

Regd. No. P/Sol.—1.

PRINTED

70 Copies

9/3/75.

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



1st February

1975

*School closed
for
Winter Vacation.*

Editor:—Harish Dhillon

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Student Editorial Board:—Meera Sethi, Vivek Ahluwalia,
Sanjiv Kapur and Preeti Batra.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

198

1st December

1974

School News

October

29th. The Debating team leaves for Delhi. The XI plays Sainak School Kunjura and loses 1—2.

30th. Prof. Ravi J. Matthai of the Indian Institute of Management, Ahmedabad, conducts the first session of a Seminar on 'The Public School and Its Changing Responsibilities'.

31st. The Seminar concludes amidst unanimous agreement that it has been extremely useful and educative for us, the people responsible for running one of the foremost public schools in the country. Many thanks to Prof. Matthai.

November

1st. The Debating team returns, having come a not-too-disgraceful fourth.

2nd. Senior School Debate (English). The topic is an interesting one: "If a nation wishes for peace, it must prepare for war" and is very hotly debated. Results: Vindhya surprisingly comes first. Nikhil is first and Uma second. Congratulations to the winners.

3rd. The Hindi film "Raja Saab", starring Shashi Kapoor and Nanda, is screened. No comments.

4th. Morning prep starts.

5th. The school estate is littered with dead leaves and there is the pungent smell of burning leaves from a fire against the wall of the war memorial, as one goes up to class. Suddenly and painfully we are aware that the year is drawing inexorably towards its close.

8th. Abha Tewari is appointed House Prefect. Congratulations Abha.

9th. "Hotel Paradiso" is screened and is a hilarious success with one and all.

10th. The morning keeps the photographer busy with a whole series of photographs Prep School, Girls' School, and the Teams' photographs. The staff has a special (?) farewell tea for the Basu Chaudhuris in the evening after which there is a staff photograph. Mrs. Das' Chunky has a litter of pups—six males and three females. Queues of school children form up to have a peep at the new-borns.

12th. Diwali Eve special dinner. The food in the B.D. kitchen was anything but special and even the usual flower vases and streamers were missing.

13th. Diwali. Holiday and the whole day there is the sound of crackers being burst all over the hilltop. The evening is too windy to permit the lighting of candles or diyas. The bon-fire is a dull affair and the packet dinners which follow are even duller.

14th. Sixth Form practicals begin and Mr. Nayyar has a field day invigilating at the Health Science practicals—every five minutes he has to shout "Change" and the Sixth A boys and girls scramble to change places exactly as if it was some sort of party game.

Childrens' Day. The Pagal Gymkhana is as chaotic and 'pagal' as ever. Highlight: The Staff Vs Sixth Form boys tug-of-war. The rope breaks sending everyone for a toss.

16th. Inter House hockey starts in G.D. Nilagiri beats Himalaya and Siwalik beats Vindhya in the junior league. A forty-eight hour power cut announced by the Electricity Board fails to come into effect—much to everyone's relief.

17th. Inter House Shooting Competition. Results: Nilagiri, Himalaya, Siwalik, Vindhya. Best Shot: Jai Singh Pathania. Congratulations Nilagiri. Well done Jason.

"She" arrives and everyone troops up to Barne Hall to see it. Everyone that is, except Messers Das Solomon, Bhupinder Singh and Sumer Singh who go out on a shoot. We hear that they did see partridges.

18th. Exams start. The Sixth Form English paper is reported to be 'dirt easy'. (The corrections revealed howlers like : 'The Taj Mahal was built by Muhammad Alam'—Sweeni Bhalla.)

Prep School Inter house hockey matches start.

20th Prep School Inter House hockey matches end. Results : Nilagiri (5 points), Siwalik (3 points), Himalaya and Vindhya (2 points each). Congratulations Nilagiri.

23rd. Staff Club meeting, followed by dinner cooked entirely by Mrs. Das (The G.D. and B.D. kitchens either wouldn't or couldn't cope !). Report has it that it was one of the best Staff parties ever.

25th. Boys School Inter House hockey matches start.

26th. The junior classes hand in their text books.

27th. Examinations end. The rest of the School hand in their text books.

28th. Festival match P.D. vs. B.D. P.D. wins 4—0. Carol Service. One missed dreadfully Miss Chatterji's readings from the Bible of the Christmas story. Mr. B. Singh could we revive them again next year, please? Girls School Inter House Hockey ends. Results : Nilagiri, Siwalik, Himalaya Vindhya. Congratulations : Nilagiri.

29th. Doomsday—Promotion Meeting. Inter House matches end in B.D. Results: Vindhya, Himalaya, Siwalik, Nilagiri. Congratulations Vindhya for winning the hockey and for winning the Cock House after 16 years. An evening of Dance and Music.

30th. End of Term Assembly. The chapel roof is almost blown off with the fervour with which "Lord Dismiss Us" is sung. Prize Distribution. End of term parties.

December

1st. Homeday. Goodbye again.

Scout Camp at Subathu

Early this term we started taking Scouting training and we were very eager to get out for a Scout Camp. We had two outings before but this was really going to be our first experience of a Scout Camp.

On Friday the 11th October, on a cloudy afternoon, our school bus set off for Subathu with twenty-five noisy, boisterous and adventurous scouts aboard. We were accompanied by Mr. Joshi, Mr. Sumer Singh and his dog Kippy.

The dust trail leading to the scout camp was very narrow, but Hansraj muttering "Never Give In", drove the bus half way to its destination. From

here the heavier luggage went by jeep while we hiked it with the lighter luggage. On reaching the camp site we hurriedly changed into our scout kit and joined the two rows of scouts already lining the way to the scouting den. Our headmaster, Mr. Das, had also come to attend the investiture ceremony.

The chief guest, Col. Bhonsle and his wife arrived. His wife hoisted the national flag, after which we were presented our badges by Mr. Mishra. The ceremony being over we pitched our tents, in the darkness, on a separate hilltop. It was 8-00 p.m. by the time we finished and came up to have our tea. After which we made our beds, lit the camp fire, left two adventurous souls to look after the tents and went up for supper. After supper we sat around the campfire till midnight, singing songs, telling stories and jokes.

From midnight onwards three of the patrols retired to bed while Tiger patrol settled down to its watch. During Lion patrol's duty, at about 1-15 a.m., a pack of hyenas arrived and Rajiv in haste to get away, stumbled quite a long way down the hillside. The hyenas retreated when Ashwini Dogra shone a torch at them and banged two staffs together to produce some sort of a noise. The rest of the night was uneventful.

We awoke early next morning, hurriedly dressed and went up for breakfast—which consisted of just one sandwich. After this we walked to Subathu to wait for our school bus which had to bring us back to Sanawar, along with the judges for the P.T. Competition. We returned to camp quite late the same day, much to the relief of Anil Bhan, who had been guarding the tents from dawn till dusk in solitude.

After supper it started to drizzle and we went into our tents. In spite of the rain the fire was kept alight by the patrols doing night duty. The hyenas repeated their performance and so did Ashwini, driving the hyenas away once more.

We awoke to the sound of the bugle sounding reveille. We packed our tents with Mr. Joshi blowing his top off at us for mixing up everything. We went up and had our breakfast—today two slices of bread and a 'Jalebi' each. The rest of the morning was taken up by a talk on proficiency badges by a prominent scout. After this we had our lunch and set off for Subathu. The local bus was crowded but we managed to get a few seats. We wondered all the way how we would get our luggage up to Sanawar, when the driver very graciously offered to bring the bus up to Sanawar—an offer which we gladly jumped at. We arrived back quite tired but bursting to tell every one of our expedition.

Ravin Grewal

L-V A

Sanawar vs. B.C.S. Hockey First XI

The Sanawarians' jumped up with joy, the B.C.S. crowd were glum, the B.C.S. players dissatisfied—Sanawar had scored a goal on B.C.S. in B.C.S.

The bully was a fast one, the passing even faster. Both teams were pressing equally, all players were playing hard. Yet Sanawar was winning by one goal.

Just the last minute before half time and B.C.S. was awarded a penalty corner. The B.C.S. crowd was tense, waiting expectantly with crossed fingers. And as Roach converted the penalty corner a thunderous applause roared amongst the B.C.S. 'chaps'. The score stood one all when the whistle blew for half time.

In the second half we pressed hard and practically all the time we were in their 'D'. We were given four penalty corners, one went off, two were given fouls and another one which we converted into a goal, was given a foul after the goal had been scored.

The B.C.S. crowd experienced another joyful moment, when Maji somehow got through our backline, and scored a goal. Our players fully determined to score the equalizer, went all out to do so. But whenever we reached their 'D' a foul was given.

All our boys played very well, and put in all they had (especially Jai Singh and Jogi), but the odds were against us.

P.S. Gyani
Sixth C

Colts Hockey against B.C.S.

On 27th October, Sanawarian Colts were once again ready to face their old rivals B.C.S. in a hockey fixture. The Sanawarians were already one up over B.C.S. because of their victory in the Atoms match, earlier in the morning, so the Sanawarian colts were determined to play their best and to win. It was a gloriously clear day without a trace of a cloud in the blue crystalline sky.

The captains went in for the toss. Sanawar won the toss and chose their side. The match started to hysterical shouts of encouragement from the Sanawar girls. Both sides were fresh and there was a great deal of running around on the field. The ball went whizzing about, sometimes coming to our side and sometimes to their side. But most of the time the B.C.S. team were pressing and the ball remained mostly in our half. Sanawar had some frightening moments in the "D", when everyone held their breaths and kept their fingers crossed. But our backs proved to be too strong for their forwards.

Time and again their forwards seemed to be on the verge of scoring but they couldn't quite break our iron defence. The game was fast moving. In the first half Sanawar got a penalty corner but failed to convert it. The whistle blew to end the first half with the score at 0—0.

The second half started with great 'josh' on both sides. Suddenly the ball arrived outside the B.C.S. "D", and Bhupinder Sawney hit the ball into the goal. The whistle blew, declaring it to be a goal and the whole hillside broke into one frenzied shout of delight and triumph. Sanawar had scored a goal. But the shouting and the feeling of triumph were both short lived as the B.C.S. referee objected to the goal on the grounds that it had been hit in from outside the "D" and the goal was cancelled. The Sanawar team seemed to have received a moral setback from this because in the next few minutes of play the B.C.S. team all but scored a goal. This shook our players out of their despondency and they once again went at it with all the traditional Sanawarian zest. B.C.S. made several excellent attempts at our goal but to no avail. The match ended in a goalless draw.

Gurcharan Kadan
"Goalkeeper"
L-V B

Atoms hockey against B.C.S.

The match was played in Sna'. It was a very interesting match.

"Pheweeeee." the whistle blew and the two captains went in for the toss. The clapping of the crowd I am sure, could be heard down in Garkhal.

The match started and the B.C.S. side were pressing. They came into our 'D' with the ball but... our backs rushed out and cleared it. The B.C.S. brought it in again and they shot it straight into one corner of the goal, but I saved the goal by kicking the ball out. A corner was awarded against us but I didn't mind because I could hear shouts of "Well saved" from the spectators, even some of the girls were shouting! As soon as the ball was rolling our boys rushed at it and passed it to our forwards. Our forwards took it up and Gunit Rana took the ball right into their "D". Their goal keeper rushed out at him and he passed it to Sunil Sawhney who scored a wonderful goal.

With Sna' winning 1—0, the girls started cheering like mad. We got very encouraged by this and started playing even better. The backs defended marvellously and I hardly had to do anything. Gunit Rana's hockey stick broke. After sometime the whistle blew for half time. Hey, what's this? No lime juice?

After the half time we started playing quite calmly. The B.C.S. boys played a 'ratha' intelligent game. We played calmly for some time and our game was very sensible. This time it was Gunit Rana who scored a most beautiful goal. The B.C.S. Atoms were now losing by two goals. We relaxed a little bit in the last five minutes but we never let them come anywhere near our goal.

The final whistle blew and we rushed off after drinking some cool lime juice. What a match!

Rupinder Singh
'Goalkeeper'
U-III B

reflection

lights shine luminously
in my
enclosed room surrounded
externally by mist
like a huge
ball of cotton
it fades
thickens
fades
thickens
showing me the trees
and roof-tops
i see no more
my soul is
chilled
with the sharp cold air
blowing through
a fissure in
my pane
but still the mist
comes and goes
comes and goes
lifes's like that.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth A

The Unforgettable Sojourn

The lovely journey to Delhi in the caravan (yes, I must not forget that) experienced by the 8 odd girls with their coach, Miss Srinivisan and Mrs. Longman, was a unique experiment. After a lapse of many, many years, the girls were to play against some "outsiders"..... I daresay no one was toooo nervous... god, if only we knew where this experiment would land us, we mightn't have gone!

The 20th of October dawned (should I say doomed for the Sanawarians) bright and sunny. We were to play the Hoopsters today. The game began. For the first couple of minutes the game proceeded marvellously and then the Hoopsters made a goal, but it was a foul and then there was another...foul and then they made another and another—sad to say that the 109 goals they made were not fouls!!

The following day was not dreaded as much as the former had been, as today they were playing against Convent of Jesus and Mary and not against national players. The team played well—Sadhna, Sunaina, Anjali and Poonam deserve special mention. (What was it that made them play so well? Think I know, perhaps, the hippie on the highway had wished them luck.) If there was anything that was fascinating in Delhi it was the hippie on the highway—who even asked Sunaina to come and sit next to him—what next?

They played reasonably well but there was a lot of scope for improvement.

Slim Flams vs. Sanawarians (and Pigs have wings) a win for the S.F. Calcutta by only—only 30 goals. Pheew! that for Veena's, Simrit's, Navneet's game—well done.

We reached school, Sunaina with her unforgettable hippie, Anjali with her unforgettable?? And me with my unforgettable sojourn. It was still however an experiment worth the try.....one the Sanawarians are going to get good at...in time of course! More experiences wanted!

Meera Sethi
Sixth A

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If undelivered please return to:—

THE HEADMASTER
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197

1st November

1974

School News

August

28th. Chemistry Test. Rajiv Bhandari writes: "Stand a graduated *brunette* in a beaker full of warm water."

29th. Academic Staff meeting to discuss the results of the juniors in the first contract period. On the credit side there are five distinctions and twenty nine commendations. On the debit side 25 children are put on the Headmaster's list.

30th. The Athletics team from St. Stephens arrives.

31st. The athletics meet is held. It isn't any competition at all but Sanawarian boys see the correct way of doing things. Arjud Batra jumps 17 ft. 8 ins. (long jump).

September

1st. "The Girl and the General" is screened.

2nd. Assessment cards are handed out to the senior school. Mr. G. C. Arora cuts his hand while cleaning up the old stock room.

3rd. Invitation cards recieved for the Teachers' Day party. But why at the swimming pool? Vague intuitions of punishment for our past sins and omissions.

4th. Ladies Club meeting. Miss Srinivasan gives a lecture-cum-demonstration on figure maintenance. Mr. Dhani Ram declines to take on Mrs. Mukherjee and Mrs. B. Singh for morning P.T.

5th. Academic staff meeting—the Seniors produce nine distinctions and twenty nine commendations.

8th. Tennis Gala. Mixed Doubles matches. Siwalik wins. Mr. Das twists an ankle and has a whale of a time collecting autographs on the plaster.

10th. N.C.C. moves on to Peacestead. The hillside rings with Jai Singh's commands.

17th. P.T. moves onto Peacestead. A sudden storm in the evening brings the temperature down.

18th. G.D. Athletics' heats start.

21st. Athletics' heats in B.D. start on a dismal note—only five boys qualify in the 100 metres event.

History Test: What do you know about the Guptas? Jaideep Seth writes. "Dr. Gupta is my housemaster. Subhash Gupta shows us pictures. Pankaj Gupta is in Himalaya".

23rd. Three records are broken in the heats: Amarjung breaks his own Under 11s hop step and jump record, Rajiv Khanna breaks the Under 15s long jump and hop step and jump records.

24th. Assessment cards handed out. The ballet goes on the stage.

25th. Full length Tattoo practices start on Peacestead.

26th. Academic Staff meeting. Results of the second contract period: 33 distinctions and 133 commendations. Spring cleaning in Birdwood starts and the chaprassis are seen scurrying around with rags and brasso.

27th. Founders programme starts and everywhere one goes one sees a flurry of hectic activity.

29th. A whirl of dress rehearsals: School Concert, Prep School Concert, A.D.S. and at night the Tattoo—Mutton (Ranjan Ramchandani) Jr's shorts slip off while he does balloon drill.

30th. We take a deep breath and sail straight into Founders. The first performance of the Prep School Show in the morning has a rather poor attendance—possibly because it is a working day for people outside Sanawar. The first performance of the School Concert is marred by the fact that some props refuse to prop.

October

1st. The A.D.S. first performance is a disappointment for the performers as the audience laughs at all the wrong places.

2nd. Six athletics records broken. Rajiv Behti wins the Kalinga Cup for the best boy athlete and Sadhna Singh and Veena Gungesh share the Bala Cup for the best girl athlete. Our congratulations. House position: B.D.—Nilagiri, Siwalik, Himalaya, Vindhya. G.D. Himalaya, Nilagiri, Siwalik, Vindhya. The Cariappa Shield was won by Nilagiri. Congratulations Nilagiri and Himalaya. Final performance of the A.D.S. is received by a more receptive audience.

3rd. O.S. vs P.S. matches. The O.S. girls (helped by two O.S. boys) are trounced in basket ball, while the O.S. boys sail easily to victory in hockey. The Prep School show is, as always, short and sweet and each item is, in its own way, perfect. The Tattoo is loudly applauded—specially the gym items.

4th. The parade starts a little late and the heat threatens to knock out some of the participants. But the Chief Guest arrives in the nick of time and the whole ceremony is conducted smartly and briskly. Highlight: the preppers marching past the dias do eyes right instead of eyes left—obviously they find the band more interesting than the Chief Guest. The Parade is followed by speeches (no comment!). Rajesh Kochar is awarded the Nellie Lovell prize, the Dewan Ram Prasad Gold Medal, and the Yashpal Chaudhury Memorial medal. Special Founder's lunch. The School Concert in the evening is a great success. The ballet based on Kalidas' Meghdoot is superb—what with the music, the lighting, and the faultless and extremely expressive dancing off all the participants (Special mention: Navneet Maini, Navneet Kaur, Bani Duggal, Anjali Ewing and Inder Mohini Oberoi.) A special bonus is the announcement that 8th October is a holiday.

5th. The Fete—a regular swindle, this time with the children at it. Jai Singh Pathania nets a cool Rs. 780/- and Vivek Ahluwalia does rather well too (Rs. 380/-). 12-30 and the school begins to look bare and deserted. The rest of the day is an O.S. day—meeting, tea, dinner, dance.

6th. By 11 a.m. the last of the motorbikes and jeeps have pushed off and the annual invasion is more or less over.

8th. The children return from their S.O.P.s. bringing with them the same old problems of lost keys and forgotten articles of clothing.

9th. Lit. test Narinder Brar writes: "Caesar was dumb in the left ear." Festival Hockey Match—by some miracle the staff actually manage to win (2—1). Under the circumstances we did deserve a much better festival tea than the one we actually got.

12th. P.T. Competition. Results: G.D.—Nilagiri, Siwalik, Vindhya, Himalaya.—B.D. Himalaya, Siwalik, Nilagiri, Vindhya. Well done Nilagiri and Himalaya. Best Gymnast Sunil Malhotra deserves all our congratulations.

13th. The Athletics team (boys) for the meets at Kunjpura and Delhi leaves. In the evening we see 'Aan Milo Sajana', starring Rajesh Khanna and Asha Parekh. Its the first Hindi movie in colour that has been screened in school in the last four years.

17th. The XI takes its revenge by defeating the staff 4—1.

18th. The Athletes return with much noise and a number of certificates and cakes of soap and soap dishes (prizes!).

19th. Junior Declamation Contest in Hindi. Both language and ideas are very impressive and one wonders how one has missed out on all these brilliant juniors for so long. The Basketball team leaves for Delhi.

20th. The school team, minus the hunters, plays the CRI, Kasauli. The match ends in a draw (3—3). The group of boys and girls and staff who had gone out for a hunt, come back at 5 p.m. with one dove and plenty of driftwood. But the consensus of opinion is that this was an interesting and enjoyable experience.

In the evening "The 25th Hour" is screened with great success.

21st. An item on the sports page is headed "Ajmer Boys up, Sanawar girls beaten" and we read that our girls were beaten by the Hoopsters Club, Delhi, in pool A (Women) of the Butlerian Basketball competition at Delhi. The Signals team from Kasauli beats the XI (6—2).

25th. The Basketball team returns—Vivek Ahluwalia gets tons of 'grub' and we see a weird apparition going up and down the school—we realise with a shock that this is Sunaina Lowe with her hair chopped off.

26th. The XI leaves for B.C.S. The B.C.S. Colts and Atoms arrive.

27th. The Colts draw with B. C. S. (0—0), Atoms win (2—0) and the XI loses (2—1). The first XI match was very thrilling, our team played very well and till the final whistle one could not be sure as to who would win.

O. S. News

2/Lt. Gaurav S. J. B. Rana, Baber Mahal Villa, Kathmandu, Nepal (1962—1972) writes: "I have finished my basic training and have returned to Nepal. At the moment I have been attached to the army school as a Directing staff and help to run a Weapons' training course..... As you must be knowing you cannot get leave in the Army whenever you feel like it. I really was disappointed when I was not given leave and could not make it for Founders. Life in Sanawar at the moment must be really hectic. I was also dying to see the A.D.S. play. I really feel very bad and keep thinking about Sanawar and everyone there..... In another few months I will again be sent out on courses, most probably to England and then to India in Mhow and Belgaum. All good wishes to you and to all the Sanawarians..."

Major Gurbir Sandhu, Asian Games Village, Apt. 605, Teheran, (1959—1966) writes: "I reached here on 26th August and since then have witnessed the most elaborate arrangement and the beautiful Games Complex. The Iranian hosts are sparing no effort to keep us as comfortable as possible. The opening ceremony was very colourful and it was a great feeling marching under the Indian flag. My event is over and our team secured fifth position. The cheers of the crowd in some way reminded us of the cheering boys and girls at school. It's been a wonderful experience and I wish you could be here too."

Shivinder Bir Singh, National Defence Academy, Khadakvasla, (1966—1972) writes: "You will be pleased to learn that three Old Sanawarians have joined us this term: Manpreet (72), Jugbirinder Gill (72) and Ajai Seghal (73). Unfortunately they are all in different Squadrons. Now there are nine of us here. Ravinder Kadan has got an appointment in his 5th term... Sir, you might not believe me, but you know, I am really missing Sanawar like hell. Some times while chatting, we happen to hit on the subject of school and I have so much to tell my friends about Sna'. I am really proud of it... Your Founders' preparations must be in full swing. How I wish I could attend Founders. Anyway I wish you all the very best for Founders. I am sure it will be the best show. All of us here send our regards to the staff..."

Good wishes for Founders were recieved from the following:—

2/Lt. Gaurav Rana, Capt. Shivinder Sidhu, Pradeep Saran, the Somdutt's, Capt. Rajinder, Capt. Shankar Rampal, Mrs. Cherian, Arti Thakur, Bunt Pathania, Major Boparai, Mrs. Rudra, I.P.S. Bhusri, Tania and Arjun Batra, S.P.S. Gill, Rajan Sethi, Mrs. Kanhaijее, the Sakhujas, the Sikunds, Latika Kumari, Harvinder Sahni, Birinder and Sidesy and Sam Gill.

Ketaki Banerji (1969—1973) writes from Calcutta: This letter may reach you a bit late, but my intention to wish the school all the luck in the world for the Founders was with you long before and will always be with you."

Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, 25 Civil Lines, Moradabad, write: "Another Founders rolls around, and again the thoughts of thousands of us are with you and the Staff and the children. If the strength of our feeling is anything to judge by, this Founders will be the best ever... Please give our love to all those marvellous young people, boys and girls, and the Staff—we'll be with you every minute of every day, hoping that everything goes well, and knowing that everything will."

Mr. Jagdish Ram, P. O. Rakkar, Via Al Hilal, Tehsil Palampur, Dist. Kangra, H. P., writes: "I had planned to be present at the Founders but due to unavoidable family circumstances this wish of mine could not be fulfilled. However I was there in spirit and recapitulated practically every event of the Founders. I am convinced the Founders celebration, as always must have gone off with a bang. Convey my regards to all my old colleagues and through the Head girl and the Headboy to all the children."

Mrs. Vijay Narang (nee Chopra), Opp. Telephone Exchange, Dhanbad (1955—1964), writes: "It was a pity I could't make it to Founders this year. It would have been lovely to set eyes on the old place again. It's ten years since I left school—but it still seems like yesterday—I really miss those days."

Bill Colledge, Ranjit Hotel, New Delhi writes: "To say that we enjoyed our short stay leaves the full feeling of the reunion, friendship and hospitality so hopelessly bereft of words. You made us feel at home and we are at home. It was grand seeing you all looking so well and so happy once again..... Moradabad was bloody hot! The bus ride was sheer agony for all its four hours. We returned to Delhi by taxi that broke down in the middle of the Jumna Bridge. Fortunately no one used a toilet in the trains that passed overhead. The Kemps are 'existing'. Trevor is pushing himself into all sorts of domestic chores that would

ruin them it they employed experts. His water system and home made well is a miracle and it works. His handicap makes the feat all the more astounding but he can just about see. Audrey coaches French to students in her front room. They devoured the Founders programmes and are awaiting the News-letter to read the reports, especially the Chief Guest's Speech! (Sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp—no can do—Ed.)”

S Jalota, 145 Duffy Street, Canberra 2602, writes: “After teaching for a year and a half at Santa Maria College, Orange and having completed a couple of local courses on the latest teaching methods, I managed to secure a nice position in the Commonwealth Teaching service. I was lucky to have my posting in Canberra..... We wish you all the best for another very successful Founders. We wish we could make it: We still miss Sanawar.”

Ved Prakash Yadava, 1117 Karl Mxeyer Hall, 720 South Wolcott Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60612, U. S. A. (1959—1966) writes: “I am well settled now and am liking the place but as expected there is a lot of work here and they keep me busy throughout the day. The Chicago police is pretty good and so far I have felt safe without a gun..... I miss Sanawar a lot.”

Major R. Som Dutt, No. 18 Defence Colony, Alto Porvorim, Bardez, writes to say that the climate of Goa seems to be doing him a world of good and that he is feeling better now.

Wedding Bells: Wedding bells rang for: Arvind Sikand (1953—1962) on Saturday the 21st September at Delhi; Sunaina Chauhan (1964—1969) on 26th October at Chandigarh; Jatinder Singh (Tusky Jr.) (1960—1966) on 19th September at Chandigarh; Vinay Mohan (1958—1965), on 19th September at Delhi; Maneka Anand (1970—1972) on 29th September at Delhi. We wish them and their spouses all the very best and all the happiness in their married lives.

* * * * *

Message from Mrs. Tilley

20-8-74 on your sentimental trip to our beloved Hill Top.

Please give them all our very sincere greetings and say that Sanawar is always in our thoughts. Tell Mr. Das all about us and our love for that far off spot. Especially, give my remembrances to those who were there in 1969 and in special:—

Mr. Gupta
The Carpenter's son in the office
The Woodwork Master

The Printer and assistants
Gulal
Guppoo and Manphool
The Tailors
The Coolie in the stores
Those who work in the G.D. and B.D. and P.D. Kitchens
Mary Ayah

. I'd dearly love to meet them all again.

Conveyed by Bill Colledge O.S.

B. Singh

Founder's (Excerpts)

Founder's 1974

This was the 127th Founder's of Sanawar. It was very exciting on the second after the Gandhi Jayanti Assembly. Athletics started at 10-30 a.m. There were thunders of clapping when the Preppers marched passed. The whistle blew and there was perfect silence except of ladies chatting about their sarees not bothered about anything else. At last the gun went bang and Vikram Vasudeva came first in the Opens 100 metres. Seema Gulati broke two records in the finals. Rajiv Behti got the Kalinga and Nilagiri came first. In the evening was the A.D.S. It was very funny. It was named “I'll Get My Man”. It began with Mr. B. Singh sitting on a chair and singing. Then he got up and everyone started laughing because he was in his underpants. In the second scene he got 200 letters and Mrs. Sawney shouted at him.

On the 3rd the school had lunch at 1-15 p.m. Oh I forgot, before lunch we had to go and see the Old Sanawarian matches. The O.S. beat us in hockey but we beat them in Basket Ball. After lunch was the Science Exhibition and we went to see it. Saluja was the melting boy. In the evening was the Prep School Concert. The Hindi play was the best. The Tattoo was after supper. In balloon drill my balloons flew away while I was doing the drill.

The next morning there was N.C.C. and the chief guest did not come for a long time. The boys and girls began to ‘die’ from the heat.

At lunch we had chicken to eat also. My mouth started to water though the vegetarians got ‘mattar panir’. The chicken I was told was very good—I saw it disappearing in a minute. In the evening was the School concert. I liked the band very much. The English play was also very good. Arjun Batra pulled Nakul Chopra off the rocking chair.

is sorted out. Mr. B. Singh and Mrs. Sawney were superb. Mrs. Das was excellent, and Mr. Abraham and Miss Sakhuja (Pixie) were good in their parts.

Well, Pixie got her man in the end.....

Vikram Puri
Sixth A

II

.....As usual the staff put up a comedy, a rather good play, done very well. Mr. B. Singh played his usual part—that of a timid and cowed down old man and Mrs. Sawney was at her usual shrewish and dominating best. Both were superb—though it surprises one how Mr. B. Singh can assume the character of a man whose nature differs so widely from his own.

.....Mrs. Das was extremely good as the charwoman.....One of the highlights of the play was Mr. B. Singh's imitation of Pixie Potter which brought the house down.....The bishop arrives on the scene towards the end, adding to the general chaos. Fortunately for the Vicar he turns out to be a great admirer of the Venture Man. The situation untangles itself, Peter falls in love with Pixie, Molly (Mrs. Das) reconciles herself to the fact that Peter is getting married to Pixie. And they all live happily ever after—at least they deserve to, having provided us with a very entertaining evening.

Ambika Anand
U-V A

The Prep School Show

.....The first item was an English play named 'The Enchanted Ring'. It was quite interesting... The toys were very sweet...Everyone flew into fits of laughter when Georgy Porgy kissed the girls... The English country dance was also very sweet. One of the girls didn't know what to do in the middle. The Hindi song was also nice. But one girl spoke at the wrong time and when she saw no one else was singing she pulled out her tongue and grinned...I really enjoyed the Indian dance. The acting of Kavita Singh was very nice. It seemed as if the dancers were singing but they weren't. The last item was a Hindi play. It was very funny. Just imagine, the school teacher tried to change the donkey into a man. Ha, ha ha! I wish we had teachers like him in our school...I think everyone enjoyed the show and so did I.

Kiran Dhingra
Lower III A

The Tattoo

This was the first time that I got to see the stupendous P.T.....The synchronism was marvellous, though it did break in some places.....The tableau, revived after some years, was, I must say, quite a success.

Exercises on the high horse and on chairs followed. The gymnasts seemed a trifle ill at ease at first but they soon got into their regular stride, and both these items were as good as always. Sunil Malhotra, Jogi Bikram and Jai Singh Pathania deserve special mention for their fine performance on the high horse.....

A slightly unsteady start announced the entry of the bugle band and then there it was, tall at the back and diminishing at the front. The drum major caught the stick with ease, much to the delight of the parents and the relief of the Sanawarians. This was followed by a very sweet jumble of arms and legs and fripperies called the balloon dance. This was performed by the juniors. As dark figures scuttled across Peacestead, Miss Chatterjee gave short talks on past and present, old and new. She spoke of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Das and welcomed all the O.S. (specially Mr and Mrs. Colledge). She told us that where we sat and watched the tattoo from was now the Khetarpal Stadium and she told us of the fabulous fete ahead.....

Exercises on the parallel bars, a much awaited item, were next. The exercises and tableaux were very good. Once again Jai Singh Pathania and Sunil Malhotra deserve a special pat on the back. The performance of the other boys was excellent too and diving through the fire hoop brought many gasps of astonishment from the audience.....

Next was the gay and cheerful Dhimsa dance, performed by the girls. The costumes were most colourful and (believe it or else.....) the girls kept time beautifully! All too soon Miss Chatterji announced the last item.....Again I breathed with relief as all the clubs swung to and fro in perfect co-ordination.....A wonderful Tattoo indeed.

Preeti Batra
Sixth A

The Art and Crafts Exhibition

Colourful, stimulating, well organised and full of variety—this is how I would describe this year's exhibition.....On the whole the work exhibited in the painting section was of a high standard..... yet there were few really striking paintings.... Would have liked to see more paintings in oil.....Special mention: Preeti Batra's 'Snake Charmer', 'Rest by the Wayside', and 'Composition on Krishna', Gautam

Rana's 'Village Scene' and 'Aries', Punam Jhina's 'Say it with Colours' and 'Reverie' (in which she has captured the beautiful innocence of a young girl), R.P.S. Sohi's 'Snowbound', Sonia Bhandari's 'Mendicant', Dayanita Singh's 'Cobras' and 'Cartoons' (extremely expressive) and Mira Sahni's 'The Entertainment' (which I found detailed, alive and well balanced....P.D. Section : Average age of the budding artists was eight years.....Stuffed birds and animals, rag dolls, wooden toys and houses, tea pot holders—which I am sure mamas will proudly use at their coffee parties. But why no paintings?.....**Batik** : Exhibits included wall hangings, ties (for boy-friends or papas ?), newspaper racks and letter racks. Vivek Ahluwalia and Kusum Bhambri deserve special mention...**Clay and Sculpture**: This department gives the children great scope to exercise their imaginations. There were a lot of outstanding exhibits..... Mention in despatches : M.S. Sandhu's 'Group of birds'—extremely well balanced composition, simple yet beautiful, J.S. Butalia's 'Farmer' and 'Snake Charmer', Kiranjeet Mann's 'Blind Beggar' and Bindra's ashtray.....I would have liked to see some plaster of Paris and soap stone sculpture as well. **Woodwork** : This section included some beautiful compositions in driftwood. Outstanding exhibits were: Puneet Renjen's 'Running Duck', Nishad Das' 'Elephant' and Atul Kapur's 'Jeep.' **Carpentry** : Included not only tables and other items of furniture but also some beautiful carvings. Jagdeep Sethi's smooth carving of a female figure in an original design was especially impressive. Vikram Puri's cigarette case, Anil Bhan's bowl and Deepak Singha's inlaid coffee table also deserve special mention..... On the whole the exhibition was of a high standard and since many of those mentioned above will be with us next year we can expect to have an even higher standard next year.

Sumer Singh

The Science Exhibition

Have you seen a girl being changed into a boy? Or a glowing neon light without electricity? Well the Sanawarians did it! And more. A live crab that ate up its friend at night, a pair of water beetles from Lovers' Pond (sorry these beetles do not sing !), Some water scorpions—these were some of the interesting exhibit in the biology section.

We clenched our fists and closed our eyes as we stood before the miniature volcano which was about to erupt. There it went—+—I!!!!. Then the room was filled with the sight and sound of the most magnificent display of fireworks we've ever seen in our lives..... Artificial snow, the preparation of alcohol, laboratory made face cream..... This was the chemistry section of the exhibition.

We leaned over the table to admire a funny looking object and were met with a blast of hot steam in our faces, then only did we realise that we had poked our noses into a steam engine. This was the physics section.....

The exhibits this year were of a much higher standard than last year. The electronic counter, occilloscope, burglar alarm all deserve a special mention.....

On the whole the exhibition was very interesting. We noticed that the boys and girls manning experiments showed a lack of interest while they should have been bubbling with enthusiasm while they explained the working of their experiments.

Have you ever seen lab gold or chemical gardens or dancing mothballs? Well they were all there in the Science Exhibition 1974.

Diwakar Singh and K. D. S. Bindra
Sixth Form

The School Concert

.....I snapped out of my reverie as the first strains of the school orchestra playing Raag 'Barva Pilu' filled my ears. It was beautiful...Ravin Grewal with his famous accordion came on next. Accompanied by a saxophone, trumpets and drums, he swayed and turned to 'Hava Nagila' and 'Be Same Mucho'... Next was 'Black Comedy', a very unusual play. Brinsley, a struggling sculptor, borrows the exquisite furniture of his antique dealer neighbour Harold, while the latter is away for the weekend. He has to impress not only his prospective father-in-law but also a German millionaire who has shown an interest in his work. Everything seems fine until the main fuse blows up, Harold comes home too soon, Brinsley's former girl friend arrives, while the unfortunate millionaire walks into the cellar. However all ends well etc, etc;.....Arjun Batra as the harrassed lover was excellent.

So were Ambika Anand as the highly strung fiancée, Gautam Rana as Harold, Nakul, Nikhil Rawley and Mutton Sr. (Ratan Ramchandani). Preeti as the inquisitive neighbour who gets drunk (Hey! Are you sure it was coke ?) was incomparable. (At one stage, the audience held up the play to applaud her performance—Ed.)

The Trio (guitars and all) played 'Tight Fight' and 'Pipe Line' next.....A newly married couple, deeply absorbed in their love for each other, neglect their duties to their god and king, Kuber. The king incensed by their separation, punishes them by separating them for a year. The sorrowing husband sends a message through the clouds. The clouds deliver the message to the grief stricken wife and offer

her consolation by telling her that we must learn to accept both sorrow and joy as integral parts of our lives—without one their cannot be the other..... Navneet Maini's rendering of the sorrowful Yakshani was extremely expressive and her dancing was full of charm and grace. Navneet Kaur as the husband danced with the confidence and grace of a swan. It was heartening to see such exquisite talent and grace being displayed so confidently by the girls...

This show is going to remain imprinted on the minds of all the people who saw it for years to come...

Geeta Bhandari
Sixth A

The Fete

I

.....The Tattoo, the horse work finishes and Miss Chatterji's voice floats over the hill side. But instead of introducing the next item advertises the fete and holds out promise of many hidden treats. (Hey Sixth Formers, how many ice creams did you give her for this?) ... "Fun Time. Games and Eats Galore" proclaim colourful posters brazenly—Posters stuck up all over the school estate and even as far afield as Kasauli and Solan (Did someone say 'Chandigarh too'?)...Fourth of October and a huge bill board makes an appearance at the Bakery. Another ad for the fete...Why all this fuss, why all this noise about something which is a regular feature of every Founders? The answer is simple—this year the Sixth Formers organised it all.... There were all the usual features: Coconut shies with Anuradha Mairacoyly handing out cricket balls from an old tin helmet and Rajiv Bhandari trying to keep a track of broken window panes; Lucky Dip with "Majh" controlling the crowds and Geeta and Paramjeet so sympathetic that everytime a child drew a bad number they gave him an additional toy; the Roundabout with no one to man it; Darts; Flash; Roulette etc. etc. There were also a number of new features: Vivek and Vikram Puri selling cactii in tiny painted pots and pieces of driftwood (one went for forty rupees), with Sunaina at the same stall, putting bedraggled cosmos and dahlias into peoples button-holes and then demanding ten rupees as payment, Ajai Shukla trying desperately to persuade parents to part with a rupee for a ride on the dhobi's donkey (He did take five rupees from Gurdeep for photographing Tani on the donkey's back!), Vinod Chander with his discotheque (account later), Jai Singh with his movies trying vainly to persuade parents to leave the room after one film had been shown and the parents insisting that they had not got their money's worth and so they would sit through the next show (Jai beat them to it by screening the same film again); Poonam charging ten rupees for an attempt to light twelve candles with a single match stick, the

only person who won a prize was Ravin Grewal and he was shooed off after he had collected fifty rupees (the secret of Poonam's success was the—well I'd better not spoil this for next year!), Abha and Minnie's skittles which broke the glass blackboard, the Lower Five girls dolled up in crisp aprons, selling packets of fudge and pop corn and chips (and what awful chips!) and above everything else the tea shop in Barne Hall where people actually bought (and ate!) cake and cookies baked by the Sanawar housewives.

All too soon it was 12-30 and time to wind up. In typically Sanawarian fashion the stall holders just abandoned their stalls with all their props and disappeared and it was left to the Stores staff to try and collect everything and return it all to its proper place.

A statement of the fete accounts has still to be brought out and we do not know what the profits were. But one profit that we all do know of was the tremendous sense of enthusiasm and involvement that it generated in the children. And somehow it was a gayer, livelier fete than any we have had so (far (but then of course you mustn't take my word for it, I am a notoriously biased individual!))

II

.....The stalls were given to us according to our tastes (at least I think so, because I got the discotheque). The Asylum, as we named it (L.V.B. to be exact) was as looney as its name, with a few blankets on the windows and newspaper pinned onto the blankets. Chalk dust collected from the various classrooms was sprinkled all over. The lighting effects were real crummy; it was just a couple of faulty tube tights flickering on and off. After a time they refused to flicker and one cheeky parent complained "I didn't pay to be ushered into a coal cellar".....To begin with, business was very dull. By eleven we had collected just five rupees. It was then that a bright looking O.S. came to our rescue and brought a lot of visitors to what he called the 'Haunted House'. I had the time of my life that day—what with trying to keep non-paying O.S. out and coping with parents who irately demanded their money back. It was the biggest swindle I pulled in my life.....By the time I wound up I had collected ninety four rupees.

Vinod Chander
Sixth C

Response

To the Toast to the Old Sanawarian Society.

Old Sanawarians attending the reunion in London last May heaved a great sigh of relief when Mrs. Tilley told us that you, Sir, had been appointed Head of our Alma Mater. Most of us had seen

your photograph in the International Press when Her Majesty surrendered her first born into your tender care at Gordonstoun. We now live in reflected glory that not only did you instil the rudiments of the three 'R's into his head but that you also administered suitable attention, theoretically speaking, to the opposite end of the future King of England. I bring with me a warm welcome into our midst from all Old Sanawarians both to you and to Mrs. Das. May your sojourn be as fruitful and illustrious as the Barne and Som Dutt eras.

I made a mistake in my response to this toast four years ago. I likened Sanawar tradition to a richly woven carpet. How wrong I was. It invited all and sundry to tread on it—and by heck they did in no uncertain fashion. I'll make amends. Let it be a tapestry—a tapestry of memory, colourful, honourable. Through it runs a slender thread of gold, the golden thread of honour. We remember those who have written history. We remember the great many who have done so much to enrich the background with colours that shame the spectrum and there are some of us who have undoubtedly added some glorious patches of deep purple. Sit back when you have a chance and let memory enrich those fragrant moments with that treasured heritage the Sanawar tradition. What is it? Who can put it into words? Sufficient to say that it exists in the air we breathe, the grey walls reflect it, the ground we tread has its very imprints. You are indeed fortunate, Sir, that you yourself will come to absorb into your being these things we treasure most, and that you will help us to absorb some of the wealth of tradition you bring, with you from other seats of learning.

It was a long haul, two years ago, shooting down south and taking the other hill railway into Lovedale and living under the spell of the Founder even in that most southern refuge. The School boasts a noble edifice, though the surroundings lack somewhat, the rugged beauty of our beloved hill top. We hope to visit the Founder's last resting place when we leave Sanawar this time and will take with us the homage and devotion of all Sanawarians past and present. "I tried to do my duty". His last words in 1857 are reflected in the present day words of a popular ballad.

To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow,
To run, where the brave dare not go.

To right the unrightable wrong,
To run pure and chaste from afar,
To try when your arms are too weary,
To reach the unreachable star.

This is my quest, to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far,
To fight for the right, without question or pause,
To be willing to march to hell for our cause.

And I know, if I'll only be true
To this, this my glorious quest,
My heart will be peaceful and calm
When I am laid to my rest.

And the world will be better for this,
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove with his last ounce of courage,
And beat the unbeatable foe, and reached
The unreachable star.

B.C.

The Hockey Festival Match

The festival match! Festival! Fun! Games!
Oh yeah! fun and games, but only for us boys. For the staff, games—yes, but fun—no. Who'd call an hour of running up and down a field, carrying an unnatural up side down walking stick as well as a more natural paunch, fun?

It must be said that everyone looked forward to it. Everyone wanted to see the splendid team of hockey players demonstrating the way the game ought really to be played—and they did demonstrate this.

By three o'clock on that wonderful afternoon everyone not playing had settled down on the green (?) hillside above Barnes. The slightly luckier ones had got places in the pavilion—only to be displaced by the staff and the girls.

A whistle from the referee marked the beginning of the game. The Headmaster after bullying the Head boy quickly (and wisely, I must say) gave up his hockey stick to Mr. G.S. Dev and stalked off the field.

Soon the ball was whizzing around on the field, mainly in the staff half (I think it had developed a liking for one of them). The staff did manage to get rid of it a few times, but to no avail. Just a few minutes before the half time Jogi netted a very good goal.

After half time the staff started pressing hard. (Either the lime juice had revived them or else the boys had drunk far too much of it.)

The ball spent quite some time in the boys 'D' and there were quite a few penalty corners, which of course were not converted (how like the Indian team!). Mr. G.S. Dev who had played very well during the first half, decided to rest, in order to give some one else a chance. From Mr. Amar Singh's

play it is evident that at least some of his stories about being the captain of his university team must be true. Mrs. Longman and Miss Srinivasan also played very well. The staff did manage to score two goals and when the final whistle blew they emerged victorious. (I think they ought to give a party—specially to the referees!). For as far back as I can remember this is the first time that the staff have won (which is not saying much as I have a memory like a sieve!)

On the whole the match was very enjoyable. I only hope that this victory will inspire the staff to have an Athletics Festival Meet. (Wouldn't it be fun eh; seeing the teachers running and jumping about?)

Manu Virmani
Sixth B

Minutes of the Meeting of the Old Sanawarians
Association Delhi, Annual General meeting held
at the Delhi Gymkhana Club New Delhi
on the 8th September 1974

Members Present... 50.

The meeting though scheduled to start at 5 p.m. started at 6 p.m. as O.S. leisurely flocked in... though it was extremely heartening to see quite a sizeable turn out. The proceedings commenced by electing a new President and the other office bearers along with the managing committee. Mr. P. R. Sood I.F.S. the oldest O.S. present (1948—1952) was unanimously elected President. The other office bearers elected were:—

Vice President	...	Mr. Ranjit Bhatia
Secretary	...	Vivek Mehra
Treasurer	...	Mr. Vinay Mohan Mehra

Managing Committee Members:—

1. Miss. R. Chaterji
2. Mr. Bhupinder Sihgh
3. Ashok Marwah
4. Preminda Batra
5. Ferida Satarawala
6. Mr. Arjun Batra
7. Rakesh Passi

Since the President and the Treasurer would be in Delhi for only 6 months it was decided to hold another meeting in Jan. 1975. The date for the O.S. Dinner and Dance was more or less confirmed for the 9th Nov. It was also decided that O.S. could bring their own partners as guests. It was also proposed to hold a Reception for the Present Sanawarians coming down to Delhi for the Public School Athletics Meet, on the 15th of Oct.

A resolution welcoming the new Headmaster was passed.

The President was then asked to say a few words. Mr. Sood expressed satisfaction with the number of O.S. who had turned up and hoped that future functions would be even more successful. He then further requested all O.S. to take a keener interest in the Association.

Mr. Ranjit Bhatia who had been up to S'na only a week earlier and who is also on the Board Of Governors of the School then spoke for sometime. All O.S. received with great pleasure the news that S'na was once again what it should be and what it had been. Mr. Bhatia expressed complete satisfaction with the new Headmaster. A number of activities introduced by the H.M. were appreciated by all present. The main point made by Mr. Bhatia was that though S'na had changed a great deal (for the better) our old and cherished traditions had not been harmed. This was well received and the O.S. expressed their complete solidarity with the new Headmaster. When questioned about the pending visit of The President Of India to S'na to present his Colours, Mr. Bhatia explained that the new President could only be approached after some time.

It was requested by the Secretary that the O.S. must send replies to the circulars sent to them so that he could make adequate arrangements for the functions.

The meeting adjourned by a vote of thanks to the previous office holders and members of the managing committee.

Mr. P.R. Sood	Vivek Mehra
President	Secretary

In Quest of Wildfowl

For quite some time Mr. Das had been toying with the idea of taking some of the boys out on a shoot. This shoot finally materialised on 20th October. At six in the morning Mr. Das, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Sumer Singh, Mr. Achhar Singh, seven girls and eight boys set out for the stream beyond and below the Kasauli Brewery. It was just beginning to get light and it was a wonderful time of the day to be out and to see these hills waking up. We had almost reached the Brewery when we heard a heavy thumping behind us and turned to see Majh (Jaskaran S. Bains) running wildly to catch up with us. By about 11-00 a.m. we had reached, what seemed to be a rather promising site. The girls settled down besides the stream with the lunch packets. The boys organised some sort of a beat down the hillside. It was a rather makeshift sort of beat—we just made as much noise as we could, threw stones and advanced down the hill in a line. We

did stir up a pheasant (though I didn't see it) but it was too far away for any of the members of staff to be able to get a shot at it.

We were not prepared to give up so easily and after discussion, it was decided that Mr. Sumer Singh, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Achhar Singh, Hippo (Khushbir Sandhu) and I would go further ahead to see if we could get anything. Mr. Das was having a little trouble with his leg and decided to stay behind with the girls. (From what the girls told us later he ate up most of their lunch packets, though he did give them pieces of rather delicious cake in return!—Ed) Mr. Solomon came with us a little distance then decided to go back. I carried Mr. Das' Bretta while Mr. Achhar Singh carried Mr. Solomon's gun. All Four of us were sure we would bag something and I was just itching to fire the Bretta.

We followed the stream for quite some distance till we were almost near the Beja palace. But though report said that this area abounds in wild fowl and barking deer we did not find anything. It had been a rather long walk and we were rather hungry. To our dismay we discovered that we had left our lunch packets behind with the girls. We had to be content to fill our stomachs with medlers and other wild berries. We decided to abandon our search and I felt sad at not having got in a single shot. At one point I fell down a rather steep hillside straight into a pool of water and just managed to save the gun from getting wet. When we had almost got to the place where we had left the girls a black partridge started up from the grass. But none of our guns were loaded and it had gone before we could even get ready. In sheer frustration we persuaded Mr. Achhar Singh to shoot a dove which we saw sitting on a tree. This was to be the only thing we bagged.

I feel the beat should have been better organised. Also in hunting of this kind a dog is an invaluable aid and we did not have any dogs. Though we found no wildfowls and barking deer, it was a very enjoyable outing and as such it was not altogether a waste.

Jai Singh Pathania
Sixth B

Poem

A life has gone,
An earthly dream
Has ended.
And all I wished
To say, to speak
Those words grow
Wild—
Untended.
And all those wishes
That I wished ?
And all those hopes I fostered ?
The wishes dead
If they ever lived,
The hopes, dashed to the ground.
A life has gone, an earthly dream
Has ended.

Nikhil Rawley
U-V



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Sanjiv Kapur and Preeti Batra.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



196

1st September

1974

School News

July

27th. Ferozpur Party returns in the middle of the night.

28th. All children return. The school resounds with cries of 'Hi' and 'You swine! Why didn't you write?'

29th. "Majhli Didi" is screened. Anil Sood typifies the school reaction by leading a group of boys in a game of hop-scotch behind Birdwood, while the film is being screened.

30th. Sixth Form exams commence.

August

2nd. Senior School Academic Staff meeting ushers in the Tutorial System.

3rd. Raksha Bandhan—the boys complain that their pockets have been emptied. The film "Once A Thief" is screened. It is a great success.

4th. A heavy rush at the Tuck Shop tells us that ice cream is on sale again.

6th. Sixth Form history exam. Paramjeet writes: "Sher Shah's name was Farid. In childhood he was deprived of his matrimony by his stepmother." K. D. S. Bindra almost drowns in his desperate attempt to learn swimming by jumping into the deep end of the pool. He is rescued by Mr. Dhani Ram. (Krishna Mali, the official lifeguard: "My orders are that I am only to save people wearing white caps. I knew he was drowning, but he wasn't wearing a white cap").

The A.D.S. goes into rehearsal.

11th. The film "To Trap A Spy" is screened. It is disappointing by the U.N.C.L.E. film standards.

12th. Swimming cancelled till further orders because of the spate of laryngitis cases in the hospital. The School play goes into rehearsal. House Staff meeting—it is decided to permit the children to wear home clothes on Sundays.

13th. Literature test. An Upper Fiver writes: "Bathsheba Everdene was a very practical girl and knew how to do all kinds of work. She even helped her aunt to deliver a calf."

14th. "Baharon ke Sapne" is screened. It is rather slow moving and a gawky immature Rajesh Khanna raises a lot of laughs—the audience refuse to take him seriously. Staff Club Dinner in the evening—three-in-one ice-cream—Yum-yum!

15th. Independence Day. Flag hoisting followed by Special Assembly. In the afternoon the prefects conduct sports for the Class IV employees. There are prizes and 'laddos' galore—someone has an upset stomach the next day.

16th. The English Department has its first faculty meeting. It proves very fruitful—coffee & biscuits are provided.

17th. The Social Service Group goes into action and conducts its first lessons in spoken English in the Government Middle School, Sanawar.

18th. A spate of hikes, excursions and trips. Mr. Joshi conducts an 'educational' trip to the Solan Brewery.

19th. Mr. Hasan and Mr. Sumar Singh receive love letters.

20th. Meenakshi Bajaj, in a letter-writing exercise: "I am *hoping* to see you."

21st. Mr. Abraham is found running up and down the hill in wild distraction—the 'dhoby' has failed to turn up to attend to the Costume Room clothes.

23rd. A fuse blows and the school is plunged into darkness.

24th. The Senior School sits through a Senior Hindi debate. Hats off to the members of the opposition for attempting to debate so undebatable a topic: "Even after 27 years of independence India has failed to take her place with the advanced nations of the world".

25th. The school generator runs to enable us to see "The Yellow Rolls Royce." At 8-00 p.m. the lights are restored.

26th. Jitender Chandail in a composition: "We sometimes *thing* our parents are narrow minded. The old people *thing* the moon as their god. The style of *thinging* is also changing."

O. S. News

Pradeep Saran (1968—1971), 12 Sharda Bldg. 2nd floor, A Road, Churchgate, Bombay—20, writes: "The more time separates me from Sanawar, the more I think of it. Sometimes its so much so that I think it was all a dream—Sanawar can't be real! And to think when I was in Sna', I used to say—'If Sanawar had to be in the hills why wasn't it Malabar Hill!' And today, the more I dream of school the more I hate Bombay. There's too much worry and tension here: The news that I wanted to do Commercial Art created a storm in the house. After a lot of battling with my parents and friends I left St. Xaviers and joined the Sir J.J. Institute of Applied Art, Bombay. My hobby has become full time now and its great here in J.J. My sister Anjana (1959-65) had an etching show last October in B'bay and another one in Delhi last summer. She's opened an etching workshop with a friend, here in B'bay."

Ketaki Bannerji (1969—1973) writes from Calcutta: "The weather in Sanawar must have by now become reasonably cool. Vivid memories of Sanawar come to my mind very often. I seem to have made a big mistake by thinking of doing College here in Calcutta. The situation here is in an absolute mess, with exams being postponed for months at a stretch, and the same with the results..... Apart from this mess, we're pulling along somehow here. We experienced cyclonic weather a few days back. Hope the wheels of Sanawar are running smoothly once again. I wish it all the luck till eternity."

Gurbir Singh Sandhu (1959—1966), No. 3044, Sec. 35D, Chandigarh: "You will be pleased to know that I'm representing India in Skeet Shooting at the

VII Asian Games to be held in Tehran from 1st Sept. to 16th Sept. '74..... We hope to give the other teams a tough fight. I'm already looking forward to this year's Founders and hope to be up for a couple of days. The hills visible across from here are a constant reminder of the happy days."

Col. Pierson, Royal Calcutta Turf Club, P.O. Box No. 162, 11, Russell Street, Calcutta, 700016, writes: "I miss Sanawar a lot.....I've been quite ill here. Almost as soon as I arrived I had a bad bout of food-poisoning. This developed into violent dysentery and I was in bed for three weeks. I'm up and about now, but not feeling too brisk.....Yes I miss you all, and not least the children, at Sanawar a great deal.....I greatly hope I have not seen the last of Sanawar. I also believe that with a bit of luck the school will soon go to the top of the Indian tree, if it's not at the top already."

Vinay Mohan Mehra (1958—1965), I, Maharjalal Lane, Alipur Road, Delhi—6, writes: "There are two things I want to tell you. No. 1, I finally got through my Exams and now I am a chartered Accountant! A lot of people don't believe that (We don't either—Ed!) I guess I will have to carry my certificate around with me. Secondly I am getting married on 18th September, (We don't believe this either, but just in case—congratulations on both scores—Ed.)..... We will be having an O.S. meeting soon I'm trying to get the place at the club, Once its fixed we'll hold it there."

Mrs. M. Lipman, 17 Frater Street, East Kew, 3102, U.K., writes: "This is to introduce myself. I am an old Sanawarian of pre-war vintage, when George Barne was the Principal.....My family have a long association with Sna', Miss Nora Foy, my aunt taught Maths in the Boys School for many years and often rescued a young boy from 'lobs'. She later married Cecil Crunden, brother of Violet Tilley.....My sister Kathleen and I were both Head Girls in our last year in school and my sister Nora shone on the sportsfield—especially in tennis. I often played the organ in the beautiful little church for Evensong with my then current boy friend doing the pumping, and was the unofficial postman for my girls' friends' love letters! I'm sure the organ was long since replaced as it was very elderly then and almost had a nasty temperament of its own!.....It is wonderful to know from the Sanawarian news that the school is keeping up the old traditions and turning out men and women of fine calibre. 'Never Give In' is a wonderful motto to carry through life and I am proud to be part of the School."

S.C. Arora Principal, India School, (Afghanistan) writes: "Sanawar is a superb institution. Everything is very well set. Excellent traditions exist there. There is something invisible in Sanawar, which

we call atmosphere, which makes one attached to Sna'. We spent six years there and we were exceedingly happy. Though we have many relatives in India, I feel Sanawar is our home and the staff and students our family. We have learnt a lot from that great School. We shall always love Sanawar. We shall long cherish the happy memories of 'The Best School of All'. May Sanawar and Sanawarians flourish."

B. Singh

0900 hrs. (?) 15th August, 1974 : Kasauli

Sanawar too had been invited to take part in the Independence Day celebrations at the State level in Kasauli. As our bus, with the 16 cadets, crossed Garkhal, we realized what we were heading for. Sprawled across the road was a broad gateway with the customary "Welcome" written on it. This sight was repeated every hundred yards of the rest of the way. We sure were heading into something big.

Kasauli glistened in the morning sun. All the roads were under a 'false' ceiling of decorations. The parade ground looked spectacular with a great number of flags and painted earthenware pitchers all over the place. We were directed to our place on the ground. The sun was now blistering hot and we still had an hour to go before the Chief Guest was due to arrive.

There were 10 other troops besides ours—some of them police, some of the homeguards, and some of other schools such as Chail and St. Mary's Convent. Two bands with formidable looking conductors also arrived—the one in the Scottish attire and traditional bagpipes was very smart.

Then followed a period of anxiety as the sun beat mercilessly down upon us. We stared hopefully at the incoming road. An hour passed—and what an hour! Finally there appeared a beautiful car. There was an instant tenseness everywhere...stiffening of arms, sticking out of chests, poking in of bellies, tucking in of chins.....

Dr. Parmar alighted rather unceremoniously from his posh limousine and was directed to the flagstand. A sharp present arms greeted him. The stylish conductors swished their sticks to the deafening music of the National Salute. The salute being over, the Chief Guest got into a jeep and looking straight ahead conducted the inspection. Then followed the March Past and (you bet—!) the smart Sanawarians had the greatest admirers!

The parade commander gave the order for sitting down and then began the long process of prize distribution. Immediately after this was the award giving ceremony. For each individual who went up to receive an award we had to listen to a rather boring account of the individual's life.

The formalities having been got over, troupes of colourfully dressed Himachali dancers came in. The dances were short and extremely lively; the dancers seemed to feel very much home and were very lively on their feet.

A stage was improvised and there followed another dance (the most attractive thing about it one was the drummer who banged the bass-drum with his foot and the apparently infuriated conductor who stood directly in front of him giving him deathly glares!)

The time at this stage, was nearly lunch-time and we very quietly slipped away, one by one to the shelter of our school bus. The sun had taken over quite a bit from us, but we still had the strength to devour bun-samosas.....

.....very soon Sanawar loomed in front of us in the afternoon sun. Special lunch? Kasauli was soon forgotten as the chicken meat drove its way down into our 'empty' stomachs.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth A

Independence Day

On 15th August we had our Independence Day. In the morning I was very happy because I remembered how the Indians had driven away the British and we had got our freedom. After breakfast we went for Assembly and even the Bandies (the boys who form the Brass Band) came up to Birdwood where the flag was to be hoisted.

Mr. Das came to hoist the flag. He could not hoist it because it was tied too tight. So it was brought down and then again hoisted. Then the Form Juniors had to go back.

In the afternoon we had special lunch and then there were games for the servants. Jagdish Ram was a man who won the most prizes.

It ended happily for the servants and for us all. I hope next year's Independence Day will be even more successful than this year's.

Puneet Matta
Lower III B

The Vindhya House Show Through Tinted Glasses

Stiffing a yawn, I shrugged resignedly and waited patiently for the announcer to step tentatively forward. It looked as if it just wasn't my day. "Deserter! Lady Luck," I shouted inwardly to my infidel, invisible ex-companion.

My day had begun all golden and lovely, but as it progressed the gold had turned to ochre, the ochre to brown and the brown finally to black. As if a thorough blowing up from my seniors wasn't

enough I was now waiting patiently for the beginning of a house-show—a house-show which resolutely refused to begin! Anyway, I sat up determined to make the most of the evening, adjusted my imaginary, tinted glasses and hoped for the best.

The curtains refused to draw back and getting exasperated I tried to move them by sheer strength of mind.

It didn't work. Resilience and fortitude pay, they say. And sure enough in good time the curtains did draw back and out came a glamour, kid of an announcer. God only knows who she was, I'm incapable of recognising these girls when they are all dolled-up with the foot-lights the only source of illumination. The apparition, bedecked in a gorgeous red sari, announced the first item of the Vindhya House Show in a small, soft (timid) voice.

I was quite annoyed with the Vindhyaans for excluding me from the honoured few who were given the coveted programmes—so I can take a childish delight now in mixing up the order of the items. The items on the agenda were a skit, a Hindi play, two English plays, a dance, a few songs and the inevitable band.

