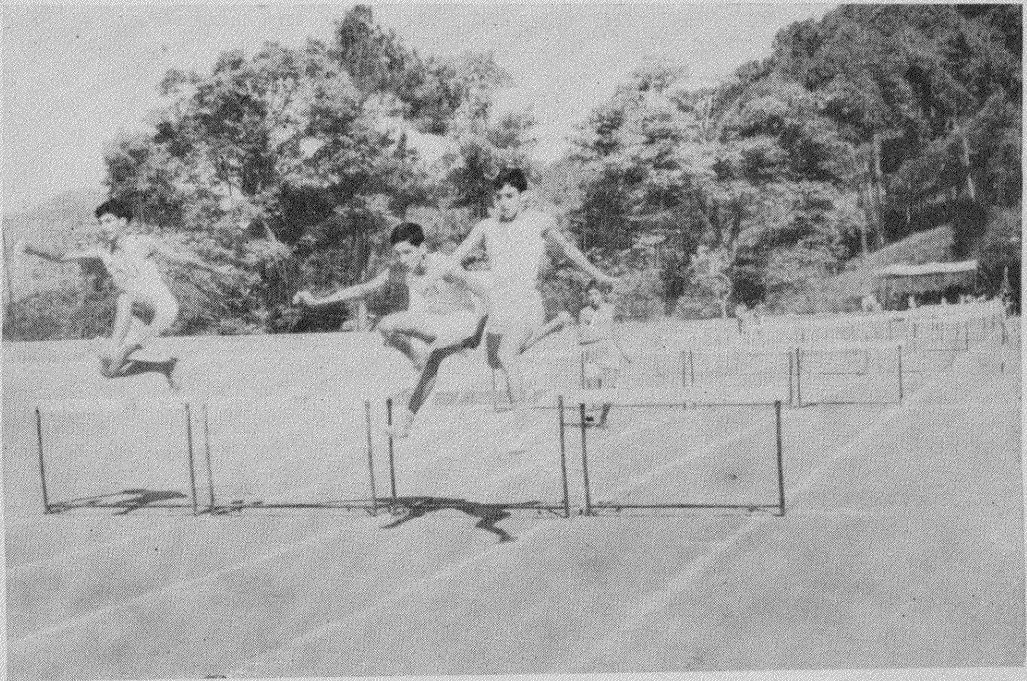
One hopes that the Society will continue to bring to Sanawar, such experiences of good cinema to make up for what we usually see on Sundays.