My tinted glasses were a real help. I never saw the monotony of the dance, the much-tried-for-but-never-attained atmosphere of suspense in the English play 'E. & O. E.', the few discordant notes in the band, the inarticulate speech of the Hindi actors and last but not the least the elongated house-show as a whole. I never saw what I was not supposed to and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Ranjit Dhody's marvellous acting, the excellent performance of the Orbs of Venus, the shy beauty of Bela Seth, the superb acting of one and all in the cast of the play 'E. & O. E.', all were noticed and got their well-deserved accolade. The girls' singing too was well received and thunderous ovation followed. The highlight of the evening was the play 'Cox, Box and Bouncer'. It was a super-duper hit with everyone.

The end came slowly, but when it did come I suddenly realised that the world was a better place to live in. The Vindhyaans had done a good job of pulling me out of my melancholy and I was on top of the world once again with an uncanny urge to sing and dance for the Vindhyaans as they had for me.

Sunaina Lowe
Sixth B

Letters to The Editor

Spring Field Kasauli
6th August 1974.

Dear Sir,

Reference to your invitation to readers of Sanawar News-letter to express their views on the school uniform. I would like to say that I do not at all agree with Mrs. G. Sandhu's views. I have been quite a regular visitor to Sanawar for the past few years and I have always found the children quite neat and clean and their clothing providing them the required protection against the weather. A patched or faded dress does a child no harm as long as it is in a strong condition. Discarding strong condition clothes just because they are patched or faded will incur wastage and getting new replacements will impose an extra expenditure on the school, and the school cannot provide these within the same amount of fees without cutting down upon other important items and how many parents will favour an increase in the fees just to see their children wearing smart uniforms? Instead of criticising we should be happy to see that the school is trying to give us the maximum for our money without being wasteful.

It is very shallow to think that a child's sense of pride in himself and his school has anything to do with a smart uniform. There is hardly anything to feel proud of in how a person is dressed. There are so many other and better things to feel proud of which children can be taught to inculcate in their character and personality. Austerity is itself a virtue.

In case an improvement is needed anywhere, it is in the school food. I do not mean to say that the food at Sanawar is bad, but I feel that the quantity of milk provided to the children is less. I believe each child is given half a kilogram of milk daily. It is the daily requirement of grown up adults. Growing children certainly need more and it is more important to have a better body than a better dressed one and I do not think many parents will mind paying more for an increased quantity of milk for their children.

yours etc.

Mrs. Dhai Satinder Pal Singh

Par Four Fitfields,
Cobbets Hill,
Weybridge, Surrey
13-8-74

Dear Sir,

I would like to thank you for sending me the newsletter so regularly. It is a pleasure to read all the school news!

Everything that concerns Sanawar concerns all of us. I am glad Mrs. G. Sandhu brought up the topic of the Sanawar uniforms. I agree with her whole heartedly. We really could do with better uniforms. May I add that the Sikh boys should change the colour of their turbans to light blue or navy instead of the grey. They should use the new mixed material which I believe does not need to be starched.

I believe that we should use tere-cotton. It is a marvellous material for uniforms. It wears well, does not fade, and above all does not crease and looks so smart. I know the initial cost will be great but well worth it all.

Could you please give me some more information about the O.S. reunion in London for I would like to attend.

I am doing nothing exciting except being a housewife. One can be quite busy doing just that here in London. Any other O.S. of 1964 batch please get in touch with me. I would love to get together and have a nice chat of our school days. My phone number is Weybridge 47610.

Thanking you,
yours etc.
Mrs. Grewal

India should be a Communist Country

Many people feel that India should be a communist country and perhaps I'm one of them.

I feel that why should a rich man spend money on unnecessary things when a poor person has not a morsel of food, nor a blanket to keep off the cold? A rich boy has no value for things and breaks his toys while an urchin is suffering and facing the difficulties of life without any pleasure. You can see poverty written all over his face. Then why should one person have more than another?

In a country like India when thousands are dying on the streets the few rich people are having parties and balls—never for a moment do they realize the state of the poor.

It is an unfortunate thing alright but we just can't say that we should sit with long faces. We have to do something, act, think and try to make everyone comfortable.

Man is born equal and should live equally and not be graded into classes according to his wealth or his social position.

The main problem facing India is that in the fast advancing years with all the modern machinery being developed less employment is needed and thousands of people are left jobless in this country. At the rate we are going, one day we will hit disaster because there will be a revolution. Already agitation against the existing conditions is great it is only a short time before it takes the form of an open revolt.

So we should turn to communism on our own accord if we want to avoid disaster.

Anita Suri
Upper IV-

Sorrow And Joy

Would there be joy without sorrow?

Would there be sorrow without joy?

For without sorrow what meaning has joy,

And without joy what meaning has sorrow?

A person is joyful—why?

Because he was sorrowful before.

A person is sorrowful—why?

Because he has been joyful before.

For if we knew naught but joy

Life would be drab.

If we knew naught but sorrow

More sorrow would not matter.

If one hand is forever in cold water

And the other is dipped in cold water—

It seems the natural thing.

For if the water is never hot

How would we know what heat is?

And so joy is sorrowful,

(As it alone brings out sorrow),

And sorrow is joyful

(For it alone can bring out joy).

Nikhil Rawley
Upper V A

Sweet Surrender

The bottle's almost empty. I feel the liquid burn in me. I feel strong and happy, like I've never felt before. I am calm, and yet it is a frightening, calm. My life seems unreal. Pictures flash past me. Faces, all kinds of faces, crying faces, gay faces, ugly faces, pretty faces, faces I've never seen before, faces I remember. And the laughter, no I must not forget the laughter..... I strike them, they avoid the blow and return, only to hunt me, to jeer at me, to torment me.

The clock's striking is consistent. It seems funny that such a little machine can so callously tick my life away. It's face is luminous, I can see it. Tick tock, tick tock, it ticks my life away. I look at it, and then I'm angry, very angry. I smash it against the wall. It lies on the floor, silent. A sudden flood of tears blinds me, and I sit down drained of all energy.

I have been sitting with my head in my hands for a long time now. The bottle is empty, my mind is empty, but it is clear like a bright, clean, well swept empty room. I'm not sad, I have no regrets. I look at the rain, running down my window pane. It makes funny patterns. My roof isn't in a very good condition, it leaks. The water drips onto the carpet, making it darker at places. I look at the world through the window, but I see nothing.

I have lived my life.

* * * * *

The evening edition of the local paper :

".....A young stockbroker was found dead in his apartment. The body of a woman was also recovered from the same apartment. The weapon used to kill the woman was a kitchen knife. It had the stockbroker's fingerprints on it....."

Dipika Rai
Sixth B

Good Manners

Good manners are not puffy cheeks,
And while eating showing your teeth.
Don't go choke, choke, choke
Or cheek, cheek, cheek.
Just be good and softly speak.
Say thank you when they help you, say sorry when
you hurt.
Be gentle, not curt.
We play for fun and not to shriek.
Good manners are always meek.
Be gentle, be meek.

Rasil Gujral
Lower III A

Tranquility

When the moon sails high, clustered by her diamonds,
To show herself off to her Lover.
When the forest blooms forth in mighty splendour,
When, struggling to gather her Child in her arms, the
Sea breaks on the deserted yellow,
When the breeze floats by refreshing and mellow,
When the arrogant mynah struts uncaringly to peck
Here and there, because there's no fear,
When in your garden a melody you can hear,
When the tired sun in glory changed
Drops, far, far down to retire,
When autumn's leaves fall lazily by the open fire,
When all lies calm and all is quiet
Solitude writes her poem.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth A

Hike to Jabli

It was a fine Sunday morning as we started on our hike. Everyone was in high spirits as we left. We went to Barnes where Mr. Dhani Ram divided us into three groups. The way down to Jabli was all downslope and we reached Jabli in an hour.

Now Jabli was not a very good place, so we decided to hike it till the meet which was about four miles away. Plodding along next to the railway line was not tiring but it was very hot. After some time we were sweating because of the heat. We saw many tunnels and inquired where the meet was. The man gave us the directions and we set off. After some time we started looking for the short cut down to the rivers—but we just couldn't find it. We wanted to swim very badly. So Mr. Dhani Ram said that we go down the hillside and not look for a path.

There were no proper paths, only a tangle of roots and bushes. After twenty minutes we reached the river all scratched by thorns. We jumped into the water. After about forty-five minutes of swimming we had our lunch. After lunch we decided to follow the stream to Jabli.

Coming back was a lot of fun. We hopped in with our clothes on. We enjoyed ourselves immensely and before we knew it we had reached Jabli.

We had our tea here and then started moving upto Sanawar. It was already six o'clock and Mr. Dhani Ram said we would never make it before supper. However we trudged on. It was a steep incline and very tiring.

Finally we reached Sadwar completely tired out. We had managed to reach fifteen minutes before supper. The hike was very enjoyable and taught us a lot.

Ashish Bhatia
Lower IV B

School Calendar

The provisional School Calendar for the Founder's term is given below:—

September

Thu. 5th	Teachers' Day	
Sat. 7th	English Debate (Jrs.)	... 6-00 p.m.
Sat. 14th	Swimming Sports	... 2-30 p.m.
Mon. 30th	PD Concert 1st performance	10-30 a.m.
	Sr. School 1st performance	4-00 p.m.
	Tattoo 1st performance	... 7-15 p.m.

October

Tue. 1st	A.D.S., First performance	... 5-00 p.m.
Wed. 2nd	Breakfast	... 7-20 a.m.
	Flag hoisting followed by Gandhi Jayanti Assembly (Barne Hall)	8-00 a.m.
	Athletics	9-30—11-30 a.m.
	Parents' Coffee (Gaskell Hall)	12-00 noon
	P.D. Founder's Lunch	... 1-15 p.m.
	A.D.S. Play	... 5-30 p.m.
Thu. 3rd	Board of Governors meeting (H.M.'s House)	... 10-00 a.m.
	O.S., Matches	... 10-00 a.m.
	P.D., Concert	... 4-30 p.m.
	Tattoo	... 7-15 p.m.
Fri. 4th	Founder's Day Assembly (Chapel)	... 8-30 a.m.
	Trooping of Colours	... 10-00 a.m.
	Speeches	... 12-00 noon
	Founder's Lunch B.D./G.D.	1-15 p.m.
	Sr. School performance	... 5-00 p.m.
Sat. 5th	Fete	... 10-30 a.m.
	S.O. Ps. allowed	... 12-30 p.m.
	O.S. meeting (Staff Club)	... 2-30 p.m.
	O.S. Dinner	... 7-00 p.m.
	O.S. Dance	... 8-30 p.m.
Mon. 7th	Children on SOPs. to report back	... 5-00 p.m.
Tue. 8th	Hockey season commences Festival Hockey match	... 3-00 p.m.
Sat. 12th	Inter-House P.T. competition	
Sat. 19th	Hindi Debate (Jrs.)	... 6-00 p.m.
Fri. 25th	Dussera	

November

Sat. 2nd	English Debate (Srs.)	... 6-00 p.m.
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Sun. 10th	Prep School photographs Teams' photographs G.D., photographs I—H shooting competition	10-30 a.m.
Mon. 11th	VI Form Exam. Commences	
Wed. 13th	Diwali (Holiday) P.D., pic-nic	
Thu. 14th	Children's Day Pagal Gymkhana	... 2-30 p.m.
Sat. 16th	One Act plays in English and Hindi	... 5-45 p.m.
Sun. 17th	House photographs Staff Club tea followed by staff photograph and staff club meeting	... 4-30 p.m.
Mon. 25th	Inter-House Hockey tournament Commences Marks handed in to Form Staff Spartan/Ozarkian Club meeting (H.M.'s House)	... 1-05 p.m. ... 6-00 p.m.
Tue. 26th	Text Books handed in Carol Singing	... 5-30 p.m.
Wed. 27th	Mark Registers to Sr. Mistress Text books handed in House staff meeting	... 9-00 a.m. 9-00—1-00 p.m. ... 6-00 p.m.
Thu. 28th	Mark Reading Promotion meeting	... 9-00 a.m. ... 2-30 p.m.
Fri. 29th	Guru Nanak's Birthday (Holiday) Dance and Music recital under arrangement of School Dance & Music Department	... 5-45 p.m.
Sat. 30th	End of Term Assembly Escorts' meeting Prize Giving History/Tutorial sheets handed in to School Office P.D. Christmas tree House break-up parties	3-00 p.m. ... 5-45 p.m. ... 6-45 p.m.

December

Sun. 1st	HOME DAY	
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Editor:—Harish Dhillon

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Student Editorial Board:—Meera Sethi, Vivek Ahluwalia,
Sanjiv Kapur and Preeti Batra.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



1st August

1974

*School closed
for
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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



195

1st July

1974

School News.

May

25th Siwalik House Show first performance.

27th Siwalik House Show final performance goes off so well that it is impossible to single out any one item or any one individual for praise. Well done Siwalikans, it was wonderful.

28th The repairing of the swimming pool and the diving board begins and raises impatient expectations. When will the swimming season start?

29th The hydrangeas near the Chapel and the School Office are in full bloom.

30th News of a terrible epidemic of chicken pox in Kasauli puts paid to our intention of going to see a movie this Sunday. Mr. Hassan arrives—he does look like a Ranji Trophy cricketer.

June

1st Pay day dawns—much to everyone's relief. A mock parliament in English is held in the evening. Just as it begins to get boring the curtain is pulled down.

2nd Magic show. We sit fascinated as Mr. Bali performs the most perfect sleights of hand. We only hope the preppers didn't go back and try to swallow their knives and forks.

3rd Jagmohan Bakshi appears in school with black shoes and white laces.

5th The Prep School party is a great success what with those wonderful 'Tandooris'.

6th Himalaya House show first performance. Gautam Rana springs a surprise with his song.

Sonia Bhandari: Harmeet don't eat those chillies they are very hot.

Harmeet Maini: (feeling them with her hands) "No Sonia, they are quite cold."

7th A storm breaks over Sanawar bringing a long awaited downpour.

The pool is almost full.

The Scanlon matches start.

8th Himalaya House show final performance. Bikram Seth sends the powder flying from his hair every time he tries to show despair. The consumption of ice cream at the party reaches such alarming proportions that Mr. Mathur almost has a fit.

9th Soccer match against the C.R.I. Kasauli, ends in a draw 2—2. 'The Spy With My Face' screened in Barne Hall in the evening proves a hit. Col. Pierson: "They did have kissing in films even in my day, but now they kiss as if they were munching apples."

10th Vindhya House show goes into rehearsal. The Boxing and Cricket Colours are awarded.

13th Scanlon Cup Finals draw a big crowd. Anjali Srivastava beats Sadhna Singh 6—1, 6—2. Congratulations Anjali, well played Sadhna.

The XI plays against the C.R.I. again and this time we beat them 2—1.

14th Tennis House matches start. There is a fire in Mr. Hassan's room. Unfortunately his marks register is not burnt. The heat is becoming unbearable.

15th The XI plays the Staff (Read the account inside!) and win 4—2. As if to make up for his losses in the fire, Mr. Hassan wins all the money at the Staff Tambola Evening.

16th. The mercury touches 29°.

18th The Tennis House matches conclude. The House points are:

Himalaya 6, Siwalik 4, Nilagiri 2, Vindhya 0, Well done Himalaya.

The Prep School inter-house soccer matches begin.

The School XI plays against the Para Bde and loses 6—3.

19th G. D. Inter-House Badminton matches start. Gypsy, Mr. Mukherjee's dog gives birth to a litter of four. Anyone wants a pup? A welcome downpour of rain brings the temperature crashing down to 19°

20th P. D. Inter-House Soccer Tournament ends. Siwalik comes first, Himalaya and Nilagiri tie for the second place and Vindhya gets the wooden spoon.

21st G.D. Inter-House Badminton tournament ends. Vindhya and Siwalik share first position, Himalaya comes third and Nilagiri fourth.

22nd The XI leave for B.S.C. 'The Prize' is screened in the evening, and even though it is badly cut, provides great entertainment. Jai Singh, Sood and Maggie talk in their sleep. The Simla air perhaps? Maggie is heard saying "I miss you—I miss you very much." We hope he was dreaming of his parents.

23rd Black Sunday. The XI loses to B.C.S. 4—1. It was a clean, exciting match and our team fought every inch of the way right to the final whistle. Well done.

24th The monsoons seem to have set in early and there has been intermittent rain for the last three days and nights. It rains all through the morning and the Inter-House Soccer matches start on a rather wet, soggy note.

25th Vindhya House show first performance. Batra makes a very convincing corpse, Dhody has everyone in hysterics. Nilagiri House party—its terrible to be an outsider.

26. "The Revival Group" gives a beautiful dance performance.

27th. Inter-House Soccer Tournament ends. House positions: Nilagiri, Himalaya, Siwalik, Vindhya. Congratulations Nilagiri for breaking Himalaya's eight year hold on the Soccer Cup. Vindhya House Show Final performance is fairly entertaining—even if a trifle too long.

29th. The School Social is a great success.

30th. Home day—at last.

O. S. News

Krishnapal Singh Chauhan 349 Model Town, Ambala City, writes: to say that he has just finished his B.A. and done rather well in his exams.

Rajesh Rattan (1957—1962), Ulka Advertising Pvt. Ltd., Nirmal, Nariman Point writes: "My brother Arun, who, as you know, joined the Merchant Navy (Shipping Corporation of India), is at sea. He is, however, due to be back next month, when he is

joining Nautical College for his third mates exam., later this year.

Major R. Som Dutt, Beverly Villa, Ooty, writes to say that they will be moving down from Ooty at the end of the month but his address will remain the same till he knows exactly what his new address will be.

P. P. Chauhan (1963—68), Tara Nikunj, The Mall, Nahan, writes to say that he is well but that with his usual carelessness he has lost one of his boxing certificates and could we please.....

Bill Colledge, San Mareno, Route des Genets St. Brelade, Jersey, Channel Islands, writes: "We're definitely booked all the way and will be on the first rail bus leaving Kalka on 1st October . . . We attended the 25th O.S. reunion in London and found the hall packed to its fullest capacity. Mrs. Tilley expressed her thanks to all those who attended and took the trouble to come from far distant places like New Zealand, Australia, India and like the Isle-of-Wight, and like Garkhal. (The last two were added by an O.S. in the audience!).....Mrs. Tilley made special mention of the staff who had taught us.....We met Peter Kemp and Tissa, both looking very well and healthy... The animated chatter that followed was great as O.S. grouped themselves into age groups, house groups, and romantic groups! Those were the days! The bar opened and even the romantic groups had to be restrained! A great evening. Who says that O.S. ever give in when the school draws them together!

Harveen Sachdeva (1968—'73), House No. 28, Sector 28, Chandigarh, writes to say that college will be starting soon and she is looking forward to it after all these months of doing nothing.

Mr. Rajkamal Gupta, D—II, Green Park, New Delhi—6, writes to say that he misses Sanawar and all the people in Sanawar very much.

G. S. Panaych (1964—'73), writes: "I have not forgotten Sanawar and its nostalgic memories still haunt me. Recently I met Sokhey, Paramjit and Rajiv Aggarwal at Amritsar and we all talked a lot about Sanawar."

B.S.

Letters To The Editor

27 Hill Crescent Drive,
Bangalore—31
7th June 1974

Dear Sir,

I would like to use the columns of your esteemed monthly to express my views on the school uniform. I have had a long association with Sanawar,

first as a parent myself and now because my nephew is in school. Both my sister and I feel that Sanawar continues to be the best school of all in every way—except in matters of uniform. I feel that the uniforms are very badly stitched, badly fitted—with small boys wearing shorts that come to their knees and the bigger boys wearing shorts that are so tight that they do not button around the waist. The uniforms are also in a sad state of maintenance. The games shorts are so badly faded that their fronts are almost white while their backs continue to be a navy blue. The school shirts when they are repaired have different coloured collars from the rest of the shirt, and I remember my son once sported a shirt which had one sleeve of a far deeper blue than the rest of the shirt. I have little experience of the girls school—but the few girls I have had occasion to see have looked as sloppy as the boys.

I am the first person to admit that clothes should not become an obsession, but I do feel that the children should be smartly dressed if they are to be taught a sense of pride in themselves and in their school. As a disinterested individual, who has the welfare of the school at heart, I would request the school authorities to look into the matter and do something about it.

Thanking you,
Yours faithfully
(Mrs. G. Sandhu)

(The Editor invites all readers to express their views on this subject)

The Siwalik House Show

There were no high-flying remarks about this one, no pre-performance flatteries, the boards in the corridor stood bare, implying a true humility. Right from the first I had been prejudiced—I knew it was going to be an entertaining evening.

Barne Hall seemed quite empty (after all it was a Monday and very few guests had come). Suddenly, the lights dimmed, the side-lights threw a glimmering green on the stage (patriots?). I always thought dances didn't go well with Sanawarians, but here was an exception. It was quite unique—the only snag being that it was a trifle too long.

The musical skit by the juniors, "Ship Ahoy!" was next. It told of the changing tides (pun intended!) in a sailor's life. The music was really good—the type you sit and hum unconsciously, days after you've heard it. The girls danced very well and the sailors weren't too bad—Atul Mittal as the drunken sailor was excellent!

The band turned on after this. It was a pleasant change, almost a relief, to hear new numbers like "Pop Corn" and "Hava Nagila" in place of the usual "Come September" etc.

The curtain parted to reveal a park—the dead leaves, the pine needle, the sweet wrappers were all there (no wonder all that khud—cleaning!) The play was "Poor John, Poor Jean". As someone said it was indeed a "Sweet little thing". The actors seemed to be very much at home on the stage. Ambika, Deepika and Mahajan put in some good acting. In a sense, however, I doubt if half the audience knew exactly what was going on—but the humour kept them roaring.

The band's version of "Beautiful Sunday" was fairly entertaining. God! You should've seen those preppers beating away on the chairs for all they were worth—"Besht play yaar!"

I had heard something of the Hindi play being a terrible bore. But I was really in fits at the wisecracks. It was about an old man, who after doing research on ancient Sanskrit texts finds a way to become young; he promptly takes the youth of his granddaughter's fiance! There was the hilarious situation when the old inspector probing into the mystery decides to turn young with his constable as the prey—they end up with half black and half white whiskers! Judge as the desperate constable was good. Nakul as the old man was convincing.

The show ended (should I say all too soon?) on a few words from the Head. It had been an evening of enjoyment—an evening to look back on, to recount from and I must thank you Siwalikans for the nice time.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth—A

Scanlon 1974

Someone shouted across Peacestead ".....and you know wherever you are I'll come running, running, running to.....". The players were slightly put off. There were squeals of delight from the girls on the banks, but these were soon cut short. The ball cut through the silence, propelled by the swishing racquets of Sadhna and Anjali. The voice of Mr. Das as a referee rose and fell, rose and fell as circumstance demanded.

The ball seemed to be enspirited by that remark and ran here and there and on a few occasions had the impudence to bounce right off the courts into the lap of one of the girls who had only been watching, and who accepted the ball with a blank look of resignation.

Anjali played excellently and won the first game of the first set and the shouts that emanated from the cemented banks of Peacestead would have made even the spectators of a Wimbledon match hold their breath.

The hush from the spectators came rather hesitantly when the whistle blew commanding silence. Eventually the first set went to Anjali with the score of 6—1. The second set also went to Anjali at 6—2. Sadhna played well too.

As Anjali went up to receive the glittering cup, her face wreathed in smiles, someone very wisely ran inside the common rooms and soon Carole King's voice floated across the field as the crowds dispersed: "Sometimes you win, sometimes you loose....."

Inter - House Tennis 1974

Twice while I crossed Peacestead I was almost hit by tennis balls and I didn't dare to cross the field a third time during games—who knows, I may not have been so lucky the third time. The girls this year were very enthusiastic and ardently pursued their favourite game—at the expense of a frightening disease that spread in the Girls School, namely "Whizz—o—cats"!

The Scanlon matches were soon over and done with and finally the long awaited house matches began.

The first day Himalaya played against Nilagiri and Siwalik against Vindhya. What spastic matches! The balls flew up, high, high, high, a million times and landed a dozen times on the heads of unsuspecting spectators. The Himalayans and Siwalikans were victorious.

The next day Nilagiri played against Siwalik and Himalaya against Vindhya. In the latter game I played a major role as linesman and got the ball square on my head—knocking out the meagre bit of brains I had, (Teachers you have an explanation for all those terrible marks!—Ed) The games weren't nearly so spastic today. The Himalayans and Siwalikans won. Hey! Sunaina and Sadhna, what made you play so well? (The peanuts they were promised after the match—Ed.)

The final day dawned. Vindhya and Nilagiri opposed each other—Nilagiri was the winner. Never mind Vindhya—we admire you for your never give in attitude.....!

The match between Siwalik and Himalaya was the most exciting match of all. Himalaya won the first set and in the middle of the second set I thought a bomb had exploded—Saroj went flying through the net! Siwalik played extremely well and won the

second set. I sat through the third set with my fingers crossed. It was a very close game. The game, set and match eventually went to Himalaya—as did the tennis cup.

The house points were :

Himalaya—6, Siwalik—4, Nilagiri—2, Vindhya—0. Mr. Das gave away the cup. Three cheers for Vindhya!

Meera Sethi
Sixth—A

The Himalaya House Show

A pretty announcer announced the first item—The dance of the 'God of Rhythm and Cosmic Truth.' The superb lighting effects enhanced the beauty of the steps. Neelam Puri as Parvati was exquisitely graceful and Kavita Ahluwalia made a good Shiva. It was a pity that the photographer did not 'click' the most effective poses.

The next item—a Quawali by the juniors. Tchchchch? Oh no! It was not half as much an ordeal to sit through as the reports had made it out to be. And oh boy! weren't they confident and..... surprisingly tuneful? Kiran, Deepa, Singla and Lalli enjoyed themselves most thoroughly on stage. *Bure Phasa Mehman Ban Kar* (I heard it was just the opposite during the party!) was the remaining odds and ends of a mutilated play. A full length play had been reduced to about fifteen minutes. The hostess, a hardened mother, is fed up of having to oblige guests and decides to turn the tables by dosing a guest with a draught of his own medicine. The impoverished guest ultimately realises that he has come to the wrong house and scoffs at the hosts who continue to ask him for favours. Neelam again proved her mettle as the mother. The host, Bikram Seth, Suryavir and Saroj Sirkeck acted their parts very well.

The 'Tootlers' then entertained us with their tootlings. They played three tunes. The first tune was played badly, but the other two oldie-goldies were at least in tune.

The fifth item was a little—what should I call it?—skit. 'The Seven Ages of Man' from Shakespeare's "As You Like It." It was an extremely good idea. Every one of the participants did his part effectively—every action was very natural.

Next the piano chorded out the tunes of two nice songs from "The Sound of Music". The singing lacked enthusiasm. I wish the sudden and intermittent bursts of energy in the singing had lasted till the end.

This was followed by a song sung by Gautam Rana. It was a pleasure to hear him sing, as he swayed confidently in time to the music.

And then regretfully, the last item—"The Editor Regrets." Poor old Maxwell (Anil Sood so rightly suited the part) always getting into trouble with his boss, the editor (Ratan Ramchandani) for his sense of humour. By making a scandalous remark, followed by immense confusion, Maxwell manages to prove that he has a sharp memory and also manages to win the admiration of the girl he wants to marry. It was absolutely rib-tickling to see Maxwell in the seventh heaven of delight, walk through the wall to propose to Stella. Anuradha acted very naturally and professionally. Anil Sood was stupendous, Uma Sarna, Sandeep Behl and Jai Singh were very well cast and did their roles extremely well. The direction was superb and the stage setting (the stage being divided into two rooms) was very unusual.

Mr. Maira, the chief guest, thanked the Himalayans and added that besides the performers, he would have liked to see the directors up on the stage too.

Hats off to the Himalayans—both staff and students—for an excellent show.

Preeti Batra
Sixth—A

The Magic Show

On Saturday we went to see the magic show. I liked the hankey one. First he showed us three hankies—one was Mummy and one was Daddy and the other one was Naughty Boy. Now Daddy and Mummy decided to go to a movie and to lock Naughty Boy in the house. But Naughty Boy also wants to go so he says "Now you will see Naughty Boy". So he takes the hankies and Naughty Boy was also there.

Sanjay Bedi
L—III

Staff vs. The XI

This is, I must admit, a very empty headed account of the soccer match between the Staff and the XI. But as I do not know very much about the game, the readers will have to bear with a very slap-dash account of what was to me a very slap-dash game. Players dashed towards the ball, some managed to hit it while others missed it and tumbled to the ground in a jumble of arms and legs. Heads clashed with heads (in more ways than one!), wings with centers and inners with backs. I hope we didn't sound like an uneducated (to the ways of soccer) rabble when we clapped and cheered as the ball bounced, spun and whirled across the field.

The score was reasonable—with the boys winning 4—2. Among the boys Jai Singh, Pather (Bikram Verma), and Pidi (J.S. Chandel) played very well.

Mr. Subhash Gupta seemed a bit discouraged, Mr. Joshi played a marvellous game and blocked the ball quite a few times, Mr. Das could not get the ball and so tried to push the ball and Maggie (Ajay Mahajan) into the goal, and Mr. Mukherjee got in some very good heading—especially when the ball came down from dizzy heights—I guess the ball had less of a journey to make, that's why.

The match was followed by tea—I have no comment to offer since I was not invited.

Preeti Batra
Sixth—A

Reincarnation?

Narrated by Leela Senapati:

"Nobody had heard of Ved. It was either 'Are you searching for that old maid? I guess you'd better give up, you won't find her, she died.' or 'She moved to another town'. I knew Ved wasn't dead, and I was sure she hadn't moved. My interest in Ved aroused the suspicions of the town folk, but having decided that I was harmless they labelled me a mere 'busybody'.

"I did find Ved. Infact I found her the very next day—when she was out on a shopping spree. I followed her home (unobserved, of course) and rapped on the door.

"I might as well explain. Actually there is very little explaining to be done. I had eloped with Ved's brother and was now searching for her."

Narrated by Vidya Senapati:

"Demented. Crazy. Absolutely raving mad. A girl of twenty masquerading as my sister-in-law, who would have been a good five years older than me (I was either sixty three or four or five—I had never known my exact age and had never bothered to find out. After all what difference do a year or two make?) Besides Leela had died ten years ago. This girl who claimed to be Leela, knew so much about me and my brother (Supposedly her husband. Preposterous.) from the way he dressed, to the very food he liked to eat.

"Impostor,' I thought, and yet I was only convincing myself, for there was something genuine about the girl.

"As she was talking, a great change came over her. She started talking gibberish, didn't know why she was in my house, sitting in my chair, talking to me. She said her name was Rani something or the other, and all sorts of rubbish.

"I, being practical, immediately phoned for the doctor. The ambulance took her away: still talking gibberish.

"When she left, my room suddenly felt cold, I was shivering, every breath I drew seemed to shake my complete body. I rushed out into the garden, glad to be alive, and very glad to feel the warmth of the sun. At least that was real—it had to be, for as soon as I came outside I felt warm.

"I knew that I had seen Leela, and that I would never see or hear of her again."

Dipika Rai
VI—B

Spring

Spring is a season of green
When the flowers and birds can be seen.
The squirrel wakes up from his sleep
And through tall grass young rabbits peep.

Sangita Raj
L-IV—B

Puns

- Q. Why do cock-eyed people not make good teachers?
A. Because they have no control over their pupils.

* * * * *

A dentist married a manicurist. Today they are fighting tooth and nail.

Contributed by C.B. Abraham

Colours For the First Term 1974.

Cricket Colours for 1974 were awarded to:—

Rajiv Bhandari	Bikram Verma
Jai Singh Pathania	Prabhjot Singh Gyani
Ranjeet Dhody	Vikram Vasudeva

Boxing Colours for 1974 were awarded to:—

Sandeep Seth	Sanjiv Kapoor
Tarun Vohra	Ajay Mahajan
Sunil Sawney	Jai Singh Pathania
Puneet Ranjan	Arjun Batra
Sanjiv Bajaj	Joginder Vikram
Praveen Kumar Vashist	Jaskaran Singh Bains
Vineet Kapoor	

Soccer Colours for 1974 were awarded to:—

Jai Singh Pathania	Bikram Verma
Ghanshyam Singh	Jaskaran Singh Bains
Anil Sood	Jitender Singh Chandail
Khushbir Singh Sandhu	Ajay Mahajan

Merit Certificate for Soccer was awarded to:—

Jai Singh Pathania.

*Editor:—*Harish Dhillon

*Owner:—*The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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*Student Editorial Board:—*Meera Sethi, Vivek Ahluwalia,
Sanjiv Kapur and Preeti Batra.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



194

1st June

1974

School News

April

26th. The axe falls. Mr. Bhupinder Singh terrifies the life out of the lax and the lazy as he conducts the First Mark Reading. Mr. Solomon kills another viper near Mr. Sequiera's Squire Hall.

27th. The Prep School Show. As always it is short and delightful. Crisis: Snow White's wicked step-mother tries to lock the poor little thing in to an isolated hut in the forest—but the latch refuses to hold. Snow White rises to the occasion and reaching out, obligingly holds the door shut.

Girls' School Basket Ball matches end. Positions: Siwalik, Nilagiri, Himalaya, Vindhya.

28th. Boxing Quarter Finals end with Nilagiri in the lead. "Guns For San Sebastian" starring Anthony Quinn, Anjanette Comer and Charles Bronson is very much appreciated—after one has got used to the elongated forms and faces (Cinemascope on 16mm) and the voices which sound like a 45 record being played at 33.

29th. Boxing semi-finals end and Vindhya takes a clear lead.

30th. Boxing Finals. House points: Vindhya 67, Nilagiri 51, Siwalik 43, Himalaya 40. Best boxer: Sanjiv Kapur (S). Best loser: Vivek Wig (V) Congratulations Vindhya and all those who boxed.

Immediately after the boxing the various excursion parties leave. One of the last to leave is the 'hike' to Rohtang Pass: Messrs. Joshi and Bhalerao, eighteen boys, twenty two packages, one cook, one aluminium kettle, four 'degchis', eight pounds of bread, fourty boiled eggs, five kgs. of rice, fifteen kgs. of 'atta' etc, etc.

May

1st. Senior school leaves for Gaura. There is a flap about the buses and the last children do not leave till 2-30 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Das and family arrive.

2nd. Junior school leaves for Sadhupul. We who stay behind have a rather uneasy feeling of being left out of things and vow to ourselves: Never again.

3rd. A tree near the G.D. collapses disrupting the electric supply of most of the school for almost forty-eight hours.

4th. First khud fire of the year is sighted down towards Subathu.

5th. Junior school returns from camp looking scruffy and sunburnt, but decidedly happy. Piyush Chaturvedi does the impossible: looses two white shirts at camp.

6th. All through the day the Senior school returns in dribs and drabs: Gaurah, Nainital, Kulu-Manali, Rohtang Pass, Jaipur, Mussorie, Nahan, and finally, at 12-30 at night, Kashmir.

7th. Special combined lunch for Mr. and Mrs. Das on the B.D. pavement gives us our first chance to see them at close quarters. (Guess who has two icecreams?) Night inspection: Arunjoy Bawa presents himself, wearing gumboots. "Sir, my slippers are torn," he explains.

9th. Inter-House Cricket Tournament commences. Dr. Dhillon gives a no-ball and declares an over on the same ball.

10th. Prep School Inter House Cricket Tournament commences. Amidst groans and grumbles and unavailing excuses, khud-cleaning begins. The Nilagarians light a controlled fire and Jaskaran Bains claims that his beard has 'melted'.

11th. R. Sood's "XI" (exactly four players, Tani Batra and Gauri Ganguly) arrives. Vocabulary exercise: "Because of the fog, the captain of the ship increased the number of **onlookers**." (D. Wadhawan)

12th. Sood's 'XI' win the match. The staff club hosts a farewell tea for Mr. and Mrs. Arora. The Nilagarians have their farewell party at night.

13th. Mr. & Mrs. Arora leave. We wish them all the best.

15th. John Wiles (O.S. 1942—1950) comes up for a short visit. He has long associations with the school. His grandparents were married in the school chapel. His father was vice-principal till 1950. Prep School Cricket Tournament ends. Positions: Vindhya, Nilagiri, Himalaya, Siwalik. Well done Vindhya.

16th. Inter House Cricket Tournament ends. Vindhya does it again. House points: Vindhya 14.33, Nilagiri 13.33, Himalaya 9.5 and Siwalik 8.33. Congratulations Vindhya.

17th. English Test: "A sentence that expresses a command or a request is called an **operation sentence**." (Sandeep Rajinder Singh). The Colts and Atoms leave for B.C.S. The B.C.S. XI arrives.

18th. B.C.S. vs. Sanawar First XI match commences. At close of play Sanawar are all out for 149 (Jai Singh: 33), B.C.S. are 72 for nine. Senior Hindi Society has a 'Gup' competition which is quite a washout with only a few 'gups' raising laughs. The biggest 'liar' is Pawan Mutneja followed closely by Neelam Puri. House positions are: Himalaya, Siwalik, Nilagiri and Vindhya—in that order.

19th. The Sanawar vs. B.C.S. match ends in a draw. The Atoms and Colts return—the Atoms having won their match, the Colts having lost theirs.

20th. The B.D. vs. P.D. festival cricket match ends, surprisingly, in a win for B.D. (B.D.: 47 for no loss, P.D.: 26 all out). This signals the end of the cricket season.

21st. Holiday to celebrate the performance of our cricketers. School social. The first proofs of the Newsletter arrive. Ref. the Prep School Show: "The dance was skilfully **deformed** by the little peppers."

22nd. The Festival Soccer Match between the Staff and the School XI ends in a draw—2 goals each.

23rd. Soccer set games begin.

O. S. News

Mr. Y.B. Brajmani writes from Tehran: "I have been selected as a member of the cultural delegation to Iran. We have been to various famous museums and workshops in Tehran including the King's palace. This is a really instructive trip."

Kuljit Sethi (1953—1960), Himalaya Auto Stores, Kashmere Gate, Delhi, writes to say that he is alive and kicking.

Arati G. Singh (1966—1973), C II/72 Shah Jahan Road, New Delhi, writes: "I am planning to join Jawaharlal Nehru Univeristy. I want to do French Civilization, which includes the language, the literature and the history of France. My optional subject will probably be History (Indian and World)....."

Mr. H. Sikund, P. O. Box 48646, Nairobi, Kenya, writes to complain that he has not been getting his Newsletter.

Amarjeet Singh Grewal (1950—1957) writes to say that he hopes to visit us soon.

Mr. T.C. Kemp, 25 Civil Lines, Moradabad writes: "Andy has changed her job and is now working as personal secretary to the general Manager of a publishing firm, specialising in the production of books for children.....Patricia appeared for interviews for at least a dozen hospitals and was offered admission in all of them. She has at last made up her mind and intends to join the London Hospital for the course starting in December.....Peter is in his final year at the Guildhall School. He is beginning to cast anxious eyes to the future. So far he has done quite well in the two year training that he has completed. We are keeping fairly fit down here....."

Mr. B. Wad writes from Boston: "I have been in the U.S.A. for the last one and a half months. I had a one man show of my paintings in New York.....My works were greatly appreciated by one and all. The same paintings will be put on show at the Indian Consulate New York. I visited very many art museums and they have simply fabulous collection.....I met an old Sanawarian, Shanti Swaroop, Bhardwaj. We spent an evening talking and digging up old sweet memories of Sanawar and our lives at Sanawar.

Our congratulations to Suresh Chadha ('49—1957) who got married at Dehra Dun on 8th May 1974.

Our congratulations too to Harishpal Dhillon (1949—1957) and Manjit Dhillon on the birth of a son and heir on 20th May 1974 at Kalka.

Rowena Pearse, 69, Sea Mills Lane Bristol BS1 1DR writes: "A week or so ago I received, from a Mrs. Violet Tilley in London, an invitation to a Sanawarian Re-union being held in London today. Mrs. Tilley had found my name and address in the News Letter which she had just received. Unfortunately, I was unable to accept the invitation but I have just had a long letter from Mrs. Tilley, and I hope we can meet each other here in Bristol fairly soon.

"Incidentally, my daughter lives in a bungalow my father had built for himself which he named and is still named "Sanawar" "

B.S.

The Basketball Matches

"Hey what's up?" I yelled.

Something was definitely up. Cheer-leaders rah-rahed, some screamed, someone swooned, everybody seemed to be in a state of over-excitement, a group of girls in coloured shirts played some sort of a rough and tumble game. Everybody ignored my question and gave their undivided attention to the fight in progress which, incidentally, involved a ball.

Then the truth struck home—this was the frisky, nutty ball game called basketball, and an inter-house match was in progress! I reconciled myself to the situation and took up pen and paper to write on something I didn't know a fig about. To me basketball is a game where a big blue and white chequered ball is flung into the air, it flies around (and some players fly around too), and then, during one of its flights, it manages to fall into a bottomless basket on a board on poles and a goal is scored! Easy isn't it? Well anyway, here goes

The Basketball Matches were spread out over a period of six days. Two matches were played daily, one juniors match and one seniors. To watch them was an ordeal. I saw nothing but the scoreboard and envied the players nothing but the oranges they got at half time. By the end of the second day's matches Nilagiri was leading with 4 points, Himalaya was 1, Siwalik 3 and Vindhya 0. But Nilagiri had played three matches and Vindhya only one. I will not bore you with any more facts and figures as they don't interest me either. Some wise soul has said "Boredom is the bane of one's life." So stay interested and read on, dear reader.

I always remained oblivious, thus ignorant, of the wiles and guiles of the game, its tempo or the

skill of the players. Sadhna Singh and Veena Ghunghesh are meant to have played a magnificent game—you can take it or leave it for I can't testify to it.

All at once it was the last day, the conclusive and the concluding day, in other words THE DAY. The Siwalikans with their great aplomb and tenacity carried away the very dented, though reasonably gleaming cup. Nilagiri, Himalaya, Vindhya followed in that order.

A sip of sacred water from that sacred cup was the last I heard, saw or tasted of Basketball and nothing can induce me to recapitulate all that passed this basketball season—except this article: when I read it in print the memory of all those torturous matches, in all their gruesome details, will come flooding back to my mind.

Sunaina Lowe
Sixth B

Boxing 1974

Punch! Slam! Slap! Slap! Slap! "Stop! Red you are slapping. Don't slap. Face each other. Box on."

On 30th April 1974, at 2-30 p.m., Gaskell Hall was packed with eager spectators, who had come to witness the Inter House Boxing Tournament. The score board showed that Vindhya was coming first with Nilagiri a close second.

The boxers entered the ring. The hall was suddenly filled with deafening cheers of "Come on Red" and "Come on Green". The M.C. announced the names of the boxers, who shook hands and went to their respective corners amidst the cheers of the spectators.

The first bout started with a shower of punches delivered and received by the atom weight boxers Sanjiv Latta and Sandeep Seth. The latter ultimately emerged winner, after a very close and interesting bout.

Vivek Wig (V) and Tarun Vohra (S), practically rushed into each other as the time keeper's order reached their ears. Both fought hard, but Vohra proved a shade superior to Wig, though the latter fought with all the "josh" that he could muster.

The third bout was between Sunil Sawney and Barinder Malik—both Vindhyan. Both boxers punched hard, but they were occasionally checked for pushing or butting. Sunil Sawney emerged the winner from this well contested bout.

Puneet Ranjen (V) clashed with R.S. Negi (S) in the fourth bout of the afternoon. Ranjen consistently kept at Negi and Negi tried to keep him off with some very hard left hooks. The first round

suggested that Negi would emerge the winner. But in the second and third rounds Ranjen got the better of his opponent and carried away the laurels of the midget weight.

Tarun Sawney (V) and Sanjiv Bajaj (S) were the finalists in the mosquito weight. This was another close fight—Bajaj won the bout.

The M.C. then announced the sixth bout—the gnat weight. P. Vasisht (S) boxed scientifically, watching and judging his opponent's punches, receiving the gentle taps and avoiding the hard punches. Vashist certainly got the better of his opponent R.S. Bhullar (V).

Vineet Kapoor (N) fought Rajinder Sen (V) in the next bout. Both boxers delivered powerful hooks with a lot of force behind them, but Vineet delivered more than he received and won the bout.

The eighth bout, the final bout in the bantam weight, was a treat to watch. Sanjiv Kapoor (S), a fast and hard hitting boxer, who displayed excellent technique, defeated Suraj Singla (H) who did fight back with grim determination.

Amidst the cheers of the crowd R.C. Grewal (H) and Ajay Mahajan (S) entered the ring. The bout was a fast one. Mahajan hit hard and drove many punches home. He was a very much superior boxer and emerged the winner.

The tenth bout, light weight, was between J.S. Pathania (H) and H.S. Dhaliwal (N). Jai Singh an enterprising, scientific and fast boxer, won the bout after a good clean fight with Dhaliwal.

Arjun Batra (V) and Anil Sood (H) met in the eleventh bout of the afternoon. Both boxers displayed excellent footwork, hit hard and judged each others punches. At the end of the bout no one could say decisively who had won. The judges gave the bout to Batra.

The second last bout was fought between J. Bikram (N) and S.K.S. Sandhu (H). This bout was won by Bikram.

All waited, with a sense of expectancy, for the last bout to begin. This was the bout of the giants! J.S. Bains (N) clashed with S. Jindal (H). The bout did not last long and Bains emerged triumphant.

The tournament ended with Vindhya in a clear lead, followed by Nilagiri, Siwalik and Himalaya—in that order. Sanjiv Kapoor won the best boxer award and Vivek Wig that of the best looser.

Wing Commander Gyani gave away the prizes and said a few words of encouragement. He also congratulated the participants for their wonderful performance.

P.S. Gyani
Sixth C

Prep School Show

The Prep School Show had come at last. We used to hear all sorts of sounds—bangs, crashes, chattering, screaming, laughing, emanating from Barne Hall during prep and after all this disturbance we felt we deserved a really good show. Well the Preppers gave us a very good show.

The curtains drew apart and we beheld a most gorgeously attired Goddess Saraswati with a host of worshippers surrounding her. It was very charmingly performed—though one felt a little sorry for the little Saraswati, who had to adopt a statue like stance through out and did not get a chance to join in the dancing.

“The Little Dog's Day”, an English play, was most hilarious. It was about a very hungry dog, who ran off with a string of sausages and a bone from a butcher's shop. The dog meets a cat and they become friends and have a good time. P.D.S. Sethi as the dog was very good.

The Hindi group song was one of the usual patriotic ones and we had about fifteen boys and girls singing with great zest about our Motherland. Next time can we please have a song about something else—only for a change?

Next was the band. The conductor raised his baton and the players at once concentrated on their instruments and produced a rather lilting piece of music.

Being a puppet requires a lot of effort and a lot of acting talent and to our delight the preppers displayed both these in the next item. The play was an old one—“Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs.” As everyone must have read or heard the story I won't elaborate. Nivedita as the queen put up a very good performance.

“Shaadi Ki Baat” sounded rather exciting. It turned out to be a meeting between two mothers one of whom sang praises of her son and the other of her daughter. It was very well sung and acted.

The last item was an English play called “The Donkey's Tail”. It was about a couple, many of whose belongings disappeared. To find the thief, Mr. Snooks got his donkey and declared that the donkey would bray when the culprit pulled its tail. He had put some soot on the tail so the only person whose hands weren't dirty, was the culprit, who had not pulled the tail for fear of making it bray.

With the singing of the School Song the show came to an end. Well done Preppers—it was a very good performance and we all enjoyed it very much.

Nita Basu
Sixth C

Cricket House Matches—Highlights

The long awaited cricket house matches began on 9th May. The first set of matches was played between Nilagiri and Himalaya. In the atoms match the Nilagirians went in to bat first, but they were never given a chance to settle down. Wazir and Suryavir bowled magnificently and kept the Nilagarians pinned to the crease. It was an easy victory for Himalaya. They won the match with eight wickets in hand.

In the colts match too, the Nilagarians were sent in to bat. Gurcharan Kadan and Vineet Kappor exhibited some good strokes. Sukhmeet Sandhu (H) bowled well. It was an easy victory for the Nilagarians—they won by 48 runs. A S. Gyani (N) created havoc in the ranks of the Himalayan batsmen.

In the first eleven match the Himalayans went in to bat. It was a lucky day for the Nilagarians when Vasudev bowled Jai Singh for a mere 4 runs. Sood played a magnificent innings and scored 28 runs. Himalaya were all out for 62 runs. The Nilagarians won the match (inspite of some excellent bowling by Jai Singh and Sanju Bhalerao) with five wickets in hand.

The second set of matches were played between Siwalik and Vindhya. In the atoms match Vindhya went in to bat. The Vindhyan batsmen played with confidence. Tommy (Sunil Sawney) played a very polished game and scored 33 runs. It was an easy win for the Vindhyan, even though the Siwalikans did play very well.

The colts match did not bring forth much of a display of cricket. Siwalik won by 36 runs.

The first eleven match was very interesting. Vindhya went in to bat first. Dhody played well—his late cuts were very good. The Siwalikans surprised everyone by getting the Vindhyan out for 72 runs. Nari (Narinder Brar) and Dutt bowled very well. Amongst the Siwalikans a special mention must be made of Mittal and Nari—they hit some excellent shots. Mittal scored 26 and Nari scored 28. Bikram Verma and Rajiv Bhandari bowled well. Siwalik scored 60—eight of their batsman getting out for a duck.

The third set of matches was between Nilagiri and Siwalik. The atoms match was very interesting. Both sides displayed excellent batting and fielding. The match ended in Nilagiri winning by 4 runs.

In the colts both sides had very good teams, but luck was with the Nilagarians again. They won by 3 runs with 4 wickets in hand. Amongst the Nilagarians Butalia and Vineet batted well and Malvi took 7 wickets. On the Siwalik side Sharma batted well and Rana took 4 wickets.

The first eleven match was won very easily by the Siwalikans. The Nilagarians batted first and were all out for 37 runs. Nari took 6 wickets for 12 runs. Nari and Vashist did most of the scoring for the Siwalikans.

The fourth set of matches was played between Nilagiri and Himalaya. In the atoms match the Vindhyan went in to bat first and scored 60 runs. Once again Tommy batted very well. The Nilagiri side went into bat and there was great suspense as to whether they would be able to beat the Vindhyan total. A. P. Singh and Taranjit batted very well. But Bajwa's bowling was too much for the Nilagarians and they were all out for 51.

In the colts match everyone expected a very easy win for the Nilagiri team and as such there weren't many spectators. But Nilagiri were all bundled out for a mere 9 runs. This must be some sort of a record. The Vindhyan won easily.

The first eleven match promised to be one of the most exciting matches of the tournament. The Nilagarians went in to bat. The openers batted very confidently but the scoring was rather slow. But they soon picked up. D.J.S. Kang scored a good 19 runs. Nilagiri scored 81 runs. The Vindhyan started their batting well but at 10 their first wicket fell. After this the team seemed to go to pieces. Joginder Bikram and Vasudev bowled very well and the Vindhyan were all out for 48 runs.

The fifth set of matches was played between Himalaya and Siwalik. It was a lucky day for the Himalayans. The atoms match ended with the Himalayans winning by a clear margin. They went in to bat first and knocked up a score of 101. Susham Singla, Suryavir Singh and Wazir did most of the scoring. The Siwalikans were bundled out for 26. Wazir bowled magnificently taking 7 wickets for 10 runs.

In the colts too Himalaya went in to bat first. They were all out for 28 runs. Mohan Judge took 7 wickets. Rana and Sondhi batted well on the Siwalikan side. Siwalik at 29 runs for 4 wickets took the match.

In the first eleven match the Siwalikans came in to bat first and were all out for 48. The Himalayans also began very badly and when Jai Singh came into bat the score stood at 12 for 3 wickets. Jai Singh scored a magnificent 29 runs and Iqbal was 15 not out. Himalaya won the match with a score of 51 for 5 wickets.

And so we came to the last day of the matches with Himalaya playing against Vindhya. There was great excitement because the result of the inter house cricket tournament depended upon these final matches. In the atoms match Himalaya won very easily.

The colts match was very exciting and till the last ball the result was uncertain. Vindhya went in to bat first. They scored 48 runs. B. Sawhney and S. Bhandari batted well, while from the Himalayan side Sukhmeet Sandhu and Jagmohan Bakshi bowled very well. The Himalayan side came in to bat and began to crumble immediately. The score stood at 16 for five wickets. Then Jagmohan Bakshi came in to bat. He batted very well, hitting hard and high straight to the two boundary. Himalayan hopes rose high once again. But Bakshi was caught off Sawhney by Bery. On a last wicket stand P. Mutneja battled well and took the score up to 46. But here the Himalayan luck ran out and the last wicket fell.

In the first eleven match, Himalaya won the toss. Vindhya scored 65. Jai Singh and S. Bhalerao bowled effectively for Himalaya. Himalaya went in to bat. Sanju, Iqbal and Jai Singh batted well but the Himalayans could only score 34 runs and so lost the match.

Vindhya won the cricket cup, with Nilagiri a close second, Himalaya was third and Siwalik fourth. Our congratulations to Vindhya and to all those who played to make the house matches so very interesting.

S. Bhalerao and Joginder Bikram
U V C

B.C.S. vs. Sanawar—Cricket

First XI

The ancient rivalry between Sanawar and B.C.S. filled the air once more. There was great excitement as the captains of the two first elevens walked on for the toss. It was the 18th of May and after a fair amount of rain the sunshine inspired a good deal of 'josh' in the minds and bodies of the players.

B.C.S. won the toss and chose to field. The Sanawarian openers had quite a tough time playing the balls which rose and passed clean over their heads. The scoreboard didn't look too pleasant at 12 wickets for 12 runs. However we seemed to be in sound condition with the scoreboard reading 3 wickets for 42 runs. To our dismay the fourth wicket fell at 44. There were some good strokes displayed by Jai Singh (who went on to score 33) and Dhody. By about 2-30 p.m. Sanawar were all out for 149 runs. Mention must be made of Manjinder Singh and 'Tamatar' Chauhan of the B.C.S. side, who bowled very well.

B.C.S. came in to bat, and almost at once the spectators were in a state of feverish excitement—the cause being the rapid fall of the wickets. At one time they were 3 wickets down for just one run. At another stage, they were 7 down for 13 runs. The spectators now really began to 'buck-up' the fielders and the conclusion of the first innings seemed to be at hand, the score being 41 runs for the loss of 9 wickets. But a brilliant ninth wicket stand by Manjinder Singh (he scored 59 runs) took the B.C.S. total up to 86 runs and the B.C.S. team stayed in the crease till the next morning. Our fielding deserves commendation. There was some beautiful bowling by Jai Singh and Nari (Narinder Brar) and two good catches by Gyani.

The second innings was a trifle slow. We were almost in a desperate condition with the 3rd and 4th wickets falling for 12 runs. The situation improved gradually and we climbed up to 77 runs for the loss of 8 wickets. As before, Jai Singh and Dhody battled conscientiously, watching the ball at all stages. We wound up for 118 runs—'Curly' (Deepak Khosla) doing the 'icing on the cake' with a score of 27 not out.

Now it seemed to be certain that Sanawar would win and some of the spectators were even heard planning as to what they were going to do with the holiday which seemed to be in the offing. But everyone reckoned without the time factor.

The B.C.S. innings began at a quarter past two. By tea time the score was 5 wickets for 38 runs. Roach played a captain's innings with some well timed and beautifully exhibited strokes. The break came when he was bowled for 54 runs. The closing time drew nearer and nearer and a draw seemed inevitable. B.C.S. were 101 for the loss of 7 wickets when the stumps were drawn. Thus ended one of the most wonderful and exciting matches that I've ever seen.

Vikram Puri
VI A

Colts

Saturday dawned a cloudy day and there was a continuous drizzle. But by the time the match started it had cleared up and the sun was shining brightly.

Sanawar, having lost the toss, was put to bat. The opening batsmen batted confidently but were not able to score many runs. Twenty minutes after play started the scoreboard read 2 runs for the loss of 1 wicket. Soon after this Gurchi (Gurcharan Kadan) also found a place in the pavillion and our score read 8 runs for the loss of 2 wickets. Sanawar was in a critical position. A.V. Singh did not stay long at the pitch, but he contributed 9 runs. After this wickets fell like 9 pins and the score was a

miserable 18 for 6. Judge and Vineet Kapoor seemed to have settled down well. They displayed some really good shots all around the wicket. Their partnership yielded 27 runs which was a really very valuable contribution. Vineet scored a marvellous 25 runs before he fell to Nanda. The Sanawar innings ended at 69 runs, which was a respectable score for a colts team.

B.C.S. did not start out well. They were 5 for 1. The next batsman took the score to 12 before he was bowled out. This was an encouraging state of affairs for Sanawar. But Thakur and Chauhan took the score up to 36. They batted extremely well and with great confidence. Chauhan was caught by Bhupinder Sawhney. It was a terrific catch and he deserves a pat on the back. At lunch the B.C.S. score was 30 for 5. The B.C.S. innings ended at 110 runs, of these V. Anand scored 63, not out.

Very little time was left when Sanawar went in for the second time. A.V. Singh played a good game scoring 36 out of the 74 runs that we made. This innings was very unfortunate for Sanawar as many good batsmen were carelessly run out.

As the second innings was not completed the match went to B.C.S. on the strength on their first innings score.

Jasmeet Rana
L V B

Atoms

Sanawar lost the toss and was put to bat. It didn't take our openers much time to be back at the pavillion, when the score stood at 4. Then Bajwa came in. He batted very well. His strokes were firm and his style graceful. He contributed 19 runs before he was bowled by S.S. Doowa. Sunil Sawney added a valuable 15 runs to the total, though he was a little shaky at the beginning. The team collapsed after scoring 55 runs.

B.C.S. began no better than us. Both their openers were back at the pavillion at 0, thanks to the wonderful bowling of A. Kapur and S. Sawney. Our fielding was also very good. The third wicket fell at five. Soon afterwards the 4th wicket fell at 12. R.S. Mehta showed us some really good shots and took the B.C.S. score up to 35 before he fell to Sawney. B.C.S. were all out. Sawney bowled extremely well and created havoc amongst the B.C.S. tailenders. His bowling tally was 6 for 14.

In the second innings Sanawar didn't bat at all well and collapsed at a miserable score of 40 runs.

B.C.S. now needed 53 runs to win the match. They were quite confident of scoring this. Their second innings started well for Sanawar and at one

point the score stood at 16 for 3. But the next three batsmen batted very well and when we came to the last over of the match B.C.S. needed just 4 runs to win. This was a very exciting over. B.C.S. still had 4 wickets in hand and when the first ball was played defensively there were cries of dismay from the B.C.S. crowd. The batsman missed the second ball and all the spectators held their breaths as Atul Kapoor bowled the third ball—clean bowled. Every one had his fingers crossed and I saw a Cottoniar prepper praying away for all he was worth. Puri came in to bat. He missed the fourth ball. Two balls more to go. The next ball was hit for a two. One ball left and they needed two runs to win. Everyone was tense now. The last ball was hit very hard but as if by a miracle a Sanawarian fielder appeared and stopped it. The batsmen scrambled for a single and there the over and the match ended—with B.C.S. just one run short of victory.

As the second innings had not been completed the match was awarded to Sanawar on the strength of the first innings score.

Jasmeet Rana
L V B

Soccer—The Festival Match

The ball soared up high.....high.....high and suddenly began its descent towards the field—casually it bounced on Mr. Sequiera's head (he didn't twitch a muscle), went flying to Mr. Dev, who naturally missed it, and into the reach of one of the boys, who sent it without any trouble, high... high...high. Whose head was to be the target now? Mr. Solomon closed his eyes and waited.

The ball rose and fell, went right and left, up and down, skipping around under the hot afternoon sun. Prespiring foreheads, tired bodies and lolling tongues were seen, but the game continued. You should've seen Mr. Joshi getting all flustered up as the ball came near the 'D'. He turned his back and the football rebounded back—he had saved a goal! He looked around, wondering what the applause was for. At last a goal was scored against the staff. Mr. Mukherjee shook his head sadly. Once more the ball came dangerously close to the goal—it actually hit one of the goal-posts and just by chance, Mr. Joshi's back was turned, and sure as anything, the ball rebounded from his back right into the waiting net.

Straight after half-time the staff scored two successive goals (was it something in the 'nimbu-pani'?). They seemed happy all of a sudden and Mr. Sethi started the craze for 'chesting' the ball. He would stick his chest out and wait for the ball to deflect back—unfortunately the ball never came.

The end drew near. Mr. Nayyar 'headed' the ball and immediately afterwards jerked his head back to put his hair in position—we understand Mr. Nayyar, it's lucky to have long hair, no? Mr. Kohli, on the other hand, tried to apply his trigonometry to the nearing ball—invariably he missed it and one could see him reprimanding himself for not calculating right.

I would be doing the boys wrong, who, you know are all honourable players if I didn't mention their hard attempts and 'tries'. Considering that it was the first time they played this season, they did well.

At long last the whistle shrieked, declaring the match a draw, but someone had kicked the ball high...high...high—this time, however, everyone ran towards the safety of the pavilion.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth A

Camp 1974

(Excerpts)

Gaura

1st May: The bus arrived at Gaura in the evening. Girls tumbled over one another to get to the tents. After a quick tea and momentous confusion we managed to settle in and go to the stream for a short dip. The girls' tents were in the same place as last year and the boys tents had shifted further down, closer to the stream. The water was just as fishy, the fish just as elusive, and the rocks just as slippery. We were thrilled to find that the water level was much higher than what it was last year

3rd May: A friend's birthday. We had a combined party for this birthday and for another birthday on the sixth. By now everybody was proudly displaying the tans they had acquired due to the merciless, or should I say the benevolent sun. Logs had started floating down the stream and we had fun riding on 'rafts'.....

3rd May: There was great excitement when the new headmaster, Mr. S.R. Das arrived at Gaura. We were thrilled to discover that he had a delightful beard and smoked a pipe (so what if he is a little bald?). Unfortunately before we could get to really know him or know more about him he left.....

4th May: Somebody said that her tent was haunted. As we approached the abandoned tent with sticks, stones and bones . . . er . . . sorry empty tins, which served as rattlers, we found a disgruntled rat sitting on the electric bulb. So much for the boons of electricity.....

5th May: The camp fire was short, but nice. The girls did most of the singing and the boys most of the acting.....

6th May: The bus arrived on time, much to our disappointment. We were soon on our way to Sanawar, doggedly forcing Gaura to the back of our minds with smiles, shouts and songs.

Preeti Batra
Sixth A

Sadhupul

Our bus was very late and we were very impatient and excited. But when we reached Sadhupul we lost all our excitement because it was so hot and we finished our squash bottle the same day....I did a lot of fishing and swimming. On the second day I sat fishing for almost four hours and did not catch anything and I thought what could be wrong. Then I pulled out my line and found that there was no hook on it. A fish must have pulled off the hook and gone away. I went for a very long walk and was very tired.....The next morning I got up very late. Just as I got up the bugle blew for breakfast. I was very hungry and did not want to be late. But I could hardly put on my clothes. After breakfast I went swimming. All of us looked for nice stones because our housemaster told us that he would give a chocolate to the boy who brought the best stone. Charlie came and we all bought sweets. In the evening there was a campfire. Many boys acted in plays. Tarun Vohra acted as a king. He put a towel around his shoulders. Next morning we got up early and did our packing but we had to wait a long time for our bus.

Vikul Khosla
L-III A

Jaipur

".....The next day we went sight-seeing. Our first destination was the Amber Fort. This palace is a most interesting edifice amidst surroundings which are beautiful and peaceful. Inside the fort is the "Sheesh Mahal"—which has delicate mosaics and inlaid work of coloured glass.....We visited the museum, where the most interesting items were wood-carvings, jewellery, bronze statues, and (how can we forget!) skeletons. Believe it or not, Mr. Joshi, we revised our whole skeleton system here—"That is the humerus." "No, no. Are you mad? It's the nasal bone.".....Next Geography lessons. At the observatory, Mrs. Solomon & eleven girls observed the altitude of the heavenly bodies when on meridian. We even located the Pole Star. Had we more time we could have calculated the distance of the various planets from the earth and thus improved our mathematics too.

The following day we went to the City Palace to learn history. Here we saw a number of dresses of the Maharajahs and got a shock when we saw the dresses of Sawai Madho Singh—they were all of 7ft. by 4ft. The palace with its ornamental platings on brass doors, elaborately carved walls, arched gateways profusely decorated with marble work, provided a unique example of Rajput architecture. In the evening we went to the Hawa Mahal—"a vision of daring beauty and dainty loveliness."

The last day saw us at Sanganer. The temples here are charming and picturesque enough to make any tourist ecstatic. To this visit add a little bit of shopping (costume jewellery and blue pottery) and the picture is complete.....The Rani Sisodia Garden—the promenade of the gentry of Jaipur with its splashing fountains, its numerous kinds of flowers, its cool and fresh air, is a paradise for visitors.....From Dharampur we travelled by jeeps to Sanawar—bump hiccup, bump hiccup—probably the pink city was remembering us.

Meera Sethi
Sixth A

Nainital

Nainital is a beautiful place, surrounded by hills. In the middle is the lake which gives this city its unique beauty. Nainital is divided into two parts: Mallital and Tallital.

The first and the last thing we did in Nainital was boating. We reached our lodgings and settled in. A few moments later I almost had an accident. Coming out of one of the shops, I charged into a line of horses and was almost trampled underfoot. Mr. Kohli gave me a scolding. After buying a few things for my family, I found myself on the brink of bankruptcy.

The next day we climbed Naina Peak, which is the highest peak in Nainital. From here we came down to Balika Vidya Mandir, which is the girls' wing of Birla Vidya Mandir. Then we came down for lunch. After lunch we did some shopping, boating and riding. The horse 'wallahs' of this place are especially rowdy people and they try to bully you into taking a ride even when you don't want to. Some of them even go so far as to physically push you onto the horse.

The next day we went to Bhimtal, some 24 miles from Nainital. We reached Bhimtal at about 11-00 a.m. Here the lake is bigger than that at Nainital. In the middle of the lake is an island on which there is a restaurant. Ranbir Singh gallantly offered to stand us a round of the lake in a boat. Unfortunately our boatman proved to be a rather quarrelsome person and we were glad when the boating was over.

On our last day in Nainital, we went to see the Birla Vidya Mandir. It is a good school, but ofcourse not as good as ours. We came back at 11-00 a.m. Rupinder Waraich, who is a daring horseman, galloped away around the lake. But at the end of his ride he complained of a headache. That night we had a hearty dinner at the Embassy Restaurant.

After breakfast, the next morning, we broke up into two groups and crossed the lake by boat. As usual I had bad luck. As the boat ground into the opposite bank, Rupinder Waraich knocked my airbag into the lake.....

On the whole, I think that the trip was an enjoyable one but I would have liked to visit the Jim Corbett Park, which we couldn't do because of lack of time.

Rai Tarun Handa
U IV B

Nahan

Some Himalayan boys decided to go for a hike with Mr. Solomon and Mr. Dhani Ram. We were ten boys and someone hit on the name 'The Dirty Dozen' though it should rightly have been the 'Dirty Thirteen' because of Mr. Solomon's dog, Rover, who came along with us.....

We walked down to Dharampur, from where we were lucky to get a bus to Solan. From Solan we were to catch the 11 o' clock bus to Rajgarh, but on reaching Solan, we discovered that this bus had been cancelled. So we walked down to Ooch Ghat. Here we had tea and pakoras and rested for some time. At 3 O'clock we started for Gaura. We reached Gaura and met our friends and of course had a welcome dip in the river. We had walked 22 kilometres.....

Next morning we left for Rajgarh. The walk in the morning was not tiring, but as it grew hotter we began to sweat and it was heavy going. We rested at Rajgarh for a little while and then walked on to Keri. Part of this walk was along the Giri river. We walked 38 kms. on this second day.....

We spent the night at Keri and on the third day went on to Renuka. Someone had said that Renuka was only 20 kms. away and we felt happy to think that this was going to be a short and easy walk. But the road was nothing but rock and pebbles and as the day wore on Renuka seemed to become increasingly elusive. All the people we met on the way had a different distance to tell us. Someone said it was just around the next bend, another person said it was six miles away and someone else said it was 12 miles away. The more we walked the further Renuka seemed to be receding. Finally we reached Dadahu, a small village about 1½ kms. from

Renuka, at 9-30 p.m. It was estimated that we had walked 50 kms. that day—seems nearer to 100 to me. It had been a long tough walk. We had crossed the Giri river 18 times.....

The next day we went to Renuka and did some boating and saw the game sanctuary there. We set out from Dadahu at 4-00 p.m. It was very hot and some villager showed us a path which was very steep. Fortunately we had not walked very far when another villager showed us a proper route. We walked till 10-30 p.m. On reaching Jamta we decided to spend the night there. It was very cold and windy and no one had a proper sleep. We had covered 26 kms. that day.....

We walked on to Nahan the next morning. This was only 9 kms. away. We spent the day at Nahan and thus ended our hike.....

On the whole we walked a distance of 145 kms. in five days. It was a very enjoyable and instructive hike.

Sandeep Behal
U V A

Mussorie

The fifteen of us and Mr. Mukherji squashed ourselves into the minibus and had a "bumpy" ride till Barog. Filled with enthusiasm we put our luggage on our backs and walked till Solan (can you believe it? Dhody and 'Mutton' Ramchandani actually kept up.) Here's a real howler—we stayed the night in a Govt. Girls Higher Secondary School : sad to say it was a day school !

The next day we reached Nahan and were sweating like sponges being squeezed by a really heavy hand. Sick of the sweltering heat, we urged Mr. Mukherjee to carry on to Paonta Sahib, and believe it or not, we started to walk towards Paonta Sahib, at 9-00 p.m. The night was pleasant and we walked on at an unhurried gait, enjoying every moment. Finally just as our luggage began to bear too hard on us, we espied a wheelbarrow, planted by the mercy of God by the roadside. We hastily piled our stuff into it and, taking turns, we pushed and pulled it along the road.....We reached the sacred Paonta Sahib in the early hours of the morning. We swam in the river and refreshed ourselves and reached Dehra Dun the very same day.....

The next day we woke up quite late and someone got the bright idea of meeting his cousin in Doon School. Suddenly every one seemed to be having a cousin studying there. We changed hurriedly and went to Doon School. We had a good time exchanging gossip.....In the evening we did some skating and being quite out of practice, I came back with a sore back.....

On the third day we went up to Mussorie. I was really struck by the beauty of this hill station. We spent a good deal of time in exploring the town and even did a spot of horse riding. We spent the night at Oakgrove school.....

The next day we came back to Dehra Dun. We stayed the night at Welhams and had a good swim in the pool there.....

The next day saw us packing grudgingly for our return to Sanawar.....I feel that the trip finished too soon. In spite of the intense heat each one of us enjoyed himself thoroughly.....

Ajay Mahajan
Sixth C

Kulu—Manali

There were eighteen boys and two escorts—Messrs Joshi and Bhalerao. We were on our way to the Valley of the Gods.

At Dharampur we split up into two groups, one under each escort, for the journey to Simla. We reached Simla at midnight.....

Around noon the next day, we set off for Mandi. The bus wound its way down the hill, with a steep cliff on its right and a sheer drop of about a thousand feet on its left.....We reached Mandi late in the evening and spent the night at the H.P.P. W.D. Rest House.....

The party had a hasty breakfast and made its way to the bus stop. We started on our way to Kulu at around ten o'clock and saw the Beas meandering its way through a small valley with steep, gigantic and majestic cliffs on both sides.....After three hours of hilly terrain we descended into the beautiful Kulu Valley. The Beas rushed down the valley and the roaring water crashed against the boulders and the rocks and the hills on the sides of the valley resounded with the echoes of the music of the water. Beautiful flowers bloomed all over the valley and huge trees rose majestically beside the river banks. The Valley of the Gods looked remarkable in its rich attire.

Kulu town itself was a big disappointment..... The first sound that we heard besides the shouts of the porter was the braying of donkeys ! There was nothing to buy, nothing to see. The boys refreshed themselves with a dip in the river and Mr. Joshi cast fruitlessly for fish—to console himself, he bought fish for dinner.....

We left Kulu at noon the next day, hoping that Manali would not be another disappointment... As we neared Manali we saw, to our great delight,

a panoramic sight. The high peaks around glittered with snow, while the lower hills were thickly covered with deodars and poplars. The Beas flowed swiftly and loudly and the forests were interspersed with spacious lush green pastures. The beauty of the scene was enchanting beyond words—this was indeed 'The Valley of the Gods.'.....We made our way along the Manali—Leh highway, which is the highest mountain road in the world, to our destination—the Youth Hostel.....We had a dip in the hot spring water baths at Vashist and came back to the Hostel at dusk, thoroughly refreshed.

Early the next day, we took a bus to Rohtang Pass. We stopped at Garoba and the driver told us that we would have to walk 45 kms. to Rohtang. Most of the boys stayed behind near the bus. A few adventurous souls made their way towards the pass. Only five boys made it to the Rohalla Falls (15,000 ft.) Here there was four feet of snow. We played about in the snow, pelting each other with snow balls and sliding about. Mr. Bhalerao sketched, while Mr. Joshi went about 2 kms. from Garoba and told everyone that he had climbed till 18,000 ft.!

In the evening we went out shopping. But the prices of most things were beyond our pockets and very little was bought.....

At night while we waited for dinner, Puri and myself asked Mr. Joshi to relate an interesting experience. Mr. Joshi was off in a 'jiffy'. He said that along with some villagers, he had killed a tiger measuring 19 ft. (Mr. Ripley, sir, please include this in your next edition of 'Believe it or Not.')

The next morning we started back at 4-00 a.m. We covered the 300 kms. to Chandigarh in just under 13 hours. It was a very tiring journey and we reached Chandigarh feeling completely exhausted... We reached Sanawar the next day at 5-00 p.m. Thus ended our very enjoyable and memorable trip to the 'Land of Milk and Honey.'

Sanjiv Kapur
Sixth A

Srinagar—Vaishnodevi

With a cold wishbone in my hand, I remember, I had once wished that I should go to Kashmir. After years my wish came true and I went to Kashmir during the Camp week.....On the 30th April we left for Jammu by train, reaching there the next morning, hot tired and weary. We spent the rest of the day resting and catching up on our sleep. Next morning we flew to Srinagar.....Almost at once on reaching Srinagar, we set out to see the renowned gardens: Chashma Shahi, Nishat, and Shalimar. For a while one felt the ease and elegance, the graciousness of the Moghul times..... Next day we went to Gulmarg.....This was indeed a heavenly place. Before us lay miles of green valley dotted with pine trees. High snow clad mountains surrounded it on all sides. We did some riding and after having our lunch we went back to Srinagar...

The next day we went to see Verinag, the source of the Jhelum. It is hard to believe that such a big river starts from a pool no more than a few feet wide. After a few hours we were back in Srinagar. We saw a movie in the evening and did some shopping.....

Next day we flew back to Jammu. From here we went on a pilgrimage to the Vaishnodevi temple. We reached the temple after four hours of steady walking. Before entering the temple we had to take a cold bath. The temple was really breathtakingly beautiful. To enter the temple one had to pass through a small cave, which was wide enough to permit entrance by only one person at a time.....We returned to Jammu and took a bus and before one could say 'Jack Robinson' were back in Sanawar. It had all been so rapid that I couldn't believe that I was back in Sanawar. I pinched myself but did not wake up. Sadly I walked back to the dormitory.

Gautam Rana
U V B



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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



193

1st May

1974

"He who never learned to obey cannot be a good commander".

Aristotle.

School News

March

24th Geography Test : Define Longitude and Latitude.

Sukhpal Singh answers : Longitude are lines running from left to right and latitude are lines running from right to left.

28th Nilagiri House Saturday Club first performance. The Juniors report that its an 'O.K.' show.

30th Cricket match : the A. C. C. XI vs. the School XI. At day's end the visitors are 174 all out. Nilagiri House Saturday Club Show final performance goes off well—Payal Singh even manages to readjust her trailing sari and continue dancing at the same time.

31st The A.C.C. vs. Sanawar match ends in a draw (deliberate?).

Lady spectator: Tell me, when do they have the over—when the batsman is tired or when the bowler is tired?

Sanawarian : I'm not sure madam. I think it's when the umpire is tired.

There seems to be a jinx on the movies. For the second week running the movie fails to arrive. Mr. Mathur arrives.

April

1st April Fools' Day. People go up and down the cloisters with all sorts of unlikely things written on their backs. One hopeful individual even has 'Kiss Me' scrawled prominently across his shoulders—unfortunately there are no takers.

2nd. Manu Virmani : Are you related to Rajinderpal?

Jitmohinder : Yes

Manu : How?

Jitmohinder : He's related to Patiala and also related to Patiala.

Manu (a little later) : Are you related to Jitmohinder?

Bhai Rajinderpal : No. But he's related to

6th. The St. Stephens Staff cricket XI are

In the evening the Senior English Deb Society debates "Student Violence Is Justified". Uma Sarna is the best speaker of the evening. Sunaina Lowe a close second (both, predictably, speak against the topic—conservative judge). House positions : Siwalik, Vindhya, Himalaya, Nilagiri. Mr. Abraham manages the whole affair remarkably well—we don't even shuffle impatiently while results are being drawn up.

Mrs. Rampal arrives.

7th. The cuckoo sings for the first time in a year.

The School XI beats St. Stephens. The visitor score 95 all out (Ranjit Bhatia scores 1); the School XI scores 97 for nine (Jai Singh scores 36).

In the evening "Ivanhoe" is screened. ("Thank you for showing us damn good movies this year, yaar").

8th. Cloudy morning. A freak shower in the afternoon brings the mercury down to 14.

9th. Nancy Cooper (O.S. 1921—1928) comes up for a visit and regales us with stories of what she did while she was at school—including the time she was demoted from Head Girl!

11th. A rush of cars and most of the school is off for the Easter Break. Lilly Aggarwal: "Mummy you keep saying that my handwriting is bad. Yours is even worse. The telegram you sent for my birthday was so badly written that even ma'am couldn't read it."

14th. The Easter Break ends. "Lady L." is screened in the evening and succeeds in mystifying most of the children.

15th. A spate of stomachaches and cases of nausea. Have we all been 'hogging' too much at home? Mr. Mukherjee acquires a 'fridge' with a bottle of beer as an added bonus.

16th. Mr. And Mrs. Arora receive the news of their selection for the Indian Embassy School at Kabul—he as the Headmaster, she as a teacher. Our congratulations.

17th. Hodsons' Heats start. The under 11s run. House points (qualifying) are: Siwalik 13, Vindhya 12, Himalaya II and Nilagiri 5.

18th. The under 13s run. House points: Vindhya 28, Siwalik 27, Nilagiri 20, and Himalaya 19. A recce party, including Miss Chatterji, and Mr. Abraham, goes to make a reconnaissance of Gaura to select the exact location for the pitching of the tents. Is it true that Gaura has only two feet of water in the stream this year?

19th. The under 15s run. House points: Siwalik 39, Vindhya 38, Nilagiri 33, Himalaya 23. Mr. Bhalerao asks one of the Vindhyan boys how much time has passed since the Himalayans started. On receiving an answer which is obviously exaggerated he bursts out: "Arrey Dopey, don't you know: Jhoot bole kala kauva kaate?"

20th. The Hodson Finals. A very exciting set of races. The final House points are: Vindhya 111, Nilagiri 110, Siwalik 99 and Himalaya 43. Congratulations Vindhya. Congratulations too to all the winners and those who got positions. But above every one else, congratulations to all those nameless little boys who fought against the limitations of their bodies to beat the qualifying whistle and to 'come in'.

21st. The School enjoys the suspense of "The Secret File of Sole Madrid."

22nd. The Girls Inter-House Basketball tournament commences with a bang. Cries of encouragement rend the air. Nilagiri Seniors beat Himalaya—but their Juniors loose to Siwalik.

23rd. Marks handed in. Overheard: "Please, please ma'am. He's failing by only three marks. Please give him three marks from my account". Basketball: Nilagiri Seniors beat Vindhya Seniors. Himalaya Juniors draw with Siwalik Juniors. Staff Tennis Tournament Commences.

24th. Weighing in for boxing. Majh (Jaskaran Bains) is the only entry in his weight.

25th. The Inter House Boxing preliminary bouts start. The Prep School show first performance is a great success—possibly because the audience is comprised of so many preppers and erstwhile preppers.

O. S. News

Bill Colledge writes from San Moreno, Route des Genets, Jersey Isles: "We have booked our passages by B.O.A.C. and will be in Delhi on 30th September and in Sanawar on 1st October.....I will attend the 1974 reunion in London on 18th May and hope to see all the Kemp contingent. Ma Tilley hints that this may be her swan song but we have other ideas and she'll stick by 'Never Give In.' What chances will there be for a bigger attendance of New O.S.? They're always most welcome and help so much to reduce the average age of those attending. However, in spite of the total number of years being astronomic, the general well being of the Old O.S. speaks well of their powers of endurance. Some pension authorities must think they have backed a wrong horse."

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Mr. S.C. Cowell, writing from The Fifth Centenary School, Vincent Hill, Mussorie, says that he is well and wishes Sanawar all the best.

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2/Lt. Kr. V.S. Lalotra (1961—69), I/II GR Guard, President's Estate, Delhi-4, writes: "Sanawar is a spirit which makes me do things which at first seem impossible. At times I feel I can hear a member of staff say 'Let us pray for Old Sanawarians.' It makes me feel stronger and gives me courage. You will be glad to know that I passed out very high in the order of merit and am now at the Rashtrapati Bhavan, with the President's Body Guard."

— — — — —
Mrs. K. Kanhaiajee, 4A/I Tank Bund Road, Nungabakum, Madras, writes: "I have been hearing very regularly from my Nilagarian Girls. I miss them very much as they had become a part of my life....."

I am in Madras as my mother is very ill. I came here in March and I think I will be here till about the 20th of April."

2/Lt. Gaurav Rana (62—72), Inkerman Company, Old College, R.M.A. Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey, England, writes: "The present course that I am doing is very boring. All day we've got to study, write essays and give lectures on the important battles of the two wars. Besides we have a lot of parades. One big one is coming up on May 30th, when the Queen presents Sandhurst its new Colours. Everyone in the Academy, including the staff and clerks will be on parade. I would like to invite as many of the O.S. in England as possible. You understand, the parade will be the biggest one in the last two decades.....How is Sanawar and I'm sure the Himalayans are still the best.....After Sandhurst I may stay for another three months to do my platoon commander's course at Warminster."

Ranjit Bhatia (57—63) St. Stephens College, Delhi, writes: "I must thank you for the excellent hospitality of Sanawar that members of the St. Stephens College Staff team enjoyed during their stay. All of us, without exception, were very impressed by the determined, but extremely sporting performance of the Sanawarian cricketers. I hope our match will become an annual feature, and that we will have the pleasure of seeing Sanawar teams in action at St. Stephen's College this year."

C.S. Uggal (52—63), Stores Officer, Usha Sewing Machine Works, 183A, Prince Anwar Shah Road, Calcutta—31, writes: "I have been working with this company since 1970, when I was at Hyderabad. I have been transferred to Calcutta recently.....You will be glad to know that on account of the Sanawarian training I have been considered a good executive and have been given this senior and responsible position. I am interested in receiving the Newsletter, so please let me know the subscription and please ensure that one copy is sent to me regularly."

Bikram Khanna (48—49), National Tobacco Company of India, Calcutta, writes: "It was very good of you to offer places to my two children, unfortunately due to certain developments in the company I have not been able to send the children this year.....Like last year, my family and I may make a trip to Sanawar during Puja in Calcutta, as there is a possibility of picking up some leave then... The school must be in full swing now with the winter receding and summer coming in. Sanawar is always at the back of one's mind. It is a superb place."

Rowena Pearse, 69 Sea Mills Lane, Bristol, writes: "We want to thank you for the warm welcome you gave us which made our visit to Sanawar

such a happy event and a day we shall always remember. I cannot possibly put into words what it meant to me to be actually seeing again the places which had been just memories for so many years. It was so wonderful too, that so much of it was just as I had pictured it. Please convey our thanks to the members of your staff for their courtesy.....The rest of our tour in India was really wonderful, the whole trip being quite unforgettable but for me, the 'high light' of it all was, and always will be, our day at Sanawar."

Amarpal Singh Somal (56—65), sent us an invitation to his wedding, which was on 21st April. We wish him all the very best and a long and happy married life.

Major G.S. Sandhu (1948—1951), O.C. 941 TPT COY ASC (3 TON) TYPE 'B', C/o 99 APO, writes: "I relived the memorable past, so as to say, when I, along with my wife, came up on 28 Feb. for our daughter's admission. The only old faces on staff I know are Mr. Bhupinder Singh, Miss Thomson, and of course my class mate Sudarshan Sehgal, now Mrs. Bhalla. I wonder what Sudarshan teaches and whether her maths is as good as it was then. Mr. Bhupinder Singh whom I met is keeping very fit. I had just a glimpse of Miss Thomson climbing up to her quarters at her usual fast pace. I did not follow her and confront her because I was not sure whether by now she has overcome the habit of blushing at the slightest excuse". (Miss Thomson, Miss Thomson where art thou?—Ed.)

Mrs. V. Tilley (106—Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill, London N. 10, England), writes: "I have just returned from a week in Spain (south) to find the latest News Letter here.....I hope to learn all about Sanawar from Bill Colledge when he returns from Sanawar. How lucky he is! I send my good wishes to those on the Hill Top. Our 25th Reunion is on May 18th and I fancy it may be my 'Swan Song' as there are many difficulties and prices are rising fast. I do not really feel as well as before I went to Australia. Once again my very best to Sanawar and all the people there."

Mr. B. R. Pasricha writes: "I would like to use the columns of the Newsletter to send a message to all its readers. Partings are always sad occasions and this parting is no exception. But sad as it is to go away from this place, I know that no matter how great the physical distance, Mrs. Pasricha and I will always remain emotionally close to Sanawar. It has been our proud privilege to be associated with this wonderful and unique school and we wish the staff, the students, the O.S. and the parents all the very best in the years to

come. Our fondest regards and our very best wishes will always be with the school and we pray that it will always remain what it has long been: 'the best school of all'."

B. S.

The Nilagiri House Show

"Oh yaar our house show is going to be a real bore!" exclaimed an unpatriotic Nilagirian. This was our introduction to the Nilagiri House Show.

Excitement was in the air as the scheduled date for the show drew closer. The 30th of March arrived, we were seated in Barne Hall, the curtain drew back and revealed an orchestra of beautiful girls—far more beautiful than the Raag Malkauns they played.

Then came the Dhimsa dance from Andhra Pradesh done with great zest and enthusiasm. The Hall vibrated with the quick tempo of this dance. It drew long and prolonged applause.

By this time we were convinced that the Nilagiri house males had either lost their nerve and fled or had absolutely no talent at all. But our conviction was proved wrong by the next item—an English play with an all male cast. It was called "The Last Grave." I was shocked and incredulous to learn that this play was written by Harsharaa Kang and directed by Jerry Bains. The scene takes place on a ship during a stormy night—thunder and lightning flash across the stage when a group of drunkards stagger in, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum." It was well acted and kept the audience in suspense.

The play had hardly finished when the Nilagirian band came on the scene—trumpets, saxophones and drums produced such a cacophony that they threatened to burst our ear drums.

Melody was on the scene again—with Diwakar entertaining us with a song. Whose voice did you borrow Diwakar?

Two songs by Sanjay Bedi were announced—a coy junior appeared under the spot-light looking a trifle too wan (was it the yellow spotlight?) He sang two popular Hindi film songs and the spectators showed their appreciation by giving him a thunderous ovation.

The Hindi play was next. The Nilagirians had criticised it no end and we prepared to drop off to sleep. But it turned out to be a hilarious play which kept the audience roaring with laughter. It was well acted by one and all—Navneet Kaur and Diwakar deserve a special mention. (Heh, Nilagirians, we never knew you had a sense of humour as far as Hindi is concerned—we thought you were down south).

As the Hindi play ended the spotlight alighted on the piano—it was a chorus sung by the junior boys and girls. They sang a song called 'Peace'. Had

this song been sung at a U.N.O. session it might have won a collective Nobel prize for the singers. Well done juniors—it was a lovely song.

The last item on the evening's programme was a one act farce in English: 'The Refund.' It was about a former student of a school who demanded his tuition fee back because he claimed that he had been taught nothing (Sanawarians don't go getting ideas!). This former student, Wesserhoff, namely Vikram Vasudev harrassed his teachers no end. Vasudev acted very well. Nita Basu as the headmistress put in a creditable performance.

Thus the first house show of the year drew to a close. Thank you Nilagarians for a very entertaining evening.

Meera Sethi
Sixth A

A Cricket Match—The A.C.C. vs. Sanawar

It was a warm day, with a good deal of breeze, making the whole-outlook of the day rather pleasant.

After a hasty lunch, the players of both teams moved down to Barnes. Both teams were confident of victory. Sanawar was playing against the Associate Cricket Club of Delhi.

At 1-30 p.m., the captains of both teams went in for the toss. Sanawar having won the toss took to fielding. The A.C.C. batted confidently. The first wicket fell at 19 runs. However the players were not discouraged and continued to play with unflinching confidence and trust in themselves. The play was, if we may say so, a trifle slow. The fourth wicket was down for 97 runs. The sudden realization hit the fielders like a thunderbolt—the visitors may score as much as 200 runs or even more, before they are all out. The fielding became fairly tight and by the time the batsmen had passed the one and a half century mark, the wickets fell rapidly with the visitors winding up for 172 runs at 5-15 p.m.

The next day, Sunday, was very much like Saturday, as far as the weather was concerned. The Sanawarians prepared themselves for the attack of the bowlers. The opening batsmen, Gayani and Peeks (Vashist) did very well, but after the first wicket fell at 25, wickets began to fall 'nineteen to the dozen' (no pun intended!) Bhandari and Malhotra put up a strong defence with a partnership of 31 runs. Sanawar were all out for 86 in the very last over before lunch—probably they were very hungry!

The second innings showed more action as there was a limited amount of time, about an hour to each team. Jai Singh and Jogi played havoc amongst the visitors by sharing the wickets—8 for 48 runs. Dhody did well in catching a very difficult catch.

Sanawar came in to bat, and not to be intimidated by the first innings, they showed themselves in their true colours.

The match ended in a draw, Sanawar having 72 runs to their credit, with 7 wickets in hand.

On the whole it was an exciting match for all those who played and for all those who watched.

Vivek Ahluwalia & Vikram Puri
Sixth A

The School XI vs. St. Stephens

Sunday dawned a sunny and clear morning, ideal weather for the cricket match Sanawar was playing against the Saint Stephens Cricket Club Eleven. They had come up from Delhi for the occasion, an occasion which promised to be very interesting and instructive.

Luck was with us and we put the visitors in to bat. The opening bowlers, Joginder and Jai Singh, worked wonders with the ball and kept the flow of runs to a minimum. The opposing team got off to a bad start when they lost their second batsman while the scoreboard was still blank. The next three batsmen fell in the space of twenty minutes and the score stood at 23 for 4. Only when their sixth batsman came in to bat did the score begin to mount. The team's spirit revived as the score rose to 50. Here however, before they could fully settle down, two wickets fell in quick succession, without any addition to the score. Our bowlers were doing a magnificent job and before long, in the space of two hours, the visitors were bundled out for the addition of a few paltry runs. The scoreboard showed 95 runs.

Sanawar came in to bat and almost immediately slumped and at lunch the score stood at a dismal 9 runs for 3 wickets. Fortunately, this state of affairs did not last. R. Dhody and Joginder got us out of the hole with a valuable contribution of 30 runs. When Jogi was dismissed Jai Singh came in to carry on the good work. A good 20 by Dhody and a marvellous 36 by Jai Singh brought us back into the running and the chances were even. After Jai Singh and Dhody got out the team slumped once more and collapse seemed inevitable—the scoreboard read 93 for 9. There was great suspense as to whether Sanawar would be able to gain the crucial runs. But the Sanawarians, true to their motto, never gave in. Arun Mittal scored the winning run off a slow ball which appeared to have been made to order.

Our victory, however, could not have been possible without a complete co-ordination between our players. Our bowlers deserve special mention and a pat on the back. Jai Singh took 3 wickets, Joginder took another 3, Sanju Bhalerao took 2 wickets and Bikram Verma took 1. The fielding had improved much since last year and so we could keep

the score of the visitors down. This match served as a pointer to better cricket to come from our team.

Ashok Bhagat
Upper V B

Book Reviews

Rigmarole

'Rigmarole' by Priya Nath Mehta, is a hilarious erratic satire on the Indian scene.

The plot borders on the farcical. It is about a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Choudhry. The first few chapters revolve around the fact that Mrs. Choudhry loved 'chutni' for lunch and dinner, but Mr. Choudhry would turn sick at the sight of it. So they had chutni for lunch and dinner and Mr. Choudhry had to turn sick at the sight of it.

From this the story moves onto the fact that Mrs. Choudhry's arms looked like pillars of strength by virtue of their massiveness and Mr. Choudhry often had nightmares in which he found himself being pounded to a fine powdery substance by the weight of those arms.

Now the story takes a more serious turn. Mr. and Mrs. Choudhry had a daughter, Rukmani, who had long passed the marriageable age and who had begun to look more and more like Mrs. Choudhry. Mr. Choudhry wanted his daughter to marry Seth Ramparshad's son while Mrs. Choudhry wanted her daughter to marry Judge Mohanlal's son. For once Mr. Choudhry made a stand and the result: on the wedding day both the 'barats' arrived. A big fight ensued, and it was finally decided that Rukmani should make her own choice. So Rukmani was sent for. But alas, she was nowhere to be found. It was discovered later that Rukmani had eloped with the milkman's son.

The whole situation is absurd, and the events totally incredible. Yet, somehow, the author has succeeded in making the characters so typical that one keeps trying to remember where one has met them before. The language exploits the situation to the full and the book has the reader in fits of uncontrollable laughter.

Meera Sethi
Sixth A

Hawaii

'Hawaii' by James Michener, is a mammoth sized novel, not meant for readers who ration out their reading hours. It is amazing how the history of the youngest of the United States of America, right from the time of the evolution of the Earth, to the present, has been put into one book—and such an interesting book at that. Mr. Michener writes in his usual inimitable style, clear and precise, without being brusque. The characters, however, fail to be memorable—probably because there are so

many of them. In brief, the book is a salt-and-pepper mixture.

The Old Man And The Sea

This novelle by Ernest Hemingway, won him the nobel prize for literature. In this book Hemingway's incisive, clean prose is at its best. The slender story of the aged fisherman who puts out to sea after many fishless days, and catches a mammoth sized fish, only to have the sharks attack it so that he returns only with the skeleton, is loaded with symbolic undertones. The book portrays remarkably the unique love—hate feelings of the fisherman for his prey. There is also great tenderness in the relationship between the old man and the boy who befriends him. I bet you'll read this book in one sitting.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth A

Reach For The Sky

This is the story of Douglas Bader—a man who refused to accept defeat. He has become a legend in his life time, not only as an ace pilot but for his triumph over cruel adversity. He lost both legs in an air crash, but taught himself to walk again without a stick. He fought his way back to become one of the great heroes of the Battle of Britain and opened up new horizons for the physically disabled by his personal example.

This book is a must for everyone, if only because it shows so clearly that there are no limits to human achievement, if only men will not keep their spirits so carefully caged.

Anjali Srivastava
Sixth A

Gertrude

This is a novel by Herman Hesse. It is beautifully and simply written. It is the first book by Hesse that I have read and now I am determined to read all the others. In this novel Hesse tells the story of the life and emotional development of a young composer who is disillusioned by an unhappy love affair with Gertrude. The themes and the musical details have been done extraordinarily well.

It is a great novel and Herman Hesse is a superb story teller.

Anuradha Maira
Sixth A

The Assassins

This is a powerful novel by the famous American novelist, Elia Kazan. The story is about Sgt. Flores, an airforce mechanic, whose daughter is abducted by the head of a drug racket (who is by way of being a hippy). Sgt. Flores tracks the abductor down and shoots him dead.

In the trial that ensues, Sgt. Flores is backed by the entire community and is finally declared not guilty.

The author has given a beautiful and deep insight into the lives of lawyers and drug addicts. A remarkable book indeed!

Sanjiv Kapur
Sixth A

Rebecca

The complexion of the plot is as complex as the inferiority complex of the heroine, haunted by the ghost of her husband's former wife—Rebecca.

Preeti Batra
Sixth A

Song

Sushila said, "Darling, believe it or not"—
(She'd recently come from Sanawar)
"The girls of the School are a brilliant lot,
You don't know how clever they are!
Their Algebra's perfect, their English is swell,
They stick to their studies like glue!"
I said to her, "Darling, that's all very well,
But are they as pretty as you?"

Sushila said, "Darling, you're under the weather,
You ought to go up to the hills.
A couple of weeks in the heart of the heather
Is better than vitamin pills.
The girls of Sanawar with their main & their might
To meet you will stand in a queue!"
I said to her, "Darling, you're probably right,
But are they as pretty as you?"

Sushila said, "Darling, your keenness on sports
Is rather too much for my needs.
Your'e only at ease with Olympic reports
Or gossip of Wimbledon seeds.
The girls of Sanawar are so good at their games
They cause quite a hullabaloo!"
I said to her, "Darling, I don't know their names,
But are they as pretty as you?"

Sushila said, "Darling, debates are your hobby,
You think the Lok Sabha superb—
Though most of the speakers who pass through the
lobby

Don't know a noun from a verb.
For argument cogent, persuasive and moral
The girls of Sanawar are the cue!"
I said to her, "Darling, I'm not going to quarrel,
But are they as pretty as you?"

Sushila said, "Darling, you're fond of your food;
You know how a table should look;
But that doesn't mean that you have to be rude
Whenever you talk to the cook.
Whatever your purpose, to grill or to fry it,
The girls of Sanawar will do!"
I said to her, "Darling, I do not deny it,
But are they as pretty as you?"

Sushila said, "Darling, I'm terribly shy,
 I don't even know how to talk.
 But a nightingale sings and the moon is on high,
 So why don't we go for a walk?
 The girls of Sanawar say walking's a cure
 For shyness; d'you think it is true?"
 I said to her, "Darling, one cannot be sure,
 But are they as pretty as you?"

P.

Hodsons '74

On and on they go, their eyes blurred with tears of sheer effort, their noses cold, their legs as heavy as lead, their hearts pumping furiously to keep up with the bodily exertion, their hair flying in the wind, their minds blank of all thoughts: they run...further...further--'on the long Hodson Run', for they are Sanawarians.

The boys ran with full 'josh' to prove their mettle. Though the weather became hotter day by day, the boys ran on for all they were worth.

The 'heats' started after the Easter break on the 17th April. Throughout the 'heats' there was a close competition between Siwalik and Vindhya, with the scales being tipped on either side by the addition of the minutest unit.

With the end of the 'heats' there was a lot of excitement and hubbub as to what the final result would be. Everyone kept his fingers crossed, hoping for the best. I don't know how to put it, but there was an atmosphere of tension and excitement in everyone's mind as the finals promised a close and exciting finish.

The 20th April—the day of decision, dawned bright and sunny. The Under 11s shot off and J.S. Ahluwalia (S) stood first, leading the field all throughout. Tejinder Singh (N) was second and H.S. Purewal (V) was third. In the under 13s race T. Khasianmung (N) stood first with Gagan Dhillon (N) second and Tarun Sawney (V) third. The end of the under 13s race saw Nilagiri with a clear lead (75), Siwalik second (65), Vindhya third (64) and Himalaya fourth (29). The under 15s took off for Long Back. Ashok Joon (V) came first, Anil Bhalla (V) came second and Sanjiv Suri (N) was third.

The Opens started off from the Bakery on their long course. They passed through the Arch to the loud cheers of the spectators. As expected Ajai Virk (S) won the event. Pasha Dhillon (N) was second and Rajiv Behti (V) stood third.

The end of the Opens race showed Vindhya at the top followed closely by Nilagiri. Siwalik stood third and Himalaya fourth. And with that the curtain dropped on Hodsons for 1974.

Sanjiv Kapur
 Sixth A

Impression

As he walks jauntily along the cloisters, Col. Pierson with his seemingly casual air, his habit of stopping to take in the smallest things, looks more like a holidaymaker than a man who is about to teach English grammar—for that is what he is, a teacher of English who has come to us from St. Stephens College, Delhi.

During the course of our first school with him, Col. Pierson narrated the story of his life. Amongst other things, he said that he had been a secret agent for the British during the war. From the way he told it one got the feeling that he thought that old James Bond was not a patch on him. He had also been in the army and had also been a jockey. He taught at St. Stephens for eleven years and now through Mr. Ranjit Bhatia, who teaches at St. Stephens and who is both an Old Sanawarian and a member of our Board of Governors, he, Col. Pierson, has come up to teach at Sanawar.

Col. Pierson is a man with a tremendous sense of humour. He beams all over as he produces one hilarious remark after another and keeps the class in hysterics. But while he is doing this, without our even being aware of it, he is also drilling grammar into our skulls. As a result, the teaching and learning of grammar, has suddenly become something very light and interesting.

Col. Pierson is not cold and aloof like the typical Englishman. He is extremely friendly both with the staff and the students. He is also extremely gentle and hasn't yet raised his voice on anybody—though I am sure he must find us extremely exasperating at times.

Above everything Col. Pierson is a thorough gentleman and I feel that we in Sanawar are lucky to have him with us and I hope that his stay here will be a happy one for him.

Ajay Mahajan
 Sixth C

*"To confer a kindness is a mark of superiority;
 to receive one is a mark of subordination".*

Aristotle

The Lawrence School, Sanawar (Simla Hills)—1973 All India Higher Secondary Exam. Results.

S. No.	Roll No.	Name	English Lang. Lit. (01) (78)	Hist. (27)	Geog. (29)	Phy. (42)	Chem. (43)	Maths. (41)	Bio. (44)	Physy. & Hyg. (45) (62)	Total	Div.
1	314	Rajesh Kochhar	B	—	—	D	C	C	C	—	703	I
2	291	Harveen Sachdeva	C	C	C	—	—	—	—	C	667	I
3	283	Rajiv Aggarwal	C	C	C	—	—	—	—	C	658	I
4	294	Nickie Grover	C	C	C	—	—	—	—	C	633	I
5	324	G. S. Panaych	C	C	—	—	C	C	—	—	616	I
6	303	Ajay Bawa	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	—	613	I
7	312	Mukul Chopra	C	—	—	—	C	C	P	C	605	I
8	281	Pankaj Madhok	C	C	C	—	—	—	—	C	605	I
9	295	Rajdeep Brara	C	C	C	—	—	—	—	C	604	I
10	290	Harmanjit Kaur	C	C	C	—	—	—	—	C	601	I
11	287	Sanjiv K. Singh	C	C	P	C	—	—	—	C	600	I
12	304	Ashish Pradhan	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	P	593	II
13	289	Arati G. Singh	C	C	P	C	—	—	—	C	587	II
14	340	Poonam Kathuria	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	C	583	II
15	297	Rohini Johar	C	C	P	—	—	—	—	C	578	II
16	341	Sunit Kaur	C	—	—	—	C	C	P	C	577	II
17	292	Kavita Bery	C	C	C	—	—	—	—	C	576	II
18	331	Arti Ahluwalia	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	C	575	II
19	336	Ketki Banerji	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	C	572	II
20	329	Sanjiv K. Tandon	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	C	569	II
21	338	Malini Johar	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	C	568	II
22	316	Rakesh Lowe	C	—	—	—	C	P	P	C	564	II
23	339	Poornima Bhalerao	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	P	564	II
24	321	Surinder Nath Kaul	C	—	—	—	C	C	C	P	551	II
25	332	Arti Thakur	C	—	—	—	C	C	P	C	551	II
26	296	Reena Mukherji	C	C	P	C	—	—	—	C	549	II
27	277	Amardeep S. Sandhu	C	P	P	C	—	—	—	C	546	II
28	299	Satinder K. Lalli	C	C	P	—	—	—	—	C	544	II
29	330	Ajinder Chopra	C	—	—	—	C	C	P	P	542	II
30	278	Chetan K. D. Desai	C	P	P	C	—	—	—	C	541	II
31	286	Rapinder S. Chahal	C	C	P	C	—	—	—	C	538	II
32	302	Ajay K. Sahgal	C	—	—	—	P	C	P	P	537	II
33	284	Rakesh K. Singha	C	C	P	—	—	—	—	C	533	II
34	334	Harvinder K. Sahni	C	—	—	—	C	P	C	C	525	II
35	337	K. K. Randhawa	C	—	—	—	P	C	P	P	518	II
36	285	Roy James Ewing	C	C	P	—	—	—	—	C	518	II
37	282	Paramjit S. Grewal	C	C	P	—	—	—	—	C	518	II
38	305	Gyanendra S. Tak	C	C	—	—	P	P	—	P	513	II
39	310	K. Subramanian	C	—	—	—	P	P	C	P	511	II
40	327	P. S. Sandhu	C	—	—	—	P	C	P	P	508	II
41	335	J. K. Sawhney	C	—	—	—	P	C	P	C	508	II
42	333	Birinderbir Kaur	C	—	—	—	P	P	P	C	504	II
43	325	H. P. S. Brar	C	C	—	—	P	P	—	P	502	II
44	322	A. Mangesh Wagle	C	—	—	—	P	C	P	C	502	II
45	301	T. Kaur Sandhu	C	P	P	—	—	—	—	C	502	II
46	288	Amita Mohan	C	C	P	—	—	—	—	C	499	II
47	280	Digvijay S. Jhina	C	P	P	—	—	—	—	C	496	II
48	298	Rupinder Kaur	C	P	P	—	—	—	—	C	494	II
49	318	Sanjeev Sood	C	—	—	—	P	P	P	P	492	II
50	279	Jagjot Singh Kalra	C	P	P	—	—	—	—	C	489	II
51	319	S. P. S. Sidhu	C	—	—	—	P	P	P	C	479	II
52	309	K. S. Bhullar	C	P	—	—	P	P	—	P	469	II
53	315	Rajeev Singh Gulia	C	P	—	—	P	P	—	P	468	II
54	313	Naveen Anand	C	—	—	—	P	P	P	—	426	III
55	328	P. S. Chaudhry	C	P	—	—	P	FT	—	P	—	Compartment
56	320	Sumit Bagchi	C	—	—	—	P	P	F	P	—	—do—
57	317	S.S. Mankotia	C	C	—	—	PFT	FT	P	P	—	—do—
58	311	M.M.P. Singh	C	C	—	—	P	FT	—	P	—	—do—
59	306	J.S. Ahluwalia	C	C	—	—	P	FT	—	P	—	—do—
60	300	Savita R. Aggarwal	C	P	F	—	—	—	—	C	P	—do—
61	342	S. S. Tanwar	C	P	—	—	FT	FT	—	P	—	Failed
62	326	M. S. Brar	C	P	—	—	FT	FT	—	P	—	—do—
63	323	A. K. Kaushak	C	—	—	—	P	FT	F	C	—	—do—
64	308	J. S. Sokhey	C	C	—	—	FT	FT	—	P	—	—do—
65	307	Jaskaran Singh	C	—	—	—	FT	FT	F	P	—	—do—

Abbreviations and Grading

C—Credit 50% or above but below 75% in a subject.

D—Distinction 75% or above in a subject.

FT—Failed in Theory.

F—Failed.

P—Pass.

Minimum Pass marks 33%.

Second Division 45% or above but below 60%

First Division 60% or above.

Summary of Results—Subject-wise

<i>Subject</i>	<i>No appeared</i>	<i>No. failed</i>	<i>No. of passes</i> <i>(33% to 44%)</i>	<i>No. of credits</i> <i>(50% to 74%)</i>	<i>No. of distinction</i> <i>(75% or above)</i>
1 English Language	65	—	—	64	1
2 English Literature	36	—	12	24	—
3 History	24	1	16	7	—
4 Geography	11	—	—	11	—
5 Physics	41	4	20	16	1
6 Chemistry	41	9	12	20	—
7 Mathematics	29	3	14	12	—
8 Biology	41	—	23	18	—
9 Physiology & Hygiene	24	—	—	24	—
10 Painting	13	—	9	4	—





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**THE
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NEWS-LETTER**

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



192

1st April

1974

*"April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers."*

T.S. Eliot, "The Wasteland"

School News

February

24th. A rather hushed and quiet return to school. The estate looks rather bare with its winter starkness, but the occasional fruit trees have donned their welcoming robes of white and pink and peach, and there are blankets of tiny yellow flowers all over the hillside.

Crisis: Arunjot Bawa's mother takes his keys away with her and he wails piteously, "Oh sir! Please sir, what's going to happen to my 'pinnis'?"

25th. Deep pleasure at the sight of each familiar face, though the long hair do give a look of confusing uniformity.

Sukh Ram (proudly): "See how the boys like my haircuts? They refuse to have haircuts from anyone else all through the holidays."

26th. Opening of Term Assembly. A very subdued and unmusical rendering of "Lord Behold Us" points to the fact that whatever else the children may have done during the holidays, they have definitely not been singing.

Retests start. English: "The beggar sat on the roadside asking for qualms from people passing by." Stationary issued.

27th. A cold grey day, enlivened by the hustle of new admissions with all the attendant formalities including admission tests.

Jagdeep Nakai: "Sir, my father is also very laiq in Maths." Text books issued.

28th. Academic Staff meeting. Mr. Bhupinder Singh welcomes the staff, specially Mr. Suresh Kumar and Miss Oswald, the new appointments who have already joined us.

A note of terror: the retest result meeting. But there were only two casualties.

March

2nd First social of the term. The erstwhile preppers dance tirelessly from 6-30 to 10-00 p.m., most enthusiastic are Sonu Mukherji and Deepinder Rathore.

3rd Festival Cricket match. The staff almost win. Mr. Bhalerao: "I haven't played for one whole year. I'm completely out of practice." But inspite of this he does very well, taking 4 wickets. The film 'Hysteria', screened in the evening is a great success. But why did the photographer say that the girl in the picture was dead when she was alive?

4th Hobbies start. Mrs. Pears, a very old O. S. comes up for a visit. (She was born in the Kasauli M. H. in 1893!)

5th Cricket starts.

6th The girls start Basketball.

9th. The Staff Club meeting. At the auction of Magazines Mr. Abraham bids (unsuccessfully) for "Stitchcraft" "Woman and Home", "Women's Own".

10th An exodus to Kasauli. Most of the school children go out to town. In the evening "The Biggest Bundle Of Them All," starring Vittorio De Sica, Robert Wagner and Requel Welch, is screened. It is a hilarious comedy and provides great fun for all.

11th The first primroses put in an appearance in Mr. Bhalerao's garden (has he noticed them?). The term catches up with us and with a bang the proper full time programme begins. In the morning, amidst great groans and creaking of bones, P.T. begins. In the afternoon Hodsons and Boxing training starts. Finally, in the evening, Prep starts.

12th. Morning M. I. in B. D. brings to light a wave of 'Shamitis.' A number of boys hunt up forgotten ailments of long ago in a bid to get themselves excused P.T. But the Commodore is more than a match for them. Miss Shah arrives.

13th Nilagiri House Show practices seem to be in full swing and one hears a full throated chorus emanating from Barne Hall at all times of the day. Prep School cricket starts.

14th Mr. Nayyar gives a general science test: What are the differences between living and non-living things? Ravi Inder Sahi replies: Living things can earn money, non-living things cannot. Living things can drive cars, non-living things cannot. Living things can eat ice-cream, non-living things cannot etc. etc. Dental inspection commences and we know that for exactly two days everyone will remember to brush his/her teeth before going to bed.

16th "The Scorpio Letters" is screened in Barne Hall. We touch wood and marvel at the fact that all the movies are arriving on time this year.

18th. Work on the Newsletter starts. The first proof that comes in reads: "School Appointments—1274".

21st. The mercury shoots up to 25° and it is unusually hot for the time of the year. One wonders how hot it will be for the Hodsons finals.

23rd. Junior Hindi debate. The subject is: "India should make an atom bomb." Madhvi Bajaj, speaking against the topic, bags the best speaker prize, with Mandeep Sikand a close second. House positions are: Siwalik, Vindhya, Nilagiri & Himachalaya.

24th. As if to deflate our optimism of last week the picture fails to arrive. In the evening a fairly heavy rainfall and a hail storm brings the temperature crashing down and the hillside is covered with patches of white and there are pockets of white on the sheltered parts of the rooftops.

Staff News

Goodbyes are invariably sad. The end of 1973 brought in its wake the following departure: Mr. and Mrs. Pasricha, Mrs. Kanhaijeee, Miss

Ghoman, Miss Narula and Mrs. Gomez (née Proctor). We wish them the very best in their lives away from Sanawar. 1974 brought with it a few replacements and we welcome to our midst Miss Oswald (who replaces Miss Narula as the Economics teacher), Mr. Kumar (who replaces Miss Lal for Chemistry), Miss Shah (who replaces Miss Ghoman for English) Mr. Mathur (who replaces Capt. Chinna as the mess incharge for B.D.), and Mrs. Gupta (who joined the Prep School). We hope that they will have a long and successful innings in Sanawar.

We offer our felicitations and congratulations to Mrs Ursula Gomez and Mrs. Gurparveen Merchant (née Ghoman) and wish them all the sweet joys of matrimony (minus the legendary pains).

Our congratulations, too, to Mrs. Ram Singh and Mrs. Sidhu on their becoming grandmothers—Mrs. Ram Singh for the first time and Mrs. Sidhu for the second time.

O. S. News

Bill Colledge (San Moreno, Route des Genets, St. Brelade, Jersey Channel Islands) writes "We are doing everything to make a visit possible for the coming Founders. We're at crisis point in the U.K. with fuel strikes and shortages and flights may be cancelled or air fares prohibitive. Pat wants us in Bangalore, Trevor wants us in Moradabad, and Subash Malhotra wants us in Madras. (Wot I am to do!)"

Major Som Dutt (Quiros Street, Fort, Cochin) writes: "I am afraid I am still far from well and it appears we must sell our house in Ooty and go down to the plains."

Mr. Kemp (5 Civil Lines, Moradabad) writes: "I don't envy you spending the winter up there this year. Down here its been bad, below freezing most nights and still thick with fog at 12-30 in the day... ..Tissa has settled down well. She did not get into St. Bartholemew's Hospital and is applying to others. Meanwhile she is working in the same firm as Andy is and getting £5 a day as a temporary hand. I heard from Sikund today. He and Tripta and Nirja have arrived again in Africa in a new post.

Mr. Vyas (E—38, Hyderabad Estate, Nepean Sea Road, Bombay) writes: "My health is reasonably satisfactory but I have to be careful and observe many restrictions. The few months after my illness were bad but I hope the worst is now over.

Ravi Wadhvani : 1957—63 (202 Tweemons-
traat, B—2100 Deurne, Belgium) writes : "I returned
from New York yesterday to find Sanawar News
Letters for November and December on my office
desk. Needless to say, the very sight of these familiar
prints brings on emotions which only an O.S. can
feel. I am working for an American company and
Antwerp has the warehouse and headquarters for
Europe. The company deals in imports from all
parts of the world including India....Being in Europe
right in the middle of the energy crisis I cannot help
but recall the days when we'd comb the hills collect-
ing pine cones for fires. Could you tell me if the
tradition still exists in Sanawar? I don't know if
you know about this but a few days ago I spoke to
Stuart Moore in London and was casually told
'Ravi, I've done it too.' I couldn't believe it. In
classic Indian film style he's a 'Chuppa Rustom'.
I am sure you all will join me in wishing Stuart and
Katherine (with a special emphasis on the 'K') all
the best."

Harvinder Sahni : 1968—73 (P.O. Box 2334,
Kuwait) writes : "I'm fine and having a great time.
The first month I did nothing but relax. Now to
make some use of myself, I've begun working in the
mornings in my Dad's office.....I'm planning to
do architecture. I may go either to London or
Bombay, though I prefer the latter."

Harveen Sachdeva : 1966—73 (House No. 28,
Sector 7—A, Chandigarh) writes : "I still can't be-
lieve that I won't be back in Sna' and so don't miss
the school much as yet. I suppose when the school
reopens I'll realise how much I miss the routine and
good days at school. I haven't been doing anything
much during these holidays, only a lot of reading
and travelling. I meet Malini and Rajdeep quite
often. Both are fine."

Jyotsna Kumari : 1964—72 (Lal Bagh Palace,
Indore) writes : "I met quite a few Sanawarians in
Delhi. I went to Connaught Place and met hundreds
of Sanawarians. Gangs of boys walking up and down
barely looking at the shops, just walking.....Finally
Ferida and myself have decided to stick it out in
Pusa Institute. Only two more years left. I wonder
if any other Sanawarian will join our course, it
should be fun.....Ferida and I intend to bore you
with our company soon."

Mrs. Sehgal (New Delhi) writes : "Could you
very kindly thank the students of the Lawrence
School Sanawar for the most 'rememberable' present
they have sent me. I shall never forget them as long

as I live.....I wish the school a very happy new
year. May 1974 bring you all the happiness and
success which you all so richly deserve.....I might
make a trip to Sanawar in the summer if I do not
go to Hong Kong for good."

Miss Rudra (Mayo College, Prep School,
Ajmer) writes : "I miss Sanawar very much, but I
feel I had been there 20 years too long. A change
does one good and I do not regret the step I took
in coming here. Anyone having worked at Sanawar
for any length of time can never forget the place.
It has certainly been my making and I shall be ever
grateful for all the friends and work experience I had
in the very beautiful hill top. I hope the school may
grow from strength to strength.....My numbers
here are 64 boys, aged 8 to 10, and 6 teachers, plus
one House Mistress who is incharge of welfare and
food. Not more than 15 to 18 boys to a class....We
really get to know the kids. No matrons. The
teachers live in and are called House Mothers. It is
very hard work but the understanding of the child-
ren is better and there are no discipline problems."

G.C. Nirmaljit Singh Pannu : 1954—64 (Imphal
Company, 'C' Battalion, I.M.A. Dehra Dun) writes :
"Now that I have come from the N.D.A. to Dehra
Dun and am back amidst the mountains, Sanawar
memories crop up umpteen times a day. I suppose
the school is still the same if not better.....While
still in the N.D.A. (in December '73) we had a little
party of O.S. in the Academy. As usual we talked
only about Sanawar—the days when we collected pine
cones, skinned our shins in hockey, made katties,
played with horse chestnuts and yo-yos and the
hundred things that have always been an integral
part of Sanawarian life."

Capt. Shivinder Singh Sidhu : 1262—63 (V. &
P.O. Bucho Khurd, Dist. Bhatinda) writes : to say
that it might surprise us to know that he is getting
married to Tejinder Sandhu (1965—73). We had
already got the good news from Tejinder's end and
we wish Tejinder and Shivinder all the very best and
a happy and prosperous married life.

Mrs. K. Kanhaijее (C/o Lt. Col. Kanhaijее,
Ashok Paper Mills, P. O. Rameshwarnagar, via
Laheriasarai, Dist. Darbhanga, Bihar) writes : "I
miss the beautiful place, Sanawar, and its busy life
and children. I took a long time to settle down to the
new role as a house wife and I found it very irksome.
But now with the help of my husband I have settled
down and find great happiness in this new life.....
I wish Sanawar and Sanawarians all the very best."

Vinay Tuil (nee Chopra) from K-90, Hauz Khas, New Delhi, writes: "Thank you very much for having offered Atul, my son, a seat for this session. Now one realises that we O.S. are not forgotten by the school."

Major Amarjit Singh Grewal: 1950-1957 writes to say that he is seriously thinking of getting married. We assure Amarjit that this will be the event of the year.

Gaurav Rana: 1962-72 (Rhino Company, R.M.A., Sandhurst) writes "Most O.S. write to say how they are missing the old school, but till now I've been so busy I haven't even had a second to think of Sanawar because the training has been so intensive. The two years military training was conducted in six months—now you can imagine how busy we must have been. But now after six months we have some spare time and so my thoughts naturally turn to the green hill top on which Sanawar stands. By the time this reaches you I will have been commissioned—the passing out parade is on 8th March and it will be, as always, a really spectacular affair...I wish you all the very best for 1974."

Mr. B. R. Pasricha (K-67 Jangpura Extn. New Delhi-110014) writes: We send our greetings and best wishes to the Students, Staff and their families, and wish the School and every one of them a very successful and fruitful 1974 session. May God always guide and help Sanawar to continue to not only maintain its traditions and standards, but also to improve upon these. Our prayers and good wishes will always be with all Sanawarians-Staff and students-present and old as also the future ones.

Notice

Capt. (Mrs.) B.K. Sohi is intending to write a book called "Never Give In", which will include the life stories of 2/Lt. Arun Khetarpal PVC, Maj. V.R. Choudhury MVC, Capt. D.S. Pannu VC, Capt. Y.R. Palta VC, and Capt. Chatarpati Singh. She would be grateful for any information about these Old Sanawarians. So if any of our readers have any personal anecdotes or other information concerning these officers, we would appreciate it if they wrote to Mrs. Sohi.

* * * * *

Her address is:

Capt. (Mrs.) B.K. Sohi,
Graded Specialist, Paediatrics,
Military Hospital,
Pathankot
C/o 56 A.P.O.

School Appointments 1974

G. D.

Head Girl ... Sunaina Lowe
Games Prefect ... Sadhna Singh
M.I. Prefect ... Nita Basu

Himalaya

School Prefect ... Saroj Sirreck
House Prefect ... Anjali Srivastava

Nilagiri

School Prefect ... Mininder Kaur
House Prefect ... Poonam Singh

Siwalik

School Prefect ... Sunaina Lowe
House Prefect ... Paramjit Kaur Sidhu

Vindhya

School Prefect ... Geeta Bhandari
House Prefect ... Preeti Batra

B. D.

Head Boy ... Jai Singh Pathania
M.I. Prefect ... Harinder S. Dhaliwal

Himalaya

School Prefects ... { Jai Singh Pathania
... { Anil Sood
House Prefects ... { Satinder Singh Datta
... { Suraj Narain Singla

Nilagiri

School Prefect ... Ghanshyam S. Ghoman
House Prefects ... { Jaskaran Singh Bains
... { Ravipreet Singh Sohi
... { V. Chander Chhabra

Siwalik

School Prefects ... { Ajay Mahajan
... { Ajay Singh Virk
House Prefects ... { Arun K. Mittal
... { Sanjeev Kapur

Vindhya

School Prefects ... { Rajiv Bhandari
... { Vivek Ahluwalia
House Prefects ... { Rajiv Behti
... { Manu Vinirma

School Calendar—First Term 1974**April**

Sat.	6th	English Debate Srs. ...	6-00 p.m.
Fri.	12th	Good Friday (Holiday) (New admissions permitted SOPs)	
Sat.	13th	Holiday	
Mon.	15th	Foundation Day	
Wed.	17th	Hodson Heats	
Thu.	18th	Hodson Heats	
Fri.	19th	Hodson Heats	
Sat.	20th	Hodson Finals	
Mon.	22nd	Staff Club Tennis tournament commences Weighing & measuring commences	
Tue.	23rd	Marks handed in to Form staff	
Thu.	25th	Boxing Tournament Commences Mark Registers to Sr. Mistress P.D. Sat. Club Show 1st performance (P.D., & L IV & downwards to attend) ...	4-30 p.m.
Fri.	26th	1st Mark Reading P.D. Sat. Club Show Final performance	6-30 p.m.
Tue.	30th	I—H Boxing Finals	

May

Wed.	1st	Sr. School leaves for Camp	
Thu.	2nd	Prep School, L III, U III & L IV leave for Camp	
Sun.	5th	Jr. School breaks Camp	
Mon.	6th	Sr. School breaks Camp	
Tue.	7th	Gowns discarded	
Mon.	13th	I—H Cricket Commences	
Thu.	16th	Siw. House Sat. Club Show 1st performance (P.D., & L IV and downwards to attend) ...	4-30 p.m.
Sat.	18th	Cricket vs. B.C.S. Siwalik House Sat. Club Final performance ...	6-30 p.m.
Sun.	19th	Cricket vs. B.C.S.	
Mon.	20th	Cricket P.D., vs. B.D. ...	2-00 p.m.
Tue.	21st	Soccer Season Commences Soccer sets made	
Wed.	22nd	Festival Soccer match	
Sat.	25th	Hindi Debate Srs. ... Staff Club Dinner	6-00 p.m.
June			
Sat.	1st	Mock Parliament ...	6-00 p.m.

Thu.	6th	Himalaya House Sat. Club Show 1st performance ... (P.D. & L IV & downwards to attend) Himalaya House Sat. Club Show final performance ...	4-30 p.m. 6-30 p.m.
Mon.	10th	Staff Club Badminton tournament commences	
Sat.	15th	English Debate Jrs. ...	6-00 p.m.
Sun.	23rd	Soccer vs. B.C.S.	
Mon.	24th	I—H Soccer Commences Wg. & Mg., Commences	
Tue.	25th	Marks handed in to Form Staff. Prep cancelled Vindhya House Sat. Club Show 1st performance ... (PD. & L IV & downwards to attend)	4-30 p.m.
Thu.	27th	Mark Registers to Sr. Mistress Vindhya House Sat. Club Show Final performance ...	6-30 p.m.
Fri.	28th	End of term Assembly 2nd Mark Reading	
Sat.	29th	Sunday Timings Escorts' meeting ... B.D. vs. P.D. (soccer) ... Sr. School Social	10-00 a.m. 3-00 p.m. 6-30—10-00 p.m.
Sun.	30th	1st Term Ends—Home Day	

A Trip To Bangkok

Rich and kindhearted grandmothers are a godsend and my grandmother is no exception to this. During these vacations she invited me to stay with her in Bangkok and you can be sure I literally jumped at the invitation.