Vijayendra Rao
U VI A

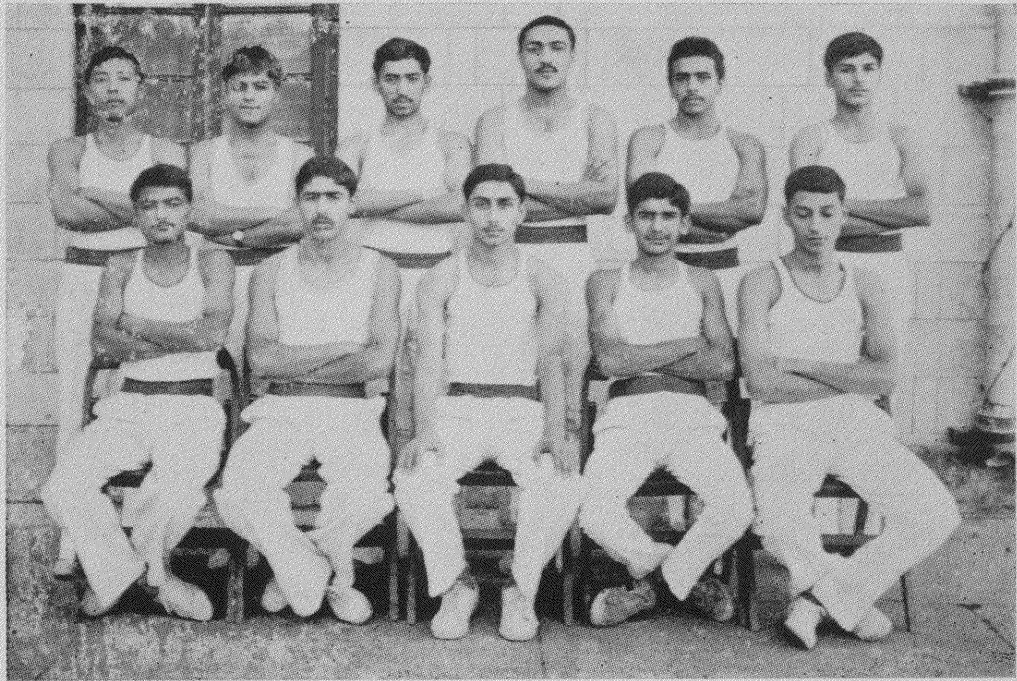
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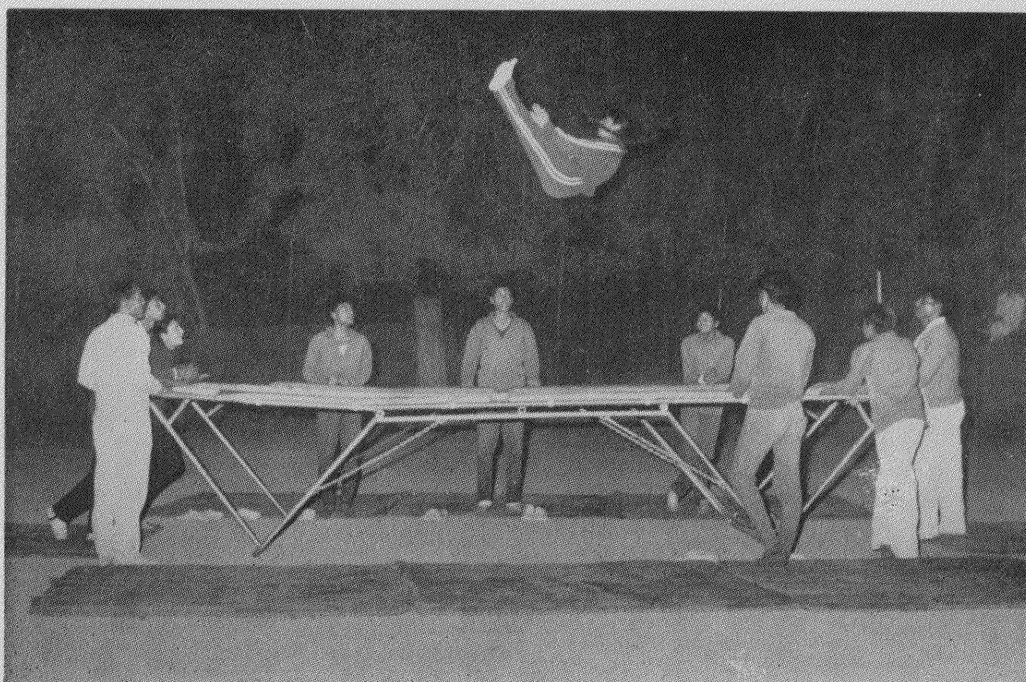






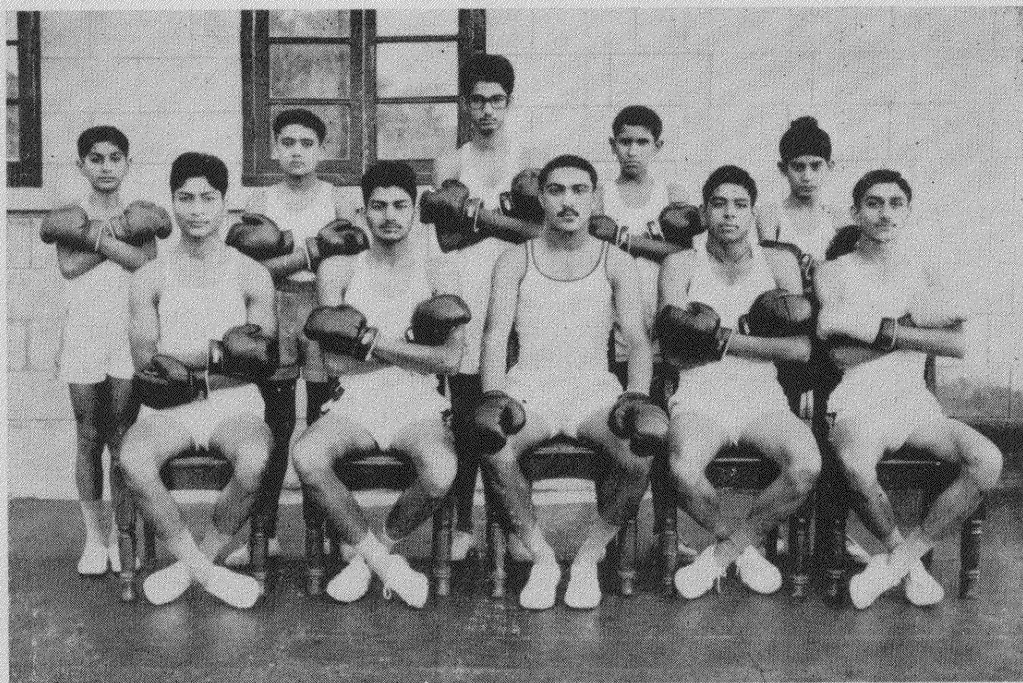
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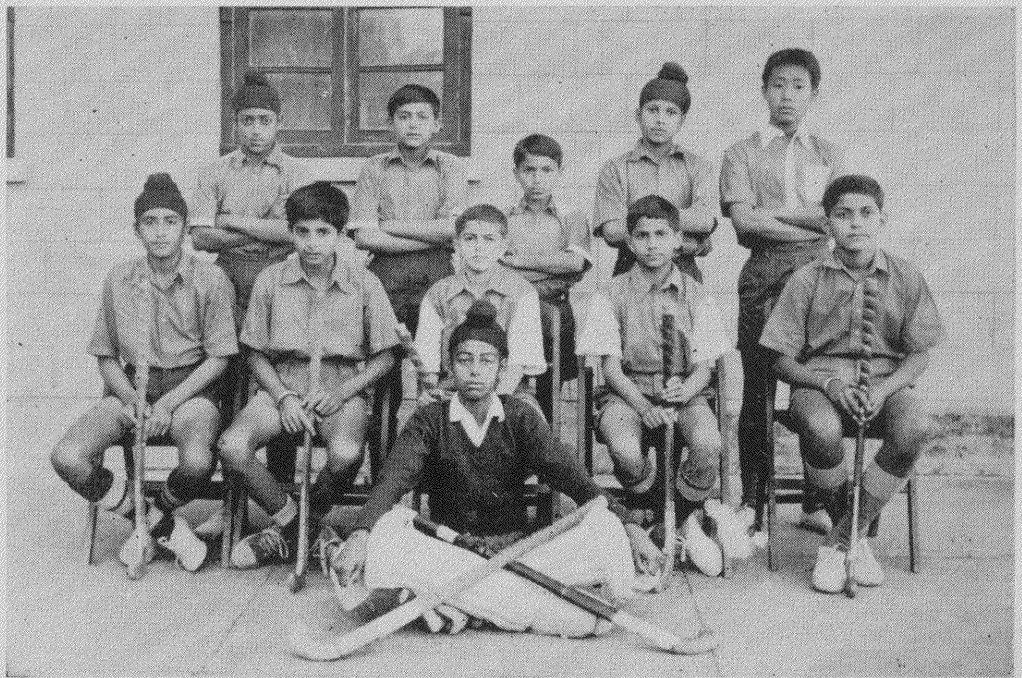
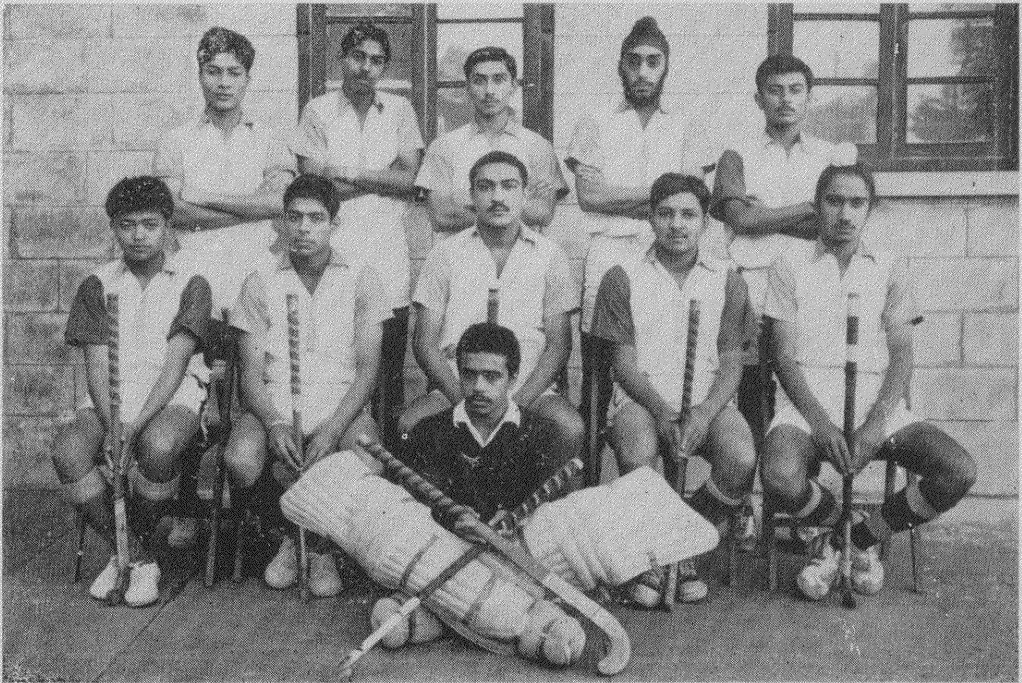