The plane began to descend towards the airport and looking out of the window I beheld a sight to gladden any heart. There below us was a host of beautiful neon lights, making me believe, for a moment, that I was about to enter some enchanted fairy land. Truly it was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

Soon I was through the customs and in my grandmother's arms. It had been a long time since we had last met and at first she refused to recognise me. Then, in typical Indian fashion, she went on and on about how big I had grown, which amused me no end—as I could not have remained the same size over the years or grown smaller.

Bangkok has a magnetic attraction for visitors and the ones with keen eyes get quite an eyeful. Bangkok is divided into four parts. The heart of the city is called Bangkok. It is connected to the rest of the city by a network of bridges, and the canals with their wide variety of flat bottomed craft have a picture post card quality about them.

Bangkapi is the main shopping centre in Bangkok and there are a number of Japanese departmental stores—the biggest ones are Daimaru Central and the Black Cat. These stores had everything I wanted, and I spent hours and hours picking and choosing and doing permutations and combinations with the amount of money I had and the cost of the things I wanted to buy. I visited these stores almost everyday—except when the staff were on strike (Indian influence?)—and at the end of each visit returned home with armloads of things, weary but content. Of course things were made easier by the fact that my grandmother's house was in Bangkapi.

Another section of Bangkok, Wong Vienyai, had all the good places that I wanted to see. There was a beautiful rose garden with an endless variety of the beautiful flower, each more colourful and perfect than the last. There was the crocodile farm, where crocodiles are bred and raised like almost any other farm animal—of course the crocodiles are far more profitable as their skins fetch fabulous prices from fashion creators all over the world. There were also the highly Americanised beaches.

Bangkok offers a wide selection of movies and I made it a point not to miss any good ones. The restaurants provide an excellent assortment of Chinese and Oriental dishes as the majority of the people living in Bangkok are of Chinese origin.

Bangkok has a number of skyscrapers, which gave me a pain in the neck and a dizzy feeling as I was always trying to look up to their tops to see how many storeys they had.

The climate in Bangkok is hot and humid, and I hated walking. So I used the car as often as possible. One of the greatest pleasures of my stay in Bangkok was to drive in the cool of the evening to the Temple of The Reclining Budha or the Temple of The Emerald Budha, both very beautiful places.

Every day of my stay in Bangkok found me falling more in love with this exotic place. So much so that as the day for my return came nearer I had wild thoughts of hiding out somewhere and not returning at all. I even tried to loose my passport. But all in vain. I did eventually return and here I am “transferring the passions of the heart into a tale.”

Vinod Chandra
VI C

The Return

As the car crossed Dharampur, I stuck my head out of the window. My uncle looked at me in mild surprise, as all this time I had been fast

asleep. “Are you alright?” he asked, a trifle anxiously. I gave him, what I hoped was a reassuring smile, and continued to scan the hillside once more. Then I saw it, there—there on the crest of the hill, with an aura of command, stood S'na—my S'na. I had not known that I would feel this way when I caught my first glimpse of Sanawar after a gap of a mere three months. A certain happiness, a thrill—yes I had been prepared for those, but this overwhelming exhilaration, this sound of singing within, this was something new and strange and alien. It was there for a moment and then a bend in the road took it away from me. I craned further forward, trying still to see it and in the attempt I upset the lunch box that lay in my lap. My uncle muttered something under his breath, but I couldn't have cared less.

Somewhere up there was the old school, nestling snugly among the pines and the firs. I lay back and the next few minutes were just a matter of flashing rooftops and speeding trees: Sanawara, Chavla Dhar, Garkhal and then finally the inevitable slope. In a flash I remembered—Studies, P.T., Boxing, Hodsons, Prep.....My feelings did a flip and for a moment I wished that we were hurtling down that slope instead of crawling up it. But the cool pine-scented breeze that carressed my face and played with my hair, the lush, green pines, the red roof tops, the solitary blossom-laden tree near Birdwood and the fantastic feeling of timelessness, silenced this wish and once more I peered out through the window—occasionally waving to someone.

At last we reached the crowded Quad. All of a sudden, a great, inexplicable wave of seclusion and loneliness swept over me. I stood transfixed on the tar, the little 'coolies' quarrelling amongst themselves as to who should carry the luggage. In silence, I walked to the dormitory, an external part of me turning once in a while to wave at someone or to call out a greeting to someone. Three long months.....and then this feeling. I cannot understand it or explain it.

Later I sat at one of the common room windows trying to bring some order to my feelings and thoughts. I marvelled at the sameness of Sanawar. It was as beautiful as ever. Three months hadn't altered this—three hundred years wouldn't. I looked down at the distant road and saw a car speeding by. Could there be someone in that car looking up at Sanawar and wondering if this was not, after all, only a mirage? Could any place on earth be really so beautiful? I already know how his mind must be working—I already know his answer.

Vivek Ahluwalia
Sixth A

The Biggest Bundle Of Them All

The Biggest Bundle of Them All was just a group of six. This bundle is a bundle of thieves in search of something to steal. There is an old man, a girl, a man named Harry, a negro, a dwarf and a fat man. In the beginning there are people laying down a coffin. And there is sobbing and howling all around. The old man gets fed up and walks off from there. Then it carries on. Then there is a bogie with platinum in it and these people want it for themselves. They buy a tank and put it on the railway line and the train stops, and they tell the engine driver to cut off the bogie in which there is platinum and to get going with the train. Then they put a bomb in the bogie and all the police get conked off. Then they put all the platinum in a truck and go off. In the meantime Harry has got a plane and he makes it land and they load all the platinum on to the plane. When it is loaded Harry says that the old man is not going with them. Then the others say if the old man is not going then we are also not going and so he allows the old man to come. Then when the plane has taken off, the pilot does something fishy and the bomb door opens and all the platinum falls out and the police below get it. So it comes off that after all their labour they loose everything. Then we came down for supper and we got custard pudding.

Suryavir Singh
L-IV A

The Festival Cricket Match

A sunny morning greeted us as we made our way down to Barnes. The players moved about making last minute preparations on the field. There was our art teacher puffing away on his cigar trying to take in as much smoke as possible so as to make up for the next two hours of tedious play (without cigars!) And there was Mr. Nayyar looking as flashy as ever, running around all over the field, and Mr. Abraham, looking like an advertisement for Tinopal, in his bright, spotless white trousers. And there were all the boys anxious for play to start.

A complete silence prevailed as the skippers went onto the field for the toss. The School XI was put to bat. The openers batted hesitantly and before we were settled down we were one down for a mere ten runs. Within no time the School XI's prospects dimmed as the scoreboard read 41 for 6.

Then a staunch partnership between Jai Singh and Verma piled up 23 runs and helped in making our score look respectable. At the fall of Verma to Mr. Mundkar, the chances of a good total looked slim.

Another good partnership took place between "Peeks" (Parveen Vashist) and Jai Singh which yielded 19 runs. Jai Singh played an outstanding innings of 28 runs. The tailenders pushed up the score to 101, the hundred of the innings coming off a bye (the ball being lodged in the wicketkeeper's pads).

The Headmaster's XI commenced their innings on a comical note. Mr. Joshi was bowled off the very first ball, but he managed to squeeze another batting out of the School XI and went on to score a breezy nine runs.

With the fall of Mr. Gore's wicket (12 runs) a thirty-five run partnership between Messrs Mundkar and Amar Singh ensued. They kept the scoreboard running. It was a fine ball from Joginder Bikram that was the turning point of the game. He bowled Mr. Amar Singh, who had scored a quick 18 runs. At this point the score board read 60 for 3 with the staff having the upper hand.

The fall of Mr. Mundkar to Bhandari was the beginning of the end for the staff. From then on the wickets fell quickly and soon the score was 80 for 9.

The 10th batsman, Mr. S. C. Arora, took three battings and eventually left a 'happy and satisfied man' with a mathematically incalculable average of '666'. The Headmaster's XI batted with 14 batsmen and could score only 99 runs. Many a time I wonder why the team is called the Headmaster's XI when the number of players is anything but eleven!

The match ended with a win for the School XI and the Cricket Season was ushered in.

Sanjeev Kapur
Sixth A

A Frightful Movie

The movie which I am talking about, is called Hysteria. This movie was the first movie I saw in Boys' School. It was a very interesting murder movie.

It was all about a man called Chris who had lost his memory. A doctor took advantage of it and gave him a medicine which made him think that he had killed his own wife. He also put a tape-recorder to frighten him that he had killed his wife. In the end Chris gets to know the doctor's plans.

It was very frightening so I could not understand it. It also was a very sorrowful movie and one of my friends started crying.

I did not know why they named it Hysteria.

Suvrat Saigal
L-III B

Impressions

During a first brief fortnight the impressions gathered of any institution or person are likely, I fear, to be superficial. Here, for what they are worth, are my first few impressions of Sanawar.

To discover a great school perched lonely as an eagle's nest in the heart of the hills is a remarkable experience. Last summer, as it happened, I had occasion in England to visit both Charterhouse and Bradfield. Lately I have been living within a stone's throw of Mayo College in Ajmer. Though these are three fine and representative schools their surroundings cannot hope to compare with the surroundings of The Lawrence School. England is a green—if considerably less so than formerly—and pleasant—when it's not raining—land, but her scenery hardly runs to the spectacular. As for poor old Ajmer, it's a city set down among barren rocks in the middle of a howling desert.

Mountains, an eminent historian has stated, breed tribes: a plain welds a nation. For tribes one had better say clans, perhaps, for the word tribe is today a debased one, it suggests a lot of uncouth chaps, Old Stone Age types, brandishing flint axes and rushing around smothered in blue paint. I've observed no flint axes or blue paint at Sanawar, but I have been conscious from the word go of a strong tribal loyalty within the School. Every man—I use the term man in its generic sense; man, as a professor of anthropology once inadvertently informed his delighted class, embraces woman—knows loyalties, he wouldn't be a man if he didn't; loyalties to his country, his state, his religion, his family, his friends—well, one needn't elaborate. I, an Englishman, have been a long time in India now, nearer fifty than forty years. During these years I have necessarily known many loyalties, notably to the famous firm I joined so long ago in Calcutta, to the Indian Army and the Royal Deccan Horse, to St. Stephen's College in Delhi University. As a bachelor I've often asked myself whether loyalty isn't a bigger force in life even than love: or is it, perhaps, a sublimated and higher form of the same emotion? Be this as it may loyalty, I suspect, is a plant that has sent down and continues to send down strong roots in Sanawar. Such at all events is my early and strong impression.

As day succeeds day I smugly perceive how lucky I am, how lucky all of us, teachers and taught, at Sanawar are, to have found a job of work to do in the hills. Previous stays of mine in the hills have been mere holiday occasions, momentary respites snatched from the heat and dust and manifold discomforts of city life. The work of most of us in India lies perforce in the plains and especially,

unless we're cultivators or minor administrators, in the great cities. Today Bombay, Calcutta, New Delhi, Madras—like London or Paris, I'm told like Washington or New York—grow progressively and rapidly more frightful. They're dirty, they stink to high heaven; they're madly overcrowded, unless at a spine-chilling rent there's nowhere for the newly arrived rat-racer to live. The roar of noise is ceaseless and appalling, the air that one breathes isn't air, it's fumes. Half the time the electric current's off or the taps are dry. Trams and buses don't run. Every other day there's a riot, The police if they're not actually opening fire seem always to be thinking in terms of tear gas. At regular intervals the local students take it into their heads to gherao or de-bag their unfortunate Vice-Chancellor.

All this, no doubt, is old stuff. The fact remains that life at Sanawar is very different from life in the cities. At Sanawar, to use the cant phrase, one gets away from it all. Here are to be found the blessings of tranquillity; there is time to pause and reflect. It's always a good thing to pause and reflect. A poet has remarked on "...the silence that is tumty-tum"—underneath, probably, but I forget—"the stars, The peace that is among the lonely hills." Well said, Wordsworth or whoever it was, and that's how I feel. I've always thought myself very lucky to have been called, comparatively late in life to the cloistered walks of St. Stephen's College in Old Delhi. Now it's my impression that I'm no less lucky to have come to the terraced steps of Sanawar.

P.

Library News : New Arrivals

Children's Books

Sheila Dhar: *This India*; Shakuntala Masani: *The Story of India*; Enid Blyton: *The Enid Blyton Gift Book for Boys & Girls*; Carolyn Keene: *Nancy Drew Series* (30 titles); Franklin Dixon: *Hardy Boys Mystery Series* (30 titles); Capt. W.E. Johns: *Biggles Series* (6 titles); Joan Cass: *The Witch of Witchery Wood*; Enid Blyton: *Five Run Away Together*; Enid Blyton: *The Golden Treasury of Stories for Boys and Girls*; Helen Griffiths: *Moshie Cat*; John Bobb: *Last Duel at Wartop*; Constance White: *The House with Blue Shutters*; Mary Cousins: *Tell Me All About Saints*; Walt Disney Studio: *Walt Disney Wonders of Nature*; Brian Andrews: *Harmless Experiments for Boys*.

Fiction

Elia Kazan: *The Assassins*; Bhabani Bhattacharya: *Shadow from Ladakh*; Meyer Levin: *The Settlers*; Zelda Popkin: *A Death of Innocence*; Alis-tair Maclean: *The way to Dusty Death*; Winston

Graham: The Black Room; Peter O'Donnell: The Silver Mistress; James Brough: The Fabulous Fondas; Gerald Durrell: Rosy is My Relative; Hammond Innes: The Land That God Gave to Cain; The White South; Eric Williams: The Tunnel; H.H. Kirst: Who's in Charge Here?; Desmond Bagley: The Freedom Trap; Wale Soyinka: The Interpreters; Bernard Frizell: Time Table of Generals; Simon De Beauvoir: Les Belles Images; E.R. Braithwaite: Reluctant Neighbour; E.R. Braithwaite: Paid Servant; Paula Brown: Summer in A Festival; Norah Lofts: Nethergate; Daphne Du Maurier: The Daphne Du Maurier Omnibus; Margaret Taylor: Marriage of Convenience; Elaine Feinstein: The Amberstone Exit; Jane Converse: Nurse on Trial; Ursula Bloom: Yesterday's Tomorrow; John Winton: The War at Sea 1939-45; Barbara Cartland: We Danced All Night; Barbara Cartland: The Leaping Flame; Paul and Sheila Mandel: The Black Ship; Stephen Marlowe: Clossus; Madeleine Brent: Moonrakers Bride; Santha Rama Rau: The Adventuress; Anthony Gilbert: Murder's A Waiting Game; Unity Hall; Emily; Francis Ryck: Loaded Gun; Alistair Maclean: Night Without End; Alistair Maclean: Carravan to Vaccares; Alistair Maclean: Force 10 from Navarone; Alistair Maclean: The Golden Rendezvous; Alistair Maclean; Where Eagles Dare; Noel Barber: Sinister Twilight; Herman Wouk: Don't Stop The Carnival; Herman Wouk: The City Boy; James Jones: The Thin Red Line; Herman Wouk: Marjorie Morningstar; Stephen Becker: When The War Is Over; William Faulkner: The Sound and The Fury; Henry James: The Ambassadors; Henry James: The Wings of The Dove; Nadine Gordimer: A Guest of Honour.

Fine Art and Useful Arts

J. J. de Lucio: Visual Aesthetics; R. J. de Cristoforo: Practical Handbook for Carpentry; J. Hofstead: Pottery; Charles Hayward: T.Y.S. Carpentry; Charles Hayward: The Second Handbook of Hundreds of Things That A Girl Can Make; Kate Stewart: The Times Cookery Book; Kate Stewart: A.B.C. of Fashion and Design; Royal Canadian Air Force: Physical Fitness; E.J. Harrison: Physical Training for Men.

Biography

Vincent Cronin: Napoleon; Ronald Penrose: Picasso; Desmon Young: Rommel: The Desert Fox.

Generalia

Michel Chinery: Concise Encyclopedia of Nature; U.N.O.: Food and Man; Edward Horton: The Age of Airships; John Canning: 100 Great Kings and Queens and Rulers of The World; W. Moore: Penguin Encyclopedia of Places; Colin Legum: Africa Handbook; C.L. Du Cann: Teach Yourself to Live.

Plays

Noel Coward: Hay Fever; Fredrick Davies: Three French Farces; Gray Simon: Dutch Uncle; Philip King: Go Bang Your Tambourine; Tom Stoppard: The Real Inspector Hound; John Bowen: Little Boxer; Jack Pepplewell: Dear Children; Terence Frisby: There's A Girl in My Soup; Glyn Jones: Thriller of The Year; Joyce Rayburn: The Man Most Likely To; Olive Chase: Counter Crime; William Douglas Home: The Jockey Club Stakes; William Douglas Home: The Secretary Bird; Philip King: I'll Get My Man; Philip King: So Far No Father; Norman Holland: The Militants; Robert Shaw: The Man in The Glass Boots.

One Act Play

Donald East: The Lucky One; Michael Brett: The Editor Regrets; Margaret Wood: The Double Dealers; John Hynam: Dear Rudy; Anthony Booth: Yesterday The World; Alun Owen: George's Room; Alun Owen: Shelter; Mary Greenslade & Anne Harvey; Scenes for Two.

Physics

Gamov and Cleveland: Physics, Foundations and Frontiers; Endlow and Saxena: A Concentric Course in Physics;

Chemistry

R. E. Morcom: T. Y. S. Inorganic Chemistry; Sharma, Saxena and Mathur: A Concentric Course in Chemistry.

Psychology

T. A. Ryder: Psychology for You.

Geography

Singh and Ragunath: Mapwork & Pracitcal Geography; Time and Life: Brazil.

History

William McElwell: T.Y.S. History of England; A. J. P. Taylor: The First World War; Time and Life: The Reformation.

Engineering

Time and Life: The Engineer.

Botany

Time and Life: The Plants.

Howlers

A 'Hypotenuse' is a fat animal that wallows in water.

* * * * *

We are living in the atomic 'error.'

* * * * *

Joan of Arc was Noah's wife.

Ghanshyam Ghoman
VI B

NOTICE TO ALL O. S.

Please write and ask for the News-letter.

Please write to us telling us your address or any change in it

Please tell us of your doings and when you do write to us, it will be helpful if you mention the years of your stay here e.g. 57-65.

The subscription for the News-letter w.e.f. 1973 is :

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(See Rule 8)

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Nationality ... Indian

Address ... The Lawrence School,
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Editor's Name ... Harish Dhillon

Nationality ... Indian

Address ... The Lawrence School,
Sanawar

Names and Addresses of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per cent of the total capital. *N.A.*

— — — — —
The Lawrence School,
SANAWAR (Simla Hills)

I, Harish Dhillon, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated 15th March 1974.

Sd- Harish Dhillon
(Signature of Publisher)

" I disagree with every word you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it."

Voltaire

Editor:—Harish Dhillon

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Printed and published at The Lawrence School Press,
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1st March

1974

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for
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Owner :—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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Student Reporters

Girls

Arati G. Singh
Harmanjit Kochar

Boys

Pankaj Madhok
Sanjiv K. Singh

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The Head Printer.

As per letter No. J-23/1, dated
23/1/1974 from the Superintendent of
Post Offices, Solan Division, Solan,
the registration No. P-129 of Sanawar
News Letter has been changed to P/Sol-1.

Kindly note the necessary change
in the registration number.

SPV.

Govt/28/1/74
B U R S A R.
28/1/1974.

Noted M
28/1/74

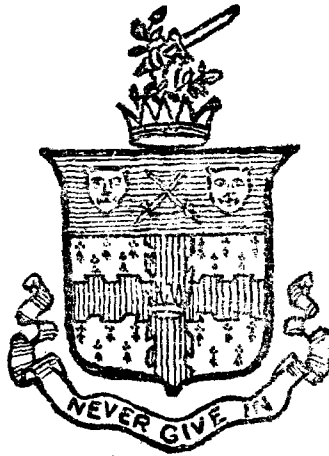
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Student Reporters

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



191

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1973

School News

October

13th. Congratulations to Vindhya (B.D.) and Siwalik (G. D.) for annexing the coveted P. T. Championship trophy in their respective departments.

Our kudos to Krishnan Subramanian for being adjudged the best gymnast. It was a treat to watch his supple movements: his pliant body obeyed him completely.

20th. A special Assembly was held to pay our last respects to Mrs. W. Phillips, the much loved matron of Himalaya House, who suddenly died on the 19th.

21st She was buried in Kasauli with full honours.

22nd Sr. Inter-House Hockey league (B. D.) commenced.

24th A special Assembly was held to mourn the death of Ganga Sharan (O.S. 1967-'70) who was involved in a fatal, motor-cycle accident on Oct. 12.

25th Diwali was celebrated in a subdued manner on account of the death of Mrs. Phillips. As a gesture the normal bonfire was cancelled but the bursting of crackers went on as usual.

26th Himalaya House took the lead at the conclusion of the Sr. Hockey league.

27th "In a developing country like India, boys should be given preference over girls at all levels of education" was debated by the Seniors. Ambika Anand spoke seriously and with confidence. She cantered away with the 1st prize. Uma Sarna spoke in a pleasant accent and won the 2nd position. Ajai Shukla, as is his wont, amused us with his humorous lines.

Amongst the Houses Siwalik excelled and secured the top place.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

Mr. Pasricha advised the School not to read from a paper while participating in a debate. He also emphasized the importance of rebuttal in which the debaters of the evening were lacking. He was, however, satisfied with the delivery.

28th A wandering group held the School in awe for an hour with their amazing acrobatic feats. They were only lacking in elegance but otherwise every action of theirs, from somersaulting in air to rope-walking, proved their skill beyond doubt.

30th The Inter-House (G. D.) Hockey tournament started.

November

1st Normal teaching in VI Form was given up as a bad job. Nervousness possessed the Sixth Formers as they realised that the examination was round the corner.

3rd The Junior Hindi Declamation Contest fell below our expectation. Sanjay Bajaj bagged the 1st position. Siwalik led amongst the Houses.

Mrs. B. Singh presented the prizes.

Sixth Formers had their picnic at Pinjore. They returned relaxed and were refreshed enough to face the ordeal of examination.

7th G.D. Hockey matches concluded. Congratulations to Siwalikans for lifting the coveted Championship Cup.

G.D. Table-Tennis matches commenced.

8th Himalaya, Siwalik and Nilagiri shared the honours at the conclusion of G.D. T-T tournament.

9th VI Formers locked horns with the first ever Board exam of their lives as their practicals began.

10th Guru Nanak's birth anniversary was celebrated with usual enthusiasm.

About half the School went down to the Gurwara at Garkhal.

13th The Prep School had its traditional picnic in the Sunshine Valley. The children and the Staff all enjoyed it immensely.

14th Children's Day was celebrated with normal programme.

The Headmaster addressed the School. He told us that Pt. Nehru was born with a silver spoon in his mouth: he could have easily chosen a life of comfort and luxury. Instead, he chose a hard path it nevertheless a rewarding one. He was genuinely interested in uplifting the poor. He was a true socialist and a democrat. He sincerely believed in the rights of people. He was a reputed writer and a good father. He loved children and rightly thought that they were the treasure of the country. Mr. Pasricha exhorted us to live up to his ideals.

The afternoon saw the Pagal Gymkhana on its feet. The organisers fully succeeded in creating complete chaos! It was all fun and frolic: boys and girls enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

17th. Mr. Mundkur emerged the unquestioned singles Champion in the Staff Club Tennis matches. Messrs Solomon and Randhawa won the doubles title. Dr. Dhillon led in T-T singles whereas Messrs Joshi and Arora romped home in the doubles. Our congratulations to all of them.

18th. Siwalik lifted the Shooting Cup: well done Siwalikans. Bouquets to Jasdip Ahluwalia (V) for being adjudged the best shot. Rakesh Lowe (S) was a very close second.

20th. P.D. beat B.D. (1-0) in their traditional Hockey encounter.

24th. The Department of Punjabi held the first ever recitation in the School. Considering the fact that the School started Punjabi only this year, the standard was fairly good.

Harmukh Dev Lalli and Indermohini Oberoi bagged the first and second positions respectively: our Congrats to them.

Speaking in Punjabi, Mr. Pasricha complimented the Punjabi Society on the nice performance.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

25th. The Dance and Music Department entertained us with a number of recitals. The Kathak and the Tribal Dances were greatly appreciated.

Mr. R.S. Bishnoi, Principal, B.S.F. School, Kundlur Cantt., congratulated the participants for the scintillating performance. He said that all he had heard about Sanawar was true. He had no hesitation in accepting the fact that Sanawar was one of the best Schools in the country.

✧ Greetings ✧

We extend our greetings to all Sanawarians and their parents and wish them an enjoyable vacation and a happy new year.

O. S. News

Maj. T.P.S. Chowdhury : 1952-58 (29 Staff Course, Defence Services Staff College Wellington, Nilgiris, South India) You will be pleased to learn that all the O. S. here at the Staff College, remembered the School on October 4. To celebrate the Founder's Day, all the O.S here, and those parents whose children are/were in Sanawar, gathered in our Wellington Club for a drink, dinner and dance. The evening was a very enjoyable one, with everyone feeling 'homesick' of Sanawar. During the evening, each one of us introduced himself/herself, what he/she was called at school, the stay at school and any other special details about himself/herself. You will be surprised to know that there were 24 of us present at the gathering.

We had requested Major and Mrs. Som Dutt to preside, but unfortunately due to his bad health, he could not attend. It was also unfortunate that Mr. Vyas, Principal, Lawrence School, Lovedale, also could not attend due to some urgent commitments elsewhere.

After an evening with drinks, dance, games and dinner, we rounded off the proceedings with the memorable School song; and it was surprising that all of us remembered the words.

The following attended the Old Sanawarians' party on 4th Oct. :—

1. Colonel and Mrs. H.S. Bedi (Commandant Madras Regimental Centre) 1949-55 Mrs. Bedi is Rina Charan Singh's sister. Rina is due to visit India shortly alongwith her husband, and will be visiting Staff College. We are planning for another get-together then.

2. Lt. Col. and Mrs. K.J.S. Jamwal (Maratha Light Infantry). They have their children in Sanawar at the moment.

3. Maj. and Mrs. Karampal Singh Sidhu (Armoured Corps) 1950-55. Initially in Nilagiri and later moved to Siwalik House. Represented School in Hockey and Football.

4. Maj. and Mrs. Gurdip Singh Uban (Artillery) 1951-52 : Nilagiri House. He remembers that there was never an opportunity when he didn't join the 'caning' squad.

5. Maj. and Mrs. Amarjit Singh Bal M.V.C. (Armoured Corps) 52-54 : Siwalik House. Amarjit is the hero of the 1971 war at Shakargarh and was awarded the Maha Vir Chakra for his valour.

6. Maj. and Mrs. J.P. Singh (Armoured Corps) J.P.'s name at school was J.P.S. Soin and was nicknamed Jogi, 1953—57 : Siwalik House. He excelled in cross country.

7. Maj. and Mrs. T.P.S. Chowdhury (Engineers)—called Tejpal or Teju at School. 1952—58 Nilagiri House. Represented the School in Boxing, Soccer, Hockey and Cricket.

8. Squadron Leader and Mrs. K.C. Cariappa. Popularly called Nanda at school 1950—54 : Vindhya House. Represented School in Cricket, Table-tennis, and cross country. Came 6th in N.C.C. Public School cross country Meet at Pune, which Sanawar won.

9. Squadron Leader and Mrs. D.S. Jatar. Mrs. Jatar (Shaila Pant in School) was in School during 1953—54 and in the Sparrow Hawks. She remembers running in Athletics.

10. Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. P. S. Bawa. Mrs. Bawa (called Shashi Hora in School) was in School during 1953—61 : Himalaya House. She remembers being perpetually punished in and out of the class—and Mr. Bhupinder Singh heads the list.

11. Major and Mrs. J.S. Phoolka (Artillery) Mrs. Phoolka (called Sukhjeevan Dhillon in School) was in School during 1957—58 in Siwalik House. She says she participated in almost everything.

12. Mr. and Mrs. Dewan Ramesh Chand. Dewan was in Nilagiri in 1951 and later went to Siwalik (1952—53). Dewan represented the school in Boxing, Cross Country (at the N. C. C. Public School Meet) and in Table-tennis. He has the distinction of winning the President's Gold Medal in 1953. He is at present the Manager of the National and Grindlay's Bank at Bombay.

The following who are also in Staff College could not attend due to unavoidable reasons:—

1. Lt. Col. and Mrs. J.N. Khanna (Gurkhas). They have their child at Sanawar. Incidentally Mrs. Khanna is Subhash Malhotra's sister.

2. Lt. Col. and Mrs. K.S. Brar, Vr. C. (Maratha Light Infantry) Mrs. Brar (nee Asha Shamsher Singh) is a Sanawarian, and was in school during 53—56 : Vindhya House.

3. Maj. and Mrs. Shamsher Singh (Armoured Corps) 1950—54 : Nilagiri House. Shamsher had his brother, Surinder Singh or Bony, also in Sanawar during that time.

4. Maj. and Mrs. Nand Lal Poonia (Grewadiers)—was called Nandi in School. 1952—55 : Himalaya House.

5. Sqn. Ldr. & Mrs. A.S. Sethi : Called Gurbans Sawhney at School, she was there during 1959—63. Himalaya House : she was the Games Prefect at School.

With our postings out, all of us will be dispersing to our new assignments on Dec. 1. The 29 Staff Course has been a long one—we will finish 11 months when we leave. It has been a strenuous course—more academically than physically. Nevertheless, it is a course which we all will remember for ever.

And here's wishing Sanawar the very best from all of us here. We also wish the present Sixth Formers the very best in their coming exams.

Lieut. Ashok Saxena: 1958—'65 (Asst. Admin Officer, Headquarters, Southern Command, Poona-1). You will be glad to know that Bikram (V) is getting married on 8th December. He is with Orient Longmans at Bombay and though I haven't been able to see him, I do give him a tinkle now and then. Pradeep Singh is still at AFMC, Poona, and is doing well. From what I have heard, he is quite a force to be reckoned with. Dilraj Malhans (He's in the Armoured Corps) had been down to Poona on a 'visit' to Command Hospital.

Life here at Poona is pretty hectic and I wouldn't be wrong if I say that Poona is a bacheolor's paradise ... My regards to everyone.

B. Singh

The First Inter-Public School Athletic Meet For Girls

The day dawned bright and clear. After an early lunch (at 11-00 a.m.!) the various teams participating in the Meet trooped to the 'Welham Junior Boys' Playfield'. To our utmost horror the field turned out to be a grassy one and none of us had spikes !!

After a rather dramatic marchpast, where the salute was taken by Rani Sahiba of Raj Pipla, and oathtaking ceremony, the heats commenced.

After heats, we began the finals. The 100 m. race was run in the midst of 'hail' : Sadhna stood 3rd. In the 100 m. hurdles Sadhna stood 4th. The 200 m. finals ended with Veena coming 3rd. We

fared quite well in the high jump where Veena bagged the 1st position by jumping 4'-3". Sadhna entered the finals in the long jumps but didn't succeed in securing a position. It was the same case in Discus Throw. We didn't fare very well in Shot Put and didn't participate in the Javelin Throw. Lastly we had the school relays and Sana-war put in all their mite and stood 2nd !!

A joyous team marched past for the closing ceremony and then at the prize distribution we were thrilled to know that our school had finished 2nd behind Welhams' Girls School.

I must say that it was a creditable performance despite the fact that we didn't have any coaching whereas Welhams' were trained not only by their own coaches but also had special training from the I.M.A. coaches. In spite of the present achievement we still have much scope for improvement and I hope this will prove to be a source of encouragement for the future teams.

Ketaki Banerji

G. D. Inter-House Hockey Tournament

The end of the Hockey season found Siwalik a jubilant House and Nilagiri a disillusioned wreck. The ever prevailing healthy rivalry between the Houses persisted to the last minute. Nilagiri suffered a crushing defeat. Cheer up kiddos! Fortune's wheel might take a different turn next year.

The Vindhya-Nilagiri senior match inaugurated the Hockey tournament. Vindhya won a decisive victory with 2-0. The Nilagirians put up a gallant fight; they resolved to fare better next time.

In the second session the Siwalik seniors played their Himalayan counterparts. The victorious Siwalikans strutted about happily.

For the next two days of the matches everyone was in fine form and showed their mettle (the initial nervousness had worn off). The matches were played off in quick succession. Coaches and Housemates watched with indrawn breath the victories and defeats suffered by their respective Houses. Many encounters resulted in draws on account of equal expertise on both sides.

The Siwalik vs. Vindhya juniors match can unhesitatingly be called a lousy match. Though it ended in favour of Siwalik, much room was left for improvement.

Players of astounding dexterity were Sadhna Singh, Veena Ghunghesh and Arti Ahluwalia.

By the end of four days of the matches Vindhya and Siwalik were tying neck to neck for the first position. Himalaya had settled at the third place and Nilagiri was a humiliating fourth.

The remaining matches were deferred by two to three days due to the disruption caused by the boys' hockey fixtures. On the concluding day of the matches excitement increased with every passing minute. The Vindhya-Himalaya seniors match was an aggressive one and it decided the fate of the Vindhyaans. Then juniors of Siwalik and Nilagiri played a good, forceful game. Siwalik clinched the 1st position. Vindhya had dropped to second. The 3rd and 4th positions were taken by Himalaya and Nilagiri respectively.

The Hockey season concluded leaving an army of wounded soldiers.

Sunaina Lowe

G.D. Inter-House Table-Tennis Matches

The hall was hushed to silence as the first match between the Siwalikan and Nilagirian doubles began. Although Nilagiri House's shots were much stronger and more sure, Siwalik House won with the score at 21-18 and 21-14.

The next match was played between the Vindhyan and Himalayan singles. A very close match indeed. Vindhya won a close 21-19 after a very skin-of-the-teeth game. Himalaya bucked up in the second, and a very exciting game commenced with Vindhya catching up—point-16, point-17, point-18, point-19..... but a skilful shot—and game to Himalaya. Himalaya won the third game too and the match.

In the third match played between the Himalayan & Vindhyan doubles, instead of the expected love game (Himalaya leading) Vindhya managed a good losing score of 19-21 and 14-21.

A singles match now between Nilagiri and Siwalik or should I say a very flamboyant style pitted against a more steady one; a very close match in which Nilagiri got the better of their opponents. Another doubles match between the Nilagirians and Vindhyaans. Again quite close and again won by Nilagiri.

The sixth match was an exciting one played between the singles of Himalaya and Siwalik. Siwalik played a marvellous game, with well placed shots and although Himalaya bucked up in the second game, Siwalik won by a narrow margin.

The seventh match was played between the Himalayan & Nilagirian doubles. Himalaya played a better game this time and beat the Nilagirians by winning two out of the three games.

Vindhya vs. Himalaya singles were very well matched opponents—again the flamboyant style against well placed shots. After a gruelling best of three Nilagiri proved to be the better side. The ninth match was Siwalik vs. Vindhya. Although Vindhya fought bravely, they were overpowered by Siwalik and lost yet another match. A double match now (note the pun) Siwalik vs. Vindhya again. Siwalik proved to be superior and won by a big margin this time.

This was followed by a match between the Siwalikan and Himalayan doubles. The hours of gruelling practice showed out this time and Himalaya played very well, winning by a vast lead.

The grand finale of the afternoon was the last and a very edge-of-the-seat match played between the Himalayan and Nilagarian singles. Both sides were well matched. Nilagiri played extremely well but Himalaya proved her mettle this time and after three games managed to scrape a victory.

Himalaya, Nilagiri and Siwalik together came 1st with 3 points and Vindhya 4th with 1 point.

Doesn't matter Vindhya—at least you got the second best points!

Preeti Batra

The P. D. Picnic

Shouting and screaming went on as we walked to the Sunshine Valley. A whistle blew and all of us got into a line.

Miss Kalia sang with us but we were so excited that we shouted like mad people instead of singing. Soon Madam stopped singing. As we reached the picnic spot, all of us rushed to make our camps. We collected many pine needles and covered the ground with them. What fun we had! Soon we settled ourselves on the pine needles. Naughty Madan Mohan came and threw some pine needles on our faces. We all got very irritated and threw it back on him. What fun we had that day!

Soon it was lunch time. All of us ran down to take our lunch. We all tried to finish it fast because we were interested only in playing. We finished our lunch and started practising for our House plays. Many of them were nice and funny. I was also chosen in two plays. We all had put lipstick on our cheeks and all of us were looking sweet. When we were going back Madam told us stories about many great kings. But when we saw our school everybody started feeling sad. Tears nearly ran down my cheeks!

Arjun Chatrath
Form II

The Staff Play : The Amorous Prawn

The whole play takes place in the living room of the official residence of the G. O. C., Maj. Gen. Sir Hamish Fitzadam, North Western District. This house had originally belonged to the ancestors of Prawn Faulkes (a noted womaniser) who had sold it to the Army without having seen it. Maj. Gen. and Lady Fitzadam are looking for a suitable house to live in after retirement, within the price range of £6500. But the Lady has her eye on a house in Dorset, which unfortunately costs £7500. The whole household consists of Gen and Lady Fitzadam (Mr. B. Singh and Mrs. Sawney), Corporal Sydney Green (Mr. Abraham), Privates Bidy O'Hara (Miss Lal) and Suzie Tidmarsh (Miss Ghoman)—both looking very cute in Khaki uniform, Albert Huggins (Mr. Bhalerao) and Willie Maltravers (Dr. Dhillon). At the word of the Gen. the Privates and Corporal would come marching in and stand at attention while being addressed, and then disappear marching to the loud command of the Corporal. Each one of them played his part superbly.

The Maj. Gen. and his Lady just happened to open a letter addressed to the previous owner of the house and learn that it is from an old friend of the Prawn who is coming to the district and tells the Prawn to contact him at a particular hotel. Anyway, it is forgotten as the Gen. has suddenly to go to America to witness some high altitude missile tests.

Lady Fitzadam decides to make some money so that they can buy the house in Dorset, by making the official residence into a small hotel. So she invites Lawry Hoffman to come and stay, tempting him with the idea of lots of fish in the nearby stream. Lawry Hoffman (Mr. Sequeira) brings with him a friend Sam Goulansky (Vinay Mehra) to the exclusive hotel. Mr. Sequeira was absolutely himself on stage and Vinay suited his role as a typical American with his slang, pseudo-accent.

Three weeks later the Prawn, who is actually the Secretary of State for War, comes for a holiday with his wife (?) and also to have a secret look around the N.W. District. He has a room reserved in the exclusive hotel he had heard so much about. But the very same day, the Gen. unexpectedly returns, as the missile tests are cancelled: consequently there is utter confusion. We convulsed with laughter arising out of the funny situations in which the Gen. and his Lady were caught. It was very amusing when Lawry told the Gen. that he wanted to marry his sister-in-law—actually his wife, masquerading as a widow.

A series of hilarious events takes place as the Prawn keeps ringing up the war office to find out the telephone number of the G. O. C., much to the despair of the household and to the absolute horror

of the G.O.C., who suddenly realizes who the Prawn actually is. It was the last straw when Private Huggings, dead drunk, gives the game away by declaring who everyone was. So the Prawn, to his surprise, discovers that retired Col. is in fact the G.O.C., and the exclusive hotel his official residence! In the middle of the confusion that follows, a scream is heard: it was Sam misbehaving with the so called wife of the Minister. He discloses to the mortifying experience of the Minister that the wife is actually a bar maid in a hotel.

So the Minister and the G.O.C. come to a compromise: the Gen. to receive the favour he had asked for and keep his mouth shut about the incident. How true of our times!

Mrs. Sawney was absolutely marvellous on the stage: she seemed to enjoy the tightening of the noose round her neck. Mr. Bhalerao acquitted himself very well as the drunkard. We are still looking forward to a delicious meal from Dr. Dhillon. We do hope that Mr. Sequeira has succeeded in catching a prey and Mr. Abraham finally married: we wish them both all the happiness and prosperity in their married lives! It was a pleasant surprise to see Mr. B. Singh as a General—a kind of role we were itching to see him in. Though very much unlike him, Mr. Gore was superb as the amorous Minister.

Thank you very much Staff for providing a thoroughly entertaining evening.

Preeti Batra

A Hike to Koti

Was it our eagerness to see a new place or was it that we were encouraged to go by the magnificent weather? I yet cannot decide. The thirteen of us, including two masters, headed towards Koti at 9-30 a.m. on September 4. It was a lovely, sunny morning.

We crossed Sanawara village and headed South, towards the pine-cone infested area 'The Humps'. The next point on our course was Jabli. From there we followed the railway line till we came to a 'Bar' tree. We passed through Jabli main and eventually after two strenuous hours we reached Koti. We made ourselves comfortable at the P.W.D. Rest House.

Still not tired by their strenuous journey, three friends of mine, Praveen, Hemant and Rahul decided to trek down to Deli. I was forced to give a positive answer. We gulped our delicious grub (which I still remember!) and commenced our journey to Deli. We reached there at 2.30 p.m. Our faces were covered with beads of perspiration. We rested for a short while and then bought some pickle as a proof of having been there. We then started our journey back to Koti. It was hard climb all the way. Was it me or my spirit that reached the Rest House. I doubt if I can remember, for a mind in a fatigued body often forgets. I was literally dog tired.

After resting for an hour or so we retraced our steps. Mr. Nayyar decided to have tea as we reached Jabli main. While we were having tea one of the juniors declared that he was dead tired and unable to walk any more. Thus we were forced to bus the rest of the way. Luck was with us: an empty P. W. D. one tonner was going back to Dharampur. The driver agreed to give us a lift. He drove very fast and, surprisingly, remarkably well. I tremendously enjoyed the ride.

The driver dropped us at Suki Jori. From there we took the bridle path and reached Sanawar at 5-30 p.m. It was indeed a wonderful experience. Our thanks to Mr. Amar Singh for keeping us cheerful and in good humour.

D. Wadhawan
Lower Five

To a Present Sanawarian (on the verge of becoming an Old Sanawarian)

You're still a school pupil full of life;
With no fears or worries of an inner strife.
Very soon you'll leave school's protective walls
And step into this world as it calls
And asks you to take your place
Alongside the men and women of the human race.
Then Sanawar and its days will seem far away;
Treasured memories, lovingly stored for another day.
For you too life will have its share of joys and fears,
Of laughter, sunshine, happiness and tears.
At times the going will be rough;
Life will seem to be bleak, dreary and tough.
Its then that your inner fortitude will come in;
Face the world squarely and 'Never Give In',
For this world is what you make of it,
It has green smiling meadows and dark nauseating pits.
Everyone who is born, lives and dies;
But the secret of happiness and contentment lies
In being satisfied and content in what you do;
Look upto Him and He'll look after you.

Lines to an Old School Friend

You haven't written for much too long;
I wonder what's gone wrong?
You never were this way before,
Has letter writing too become a chore?
Your letters were always a welcome sight,
A source of great pleasure and delight.
They evoked fond, nostalgic memories
Of red roof-tops nestled among pine-trees.
Of times when we were young and gay,
Of those riotous, fun-filled Sanawar days.

Let's keep the memory fresh and clear
Of those school days that we hold so dear;
So my friend write back some day
Let's not into oblivion fade away.

Inderjit Chima
(O.S. 1957-'62)

The Pagal Gymkhana

The day dawned sunny as if Chacha Nehru's heavenly spirit had asked God to grant him one favour—that of making the children happy. No wonder they call Chacha's birthday—Children's Day!

The Sixers, after doing their Language exams, were no doubt anxiously waiting for the afternoon when, at least for some time, their worries would be lost in the wild games of the "Pagal Gymkhana".

2-30 p.m. At last, dot on time, Vivek Tuli's (the youngest boy in Prep School) voice squeaked from the mike, declaring open the Games! He was the King; Shobina Dogra (the youngest Prepper girl)—the Queen!

Music ensued as a special new treat—and what a treat! It really was a surprise item and gave the proper atmosphere to the games.

All was set in the arena, as the countdown for the sack race began! Much excited to win, the Lower Four boys tumbled all over the place, tripping "poof!" on their noses. It was a close finish.

The Number Work race took out all the "mugged" tables of the Lower Threes. It was fun watching them tickling their brains to find out the solutions. Immediately afterwards, the Inter-House 3-legged race began. Nakul and Behl beat the others quite easily: must say they're fast!

Poor Mr. Dhani Ram had a tough time seeing that no Upper Threes cheated in the "Murga Race". The Lower Fours squealed with delight as the thread rushed home in the "Needle and Thread Race".

Next, the Preppers rushed across Peacestead grabbing the balloons on the other side, as Mr. Sequeira's powerful and humorous voice urged them on back to the starting place.

The "gang" of Upper Five girls defiantly stuck a spoon each in their mouths, shook fists at each other, daring the other to win, and took-off for the "Potato Race". There was so much chaos at the end (as usual!) that they were forced to run again—a little more soberly this time! Saroj took the lead with Anu Maira close at her heels.

The pillow fight on horseback started with Mr. Sequeira warning Bains not to split someone's head! You should've seen them all—romping &

stomping and beating each other down! Puri & Kapur fought bravely only to be knocked down by the "Buffalo" (note the pun).

The "Apple Race" was confusion—little hands sneaking in the tubs to withdraw an apple! Some were however, unlucky, for some took more than their share.

The Upper Threes had a jolly time painting each other with any colour/colours they could find. It ended with people looking like Red Indians!

The Sixers, it seemed weren't in a mood for gaiety as they were missing from the "Brick Race" and "Jilting the Quintain". The Upper Fifts gladly participated in the latter as Mr. Mukherjee very calmly tilted the water and then—that was something to see!

Again, the Upper Five Boys underwent the dirtiness involved in the obstacle race. Jerry Bains came first—however, there is a great controversy on how he solved his Maths paper!

The highlight of the afternoon, the fancy dress, followed. Cheers went up, as the participants marched in twos around Peacestead. By Jove! You should've seen those three skeletons chasing the poor Sadhus and the helpless ladies, besides causing someone to go drunk and making the little, English gentleman forget his manners. Little Thakur was given first prize.

The Queen—Shobina—gave away the prizes. Bursting of crackers was permitted, although one couldn't hear many. It was a perfect ending for a perfect day and thank you very much Staff for making our day so very, very wonderful.

Vivek Ahluwalia

In a developing country like India, boys should be given preference over girls at all levels of education.
(Ambika Anand speaks against the motion)

Madam Chairman, Honourable judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Diogenes said "The foundation of every State is the education of its youth". Our government is striving to eradicate all traces of illiteracy from the country. What possible advantage can India gain by adopting an out-moded idea like giving boys preference over girls in the various stages of education? This attitude will only serve to discourage girls and most of them will remain uneducated. Thus the illiteracy plague will gain mammoth proportions.

People argue that a girl's education is of little value as her only aim in life is to nab a husband and establish a family. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, this attitude is only the result of illiteracy. Women's ambitions will ascend with the increase in their knowledge.

If women do not attend any educational institute, time will hang heavy on their hands and they will revert to the old practice of child marriage. India's problem of over-population will thus rise to frightening heights.

The father of our nation, Mahatma Gandhi, said "If you educate a woman, you educate the whole family, if you educate a man, you educate just one person". Doesn't the government want more education and less expenditure on it? A child learns from its mother. If the mother is ignorant and uneducated, the foundation of the child's character will be very unstable. Not only will the child suffer but the husband too. Everybody needs a sympathetic and intelligent partner to confide in and converse with. If a highly qualified man has a gibbering idiot for a wife, he and she, both, will be denied this pleasure. There will be no intimacy in their relationship and the outcome of this will be broken marriages and unhappy homes.

A popular argument is that as man is the bread winner of the family he ought to be better educated. But this does not hold good for today's fast moving world. Due to the steep rise in prices, the woman of the house too must work to make both ends meet.

Then consider the case of an uneducated, unmarried girl of a middle class family who has to support her aged parents. Who would employ her? How would her parents exist? On love and fresh air? Finally in desperation this girl would subject herself to a life of drudgery as a cook or sweeperess and her family would live on her meagre earnings. Is this all, the future holds for the women of India?

The government has been attempting to increase the level of production. In this context, rapid industrial growth is necessary. But how can industries prosper in India if the uneducated Indian

housewife cannot handle the complicated gadgets used by women abroad.

Women are as good as men in all spheres. Why then are they regarded as inferior? The era of woman being the slave of man is gone and today man and woman are equals in every way. In the present competitive world women hold high offices. Golda Meir, the premier of Israel, has worked miracles for her country while Indira Gandhi has been the most competent P.M. we've had for a long time. In the field of science Marie Curie proved that women are as good as men. In the 18th century, Elizabeth Blackwee fought against super human odds to become the first woman doctor in the world. We have come a long way from there and today's world prides itself on giving both the sexes equal rights and opportunities. Why should we be escapists and refuse to confront the reality that women are being treated as equals everywhere? Why should we set the clock back? It would seem preposterous and incongruous in today's modern society. Educational institutes in India should not discriminate between the sexes, they should consider the mental potential of an individual. How does physical weakness handicap a woman's intelligence? Swami Dayannand dedicated his life to this cause.

There are some spheres where women are better than men. Women are mainly nurses, gynaecologists, teachers and counsellors. In these professions their tact, perception and intelligence are essential. So, good education should be provided to both men and women alike.

Lastly, India is a democratic country and the constitution has granted equal rights to both boys and girls. It would be violating the constitution to give boys preference over girls. Moreover, it would be fatal because "the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world".

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Regd. No. P.—129

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



190

1st November

1973

School News

August

25th. The Hindi enthusiasts of the School held a 'Kavi Samelan' instead of a routine, insipid debate. It was a welcome change and provided great fun. Biren Arora was humorous in his rendition of a poem. Vivek Ahluwalia amused us greatly with "Nam Bare Aur Darshan Chote".

26th. } Our athletes gained a useful experi-
27th. } ence from the Trial Meet held at home
between Sanawar and St. Stephen's College, New Delhi. We hope Stephanians keep coming regularly and help build our confidence.

September

5th. The Teachers' Day was celebrated with usual enthusiasm. The VI Form were At Home to the Staff who all came in fancy dress. Well done Sixth Formers, for you fully succeeded in creating a light-hearted atmosphere amongst an otherwise very serious Staff. It was indeed an exceedingly pleasant evening.

7th. The School athletic team left for Chandigarh to participate in the State Cross Country Meet.

8th. A special Assembly was held to mourn the death of Suren Hira who was involved in a fatal, scooter accident in Delhi. He was the Head Boy in 1971.

9th. 'English should be given the same importance as Hindi in the Indian Educational set up' was animatedly debated by the Juniors. Virender Anand spoke well and with confidence and quite deservedly won the first prize. Amongst the Houses, Vindhya excelled and secured the top place.

The Cross Country team returned with fair creditable performance: it stood third in the 4.400 m. relay race.

10th. VI Form House exam. commenced

15th. and they heaved a sign of relief as their exams came to an end.

21st. The third Mark Reading held.

Siwalik (B.D.) continued to maintain its supremacy in studies. Himalaya (G.D.), dislodging Nilagiri from the 1st place, came on top. Their latest position is:—

B.D.

H : 17.73 S : 21.83
N : 19.05 V : 19.98

G.D.

H : 25.05 S : 23.40
N : 24.63 V : 21.49

22nd. The normal teaching was suspended in order to prepare for Founder's.

30th. A few early parents, local guests and L-V downwards watched the 1st performance of the Prep School Concert in the morning and that of the Senior School and Tattoo in the evening.

October

1st. The Staff gave the first performance of their play.

2nd. }
to } Founder's Celebrated.
5th. }

2nd. The day started with Mr. Bishan Singh Samundri, Vice Chancellor, Guru Nanak University, unfurling the 'Tricolour' atop Birdwood building. The Band beautifully blared out the National Anthem.

Anthem. Gandhi Jayanti Assembly followed in Barne Hall. The Head Boy and the Head Girl read illuminating passages on Gandhiji. Mr. Samundri, the Chief Guest for the day, traced Gandhiji's early life and his stay in South Africa, highlighting his qualities. He pointed out that passive resistance was the hall mark of Bapuji's life. He was a votary of non-violence which did not spring from any cowardice. His love of truth and high concept of duty are well known. No single individual has done so much to shape the destiny of India as Gandhiji, Mr. Samundri added. He urged us to do a bit of introspection and self searching and exhorted us to emulate the Mahatma's example.

Athletics followed on upper Barne's. Siwalik and Nilagiri (B.D.) were vying with one another for the honours. Nilagiri ultimately emerged champions. In G.D. Nilagiri maintained the lead throughout and proudly annexed the coveted Cup. The Defence Cup (B.D.+G.D.) easily went to Nilagiri. The House points are:—

B.D.		G.D.	
H : 120	N : 151	H : 88	N : 106
S : 147	V : 119	S : 47	V : 70

In P.D., however, Siwalikans beat the Nilagirians by a solitary point.

Our congratulations to Mukul Chopra, Amarjung Singh and Rajpal Bans for shattering the exiting records in 800 m., Hop-stop-and-jump and 100 m. respectively. Our bouquets to Jugjeevan Sokhey for being adjudged the best athlete and wrestling the Kalinga Cup for the 2nd consecutive year. Kudos also to Veena Kumari Ghungesh for cantering away with the newly instituted Bala Cup for the best girl athlete.

The same evening saw the Staff play 'The Amorous Prawn'. Though it did not produce tommy-aches with laughter, it was not without fun. It depicted the situation prevailing almost all over the world. Himself involved in a sex scandal, the War Minister (Mr. Gore) tries to tick off a General (Mr. B. Singh) who has become an accomplice in running his official residence as a Guest House. One sympathised with Mrs. Sawney as the noose tightened round her neck. Mr. Abraham looked impressive ordering about on the stage. In fact, the whole cast gave a satisfying performance. We will definitely give Dr. Dhillon a chance someday to try out his delicious sounding menus.

3rd. In both the Hockey and Basketball matches the P.S. beat the O.S. amidst much cheering.

In the evening the Prep School entertained the guests to a Variety Concert. It was a short, well chiselled, crisp Show. We compliment the children and Staff alike for a scintillating function.

The Tattoo on Peacestead has always been a great attraction. It was heart-warming to watch the flawless Mass P.T. In Groundwork and Horsework, it was a good idea to involve greater number of children but the performance became a bit insipid on account of repetition. Variety and crispness could have certainly provided the needed polish.

4th. The Peacestead has seen many Parades and this year's was as good as any other : the turnout was immaculate and the march past perfect. Mr. Umrao Singh, the Minister for Revenue and Education, Punjab, took the salute.

It was thrilling to watch the Preppers march past : they went all out and swung their arms shoulder high in gay abandon.

Round the exhibition and on to Barne Hall for the speeches at 12 noon. Mr. Pasricha gave an account of the School's activities and achievements and pointed out some of the problems we are facing. Mr. Umrao Singh, the Chief Guest, speaking extempore, confessed that schools of our type were imparting quality education. He promised to help us in any manner he could.

In the evening the Senior School presented its Concert. The English play was reasonable and the two dances well coordinated and graceful. The Orchestra was greatly appreciated. Ravin Grewal proved his mettle anew by his Piano Accordion recital. Sumit Bagchi was superb in rendering the Hindi song. But the highlight of the evening was the Hindi play 'Asman Se Gira'. The Chopra brothers (Mukul and Nakul) played the key roles, in this beautifully structured story, with force and feeling. Diwakar Singh was at his most relaxed. They were ably supported by Sumit Bagchi. The complicated situation in the play coupled with humorous dialogues kept the audience convulsed with laughter.

5th. The drizzle in the morning failed to dampen our spirits and the fete provided its usual fun. In fact, it was easier for the Staff to corner parents and succeed in their noble design of fleecing them.

O. S. Meeting was held in the afternoon in Gaskell Hall. The traditional O. S. dinner was followed by O. S. dance which rounded off yet another successful Founder's.

6th. The girls' athletic team left for Dehradun to participate in the Inter-School Athletic Meet.

7th. The children returned after having enjoyed their well earned rest of two days to face the fag end of the year.

8th. The hustle and bustle accompanying Founder's being over, the School returned to its normal routine.

The girls' team returned from Dehradun. Our congratulations to them for bagging the second position.

9th. In the traditional Hockey festival match played in the afternoon, the boys got the better of their 'gurus'. However, the staff reduced the margin of goals this year and kept it to 2—1.

Staff News

We welcome in our midst Miss Shakti Bhatnagar as the new dance teacher. We hope her association with the School will be happy and long.

Our congratulations to Miss U. Proctor (now Mrs. Gomez) on her getting married. We assure her that her troubles are at an end, but we are not certain which end it is, the finishing or the starting.

O. S. News

Maj. R. Som Dutt (Beverly Villa, Ooty). Both of us send you, and through you, to the School, the Staff, children and O.S., all our affection and prayers for most successful Founder's.

May the spirit of Sanawar continue to subscribe to its glorious motto!

How very green are our memories of Sanawar and how deeply we always appreciated the efforts of everyone at Founder's to make each Founder's the best ever!

Please remember us to the Head Boy and Head Girl.

P.S.

The O.S. (12 of them) in the Staff College at Wellington are celebrating Founder's at a special party on 4th October.

Mr. T.C. Kemp (25, Civil Lines, Moradabad). All of us, including my sister, send you and the School our very warm wishes for a really successful Founder's. May everything go with a

swing. Give my special good wishes to the members of the cast of the A.D.S. How I would love to sit in the audience for an A.D.S. show. I have never been able to do that from 1941, the year I joined. That first play was 'The Barrets of Wimpole Street', I think. It seems a lifetime away—and yet not so far away that I can't remember a few episodes of the actual rehearsals. What memories the thought of the A.D.S. brings back! And the faces that I can picture so clearly as I write: Vyas, Saleem, Billon, Paranjoti, Mehta not to mention Bhale, and the one and only Bhupi, and a host of others. It was hard work, but so worthwhile.

Please remember me to U.P. and Bhale., and D.C. and the others, not excluding Sethi and the Engineer and the outside staff. For me Sanawar was my life's work and so unforgettable.

Do wish the boys and girls for me.

Mr. Jagdish Ram Acharya (Village & P.O. Rankar, Via Alhilal, Palampur, H.P.). How I wish I could be there with you but my family circumstances do not permit my absence from home at the moment. However, I will be very much there with you in my thoughts and relive every thrilling moment of the wonderful Founder's. Sanawar has become so much a part of me that I have only to close my eyes and recapitulate everything that will be going on.

Convey my love to the children through the Head Boy and Head Girl and tell all the Gymnasts to go to it with 'josh'.

In addition, greetings for Founder's were also received from

The Sikunds	Dehradun
The Jalotas	Australia
A.S. Bajwa	Visakhapatnam
Jayaram	Chandigarh
Prabh Kang	Bombay
Maj & Mrs. Chawdhry	Coonoor
Anil Dass	England

Ritu Badhwar : 60—71 (5 Pyaralal Bldg., Janpath, New Delhi) This is just to thank you for every thing. I still love my School and shall always.

Dilbagh Singh Sidhu 60—69 (Room No.—44, Block C, Hostel I, P.U. Campus, Chandigarh) Let me thank you sincerely for having looked after us

during our brief sojourn at Sanawar during Founder's. We relived old memories—those memories which are for ever embedded in our minds.

Maheshwar Singh Pathania : 59—68 (Y.M.C.A., Room 220, Sector 11—C, Chandigarh) The Founder's as usual went off well. A pat on the back of every child and staff member. Thanks to the people interested in the welfare of Sanawar, no matter what happens, Sanawar will essentially remain Sanawar.

Maj. H.S. Sodhi : 1950—52 (I.M.A. Dehradun) It has been a long time since we met. I am Harvinder Singh Sodhi. At the moment I am an instructor in the I.M.A. and I happened to be the one to send you our Subedar Major Drill for the Colour Presentation. I am sure he will do a fine job.

I meet Mr. Rattin Mitra quite often, in fact at one stage we were expecting you to be in Dehra Dun.

A.S. Bajwa : 59—63 (I.N.S. KATCHALL C/O FLEET MAIL OFFICE VISAKHAPATNAM) I joined VIKRANT on 23 May '70 and went onto Cochin on 1 March '71 where I was appointed to the Naval Academy. I enjoyed that appointment—after the initial bickering about being away from the lively atmosphere of Bombay! I found teaching a very satisfying job—even when I was taking 4 periods a day—but the paper work aspect always bogged me down. I'd rather do the teaching and leave the "adm" to some one else.

Anyway, I was then selected to undergo the "Long G" course at Cochin, at the GUNNERY SCHOOL there. So, in early June I qualified as a specialist in Gunnery and took over as the Gunnery Officer of this ship—to practice what "they" had preached in class. I expect to be here till early '74 at least.

Lt. Randhir Singh Pathania, my classmate (class of '63) is at the Naval Academy and doing quite well. Dharam Vir Singh was in Cochin doing his Sub Lieut. courses and then went off to Bombay. He has been doing quite well. Deepak Subramaniam is another O.S. in the Navy. Somehow, he hasn't grown any taller and has retained the ability to argue till eternity. He too, I am told, is in Bombay. How about sending a few more ships for the Navy?

Gora is practicing Law at his home town, Mansa Mandi, but plans to move out soon. Sarup Singh and M.S. Gill are doing well as lawyers at Chandigarh and Moga respectively, Gill is also managing a mixed farm (dairy, piggery and crop

farming). I don't know where he finds the energy and resourcefulness but he has made that farm into one of the most productive in the area. It was a pleasure to be with him at the farm—he is likely to set a record for yield/acre for cotton. Nirmaljit was on leave from his unit (C.H.I.), presently posted on the border. He distinguished himself at the O.T.S. Madras and again during the course at Ahmednagar—he got the "Silver Centurion" for the "best all round".....Those of us who are unable to come for Founder's in person will surely be there in spirit.

Major K.M. VERMA : 1950—56 (ARMY HEADQUARTERS General Staff Branch DHQ PO NEW DELHI—11) Hope that this will find everyone in Sna' in the best of health and spirit. This year I am hoping to make it to school for Founder's to revive old memories.