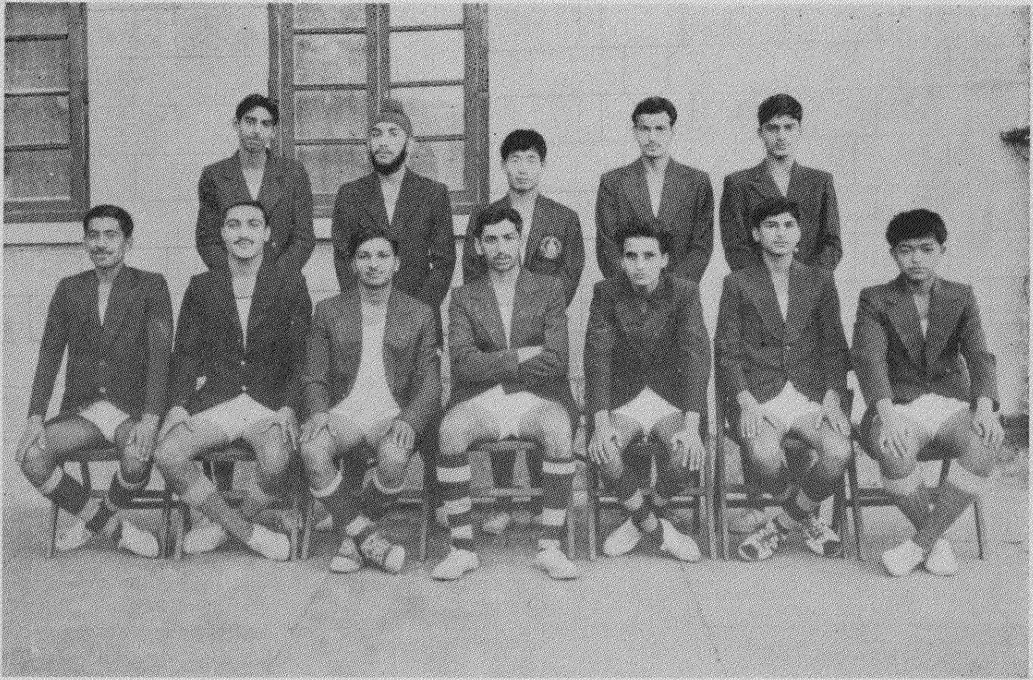


BOXING



HOCKEY





SOCCER

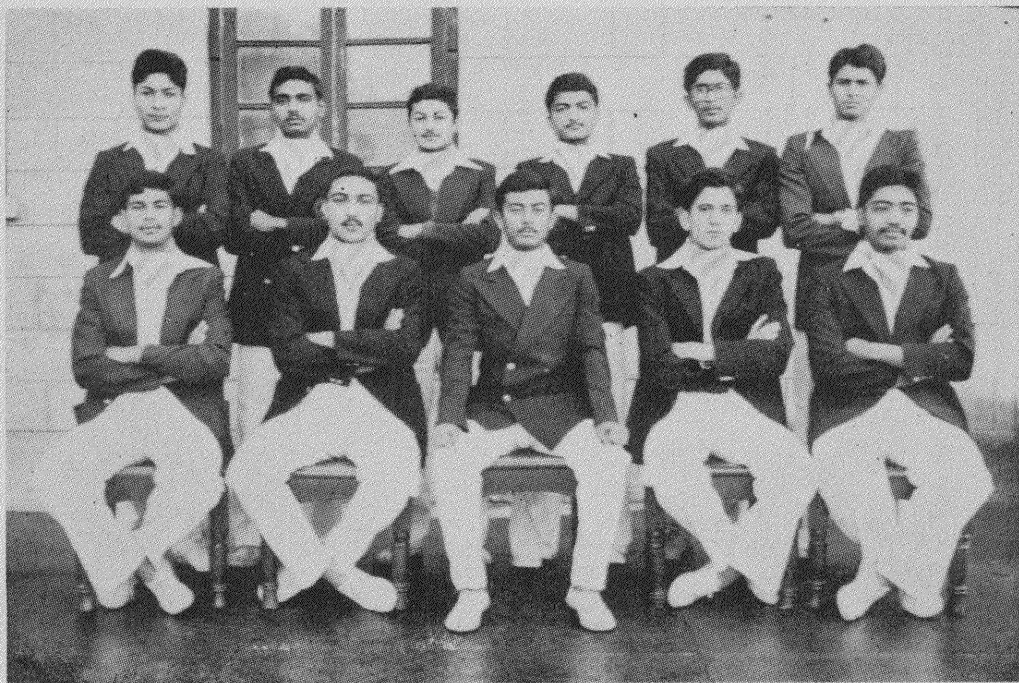


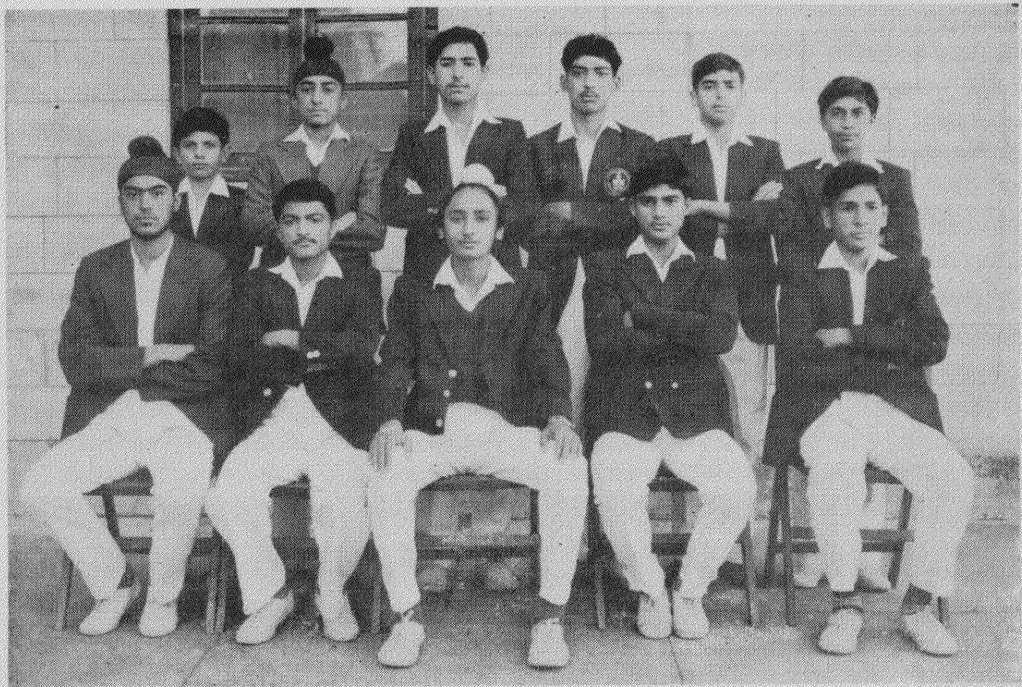
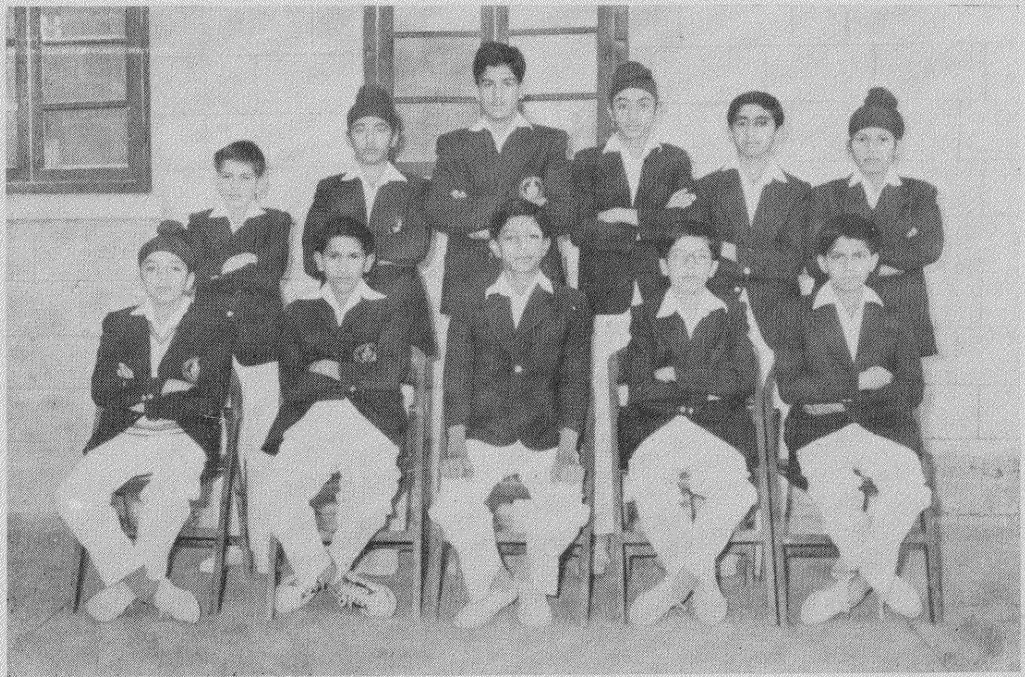


SWIMMING



CRICKET





JUST FOR KIX

Mr. ANDY B'GOLLY GRAY, A TEACHER TO BEAT ALL TEACHERS

Mr. Andy B'golly Gray has a beard and he is proud of it. Though it would require a superhuman teacher to keep such undergrowth as he has on his upper lip and most of the rest of his face—Mr. Gray, as stated before, is a teacher to beat all teachers—hollow On the Top of the Mops contest held in Sanawar every week, Mr. Gray's is the chartbuster everytime. So Mr. Gray's beard is his stud—guaranteed winner. Hence his maniacal love for his curly clipped beard.