Vijay Lalotra : 61—69 (Meiklila Coy, Bravo Bn., I.M.A.) Virendra Pal has joined me here and is doing fine. He gave a T.K.O. during the Inter-Company boxing and has already reached the semifinals. But poor fellow in spite of all the reducing, he just managed to shed off a few grams of the fat he had accumulated. So poor fatty of all the people is boxing.

Rupinder Sidhu, : 63—71 (R—16, Mukarji East. St. Stephen's College, DELHI—7) ...Suren was attached to Sanawar and his name should remain there forever. Vivek Mehra (62—71) and I have decided to donate a Cup every year in his memory for the 'Best Shot' of the year. Suren was genuinely interested in shooting and he took it up at the College level and represented the College.

Mrs. A. Chatrath (nee Asha Puri) : 54—59 (32 Audley Road Hendon, London N.W.4) I will introduce myself as an Old Sanawarian—I studied in the School from 1954—1959. My younger brother O.S. Vijay Puri was there from 1952—1961. Another brother was there for three years but had to leave on medical grounds.

Some weeks ago I met Andy (nee Kemp) and she told me that some of "my teachers" are still at the School—Miss. Chatterjee, Mr. Mukherji, Mr. Bhupinder Singh, Mr. Gupta, Mr. Mundkur—with whom I did my B.Ed. in Delhi in 1963—1964. Please give them my regards.

Anil Das : 64—71 (45 Newport Road, Stafford, St. 16 IDA England) You must be quite surprised to hear from me but I'm alive and kicking, tucked away in this remote village somewhere in England.

I'm supposed to be doing Cost Accountancy with G.E.C. in a factory which makes meters and relays. I came to England this March and hope to complete my course by July '79. You may be surprised but I still miss Sna'. And this place is exactly like Sna' except for the hills.

I met Sukhwant Singh, Rajan Bhatia, Tina Manley, Arun Kapoor, Vinod Bhandari and a few more.

I wish the Sixth-Formers the best of luck for their Exams.

— — — — —
 Congratulations to Richard and Pam Mountford on the birth of their second child, a daughter.

Congratulations to Gaurav Shamshere Rana on topping the list for Army selection in Nepal. He has gone to Sandhurst for his training.

Married

Deeksha Hoon (68—71) to Raghu Raj at Ferozepore Cantt on 4-10-73.

Jyotsna Nanda (60—68) to Lalit Suri at New Delhi on 11-10-73.

We send our blessing and wish the couples long and happy married lives. B. Singh

Headmaster's Speech

Mrs. & Mr. Umrao Singh, Members of the Board of Governors, Ladies, Gentlemen, Old Sanawarians, Boys and Girls:

On behalf of the whole School may I extend you all a very hearty welcome to our 126th Founder's. Your presence adds grace and lustre to our celebrations. The presence of such a large number of parents and Old Sanawarians is a source of great encouragement to us and also ensures a bright future for the institution.

We were hoping that the President of India would be able to come this time, but it became known rather late that he was not free during Founder's week. It was therefore so good of you Mr. Umrao Singh to accept our invitation at such short notice to be our Chief Guest, despite your multifarious activities and responsibilities. We are all the more thankful to you and Mrs. Umrao Singh for this kindness.

Mr. Umrao Singh (M.A., LL.B.) even as a college student started taking a prominent part as a leader. He has held various important positions in the Punjab Assembly, the National Agriculture

and Supply and Marketing Federation and the Congress Legislative Party. He, as you know, is a Cabinet Minister in the Punjab Government, holding the important portfolios of Education and Revenue, among others.

Mr. Umrao Singh has another special asset which is of benefit to schools of our type. He has been a very prominent hockey player and an outstanding athlete. He represents India on the Council of Asian Games Federation and was elected as President of Asian Amateur Athletic Association at Bangkok during the 1970 Asian Games. He was recently elected to the Executive Council of the International Amateur Athletic Association, and is the first Indian and the only Asian to have been elected to this body.

Permit me to extend a special welcome to Mr. Bishan Singh Samundri as a new member of the Board of Governors. He is not only an eminent educationist and administrator of long standing but also a parent. In Mrs. Samundri we have a teacher of repute. We are grateful to Mr. Samundri for agreeing at a short notice to be our Chief Guest for the functions of 2nd October.

I would like to place on record our thanks to the outgoing members of the Board, Mr. Krishnamurti and Mr. Khushwant Singh. Mr. Krishnamurti was a wizard as far as accounts were concerned, and his advice was always practical, helpful and constructive. The School was very, very dear to Mr. Khushwant Singh and he was devoted to it and kept the interest of the school foremost throughout his six years as a member of the Board of Governors...I have no doubt that the support of both of them will continue to be available to the School even though they cease to be Members of the Board.

We will also be missing the presence of another very eminent person: Mr. K.P.S. Menon, who is no longer a member of the Lovedale Board.

Old Sanawarians keep evincing keen interest in their Alma Mater, and we are always exceedingly delighted to see them here and they are always most welcome to Sanawar, their second home.

With deep shock and profound sadness we mourned the sad demise in fatal accidents of Subhash Dua (O.S. 1952—56) who was a very promising IAS Officer and had been evincing great interest in the School, and of Suren Hira who was the Head Boy in 1971. Special Assemblies were held at which we mourned their deaths. Heart-felt condolences were also conveyed to their parents at the time of their bereavement. May I request the audience to please stand up for two minutes to pay homage to both of them....

We are going to miss Bill and Phyll Colledge ave regularly been coming to the School, and s day we used to convey personally our greet- or their wedding anniversary.

Many O.S. have got married during this l and our very best wishes to them and to life partners. The most memorable occasion, ver, was the marriage of Keith Anil Manley andrea Kemp, a purely Sanawarian wedding, i was held on 14th April 1973 at Simla. A ad of staff went over to represent Sanawar.

Once again Mr. Ranjit Bhatia brought the St. en's Athletic Team to us and held a friendly with Sanawar. This was a great experience r students.

We are extremely happy that Mr. D.R.A. tford has taken over Sherwood College, ital, as its Principal.

We are grateful to Subhash Malhotra (O.S. -59) at present General Manager, Carnarvon l, Ealing Common, London, for donating Rs. - to the Staff Club when he visited the School, ; with his wife and son, on the 16th and 17th . 1973, and thereby the Staff Club now have eo record player.

Thanks are also due to O.S. Charanjit Singh has donated a 320 capacity bottle cooler.

The Siwalikans greatly appreciated and oted with thanks the kind gesture of Brig. or who presented them a sum of Rs. 200/- for g a party after their House Show.

At the Inter-School Hockey fixture against s., our traditional rivals, I am sorry to say that had the better of us. We lost both the Atoms he Colts matches and just managed to draw the XI match. In Cricket we lost, unfortunately, he three matches. We were, however, able to t better account in Soccer : though the First XI o B.C.S. by a chance, solitary goal, the Colts i was drawn and the Atoms won convincingly ur goals.

In the last year's Inter-Public School Athletic (North Zone) held at Patiala, our boys' team d third position among 13 Schools which enter- hey did extremely well by securing the first on in 400 metres, 800 metres and medley relay

It was very creditable of the School's athletic not only to participate at a short notice of three n the State Cross Country race held at Chandio n 8th and 9th September, but also to secure position in the relay race....

The glorious weather added lustre to the Athletic Meet which we had day before yesterday... This helped two of our boys and one girl to break long standing records. In the hop-step jump Amarjung Singh established a new record of 8.84 metres against 8.63 of 1970. In the P.D. Girls (9+) 100-metre dash Rajpal Bans bettered by 1 sec. the record which was established in 1966. In the 800-metre race the Head Boy, Mukul Chopra, established a new record of 2'—9" against 2'—9.2" which was there since 1964....

For the first time the North Zone has decided to hold an Inter-Public School Athletic Meet for girls as well, and we are happy that our team will be going to Welham Girls' School, to participate in the meet on the 7th of October. Let me wish them all the best...

The Indian School Certificate Examination results, with 31 Firsts, 22 Seconds and 6 Thirds, were indeed very satisfactory...

Our congratulations to Harsimran Grewal for securing 7 points and thus standing first in the School. She has thus earned the Dewan Ram Prashad Gold Medal.

To instil greater confidence in the Sixth Form students who are to appear this year in the All-India Higher Secondary Examination for the first time, it was decided to run special coaching classes during the July break even though it meant some of the staff members having to forgo their holiday. These classes proved very useful and have helped the staff and students to face the Higher Secondary with confidence. May I urge the present Sixth Form to bring laurels to the School, and not relax.

There has been a long demand for the introduction of Punjabi, and with the recruitment of the Staff we have been able to introduce not only Punjabi as a language but also Economics as a new subject.

Among the improvements in the School, mention may be made that new glass black-boards have now been fixed in all the class-rooms, including the Prep School. The construction of Common Rooms for Vindhya and Siwalik Houses has been completed. A new projector has been bought...

The road leading to the hospital has been widened and the entrance gate enlarged which enables the ambulance cars now to reach the hospital. In the hospital we have also been able to provide dining-cum-common rooms to the wards, and the students are making the best use of them.

The seating arrangements at Peacestead for the convenience of the parents are being improved, and we are planning to convert it into an open air stadium to be named 'Arun Khetarpal Stadium', in the loving memory of our most distinguished Old Sanawarian who laid down his life fighting during the 1971 war and was awarded the highest gallantry award 'Param Vir Chakra' posthumously.

We have decided to provide on a programme basis cushioned chairs in Barne Hall. Some work has already been done and 120 chairs have been provided with cushions. We apologise to others who may have to wait for a year or more before they are comfortably seated...

This year we made a beginning of adding the Science Exhibition to the already existing Arts and Crafts exhibitions as part of the Founder's activities...

To keep the staff abreast with knowledge, Dr. D.C. Gupta was deputed to attend the Reorientation Course for Public School Hindi teachers at Agra, and Miss Kalia and Mr. Kohli were sent to attend the Summer Course in New Mathematics at Lovedale...

We gave a proper farewell to Mr. & Mrs. Manley at the end of November when they were leaving Sanawar for good, and we miss them....

I would like to mention that in the present day materialistic and rather selfish world, we, in Sanawar, have often been fortunate in getting the services, free of cost, of the spouse by employing the suitable other half. It was thus that we had the medical consultation and advice of Dr. A.K. Thomas becoming available to us, and now Dr. Basu Chaudhuri's (Medical Superintendent of Lady Linlithgow Sanatorium, Kasauli) services have also become available with having Mrs. Basu Chaudhuri as the Nursing Sister. We were also fortunate in having Mrs. Manley, another very expert person in the art of gardening, for beautifying the estate, and her services were also rendered free of cost. I would like to record our appreciation to all of them.

Among the new staff I may mention that Mrs. Thakran who is serving the School at an honorarium of Re. 1/- per month, has been doing wonderful work in the Batik Department, and those of you who have seen the exhibition must have appreciated what a wonderful addition this has been. So I would like to record my thanks to her as well.

After a lapse of 21 years the School was given the privilege of hosting the 33rd session of the Indian Public Schools' Conference from 20th to 22nd July, 1973, and I must place on record my gratitude to

the staff who gave their time and energy freely and willingly and looked after the august body of over sixty Headmasters and delegates who attended this function. Mr. S. Chakravarti Governor of Himachal Pradesh, and Mrs. Chakravarti very kindly inaugurated the session. I must also record here my thanks to a number of Old Sanawarians and parents for the help they gave us in reducing the burden of the cost of hosting such a huge gathering...

From the Newsletter you must have already come to know that the net income from the advertisements in the Souvenir Brochure published last year was just over one lakh of rupees and we had been able to collect about Rs. 70000/- from other donations and contributions. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking one and all for the generous help extended, and particularly to the staff who despite being hard hit by the rising costs, have continued to contribute 1% of their salaries every month towards the development of the School.

Due to the efforts of Mr. K.P.S. Menon and the Ministries of Education and Defence, the President of India has agreed to visit the School on Sunday, 28th October, 1973, from 0930 hours to 1100 hours to present his Colours to the School. This will indeed be a historic occasion because Sanawar will become the first School, as it was the first to get the King's Colour, now to get the President's Colours. May I take this opportunity to extend you all, parents and Old Sanawarians, an invitation to grace the occasion by your presence and add colour to the function.

...There was not only a steep rise in the cost but also grave difficulties in procuring food stuff... May I suggest that while you must forgive us for any lapse which might have occurred the House Keeper, the Q. M., and the Bursar deserve your appreciation for the hard work and running around in circles which they have been doing to avoid any breakdown of the supplies of food in the kitchens. I take this opportunity of placing on record my thanks to a number of authorities. On the top of it is the Army Headquarters, and the Ministry of Defence for getting us attached to the Centre at Subathu and thus we are getting our ration supplies as usual. I would also like to convey my thanks to Mr. Kaw, the Deputy Commissioner, Solan, for arranging other supplies through Civil Supplies Deptt. But I shall be failing in my duty if I do not record my deep debt of gratitude to one of the parents, Mr. I.C. Puri, financial Commissioner (Revenue), Punjab, for arranging extra quotas off and on from Chandigarh despite the restrictions...

We have continued to experience difficulties about getting adequate reservations in suitable trains from the Railways, and we apologise to all concerned for the consequent inconvenience. We request for help which any one of you can give us in this matter. So far we have not been able to achieve much with the Railway Board or the General Managers.

Man is an idealist and often dreams of changes he would like to make, the direction in which he would like to see the world move. These are the qualities which have led to great adventures, inventions and achievements in all fields. Athletic and other physical records of long standing have been shattered, high mountains have been scaled, science and technology have advanced, man has landed on the moon, supersonic speeds have been achieved.

On the 8th of August this year I completed 35 years of service in the educational line, and on this occasion I felt that I owe a great debt to the young students with whom I have been associated for making me feel young and remain young.

On this occasion besides having the nostalgic memories of the past...I also have had a dream for a better Sanawar : a place where there would be no need for anybody to shout "shut up". The juniors will consider it a privilege to do small jobs for the seniors and the seniors will be always eager to help them. The youngsters will respect the elders and the elder will protect the younger and look after them. There will be no bullying or pinching of tuck by anybody. There will be no gossip or rumour-spreading 'Have you heard this or that'. The colleagues will not be discussed or maligned; where there will be no corruption, no pilferage of food stuff or other commodities or class-notes of the girls by boys and vice-versa; where the students will concentrate on and cherish greater values rather than grumbling over material things like food; where co-operation will replace competition; where we will feel happy in bringing happiness to others rather than trying to satisfy our material needs and physical comforts; where there will be no petty jealousies and no room for politics; where everybody will do his own job without being told do so; where the discipline will be the self-discipline, i.e. we will be disciplined even though no body is watching us.

We of the older generation seem to have failed to achieve this, but this is a challenge to Old Sanawarians to try for a better world where peace and harmony rather than conflict will prevail. I am sure you will accept this challenge in the spirit of the School motto 'Never Give In'.

Before I request Mrs. Umrao Singh to kindly give away the prizes, may I thank you all for giving such a patient hearing to my rather routine report.

✓ The Prep School Concert

The Prep School Show is a dreaded event, dreaded even by O.S.! In fact, the only thing I enjoy about it is the sarcastic, weary though forgiving review that follows it. So, when I was asked to write for it, I clapped my hands mentally with unholy glee and swore to tear them to little, teeny bits and throw them into the giant waste paper basket of bad shows. However, I must admit, though I tried very hard, I found very little wrong with this year's Show. It was short; it was sweet; it was clever; it was neat!

The blindingly gold (ugh!) curtain shuffled aside to reveal a 'Lala-wala' play as someone remarked. The Lala was vaguely Charlie Chaplinish—no doubt the effect of the Saturday films on the Prep Department! His wife was a 'Bittoo ki Ma', if you know what that is. The Lala lost his purse: someone found it: the Lala denied the reward and finally had his purse taken away. The play was as short as the time taken to write the previous sentence. Nice.

'Old Macdonald Had a Farm' was slightly frightening in its originality. The chorus had red and green lights playing on their yellow faces (hah!). The chickens were violent maroon demons; The dog was a cross between a mongoose and a Panda. The donkey and the pig had exchanged half their costumes. Macdonald looked vaguely startled as each animal revealed itself. He retreated hastily to emerge with a jeep and drove around followed by madly yelling animals. That signalled the end of Macdonald and his farm. Note the pun.

The Hindi Action song was full of menacing propoganda. Please, people, can't we keep the little Preppers sheltered from political realities—it really is quite disgusting to see them mouthing songs they don't understand.

The Percussion Band should have been called the Concussion Band, as no one remembered his particular part in it. However, it did do what the announcer had hopefully announced—entertain us—in fact, it had me in hysterics!

The English Play was about the scarcity of money—you don't know half of it, baby! Hills of bills climbing up and the king wouldn't pay until he had found his sixpence which he did finally much to the audience's relief. Somehow, we can't seem to get away from problems even in Sanawar. Couldn't we have a nice cute, Goldilocks or Cinderella next year? There was a great deal of talent and the songs were very good.

I've given the ending in the beginning, a fatal mistake as I've nothing to say now. So, I quit before I can let you into a horrible secret and totally contrary to anything I've ever said before—I'm afraid I enjoyed this Show thoroughly.

Maneka Anand
O.S. (1969—72)

The Variety Concert

The Senior School presented a Variety Concert for the many parents and visitors who had come to witness the 126th Founder's celebrations. The hall was full half an hour before the Show began and extra chairs had to be squeezed in at the last moment to accommodate some late comers. Such was the expectation with which the Show was being looked forward to. At 5 p. m. the first announcement was made and the curtains parted to reveal an Orchestra with no less than thirty-two boys and girls, wielding a wide assortment of instruments. The tune 'Raga Kedar' was well presented but, this being classical, clicked only with the older people in the hall.

Next came a dance, 'Shiv Vandhna,' the movements though graceful, could have been a little more polished. This was followed by the School Band which played 'South of the Border' and 'Y Sharp' (Osibisa). The former, though played well, was rather stale. It was in 'Y Sharp' that the boys really displayed their talent. This tune, originally played by a variety of instruments, was brought out beautifully by the select few Sna' has to offer. The loud cheering at its conclusion paid a well deserved tribute to all those involved.

The English play "This Desirable Cottage", followed. A farce in one act, it narrates the story of two honeymooning couples who arrive simultaneously at the same cottage for a fortnight. One can well imagine the confusion created. The situation worsens when Woody (Ajay Wagle) arrives to stay while he competes at a 'fishing competition' being held nearby. All the chaos that takes place is further multiplied when Zina (Ajinder Chopra), a singing teenager appears and is expected to be joined by a couple of her friends in a day or two. There is nothing to be seen except confusion and more confusion until finally old Woody gets cracking and begins to get things organised. The climax of the play is reached at the arrival of Fred (Ajay Bawa) in the middle of the night with "twenty husky men and four bulldozers" to demolish the "Desirable Cottage" for an Air Force runway. All the characters refuse to vacate and the five-minute ultimatum

given by Fred is unanimously rejected. It is his whistle (a signal to the workers to commence work) that eventually forces them out. The theme of the play was good and some of the jokes, hilarious, but the general performance could have been much better if the characters had put in some acting instead of merely reciting their parts.

Ravin Grewal, who had delighted many with his melodious accordian during the Siwalik House Show, proved his mettle afresh with "Granada." This was followed by another dance "Dandia Ras of Gujarat" presented by the lower Five girls. Once again the movements, though enthusiastically carried out, lacked elegance. The Band was on once again with "Love Potion" and "Survival" (Osibisa); the drums, Bongos and Congas excelled in the latter tune. Sumit Bagchi then sang "Oh My Love" and "Tere Mere Milan Ki Hae Raina." The latter was superb and the former a good effort.

The grand finale of the evening was announced next—"Asman Se Gira", a famous Hindi farce in one act. As the play got underway we saw that Sajjan (Mukul Chopra) using the two flats of Mr. and Mrs. Karandikar (Sumit Bagchi and Preeti Batra), staying in the one they were not occupying. Here he invites Madhu, (Harvinder Sahnji) his sweet-heart and would be wife. As expected complications arise when Savita does not go with her husband and Sajjan walks into the flat which he opens with his duplicate key. To add to the trouble Madhu's father (Diwakar Singh) arrives in search of his daughter. Boss (Rajiv Bhandari) adds to the uproar when he appears on the scene twice demanding an air ticket which Mr. Karandikar was to have bought for him. His comic actions and fantastic 'Parsee' accent produced considerable laughter amongst the audience. The climax, however, is reached when inspector (?) (Nakul Chopra) arrives and begins to sort out the much intriguing and complicated state of affairs. It is finally revealed on the entry of a sleepy Havaldar (Ajai Mahajan) that the Inspector is a Sanitary Inspector and not a Police Inspector as every one thought.

The chaos that had been slightly subdued once again flares up. Eventually we see that it is Sajjan who holds himself responsible for all the trouble created and is about to leave when he is stopped by Madhu's father who accepts him as his son-in-law because he (Sajjan) possesses an adventurous spirit. The plot was very interesting and all the participants did full justice to their roles. The play was a befitting end to a very fine Variety Concert.

Sanjiv K. Singh

* स्कूल परेड *

नायक ने आज्ञा दी और नन्हें जवान कदम से कदम मिलाते हुए आगे बढ़ने लगे। सबसे आगे बैड, उसके पीछे लड़कियों की एक टोली और फिर लड़कों की तीन टोलियाँ। बैड की धुन समाप्त हुई और नायक ने परेड को रुकने का आदेश दिया, बाएँ मुड़कर परेड दाहिनी तरफ से सजी और फिर मुख्य-अतिथी के आने की प्रतीक्षा करने लगी।

इस वर्ष हमारे मुख्य-अतिथी थे पंजाब के शिक्षा तथा राजस्व मंत्री, श्री ऊमराव सिंह। जैसे ही मुख्य-अतिथी पधारे, परेड ने उन्हें सलामी दी और फिर मुख्य-अतिथी ने परेड का निरीक्षण किया। निरीक्षण के समय बैड ने धुन बजाई।

निरीक्षण के पश्चात् बैड धीमी चाल में आगे बढ़ा और कोने तक जाकर पीछे मुड़ा और फिर रुक गया। बैड वाले अपने सफेद कोट, लाल पैट और लाल टोपियों में बहुत ही आकर्षक लग रहे थे। वहाँ से तेज चाल में बैड धुन बजाता हुआ अपनी पहली जगह पर पहुँच गया।

“निशान-रक्षक दल, बाएँ से तेज चल”, और आगे-आगे बैड और उसके पीछे निशान-रक्षक दल कदम से कदम मिलाते हुए निशान टोली की ओर बढ़े। जैसे ही प्रदीप चौधरी ने अपनी छड़ी ऊपर हवा में फेंककर दोबारा पकड़ी दर्शकों ने जोर से ताली बजाई। जब परेड शुरू हुई थी तो दर्शक बहुत कम थे परन्तु अब तो इतनी जनता एकत्र हो गई थी कि कई लोग तो खड़े-खड़े ही देख रहे थे। निशान-रक्षक दल, निशान-टोली के ठीक सामने जा खड़ा हुआ। संजीव सूद ने स्कूल का झंडा महेन्द्रपाल सिंह को सौंपा और फिर निशान-रक्षक दल के पीछे जाकर खड़ा हो गया। निशान-रक्षक दल ने झंडे को सलामी दी और बैड ने हमारे विद्यालय के गान की धुन बजाई, इस समय सारे दर्शक खड़े हो गए।

इसके पश्चात् बैड, निशान-टोली और निशान-रक्षक दल पंक्तियों के बीच से गुजरते हुए बाएँ से दाहिनी ओर बढ़े। शेष तीन टोलियों ने झंडे को सलामी दी।

परेड मंच के सामने से हटकर दाहिनी ओर जा खड़ी हुई। दाहिनी तरफ से सजने के पश्चात् हर टोली बारी से धीमी चाल में मंच के सामने से गुजरी और मुख्य-अतिथी का सत्कार करती हुई आगे जाकर रुक गई। इधर तेज चाल में परेड अपनी पुरानी

जगह पर पहुँची और उधर बैड “सारे जहाँ से अच्छा”, धुन बजाता हुआ मंच के सामने से गुजरा और फिर परेड के पीछे जा खड़ा हुआ।

परेड मध्य से सजकर पन्द्रह कदम आगे बढ़ी और मंच के बिलकुल सामने आकर रुक गई। मुख्य-अतिथी को एक बार फिर सलामी दी और फिर नायक ने परेड को वापिस ले जाने की आज्ञा मांगी।

जैसे ही परेड वापिस जाने लगी, पीछे से बालक-बालिकाओं की टोलियाँ मंच के सामने से गुजरती हुई आगे बढ़ीं। सबसे पीछे थे प्रेप स्कूल के छोटे बच्चे जो अपनी ही चाल में आगे बढ़ रहे थे। इन छोटे-छोटे बच्चों को देखकर दर्शक बहुत प्रसन्न हुए।

इस प्रकार हर वर्ष की तरह इस वर्ष की परेड भी सफल रही।

अश्वनी कुमार डोगरा

अप्पर—४ ए

A Letter to the Editor

May I through the columns of the News-letter thank, on behalf of St. Stephen's College Athletic Club, all Sanawarians for the very warm hospitality accorded to us during our two-day visit to Kasauli and Sanawar. All of us enjoyed our training sessions at Barnes with the Sanawar athletes and it is hoped that the Trial Meet held on 26th August would pave the way for a regular, annual Athletic Meet between our teams in future years.

Sanawar has a great deal of Athletic talent and all of us are convinced that with proper coaching and supervision, the school can produce National stars.

Results of the Meet

100 metres

- | | |
|------------------------|------------|
| 1. Avijit Dutta | 11.5 secs. |
| 2. J. Sokhey (Sanawar) | 12.1 secs. |

800 metres

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. V.S. Chauhan | 2 mts. 11.5 secs. |
| 2. M. Chopra (Sanawar) | 2 mts. 17 secs. |

70 metres Hurdles

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Rajeshwer Tanwar | 9.0 secs. |
| 2. R. Singha (Sanawar) | 9.7 secs. |

Long Jump

1. J. Sokhey (Sanawar) 18 ft. 2½ ins.
2. Vijay Nair 17 ft. 11 ins.

Shot Put

1. K.S. Bhullar (Sanawar) 33 ft. 2½ ins.
2. P. Chaudhry (Sanawar) 32 ft. 8½ ins.

Avijit Dutta,
Captain

The Tattoo

Figures scurried to and fro across Peacestead, silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky. The hillside was cloaked in a profusion of colours. The parents awaited with anxious anticipation the advent of their children's items. So much ado was not for nothing but, in fact, about the Tattoo of our 126th Founder's celebration.

The lights came on to reveal two groups of neat rows of children on either side of the field. The P.T. began by a sharp note on Mr. Dhani Ram's whistle, who was the main source behind the success of the P.T. and gym work. The P.T. was well appreciated by the entire gathering and received a hearty applause. The girls looked resplendent in red shorts and immaculate white wrist bands while the boys got an opportunity to flaunt their brand new navy-blue shorts.

The P.T. was followed by the Parallel bars. This year there were two teams simultaneously doing this item instead of the traditional one team. This change was received with mixed feelings, some liked it, others did not. But one thing is certain that it involved a greater number of children which, I think should be the aim of any educational institution. Plenty of practice and skill was in evidence. Everyone held his breath when the children were doing these exercises, for slight loss of the balance could mean breaking a leg or a neck. The spectators were held in awe when they watched the gymnasts pass through a burning hoop. Kudos to all the participants for an excellent performance.

The Tattoo was nicely seasoned with an impressive Band which came a couple of times and proved its mettle. It was good to see many junior boys participating. All these items were pleasantly punctuated by delightful little speeches by Miss Chatterji.

The 'High Horse' was announced and the boys performed wonderful feats on the wooden horse. Though various exercises were done almost to perfection, there were drawbacks in organising it. All

sixteen boys should not do the same exercise one after the other. It becomes boring. The best will be that the first four boys do one exercise, the next four another one and so on. It will provide variety and also save time. The groundwork followed. Some comic exercises provided great fun. K. Subramaniam's performance deserves a special mention. He drew continuous applause.

The 'Figure Marching' concluded the Tattoo. The moving red and green lights at night look nice. Some interesting figures were made but the 'Good Night', though a good idea, in the end did not come off well.

On the whole this year's Tattoo can be termed as only average. At places it could be more polished and crisp. However, there is no denying the fact that a lot of labour went into it and my congrats to all the participants for having worked so hard.

Sunaina Lowe

The Founder's Exhibition

Wow! What seamstresses Sna' seems to possess. Teacosies, traycloths, luncheon and duchess sets, kerchiefs and even stuffed toys adorned the needlework room. The crocheted items appeared to be the most outstanding amongst the various pieces. Unfortunately, some of the nicest things had been previously sold, so the visitors did not really get a very wide choice of items to purchase from. All the same, I can say, the parents were really impressed by what was presented.

An addition to the Arts and Crafts exhibition this time was batik work, a tedious but nevertheless interesting art. It requires patience as well as dexterity to master this art. Of all the work done in batik, I held the portrait of Guru Nanak in highest esteem. The woodwork, too, was rather good and it must have taken a good year's labour to present what there was: dressing tables, lampshades, tables, figures... I must say some of our boys surely do have the makings of good craftsmen.

A novelty in the Artroom was the idea of object drawings done in pastels, all of which were rather impressive. The bright, pink peacock with its haughty figure outshone in front of the other paintings. It was rather interesting seeing a few of the slightly "cock-eyed" and shapeless figures! But the scenic villages done in water colours and oils were all good and seemed to make up for the not so good compositions!

Then we go to the Science exhibitions. Help! Diwali's here already? Well, the crackers in the Chemistry laboratory seemed to indicate an early Diwali. Snow? No, its chemically prepared. Dancing mothballs, a flame which strikes back, what next? To top it all the chemistry laboratory is rich—with jewels (chemically prepared ones to be sure!).

Blaring music at an exhibition? Well, the principle of radio was being explained in the Physics lab. An iron ball floating on milk? Water from Heaven? The melting boy?—Physics sure can be deceptive because all the above mentioned miracles were almost only tricks!! Here there were a number of practical demonstrations rather than project work, whereas it should have been the other way round.

On the Biology side we saw rare, intriguing specimens—something you've never seen before. The skeleton of a buffalo's head, a live crab, a flying squirrel and a porcupine fish were a few of the interesting specimens. Bats and snakes which are otherwise terrifying were all bottled up and almost at one's mercy!

An inauguration was the only thing lacking at the Science exhibitions which, for the first attempt, were rather good and enlightening to the mind. Consequently, hobbies have proved to be very useful, haven't they? What with half the work at the exhibition near a professional's!!

Ajinder Chopra

The Teachers' Day Fancy Dress Party

Princes, Princesses, head girls, head boys, bearers, sadhus, jesters, Kashmiris and Paharis, to say nothing of snake charmers, pirates, dancers and Arabs—all thronged Barne Hall in a delightful medley of colourful costumes and sparkling jewels. The hall was packed to capacity with people. Of course, besides the guests we, the hosts, were also there looking 'demure' and 'dignified' in saris and suits.

In the beginning, some of us stood at the head of the stairs waiting to receive the guests. Other Sixth Formers were busy setting the tables on stage for dinner. The hall was dimly lit with just a few coloured spotlights (we felt it would be more fun for everyone to literally 'bang' into people, before they could recognize them.)

Mr. Joshi, dressed as a bearer, came up the stairs with some real bearers, who were carrying food for dinner. He looked so realistic, that we almost let him slip by before one of us realized who

he was, and pounced on him with a yell! Mrs. Joshi came as a young teenager, complete with trousers and open hair. Miss Chatterji was dressed as a Bharat Natyam dancer, in shimmering silk.

Mr. B. Singh, resplendant in velvet cloak, with huge rings on his fingers, came as the Maharaja of Magadore. Mrs. B. Singh was looking very sweet, dressed as a vegetable-seller, with a basket of fruit on her arm. Mr. and Mrs. Pasricha came as Prince charming and a Muslim Lady respectively; Mr. and Mrs. Mundkur as a Maharashtrian couple, and Mr. and Mrs. Dhillon as a Muslim pair. Commodore came dressed as an Arab Sheikh (but alas! without his harem). Mr. Mukherjee was looking very sweet in dhoti and Mrs. Mukherjee looked a typical Kashmiri.

These are just a few people that I have named, for it would be impossible to write about everyone, much as I would like to. But we all felt, that if there had been any prizes (unfortunately there were none available) then four people deserved them—Mr. S.C. Arora (dressed as a jester), and Mrs. Sakhuja (who was unrecognizable as a Sadhu) for their original fancy dress costumes; Mrs. Arora for being so co-operative and sporting about everything (she was dressed as a bearer), and Mrs. Daniel for looking so cute (she came as a 'Paharan' with a big basket on her back).

After dinner, Dr. D.C. Gupta (dressed as a Lucknowi) sang a song for us. Mr. Joshi nearly sang one! Mrs. Gurdev Singh (dressed as a Punjabi) sang a Punjabi one. Sumit Bagchi, by popular demand, sang दुनिया ओ दुनिया

The perfect ending to a perfect party was Mr. Pasricha announcing that there would be no P.T. or Assembly the following morning. By this time it was past eleven, so we had to say our good-byes, and break up the party.

Arati G. Singh

Mrs. W. G. Phillips

The third bell began to ring just as you were on the church slope and you cursed mentally because today of all days you did not want to be late for Assembly. It was a special assembly to mourn the passing away of Mrs. Phillips on the previous day, the 19th of October 1973. You reached the chapel just as the hymn was announced. It was 'Abide With Me', and you did not know the wordings and no one near you had a song book. You looked around and all along the wall of the chapel you saw brass plaques to commemorate the memo-

ry of teachers who had died long ago and you wondered how many of them had, like Mrs. Phillips, died in harness. And with this thought your eyes went to the far end of the building, to the altar and in your mind's eye you saw the marble tablet erected in memory of John Parker, the first principal, who for twenty years had not taken a single day's holiday because the fledgeling institution needed his constant care and attention. When tired and sick his doctors and friends pressed him to take his long overdue furlough, he brushed their kindness gently aside and said 'Next year.' Till finally the strain took its toll and while taking a service in this very chapel he was seized with a fatal stroke.

Your thoughts came back to Mrs. Phillips. You had never really known her but you knew all about her. How often had you seen her sitting on that wooden bench outside the Himalaya Juniors' dormitory with a crowd of juniors around her, teasing them, joking with them, reassuring them till finally they knew they had not left their mothers completely behind. You knew that she could be firm when firmness was required and you knew from the account of a nephew that when the lights had been put out and the dormitory was dark and quiet Mrs. Phillips took a silent round, adjusting a fallen covering here, closing a window there and making sure that her charges were all safe and warm in their beds. For nine long years her job and her children had been everything to her. And now you knew that in those final moments her job and her children had still been everything to her, for shortly before that spirit left its abode of mortal clay, she turned to Mrs. B. Singh and said "Missus take charge of my keys. Take charge of my stock. Put out the stockings for the children." You knew that at a time when all she should have been worrying about, was herself, her thoughts, her mind and her heart still went out to her children and to the fact that she had not put out their stockings.

How alike they were, these two spirits, John Parker and Winnie Phillips. Separated by a hundred years, they were so akin in their desire that what they wove into the fabric of Sanawar life should be of their very best—selfless devotion, disinterested love. And as you thought these thoughts your heart went up in gratitude to the Almighty for having sent these spirits—and many others like them, to work the weal of the school.

The next day after Mass at St Patricks, Kasauli, Mrs. Phillips was buried in the cemetery there with full ceremonial honours. Himalaya House, all the

Upper Five and Sixth Form boys and the Staff attended the funeral. Earlier the rest of the school had lined the Mall to pay their last homage to the departed soul.

As long as the jacaranda blooms against the chapel wall and as long as the cuckoo returns to haunt these hills with his song, so long shall you, Mrs. Phillips, continue to live on this hill top that you loved. We are sure that in your abode in heaven the sound of the Sanawarian bugles playing the Last Post for you still echoes in your ears and the scent of the dahlias, the chrysanthemums culled so lovingly from all over the school estate still lingers with you.

H. D.

An Apology

We would like to extend our sincere and heartfelt apology to Dr. and Mrs. Sakhuja for having overlooked the Doctor in the 1972 issue of the 'Sanawarian'. It is a regrettable and sad error that we should not have included a notice of the Doctor after his seventeen years of long and devoted service to the school. There really can be no excuse for this and we only hope that the wonderful people that they were they will forgive us for this. We assure them that this was an inadvertent mistake and we hope to make some small and humble amend for it in the 1973 issue of the magazine.

Editor "The Sanawarian"

The O.S. Meeting—1973

The O.S. meeting was held in Gaskell Hall at 2-30 p.m. on 5th October 1973. Mr. B.R. Pasricha was in the chair.

The secretary read out the minutes of the 1972 meeting. Mr. Bhalerao proposed that the minutes be accepted. Arjun Bartra seconded the proposal and the minutes were accepted.

In points arising out of the minutes, Yogindra Rajinder Singh (nee Dhillon), pointed out, that non-Sanawarian children were still being allowed into Barne Hall along with visitors, during the Founders' functions. Last year it had been suggested that the services of O.S. should be utilised for ushering duties during Founders but this suggestion had still not been implemented. Mr. S.C. Arora pointed out that as different O.S came up for Founders in different years so it was difficult to allocate duties in advance. It was also pointed out that till the last minute no one knew which O. S. were coming up.

Major G.S. Virk suggested that any O. S. coming up be appointed. Arjun Batra suggested that O.S. should write to say if they were coming up for Founders. In any case, he said, O.S., on reaching Sanawar should report to Mr. B. Singh. This would enable the school authorities to allocate ushering duties for the functions to be held during Founders. Mr. Pasricha said that the services of the O.S. for ushering duties were most welcome. These will be fully utilised if a suitable system could be evolved for their allocation.

Yogindra suggested that parents of passing out children should be issued different coloured cards so that ushers would be able to recognise them and give them seats in the front rows. Mr. Pasricha said that this could be given a try.

I.P.S. Bhusri pointed that during all the Barne Hall functions there was a lot of movement in and out of the Hall. Mr. Gore suggested that while an item was on, no one should be allowed in or out of Barne Hall.

I.P.S. Bhusri pointed out that invitation cards for Founders were received very late this year. Mr. Pasricha explained that this was because till very late we were not sure who our chief guests would be and as such the invitation cards could not be printed.

G.S. Kalyana pointed that as far as the ushering was concerned, the people appointed by the school, whether teachers or O.S. should be firm and see that the needful was done. He also pointed out that system of index cards for records of O.S. had still not been put into practice. Mr. B. Singh pointed out that the O.S. had agreed to bear all the expenses and as such it was up to them to take follow up action. Kalyana asked if the school had done anything in this matter at all. He said that if the School had worked out the details and let the O.S. know, the scheme could have been started by now. Batra proposed that a fund should be started to pay for the directory immediately.

Viney Mehra said that nothing had been done about the proposed O.S. House. Mr. Gore pointed out that the school had only undertaken to provide free land for this house. All other expenses will have to be borne by the O.S. themselves.

G.S. Kalyana pointed out that an up-to-date list of the addresses of O.S. was not being maintained and often the Newsletter was being despatched to obsolete addresses. Batra suggested that an alphabetical list of all O.S. with their last addresses should be periodically published in the Newsletter and in this way an account could be kept of their whereabouts.

Pannu pointed out that the Newsletter should print news that would be of interest to its readers and, not as in one issue, print letters from visiting Headmasters praising the arrangements for the I.P.S.C.

G.S. Virk suggested that attendance at Founders functions should be strictly enforced for the children. Mr. Gore pointed out that because of the limited seating capacity of Barne Hall all the children of L.V. downwards attended the functions at the first performances and it was only these children who did not attend the final performances.

Arjun Batra felt that when Sanawarians went into college they were handicapped because they could not do as well as they would wish to in swimming because there were not adequate facilities for this sport at the School. Rakesh Sood felt this too. He suggested that the swimming season should be of at least three months' duration. Mr. Pasricha pointed out that the lack for proper swimming facilities in the School was because there was no water available. We need a storage capacity of at least two lakhs for the swimming season and this problem was being worked upon. He also said that there was a scheme to cover the swimming pool so that it could be used even when it was raining. This year the swimming season had to be suspended on medical grounds. Sachdev (nee Bala) suggested that press taps could be introduced all over the school and these would help considerably in cutting down on wastage of water. Mr. Pasricha said that this could be gone into. Ranjit Bhatia pointed out that while the general fitness of the students was good further impetus could be provided through proper coaching facilities. He suggested that the services of two or three good coaches should be obtained from the National Institute of Sports and also some of the teachers should do six-week orientation courses. In this context he felt that we should take advantage of Mr. Umrao Singh's generous offer which he had made during his speech on the previous day. Sachdev (nee Bala) felt that more facilities for athletic equipment like spikes should be extended to the girls. She also felt that provision should be made for a victory stand during athletics so that the spectators would get glimpse of the faces along with the announcement of position holders. This suggestion was accepted.

Bhusri pointed out that the speeches were a very solemn occasion and no one except the Chief Guest and the Headmaster should be allowed to speak as this would detract from the solemnity of the occasion.

Aruna Batra Viney Mehra
U. Grewal (S. Singh) Mr. B. R. Pasricha
S. Sihota (nee Sidhu) Mr. Bhupinder Singh

The Beauty of Sanawar

I study at The Lawrence School, Sanawar. It is a beautiful School. It is full of green trees and bushes.

After a rainfall Sanawar is washed and looks extremely beautiful. There are many beautiful multi-coloured flowers in Sanawar.

Sanawar has beautiful classrooms and in them are beautiful models, charts, drawings, paintings and woodwork pieces. There are halls where we do our prayers.

We always breathe fresh air in Sanawar.

It is neither hot nor cold here. It is very pleasant. During the rainy season we see the dense clouds go up and down. Sometimes they do not move and it looks as if cotton-wool is fixed on top of the hills.

During and immediately after the rainy season it looks as though Sanawar is covered with green velvet.

K. B. S. Kang
Form I.

What Preppers would like to be

I would like to be the President of India so that I can make my country great and famous.

Arun Sarna

I would like to be a Daddy and have lots of children who will call me Daddy. Please God make me a daddy soon.

Deepinder

I would like to be a house to keep everyone safe, warm and happy.

Guneet

I would like to be a Nurse to save poor people in India from starvation and disease.

Amrita Jiwa

I would like to be a plane and chase all the Pakistanis away.

Apram Jeet Singh

I would like to be a huge leafy tree with sweet-scented flowers. I hope I live for ever so that people come and rest under me.

Harmit S. Gill

I would like to be a classroom where children will come to work and play.

Kavita Chandna

I would like to be a book in II-A library. The children will love reading Noddy stories in me.

Nandni Malhotra

I would like to be a rich man to give my children Rs. 5/- pocket money every day. Their House-mistress will buy them tuck.

Ranjan

I would like to be a dog to guard a good man.

Rajbir Singh

I would like to be Bombay to make many people happy when they come for a holiday.

Sunita

I would like to be a chocolate and not let anybody eat me. When I am old I will eat myself up.

Rajpal

I would like to be a Headmistress and to those who come first I will give lovely prizes instead of only a slip of paper.

Himani Thakur

Mini Olympics

The Sanawarian athletics may be likened to a mini Olympics. The athletes start preparing weeks in advance. Prefects go hoarse yelling at everyone for additional josh. Amidst all these I remembered the calm voice of our previous P.T.I., instructing a boy trying for high jump 'Jump high and you'll qualify'.

As in the Olympics, so in Sanawar, the girls have their equal share of athletics to do. The heats started a week earlier. Siwalik House in B.D. and Nilagiri House in G.D. started as hot favourites. The result was for the gods (I mean judges!) to decide. While boys Hop-stepped to 1st, 2nd and 3rd positions, the girls Shot-putted away all records. Individuals were cheered as the houses especially in B.D. were neck to neck, as far as the points were concerned. The points would be announced Himalaya—, Nilagiri—, Siwalik—and Vindhya—. The meals were usually, taken while conversing over the probabilities of 'our' House winning the trophy.

To come back to the heats: Mukul Chopra dethroned Jugjeevan Sokhey in Hop-step-and-jump, as did M.P. Singh dethrone Pradeep Chaudhry,—a hot favourite for the Shot put event. New talent was realised—and utilised. As the heats ended, Siwalik was beating Nilagiri by a marginal lead. Vindhya and Himalaya followed in that order. Tempers ran high, House spirit was raised. In short, it was the ideal atmosphere for the finals on the 2nd of October.

In spite of some people fearing that it would rain, the sky was clear. The Chief guest, Mr. Bishan Singh Samundri, took the salute as the athletes marched past. The gun marked the start for 100

mts. opens race, followed by 100 mts. for different age groups. Siwalik had increased their lead in B.D. and Nilagiri led by a large margin in G.D. The athletes gave of their best, as was seen by Mukul Chopra's performance in 800 mts., where he bettered the previous record. Amarjung Singh deserves applause for his magnificent performance in U11, where he bettered the Hop-step record.

The end drew nearer, as Nilagiri narrowed the lead taken by Siwalik, and finally emerged winners. Hats off to them. Congratulations to the following for being the champions in their respective age groups.

B.D.

1. Amarjung Singh (U11)
2. Tonsing Khaisianmung (U13)
3. Arjun Batra and A.K. Joon (U15)
4. Jugjeevan Sokhey (opens)

G.D.

1. Amita Sawhney (U11)
2. Sunita Deora (U13)
3. Navnit Kaur (U15)
4. Veena Kumari (opens).

Jugjeevan Sokhey and Veena Kumari annexed the coveted Kalinga cup and the Bala cup respectively. Nilagiri topped in both B.D. and G.D. As a postscript I would suggest that the tea in Gaskell Hall after the athletics should be for the athletes also!

S.C. Arora

Founder's 1973

After the 125th last year, it was generally felt this year's Founder's would be a fizzle. Not so! Indeed, some of the items were better than ever, the enthusiasm of the students, staff and parents, boundless—and the O.S., oh, the O.S.! No words of praise and adulation can do justice to this marvellous band of Old Sanawarians who turn up, year after year, to give a hearty thump on the back to the Old Alma Mater. Of such stuff are great institutions made

As I write this—in the comparatively sombre clime of Bombay—I must confess to having had misgivings when, once again, the Editor, Mr. S.C. Arora, asked me to file my report. What can I say, now? I thought. How does one describe “the same old things” over and over again? After all, I'd turned in four Founder's Reports since 1969—is there anything left?

But there is—and here I am rarin' to go once again! The Spirit of Founder's hovers behind me—I see the joyous faces of the children, the beaming ones of the parents, old and new...the smiles of satisfaction bursting through the harassed countenances of the teachers and I murmur to myself: This is Sanawar—THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL.

October 2—Gandhi Jayanti—dawned bright and crisp. Athletics on, in full swing, and parents trying to keep up with each other and with the children—greetings, greetings, everywhere. Heartiest congratulations to all the winners and once again to the amazing J. S. Sokhey of Siwalik who seems to have made a habit of capturing the Kalinga Cup for Best Athlete. Congrats also to Nilagiri House (B.D. & G.D.) for winning the Defence Cup. And very special mention must be made of Veena Kumari Ghungesh who laid claim to the Bala Cup (introduced this year) for the Best Girl Athlete. Well done!

Athletics over, and all the puffing and panting subsides in anticipation of that very welcome and cheerful item on the agenda: Coffee for Parents. A lovely, lively gathering, this, with the Headmaster and Mrs. Pasricha—assisted by the friendly and smiling staff members—extending a warm, fragrant welcome to one and all.

The evening of October 2 is always rife with excitement. What's the Staff Play? How's Bhupie? everyone wants to know. Bhupie, of course, is in fine fettle as he locks horns with “The Amorous Prawn”—a delightful comedy he wraps up with the stunning aid of Josephine Sawney who is just absolutely perfect as Lady Fitzadam. ‘The Prawn’ is Madhav Gore whose Minister-saab could be a take-off on all ministers, everywhere—a most scintillating performance. One who impressed very much was Vinay Mohan Mehra. An O.S. roped into the Staff Play, he did enormously well as the Go-Go Goulansky who likes nothing better than a bit of petticoat. The rest of the cast deserve Honourable Mention: Gurparveen Ghoman, Chandra Bhan Abraham, Shobha Lal, Harishpal Dhillon, Ashok Bhalerao, Egidius Sequeira—in that order. Lalit Solomon made up for his end-of-the-play role by being a vociferous prompter. Uma Mukherji did an excellent job of the stage. We admit we weren't rolling in the aisles, but this play is indeed very good—and when produced, directed and acted by the redoubtable Bhupinder Singh, it's a treat worth going a long way to see.

October 3—The Prep. School Concert. Whiffs of fresh air race through Barne Hall as the little ones—so utterly charming, uninhibited and un-self-conscious—begin their items, always such a delight to watch. The Hindi play (Kanjoos ki Thaili) was extremely good and young Sarvinder Kandhari was just marvellous as Seth Makkhi Choosmul. So also was the vivacious little Kiran Dhingra in the English play. The Song and Band items were lovely and the young ones' spirited singing of “Hum Sab Bharat Vasi Hain” was heart-warming.

And then, on to the awe-inspiring blackness of Peacestead, where Miss Chatterjee, Headmistress of the Girls' School, welcomed the visitors to that

most inspiring of items—The Tattoo. It was a happy choice, this, having Miss Chatterjee, do the commentary. A most welcome change and she did full justice to it. The PT display, directed by Mr. Dhani Ram, was outstanding this year. The Gym work was superb and the idea of having two Parallel Bars and two lots of boys for the Ground Work was excellent, encouraging as it did more boys to enter and show their mettle. Once again, the Bugle Band and the Brass Band were soul-lifting and the introduction of Beating The Retreat made a great many hearts both sad and joyous.

As Miss Chatterjee recalled the achievements of the School and paid tribute to the past Headmasters and Staff, she chose, most appropriately, to recall (as Bill Colledge had, in his Response to the toast, last year) Robert Browning's immortal lines: "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways....." As her resonant voice rang out, I could feel a thousand lumps rise in a thousand throats—how very applicable these lines are to the Special love we have for Sanawar!

October 4—Founder's Day. Oh! no, no, no! The clouds knitted their brows in anger and banished the sun. The skies rained tearful over Sanawar and hearts sank at the thought of the Parade being spoilt—or even abandoned. But, no, Sanawar is a special favourite of the gods and the clouds dispersed peacefully, the sun came out beaming and that most inspiring of items: The Trooping of the School Colour was gone through without a hitch. Magnificent is the word, and as the Chief Guest, Mr. Umrao Singh, took the Salute, and the children marched past among full-throated cheers from the O.S., I silently voiced the feelings of those present: God Bless Sanawar.

Then came the Speeches. The Headmaster gave a stirring resume of activities and achievements, while Mr. Umrao Singh (Education & Revenue Minister, Punjab) addressed students, parents and staff in a well-appointed speech which drew loud applause. Both Mr. and Mrs. Umrao Singh (and Mr. Bishan Singh Samundri, Vice-Chancellor, Guru Nanak University who was the Chief Guest on October 2) must receive our special gratitude for their kind participation and interest in the School.

The Senior School did itself proud that same evening with a Variety Concert. Beginning with the Orchestra which performed 'Raga Kedar', the programme progressed through Dance and Band items, culminating in the piece de resistance of the evening: "Asmaan Se Gira", a Hindi comedy very ably directed by Dr. D.C. Gupta and hilariously acted by an obviously hand-picked cast, outstanding among whom were the two Chopra Brothers, Mukul and Nakul. Another good performance came from Sumit Bagchi.

In comparison, the English one-acter "This Desirable Cottage", directed by E. Sequeira, was rather forced and insipid. The cast didn't seem to be pulling in the same direction, although I must say the girls Nickie Grover, Harmanjit Kochar and Ajinder Chopra were far superior than the boys. And I would like to place on record the valiant struggles of Mr. B. Singh-Roy Ewing, Mr. B. Singh-Naveen Anand, Mr. B. Singh-Ajay Wagle and Mr. B. Singh-Ajay Bawa against a basically weak farce and a director whose main concern seemed to be that his cast of male actors should speak in the same accents as the School's beloved comedian, Bhupie!

The Dance items, Shiv-Vandana and the Dandia Ras of Gujarat were splendid and our congratulations to the new Dance Teacher Miss Shakti Bhatnagar as also to the very talented Ravin Grewal for his marvellous rendition of 'Grauada' on the accordion.

And then—the rains came and how! It was a "wet fete" on the 5th, yet nothing, but nothing, could dampen the spirits of both parents and children who willingly emptied their pockets for this annual event.

And, this time, along with the Arts & Crafts and Needlework Exhibitions—well worth visiting, as always—was the School's first Science Exhibition, a splendid idea and a handsome tribute to both students and teachers who had obviously worked very hard to make it an unqualified success.

Keep it up, Sanawar—and thank you for another exhilarating and inspiring Founder's.

Gulshan Ewing

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



189

1st September

1973

School News

June

24th. G.D. Badminton tournament ended with Himalaya bagging the first position: Vindhya, Nilagiri and Siwalik were respectively at the 2nd, 3rd and 4th places.

G.D. Inter-House Tennis matches commenced.

25th. At the conclusion of the Tennis encounters, Himalaya was on top (where else indeed!), followed by Siwalik: Vindhya and Nilagiri shared the third position.

B.D. Inter-House Soccer league started.

Brig Thyagraj's talk in the evening, on Ethiopia, illustrated by transparencies, was interesting and informative.

26th. L-IV and below witnessed the 1st performance of the Himalaya House Show.

28th. The Himalayans proved their mettle on the School stage. They provided a good evening's entertainment at their sparkling House Show. Congratulating the Himalayans, Mr. M. N. Kapur, Principal, Modern School, New Delhi, expressed satisfaction with the performance and said that this was one of the very good shows he had seen. Any school in India could be proud of such a function, he added. This could be achieved only through a dedicated Staff headed by a devoted, capable Headmaster. He disclosed to the audience that Mr. Pasricha was one of the most highly qualified Headmasters in Indian Public Schools.

29th. Siwalik B.D. & Nilagiri G.D. maintained the lead in the 2nd Mark Reading. The latest position is:

B.D.

G.D.

S: 14:07 N: 12:27 N: 16:42 S: 15:17

V: 12:94 H: 11:36 H: 16:11 V: 13:91

B. D. Soccer matches concluded. Congratulations to Himalaya House for annexing the coveted Championship trophy. Nilagiri was a close second.

30th. Home Day.

The School did not look as gloomy as it normally does, for most of the VI Formers stayed back for their extra classes.

July

29th. The School reopened after the Summer Vacation during which we successfully hosted the 33rd Indian Public School Headmaster's Conference from July 20 to 22.

30th. The day was utilised by the matrons for issuing kit etc. to the children.

31st. Regular teaching commenced.

August

1st. The Normal time table came into effect.

10th. Sanawar was bathed in glorious sunshine, a welcome respite from the continuous rain which had paralysed life here.

11th. The Inter-School declamation contest was held under the patronage of Field Publicity division of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting.

Atul Handa of Sainik School, Kapurthala, spoke confidently. Rajan Prabhakar's (Sainik School Kunjpura) speech was full of factual information. Lilly Bains of Carmel Convent, Chandigarh, spoke fluently in meticulous English. Her subject matter was good and choice of words, judicious. Y. Saboo of St. John's declaimed with great ease: quite deservedly, he was adjudged the best speaker. Lilly Bains and Dolly Narang of Carmel Convent bagged the 2nd and 3rd positions respectively. The team honours of the day went to St. John's, Carmel Convent and Sainik School, Kapurthala, in that order.

Mrs. Thyagraj presented the prizes.

14th. The Independence Day-Evening Staff Club get together was held in the Art room. At the stroke of mid night a toast to India was raised.

15th. The 'Tricolour' was unfurled atop Birdwood in a slight drizzle. The Assembly followed in Barne Hall where the Head Girl, the Head Boy and the Headmaster addressed the School. Mr. Pasricha observed in an impassioned speech that we in India preach more than practice. He felt that the older generation had failed the country. He exhorted the present generation to put larger interests of the Nation before self and further urged them to sacrifice for the sake of the country and make India great. He advised them to concentrate on character building so that they be not swayed by momentary profits later in life.

21st. The School observed a holiday on account of Janam Ashtami.

23rd. The children ultimately succeeded in extracting the traditional Sunshine holiday from the Headmaster.

Staff News

Mr. Charanjit Singh Matharu, the Craft teacher, held a one-man exhibition of metal sculptures in Chandigarh from June 23 to July 1, 1973. It was a resounding success. A number of his pieces have been acquired by Adarsh Gallery and Govt. Museum and Art Gallery, Chandigarh, for permanent display. Endowed with rare talent and lively imagination, he assembles discarded pieces of metal with characteristic skill and puts life into them. His Peacock with Shadow and Bride were outstanding compositions and have won admiration from all quarters.

He is holding exhibitions of his sculptures in Punjab University Museum, Chandigarh in December '73 and at the Aifacs Gallery, New Delhi, in February '74. We wish him all the success in his efforts.

O. S. News

Harsimran Grewal : 65—72 (Room No. 1—A, Indraprastha College Hostel, Alipur Road, Delhi-6) Since I joined this College I've been missing Sna' like anything. I think most of us don't realise the true worth of our wonderful School until it is a thing of the past. While in School we tend to take so many things for granted only to realise their pricelessness after we have left. It's sad but none the less true. I've been here since the middle of July and to speak the truth I've never felt so useless in my life. There is so much time on our hands that I find myself longing for the full and lively school routine. I've met a number of Old Sanawarians recently. Just the other day I banged into Bhattal and Nasjit Goshal, both of them are at St. Stephen's. Unluckily we didn't have enough time to sit down and talk. I also met Sanjiv Bery and Ferida Satarawala who is at the Pusa Institute for Management Training. In June I went on a short

holiday to Nepal and met Gaurav Shamsher there. He was attending College in Kathmandu at that time but planned to come to Delhi. But according to the latest reports I hear he's going to join Harvard in September... What an empty life everyone leads here! Believe it or not I'm actually missing all the rain and the soppy weather we had at this time of the year. Not to say that it doesn't rain here but it was so different back in Sanawar. I'm doing an honours degree in Psychology and Mala Khosla is doing the same at Lady Sri Ram College. We get together as often as possible and always talk ceaselessly about Sanawar. I really would give anything to be back in school now but I guess all good things must come to an end and so also the eight wonderful years I spent in Sanawar. Please convey my regards to everyone. I hope to be able to make it for Founder's.

I wish the old School all the luck in the world.

Prabhsharan Singh Kang : 55—61 (Blue Star Ltd., Kasturi Buildings, Jamshedji Tata Road, Bombay 400 020) Unlike the majority of my class, who went in for engineering, the armed forces, I.A.S./I.F.S. and marriage (the girls and of late the boys, too!), I have chosen Advertising for my career. I spent 2 years in Frank Simoes Advertising Pvt. Ltd., where I was responsible for the advertising of brands such as Liberty (garments), Jockey, Maidenform, Jantzen (swimwear), Leonard (refrigerators and deep-freezers), Ferodo (brake-linings), Morisons (baby-products and cosmetics), Smith & Nephew (medical products), Raymonds (suitings, wool and trousers) and the Taj Mahal group of hotels. Then, after a stint with Polydor of India (advertising and sales promotion of their records and artistes), I joined Blue Star Ltd. in September 1972.

Advertising is a fascinating profession and I am surprised that so few Sanawarians have joined it. To my knowledge, the only others to have done so are Suresh Mullick, G.I. (Bulbul) Singh and Rajesh Rattan. I recommend it as an exciting and rewarding career, different from the run-of-the-mill options that everyone's been taking.

I hope to see you all soon, possibly during Founder's when I plan to take some leave.

Maj. T. P. S. Chowdhury : 52—58 (29 Staff Course, Defence Services Staff College, Wellington, Nilgiris, South India) Everymonth I get the Newsletter and I read about Sanawar—I really miss the place. It's so wonderful to read about O.S., about the Cricket and Soccer matches, about Hodson Runs and about the Saturday House Shows. I really feel tempted to come for this year's Founder's, but there is no question of getting leave from here.

I am here doing the 29th Staff Course. Half the course has finished and we are now in the midst of our mid-term break. We have planned to see the South during this one-week holiday.

We are a number of Sanawarians doing the course here. Though we keep meeting each other often, we are yet to have a get together. We shall be having one after the holidays and plan to call Maj. Som Dutt from Ooty. We are also contemplating a big get together on Founder's Day.

The Sanawarians doing the Course with me are:—

- (a) Maj. K P.S. Sidhu
- (b) Maj. Shamsheer Singh
- (c) Flt. Lt. Nanda Carippa
- (d) Maj. Nand Lal Poonia
- (e) Maj. Amarjit Singh Bal
- (f) Maj. J P Singh (J P S Soni) and
- (g) Maj. G.S. Uban

So you see we are quite a lot of us here.

Ajaipal Randhawa: 65—71 (269—Krishna Bhawan, B.I.T.S., Pilani, Rajasthan) I have been unable to come up to Sanawar, but will try and make it to Sanawar this Founder's. I am studying in Birla Institute of Technology, Pilani. This year, Bajwa (V), Dhar (S) and Rastogi (S) have taken admission here and are all fine and happy.

Climatically, this place is a real extreme from Sanawar. This is a real bleak and dry place and pretty hot. I do miss Sanawar a lot, and am always talking about the wonderful stay there I had.

Bulbul Singh 49—57 (C/o Lintas India Ltd. Post Box No. 758, Bombay—1) I went overland from Kabul to London wandering with the wind, catching caravans, horse carts, river boats, buses and trains, sleeping on roadsides and beaches. I travelled with the Kucchi caravaneers up the Marco Polo Silk Route in the Hindukush and then returned to Kabul on commission for two canvasses before taking the road of Babar to Ghazni and Herat.....

Somewhere on the road I started my long song to creation in free-flowing verse, "Windblown"* the last poems set in the vibrant life colours of the land of the Lake Poets, Cumberland. 'Windblown' is now ready for publication. On the beaches of Crete and Curfu in Greece I rested and made notes for paintings, and September saw me in Italy going again through the glory of Rome and Florence and the Italian Riviera to the country of Renoir in Southern France when autumn came down the Provençal Alps in colours of birds. Finally Paris, to catch up with the movement of Paris, then London.

I returned to India in the beginning of this year having arranged a European tour of Rome—

Florence—Paris—London in 1974/75. From the notes made on this trip I started painting the "WINDBLOWN"* series—sunset over Crete, dawn in the desert of Iran near Persepolis, dark nights in Turkey along the Black Sea, the blue of the 5 lakes of Band-i-Amir,—all large canvasses (approx. 5' x 6') to capture the colour and scale of nature and the moment of creation. Cloudburst over the Alps, the mist fern streams of the Black Sea mountains, full moon over the Acropolis and in the sand-tracts of Pitsilia.

*A Sample is :

Painting No. 2 :

It was written in our ways.
It was given to our dreams.
And life became what dreams were
And dreams turned into day.
When the sun comes up, the shadows part.
When spring goes, flowers drink the sun.
I have wandered over desert vales.
And snow was on the peaks of hills.
How unknown are the ways.
How are the paths to be?
Who will know—not you
Not me, times will unfold
Only when time comes, thoughts will
Be dreams until the vision comes.

(Bulbul exhibited the "Windblown" series in his 5th One-Man show at the Taj Art Gallery, Bombay, from July 17th to 23rd).

B. Singh

Kenneth Connolly: 37—45 (Industrial Registrar and Commissioner for Workers' Compensation, Department of Labour, P. O. B. 5644, Boroko, Port Moresby, Proper New Guinea). Kenneth along with his wife, Valda and two children, Derek and Renne, visited his Alma Mater on August 22, the first time after leaving the School. We were exceedingly delighted to have them. They were thrilled to be back and went to every nook and corner of the School. He even found his name which he had scratched in the present VI Form Study Room (next to the gym.) of Vindhya House.

What struck him the most here was that Sanawar hasn't changed a bit, neither in physical appearance nor in character. He felt that the discipline and the way the School was being run is still the same as it was 28 years ago. He observed with satisfaction that the children were very well mannered, courteous and respectful. Valda appreciated the scenic beauty of Sanawar and was much impressed by the education being imparted here. They were all praise for the hospitality they enjoyed here.

They left their affectionate regards for all concerned: they would be pleased to receive and entertain any O.S. at their place.

Editor

मज़हब नहीं सिखाता आपस में बैर रखना

भारत एक धर्म निरपेक्ष राज्य है। यहाँ पर सभी धर्मों को समान रूप से मान्यता दी गई है। ज़नाबे अली इकबाल की कही गई शायरी "कौमी तराना" के लफ़्ज़ों की आवाज़ विश्व के कोने कोने में गूँजती है।

"सारे जहाँ से अच्छा हिन्दोस्ताँ हमारा" कितने ही महानुभव हमें इसी विषय पर उपदेश दे गये हैं। पर काश किसी ने कान खोल कर सुने होते। ऊँच-नीच और धर्म में छुआछूत जो कभी खत्म हो गई थी उसकी दुर्गन्ध ने हमें फिर से आ घेरा है।

अगर मनुष्य कुछ धर्म संबन्धी विषयों की गहराई में पहुँचना चाहता है, तो उसे पहले चाहिए वह सात्विकता तथा समानता के आदर्शों का पालन करे। उसे अपना यह उद्देश्य बना लेना चाहिए कि धर्म चाहे कोई भी हो, उसका इससे कोई ताल्लुक नहीं। वह सिर्फ़ अपने सुसलमान, ईसाई सब भाईयों व स्वयं में कोई भेद न माने। चाहे मस्जिद में हबादत की या मन्दिर में उपासना इनमें कोई फ़र्क़ नहीं है। अल्लाह और ईश्वर एक महान ऐश्वर्य शक्ति के विविध नाम हैं; चाहे खुदा तुम्हारी सुने या प्रभु यह तो एक ही बात दुई न। इस बात पर न जाने कितना तर्क—दलील होता है पर सब हताश क्योंकि किसी का इसकी सच्चाई पर हाथ नहीं पड़ता।

अनेक धर्मों की उपस्थिति का कारण है कि अगर विभिन्न तरह के धर्म नहीं होते तो मनुष्य का जीवन नीरस होता। मोक्ष के उत्तम मार्ग को प्राप्त करने के लिए यह सभी धर्म छोटी-छोटी पगडंडियाँ हैं। जैसे एक उच्च पथ पर पहुँचने के लिए कई रास्ते होते हैं कोई गंदे कोई 'उबड़-खाबड़' और कोई समतल यह सभी हमें एक ही मंज़िल पर पहुँचाते हैं। किसी ने ठीक ही कहा है :

तुम राम कहो वे रहीम कहें
दोनों की शरज़ अल्लाह से है

तो फिर मज़हब क्यों। हमें तो शुक्रगुज़ार होना चाहिए कि ये धर्म हमारी ज़िंदगी में अन्य रंगों की तरंग लाते हैं।

सोचो तो सही यदि इस व्योम में जगमगाते तारे नहीं होते, चंदा सूरज नहीं होते तो न ही सुबह होती न शाम। विश्व में छाया हुआ एक अंधियारे का शामियाना होता। अन्त में मैं कह सकती हूँ :

"इकबाल कोई महरम अपना नहीं जहाँ में
मालूम क्या किसी को दर्द नहीं हमारा"

नीलम पुरी

समझौता गमों से कर लो

आह निकली जो मुँह से, तो घुल गयी तूफ़ान में,
दृश्य थे कितने खड़े, अंधेरा था मेरे सामने।

गिरी—गिर कर फिर उठी, आप ही फिर गिर गयी,
रुक कर देखने लगे लोग, एक जान हँस पड़ी।

थी वही हँसी जो मेरे मन के तार बजा जाती थी,
आज वही मेरे कानों में तीर बनकर जा चुकी।

एक बार फिर उठी, देख कर रह गई हैरान,
पाँव में थी एक हड्डी, था यही तो शमशान।

आज तक मैं एक सुनहरी दुनिया में रहती थी,
सब सच्चे हैं, सब मेरे हैं, अपने आप से कहती थी।

लेकिन जागी सोकर बरसों में, जाना अब अनजानों को,
एक गहरी सी आवाज़—सुना रही थी कानों को।

कि जिन के लिये मैंने अपना धन जोड़ा था,
उन्हीं ने मुझे अंधेरे में लाकर छोड़ा था।

मैं डरी—कौंपते देखा उधर,
ये भी थे लोग—इनको भी लगता था डर।

इनके जीवन में भी थे कितने सौँफ़ और सवेरे,
ग़म और खुशियाँ इनके दर पे लगाते थे डेरे।

साहस बढ़ा, देखी रोशनी, कदम बढ़ाती चली,
एक मुरझाए बूटे पर खिल गई फिर से कली।

आरती आहलूवालिया
सिक्स्थ फ़ॉर्म

Boredom

A major problem faced by parents and teachers of today is a bored youth. How often one has heard the modern child of today, surrounded by almost everything he wants, say, "I am bored". People have fought an almost losing battle against this state of mind—"Boredom". What is boredom? Why is our generation a bored generation?

The fault is largely of parents and also to a lesser extent of the child itself. The overzealous parents want their children to have everything that is desired. As a result toys, books, cycles, cars, money and many other things are thrust on them. Children play with these things once and they merely forget about them. Thus the children do not learn their value. They become indifferent simply because they feel that they can get what they want. After having ridden his new cycle a couple of times, a boy finds the novelty wearing off, and is thus left bored once again.

If instead the children are taught the value of things; if they learn this value by earning money which will be contributed towards the new toy, they will also learn the necessity of doing something worthwhile. They will take pleasure in doing creative work and hence boredom will cease to exist.

Today's youth has turned rebellious : strikes and riots are not uncommon. This is a result of boredom. They have not been taught the importance of doing any social or beneficial work. As they are not engaged in any work, they are idle and only prove the old saying 'An empty mind is the Devils workshop'. Hence they turn to rebellion and strikes which is accompanied by bus burning and other destructive, unlawful acts.

If instead their energy is harnessed towards doing some social service like working amongst villagers for a week or two or giving the postman a holiday, by delivering letters once a month, students will be a great help to society instead of being despised by elders for being rowdy and troublesome. They must be given a sense of responsibility and involvement if we desire to banish boredom from our youth.

Boredom is caused by our indifferent attitude to a subject somebody is referring to. Boredom also results from the mask people wear in society. We assume bored expressions merely because we pretend to be what we are not.

Boredom must be overcome; to achieve this we must put aside false pretention. This can only be achieved if we develop in us a sense of responsibility towards the welfare and progress of man. It is only by developing an interest in things around us and getting involved that we can overcome boredom.

Sanjiv K. Singh

From the HM's Mail Bag.

T.B.V. Subrahmanyam (Principal, The Hyderabad Public School, Punjagutta, Hyderabad). On my return to Hyderabad after the successful completion of the 33rd Indian Public School Headmasters' Conference held at your school from 20th July to 22nd July '73, I wish to thank you and Mrs. Pasricha for the wonderful arrangements made during the Conference.

It has been a wonderful experience and it is no exaggeration to say that the excellent arrangements made in connection with the Conference, our stay and travel are the result of untiring efforts put in by you, your wife and your staff.

J. K. Kate (Principal, Daly College, Indore)

This is just a line to thank Mrs. Pasricha, your staff and you for the excellent arrangements made for the I. P. S. Conference. We were very well looked after.

I can imagine how much fore-thought and tremendous energy must have gone in to making this conference a great success.

H. N. Kashyap (Principal, Yadavindra Public School, Patiala). Now that the Conference is over, I am sure both you and Ramaji would be feeling relaxed. I wish to offer my grateful thanks to you both for your very warm hospitality and all the affection and privilege shown to me. I can say with confidence that 33rd Session of the IPSC will be long remembered by most of us who had the good fortune of enjoying your hospitality.

E. J. Simeon (Principal, Doon School, Chand Bagh, Dehra Dun). I would like to thank you and Mrs. Pasricha for your warm hospitality and for making our brief stay at Sanawar so delightful.

I congratulate you on the excellent arrangements and detailed planning.

Din Dayal (Principal, Delhi Public School, Mathura Road, New Delhi). Thank you for all your kind hospitality. It was an interesting experience seeing the Lawrence School, Sanawar. We all were so well looked after. Kindly convey my gratitude to Mrs. Pasricha also.

C.H. Mogford (Assistant Education Adviser, British High Commission, British Council Division New Delhi). This is just a brief letter to thank yourself and Mrs. Pasricha most sincerely for your kind hospitality during my visit to the Public School Headmasters' Conference.

Dr. K. N. Saxena (Field Adviser, National Council of Educational Research & Training, New Delhi). I cannot express my deep sense of gratitude to you and Mrs. Pasricha for the kindness you have shown in making my stay at your Institution so comfortable, when I had come there to attend the Conference of the Indian Public Schools.

Kindly convey my gratitude to Mrs. Pasricha and all the staff members of your Institution.

Nick Viani, Loren O'Connor, Dennis Cassatt, Patricia Dickson & Barbara Bell). The weekend spent at Sanawar will certainly be remembered as one of our finest experiences. The interaction with the Headmasters reinforced our understanding of the diversification found in the Public Schools throughout the country. We were very impressed by the calibre of the whole Conference.

Your hospitality was amplified by the warmth of your staff throughout the Conference. We are extremely grateful for the lovely accomodation which you arranged for us, in addition to all of the many responsibilities that are connected with the hosting of a conference of such size and importance.

We appreciate the opportunity to be included in the Conference. These experiences will prove most valuable in our project.

M. Naeem (Principal, Panchgani High School, Panchgani). I thank you very much for all the hospitality and care that I received during my stay at Sanawar on the occasion of 33rd IPSC. The arrangements made were excellent and every thing was marvellous. Please extend my thanks and greetings to Mrs. Pasricha who played her role most efficiently in a very quiet way. My special thanks to Mr. Mundkur and Mr. Gore who helped us in every possible way.

H.L. Dutt (Principal, Colvin Taluqdars' College, Lucknow). It was a wonderful experience being in Sanawar for the I.P.S.C. For three days I was away from the hurly-burly of Lucknow and now that I am back in the turmoil of admissions, I am beginning to appreciate the peace in which you live.

Kindly convey my heartiest thanks to Mrs. Pasricha for the wonderful hospitality extended to all of us.

Chandrakant M. Bhatt (Principal, Vallabhram Mehta Public School, Baroda). I fail to find appropriate words to express my gratitude for making my stay so comfortable and to make me feel at home. I have all the praise for your commendable all over arrangements. It really has been a memorable meeting which will be everlasting in my memory.

S. Srivastava (Principal, Welham Girls' School, Dehra Dun). I thoroughly enjoyed my stay and a half days at Sanawar.

I think you and your staff had made excellent arrangements for the Conference and all of us who attended had a very comfortable stay.

Inder Singh Chawala (Principal, Dagshai Public School, Dagshai). This is to offer my grateful thanks for the wonderful arrangements made by you during the Indian Public Schools Conference on 20th, 21st and 22nd July, 1973. Nothing was left undone to make Headmasters & Principals feel perfectly at home. Please convey my thanks and appreciation to the members of your staff, particularly the Bursar, who all combined to make these fine arrangements. We have yet to learn a lot from your esteemed institution as to how such big functions are meticulously arranged.

J. D. Singh (Headmaster, Fifth Centenary School, Mussoorie). It was a pleasure to be at Sanawar. The arrangements were excellent and organisation flawless. The credit of organising the conference goes to you both and I must say your tireless efforts made the Conference a great success and it will be remembered ever by all of us.

Gurdial Singh Dhillon (Principal, Guru Har Krishan Public School, New Delhi). I must say that you and Mrs. Pasricha made excellent arrangements for the Conference. It was a grand success. The attendance was a record. The fellowship was full of life and happiness. Everyone enjoyed it immensely. Kindly accept my heartiest congratulations and sincere thanks for looking after us so well. Please convey my special thanks to Mrs. Pasricha who left no stone unturned to make her guests feel at home.

Devendra Sharma (The Students' Stores, Kasmer Gate, Delhi). Let me congratulate you on the very successful conduction of the IPS Conference which went on as planned and you played a perfect host.

My son, Shalindra, himself a product of Nabha, represented the Students' Stores, felt very comfortable and happy the way the guests were looked after.

C.P. Ganesh (The Macmillan company of India Ltd., Delhi). This is just a short note to convey my gratitude to you and to your Staff at the school for a very comfortable and useful stay at your School during my attendance at the Indian Public Schools Conference.

Kindly convey my sincere thanks and regards to all concerned.

Hari Dang (The Air Force Central School, Delhi Cantt). I am writing to thank you for your generous hospitality, and to congratulate you and Mrs. Pasricha and your Staff on the excellent and comfortable arrangements for the Conference and our stay.

Major J. C. Kohli (Principal, Chail Military School, Chail). I am extremely grateful to you for your kind hospitality during our stay at Sanawar. I was pleased to go round your institution and was deeply impressed the way your school is functioning.

Kindly accept our grateful thanks for looking after us so well and convey our gratitude to all those who were responsible for making such a nice arrangement.

Lt. Col. M. Sobjohn (Principal, Belgaum Military School, Belgaum). Let me hasten to thank you and Mrs. Pasricha for the generous hospitality and all the personal care you took of me during my stay at Sanawar.

My stay at Sanawar was indeed wonderful and I enjoyed every minute of my stay there. Apart from the Conference being a historic occasion, you and your staff went all out to attend to the comforts of the delegates, which made our stay, not only useful but also enjoyable.

Wg. Cdr. R.M. Saran (Principal, Sainik School Chitorgarh). Kindly convey my thanks and deep appreciation to Mrs. Pasricha and the members of your Staff for making us feel homely during our stay at Sanawar.

I also take this opportunity to once more extend an invitation to you, Mrs. Pasricha, all members of your staff and their families to visit Chitorgarh and the Sainik School and be our guest for their stay here. Hope some of you will be able to visit us in the near future.

Wg. Cdr. T. B. Srivastava (Principal, Sainik School, Amaravathinagar). Please accept my congratulations on the wonderful arrangements you had made for the Indian Public Schools Conference from 20th to 22nd July, 1973. I would like to express my personal gratitude to you, Mrs. Pasricha and all your Staff for having looked after us extremely well, I was highly impressed by the devotion of your staff and the maintenance of your institution.

Lt. Col. B.R. Gadhiok (Principal, Sainik School, Kunjpura, Karnal). This is to thank you for your kind hospitality and the excellent way in which you looked after us while at Sanawar during the 33rd Session of the Indian Public Schools Conference.

Our thanks are particularly due to Mrs. Pasricha who had been personally taking such great pains to see that we were well looked after.

L.A. Vyay (Headmaster, The Lawrence School, Lovedale). Just a hurried note to say a sincere "Thank you" for your kind hospitality at Sanawar from 20th to 22nd July, 1973. The IPSC session was a great success mainly due to the efficient organisation and hard work put in by you and your Staff.

Donations

Two lists of donations have already been published in the September, '72 and March, '73 issues of the Newsletter. We now gratefully acknowledge the following further donations.

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| (i) Donations received up to 28-2-73. | Rs. 56332.72 |
| (ii) Sanawar School Staff from
March, '73 to July, '73. | Rs. 2003.41 |
| (iii) The parents of Form VI, 1972. | Rs. 5411.53 |
| (iv) Sir Dorabji Tata Trust, Bombay. | Rs. 5000.00 |

Total Rs. 68747.66

The Himalayans on the Stage

The ripples on the red curtain caused from the scurrying going on behind it showed that the Himalayans were giving, as is usual, frantic, finishing touches to the stagemaking. We waited in expectation: their Show is normally good and we hoped for a couple of hours' entertainment.

The curtain finally parted to "Careful Rapture", a comedy in one act by Jack Popplewell. The story revolved round Ajay Bawa in the role of Ted Desmond and Nickie Grover as Joan Bowers. Ted is about to be engaged to Joan's daughter, Peggy (Uma Sarna). He is invited at the Bowers for tea one afternoon. He is tremendously pleased with Joan's amiable disposition, which is in direct contrast to his preconception of the behaviour of the mother-in-laws. But at the same time he is slightly unhappy with Peggy's actions: she pours hot water on his hand, drops a cake on the floor, burns his head with steaming tea. The sandwiches she made are thick, huge, crusty and not worth eating. A week later he has dinner with them. At the after dinner coffee he is made to recollect the events of the past week and Joan cleverly manipulates to slip the engagement ring on his finger. She very shrewdly ruptured his relationship with her daughter and is herself enraptured. Finally, her mother (Meera Sethi) arrives and Ajay is utterly nonplussed: he is flabbergasted to hear her talk sternly.

Ajay Bawa and Nickie Grover did enormous justice to the comic situations and provided continuous fun. Bawa's clumsy behaviour, stupid facial expression, awkward gestures and inappropriate actions probably couldn't be bettered. By the way, is his neck artificial? The way he feels contented after dinner shows that he has got everything in this world and yet he is so stupid that he does not know he is engaged! Poornima Bhalerao, Uma Sarna and Anuradha Mairabably supported them in unfolding the sequence of the story. Meera Sethi acted as the proverbial mother-in-law: she suited her part to a 'T'. On the whole it was a delightful play, well directed and self-assuredly performed.

Sumit Bagchi came to fill the bill: he proved his mettle anew by singing "Jeena To Hai" and "Meeri Bheegi Bheegi Si". He has a tremendous control over his voice and Sanawar audience is always eager to hear him sing. Jai Singh Pathania and S.P.S. Sidhu kept the beating of the drum appropriately low.

The curtain then rose to the dance drama "Scare Crow" performed by the juniors. Seema Gulati, the village belle, looked very cute and danced gracefully. The birds, in colourful costumes, flew in perfect rows. It goes to the credit of the House for staging this dance, for it brought 30 children on the stage and involved another 8 in the music. I do, however, feel that light effects could have been better and birds could have had masks.

Next, the Himalayan Band entertained the School by playing the tunes "Mexican Shuttle" and "Lonely Bull". Pathania on the drums, Sidhu, Behl and Chandhry trumpeting, Grewal on the Saxophone and Bagchi wielding Mazaccus were boisterous and made their presence felt. It was much appreciated and drew considerable applause.

"Oh Vee Kee Zamane San", a Punjabi play, written and directed by Mr. Gurdev Singh was immensely topical. It produced a fair amount of laughter by its humorous situations and hilarious lines. True to the times we are living in, it depicted in bold relief the latest shortages of Ghee, water electricity etc. in the country. It must have been an uphill task for the House to put up this play, for the children are not used to speaking Punjabi. But anyway they made a good job of it. Satinder Lalli and

Sangram Singh acted confidently. Harveen Sachdeva was outstanding and, of course, S.P.S. Sidhu, in the role of Gopal Nath, an old man, excelled in recounting old times and lamenting over the present. The general feeling is that a little more attention to stage technicalities would have improved the performance.

Kulbir Randhawa made her maiden appearance: she was cheered as she finished singing "Do Din Ki Hai Zindgi". There was no reason for her to feel shy and nervous, for she sang well.

A dance recital by the senior girls followed. It was the Rajasthani Ghumar folk dance. The performers, in their gorgeous costumes, danced confidently and with zest and buoyancy. Bouquets to all the participants for having made it a resounding success. Bagchi, naturally endowed with a dulcet voice, came again and as is his wont, established a complete rapport with the audience. Well done, Bagchi: our congrats.

Last of all "A Night at an Inn" was enacted. It was an engrossing, suspenseful play. One sat at the edge of the chair to find out what happened next. A good bit of fine acting was shown by Navin Anand, the toff (gentleman turned scoundrel). The three sailors, Rakesh Singha, Jaskaran Singh and Ajai Sahgal, speaking in their cockney accent, succeeded in swaying the audience with their fear of the three priests of Klesh, who followed them all the way from India to recover the ruby, and their protest against the toff's plans. These priests are murdered with almost professional skill. It is beyond my comprehension, though, how the idiot can come and collect its eye—the ruby: but then that's the story which to me seems devoid of any purpose.

House Shows invariably have some shortcomings: but then we must remember that choice of talent is limited to one House only. In spite of this, Himalaya House's was a successful function. It provided a good evening's entertainment. Mr. M.N. Kapur, Principal, Modern School, New Delhi, on behalf of the audience, congratulated the Himalayans for their scintillating performance.

The curtain then fell to the House Shows for the year, 1973.

S.C. Arora

Editor—S.C. Arora.

Owner—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Printed and published at The Lawrence School Press, Sanawar, Simla Hills (H.P.) by S.C. Arora.

Student Reporters

Girls

Arati G. Singh
Harmanjit Kochar

Boys

Pankaj Madhok
Sanjiv K. Singh

Regd. No. P.—129

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

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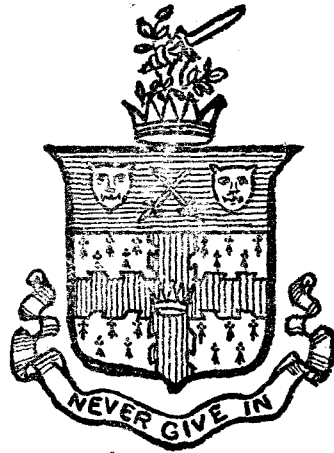
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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

1st August

1973

*School closed
for
Summer Vacation.*

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



188

July

1973

School News

May

26th. Mr. I.D.N. Sahi, Chairman, Board of Governors, honoured us with a visit to the School.

27th. It was heart warming to listen to the Hindi declamation contest. The participants had prepared well and spoke with confidence. Neelam Puri (H) carried the honours of the day. Arti Ahluwalia (V) and Diwakar Singh (N) shared the 2nd position. Amongst the Houses, Nilagiri stood first. Mr. Pasricha, speaking after the contest, showed satisfaction with the high standard. He congratulated all for the successful evening.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

June

1st. The School XI drew 1—1 the Soccer match against 410 Para Field coy., Kasauli.

2nd. Mock Parliament was organised by the English Debating Society. Mukul Chopra conducted the proceedings efficiently. Krishnan Subramanian amused the audience by asking his humorous questions in a heavy South Indian accent. Sangram Singh staged a successful walk-out. Suneet Kaur looked a graceful Prime Minister. I do hope the Govt. will be stronger and the speakers, louder in future.

7th. L IV and below witnessed the first performance of the Siwalik House Show.

9th. The Siwalikans entertained the School with a variety programme. The English play—Burglar Alarm—was humorous and the Red Indian dance, vigorous. The Pied Piper brought a vast number of children on to the stage. The rats danced beautifully! The piece de resistance of the evening was the Hindi play—Nawab Sahib. The Chopra brothers, Mukul and Nakul, acted admirably. Arun Mittal was a

perfect servant. Dare I ignore Ravin Grewal? No, of course not. He established a complete rapport with the audience. The thunderous applause he drew everytime he played the piano accordion is testimony enough of his skill. Accept our bouquets, Ravin. Considering that the resources are always limited for a House, it was a commendable function.

Brig. Kapoor, Chief Engineer, Northern Zone, observed with satisfaction that Sanawar is providing a complete education. He felt that the lives of the children were being enriched with histrionics and other activities here. He congratulated the Siwalikans for a well rehearsed, refined House Show. He presented them Rs. 200/- for ice cream and other knick-knacks.

11th. G.D. Scanlon Tennis matches for individual championship began.

Staff Club Badminton tournament commenced.

16th. The School was awed with the yogic feats performed by Yogiraj N.R. Swami : he has certainly practised to perfection.

'Children and not their parents should choose their own careers' was animatedly debated the same evening by the juniors. Our kudos to Anjali Ewing (N) for having been adjudged the best debater. She spoke fluently and with great ease. Alok Kukreja (H) stood second. Nilagiri clinched the first position in the Houses.

18th. Nervousness possessed the VI Formers as their internal examinations started.

G.D. Badminton matches commenced.

20th. Mr. J.K. Kohli and Miss Suchita Kalia left for Lovedale to attend the Summer Institute in Mathematics organised by the Indian Public Schools Conference.

23rd. The weary 'Sixers' heaved a sigh of relief as their exams came to an end.

G.D. Inter-House Tennis matches began.

24th. The School XI lost to B.C.S. by a chance solitary goal. There was a goalmouth scrimmage and out of the 'blue' somebody kicked and the ball just trickled in through a forest of legs. Never mind, Sanawar, for it is all in the game: what is important is to fight well, which you did. It was a delight to watch Pradeep Chaudhry who was always sure of his ground.

The Colts match, played away, ended in a goal-less draw. Sunil Malhotra and Anil Dogra gave a creditable account of themselves. Deepak Khosla brilliantly stopped a penalty kick.

The Atoms squared it with B.C.S. by trouncing them 4-0. Sandeep Saluja and Suryaveer played very well.

Staff News

We welcome Mr. Kirpal Singh Dhariwal as the Carpentry instructor. We hope his association with the School will be happy and long.

Mr. Charanjit Singh Matharu, the Craft teacher, is holding a one man exhibition of steel sculptures in his studio 'wal' at Sector 35, Chandigarh, from June 23 to July 1, 1973: this is his 5th. He is a talented sculptor and gives evidence of lively imagination. He uses 'junk' for his compositions and achieves remarkable results. We wish him all the best for this show and godspeed in the future.

O. S. News

Satdev Bajaj: 63-71 ('K' Sqdn, N.D.A., Khadakvasla N.C. Pune-23) Vunga's 'To Sna' and 'About Sna' in the May Newsletter were nostalgic reminders of the wonderful years at School. NDA is in a way like Sna' and most of the P.T. instructors here have been Mr. Jagdish Ram's pupils at APTC Pune. Kadan, Advani, Gadhiok, Jamwal and N.J. Singh (Butch) are all doing well and never run out of Sna' talk.

Rajbir Kadyan: 63-72 (24-Bharati Nagar, New Delhi-3) "I gather it's rather pleasant up on the hilltop. I don't think it's necessary to tell you how severe the heat is down in the plains. Sna' is heaven: no exaggeration!.....We do feel sorry for our defeat in Cricket but as you have always said, don't play the game only for victory, play it for the sake of the game also. Well, let's hope we fare better in Soccer.

2/Lt. Gurinder Jit Singh: 60-67 (The 64th Cavalry C/o. 56 A.P.O.). It's been a long spell since I have either written or paid a visit to Sanawar. How is everything going on at the School. Everything is fine on my side.

I have joined the Army. I was also lucky to get Armoured Corps. I joined my regt. after the training on 13th May this year. There is another Sanawarian in my regt: Capt. S.S. Mandi. Virinder Pal Singh Chandan has also joined the army. His training is starting at the I.M.A. from 23rd June. I am really keen to learn the latest regarding the school. Due to some reason or the other I was kept out of touch with the School. I hope the same old traditions are still flourishing and keeping the name of the School high.

Wishing all the "Sanawarians" best of luck for the future and best regards to all the Staff.

Lt. Ashok Saxena: 58-65 (Asst. Adm. Officer, HQ Southern Command, Poona-1) I am now posted at HQ, Southern Command, Poona. It is a fine place and I do meet Sanawarians often, most of them being from the AFMC. During my leave I met Rajiv Mehra and Bikram Grewal at Delhi. Bikram is engaged.

Married

Sukhbir Singh Sahi (54-65) to Sunita on 17-6-73 at Bhopal.

Peter Satwant Singh (52-61) to Sar Parveen Kaur on 24-6-73 at Moron.

We send our blessings and wish the couples long and happy married lives.

B. Singh

The Staff Club is Richer

Subhash Malhotra (O. S. 53-59), General Manager, Carnarvon Hotel, Ealing Common, London W-5, visited Sanawar on June 16 and 17 with his wife. Deepak and son, Atul. They have donated Rs. 1000/- to the Staff Club: we are thankful to them.

Sojourn at Sadhupul

To me Anand Bhavan and Sadhupul seem to be very romantic names. Both these names look shrouded in some sort of mystery, although they may not, ordinarily, attract attention from us all to such an extent. Before reaching Sadhupul, the names continued echoing in my ears, all along. As soon as we alighted from the buses in

the quiet, tree-studded, open compound of Anand Bhavan, I felt highly inspired and thoroughly relieved. This magnificent mansion seemed to smile a greeting to us. I felt as if I had jumped into the soothing, consoling and caressing lap of my mother—Mother Nature, after a long separation.

Anand Bhavan, nestling between dumb and mute but awe-inspiring mountains, impressed me with its undisturbed tranquil, quiet and solitude. Its natural, lovely and charming surroundings and calm environments justified its name without a tinge of doubt. In the first instance I felt: how cruel we are to have come to encroach upon the serenity and tranquillity of 'NATURE'. But then I thought: 'NATURE' is most magnanimous and gracious and like a kind mother, invites everyone, without any discrimination, to her ever open arms.

In the evening I went down to have a look at the 'Sadhu Pul' after which the place seems to have been named. Standing on the bridge I tried to see as far as my eyes could allow, all around, and felt as if some Sadhus (saints) were dwelling on the hills and in the valleys beyond, 'far away from the madding crowd', praying to Almighty, in perfect solitude, for all the blessings He has bestowed upon us.

Although we stayed there for three days (1st May to 3rd May 1973, excluding the journey days) yet these days were full of activity and a lot of fun. We used to accompany the children to the stream below Anand Bhavan. The children thoroughly enjoyed swimming and jumping about in Nature's free, ample supply of water. While playing in water they seemed to become forgetful of any life existing around them. They would come out of the water hesitatingly and quite reluctantly at the bidding of the Staff on duty. Luckily the current was not fast and water not deep to keep us meticulously on our toes all the while. Consequently we could afford to give due liberty to the children to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, mornings and evenings.

As regards our meals, we, to my great surprise (since it was my first camp) continued getting almost the same food at Sadhupul as at Sanawar. It tasted rather more delicious in the natural surroundings, while we all, like a family, took it standing together under the Shamiana, talking and joking with one another, naturally and informally. Credit goes to all those concerned with the mess arrangements.

Being only at Sadhupul was not enough. On May 2nd Mr. Dhani Ram organised a trip to Chail. The small children made a good job of it by trekking up and back with smiles on their

faces. Mr. Pasricha, Headmaster, a the party up the hill to a certain spot he walked down to Anand Bhavan, all experienced a sort of shudder when Mr. told us how on the way a snake crossed just a couple of yards away.

A party of teachers, who visited later were all praise for them for the welcome and warm hospitality. Our them.

The same evening we were entertained by Kulshreshtha with Classical songs and Mrs. Pasricha, Miss Kavita Narula and dev Singh also thrilled the Staff with their songs. But as soon as Mrs. Gurdev Singh sang her second song, she was suddenly cut short by a "joke" played by the children. We felt relieved after tracing out a boy who was

Films and Film-stars :

Most of us see films quite often but seldom get a chance to meet and talk to film stars personally. Anand Bhavan, this time the Film-world enter its precincts. In the evening Mrs. Pasricha, I went down all along and reached a lonely temple situated on the bank by the side of the river. I was amazed to see a small crowd of people who had gathered there to witness a scene being shot for the film "Jalte Badan". I managed to meet the stars Mr. Rama Nand Sagar. After introducing them to the Staff, I extended them an invitation for a cup of tea. To my great delight, he accepted the invitation readily.

The children had a jolly time together with Mr. Rama Nand Sagar and his wife. Kiran Kumar, the hero, and Kum Kum, the heroine of the film amongst and amid the children. Kiran Kumar, a young, budding hero and producer of Public School, gathered the children around and gave them a scintillating entertainment. Kiran and Kum Kum thrilled the children with their songs and a couple of dialogues. Mr. Rama Nand Sagar himself answered our queries much to our delight thus adding to our information about the Film World.

We are sure they enjoyed the simple tea and mugs, may be for the first time in their lives.

On 3rd May we had our last gathering for supper. The weather had become very hot after a heavy shower of rain. The children prepared very good items for the occasion. Mr. Rama Nand Sagar provided a really good entertainment for us for so.

Everybody dispersed happily to go to bed early since we had to leave Anand Bhavan early next morning for Sanawar. All of us looked fresh and vigorous when we boarded the buses and left for 'The Best School of all'.

G. S. Dev

II

We went to Sadhupul on Monday, 30th April. All the buses had a race till we had an accident with a scooter. The man got hurt on his knee and made quite a fuss.

At Sadhupul we had our lunch and took rest. The bugle would blow for us to run and line up at meal time. At 9-30 in the morning we would walk down to the stream for a swim. We had much fun swimming. The water was cold but in the afternoon it was warmer.

At eleven o'clock we used to get tea and sweets.

The B.D. boys stayed in tents, and we stayed in the palace, which is now a rest house.

The actors came to shoot the picture 'Jalte Badan' in Sadhupul stream. One day they had tea with us. We shouted, "we want a song from Kiran uncle". He sang and Kum Kum aunty also sang. The actors came in a blue Ambassador car.

On the last day it was raining. How sad we couldn't attend the camp fire. We had prepared many plays to act.

The days passed very quickly and soon we were back at Sanawar after a lovely time at Sadhupul.

Rajbir Singh.

Form—II

A Message

Dear boys and girls of Sanawar,

We came for a holiday to Kasauli and took a walk across to Sanawar to see what your School was like. We never expected to get such a splendid welcome—but this is what we did get from your Headmaster and members of the Staff. Unfortunately we were not able to have a word or two with you, so we are writing this letter instead. One of us is a teacher of English at Dyall Singh College in Delhi, and the other—a teacher of Russian language—is from Australia.

Everyone will tell you that Sanawar is an exceptionally nice School, and every visitor will think this because of the lovely position up here on this mountain top, and because everyone seems so pleasant. But of course you really know the School, because you live and work here—so may we say to you that we hope very much that you are as happy as you look.

Since we are both teachers, we would like to say something about learning. So often lessons and learning seem terribly boring, but once you have really learnt something well, so that it has become a skill, you suddenly find it is no longer a bore, but a real delight. And the more skills you have, the more you can enjoy life and take part in it after you grow up. Don't believe that some people are clever, and some are stupid. All people can be clever—if they want to be. People get stupid because they believe they are stupid—and that, in itself, is rather a stupid attitude; isn't it?

We were so pleased to see so much music, dancing and painting going on. These activities are fun always and can be enjoyed for themselves. Keep them up!

Best wishes to you all.

Margaret Jones

&

Mohinder Dhillon

हिन्दी-परिषद् की एक और सभा

सत्ताइस मई की संध्या को बॉर्न हॉल में स्कूल परिवार के सभी सदस्य बड़ी बेचैनी से उस रोज होने वाली वाग्विभूति प्रतियोगिता के प्रारम्भ होने की प्रतीक्षा कर रहे थे। घड़ी ने ६ बजाए और सभापति महोदय ने प्रतियोगिता प्रारम्भ करने का आदेश दिया। कई वक्ता थे, और सबसे बड़ी विशेषता यह थी कि हर एक वक्ता ने भिन्न-भिन्न विषय पर अपने विचार श्रोताओं के सम्मुख रखे। वक्ता अपनी रुचि के अनुसार विषय को रोचक बनाकर प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास कर रहे थे। किसी ने संतोष को सर्वोपरि व्यक्त करने की चेष्टा की, तो किसी ने लज्जा को नारी का सर्वोत्तम आभूषण बतलाया तो कोई सज्जन चलचित्रों के पीछे बुरी तरह से पड़ गए।

हर वक्ता का अपना तरीका था, अपनी भाषा थी और अपने विचार थे। प्रतियोगिता थी, इसलिए सभी भरसक प्रयत्न करते दिखते थे; सभी श्रोताओं को प्रभावित करने के लिए लालायित मालूम पड़ रहे थे।

शांत कदमों से आगे बढ़ते हुए सर्व प्रथम कुमारी नीलम पुरी अपने विचार प्रस्तुत करने आईं, उनका विषय था "जब आवे संतोष धन, सब धन धूरि समान", बहुत रोचक ढंग से नीलम ने एक कहानी सुनाते हुए विषय की भूमिका प्रस्तुत की। जंगल में वृक्ष के नोचे बैठे हुए शांत और वैरागी तपस्वी को जब बादशाह अकबर ने अपने महल में आने का निमंत्रण दिया तो उस महान् संतोषी तपस्वी ने बादशाह को उत्तर दिया—“वृक्षों के पत्तों से झन-झन कर आने वाली शीतल मंद सुगंध बयार, आनन्द दायक है। यहां पर विचरण करने वाले ऋग्वेदों को मेरे प्रति निश्चल प्रेम है, यहां का प्राकृतिक वातावरण शांत और भयरहित है। और मुझे अपनी परिस्थितियों से पूर्ण संतोष है”। कितने संतोषी थे महात्मा, और अपने भाषण को मधुर किन्तु धीमी आवाज में जब नीलम ने समाप्त किया तो सचमुच उसके चेहरे पर संतुष्टि की चमक दिखती थी।

इसके पश्चात् एक के बाद एक बक्का ने अपने विचारों को प्रकट किया, हर एक का अपना ढंग था, किन्तु दिवाकर सिंह जब अपने भारी भरकम शरीर को लेकर बड़े नाटकीय ढंग से बक्का की जगह आए और "चलाचित्र विद्यार्थी के चरित्र पर गहरा प्रभाव डालते हैं" पर विचार प्रकट करने की शुरुआत की तो मालूम पड़ता था कि कोई मंजा हुआ अभिनेता रंगमंच पर किसी नाटक में हास्य भूमिका निभा रहा है। दिवाकर का ढंग विनोदी और मनमोहक था।

अंत में कार्यक्रम की समाप्ति के पूर्व श्रीमती पसरिचा ने नीलम पुरी और दिवाकर सिंह को पुरस्कार प्रदान किए।

अंजलि श्रीवास्तव

School Calendar

The provisional School Calendar for the Founder's term is given below :—

July

Sun. 29th	School parties return	...	4-00 p.m.
Mon. 30th	Sunday timings		
	Film	...	5-45 p.m.
Tue. 31st	Normal teaching		
	Sr. Staff meeting	...	3-00 p.m.

August

Sat. 4th	Film	...	5-45 p.m.
	Inter-School Declamation		
	Contest	...	1-30 p.m.
Sun. 12th	Film	...	5-45 p.m.

Tue. 14th	Raksha Bandhan Independence Day Eve Staff Club get-together	...	8-45 p.m.
Wed. 15th	Flag hoisting followed by special Independence Day Assembly	9-30 a.m.	
	Independence Day special Lunches	...	1-00 p.m.
	Hindi Film show for staff & families	...	3-00 p.m.
Sat. 18th	Film	...	5-45 p.m.
Tue. 21st	Janam Ashtami (Holiday)		
Sat. 25th	Hindi Debate (Srs.)	...	6-00 p.m.
Sun. 26th	Film	...	5-45 p.m.

September

Sat. 1st	Film	...	5-45 p.m.
Wed. 5th	Teachers' Day		
Sat. 8th	English Debate (Jrs.)	...	6-00 p.m.
Mon. 10th	VI Form exams commence		
Sat. 15th	Swimming Sports		
Sun. 16th	Film	...	5-45 p.m.
Thu. 20th	Marks Reg. to Sr. Mistress	9-00 a.m.	
Fri. 21st	Third Mark-Reading		
Sat. 22nd	Film	...	5-45 p.m.
Sun. 30th	P.D. Concert 1st Perfor- mance	...	10-30 a.m.
	Sr. School Concert 1st Per- formance	...	4-00 p.m.
	Tattoo 1st Performance	...	7-15 p.m.

October

Mon. 1st	A.D.S. First Performance		
Tue. 2nd	Breakfast	...	7-20 a.m.
	Gandhi Jayanti Assembly	...	8-00 a.m.
	(Barne Hall)		
	Athletics	9-30—11-30 a.m.	
	Parents' Coffee(Gaskel Hall)	12-00 noon.	
	P.D. Founder's Lunch	...	1-15 p.m.
	A.D.S. Play	...	5-00 p.m.
Wed. 3rd	O.S. Matches	...	10-00 a.m.
	P.D. Concert	...	4-30 p.m.
	Tattoo	...	7-15 p.m.
Thu. 4th	Founder's Day Assembly (Chapel)	...	8-30 a.m.
	Trooping of Colours	...	10-00 a.m.
	Speeches	12-00 noon.	
	Founder's Lunch B.D./G.D.	1-15 p.m.	
	Sr. School Concert	...	5-00 p.m.
Fri. 5th	Fete	...	10-30 a.m.
	S.O.Ps allowed	...	12-30 p.m.
	O.S. meeting (Staff Club)	...	2-30 p.m.
	O.S. Dinner	...	7-00 p.m.
	O.S. Dance	...	8-30 p.m.

Sat. 6th	Holiday—Dussehra	
Sun. 7th	Children on S.O.Ps to report back	... 5-00 p.m.
	Film	... 5-45 p.m.
Mon. 8th	Hockey Season commences	
Tue. 9th	Festival Hockey match	
Sat. 13th	Inter-House P.T. competition	
Sun. 14th	Film	... 5-45 p.m.
Mon. 15th	VI Form morning Prep commences Road walk and run for the rest	
Sat. 20th	English Debate (Srs.)	... 6-00 p.m.
Sun. 21st	Film	... 5-45 p.m.
*Mon. 22nd	Language at 2nd level, Craft and Core subject examinations expected to begin.	
	Sr. I-H Hockey league commences	
Thu. 25th	Diwali (Holiday.)	
Sat. 27th	Hockey XI leaves for Simla B.C.S. Hockey Colts & Atoms arrive	
	Film	... 5-45 p.m.
Sun. 28th	Hockey : Sanawar vs. B.C.S.	

November

Sat. 3rd	VI Form Picnic Hindi Debate (Jrs.)	... 6-00 p.m.
Sun. 4th	Film	... 5-45 p.m.
*Fri. 9th	All India Higher Secondary Examination expected to commence	
Sat. 10th	Guru Nanak's Birthday—Holiday	
Sun. 11th	Prep School Photographs Teams' Photographs G.D. Photographs I-H Shooting competition ... 10-30 a.m., Staff Club tea followed by Staff Photograph and Staff Club meeting 4-30 p.m.	
Tue. 13th	P. D. Picnic	
Wed. 14th	Children's Day—special Assembly Pagal Gymkhana	... 2-30 p.m.
Sat. 17th	One Act Plays in English & Hindi Eye specialist's visit	
Sun. 18th	House Photographs Film	... 5-45 p.m.
Tue. 20th	Hockey : P.D. vs. B.D.	... 3-00 p.m.
Wed. 21st	Weighing & Measuring Commences	
Sat. 24th	S.F.P	
Mon. 26th	I-H Hockey (Colts and Atoms) League Commences Spartan/Ozarkian Club meeting 6-00 p.m.	

*Fri. 30th 4th Mark Reading

December

*Sat. 1st	Dance & Music recital under arrangement of School Dance & Music Department	... 6-00 p.m.
Sun. 2nd	Film	... 5-45 p.m.
*Mon. 3rd	Text Books handed in Nativity play and Carol service	... 6-00 p.m.
*Tue. 4th	End of Term Assembly Prize giving P.D. Christmas-Tree House Break up Parties	
*Wed. 5th	Home Day	

* These dates are provisional and are dependent on the date sheet of the All India Higher Secondary Examination.

My Pet

My pet is an American dog. I tease him with a biscuit. I raise my hand higher and higher and he stands on his hind legs and tries to snatch the biscuit! When I throw a ball, he brings it back to me. This is a game we play faster and faster! He can shake hands also. He chases and catches mice.

Rajbir Singh
Form II

The Fox and the Fowl

Once upon a time there lived a fowl in a little hut: nearby in the woods lived a wicked fox. He would always rob Mrs. Fowl's eggs. There was a wall around the house. Mrs. Fowl was bringing in some sticks. On the other side of the wall she could see the fox's fluffy tail. But before she could run in and close the door the fox caught her and put her in a bag which his mother had given him. He had told his mother that she should be ready with a tub full of boiling water. He went merrily home. But Mrs. Fowl had her kitchen knife with her. She cut the bag with the knife, jumped out and put a large stone, instead. Mr. Fox had no idea of this. When he reached home he called to his mother to bring in the boiling water. His mother said, "it is ready and you can put the hen into the boiling water." Down fell the great stone and splash went the water on the fox and his mother. They both were dead. And Mrs. Fowl lived happily ever after. She now has a number of baby chicks!

Apram Jeet Singh Ghuman
Form II

Jim Corbett Park or Bust

All these years in Sanawar I did not get a chance to visit Jim Corbett Park. When I heard this year that a group was visiting the wild life sanctuary, I hurried to give my name. I was keeping my fingers crossed lest it fizzled out, for if it did I would have bust. The Camp time, my last camp week, finally arrived. Accompanied by Messers Joshi and Katoch, a large party of 47 boys walked down to Kalka after lunch on 28th April. The heat was scorching but Sanawarians, who are familiar with this route in even hotter months, did not find it fatiguing. On reaching Kalka everydody ate to his heart's content while awaiting the depature of our train. After changing train at Ambala we reached Moradabad early in the morning. Mr. Joshi went off to arrange for buses to take us to Dhikala forest rest house which is located in the heart of Jim Corbett National Park. Meanwhile the rest of us were guests at the Talwars for breakfast. Their hospitality was indeed incomparable and we are very thankful to them.

While the rest of the party left for Dhikala, Jagjot and I stayed back at Moradabad to escort the girls who, accompanied by Mrs. Sawhney, were arriving on the following day. On 30th April we left Moradabad for Dhikala at about 3 p.m. with the girls in the mini bus : we arrived late at night. We hurriedly pitched two tents as there was insufficient accommodation. After dinner, a few of us sat around on the rest house boundary wall and heard the sounds of various wild animals including a tiger and an elephant. We turned in rather late and were soon asleep.

Corbett Park can be aptly described as a land of roar, trumpet & song', presenting a scene of remarkable beauty. A large part of the park is a broad, flat valley nestling between the two hill ranges with the river Ramganga and its bubbling streams meandering through these hills & dales. Nature has adorned herself in her loveliest here; the green & coppery foliage of the trees, the glowing red flowers of the flame of the forest, the delicate drapery of ferns & creepers, the waving elephant grass & many beautiful birds provided an unforgettable scene of matchless beauty. It was here that we spent the entire 1st of May. We went into the forest on elephant backs and saw quite a variety of wild life.

On the 2nd we moved to Nainital by bus. The road was not in a good condition and hence the major portion of the day was spent in travelling only. We reached by dusk and after a wash we went to have a look at the town. The lake, with various colours of lights reflecting in it, presented a

beautiful picture. Nainital, mainly a tourist resort, was bustling with activity and the roads were crowded with holiday makers. We had been told not to take too long, so after roaming around for a while we returned to our rest house. Everybody was tired after the long and cumbersome journey from Corbett Park to Nainital, so we had an early night.

On May 3 we did not take long to get ready and were soon down in the town. Movies always do attract Sanawarians : we were no exception to the rule. Quite a few of us saw three that day. Horse riding and boating were the other pastimes. It was really great fun galloping around the lake and trying a hand at rowing. Everybody was under the impression that we were to spend only one day in Nainital. So nobody hesitated to spend lavishly. Eats were another favourite with us and we all simply hogged almost everything. How can we forget Flathis, La Bela and Cafe de Mall! We had some really grand feasts. In the evening when we returned to our rest house we learnt we had another day to go at Nainital. With our bankrupt state of affairs this was a real shock. The 4th would have been a really miserable day had Mr. Joshi not given us some money. Five of us went to Lands End on horses but were denied the fantastic view due to dust suspended in the air. Anyway the horse ride compensated for it. The remainder of the day was spent like the previous day. We saw another movie and also did some boating. We had to make an early start (4 a.m.) the following day; so we were asleep by 9 p.m.

We left Nainital on the 5th and started a long and tiring journey back to Sna', which we reached after a lengthy 36 hours of travelling. On the whole is camp week was the most enjoyable I have ever had.

Sanjiv K. Singh

The Siwalik House Show

If you have been involved in any sort of dramatics, you will realise how much labour everyone concerned has to put in. The Siwalik House Show was no exception. Perhaps they could have done better, but then there is always room for improvement in every sphere of one's life.

The English play was named 'Burglar's Alarm'. The story revolved around two pairs of friends who had to burgle a house to win a bet. The eccentric owner of the house, his crazy wife, all helped to create a story, in which the joke shifted from one couple to another. Before the joke could end, the play ended. The Rain Makers, or the Siwalikan Band, came next. This enlivened us upto a certain extent with the bang and clatter of drums, trumpets—and what not ?

'The Pied Piper' was a short item which only helped to introduce a great number of juniors to the stage, (was it removal of stage fright?). However, the item is more suited to Preppers, and should be left to them. The strains of 'Spanish Gypsy dance'—a tune played by Ravin Grewal on the piano-accordion—filled the air. Fantastic? No! Fabulous? No! Jazzy? No! I can't get the right word; it was too good to be true. He was almost as good as a professional, I would say; hats off to him. The Red-Indian dance (was it a Naga dance? The chief guest thought so) was nothing but havoc. The boys and girls were in step (were red Indians disciplined?) The Rain Makers refreshed us again with some lively music.

The highlight of the evening was 'Nawab Sahib', a Hindi, sorry! Urdu play, beautifully done. Credit should go to Mukul and Nakul for acting so well. Both brothers were very realistic. Mukul seemed really irritated with his to be son-in-law, and the son-in-law seemed irritated with his to be father-in-law, and thus the story went round and round. Arun Mittal as a servant was good. Nakul seemed actually drunk (was he?). It is revealing that high-heels and brogues were worn during those times. The modern sofa was very much in contrast to the old-fashioned couch.

The genius once again at his accordian with 'Dum Maro Dum': who wasn't spell bound for a few minutes at this remarkable genius with his piano accordion? As a conclusion, I would say that Siwalik House Show was not an ordeal as we had feared: on the contrary a number of items provided ample entertainment. Its shortcomings can be ascribed to the fact that it was a show put up by only one house, with limited resources.

Sanjiv Tandon

Account of the 125th Founder's Souvenir Brochure

	<i>Expenditure</i>	<i>Receipt</i>
By advertisement charges already received	}	Rs. 91706/00
By advertisement charges yet to be realised	}	" 13719/00
By Sale of Brochure		" 4220/00
To cost of papers, printing, blocks, postage, travelling honorarium etc.	} Rs. 8500/00	
Income over expenditure		" 101145/00
	Rs. 109645/00	Rs. 109645/00

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Girls

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Boys

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Sanjiv K. Singh

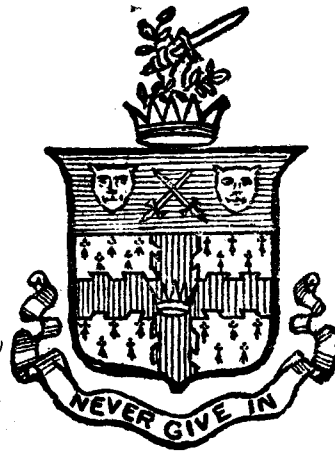
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**THE
SANAWAR
NEWS-LETTER**

If undelivered please return to:—

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

187

June

1973

School News

April

27th. The First Mark Reading was held in the morning. The position is :—

B. D. { H : 5:21 S : 6:68
N : 5:72 V : 5:95 } G. D. { H : 7:44 S : 7:09
N : 7:69 V : 6:46 }

Well done Siwalik (B.D.) and Nilagiri (G.D.). Keep it up.

The same afternoon saw some absorbing pugilism. A couple of encounters were one-way traffic only but most were excruciatingly close. Plenty of exquisite display of scientific boxing was there to witness. It was a neck-to-neck fight all through and like a game of See-Saw the four Houses kept going up and down. It was only at the last bout that Nilagiri clinched the issue and emerged champions for the fourth year in succession.

Our bouquets to Jai Singh Pathania (H) for being adjudged the best boxer for the 2nd year consecutively. Kudos also to plucky Sanjay Joshi (S) for being the best loser. Full marks to Mr. Dhani Ram for providing a scintillating boxing.

Col. Bhonsle of the Gorakhas was impressed by the high standard. He, however, advised the boxers to improve their defence also. Mrs. Bhonsle gave away the medals and merit certificates.

28th. The Mt. Abu party escorted by Mr. G.C. Arora, and Jim Corbett National Park party accompanied by Messers Joshi and Katoch left for their destinations.

The Prep School entertained us to their Saturday Club Show. The English and Hindi plays were acted very well. The selection of actors was judicious and the make up and stage setting appropriate. Arun Sarna and Kiran Dhingra as Mr. and Mrs. Wilson respectively, were superb in their acting. Suvrat Sahgal, with his stupid facial expression, looked a real 'Ghanchakar' on the stage. Sarvinder Kandhari acted very confidently.

29th. Mr. K. L. K. Solomon left for Simla with his hikers.

The Quad looked kaleidoscopic as senior boys and girls, in their excitement to reach Gaurah, swarmed around the buses in their gorgeous attires.

In the afternoon another batch of wild life lovers (girls) escorted by Mrs. Sawney left for Nainital.

30th. The Juniors camped at Sadhupul.

The School bore a deserted look as Dr. D.C. Gupta left for Kabul with his 'coterie'.

May

4th. The Juniors returned from camp.

5th. The lazing and mucking around at Gaurah came to an end.

6th. Manali hiking group returned, weary and sunburnt.

Wild Life Sanctuary party came back.

Mt. Abu batch reached Sanawar at mid. night.

7th. The School hummed with activity again. Everybody looked refreshed : children and Staff alike had obviously relaxed during this welcome week of camp.

9th. Imported goods were the talk of the day as the 'Kabuliwalahas' returned.

10th. G. D. Basketball matches concluded. Three cheers for Nilagiri House for being the champions.

12th. B. C. S. turned the tables on us in the 2nd innings of the Colts match by amassing a huge total themselves and then shattering our wickets like Nine Pins.

Scores : { B.C.S. 30+103
Sanawar 73+26 }

13th. Sanawar, like perfect hosts, lost the Atoms match to B.C.S.

Scores : { B. C. S. : 126
Sanawar : 80

B. C. S. gave us a real drubbing in the first eleven encounter.

Scores : { Sanawar : 67+147
B. C. S. : 110+105 for 3

It is sad that we lost all the three matches this year. Try hard and better luck next year, Sanawar.

14th. Inter-House Cricket tournament commenced.

17th. L-IV and below witnessed the 1st performance of Nilagiri House Show.

19th. A lively, entertaining Variety Programme was staged by the Nilagarians. Mahinder Pratap and Prabhjot Gyani were outstanding in the Hindi comedy. Almost all the actors played their roles confidently in the English play : Ketaki Banerji and Roy Ewing were superb. Ketaki's tightening the noose round Roy's neck and his consequent pitiable condition, kept the audience convulsed with laughter throughout. The two mimes were a novelty and were greatly appreciated. Though the Show had its shortcomings, on the whole it was a delightful function.

Mr. I. C. Puri, Financial Commissioner, Punjab, complimented the Nilagarians on their fine performance.

20th. Our congrats to Siwalik House for annexing the Championship trophy at the conclusion of Inter-House cricket tournament.

P. D. beat B. D. in the Cricket match organised to bid farewell to Cricket for the year.

22nd. The traditional festival match heralded the Soccer season. I wonder how the ageing staff, with ever increasing waistline, managed to draw with the boys !

Staff News

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Mundkur on the marriage of their son. We wish the young couple a happy, prosperous married life.

We extend our good wishes to Dr. H. P. S. Dhillon on his appointment as the Housemaster of Vindhya Junior vice Mr. U. A. Mundkur who has replaced Mr. Gore in the Senior dormitory (V).

O. S. News

Billy Shrikent (Shaw Wallace & Co. Ltd., Gulab Bhawan, 6 Bahadur Shah Zafar Marg, New Delhi—1). I have just finished going through the May issue of the Newsletter and having done so, I could not resist settling down to writing to you. It's been a long time since I communicated with Sna'. In fact, the last time was in 1969 when I came up for Founder's. As an alternative, reading the Newsletter helps in maintaining contact with the happenings in the School as also the movements/activities of some of the O.S....I must tell you that I was married to Indu in December '72. We went to the Far East (Tokyo, Hongkong & Bangkok) for our honeymoon. It was lovely. This year, in August, we are planning a holiday in Europe. I must make it a point to meet up with some O. S. in London and on the Continent....I am longing to introduce my wife to Sna', my home for 8 yrs., where I have spent some of the most memorable years of my life.

My regards to everybody at Sna'.

M. D. Murthi (Flight Operations Officer, Air India (Operations), Palam Airport, New Delhi). I left the School in 1952. It has been ages since I met you, and at the first opportunity I will definitely visit the School .. I am so tied up with work that I have not been able to make it to Sna'.How is the School ? It must have expanded quite a bit.

J.S. Bhattal (V. & P.O. Bhanobad, Distt. Ludhiana, Punjab). Sanawar must be as full of life and enthusiasm as it has always been. It is only now that one feels what great fun it is to be at school. N. S. Brar, B.S. Sidhu and I often get together and invariably we discuss Sanawar. At least we revive memories of our best years and often wish to go all over again.... Please convey my warmest regards to all members of the Staff.

Pradeep Sharma (Sangro Coy/Alpha. Bn., IMA Dehradun). All these years I have been so far from the good Old School that I just didn't want to think of it. Now that I am within reach and have met some O.S., the will to make contact has come up....

I hope to come up this Founder's and am sure that I'll get leave. We have four Sanawarian officers here, they will, I am sure, be of great help. Please convey my regards to all staff members who do know me.

.Lalotra, Dhar, Kadan, Tanwar and Sekhon also send their love and good wishes.

Capt. Shivinder Singh Sidhu (On Course LGSC Field 632, School of Artillery, Devlali (Maharashtra). I was on a month's leave recently and had all plans to come up to Sna' but could not owing to some unavoidable circumstances.

While on leave I met Jai Singh. He is presently posted in Chandigarh as a Deputy Secretary and is staying in Sector 15. Inderjit is doing well in Nabha with the Horlicks.

Married

Ravi (Waddoo) to Manil on 12-5-73 at Bombay.

Vivek Mundkur (57—61) to Devika on 17-5-73 at Bombay.

Chiranjeevi Rajan (61—65) to Sowbhagyavathi on 20-5-73 at Trivandrum.

We send our blessings and wish the couples long and happy married lives.

B. Singh

The Prep School Show

A little Prepper came scurrying out, announced the first item in a squeaky voice, and went scurrying back. This first item turned out to be an English Play in three scenes—'A Day of Rest'. It was all about Mr. Wilson trying to escape from the pranks of Dennis the menace and Joey, but not being very successful about it. It was simply impossible to evade them! Ravi Sahi and Rajesh Saggi as Dennis and Joey respectively, suited their parts to a 'T'. Kiran Dhingra as Mrs. Wilson also deserves mention—she was really cute!

Next, we were transported into the fairy-tale world of Cinderella along with her Godmother, Prince Charming and the Ugly Sisters. The item was a little disappointing: it would have been better if the speech had been clearer. The dancing too left much room for improvement.

We were then entertained by the usual patriotic song—'हम नन्हें नन्हें वीर हैं'. A very educational play was then staged by the Preppers—'The Land of Words'. It was about Noun, Pronoun, Adjective and Verb. Out of all the little actors and actresses, Vikul Khosla was the only one who could be heard. Sunita Barthwal as Mrs. Adjective appeared very pretty in her long velvet gown.

The Form IIs followed this with the song (once again a patriotic one) 'हिन्द देश है हिन्द वेष है'. And finally came the last and the best item of the evening—the one act Hindi Play "सिर मुंडाले थोले पके". The Play was about a brother and sister who had a tea-party of their own, while their parents were out of the house. The guests they invited were from different parts of the country, which lent a colourful look to the stage. The Kashmiri and Punjabi pairs were very charming.

On the whole it was a good show, the main thing being that it was short and sweet. It must have involved hours of painstaking work and endless patience on the part of the Staff. This show has put another feather in the Prep School cap!

Arati G. Singh

Boxing 1973.

"Pow! Pow! Slap! Slap!—" "Stop" Red! you're slapping—punch, don't slap, "Box on."

Eliminations were over. The air was still as the first bout of the quarter-finals of the Inter-House Boxing commenced.

"Seconds away, first round, time"! Puff, pant, puff! It was rather a long minute for the boxers as they exchanged blow for blow, unmindful of the fact that they were bashing each other. "Dong" the first round was up and the air was rent with 'Come on Green', 'Come on Red'. The Seconds were vigorously but unsuccessfully trying to revive the exhausted boxers and at the same time giving them advice, which the boxers forgot the moment they started exchanging blows again.

"Pow! Pow! Pow!—" "Stop! That will do. Green is the winner." Himalaya was on top, followed by Siwalik, Nilagiri and Vindhya.

The semi-finals commenced with all Houses vying for the top position. The day ended with Himalaya still occupying the first place with 44 points, closely followed by Nilagiri and Vindhya with 43 points each and Siwalik with 42.

The finals—'Shh' was on everyone's lips as the Seconds ushered in the two mini 'atomic' boxers. 'Thud'—The judge suddenly became aware of the fieriness and agility of the Atom wt. boxers, and Wow! what josh, as little Tarun Vohra punched his way in to winning the Atom wt. Vikram Ghuman and Rajive Thakur exchanged blows for the Gosamer Weight tittle and, of course, Thakur got the better of his opponent. Gosh! Siwalik were shooting up fast and were now on top punching Himalaya down to the second position with Nilagiri and Vindhya coming 3rd and 4th respectively.