If one waits for a school with Mr. Gray, one hears a distinct uproar, viz the school fraternizing after 40 gruelling minutes of

Chemistry or Bio or whatever, and above and beyond that uproar a clip, clop, clip-clop like a horse with horse-shoes a size too tight for him—this to the experienced listener, are Mr. Gray's shoes; Soon one sees in the order named (a) a pair of brown leather shoes (b) a major part of an ill-used beard and (c) Mr. Gray in person He starts a class so :—

“Ri, Goo' mornin', class, si' DHOWN P—PLLEASE ! !” this, to some errant boy who happens to find himself dancing on a desk. Thereafter all is khup and subterfuge.

Mohd Zulfikar

LETTER FROM A BROKE SON TO HIS MOTHER

The TDK School
KDK Cassettes
Mt. Fujiyama

Dearest Mother,

How are you ? I am writing this letter shortly before camps, so I wont be able to write back before we go off. I promise I'll write as soon as I come back.

I dont know whether or not to use tact with you. Perhaps you know that a boy's best friend is his mother. Also you must know that friend in need is a mother indeed. So I'll tell you all probably just as I would tell Hopy while touching him.

I'm broke !

which in other words, means that I need money.

I also need a haversack and a windcheater, not to mention gloves and a scarf.

You know that I cant write to father about it. I dont have the money to buy fereign postage. Also I'd rather like to cool off on him a bit, as the amount of money I have extricated from him is not entirely feasible. I know you realize the curvaceous horns of the Di lemma I am on ?

I knew you would.

Please hurry up with the hard cash.

Your Pauper Son, 'Zulfi'

P.S. How is the rest of the gang ? How is Sandra, my dog, especially ? I know you give her what she asks for.

P.P.S. send the money in used tennors (heh ! heh !)

Zulfi

Rakesh Sarda

L V

FOUND AMONG K.G.B. FILES

K.G.B. H.Q.

TOP SECRET !

Sir,

This is to inform you that I have managed to collect some information on a potential agent. Please look through the file I enclose.

Yours etc.

Comrade Naheed Bilgrawski

NAME : Mrs. Khan

AGE : (not 18 as she claims to be)

PROFESSION ; Teacher in an obscure Indian School

.....Teaches principles of higher Philosophy and sometimes.....a little English Literature.....Inspires terror in her students.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION ; Is 5 ft. and some inches tall. Has stern expression on her face. Possesses a lethal weapon—can kill with a look. (Have found many a poor

soul lying by the wayside, smitten by her glance) People have to be careful when within a metres radius. Is capable of swinging her handbag at you.

HABITS : Is known to creep up behind unsuspecting people and catch them red-handed in acts of mischief, (positively delights in it.) Comes down very hard on people.

Is apparently *absent-minded*. Leaves her handbag and diary and keys around, These strange objects have been the cause of many a bomb scare.

IDIOSYNCRACIES : Does not eat sweets for fear of putting on weight.

REMARKS : DEFINITELY a possibility.

Naheed Bilgrami
L VI A



SYMPHONY IN BLACK ?

FICTION

THE BOUT

Roger could not sleep. He glanced at the clock and realized that it was past 10 o'clock. The thought of the next day's boxing bout haunted his mind. It was the final in his weight and he was up against Harry. Harry had a long career as a boxer. He was dreaded for his hooks and cuts and had won the title in his weight for four successive years. Roger was conscious of the fact that his house needed 4 points to win the cup or in other words his victory meant the cup for the House. What was more his parents and relatives would be present for the bout. Thus if he lost badly, he would face humiliation. He finally fell asleep.

He woke up to go to school. His horrors were affirmed when he heard that his bout was the first. As he listened to seconds advise (probably all they knew about boxing) the 'dong' of the bell rang in his ears. Seconds later he was receiving a volley of punches ranging from 'rapids' to 'jabs'. He was on the defence retreating constantly to save his face. He was in shambles as the bell saved him having exchanged two punches for a minimum of twenty-five punches.

The second round was worse. He had two swollen black eyes well as a bleeding lip. He was in a state of collapse due to the harsh treatment he had received but the rope gave him support. His confidence was shattered and he was gripped by pain.