The M.C. announced the Paper Weight bout and Rohit Negi and Gagan Dhillon began delivering their quota of punches. Negi came out victorious and Gagan had to bow to the inevitable. Tarun Sawhney whammed in a few powerful punches and got the Midget Weight bout going. Tarun carried away the medal leaving Pankaj Sethi with only a certificate.

A hard and vigorous bout, R.S. Bhullar vs. Bikram Seth, followed. It must have been difficult for the judges to give a decision: however, Bhullar was announced the winner.

Next, at one time the best Boxer S. Kapoor faced Deepak Khosla for the Gnat wt. fight. The result was obvious and Sanjeev Kapoor was easily declared victorious.

Pankaj Gupta delivered the lucky punch, and Rubi was mercifully relieved by the Doctor on medical grounds—diagnosis: bleeding nose—the latter's joy knew no bounds (but watch out, he is out for your blood next year, Pankaj). Amidst cheers, the one and a half minute rounds began as Ajay Mahajan and Ghuman bashed each other. It was a hard hitting bout and Mahajan was declared the Bantam wt. winner.

Feather Weight was won by J. S. Pathania. Kudos to him for being adjudged the best boxer the second time consecutively—a record.

The M. C., who by now had entered the ring more times than anyone else, was tired of announcing. So with a bleak look, he ushered in the Light Weight boxers namely Sanjiv Kandel (hot favourite) and Rakesh Singha (talented). Of course, talent came out victorious unmindful of the likes of boys.

For the Welter Weight bout came Karandeep Bhullar and Sanjiv Tandon. Although the former was too strong, Sanjiv Tandon put up a commendable fight.

A neat and clean bout followed between M. P. Singh and Pankaj Madhok. The former won by a good margin—but never mind Pankaj, you fought excellently.

Bains acting cool for once won Jindal on points and was the Light Heavy Weight champion (any arguments?)

The prizes were given away by Mrs. Bhonsle. Little Sanjay Joshi should not be forgotten. Congrats, Sanjay, for being adjudged the best loser and oh! Of course, well done Nilagiri for annexing the Boxing trophy for the fourth time in succession.

Roy James Ewing

॥ भारत-भारती ॥

विद्वानों ने भाषा सम्बन्धी वाद विवाद पर काफी कुछ कह डाला है। कुछ विद्वान एक भाषा के पक्ष में हैं तो कुछ प्रांतीय भाषा को प्रोत्साहन दे रहे हैं। आज का मनुष्य भाषा के ऊपर ठण्डे दिमाग से सोचना ही नहीं चाहता। आज का मनुष्य यह भूल जाता है कि समस्त भारत वासियों का कलाचार किसी न किसी रूप में एक दूसरे से मिलता है और वह यह भी भूल जाता है कि जिस भाषा को वह बोलता है वह भाषा किसी अन्य भाषा

की चचेरी बहन या मौसी है। अंग्रेज़ियत का बाना कुछ अंग्रेज़ीदाँ ने ऐसा पहन रखा है कि वे यह भी भूल जाते हैं कि वे एक 'हिन्दुस्तानी' हैं। वे तो समझते हैं कि विलायत जाने के लिये ही वे हिन्दुस्तान में पैदा हुए हैं। उन्हें क्या सरोकार भारत से। यदि उन्हें अपनी मातृभूमि से कुछ लगन और ममता होती तो वे सर्व-प्रथम संस्कृत का अध्ययन करते जो सभी भाषाओं की जननी है। वे तो यही सोचते हैं कि किसी विलायती भाषा को सीखने से उन्हें मान और प्रतिष्ठा प्राप्त होगी। वे यह भूल जाते हैं कि अगर समाज की उन्नति होगी तो हमारे देश की उन्नति होगी; और समाज की उन्नति उसी दशा में होगी जब सब मिलकर किसी एक भारतीय भाषा का पल्ला पकड़ेंगे—और वह है हिन्दी भाषा।

यद्यपि भारत को स्वतन्त्र हुए २५ वर्ष हो चुके हैं तथापि हम अभी हिन्दी भाषा को वह स्थान नहीं दिला सके हैं जो उसे १५ वर्ष पूर्व प्राप्त हो जाना चाहिए था। फ़ारसी में कहावत है "देर आयद दुरुस्त आयद"। इसलिये अभी भी समय है। हमें राष्ट्र कवि श्री मैथिली शरण गुप्त की निम्नलिखित पंक्तियाँ याद रखनी चाहिये

मानस भवन में आर्यजन जिसकी उतारें आरती।

भगवान! भारतवर्ष में गँजे हमारी भारती ॥

अतः हम सबका यह पुनीत कर्त्तव्य हो जाता है कि हम अपनी भारती को एक ऐसे उच्च स्थान पर बिठाएँ जिसे भारतवासी ही नहीं अपितु सारी दुनिया के लोग उसकी आरती उतारें।

नीलम पुरी

लोकेश्वर ५



साधूपुल



मेरे हमसफर मेरे दोस्तो,
साधूपुल की क्या बात है।
इसका गरम है दिन बहुत,
इसकी सरद हर रात है।

इसकी नशीली वादियाँ,
नदियाँ यह धीमी सादियाँ।
लगता है जैसे यह वृत्त,
करने खड़े हैं सादियाँ।
खुशियों में फूली जा रही,
सचमुच ही खुद कापुनात है।
मेरे हमसफर.....

कुदरत की गोद में बैठ कर,
दिन हम ने जो बिताए हैं।
तारों, पहाड़ों, छिड़ियों के साथ,
गुन गुनाए हैं।

महलों के ऐशो आराम को,
ज़िन्दगी गई कर मात है।
मेरे हमसफर मेरे दोस्तो,
साधुपुत्र की क्या बात है।
इसका गरम है दिन बहुत,
इसकी सरद हर रात है।

जी० एम० "देव"

Basketball Tournament

"Here! Pass it here! Tackle! Defend! Take it up! Shoot!" is all one heard before the basketball matches began. Everyone really practised hard. This time all the Houses stood equal chances of coming first, so no effort was spared in preparing for the tournament.

At last the great day dawned. Somehow or the other classes and lunch passed and the girls went down to change, with a queasy feeling in the pit of their stomachs.

The opening match of the year was between Vindhya and Siwalik seniors. The match began very well. Siwalik found the basket first but Vindhya soon basketted two, one of them being a free shot. Sadhna played an excellent game. After the interval both sides continued to play well. Vindhya shot three more goals, much to the disappointment of Siwalik and the match ended with the score at 6—2.

In the second session, we witnessed the encounter between the Himalayan and Nilagarian juniors. It was an exciting, closely contested match; it finally ended in a draw—6 each. Swarandev and Seema Gulati played very well.

In the first session on the 18th, the Vindhyan juniors played against the Siwalikans. It was a tough match and right till the end we thought Siwalik would win, but two minutes before the final whistle Vindhya made two goals, tilting the scale in their favour, the score being 6—5. After tea, the Nilagarian seniors were pitted against their counterparts of Hamalaya. It was a very fast moving match. Ajinder played excellently, and so did Veena. The Nilagarians emerged triumphant, the score being 7—4.

These four matches were followed by the long Easter and Camp break. On the 7th of May, the

matches were resumed. By half-time Siwalik was leading 6—2. It was terribly hot, and the poor juniors looked petered out. Siwalik continued to play well and won easily with a score of 10 points to Himalaya's 4.

In the next session, Nilagarian seniors came on the field to test their mettle against the Vindhyan. This again proved to be a tough and very fast moving match. Both sides played well and it was a close fight. Ultimately Nilagiri won, the score being 6—5.

At 2-30 the following afternoon, the Siwalikan seniors opposed the Himalayans. Neelam Sirkeck played a lovely game, and Himalaya won easily, with a score of 9—5. Next, we saw the Nilagarian junior's playing against the Vindhyan, who didn't seem to be in the right mood for playing a match. They let Nilagiri beat them with a shameful score of 7—2.

On the 9th, the Vindhyan juniors played against the Nilagarians. This time they played a better game and beat the Nilagarians. The score was 4—1. In the second session, it was a match between the Nilagarian and Siwalikan seniors. Both teams seemed good but the Nilagarians proved too strong and the match ended with a disgraceful score of 10—2.

The following day the Nilagarian juniors played against the Siwalikans. The game was a good one and both sides were well matched, but Siwalik won, the score being 4—2.

Finally came the last match of the season between the Himalayan and Vindhyan seniors. Both sides put up a clean fight. Once again Neelam Sirkeck played very well. Arti Ahluwalia and Suneet Kaur defended bravely, but much to their disappointment, Himalaya won, the score being 4—7.

Mrs. B. Singh gave away the championship Cup to Nilagiri which stood first with 9 points. Vindhya came second with 6 points, followed by Himalaya with 5 and Siwalik 4. This marked the end of yet another Basketball season.

Arati G. Singh

110 Miles with Nature

I consider hiking to be the most rewarding way in which a Sanawarian can spend his camp time. Unlike other modes of transport, walking gives one ample time to observe and assimilate the natural phenomenon of the surroundings and the cultural heritage of the people of that area. Apart from that, it affords a change from the hubbub of civilization and the monotony of everyday life. It also brings one close to nature.

Keeping the above in view, I promptly decided to join the Manali hiking party. We were twelve in all including Mr. Solomon, the Master in charge. By 2 p. m. on Saturday we were on our way to Dharampur. Our haversacks were filled with an adequate amount of tinned stuff along with a minimum of clothes and other necessities. The entire gear was topped off by a roll of blankets.

After an uneventful but tiring bus journey from Dharampur, we reached Simla late in the evening. To cut a long story short, we finally found a moderately priced and centrally situated rest house that was willing to accommodate us.

Early next morning found us on the bus to Thanedhar in Upper Mahasu. From there it was a short walk to Singhas' House at Kotgarh where we were to spend the night. Here we got a wonderful example of Pahari hospitality. Our every need was attended to and we got all the comforts of home. In the evening we went for a walk to the Mission School a few miles away. After a refreshing bath and a delicious dinner we retired early so as to be in good shape to face the rigours of the following day.

We began our descent to Luri. It was a tough 7 miles before we finally reached the village which is situated on the bank of the Suttlej. As a result of the recent rains the fast flowing waters were extremely muddy. A cup of tea and then on to Nimla—ten miles away. The sweltering heat soaked us with sweat. Water was scarce; at one point we were forced to go down to the river and drink the dirty water which remained opaque even after filtration through a handkerchief. We reached Nimla in the afternoon, dead tired, and gulped down some lunch. Deciding to rest till three thirty, some of us went down for a dip in the river. It cooled and revived us to a great extent.

The walk to Ani was a similar one except that it cooled off a bit towards the end. Contrary to our plans we were forced to spend the night there in the P.W.D. rest house.

Being very tired from the previous day, we left for Khanak at 8 o'clock, which was late considering that we had no intention of walking during the hotter part of the afternoon. Khanak is about 4500 feet higher than Ani and we climbed every inch of the way in the killing heat. It was a very steep ascent—as much as seventy five degrees. Six miles out of Ani we decided to take a short cut. That was our undoing and we paid heavily for it. Forgetting all the principles of physics and mechanical advantage, we took up the climb which was practically a ninety degree one. Our water supply was exhausted within an hour. The sun beat down mercilessly, threatening to cause sunstroke. The

weight of the haversack seemed to have increased manifold. Not a square inch of shade was in sight. The ascent seemed endless!

Ultimately, when we did reach the top, we realised much to our dismay that Khanak was still further on. Totally beaten, we lay down under the shade of an Apricot tree and ate the raw fruit for want of anything else. On reaching Khanak we rested for a few hours and then pushed on to Jalauri.

The path was steep but manageable. Though Jalauri stands at a height of twelve thousand feet, we were surprised at the amount of snow there. In places it was as much as seven feet thick! Cardigans were hastily brought out and worn.

On to Sauja. A bare four miles from Jalauri, and that too downslope (Sauja stands at 8700 feet). At Sauja we met an English couple who had come all the way from England to collect Botanical specimens. The Rest House charges being exorbitant, we decided to spend the night in the verandah of some log cabins. It seemed that the rotten planks would give way any moment: also it was terribly cold. However, our fatigue overcame all these discomforts and we were soon snoring.

The next day we walked the most—over thirty miles. The way was all downslope and the heat did not dishearten us much. Starting from Sauja and at a guess covering an area of about 15 square miles, the entire hillside was intensively covered by Iris Lilly. Other plants were negligible, if not totally absent. An intriguing natural phenomenon!

A halt was made for lunch at Bhanjar. We were unable to make Largi before dark and night brought with it the disturbing probability of rain. Luck was with us and we did not get wet.

Everyone had a bath at Largi, washing off the large amount of grime that had accumulated during the past few days. For dinner we ate snow trout, freshly caught at the nearby river. A welcome treat!

Bent upon completing a hundred and ten miles on foot, we continued walking the next day. Before we knew it, we were on the tarred road. Trucks raced past us leaving us wallowing in the foul smelling smoke and dust. An unwelcome reminder of the civilized world!

Having achieved our objective of walking a hundred and ten miles, we took a bus to Kulu, from Bajaura. Rain rendered us unable to do any sight seeing in Kulu. So, after a hearty lunch we pushed on to Manali. The road was dangerously narrow and the noise of the bus was swallowed up by the roar of the nearby Beas.

Manali is a beautiful place. Snowclad mountains glisten in the sunlight, blinding one's eyes. We slept in the International Youth Hostel which is situated by the side of the highest mountain road in the world, or so a huge board claimed !

On Friday we journeyed back to Simla by bus. It was a rigorous 11½-hour journey that left us completely drained of all energy.

The whole of Saturday was spent in Simla mainly devoted to gulping as much food as one could and seeing pictures. On Sunday we rattled and lurched our way by bus to Dharampur and were in Sanawar by lunch time.

That was the end of a marvellous experience. As I look back now, I recall those unforgettable moments of peace with nature and am more amazed than ever by the tremendous variety of phenomena that it offers.

Ajay Bawa

✓ An Educational trip to Kabul

After having waited anxiously for many days, we left for the much talked about, and the first ever trip of the Sanawarians to Kabul during Camp. Eighteen boys accompanied by Dr. D.C. Gupta left for Amritsar on 30th April.

We reached Amritsar in the early hours of the next day. The boys, whose parents did not come to collect them, were divided into two groups and taken to Rajnish Mehra's and Sanjay Grover's houses, where they had an enjoyable time.

Later in the afternoon, under the rays of the blazing sun, we all collected at the Raja Sansi airport. Many parents were there to see their children off. Having passed the customs we boarded our plane which was Ariana Afghan Airline Boeing 727. We left the runway at 3-15 p.m. and landed in Lahore within 12 minutes. Here we spent about an hour but unfortunately we were not allowed to disembark. Incidentally, we were lucky to see the wreckage of the Indian Airline plane which was hijacked in '71.

Our next stop was our destination—Kabul, where we reached at 6 p.m. I. S. T. We went straight to Jamil Hotel where we were to put up.

Next day we moved to Lodhi Hotel as directed by the Indian authorities. A Pakistani miscreant had created trouble by firing four bullets at the Indian Airline manager, who luckily escaped unhurt. The remaining part of the day was spent in settling down.

The next two days were spent in window shopping and roaming about endlessly in the shopping stores finding out prices of various articles.

To our astonishment we found that the things were cheaper than in India and more choice was available. The shops were very well decorated and very eye-catching.

The next day we hired the hotel's mini bus and had a touring session. Our first halt was at Baghi Balla, the palace of king Amanudulla. This has been converted into a restaurant which contained many ancient paintings. Next we went to the Intercontinental Hotel to refresh ourselves. We had an enjoyable time, swimming. The next place of interest was Phagun Bagh which is similar to Shalimar Gardens in Srinagar. Surprisingly, it was very well looked after. After this we went to Darulman, a building constructed in the memory of Babar. The building is very beautiful. Then we walked to the Kabul Museum. It contained mainly Buddha's statues, old weapons and coins. Next we visited Bagh-a-Babar. This is a garden crowded by tourists mainly watching the cock fights. We then went to The Nadir Shah Tomb which is made of pure marble and has beautiful engraving in it. We returned to the hotel tired and exhausted.

The next day was fully spent in shopping and the evening found us having tea with Shouri Freras, the leading businessmen of Kabul. Later in the evening, some of the smaller boys, accompanied by Dr. D.C. Gupta, went to the Afghan Stores. While they were in the toy section some salesgirls came and kissed a few boys whom they found very cute and lovable. They invited the boys for dinner but our juniors, feeling shy, refused it.

The second last day was spent in meeting the Indian Ambassador to Afghanistan. He later took us to the Indian Embassy School, but to our disappointment it was below our expectations. In the evening we were interviewed by the authorities of Radio Kabul about our visit to Kabul. Dr. D.C. Gupta recited a Hindi poem.

On the last day, we had an early breakfast, packed our luggage and left for the airport, where everything went smoothly. We reached Amritsar by a Boeing 707. We had a tough time with the custom officials but finally cleared them by 4 p.m. We left for Kalka at night and were there early next morning, where the school bus was waiting for us. We reached Sanawar at 7-15 a.m.

Kabul is surrounded by snow-clad peaks. It reminded us of Kashmir valley. There were streams running along the roadside as in Kashmir. We found the people of Kabul very friendly and hospitable and the city very clean. It has been a happy, memorable visit.

Sanjeev Sood.

The Gaurah Camp : 1973

There is so much to see in India by way of beautiful, scenic spots, ideal for camping that it is a pity that for the past so many years our camping spot has always been Gaurah. I would not be too wrong if I asserted that almost all senior boys and girls know Gaurah as well as they know the Sanawarian hill-top; and that a change in the camping site would be welcomed.

Camp this year started on 29th April. The Juniors were sent to Sadhupul, near Kandaghat, and the seniors—excluding those who had gone on hikes, excursions (the most notable being the Kabul party) to Gaurah.

The camp site was the same as last year, and generally Gaurah looked unchanged with the stream half full as last year, its deep parts as before and the fields full of ripe, golden corn swaying gently in the breeze.

It was sweltering hot and the only way to get away from the heat was to seek refuge in the cool waters of the stream. The heat continued to be 'wicked' but then there was a break in the dry, hot weather. We had a drizzle one evening and it continued to pitter-patter off and on all night. This brought no relief in any way as the mercury shot up again the next day. The only effect the rain really made was that the water in the river turned muddy, thus cancelling all swimming—and the only antidote to the stifling heat was lost.

But in talking so much about the weather, I am forgetting the one thing done with the greatest relish and enthusiasm by almost all—eating! Yes, that was the main occupation regardless of time, be it day or night. There were all sorts of eatables available from the local vendors, the shops at the small bus-stop of Yashwantnagar and from our own tuck-shop. Eating was done with great gusto (especially by the boys—oops! sorry, and the girls!); 'cokes' were in great demand even when rates were pretty high. The local people had plenty of stock; so it was cokes, cokes all the way, till the last day! The food served by the school kitchen at Gaurah was not as good as previous years but certainly better than the stuff we get in Sanawar!

The logs of wood that usually appear in the stream did come even this year and it was a fantastic sight that some saw from one of the peaks of the neighbouring hills, with logs splattered all over the stream and from the great height looking very much like match sticks (Made you feel like Gulliver in Lilliput!).

Yes, another interesting point! During the seven days at camp there was a considerable splash of colours around—what with boys moving in all sorts

of 'painted' 'sweat-shirts' and girls in lovely, brightly coloured sun-hats (cool stuff!). I agree with Mr. B. Singh, the boys' camp commandant who remarked, "It was a fancy dress party"!

In addition, there was the usual bee-line for the stream for those not otherwise occupied in eating. Also there were a few isolated cases of recovering non-swimmers from the deep parts.

The customary campfire at the end of the camping week was missing this time. Holidays have a peculiar 'knack' of getting over quicker than people want them to—and so it was with the camp in spite of the one additional day the year. Everybody wanted a little more of the merry-making that camp provides.

Mukul Chopra

(The rest of the hikes/excursions during Camp time will be covered in the next issue of the Newsletter).

Sna'-Summer 1973.

Once again it is summer. May brings with it the pink candles of the feathery horse chestnut blooms in contrast to the haunting blue of the jacaranda; a glorious week of Camp at the Kangan-Giri in Gaurah or travels to distant Kabul, Corbett's Game sanctuary, the bean shaped lake in Naini Tal with its ever-fascinating flotilla of yachts—Pirouette, Kestrel, Alouette, the rocky fastnesses of Mt. Abu, the long blistering march to Manali and back, the fun and games at Sadhupul; the gay pink and red umbrellas sported by the mistresses on a wet morning to Chapel; the orange-gold day lilies, and the muted smoky shades of hydrangea bushes; the graceful paradise fly-catcher, the haunting notes of the cuckoo and the brain-fever bird; the mounting excitement of house matches—cricket and basketball; melting, irresistible ice-cream on a hot Sunday morning; House show practices and tests.....and still more tests. Year after year the cycle is repeated. Children grow, leave School but return as O. S..... All this is part of the magic that is Sanawar (forgive me Rina Charan Singh for "borrowing" this phrase). Such are the musings of senility.

Romola Amrita Chatterji

The Nilagiri House Show

"The Nilagiri House show? Oh—don't mention it—imagine the gruesome torture of sitting through that awful boredom!?" This is what everyone was talking about when they settled down to see the Show.

The Hindi Play (बाबी साह) was first, so we thought we might as well resign ourselves and take a nice snooze. But to our surprise, it turned out to

be fifty-five minutes of sheer laughter and fun ! The story was about an international smuggler who posed as the uncle of a couple and took away all their jewellery and money which they conveniently left lying all over their house. The husband and wife, meanwhile, amused themselves and the audience by tricking one another. In the end, when they patched up, they realised that they had been robbed by the make-believe 'Chacha' M. P. Singh could shoot one 'sher' after another while being half asleep ! Of-course, it had its boring moments when the humour was a bit forced. Diwaker Singh and Prabhjot Gyani deserve special mention for their fine acting.

Ajinder Chopra then played most exquisitely 'Theme from Love Story' on the piano. Keep it up, Ajinder, you have talent ! Latika then sang a Hindi song in her charming voice.

An original item followed next, a mime called 'When I point my Finger at my Neighbour'. The fact that it was something new, added a special quality to it.

Next was a junior chorus, Prep School style. Patriotism seemed to be bursting in those youngsters' veins !

The English Play came next—'A Husband for Breakfast'. It was about a groggy, henpecked husband (Ajay Wagle) who, in a fit of drunkenness, sold his wife for half a crown. Roy Ewing (the wife's purchaser) kept the audience roaring with laughter in his futile attempts to wriggle his way out of the tightening situation. Ketaki, the domineering and clever wife, suited her part to a 'T'. Ajinder too, as the village gossip, played her role very well.

The band was a bit of a disappointment. The tunes were old and the playing was not exactly perfect. It would be a wonderful change if Sanawarian musicians switched on to more becoming instruments rather than blowing at their primitive trumpets !

A Naga dance 'Tangkhu' was another novel idea. A white damsel (Nita Basu) was held captive by the bold, bad, barbaric Nagas. One look at the Naga chief, with his formidable looking gear on, was enough to petrify anyone !

Noah and Sons, another mime, was the last and the best item. Harroop Singh (or better known as Silly Willy) was Noah—he sat back and let his Sons build the ship !!

Altogether it was a very lively and refreshing variety programme and we enjoyed it immensely.

Manju Kochar.

Cricket : The Traditional Rivals Clash Again

It was a bright, sunny morning without a cloud in the sky as the rival skippers R. Chauhan (B.C.S.) and M. Chopra (Sna') went in for the toss. The coin spun in Chauhan's favour and he chose to field. For Sna', Malvinder Brar and S.P.S. Sidhu opened the batting. Malvinder was confident from the start and rendered the B.C.S. pace attack, led by R. Chauhan, ineffective. He was, however, unfortunately run out for 8 on a badly called single. Sidhu on the other side was rather shaky and was brilliantly held by C.M. Chauhan at silly-point for just 2 runs. Next, Roy Ewing was l.b.w. for 0 on a ball that dipped. When Kochhar went in the scoreboard read 5 for 2. He played a fighting innings and scored a remarkable 31. It was his score that propped up the total, the rest of the batsmen's scores were insignificant, for nobody could reach double figures. Sna' were all out for a paltry 67. For B.C.S., R. Sahni and N. Chauhan bowled well with 3 wickets for 11 runs each. B.C.S. fielded beautifully, especially the close in fielders who were a treat to watch.

B.C.S. opened their innings with R. Sahni and N. Chauhan. For Sna', Jagjot Singh Kalra bowled from the gym end. He delivered the balls with deadly accuracy and out of his first 4 overs 3 were maidens. On the other side Bhullar was even more dangerous and had the B.C.S. batsmen in trouble. The scoreboard read 4 wickets for 18 runs. The spinners were brought on just before lunch. J. Bikram achieved good results by having Y. Mehra caught by Chopra for 13. Sanawar had beaten the top B.C.S. batsmen and everyone looked forward to some exciting cricket. However, the middle and lower order batsmen put Sanawar in a tight corner. The B.C.S. innings rounded off for a respectable 110. Sna' fielded well apart from three catches which were dropped : the players can be excused for this lapse, for the sun was directly in their eyes.

Sanawar made a commendable start in the 2nd innings and the openers put on 15 runs before Malvinder Brar was out on Roach's bowling. Sidhu, however, put on 15 valuable runs before falling a victim to R. Chauhan. Sna' was soon in trouble, the scoreboard read 31 for 4, which was terrible because we were facing a deficit of 43 runs. It was, however, A. Kaushik who pulled out Sanawar from this pathetic condition. His immaculate innings of 65 included 7 powerful fours. He pushed up the Sna' total considerably and put us in a fighting position. The innings wound up at a very creditable score of 147. Sna' was now ready to put up a good fight and make a bid for victory. The B.C.S. opening bowler, Roach, was the most successful: he claimed 4 useful wickets.

B.C.S. was left to score 105 runs with one full day to spare. B.C.S. opened the final innings with R. Sahni and N. Chauhan. This pair executed a fine variety of strokes and Chauhan's leg side shots were a delight to watch. They batted through the first 16 overs and put B.C.S. on the road to success with an opening stand of 37 runs. Finally, Bhullar separated this pair when he sent Chauhan's bails flying. R. K. Verma, after a great deal of dead cricket, opened up and scored a breezy 40 runs. R. Sahni meanwhile had been scoring slowly (19 runs in approximately 2½ hours). He was finally L.B.W. to Jagjot on a ball that came unexpectedly low. The scoreboard stood at 93 for 3. C.M.

Chauhan and Y. Mehra were at the crease : a mere 11 runs were needed for B.C.S. to attain victory. The needful was done by these two batsmen. C.M. Chauhan hit the winning shot on Sidhu's bowling, a rasping drive to the boundary for 4 runs. B.C.S. had won by 7 wickets. They won on merit. Their's was a well coached, strong team. Sanawar will have to practise intensively to avenge this defeat next year.

Sanjiv K. Singh



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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

186

May

1973

School News

March

29th. The Prep School witnessed the 1st performance of Vindhya House Show.

31st. The Cricket match between our XI and M.C.C. (I), Jullundur, commenced.

The same evening saw the Vindhya House Show. Despite the shortage of time, the Vindhyaans put up an elaborate variety programme. The 'People' sang 'Sing out' with bubbling energy. The groggy Girdhar Gopal (Rajiv Bhandari) seemed only half alive on the stage. He played his comic role with amazing ease. We do hope that Jiwan (Biren Arora) is married now: brimming with confidence, he is a talented actor. Preeti and Arjun Batra were impeccable in their acting. The function had its shortcomings but, on the whole, it was an entertaining evening. Brig. Thiagraj, Cdr. 51 Para Bgde, congratulated the Vindhyaans on their scintillating display.

April

1st. The School vs. M.C.C. cricket match concluded.

Scores: M.C.C. : 126 (for 8 dec.)+65 for 4.
Sanawar: 82+108

Kaushik Bagchi and Kocchar were the three outstanding batsmen while Karandeep Bhullar bowled with great success.

Later in the evening, the HM was At Home to the B.D. prefects: everybody relished the delicacies.

6th. Twenty-four boys alongwith the three coaches accompanied the Headmaster to Sabathu, to watch a Soccer match, which fell much below their expectation.

7th. Sanawar vs. A.C.C., Delhi, cricket match started.

Sr. English debate took place in the evening.

Our bouquets to Uma Sarna who claimed the honours of the day by delivering her logical speech eloquently, the topic being "Socialism is the only Answer to India's many Problems". She spoke

effortlessly, excelling in her diction. Ajai Shukla kept the audience amused with his refreshingly frank humour. He rightly claimed the second position.

Miss Chatterji presented the prizes.

Later in the evening, there was a Tambola session in the Staff Club. Everybody looked optimistically enthusiastic. Mr. Dhani Ram conducted it very well. It was great fun. Let us have Tambola evenings more often, Mr. Mukherji.

8th. The above mentioned cricket match ended.

Scores : Sanawar : 143+119
A. C. C. : 215+116

9th. P.D. cricket matches began.

11th. Hodson Heats commenced.

Khad fire broke out below the Bakery. The Senior boys helped in extinguishing it.

15th. The finals of Hodson Runs were held in the morning. Our kudos to Nilagiri House for maintaining the lead throughout, and finally annexing the coveted championship trophy for the 4th consecutive year. We also compliment Ajai Singh Virk (S) for his creditable performance.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

The same evening, a Social literally extracted from the D. H. M., transformed the atmosphere to sheer gay abandon.

16th. The Staff Club Tennis tournament inaugurated.

Nilagiri emerged Champions in the P.D. Cricket. Mrs. B. Singh gave away the trophy.

17th. G.D. Basketball matches began.

19th. School closed for the long weekend. Some Children went home: many went on voluntary hikes: the H.M. joined one of these of about 24 Km. up and down the hills. A large party of boys and Staff undertook an excursion to Bhakra dam. A few just relaxed in Sanawar.

21st. } The annual fixture Sanawar vs. Jullun-
22nd } dur Cricket Club was played. This time
Jullundur team consisted of a Ranji Trophy player
and two from the School Boys' team touring England
later this year. Though we lost, our team nevertheless
gained useful experience. The highlight of the match
was five sixes by Jaggi Rana.

Scores : Sanawar : 119+85
J. C. C. : 87+119 for 4.

The School glowed with refreshed faces as the children returned after the restful weekend.

23rd. Inter-House Boxing tournament commenced.

26th. Lower IV and below watched the Prep School Show.

27th. First Mark Reading held.

Staff News

We are exceedingly delighted on Mr. Gore's appointment as Bursar. Our good wishes are with him as he shoulders this responsibility.

Mr. and Mrs. Sequeira were blessed with a son on the Easter morning. Our congrats to them on their becoming parents.

We welcome Messers R.P. Aggarwal and Charanjit Singh in the departments of Physics and Crafts respectively. We hope their association with us will be long and happy.

Sorrow is so interwoven in our lives that it is impossible to escape it. We were grieved to learn about the passing away of Mr. Brajamani's mother. We wish for him all the fortitude to endure this great loss.

O. S. News

S. C. Jalota (Santa Maria College, 90, Hill St. Orange, N.S.W. 2800 Australia). On our way to Sydney we managed to see a bit of Bangkok and Singapore. Sydney is really superb. Most of Australians are happy, frank and very hardworking people, yet they have time to help others out. We spent about two months there. I was lucky to watch a few World Cup soccer matches. After observing the modern soccer tactics I wondered what was I watching at Sna'!

After a long rest we reached here on the 12th of March. I am teaching Maths and Science. Once again we are on a hill top. It is one of the few places where it snows in Aus. It has started cooling down and by the end of May, we might see the first snow-fall in this country.

This place reminds me of Kulu-Manali area. The trees are loaded with apples, pears and peaches.

Dipak Guha 59—66 (115—117, Khyber Pass Mess, Civil Lines, Delhi—6). It has been a long time since I saw School: as a matter of fact so far, due to unavoidable circumstances, I have not been able to fulfil my desire to attend a Founder's week. I am in my final semester at the I. I. T. I am graduating in Transportation Engineering, a specialisation of civil Engineering. Lalit Joshi was with me at the college till last year, when he graduated. He is on a job with a chemical firm now, and is doing well. Rohit Gupta and Mukesh Khetarpal are at college. Pramod Bhatia is at Safdarjung Hospital doing his internship. I do miss the School a lot even at this stage of life. Life outside the School is very competitive and moves with great momentum. The values change and one has to adapt oneself accordingly. One can meet fellow Sanawarians at the O. S. meetings.

Vunga 60—67 (Room U—4, St. Stephens College, Delhi): It was the marathon 8 hour (or should I coin 'Busrathon') journey, the dirt and dust and heat and hell-hole of a kind of a home (for the last five years) that made me really feel I had left Sna'. I had only to close my eyes, nostalgia, and all that and I felt I was still there amidst the laughter, smiles and sunshine. It was beautiful to be back where one belonged: I enjoyed myself so much. Mere words cannot say how much I felt—but I feel.

Ever since the night I crept in (exhausted and sore) I've had the Sanawarians crowding the room. And "Himalaya, Nilagiri, Siwalik, Vindhya; head-boy, head girl, prefects, Cricket—lost! what oh no! never like this! St. John's!—you mean Pedro's (one of their old boys here with us) School? Don't tell me !!; Barne's, Bottleneck ("Is it still there?" quote Karamvir), Redfield—what boxroom, what Common Room,—actually, high time they deserve it—just look at what we've got (Nilagarians); long, short back; Gaskell Hall, Boxing, Hodsons, P.T., B. Singhs 'Gore, 'Mukho, 'Mukhi, 'Mundu, 'Joshi, 'Guptji, 'Kaveri, (still), Chat, 'Daniel, 'Ling, 'Arora, 'Birju (lost in transit?!) new staff . . . acha...acha . . . ; P D. Hospi, Doc; Warriors Grove, Moti's; Charlie; Hansraj, the bus; Garden City, New Field, Monkey's Playground, Stoneview, Bleak House, Parker Hall . . . and on and on in the past And the poor non-Sanawarians, fed up of forced laughter, walked off. And still we talked. It is amazing, and others wonder what Sna' is? How can we explain that Sna' is Sna' and that Sanawarians are Sanawarians.

Karamvir really regrets his not having come up with me: I regret having come down.

Thank you all for a wonderful time I had in Sna'.

Major and Mrs. Som Dutt from Ooty send their love to all at Sanawar.

D.R.A. Mountford from St. Paul's Darjeeling has written to say that he will be taking over as Principal, Sherwood College, Nainital, from the 1st of June. (Well done and all the best to you Monty)

Mrs. Sehgal sends her love to Sanawarians. She is doing well at Delhi Public School.

Rathin Mitra, Head of Art Department, Doon School, writes to say that "it was a real treat to have spent a day at Sanawar recollecting old and pleasant memories"

Married

Rita Bansal to Sharad on 25-11-72 at Bombay.

Bhupinder (Tusky) to Shikha on 22-12-72 at Chandigarh.

Sunil Ahuja to Payal on 13-1-73 at New Delhi.

Amarjit to Surjit on 13-4-73 at New Delhi.

Keith Anil Manley to Andrea Kemp on 14-4-73 at Simla (a purely Sanawarian wedding!)

Pardeep Soneja to Madhu on 21-4-73 at New Delhi.

We send our blessings and wish the couples long and happy married lives.

B. Singh

Hodson Runs 1973



To the much disappointment of the boys, the Hodsons finally started on 15th March. Guys took it easy on the first day because of the fear of getting stiff legs and 'jammed' knees, but still the odd ones went wrong for once, while following the school Motto 'Never Give in' and of course they had it. Probably they were not paying attention when Gen. Candeth said last year that we have to give in sometimes.

From the very next day the prefects took over the charge of giving the guys a proper, 'Raghrag' and

teaching them the art of 'slimming'. The next few days were spent in getting back to proper shape and then chaps started taking Hodsons a bit seriously. But still the majority of them could not manage without walking some part or the other of the never-ending course.

At last came the 'timings'. The clever seniors took it the easy way by pacing up the juniors on the short back while the 'block-heads' continued to jog and trudge along the long-back. Finally every one decided to take it seriously as they knew that the girls were going to be present and no one wanted to cut a sorry figure; But some of the 'clever ones' now became 'Dopes' and continued to take it easy, the 'S'narian' way.

But now the Qualifyings were also not far. On April 11 the U 11s were at the 'Horse-Shoe' getting warmed up while the seniors paced up and down encouraging them and at the same time threatening them. The poor fellows had to accept all the comments without any objections. The next day the U 13s were on the track followed by U 15s going on the long back on the 13th.

As the saying goes, "Time and tide wait for no man", the dawn of the 'D. Day' did not take long to come. At 10 a.m. on Sunday the 15th of April '73 the whole school gathered to witness the finals at the 'Arch': the Preppers were the first to come, followed by the girls and then the boys in the end (as usual). The first event of the morning was the U 11 finals. With lots of cheering behind them, they started from 'Horse-shoe', and went along the short-back crossing the 'Green gate' on their way towards the Arch. As they neared the last bend the crowd started to cheer them up and the judges at the finishing line got ready for their arrival. The first guy to finish was Rohit Negi (N) and was closely followed by Sunil Sawney (V).

The next group was of U 13s who had the same course but starting point was the 'Pavement'. As usual the seniors gave them a nice cheering and with that the finalists shot forward. The track judges also kept up with their part of encouraging i.e. "Faster Boys" etc. The first guy to breast the tape was Ashwani Dogra (S) with T. Khaisianmung (N) behind him.

Meanwhile the U 15s started warming up at the Pavement. This lot had the tougher course of going on the 'long-back'. As the distance of the track was quite a bit, the timekeepers took it easy going back to the Arch. (I think they get tired: they should be given some extra diet next year). The crowd started getting impatient as the seconds and minutes ticked by. Soon amidst a lot of cheering and 'bucking up' Ajai Virk of Siwalik landed up, claiming the first position. Manu Virmani (V) stood second.

Then came the long awaited event. The Opens were going to run the longest and the toughest course i.e. starting at the Engineer's office and going along the long back. There was a lot of shouting as the whole group sailed through the 'Arch'. After that the spectators had to wait for 10 minutes before the first of the group, Mukul Chopra (S), appeared around the bend. Sanjiv Sood (H) stood second. Guys continued to trickle in much after the qualifying whistle had blown.

S. C. Ahera

The results were :—

U—11—Distance—1·170 Km.	Time
1st Rohit Negi (N)	4'-14·5"
2nd Sunil Sawhney (V)	
3rd Amritpal Singh (N)	
U—13—Distance—1·520 Km.	
1st Ashwani Dogra (S)	5'-2·72"
2nd T. Khaisianmung(N)	
3rd Gagan Dhillon (N)	
U—15—Distance—2·579 Km.	
1st Ajai Singh Virk (S)	9'-18·7"
2nd Manu Virmani (V)	
3rd Ashok Joon (V)	
Opens—Distance—3·292 Km.	
1st Mukul Chopra (S)	12'-14"
2nd Sanjiv Sood (H)	
3rd Sukhkaran Tanwar (N)	

	House Points			
	H	N	S	V
Qualifyings:	24	37	32	29
Finals:				
U— 11	3	27	18	9
U—13	0	26	21	8
U—15	6	10	14	25
Opens	29	24	15	1
Total	62	122	100	72
House positions	IV	I	II	III

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes. Our bouquets to Nilagiri for being the Cock House for the 4th successive year, and hearty congratulations to the winners. For the rest, of course, better luck next time.

Rajiv Bhandari

* परीक्षा-भवन *

मेरे विचार में परीक्षा एक ऐसा शब्द है जिससे सम्पूर्ण विद्यार्थी जगत परिचित है। अगर परीक्षा शब्द को तोड़ा मरोड़ा जाय तो उसे लिखेंगे पर—इच्छा अर्थात् दूसरों की इच्छा। इसका मतलब यह हुआ कि दूसरों की इच्छा—जो पुस्तकों में लिखी है—हम रटें और परीक्षा भवन में जाकर उन्हें लिखें। इस प्रकार विद्वानों ने दूसरों की इच्छा लिखने का नाम परीक्षा रखा है।

औरों की बात तो मैं नहीं कह सकती किन्तु मुझे तो परीक्षा का नाम सुनते ही चक्कर-सा आने लगता है और परीक्षा भवन में पहुँचते ही दिल बैठने लगता है।

एक दिन की बात है कि १२ नवम्बर को मेरी इतिहास की परीक्षा थी। स्वर्गवासियों के नाम रटते-रटते तो मैं अपना ही नाम भूल बैठी। किसी ने ठीक ही कहा है कि :

हिस्ट्री ज्योग्रफी बड़ी बेवफा।
रात भर रटो सवेरे सफा।

खैर किसी प्रकार रट रटा कर बस द्वारा परीक्षा भवन को चली न जाने बस में मुझे क्यों डर लगने लगा। तभी अचानक मुझे एक फिल्मी गाना याद आया—

“डर लगे तो गाना गा”

मैंने सोचा डर को भगाने के लिये गाना शुरू कर दूँ। मैंने गाने की बड़ी कोशिश की किन्तु औरंगजेब का नाम याद आते ही भूल गई।

इसी प्रकार राम-राम जपते हमारी बस परीक्षा भवन के बाहर आकर रूकी। बस से उतरते ही मेरी अनेक सहेलियाँ मिलीं जिनके चेहरे पर मधुर मुस्कान की बजाय बारह बज रहे थे। मैंने साहस बटोर कर कहा—अरे तुम सब हतनी उदास क्यों हो—पता नहीं यह वाक्य मैं कैसे बोल सकी। मेरी तो अपनी ही जान निकल रही थी।

थोड़ी देर बाद हम सब श्री गणेश जी का नाम जपते हुए परीक्षा हॉल में पहुँच गये। जुरी हालत थी। आँखों के सामने अंधेरा छाने लगा। अभी तो प्रश्न पत्र भी नहीं मिला था—तब यह हाल था। कुछ ही पलों में निरीक्षक दहाड़ उठा “अपनी—अपनी सीट पर बैठ जाओ अगर कोई कागज आदि पास में हो तो बाहर रख आओ”। तभी एक निरीक्षक ने प्रश्न पत्र का लिफाफा फाड़ा। उधर लिफाफा क्या फट रहा था मानों हमारा दिल फाड़ा जा रहा हो।

दुर्भाग्य से कहिए या सौभाग्य से, पहली सीट मेरी थी। प्रश्न पत्र पहले मुझे ही मिला। मैंने तो मारे घबराहट के आँखें ही बन्द कर ली। खैर किसी प्रकार दिल धाम कर प्रश्न-पत्र पढ़ा। पर्चा कठिन था जिन प्रश्नों का उत्तर थोड़ा बहुत आता था, मारे घबराहट के वह भी भूल गई। और लड़कियों की ओर जो देखा तो उनका भी यही हाल था। एक दूसरे से आँखों-आँखों में ही इशारे होने लगे।

मैंने सोचा इस घबराहट में तो मैं एक भी प्रश्न न कर सकूंगी। पाँच मिनट बाद मैंने मन को शांत किया और ध्यान से सोचने लगी। दूसरा प्रश्न जो पढ़ा तो मुझे बस वाला गाना याद आ गया 'डर लगे तो गाना गा' क्योंकि प्रश्न था ? श्रीरंगजेब को संगीत से नफ़रत क्यों थी ?

प्रीति बत्रा

Cricket : Sanawar vs. J.C.C.



The annual cricket fixture against the Jullundur Cricket Club was held as usual in Sanawar on 21st and 22nd April. On the morning of the 21st Barnes was bathed with glorious sunshine, though it was rather hot to play cricket. The two rival Captains, Jaggi Rana (J.C.C.) and Mukul Chopra (Sna') went in for the toss. Dame luck spun in Sanawar's favour and 'Chops' elected to bat. M. S. Brar and S. P. S. Sidhu opened the Sanawarian innings. For J.C.C., Avash Pal took the new ball which he delivered with disastrous results. The first wicket, that of Sidhu, fell with the score at just 4 runs. Kochhar joined Brar but Avash Pal maintained his terrifying form and Brar was soon back in the pavilion. The scoreboard now read 13 for 2, indeed a miserable score. The cream of the Sanawarian batting did not achieve laurels, apart from a stubborn 15 by Kochhar and a gallant 18 by Bhullar. Sanawar was indeed in a grave position. It was only the tailenders, namely Verma and Joginder Bikram, who scored 23 and 20 respectively, indeed priceless runs! Sanawar's innings wound up in 2 hours with a not too poor total of 119 runs to their credit. Amongst the J.C.C. bowlers, Avash Pal and Jaggi Rana stood out prominently.

The J.C.C. innings was opened by Vrit Inder Singh and Varjinder Mehta. For Sna', Jaggo started the attack accompanied by K.S. Bhullar at the other end. Bhullar drew the first blood by claiming the wicket of Vrit Inder Singh; he did not take long to strike again and Varjinder Mehta was trotting back to the pavilion. It was now Jaggo's turn to cripple the J. C. C. batting : he had Avash Pal brilliantly caught behind the wickets and soon after sent D'Souza's bails flying. Sna' was doing well; the score board read 35 for 4. But Jaggi Rana proved to be a pain in the neck of the Sanawarian team; his hurricane 51 was the turning point of the match. In addition to sending the ball flying to the various boundaries and displaying some smart running, he lifted Kochhar for a grand six, but was finally caught off his bowling only. His immaculate innings propped up the J. C. C. total. The scores of the remaining batsmen were insignificant and their innings wound up for a paltry 87.

Sna' had gained a vital first innings lead of 32 runs, but alas the batsmen failed to take advantage of it. For the second innings the batting order was more or less the same! Malvinder accompanied by Sidhu once again opened the innings and put on a creditable 29 before Brar was clean bowled by Manuel. Sidhu was soon to follow, with the scoreboard reading 31 for 2. With Manuel's menacing bowling, wickets began to fall like nine pins. Apart from a staunch 17 by Kaushik, the batting failed to achieve any decent results. Sanawar's innings rounded off with the scoreboard reading a measly 85. The batsmen had failed to utilize the first innings lead to their benefit. For J.C.C., Manuel bowled excellently, claiming five wickets, with an average of 2·8 apiece.

The Jullundur team was now left with an easy task, they had to score 118 runs with five hours to spare. The batting order remained unchanged. Varjinder Mehta was out on a good bowl from Jaggo, which he played sheepishly and was caught. Sanawarian pace failed to achieve further results and the spinners were brought on, but the results were not good enough to achieve victory. Sanawar was doing fairly well and putting on a good fight. But this lasted only till Jaggi Rana came into bat. His score 54 not out was scored in approximately 45 minutes! He thrashed the bowlers mercilessly : he hit sixes on two consecutive deliveries, the unfortunate bowler being Joginder Bikram. The other bowlers were not to be spared : Verma was thrashed for 20 runs in just one over. The Sanawarian spinner's nightmare finally came to an end when J. C. C. surpassed the Sanawarian total with heaps of time to spare—they had won by 6 wickets.

Though we lost, our team should not be unduly disheartened. One must keep in mind that the J. C. C. team consisted of top notch university and

Ranji Trophy players—two of them have been included in the England-bound Indian School Boys' team. Our players did indeed benefit by this match; it gave them good practice for the crucial match against B.C.S. which is to be played shortly.

Sanjiv K. Singh

To Sna'

I

Under deep blue skies,
Amidst pine-green that never dies...
Red roofs and stern grey stones,
'neath whispering needles and silent cones...
To you, Sna', I bow,
For memories : happiness now.

II

Sna'...I thank you,
For flowers and fragrance
Instilled in my mind...
For friendship and faith, and love
So deep and true...
For sight sure and deep and wide,
For judgement that'll abide...
For strength and song in my heart
Old and wise, and strong as the rocks...
Yet
My thanks are still too few.

III

Sna ! I'll try
To take your name far
Over peaks and seas,
Like waves in a storm,
While you, Sna'...
Light house, the distressed sees
And hopes again for life—
Will beckon and guide
Through fog, sorrow and stormy sea.
As long as this world, this life, be.

Vunga
(O.S. 60—67)

Bhowani Junction by John Masters

(A Review)

The British came and brought with them dread, anxiety, apprehension and hatred for all whites. This moving novel about the typical Anglo-Indian colonies in India is set in the days of uncertainty of the British rule and when it would terminate, preceding bright or bleak circumstances. It is the story of an Anglo-Indian railway colony in Bhowani.

The chee-chees (Anglo-Indians) unfortunately suffered both ways. There was no love lost between the Indians and the chee-chees. They were not welcomed in Indian society because of their supercilious behaviour and air of superiority. They were shunned by the British because they had some of the inferior Wog (Indian) blood.

The heroine—Victoria Jones—beautiful, subaltern in the Women's Auxiliary Corps (India), desperately tries to improve the inevitable dismal future opening up like a deep abyss, for herself and co-Anglo-Indians. She tries to make a place for herself in Indian society by consenting to marry a Sikh and changing her religion to Sikhism : for, certainly they would be left to the unmerciful Wogs once the British left and the impending danger was too close to ignore. But the strain of changing way and habits is too much for her. She realises she cannot change without getting shackled to a worse fate than her previous one and this time with stronger chains. She wriggles out of the noose, tightening around her neck, in the nick of time and returns to her earlier ways of life and old chee-chee love—Patrick Taylor.

John Masters has that magic quality in his writing that holds the reader spell-bound to the last line. The colloquial phrases and elegant style of writing is as enthralling and flamboyant as the tail of a paradise bird. The vivid pictures, painted with words, have an incomparable beauty. This is a strong, gripping story; John Masters can evoke the beauty, the pity, the tragedy and splendour of India. Not many authors can boast of such a fine piece of writing as this.

Sunaina Lowe.

Ships

A sleek ocean liner sped along, cleaving a path through the blue ocean waters and leaving an ever widening trail of snowy white foam in its wake. Far away—across the calm waters of the blue ocean; across the vast desert of water speckled with tiny islands—the sun was setting in the western horizon. Like a faintly gleaming ball it hung, suspended amidst the shining ornate sky. A group of squawking sea-gulls circled the ship a few times before flying away. The huge liner was now no more than a speck in the vast blue ocean around it.....

Nobody can be very certain about the identity of the inventor of the first ship. Some adventurous caveman must have found out that a log of wood floated beneath his weight. Later, he discovered that if he could carve out the inside of the log, his 'boat' would be more stable. This was probably the first boat ! Just a simple concave tree trunk. A few centuries later a Greek named Archimedes discovered that a body floats if it displaces water equal to its own weight. It is on this principle that all ships

float. The tons of steel on it make no difference to its quality to float.

Early ships were rowed by a number of men. The Roman galleys used as many as forty slaves at a time. Then someone came up with the brilliant idea of using the wind to propel a ship. A mere canvas sail could be used to catch the force of the wind and propel the ship. The pattern of these sails became more and more intricate as the size of the ship increased. For a long time wind was the only form of propulsion for ships. Then in the eighteenth century the steam engine was invented. This was perhaps the turning point in the methods of propelling a ship. Now, ships became more and more mechanized.

As time passed, better methods of powering ships was evolved. The steam engine gave way to the diesel engine which in turn gave way to nuclear power. Nuclear power has the unique advantage of propelling ships over long distances without using much fuel. The latest ships are all powered by nuclear reactors. The Enterprise, the world's largest warship, can stay at sea for seven years on its stores of nuclear fuel.

Everyday, new facts are discovered about ships; it may be a new form of power, or it may be a new structure for the hull. Where, once small fishing vessels sailed, now large trans-oceanic liners speed across the seas; where there was once slow, sluggish moving boats, now speedy motor launches skim across the water's surface at unimaginable speed.

Pankaj Madhok

With Apologies to Mark Antony

Friends, Teachers, Sanawarians,

Lend me your ears. I have come here to learn Mathematics, not to disgrace it. The bad marks that girls get, always live after them; the good is oft interred with the register. So let it be with me. The honourable Mr. Arora hath told you I was bad in Mathematics; if it were so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath I answered it, with a zero. Here, under leave of Mr. Arora and the mathematicians, for, Mr. Arora is a brainy man, so are they all, all brainies, come I to speak about my zero in Maths.

Mr. Arora says I am weak in Maths, and Mr. Arora is an honourable man. Have I not brought many Maths books to Sanawar, whose contents have made Sanawarians knowledgable? Yet Mr. Arora says I don't take interest in maths, and Mr. Arora is an honourable man.

You all did see that on Sunday, I was thrice asked to play Rounders and thrice did I refuse. Is that not taking interest? I speak not to disprove what Mr. Arora spoke, but here I am to speak what I do know—which is nothing! O Judgement—thou art fled to brainies. And Sanawarians have lost their brains. Bear with me, my heart is in Co-ordinate Geometry, and I must pause till it comes back to me.

A Contributor

The Vindhya House Show

Our wait outside Barne Hall was not as long as inside: we were sent in too early. After the guests had stopped pouring in, the show started.

As usual, the first item was an Indian dance "Shri Krishan Puja". Three graceful dancers put it up without any aid from the Staff and were able to carry it out successfully. Well done the Vindhyan G. D. trio.

We had a surprise in store! Paramjit Singh Grewal entertained us with 'The Sound of Silence' which he sang with a heavy accent. He was ably accompanied on the drums by Rajiv Bhandari.

Next, a musical skit—A Mid summer Night's Dream—was put up by the Vindhyan juniors. The costumes were extremely colourful and the item was immensely appreciated.

The two tunes 'Ek Pyar Ka Nagma Hai' and 'Jane Kahan Gaye Vo Din' beautifully played on the violin by Arti Ahluwalia and Rajiv Sawhney were liked by all.

'The People' came next and sang two songs 'Amor' and 'Sing Out': Rajiv Sawhney strummed the guitar. 'Sing Out', sung with bubbling exuberance, received a deafening applause.

A Hindi play 'Kya Musibat Hai' followed. It was based upon the saying—When the cat is away, the mice will play. It exposed the mischief men are often up to, once their wives are away! Chanchal (Jaswinder) and Rajni's (Arti) henpecked husbands (Rajiv and Ashok) were no exceptions. But much to their embarrassment they were the victims of all the unnatural coincidences normally found in Hindi plays. Biren Arora as Chanchal's brother was superb in his acting. The situations in the play kept the Juniors delirious with amusement.

Vindhya House seems to have many budding singers! Subramanian whistled 'For a few Dollars More' and sang 'Tum Kitni Khubsoorat Ho' in his mellow voice. From his expression one gathered that he meant every word he sang.

'Outwitted' was put up mainly by the young Vindhya House. It was very well directed and the actors showed plenty of histrionic talent.

The 'Stargazers' played two tunes 'Surrender' and 'Delilah'. The latter seems to be every Sanawarian boy's favourite, considering the number of times it has been played.

The last item was a one act tragedy "Good Night and Good Bye". It was about an insane woman who imagined that her husband wanted to murder her. She turned to an old friend for help who eventually poisoned both, himself and her. Arjun and Preeti Batra deserve to be complimented

for their natural and realistic acting. Vindhya House could not have found a more appropriate person for the role of the spinster landlady than Arati G. Singh (No hard feelings, it's all in the game).

At the curtain call, Mukesh Sehgal (O. S.) presented the Vindhya House with a gift, on behalf of the M.C.C. (!). Brig. Thiagraj of 51 Para Bgde. praised the Vindhya House for their wonderful performance but advised the trumpeters to blow hard.

Despite the shortage of time the Vindhya House put up an elaborate House Show.

Harmanjit Kochar



Editor—S. C. Arora.

Owner—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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Student Reporters

Girls

Arati G. Singh
Harmanjit Kochar

Boys

Pankaj Madhok
Sanjiv K. Singh

Regd. No. P.—129

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

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(SIMLA HILLS). (173202)

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



185

April

1973

School News

4th. The traditional festival match, in which the boys trounced the Staff, heralded the Cricket season.

5th. New admissions trickled in.

G.D. Basketball commenced with great gusto.

7th. Children started taking their studies seriously as the Prep began.

11th. In the friendly cricket match played against C.R.I., Kasauli, Sanawar gave them a real drubbing. Mukul Chopra & Ashok Kaushik batted very well while Karandeep Bhullar, Bikram Verma and Sumit Bagchi were the successful bowlers.

Scores ... C.R.I. : 44+47

... Sanawar: 144.

The Staff Club Meeting was held in the evening. Our congratulations to Mr. U.P. Mukherji for being elected the General Secretary.

15th. After having been postponed many a time on account of rain and consequent cold weather, P.T. and Hodson Runs ultimately began. Getting up at 5-45 a.m. is by no means an easy task, and everybody was dreading the first day. I am told it wasn't all that bad after all.

16th. Hurray! Chocolates finally arrived and everybody made a bee-line to the Tuck Shop.

The last of the tubelights was installed in the Prep School. The glass blackboards were fixed there during the Long Vacation. The Senior School had got them last year.

17th } What we did to C.R.I. a week ago, St.

18th } John's School, Chandigarh, turned the tables on us. They gave us a real 'licking' in the cricket fixture played on home ground. Wake up Sanawar!

Scores ... Sanawar : 34+19 for 5 wkts.
St. John's : 150.

23rd. In the morning Assembly we mourned the sad death, due to heart failure, of Mr. Gurbax Singh, father of Maninder Singh Dusang (L-V Siwalik B.D.) and the tragic demise of Subhash Dua (O.S. 1950-'56) who was involved in a fatal accident. We were much grieved to hear this news. It must be a great blow to their families. We know words are a poor consolation but whatever they are worth we offer the bereaved families our condolences.

24th. 'Science has brought more misery than happiness' was debated by the junior Hindi enthusiasts. Ashwani Dogra carried the honours of the day. Sunita Deora also acquitted herself well and was a close second. Nilagiri were the team winners.

Mr. Pasricha, addressing the School at the conclusion of the debate, observed that the speakers deviated from the topic. He pointed out that the debate not only lacked in spontaneity but also the debaters failed to carry the audience with them. He felt that this was a declamation contest rather than a debate. However, he congratulated the participants and ended on an optimistic note: he was hopeful that the standard would improve.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

The G.D. prefects had a very pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Pasricha who had invited them to dinner.

25th. Mrs. Pasricha and the H.M. took the senior girls to Kasauli for an outing and the movie 'Dushman'. They all enjoyed themselves thoroughly, even though quite a few of them felt very stiff, having walked both ways.

26th. There was the atmosphere of satisfaction and jubilation in the School as the I.S.C. results came out. Though it should not make us complacent, we can rightly feel proud on the commendable results: 31 firsts, 22 seconds and 6 thirds. Unfortunately there were two rejections.

27th. In keeping with the School tradition the Headmaster declared it a holiday as a concrete reward to the children for the laudable I.S.C. results.

Staff Appointments

We welcome Mr. J.K. Kohli and Mr. & Mrs. Gurdev Singh Dev in our midst. Mr. Kohli has partly relieved Mr. Gore who continues to officiate as Bursar. Mr. Dev has started the new department of Punjabi. Mrs. Dev will handle the tiny tots in the Prep School. All three of them have rich experience of teaching; they will be assets to the School. We hope their association with us will be happy and long.

Mr. Roshan Lal is temporarily substituting for a new appointment for Physics. We hope in addition to enjoying his stay here he gains useful experience.

We are also glad to have in our fold Mrs. Basu Chaudhry as the Nursing Sister. Our good wishes are with her for this demanding and exacting job.

An Interesting Railway Journey

A rather interesting railway journey was made by 27 of us boys from Sanawar, the office peon Hem Singh and Mr. B. Singh, who was the officer in charge. We had just finished our N.C.C. camp at Chittorgarh and were returning to Delhi by third class. Frankly, we were glad to be going home after the strenuous one week camp and were present at the station a couple of hours in advance. The train finally pulled in at about 3-00 p.m. and we all searched for a vacant compartment, but as luck would have it there was none. Having to resort to other means we set about to make room for ourselves; we climbed into the nearest compartment and told the people to clear out, saying it was reserved for N.C.C. cadets. The majority, being dumb villagers, got off without giving any trouble: a few being slightly more sensible resided and had to be treated accordingly.

Eventually the entire compartment was empty and we made ourselves comfortable, but alas! only till Ajmer, where we had to change trains. The train pulled out and we passed our time singing, cracking jokes and making a lot of noise.

We reached Ajmer very surprisingly on time but were once again stranded without any mode of transport for the next leg to Delhi. Mr. B. Singh was finally able to get tickets on the Ahmedabad mail but no reservation. We all planned the same trick as before and moved into action before even the train had stopped, but this time it did not work and we nearly got into some serious trouble with the ticket collector.

Having no other alternative we squeezed into an already jampacked compartment as the train moved on. Sleep? It was out of the question, firstly with that fat 'lala' snoring like a bull frog and a six month old radio (a baby) which used to tune in at absurd times. The more important factor was that we were without berths and sitting practically on one another's heads. Our ordeal finally ended when we arrived at Delhi at 7 a.m. once again exactly on time. The Indian Railways were getting efficient—weren't they?

Let us hope that in future the N.C.C. authorities will be able to provide reserved train accommodation.