The third bout was the last and the gong brought him to his senses. He realised that

a knockout was the key to victory. The blood in his mouth gave him the strength to try and recover his prestige. He moved in and delivered a hook with all his force. Harry blacked out. The benches were ringing with applause. He had won. But, as for himself, he was sad. He acknowledged the cheers with a bloody smile and received his weight medal with a happy smile. To his surprise, he was announced the best boxer. He made his way to the Chief Guest. Suddenly the shrieking of a bell penetrated his mind, waking him. He looked around. It had all been a dream.

Sanjay Chaudhuri
L V A

DEATH

Within the next twenty-four hours I shall be dead. I can feel it. Here I lie on this hospital and bandaged from head to foot, doctors injecting drugs into my veins at odd intervals—a vegetable unable to move—and I will resign myself to this state without a struggle. I am waiting for that moment when in sheer exhaustion, that something we call 'willpower' will evaporate through my scorched lacerated skin, into the hospital air, and my body, its pain-sensitive nerves, its channels of blood-vessels will all cease to function. Then I hope to join Ma, Papa, Rajiv and Anuradha, who painfully submitted themselves to this mysterious power last night, when that drunken driver slammed into the Fiat, sending it, and us, into flames

Strangely, now that I am all alone, crippled and mutilated, I don't fear death. I am not afraid of that last moment on earth, nor of the next one in some unknown place. Perhaps in space, on a distant star, a paradise in some unknown galaxy or deep down in the peaceful Pacific. I wonder if that life giving source, water, will also take my existence away from me.

It was only six or seven hours ago that this human fear of death enlarged and extensively exaggerated, was still ticking in my subconscious. And it has taken me six seven minutes to completely revise this opinion. As my muscles free themselves from a tyrant brain, I lose control over them and realise that the deadly serpent of death is creeping closer to me.

Very soon I will discontinue all metabolic processes. My heart and brain, organs which keep me going will also take the form of a decaying mass as will my whole self. My body, its cells and tissues, will suddenly stop functioning as if I were Pompeii in the 9th Century B.C. being destroyed abruptly by Mt. Vesuvius.

I feel as if white ants, in huge numbers, are eating into me, devouring me from all directions. The pain is excruciating. An eerie vapour is descending on me. I am dying. Oh, what a wonderful thought!

Roy Sinai
L V

THE SNOOT THAT STOOT OUT

Paul had a mis-shapen nose, something that was unique in his part of the world, where everyone's nose was straight, prim and aristocratic. He stooped low from a high bridge as though sniffing the ground for some exotic female perfume.

In a world of ordinary sniffers, his was out of order and when he stood in line for inspection, his sergeant never failed to scowl at it. But he wasn't aware of his deformity as no one cared to tell him, for he lived in a world where offence was punished and teasing was almost unknown.

Polly on the other hand was the pretty girl who worked in the C. O.'s office. Her nose was perfectly prim, and as she walked across from the office door to the gate and back again in the evening mouths's opened and eyes bulged. She was everyone's secret sweetheart, though no one dared to tell her so, as she lived in a world where excessive tributes and praise, like offence, were punished.

She, however had an eye for curious things and a penchant for order. Thus on that cheery spring afternoon on her way back from the office she noticed something wrong from the corner of her eye in the faces which discreetly glanced her way from the side of the road.

What was out of order? Folly turned and caught the culprit, Paul's parrotlike nose and then for the first time in her life, she stared at a man's face, irritated by that bit of skin and bone. Paul in turn, stared back into her pretty face. That face which

had turned a thousand noses had condescended to turn itself towards him. He couldn't believe it and the masons of his mind built foundationless castles and his heart swelled with pride. Paul wasn't the dreaming type, he was practical, but now he dreamed and didn't notice Polly walk on with a loathsome scowl upon her face. After all, a man in love does't notice such minor details.

He walked to his dormitory with dreamy eyes and lay down and dreamt. He dreamt of a fabulous marriage and a glorious honeymoon. He dreamt of friends and comrades congratulating him and his parents blessing the beautiful bride. He started mouthing lines of poetry about his utopian love affair and spouted lines about his darling's unparelled exterior, the like of which had never been seen before, in his part of the world, that is. His friends warned him of the dangers of doing, but he was blissfully oblivious to the outside world.

Lady Luck, who usually favours men in love, glanced benevolently at Paul and willed his sergeant to sleep so that, that obnoxious taskmaster wouldn't hear Paul's vain attempt at aping Keats. She decided she liked Paul and called her nephew Cupid to fire his flowered darts into Polly's heart, but Cupid sent back a message saying he was in the toilet. Lady Luck, quite aghast, tried to herself "Alas if Cupid only did venture from his toilet more often, the world would be a much better place."

Meanwhile, Paul who didn't know anything about these heavenly encounters, rose

from his bed and walked dazedly towards his loved one's home, and his snout twitched in anticipation of seeing her again.

Polly on the other hand, had just put the kettle on for a cup of tea and was coming to the end of her orderly organized daily routine, the next step which would be to sit down on her easy chair and reflect upon the day which she had just sailed through. But this time she couldn't contemplate anything, could only brood for that day a typhoon had swept its merciless way through her and her yacht and capsized as a result.

Her world had gone to the dogs, or at least she thought so and she cursed the administration for having let a new fangled, funny nosed misfit to infiltrate the ranks of the organization

And at that moment the doorbell rang, and Polly wearily got up and opened the door, and there stood the apparition that had spoiled her entire day.

"What do you want?" she asked icily, disgustedly staring at the entire antithesis of her organized philosophy. "Just to see you," he answered on a quivering anticipatory note.

And then she suddenly flared up forgetting and breaking all the rules of her society. "Do you know what you are", she screamed, "You.....you unholy beast are an ant eater in human form. Your place is in the jungles and not in this sacred institution. Why did you ever come here, there are no ants for you to feed on. Get back to where you belong. You dirty disorganized and....." so on and on.

But Lady Luck wasn't asleep and her ever-vigilant eyes saw poor Paul's plight, and she pitied him. "Cupid has been in the toilet long enough," she cried and determinedly strode towards his domain.

"Cupid, you stupid Cupid, can you hear me" she shouted at his latched door and suddenly his guardian angel appeared and said softly. "We cannot madum, for he is deep in slumber". Well, then wake him up, I've got some important work for him," said the Lady.

The Angel was perplexed as he could not disobey this spirited command, but then nor could he disturb his matter. Then he finally decided that he had better obey her, as Cupid had no meaning in his life but Lady Luck, Oh yes Lady Luck could be the difference between his becoming Gabriel's assistant or a cherub in the grave of some interred earthling.

So he went in through the door and woke up his lazy master who came out with rumpled wings and bleary eyes, and asked his revered aunt what she wanted. She showed him the plight of poor Paul and Cupid who was in no mood to argue, let loose a few darts in the general direction of the couple. His aunt kissed him on the forehead and sent him back to bed.

With the blessings of the Lady, the darts were true to their mark, and Polly stopped her tirade. She stared at Paul, but this time stared with hypnotised eyes, she stared at that very bit of Paul which had antagonised her such a short while earlier. She stared fascinated by its intricate contours and at the way it sloped gently from the bridge for half an inch and then rail forwards contracting and expanding nostrils which now seemed to her to be the very gates of paradise. Thus she softly said "Come and have a cup of tea." Paul stood shocked for a while, but recollected his wits and walked in, for his was not to reason why.

Lady Luck his benevolent benefactor was too busy wailowing in her generosity to notice what happened later.

Vijayendra Rao
L VI

MISCELLANEOUS

A PROBLEM IN LOGIC

Problem

A man wants to go to heaven. He arrives at a place where there are two doors, one leading to heaven and the other to hell. There is a man in front of each door. One of them always lies and one always tells the truth. The truthful one does not necessarily stand before the door to heaven and the lying one does not have to stand before the door to hell. The man does not know which man is a liar and which man is not. He also wishes to find out which door leads to heaven, but he is only allowed to ask one question of either man. What will the question be?

Solution

The man asks either one of them. "If I ask the other man the way to heaven, what would his answer be?"

Explanation

If the question is put to the truthful man he will naturally assume that the liar will take the man to the wrong door. Being truthful he will point this out.

The liar, on the other hand, will try to make the man believe the other is a liar. Therefore he will also point out the wrong door, thus making a double negative. The man, therefore, will know that the other door is the one that leads to heaven.

FRIENDSHIP

1. Time or Tide keeps changing but true friendship changes never.
2. There is a memory in the garden where many flowers hand. But the sweetest flowers of all is the memory of my friend.
3. Friendship like a flight of birds cannot be put in words. Never has a poet penned, what it means to have a friend.
4. A friend visits us in prosperity only when invited. But a real one will come to us with an invitation.
5. A friend admires loudly but blames softly.
6. We meet to create memories.
We part to preserve them.
7. It is chance that makes brothers.
But heart that makes friends.
8. Friend's love is the only fire against which there is no insurance.
9. Remember : Friendship is dove without its wings.

—Lord Byron

Compiled by :
Vivek Nagar,
L V

A FRIGHTFUL DREAM

One night I had a frightful dream. I saw a skeleton with me in my bed. I was scared and tried to push him off. When I was pushing him off, he got up and slapped me. I fell down and the skeleton dragged me to where I polish my shoes. There was another skeleton there. They

both rubbed black polish on my face and then a man with five eyes and two legs appeared. One of his legs was on his head and another was in its proper place. I got a shock.

I woke up. I saw that a pillow was smothering me.

Shivneet Singh
U III A