Sanjiv K. Singh

॥ गणतन्त्र दिवस ॥

२६ जनवरी का सुहावना दिन और भारत की राजधानी की धूमधाम। सारे देश के लोग गणतन्त्र दिवस के उत्सव पर आयोजित विशाल परेड देखने के लिए आये हैं। रात से ही लोग अपने-अपने स्थानों को सुरक्षित करने में जुट गये।

विशाल राजपथ के दोनों ओर रंग बिरंगे झण्डे लगे थे। सलामी मंच पर मखमल व जूरी का कड़ा हुआ छाता और उसके नीचे लाल सिंहासन और उसके पीछे लहराता हुआ भारतीय तिरंगा - यह सब कितना सुन्दर लग रहा था।

कुछ समय बाद ही राष्ट्रपति भवन की ओर से हेलिकॉप्टर गुलाब की सुन्दर पंखुड़िया बरसाता हुआ दिखाई दिया। पल भर में ही लाल गुलाब की पंखुड़ियों से समस्त वातावरण लाल हो गया। इसी वातावरण में राष्ट्रपति की सवारी निकली। आगे-आगे घोड़ों पर बैठे अंगरक्षक बड़ी सावधानी से चल रहे थे। जैसे ही राष्ट्रपति ने तिरंगा लहराया वैसे ही समस्त वातावरण राष्ट्रीय गान से गूँज उठा और साथ ही राष्ट्रपति के सम्मान में ३१ तोपें भी गरज उठी।

इसके बाद सलामी देने का दौर आरम्भ हो गया। आगे घुड़सवारों की दो टुकड़ियां और उनके पीछे ऊंटों की कतार राष्ट्रपति को सलामी देती आगे बढ़ गई। इसके बाद भारत में निर्मित विजयांत टैंक की दो टुकड़ियों ने बड़े गर्व से राष्ट्रपति को सलामी दी। इसके बाद लड़ाई के अनेक यन्त्रों का प्रदर्शन हुआ। मद्रास रेजिमेंट सैनिकों के पीछे बैंगल की एक टुकड़ी बड़ी शान से 'सारे जहाँ से अच्छा' बजा रही थी। सैनिकों की टुकड़ियाँ इस प्रकार कदम से कदम मिला कर चल रहे थे मानों किसी माला की पियोरी हुई कड़ियाँ हों। अब भारतीय पुलिस के कुत्तों की बारी आई। ये कुत्ते भी शेर के समान बड़े गर्व से चल रहे थे, मानों कह रहे हों कि हम भी भारत के सैनिक हैं।

इस प्रकार घंटों तक भारत की आकियाँ भिन्न भिन्न रूप में निकलती रही। कभी महिलाओं की टोली तो कभी फायर ब्रिगेड का दल, कभी हाथियों का झुण्ड तो कभी घुड़सवारों का दल। बीच-बीच में बैंगल की मधुर ध्वनि समस्त वातावरण को उत्तेजित कर देती थी। अन्त में विमानों ने अपनी कला का प्रदर्शन किया। सबकी निगाहें ऊपर उठी हुई थीं। कितनी सुन्दर कलाबाजी का प्रदर्शन किया इन विमान चालकों ने। इसके बाद ही राष्ट्रपति की सवारी राष्ट्रपति भवन की ओर विदा हुई और दर्शकों का समूह एक बार फिर चलायमान हो गया। तो यह था इस वर्ष का गण तन्त्र दिवस।

दिवाकर सिंह

अपर ५ ए

How I Spent my Holidays

The winter vacation is something that is looked forward to, very eagerly, by all the students. It is a wonderful break after a long, tiresome year of study.

The holidays started on the 1st of December. As I was not going by the school party I managed to get a lift to Delhi, where I spent a few exciting days, the main attraction being the much talked about 'Asia 72'. I visited it quite a number of times as it was impossible to go around and see all of it in one day. The main attraction was on the 3rd of December, the Youth Day, when we had some famous singers who sang very well. The fashion show, the textile, Russian and the Japanese pavilions were also of great interest. After a few days in Delhi I went on to Ahmedabad where my father is posted.

This was my first visit to Ahmedabad. There were places of interest that I visited but the shaking Minarets were the most fascinating of them all.

It took me quite some time before I could find some company of my age.

In the beginning of January my father arranged to tour around Gujarat. This was extremely exciting and the long Drives in the open country along the coast of the Arabian Sea were also a lot of fun. The fishing trawlers in Veraval, the biggest fishery centre on the coast, were of the most interest to me. I even stayed behind, after my parents left for Ahmedabad, with a friend and spent a day or two on his trawlers. To watch the crew cast their net and then haul in over a ton of fish was a great sight. I even learned how this operation was carried out.

About the end of January a big duck shoot was arranged by the army and being interested in hunting, I joined it. We stayed in tents and had an exceptionally big bag of duck at the end of the shoot. Later, some time in mid Feb. a panther shoot was arranged. Four of us were to sit on a camouflaged 'machan' on one of the trees. Below, but in clear view, was tied a goat, as the bait. After what seemed hours of patient but tense waiting we saw a spotted panther crouched on one of the rocks. All of us were alerted and cocked our rifles; this was our undoing, for the panther immediately sensed danger and moved away. But for this we would have saved a few hours of waiting. But our patience was well rewarded. At dusk the panther came in for the kill. As it was cautiously advancing towards the goat two of our guns boomed, the panther tried to get away in spite of his wounds but a third bullet sent through his neck put an end to him. This was my most exciting experience.

By the time we reached back to Ahmedabad my vacation was coming to an end. Just a few days later I had to fly to Delhi and catch the school party back to Sanawar. This was the end of a wonderful vacation.

Naveen Anand

1972 I.S.C. Results

Our heartiest congratulations to all the successful candidates and we send our sympathies to the two rejects and wish them better luck next time.

S. No.	Name	English		His.	Geo.	Hindi B	El. Maths.	Add. Maths.	Phy.	Chem.	Bio.	Art	H. Sc.	Grade	Dvi.
		Lang.	Lit.												
1.	Harsimran Grewal	1	1	3	1	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	7	I
2.	Rohini Arora	1	1	3	1	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	8	I
3.	Maneka Anand	1	1	3	2	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	10	I
4.	Meena K. Chanchani	2	—	—	—	4	1	—	3	2	2	—	—	10	I
5.	Rajbir S. Kadyan	2	1	—	—	2	—	3	3	2	—	—	—	10	I
6.	Alka Sood	2	—	—	—	4	1	—	3	2	3	—	—	11	I
7.	Suneel K. Kaul	2	1	—	—	6	—	3	3	2	—	—	—	11	I
8.	Tarun Sondhi	2	2	—	—	3	—	3	2	3	—	—	—	12	I
9.	Janak S. Bajwa	1	3	—	—	6	—	3	3	2	—	—	—	12	I
10.	Jyotsna K. Jamwal	1	2	3	—	5	—	—	—	—	—	4	3	13	I
11.	Ashwani K. Khanna	3	2	—	—	4	—	2	3	3	—	—	—	13	I
12.	Rajiv K. Aggarwal	2	3	—	—	3	—	3	3	2	—	—	—	13	I
13.	Vasant K. Dhar	3	3	—	—	6	—	3	2	3	—	—	—	14	I
14.	Sanjiv Rastogi	3	3	—	—	6	—	3	2	3	—	—	—	14	I
15.	Mala Khosla	2	3	3	3	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	14	I
16.	Hardeepak S. Gill	5	3	—	—	3	—	3	3	2	—	—	—	14	I
17.	Rajan Sethi	2	—	—	—	3	3	—	5	3	3	—	—	14	I
18.	Shivroop K. Sidhu	2	—	—	—	7	2	—	4	3	4	—	—	15	I
19.	Birinder S. Sidhu	2	3	—	—	4	—	4	3	3	—	—	—	15	I
20.	Sonali Parmar	2	2	3	—	5	—	—	—	—	—	6	3	15	I
21.	Rajesh N. Bajaj	3	3	—	—	3	—	3	4	3	—	—	—	15	I
22.	Jyoti Sakhuja	2	3	4	—	5	—	—	—	—	—	3	3	15	I
23.	Jasjit S. Bhattal	2	—	—	—	5	1	—	5	3	8	—	—	16	I
24.	Mithlesh Singh	4	4	3	6	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	16	I
25.	Nirja Gupta	5	3	3	6	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	17	I
26.	Manpreet S. Dhaliwal	2	2	—	—	3	—	6	5	5	—	—	—	17	I
27.	Gayatri D. Sondhi	2	5	6	3	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	18	I
28.	Sanjiv Bery	4	3	3	5	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	18	I
29.	Mala Tandan	1	4	3	6	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	19	I
30.	Jugbirinder S. Gill	3	3	—	—	3	4	—	6	7	—	—	—	19	I
31.	Jyotsna Kumari	2	—	—	—	6	3	—	5	4	6	—	—	20	I
32.	Ferida K. Satarawala	2	—	—	—	7	3	—	5	6	5	—	—	21	II
33.	Gurdip S. Sraw	3	—	—	—	6	3	—	6	3	6	—	—	21	II
34.	Neeraj Madhok	1	5	—	—	3	—	6	6	7	—	—	—	21	II
35.	Sukhminder S. Sekhon	2	2	—	—	7	—	6	6	5	—	—	—	21	II
36.	Suman K. Goel	2	—	—	—	4	3	—	7	5	9	—	—	21	II
37.	Jagdeep K. Sidhu	3	—	—	—	5	3	—	5	5	6	—	—	21	II
38.	Deepak Pandit	3	3	—	—	7	5	—	6	5	—	—	—	22	II
39.	Pankaj Barthwal	4	6	—	—	3	3	—	7	7	—	—	—	23	II
40.	Jasminder S. Bhullar	6	—	—	—	7	2	—	5	4	7	—	—	24	II
41.	Keith Puri	3	3	—	—	5	—	8	6	7	—	—	—	24	II
42.	Shivinder B. Singh	6	7	—	—	8	3	—	5	8	—	3	—	24	II
43.	Sanjiv Tandan	3	3	6	7	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	24	II
44.	Sarabjit S. Chhatwal	3	3	—	—	6	6	—	8	6	—	—	—	24	II
45.	Kr. Manmegh Singh	6	6	—	—	6	4	—	5	4	—	—	—	25	II
46.	Gaurav S. Rana	3	3	—	—	6	—	8	7	6	—	—	—	25	II
47.	Jayant Nanda	3	5	—	—	6	6	—	6	6	—	—	—	26	II
48.	Rakesh Khanna	5	5	—	—	6	—	6	8	4	—	—	—	26	II
49.	Indu R.M. Gore	5	6	5	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	4	7	26	II
50.	Nasjeet S. Goshal	2	7	—	—	6	—	8	6	6	—	—	—	27	II
51.	Nupinder S. Brar	4	6	—	—	4	—	7	6	9	—	—	—	27	II
52.	Hemendra Kochhar	8	6	—	—	3	—	6	8	4	—	—	—	27	II
53.	Dev A.S. Singh	3	6	9	—	7	—	—	—	—	—	6	7	29	II
54.	Radhika Duggal	5	6	6	7	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	III
55.	Rupinder S. Randhawa	7	—	—	—	5	5	—	6	8	7	—	—	—	III
56.	Savita Lalotra	5	5	7	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	9	8	—	III
57.	Deepa R. Dahiya	6	—	—	—	6	9	—	7	6	7	—	—	—	III
58.	Neena Grover	4	6	9	6	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	III
59.	Surendra B. Singh	7	7	—	—	5	8	—	9	7	—	—	—	—	III
60.	Tonsing Lianrammai	3	—	—	—	7	3	—	9	7	9	—	—	—	R.
61.	Yogeshwar D. Sharma	7	—	—	—	4	8	—	9	9	9	—	—	—	R.

The Festival Cricket Match

Though it had been freezing cold since the School reopened, the first Sunday of March, the day of the match, was a bright, crisp day—ideal for cricket. Mr. Mundkur and Mukul Chopra, the two skippers of the staff and students' teams respectively went in to a tumultuous clapping for the 'pre-determined' toss. The formality is invariably completed to befool the spectators but the decision of the 'spin' is always a foregone conclusion. The coin has to fall in favour of the boys and they have to bat first; for, if the staff batted before the children they would be out for a measly score and the match would end in a couple of hours.

This time also the boys went in first for the strike. A seasoned player and the school Coach, Mr. Mundkur opened the attack for the staff from the Pavilion end. Malvinder, to his fear, faced him. Having played the first two balls defensively, Mali opened his account with a half-hearted single. On the last ball of the over Kaushik penalised MK for 2 for his loose delivery. Mr. Bhalerao, an annual bowler, bowled from the Bottleneck end. He gave four runs in his first over. M.K. then bowled a maiden over. The game of 'See—Saw' continued till the sixth over when Mr. Bhalerao drew the first blood of the day, clean bowling Mali with an off spin: he had scored a meagre 2. The score stood at 11. Rajesh Kochhar's chest must have swelled with pride when he hit the first four of the match before the damaging over ended; but he could not hold the fort for long: only MK's over intervened and then he fell an easy prey to Mr. Bhalerao's tempting bait. In trying to hit hard, he could only manage to edge the ball and Mr. Abraham making no mistake about it, accepted the gift. The Captain came two down to join Kaushik who was keeping the score board rattling. It was sad when he was run out trying to sneak in a single. His was an intelligent, flawless, radiant knock of 24.

Jagot Kalra came next to prove his mettle. He batted confidently for some time, hitting boundaries but Mr. Amar Singh, a new member of the staff, was too good for him. Jagot was L.B.W. to a short pitched off spin by him. Sainderpal Singh Sidhu replaced Jagot. Mr. Mundkur on the other end was getting exasperated. In desperation, he struck deadly form and in his 8th over captured two wickets on consecutive balls sending Mukul and Karandeep back to the pavilion for 18 and a duck respectively. Sumit Bagchi and Crow found plenty of gaps in the staff fielding and the ball went all over. The score advanced fast. Ultimately Mr. Bhalerao succeeded in breaking their partnership when he clean bowled Bagchi for 18; the score board read 96. Another ten runs were added when

Mr. Amar Singh tempted Sidhu to hit high and Subhash Gupta held the catch. Crow scored a sparkling 22. Bikram Verma made a useful contribution of 17. He would have scored more, had Rajiv Bhandari and Joginder Bikram not lived upto the reputation of tailenders! Mr. Amar Singh carried on with his onslaught and took Bhandari's wicket without letting him score at all. Mr. C. Abraham bowled four overs: he made the batsmen uncomfortable but luck did not favour him with a wicket. Cheer up Mr. Abraham, there is always a next year. A lot of fun was provided by Mr. S.C. Arora's comic bowling: hardly any ball went straight. He must have given many wide balls but the fearful umpires dared not declare them as such. Joginder tried a four but the Argus-eyed, ever agile MK rounded off the boys' innings at 125 by catching him about 5 metres inside the boundary line. After the match Mr. Arora was informed by the children that he is a googly bowler: ha, ha!

Immediately after lunch Messers Gore and Solomon opened the staff innings. All the knowledge of tangents, speed, impact and curves did not help Mr. Gore who was sent back by Jagot for 2. Mr. Solomon followed to keep him company in the pavilion. He scored a creditable 1! Mr. Mundkur helped the boys to complete three terms of an A.P., as he was clean bowled for a duck by the best ball of the match sent by Bhullar. Staff wickets fell like a house of cards. Only Mr. Amar Singh could put a halt to this sweep by the boys. He seems to know the game: he played with ease: his strokes were confident. He scored a brilliant 28, the highest in the match, before he was caught by Bhullar off Kaushik. Jagot on the other end was in devastating form. He bowled a fast one which beat Mr. Bhalerao completely and hit the middle stump with frightening speed. And lo! the wicket broke into two. He could score only 2. Mr. Pasricha went in and succeeded in equalling the 2nd best score (2) of the staff! Boys showed no mercy even to the HM, let alone the minor fry! He was caught by Crow off Jagot. He played after umpteen years. Mr. Achhar Singh was disappointed when he had to come out for a duck. Better luck next time, Mr. Achhar Singh. Even though Mr. S.C. Arora had threatened Kaushik with dire consequences in Add. Maths, he was undeterred and got him caught in the slips on the very first ball. He took more time in padding up than staying at the crease. Well done Mr. Abraham: five runs, By Jove! excellent performance! Having sent him back, Bagchi offered a lollipop to Mr. Subhash Gupta who tried to leg glance it but it went straight into Kaushik's eager hands. Bagchi and Kaushik, no help to you both in practicals for a month!



Even though all the ten wickets were down, there did not seem to be an end to the tailenders. Haven't the staff got rather a long tail? Messers Nayyar and Sethi were out for 3 each. Mr. Joshi had promised half an omelette to Jagjot for sparing his wicket. Shame! Corruption is creeping in Cricket too! Though he was caught, clean bowled and L.B.W. to three consecutive balls, he refused to come out. The real festival match was on. Scorers joined in the cheering and stopped keeping the count. Some teachers took their batting more than twice and yet could not open their account.

It was regaling to watch the staff field. They pretended to stop the ball without touching it, fearing they would hurt themselves. Catches came straight to their hands: the actions and the gestures were all correct except that the ball fell on the ground. The throwing in of the ball was technically perfect, only it missed the bowler or the wicket keeper by a couple of metres. Some staff were noticed yawning luxuriously. Some, like seasonal birds, come out to bowl and bat only after a year. Chasing of the ball by bulky staff provided a titillating sight. It was all fun and the match concluded on a festive note: the fixture ushered in the cricket season.

S C. Arora

Editor—S. C. Arora.

Owner—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Printed and published at The Lawrence School Press, Sanawar, Simla Hills (H.P.) by S. C. Arora.

Student Reporters

Girls

Arati G. Singh
Harmanjit Kochar

Boys

Pankaj Madhok
Sanjiv K. Singh

Regd. No. P.—129

**THE
SANAWAR
NEWS-LETTER**

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(SIMLA HILLS). (173202)*

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7/6/73.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

184

March

1973

School News

February

25th. The School hummed with life and activity as a cold, drizzling day welcomed the children and Staff back to Sanawar. The day passed in exchanging news and views.

A few improvements could not go unnoticed; Vindhya and Siwalik House new Common Rooms are coming up fast: the construction by the Army of a new playground opposite garden city is going on in full swing. In addition to being indebted to the Western Command we are grateful to the Army officers and the Jawans who are relentlessly working for the completion of the field.

One should not also miss the new flower beds below the wall in front of the Chapel!

26th. Thunder and lightning preceded heavy rain: hail followed later in the day bringing the temperature considerably down. However, the normal work went on as planned. Some Seniors sat for their Core Maths: matrons fitted the children into their kits.

27th. Re-tests commenced. Sr. Staff Meeting was held in M.C.R. in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopcroft visited the School. Their feelings are reproduced inside.

28th. A clear, crisp, crystalline day peered at us as we awoke. Perhaps Nature sensed our mood and joined us in extending a warm welcome to the parents of New Admissions in the Sr. School.

The H.M. and the office handled a monumental pile of work.

Re-tests continued. Hobbies groups were made in the afternoon.

March

1st. Normal classes and hobbies began.

The invasion of Sanawar by parents of New Admissions to Prep. School was most welcome.

Staff News

"Men may come and men may go but I go on for ever". Last year Sanawar saw its usual quota of Staff leaving. We were sorry to bid good-bye to Mrs. Dhami and Mrs. Atma Ram who left to join their husbands: in their places we welcome Miss. Anita Sachar and Mr. Amar Singh respectively. Mr. Sushil Kumar Nayyar has come for Biology and Miss. Kavita Narula has started the new Department of Economics. Capt. M.S. Chhina has replaced Mrs. Mohini Sehgal in the B.D. kitchen.

Our congratulations to Mrs. R.A. Solomon on being appointed Housemistress, Him. House (G.D.). Our good wishes are with her as she shoulders this added responsibility.

O. S. News

Stuart Moore V. S. O. 1963 (72, Delaware Mansions, Delaware Road, London W. 9). I still relish those six most wonderful days spent at Sanawar so recently. It was like the fulfilment of a dream to have seen so many old friends again. How lovely the School was looking and what a magnificent performance last Founder's was I enclose a list of ten One-Act plays which I am sending over to you. I trust there will be something amongst them which proves useful.

Major K. M. Verma, 50-56 (GSO 2 MT 4 (b), Army HQ, General Staff Branch, DHQ, P.O. New Delhi-11). I have recently been posted to Army HQ at New Delhi..... While at Wellington I met Major Som Dutt and we talked about old times. He sent his best wishes to everyone at Sna'. Best wishes and regards to all at Sna'.

Mrs Indu Bailey 59-69 [nee Indu Ahluwalia] (Imperial Manor, 1710 Stone Road, Apt 3. Rochester, N.Y. 14615). We were blessed with a little daughter on 15th Nov. Around 18th Dec. we moved to

Rochester. It is a real big city on the northern side of N.Y. state. My husband has got a new job : he works in Rochester Telephone Co. as a computer operator. Rochester is an industrial city and contains the main part of the Kodak Co. I am attending night school twice a week to get 'High School Equivalency Diploma': the course goes on till 14th May. Then I intend to join a Nursing School for 3 years.

Married

Simret Mann (62—65) to Harinder Katyal on 7-2-73 at Chandigarh.

Sunil Sikand (58—61) to Jyoti on 12-2-73 at New Delhi.

Arvind Deshraj (54—60) to Romila on 25-2-73 at New Delhi.

We send our blessings and wish the couples long and happy married lives.

B. Singh

School Appointments

Congratulations to the following on being appointed prefects for the year 1973 :—

G.D.

Head Girl ... Suneet Kaur Goshal ✓
Games Prefect ... Reena Mukherji ✓
M.I. Prefect ... Rajdeep Brara ✓

Himalaya

School Prefect ... Harveen Sachdeva ✓
House Prefect ... Satinder Lalli ✓

Nilagiri

School Prefect ... Rohini Johar ✓
House Prefect ... Ketaki Banerji ✓

Siwalik

School Prefect ... Harvinder Sahni ✓
House Prefect ... Harmanjit Kochar ✓

Vindhya

School Prefect ... Suneet Kaur Goshal ✓
House Prefect ... Jaswinder Kaur Sawhney ✓

B.D.

Head Boy ... Mukul Chopra ✓
M.I. Prefect ... Satinder Pal Singh Sidhu ✓

Himalaya

School Prefects ... Sumit Bagchi ✓
Sanjeev Sood ✓

Nilagiri

School Prefects ... Pradeep Chaudhry ✓
... Sanjiv Kumar Tandon ✓
House Prefects ... Roy James Ewing ✓
Rajveer Singh Gulia ✓

Siwalik

School Prefect ... Mukul Chopra ✓
House Prefects ... Jagjot Singh Kalra ✓
Harshinderpal Singh ✓

School Prefects ... Karandeep S. Bhullar ✓
Ashok Kaushik ✓

House Prefect ... Jasdeep Singh Ahluwalia ✓

School Calendar—Some Important Dates

March

Thu. 1st Re-tests and New Admissions continue
Sat. 3rd Senior School Social
Sun. 4th Festival: Cricket match
Film
Mon. 5th Cricket Season commences
Medical Inspection commences
Sat. 10th Film
Sun. 11th Staff Club meeting followed by dinner
Mon. 12th P.T. starts
Hodsons start
Boxing training starts
Sat. 17th Film
Tue. 20th Dental Inspection commences
Sat. 24th Hindi Debate (Jrs.)
Sun. 25th Film
Thu. 29th Vind. House Sat. Club 1st performance
(P.D. & L-IV & downwards to attend) ... 4-30 p.m.
Sat. 31st Vindhya House Sat. Club Final performance ... 6-30 p.m.

April

Sun. 1st Film
Sat. 7th English Debate (Srs.)
Sun. 8th Film
Wed. 11th Hodson Heats
Thu. 12th Hodson Heats
Fri. 13th Hodson Heats
Sat. 14th Film
Sun. 15th Foundation Day
Hodson Finals
Mon. 16th Staff Club Tennis Tournament commences
Weighing & Measuring commences
Fri. 20th Good Friday—Holiday
Sun. 22nd Film
Mon. 23rd Boxing Tournament commences
Thu. 26th P.D. Sat Club 1st performance (P.D. & L-IV and downwards to attend) ... 4-30 p.m.

Fri. 27th	First Mark Reading I—H Boxing Finals
Sat. 28th	P.D. Sat Club Final performance ... 6-30 p.m.
Sun. 29th	Sr. School leaves for Camp
Mon. 30th	Prep School, L-III, U-III & L-IV leave for Camp
May	
Fri. 4th	Jr. School breaks Camp
Sat. 5th	Sr. School breaks Camp
Sun. 6th	Film
Sat. 12th	Cricket : Sanawar vs. B.C.S.
Sun. 13th	Cricket : Sanawar vs. B.C.S. Film
Mon. 14th	I—H Cricket commences
Thu. 17th	Nil. House Sat Club 1st performance (P.D. & L IV and downwards to attend) ... 4-30 p.m.
Sat. 19th	Nil. House Sat Club final perfor- mance ... 6-30 p.m.
Sun. 20th	Cricket: P.D. vs. B.D.
Mon. 21st	Soccer Season commences Festival Soccer Match
Sat. 26th	Hindi Debate (Srs.) Staff Club Dinner
Sun. 27th	Film
June	
Sat. 2nd	Mock Parliament
Sun. 3rd	Film
Thu. 7th	Siw. House Sat. Club 1st performance (P.D. & L IV and downwards to attend) ... 4-30 p.m.
Sat. 9th	Siw. House Sat. Club Final perfor- mance ... 6-30 p.m.
Mon. 11th	Staff Club Badminton tournament commences
Sat. 16th	English Debate (Jrs.)
Sun. 17th	Film
Sat. 23rd	Film
Sun. 24th	Soccer: Sanawar vs. B.C.S.
Mon. 25th	I—H Soccer commences Wg. & Mg. commences
Tue. 26th	Himalaya House show 1st performance (P.D. & L IV and downwards to attend) ... 4-30 p.m.
Thu. 28th	Him. House show final perfor- mance ... 6-30 p.m.
Fri. 29th	2nd Mark Reading Soccer: B.D. vs. P.D. Sr. School Social
Sat. 30th	1st Term Ends—Home Day
July	
Sun. 29th	School parties return 2nd Term commences

Sanawar Revisited

It has been a wonderful experience visiting Sanawar again. I was last here, as a member of the teaching Staff in 1939. I was married here to another member of Staff—a Miss Bleach. My memories are of the happiest of days and it is a great pleasure to find so much that has been so well preserved and, indeed, greatly improved upon. Thank you for your warm hospitality. I shall long cherish this visit.

Colin Hopcroft

Having heard so much of Sanawar from Colin, this visit has seemed like a "dream come true"! It has made my first glimpses of the Himalayas so happy and memorable and I shall treasure my memories of the beauty of this lovely place, to say nothing of the delightful welcome and hospitality we received. So many thanks.

Diana Hopcroft

(Diana is Mr. Hopcroft's second wife)

Donations

The first list of donations was published in the September, '72 issue of the News-letter. The second list is published below. We are grateful to all for having donated so generously.

1. Donation received from Sanawar School Staff from Aug., '72 to Feb. '73,	} 2971-86
* 2. Other donations (from 28th Aug., '72 to 28th Feb. '73)	} 28537-42
3. Donation received upto 27-8-72	} 24823-44
Total	56332-72

*M/s Indian cycle & wire Industries			
N. Delhi	...	Rs.	101-00
Mrs. Nanda Subha, Dehra Dun	...	"	126-50
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Shri B.R. Pasricha, Sanawar	...	"	100-00
H.E. The Governor of Haryana, Chandigarh	...	"	15,00-00
H.E. The Governor of Punjab, Chandigarh	...	"	5,000-00
Anonymous	...	"	{ 500-00 200-00
Total	...	"	28,537-42

NOTICE TO ALL O. S.

Please write and ask for the News-letter.

Please write to us your address or any change in it

Please tell us of your doings and when you do write to us, it will be helpful if you mention the years of your stay here e.g. 57-65.

The subscription for the News-letter w.e.f. 1973 is :

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Names and Addresses of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per cent of the total capital. N.A.

The Lawrence School,
SANAWAR (Simla Hills)

I, Subhash Chander Arora, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated 26th February 1973.

Sd- S. C. Arora.

(Signature of Publisher)

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1st February

1973

*School closed
for
Winter Vacation.*

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1st January

1973

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 183

1st December

1972

School News

October

10th. The traditional festival match between the Staff and the School XI heralded the Hockey season. The Staff, whose waistline is constantly increasing and hairline receding, were no match to the children they coach. The boys often ripped open the Staff defence: even Dr. Gupta's refereeing didn't help us much. The boys trounced us 5-0. Neeraj Madhok and Jasjit Bhattal played very well.

14th. Himalaya (B.D.) and Nilagiri (G.D.) claimed the honours in the Inter-House P. T. competition. The standard was quite high.

It was a treat to watch Gaurav Rana doing gymnastics. He was superb and was rightly adjudged the best gymnast for the year. It was sad that Nasjit Goshal hurt himself during the competition: we pray that he recovers soon.

Mrs. Thiagraj w/o Brig. Thiagraj, commander 51 Para Bgde., presented the prizes.

The same evening the HM was At Home to the G.D. prefects.

21st. Hockey Colts and Atoms left for B.C.S. B.C.S. first XI arrived.

22nd. The three hockey matches played. B.C.S. Colts and Atoms were too good for us: they gave us a real drubbing. They will cherish it for long.

In the first XI encounter both the teams were evenly matched. Both the sides, having scored once each, were still looking for a winner when the match ended.

26th. Nervousness possessed the Upper Fivers as their Higher Secondary Core Level exams started.

29th. His excellency the Governor of H.P. and Mrs. Chakaravarti honoured us by paying a visit to the school.

31st. Nervousness gripped the sixth Formers as their I.S.C. exams commenced.

November

1st. G.D. Hockey tournament began.

4th. VI Form thoroughly enjoyed the picnic at Pinjore.

5th. Diwali celebrated with usual gusto.

The bonfire was held on Peacestead. Special dinner that followed in all departments was enjoyed by all.

6th. Trailing by a game, Mr. Y. Brajamani rallied brilliantly to forge ahead and ultimately beat Dr. Dhillon 3-1 in the singles of the Staff Club Table Tennis tournament. It was more a match of patience than skill. Dr. Gupta and Mr. Katoch were the champions in doubles.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

8th. G.D. Hockey matches concluded. Our congrats to Nilagiri and Siwalik which shared the honours.

9th. G.D. Table Tennis matches commenced.

10th. Kudos to Himalayans for wresting the G.D. table tennis title.

11th. A very lively Sr. English debate 'Women Should Wear Cosmetics' took place. Biren Arora had a mischievous smile on his face while he spoke his humorous lines. His diction and delivery were enviable. He was very appropriately adjudged the best debater. Our bouquets to you, Biren. Roy Ewing also acquitted himself very creditably. Mr. Pasricha advised the School that rebuttal was indispensable for effective debating. He emphasized that the factual information used to drive a point home must be correct.

Mrs. Pasricha then gave away the prize.

13th. The Prep School picnicked at Sunshine Valley. The Staff and children all joined in merry-making and had a gala time.

14th. The Children's day was celebrated with great zest. A special Assembly was held where the HM threw some light on Pandit Nehru's qualities and exhorted the School to emulate his example.

The School relished the Pagal Gymkhana organised in the afternoon. It was all fun and frolic. To the children it was an oasis to relax in the desert of hard work and continuous tests. Fancy Dress, a new item introduced this year, was appreciated by all.

18th. As a curtain call to the histrionic activities of the School, two one-act plays, one each in Hindi and English, were staged. Though they were produced at very short notice, they were good by any standards. The Hindi play 'Attache Case' laid threadbare the hollowness and stupidity of a routine tiff between a normal husband and wife. Katakai Banerji played the role of the wife with great confidence. The English play 'The Master Key' was well directed. Roy Ewing as the detective gave a good account of himself. Preeti Batra played the role of an accomplice with verve.

21st. A thoroughly amusing P.D. vs. B.D. hockey match left everybody's honour intact when it ended in a goalless draw. Congrats to all.

22nd. Having entertained B.D. and other G.D. Houses earlier in the month, the HM invited the last batch of U-V (H, G.D.) to dinner.

26th. The whole school gathered at the Bakery to bid good-bye to the Manleys. It was, as is usual, a very touching moment: there were tears in eyes which were used to seeing them for the last ten years. They will be greatly missed here. We wish them well in the future.

28th. Inter-House hockey matches concluded. Our bouquets to Himalaya, Nilagiri and Siwalik Houses for sharing the coveted championship trophy.

O. S. News

L. A. Williams (52 Tivoli Gardens, 17 East Crescent St. Mc Mahons Point, N. S. W. 2060 Australia). The year 1972 will of course go down in future history books some way or the other. To all Sanawarian's spread all over the globe, it will also be remembered with love and pride. We are all a part of Sanawar's history & our names are in "Its" history book.

So, the School is 125 years old or should I say young. Yes, I think I should have said, 125 years young. For, how can something that will live forever like the hill it is built on, ever grow old. Nor will it ever die—the school will have eternal life. May the years ahead, hold nothing but pride and honour for the pages that are to be written & read by thousands who will pass her way.

So, from the thousands of boys & girls—who have helped write the pages of "Sanawar's" history—I would like to "Wish one and all—the School itself—the very warmest wishes on her 125th birthday." May you all be blessed with the love she has shown to thousands. I for one have a memory of her that will live for ever!

So, fellow Sanawarians & Mother Sanawar God Bless & "Never Give In".

Maj K.G. Khanna (E-214 Nariana Colony, New Delhi). We have spent our Annual leave in meeting people looking after the domestic side and so on. I will be going back to Tilaiya on 14th Nov. and to Kalimpong on 27th. Kiran will be staying at Delhi and will be looking forward to come to Sanawar.

Shivinder Sidhu (On Course LGSC Field 632, School of Artillery, Devlali [Maharashtra]). Presently I am doing a long Gunnery Staff Course in this school since 3rd July. The Course is upto 28th July 1973, after which I am likely to be an instructor in the School itself.

I am posting this letter from Dehradun. We are on an educational tour to see the various defence establishments and will be visiting Kanpur, Jabalpur, Madras, Cochin, Bangalore, Poona, Bombay and Ambarnath. I will be back in Devlali on the 15th of October. I once again missed the Founder's because of this trip and Birinder and my other nephews are all annoyed as I have never come up for Founder's. I suppose I will be able to make it with them as O.S.

K. S. Suri, Anil Khanna and Andamanjit Sandhu are the other Sanawarians in the School, all on courses.

Nirmaljit Singh (H-Sqn. N.D.A. Kharakvasla Poona-25.) It gives me great pleasure to correspond with somebody at Sna'. It makes one feel good to know what all is happening up there.

When I came up in June I was pleasantly surprised to see that contrary to my belief Sna' had not gone down but had visibly gained. This was especially so in the general discipline of the School.

Mrs. Indu Bailey (10 Cayuga st. Auburn, N.Y. 13021). So much has happened in such a short time that I really don't know where to start. I got married in December, '71 to a boy from the Peace Corps, Michael C. Bailey. So now I am Mrs. Indu Bailey. It was a very quiet civil wedding, so I don't think many people know about it: it all took place in just two weeks.....We were down in Florida for a while, where Michael was working in 'Disney World' but then we came back to New York state.Right now we are staying in Auburn.....How was Found-

er's this year? I hope in the near future I can make it for Founder's. I always remember the School with pride and joy: really had some wonderful time.Please convey my regards to all the teachers and love to everyone at Sna'.

Bulbul (C/o Lintas India Ltd., Post Box No. 758, Bombay-1). So far my wanderings have taken me across the wilds of Afghanistan where I followed the old Silk Route of Marco Polo up the Wakhan Corridor to the border of Afghanistan, China, Russia and Pakistan, and then I crossed the great Afghan desert through Ghazni and Khandhar to Herat by bus. Afghanistan must be the primal man's last place on earth—and the fruit the sweetest. From the historic city of Herat I caught another bus and went over to Iran to the city of Omar Khayyam at Mashad on the Khorassam plains, then to Teheran and the lovely cities of Isfahan and Shiraz with the awe inspiring ruins of Persepolis nearby.

At Shiraz I read at the 3rd festival of Arts a poem on Persepolis composed for the occasion. In Kabul I was commissioned to do two paintings for the U.S. Embassy. From Teheran I drove up with an Argentinian couple to Istanbul along the fabulous Black Sea route with its mist and pastures and fresh apples, peaches, figs and black berries and through Ankara to Istanbul. It is lovely—so old and so full of beautiful monuments. Then on to Athens. There I had a poetry reading and then sailed for the island of Crete, the seat of European civilization. Then pushed off to Olympia, the most revered spot in ancient Greece, and the Olympic games—the sculpture blew my mind—Praxiteles and Phidias unrivalled till today. On to Corfu from where I sailed to Italy Brindisi and then hitch hiked to Rome. There I went up with Jugnu who has PORCHE and we went around Rome for 10 days. Florence, Switzerland, France and then I reach London where I open an exhibition at the Soho Gallery on the 25th followed by poetry readings at the Fulham Town Hall and Alderborough beside other engagements. Rome will exhibit my works in September, 1973.

B. Singh

The Fête

The annual fête came again, and even though it invariably has the same attractions, it seemed to be enjoyed as much this year as it probably was enjoyed the first time.

Sanawarian boys and girls happily dragged their parents from stall to stall, gradually lightening their wallets. However, most of the parents didn't seem to mind, and readily dished out money, till their children were finally satisfied.

I too went from stall to stall with two of my friends until our supply of money was finally exhausted and we had to call it a day.

Deputy Headmaster's office had temporarily been converted into a fortune teller's booth, where Mr. Joshi tried to look as mysterious as possible, with a false beard that has seen better days. In most of the class rooms were the games—Tambola, Killing the Demon and Darts to name a few. Behind Birdwood was the eating section, which was very crowded. The giant wheel and the Coconut Shy stall also attracted many people. Upstairs in Barne Hall, the O.S. put on loud music to attract the attention of the people below, but all their efforts were in vain, for they didn't draw a very large crowd. However, towards the end of the fête, things warmed up, and Barne Hall was fairly crowded.

As usual, the ice cream was the main attraction, and was sold out before the end of the fête. In VI-A form room, Mr. Bhalerao had put up the cards painted by students. Some of them were very pretty, and were sold quickly.

At about half past eleven, Birdwood began to grow quieter as parents moved to their children's dormitories with them, and finally left for home. The 125th Founder's fête had finally come to an end, and the School wore a deserted look till the end of the holidays.

Arati G. Singh

The Exhibition at Founder's

Sanawar—after a hundred and twenty five years—a hundred and twenty five years of living “in that motto's power” to achieve something, or rather “somethings” in almost every sphere of life.

And so, on 4th October, a very special day, indeed, we, like many before us, walked through the exhibitions, admiring certain things and criticizing others, but not really realizing the main concept behind the School having these “hobbies”; not merely to show them off on display surely?

But let me not get sentimental and be carried away.

I walked, or rather pushed my way through, to the Art Room and ultimately I just about managed to see the paintings—why do people insist on holding long conversations inside a stuffy room, when there is all the time and space outside? Anyway, Nickie Grover's 'Landscape', in oils and Jyotsna Jamwal's mural were outstanding.

I was then caught in the flux to the Craft Room and ... But, it was obvious that the boys had really worked hard both at this and at Carpentry. There were some rather original ideas discernible in the Carpentry Room. Something that was very noticeable was that the utility articles were much better and in better taste than the statues and the more abstract works.

Whew—fresh air! Then to the Needle-work Room. The first thing that struck me here was that although there was a decrease in the quantity of work done, the quality had much improved. Harveen Sachdeva's tablecloth in white crochet was beautiful—how does she have the patience to do such delicate work? Jyotsna Kumari's shadow work tea napkin in white organdie was lovely. The toys in the centre were very cute, too.

But, I really can't end without a word to the proud mamas who so eagerly scanned their children's handiwork—what do I say? Sanawar is just as proud of them as you are.

Ferida Satarawala

❀ विदा गीत ❀

(VI फॉर्मर्स की विदा—बेला में—'उनसे कुछ कहना है')

तुम फूलो—फूलो, और आगे बढ़ो,

ये दुआएं तुम्हारे सदा साथ हैं!

जीवन की डगर में न तुम भूलना,

खूबसूरत नगर में न तुम खूलना;

ये बहारें तो फिर साथ आजाएंगी,

पर बीती घड़ी हाथ न आएंगी;

इसलिए तुम चलो, और आगे बढ़ो,

ये दुआएं तुम्हारे सदा साथ हैं!

सागर की लहर से न तुम खेलना,

गागर के जहर को न तुम छेड़ना;

ये कयामत की रातें तो आजाएंगी,

पर नियामत की बातें न हो पाएंगी।

इसलिए कुछ थमो, फिर आगे बढ़ो,

ये दुआएं तुम्हारे सदा साथ हैं!

यह जमाना कहीं से कहीं जा रहा,

धरा से गगन को यह बतला रहा;

ज्ञान पाकर ये 'थान' अब उधर जाएंगे,

चाँद—तारे धरा पर उतर आएंगे!

इसलिए उठ पढ़ो, और आगे बढ़ो,

ये दुआएं तुम्हारे सदा साथ हैं!

राजकमल

॥ अगर मैं प्रधान मंत्री होती ॥

अगर मैं भारत की प्रधान-मंत्री होती तो वर्तमान भारत को नवभारत का रूप दे देती। सबसे पहले मैं भारत की जनाधिक्य, निरक्षरता व निर्धनता की समस्याओं को हल करती। सब भारतवासियों को निःशुल्क और अनिवार्य शिक्षा-सुविधाएँ प्रदान करती। मैं अनेक ऐसे सरकारी हस्पताल खुलवाती जिनमें निर्धन रोगी मुफ्त चिकित्सा करवा सकते। हर भूमिहीन किसान को इतनी भूमि अवश्य दिलाती, जिससे खेती-बाड़ी द्वारा वह अपने परिवार को पाल सके!

मैं देश व देशवासियों की मलाई के लिए दिन-रात (कम-से-कम २१ घंटे) काम करती ताकि इस आदर्श को मेरे मन्त्री-मण्डल के अन्य मन्त्री भी अपने राजनैतिक जीवन में अपनाते।

मैं अपने देश में जीवन की अनिवार्य वस्तुओं की न्यूनतम कीमतें निर्धारित कर देती ताकि कोई भी नागरिक बढ़ती कीमतों का शिकार न होजाए! मैं कालाबाजारिये, मुनाफ़ाखोर व जमाखोर व्यापारियों को कठोर कारावास की सज़ा दिलाती।

इस प्रकार मैं अपने देश को शांति, प्रगति व समृद्धि के मार्ग पर अग्रसर कर 'सुराज्य' की स्थापना करती।

सुनयना लो

G.D. House Matches

The girls in the Girls' Department are not very good at Hockey but they try their best. This year nearly all the matches were goal-less draws and the only matches won were won by the Nilagarian Juniors, against Vindhya and Himalaya, the Vindhyan Seniors against Nilagiri and the Siwalikan Seniors against Vindhya.

It was the last match, and positions depended on this game. It was a Senior match between Nilagiri and Siwalik. All of us hoped it would be a draw, for then we Siwalikans would come first with Nilagiri. The match was very interesting. Sometimes the ball came to our goal: we used to shout then. Sometimes it went to the other side. But nobody could score a goal. When the match ended we were rejoicing, for we had shared the cup with Nilagiri House with 7 points each. I enjoyed every bit of the match. It was really exciting.

The best players in all the matches were Alka Sood, the Himalaya goalie, Moite Tonsing and Veena Ghungesh of Nilagiri, Mala Tandon and Sadhna Singh of Siwalik and Arti Ahluwalia of Vindhya.

Niraj Jhina
(Upper III)

Hockey: Sanawar vs. B.C.S.



It was a clear October morning as the school and visitors settled down to watch the much talked about match between the Sanawar first XI and its known rival B.C.S.

Barnes for once looked well watered as the captains came in for the toss. The difference in size of the two captains, Bhattal and Mankotia, applied to almost all members of the teams. But B.C.S. made up for what it lacked in size by agility and swift, crisp passing which is their hallmark.

The toss went in our favour and the reds and whites came in ceremoniously to take their respective positions. The sight gave one a feeling of confidence and many doubts about the capabilities of the Sanawarian team were allayed.

The match started on a fast note. In a matter of minutes Sanawar was put on the defensive. Fortunately our defence line did not crack to the fast and well co-ordinated onslaught of the B. C. S. forwards. Within a short time Sanawar earned a short corner which was taken by our captain. However, Bhattal's hard shot was pulled up for sticks.

In the meanwhile B.C.S. made raids towards our citadel but all were superbly thwarted by the Sanawarian defenders.

Shiv Kapoor was playing a pivotal role for B. C. S. and closely matched our captain's game.

Mankotia gave a fine show and we could see him darting about the the field like a Titan.

Towards the end of the first half inside-right, Roach, capitalised on a free hit taken from outside our 'D' and scored for B.C.S. : a sporty cheer was given to B.C.S. The game commenced again.

The Sanawarians now began to fight back determinedly. They showed the true Sanawarian 'Josh' as they endeavoured time and again to break through the solid, concrete wall of B.C.S. defence. The exchanges in the first half were evenly shared though B.C.S. had the edge in attack. Play adjourned to a half time score of 1—0 in favour of B.C.S.

The first ten minutes of the second half belonged entirely to B.C.S. as they swarmed our goalmouth many a time. It appeared as if the spirit had been knocked out of the Sanawarians. But true to the motto our team did not 'give in' and managed to get the ball to the favourable side of the half line.

The cheering of the crowd rose to unintelligible shout every time Bhattal moved up to partner Sekhon. The two of them formed a wonderful combination and gave an exhilarating display of stickwork and skill. In the defence, the Sanawarian deep defenders Ashwani Khanna, N. S. Brar, R. S. Kadyan and Gaurav Rana, continued to give a sterling display of perfect anticipation and good clearances. The match built up momentum as again and again the two teams clashed in fighting spirit, skill and the will to win.

The Sanawarian forwards continued to raid B.C.S. ineffectively. We forced three penalty corners all of which were taken by Bhattal. They were foiled by the agile goal keeper.

Sekhon was knocked down deliberately in the 'D' and as the school reacted, he successfully converted the resultant penalty push and drew level with B.C.S. The crowd went wild with joy and a completely transformed and encouraged Sanawarian XI settled down to fight out the rest of it.

We came close to another goal as Bhattal dribbled through the entire B.C.S. defence and passed the ball to Sekhon in the 'D' who flicked it back to Bhattal in style. Unfortunately Bhattal's shot failed to dodge the Argus-eyed B.C.S. goalkeeper.

The match finally ended in a 1—1 draw. It was a change from the usual encounter between the two schools and was played in the true spirit of the game. To have drawn with B.C.S. was quite creditable, for we practised only for ten days.

Ajay Bawa

Sanawar Recalled

When I arrived at Sanawar in February 1969, I was just eighteen. I sometimes think it was a bad, and sometimes a good, age to come. My memories of my stay there divide along those two lines of thought.

It was a bad age because I was more interested in myself than in the school. To the diminishing number of staff and pupils that remember me, it must have seemed that I spent far too much of my time on my own music practice, my own reading and writing, my own solitary walks. "Why doesn't he emerge?" the boys and girls may have thought as they walked past the open doors of my room in the library building, "play games, talk to us?". Avoidance of all games, in a school that rightly valued them highly, must have been particularly perplexing. Even if I swam, it would be during supper, when I could steal down with no one to look at me, except, if I mistimed it, the girls waiting to go into supper would drop gales of laughter from on high as my enormous length traversed the pool in three or four strokes.

Much of this was shyness, but at the same time self-consciousness often expressed itself in brazen displays of confidence that Radice's personal interests and preoccupations would, naturally, be shared by everyone around him. Hence I foisted on my poor pupils a multiplicity of apparently irrelevant subjects; I 'went on far too long' on the days I took Prayers; I expected close attention if I played the piano, when, with the instrument out of tune, it must have been agony to Indian ears. Plain self-indulgent! And I remember one class making it quite clear that this was exactly what they thought of a lesson I tried to give on the history of the Jews.

Was it wholly so? During my first weeks at Sanawar I was critical. Most of the criticisms had evaporated by the time I left, convinced that the Public School Ideal had a real *raison d'être* in modern India, as it had in nineteenth century England. Nevertheless there was a way in which just being my self-conscious self may have added something to the school, making eighteen a good age to have come after all. I think that Sanawar developed community slightly at the expense of awareness of the world outside; I also think it developed teamwork at the expense of the inner life of of the mind. In so far as there was ever a method in my madness, I tried to fill these two gaps, in a spirit of idealism that I doubt I would be capable of now. I knew that in a few months one could accomplish little. But one could, I said to myself, drop a few hints. Hints about our wider human potential, about the different ways in which it could

be fulfilled, about our obligation to fulfil it. Hints about how to learn, from which, as the boys and girls grew up, they might possibly, oh so possibly, benefit. It was very easy, especially if one got up to watch the early morning sunlight on the distant Himalayas, to imagine that Sanawar gave one all one would need in life, and simply forget the heat and entanglements of the plains below.

It sounds too messianic. I couldn't have given Sanawar a tenth of what it gave to me. But that, to coin a phrase, is another story.

Plunging into university life on my return, changing a lot, meeting new people including my wife-to-be, has made it hard to keep the closeness of contact that would truly acknowledge the immense kindness done to me by so many at Sanawar. The 125th anniversary of the school's foundation is a fitting occasion on which to send my deepest thanks and best wishes to all.

65, Cholmly Crescent,
London—N-6.

William Radice

(William taught English, music, and general subjects in 1969, between leaving school and going to university)

The Variety Concert

This year Sanawar celebrated its 125th Founder's and as a gesture to this very special, in fact unique, occasion, it was decided to extend Founder's by a day and begin the Founder's week on 1st October instead of the usual 2nd October.

A Variety Concert was arranged on 1st October, 1972. By 4-30 p.m Barne Hall was jampacked and one had occasion to realize that this year's Founder's had drawn a far larger crowd of parents, O.S. and other guests than ever before.

The concert started at 5-00 p.m. sharp. The first item was, as customary in all Sanawar variety shows, a tune played by the School Orchestra. But there was a difference this year in the fact that after many, many years, a few boys participated in it.

The next item was a solo dance "Shrita Kamala" by Jyotsna Jamwal. She danced with grace and skill and the parents and O.S., I am sure, must have enjoyed this dance very much.

Next was a one act play in English. "Tea for Three". It was a thriller and the atmosphere was

tense right from the word 'go'. The direction was very good and the casting very appropriate—Ferida Satarawala made a perfect murderess while Gaurav S. Rana made an excellent victim.

Another solo dance, "Shrikari Nritya", by Suneet Kaur was next. She danced well and one could almost picture the taut string of the bow and the quivering arrow as it sped towards its target.

Vasant Dhar next played a trumpet solo—"Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White" accompanied on the drums by Jai Singh Pathania. Their's was a really professional performance.

Sumit Bagchi sang three Hindi Songs and, as always, received thunderous applause for his wonderful singing, even though some of the words were not from the original lyrics.

Gaurav S. Rana came on with a trumpet solo, "Quando, Quando". He was accompanied by Jai Singh Pathania once again. He too was excellent and put the audience in a receptive mood for the dance drama which was the last item of the programme.

"Shri Krishan Leela"—a dance drama, was unique in the sense that never before had the Barne Hall stage seen anything like it. It traced through a number of scenes depicting various episodes in the life of Shri Krishan—from birth till adulthood. The idea was very good but unfortunately there didn't seem to be much variety in the Kathak steps that were being used and the audience, most of whom were untrained in the intricacies of Indian classical dancing, did at times tend to shuffle and be noisy and a few people even left the hall.

After about an hour the dance drama concluded and the audience gave a prolonged applause to the effort and hard work that had so obviously gone into the effort.

The show ended with the Old Sanawarians presenting a gift to the actors after which the customary first verse of the School song was sung. Thus concluded the first function of a very special Founder's.

Neeraj Madhok

Picnic at Sunshine Valley

Today is the 13th. How excited I was! For what reason? Guess! Prep School is off for a picnic to Sunshine Valley. I hurried and made my bed. I got ready.

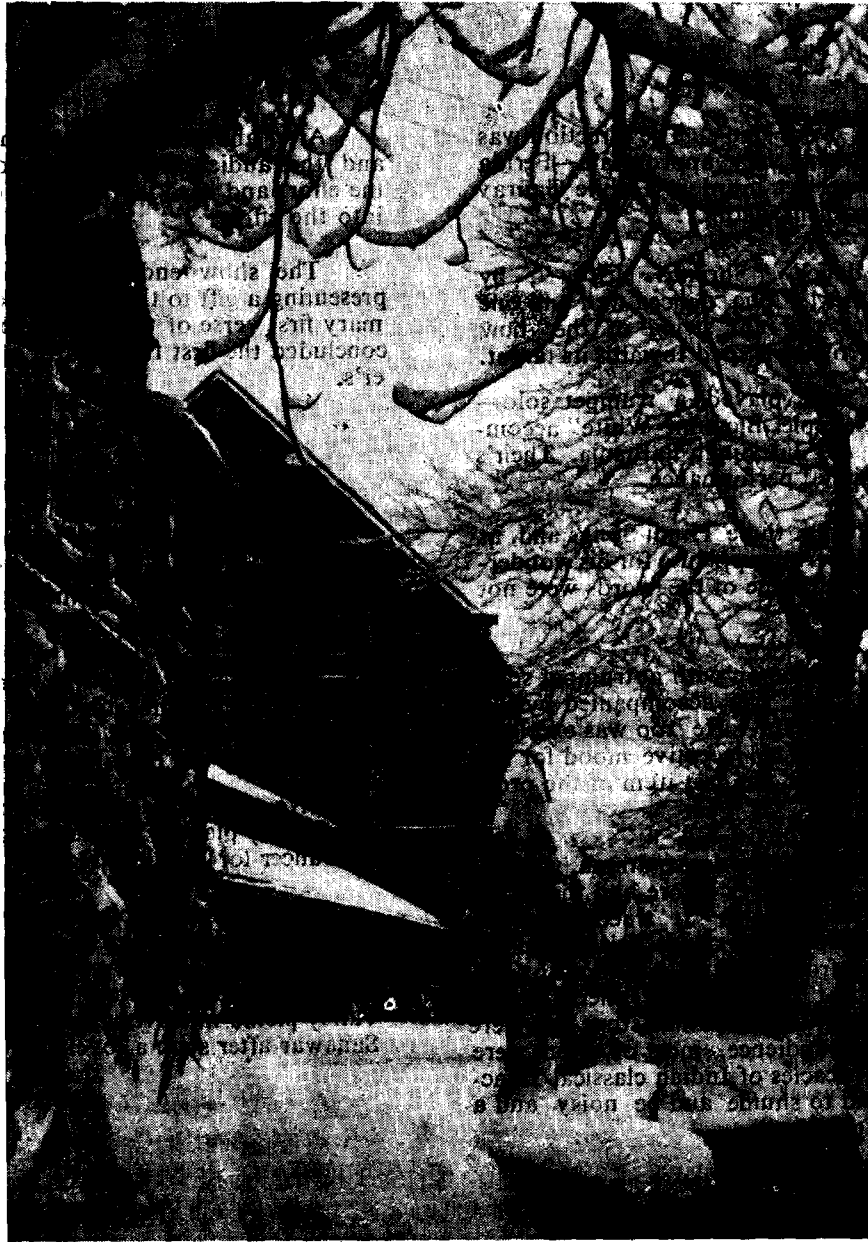
Ooh! What fun! We were getting cornflakes with sugar. I ate heartily. My stomach was full. I could hardly walk, but it was much better than going in a stuffy old bus.

We reached there and bagged a camp. We acted many plays. We sang songs too. I was the announcer for Vindhya House.

In our camp we played Catching Cook. I had a boat. I sailed my boat in the pond, but it sank. At tea time we got Barfi and Dal. After tea we had to walk back to Sanawar. Too soon our Sunshine Valley picnic was over. How sad we felt to return to Sanawar after such a lovely day.

Rupinder Singh
(Form II)

WINTER



Birdwood

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

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**THE
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NEWS-LETTER**

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

No. 182

1st November

1972

School News

August

26th. 'Home is the Best School for the formation of a child's character' was debated by the Juniors. The standard was far too high to be acceptable.

Our congrats to Biren Arora for being adjudged the best debater. Ravinder Tak and Linda Kerr also spoke very well.

Miss Chatterji presented the prize.

30th. Sanawar showed its mettle by standing first in the Inter-School National Folk Songs competition held at Dagshai Public School under the auspices of the Ministry of I & B, Govt. of India. Keep it up, Sanawar.

31st. Sanawar organised the Inter-School declamation contest under the patronage of Directorate of Field Publicity, Ministry of I & B. Eight schools participated. Sanawar, as perfect hosts, let Carmel Convent, Chandigarh, win the first position! (Is it really so? No, they deserved it) Their two girls, Bindu Bambaha and Raj Lakshmi Singh, had been drilled to perfection. They excelled almost in every point of Public Speaking—pronunciation, diction, matter, language and delivery. Our hats off to them. Our kudos also to them for claiming the 1st and 2nd positions respectively. Sanawar stood 2nd followed by Punjab Public School, Nabha.

Mention must also be made of Amrita Dhawan who, though not placed so high, spoke extempore with an eloquent delivery.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

September

5th. Swimming Heats started. Nilagiri took a small lead.

9th. Swimming gala held.

Everything went off swimmingly. Three new events, butterfly stroke, back stroke and breast stroke, were introduced this year. The standard was quite high: it is a good augury for Sanawar.

Sanjiv Bery (V), R. Malhotra (V) and Vikram Vasudeva (N) were the most outstanding swimmers in B.D. Anjali Ewing (N), Jyotsna Kumari (S), and Linda Kerr (N) stood out prominently in G. D. Linda deserves a pat on the back for breaking the U-13 one length record.

Vindhya and Himalaya respectively broke the U-15 and U-13 House Relay records: well done.

Vindhya House succeeded in dislodging the reigning Champions, Nilagiri who had always bragged about it. Our bouquets to you, Vindhya. Our congratulations to Nilagiri and Siwalik for sharing the G. D. Championship cup.

Mrs. Advani of B.C.S. gave away the prizes.

The same evening the HM was At Home to the B.D. prefects.

16th. 'Capital Punishment should be abolished' was avidly debated by the Seniors. It was heart-warming to listen to them: it augured well for the School.

Arati G. Singh spoke very seriously and claimed the honours for the day. Jyotsna Jamwal spoke extempore and was very impressive. Ajai Shukla put life into the debate by injecting humour into it.

Mr. Pasricha stressed that rebuttal and putting emotion into one's speech were important for good debating. Miss Chatterji then presented the prize.

was flawless. Jyotsna Kumari and Jasjit Bhattal together stole the show. Preeti Batra drew applause for her fine acting. Could we dare ignore Nikhil Rawley, the heir apparent? No, of course not. Well done, Nikhil.

5th. Have you ever heard of anybody being fleeced happily? Yes, it happens at the Fête day in Sanawar. Staff quite successfully followed the annual motto: Rob the Parents. A gay mood was abundantly manifest: it was all fun and frolic.

Most of the children left with their parents in the afternoon.

The O.S. Meeting was held at 2-30 p.m. at the Staff Club tennis courts.

The O.S. dinner and dance wound up another successful Founder's.

6th. Nature was cruel in snatching away from us Mr. Jagat Ram, the carpentry instructor. He had worked hard and put up an excellent exhibition during Founder's. It will be impossible to replace such an honest and industrious man.

His death must be a hard blow to his family. We know words are a poor consolation but for whatever they are worth, we offer our condolences to the bereaved family.

The School Athletic team left for Patiala to participate in the North Zone Inter Public School Athletic Meet.

8th. The School pulsated with life as the children returned after a restful time at home. They looked refreshed, radiant and fit to face a couple of months' hard work.

The School Athletic team returned from Patiala. Its performance was quite good. We stood third from amongst the eleven participating Schools.

9th. Two minutes' silence observed in the Assembly in honour of Mr. Jagat Ram.
Normal teaching commenced.

*** Greetings for Founder's were received from ***

Maj. & Mrs. Som Dutt
Mr. Jagdish Ram
Mr. & Mrs. Mountford
Mr. & Mrs. Sikund
Mrs. Cherian
Mr. W. Radice
Mrs. V.W. Carter
Miss P. Rudra
The Sobtis
Ranjit Bhatia
Rajinder Singh

Ootacomund
Paprola
Darjeeling
Uganda
Madras
U.K.
U.K.
Ajmer
New Delhi
London
Dehradun

Minakshi Biswas
Parthasarthi Biswas
Gurmeet Oberoi

Brijindra
Shivinder Sidhu
Tejpal Chaudhry (Mrs.)
Late 2/Lt. Arun Khetarpal P.V.C.
Maj. A.S. Bal M.V.C.
Maj. B.S. Takhar
Capt. A.K. Kak
Nirmaljit Singh

Luv Gadiok
Vikram Advani
Ravinder Kadan
Satdev Bajaj
Sunil Kalia
Premindda Batra
L.A. Williams
S.S. Bhasin

} Calcutta

} New Delhi
Jabalpur
Poona

} Poona Horse
C/o 56 APO

} N.D.A.
Khadakvasla

} Lucknow
Australia
Tehran

Founder's Speeches

Headmaster's.

Dr. and Mrs. Karan Singh, Members of the Board of Administration, Lovedale, Members of the Board of Governors, Sanawar, Ladies, Gentlemen, Old Sanawarians, Boys and Girls,

May I on behalf of the students, staff and the Board of Governors and myself say how happy we are to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Karan Singh in our midst today to the 125th Founder's of the School...

In you, Dr. Karan Singh, we not only have the descendant of a former benefactor of the School, but also a parent, a Cabinet Minister and a scholar of distinction as well as a patron of the arts. You were catapulted into political life at the age of eighteen, and you have discharged your duties with charm, grace and efficiency. You have continued to enjoy widespread popularity and respect among all sections of the people. In March, 1967, when you joined the Union Cabinet, you, at the age of 36, were the youngest person ever to become a Central Cabinet Minister. ..

You are the most befitting bridge across the generation gap—the gap between the old and the growing youth. We are, consequently, very fortunate in having you on this historic occasion of our 125th Founder's.

With your permission, Sir, may I also welcome the Members of the Board of Governors, and especially so Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, a parent and Mr. Ranjit Bhatia, an Old Sanawarian who have joined the Board this year. May I also place on record our thanks to Mr. T. P. Singh who has been replaced as Chairman by Mr. I. D. N. Sahi. Mr. Sahi was

very keen to come to the School but his presence has been denied to us as he had suddenly to proceed to Bangladesh.

We also welcome Mr. & Mrs. Vyas who are visiting the School for the first time. Mr. Vyas took over Lovedale in the beginning of this year.

Last, but not the least, a very affectionate welcome to that most important group—the Old Sanawarians and their life partners. Among these I may make a special mention of Bill and Phyll Colledge : incidentally, today is their wedding anniversary, and this is their seventh visit to the School all the way from U. K.

Mr. Stuart Moore who was with us as a VSO has specially come from London.

We are very grateful to the officers in the neighbouring Cantonments and areas, and our particular thanks are due to :—

Lt. Gen. K. P. Candeth, GOC-in-C, Western Command.

Lt. Gen. N. C. Rawley, Quartermaster General.
Lt. Gen. O. P. Malhotra, Corps Commander, XI Corps.

Major General S. S. Padha, Area Commander.
Brig. S. S. Panwar, Commander HQ Sub Area.
Brig. A. L. Kochhar, Chief Engineer, Western Command.

Brig. E. A. Thiagraj, Commander 51 Para Bde.,
Brig. G. S. Grewal, Commander 323 Inf. Bde.,
Col. Pratap Singh Gill (of the Hodson Horse),
Col. S. Bosle, Commander 14 G. T. C Subathu.
Lt. Col. G. C. Sharma, Officer Commanding,
Military Hospital, and Major Harish Chandra,
Garrison Engineer,

for extending us all out help. We are also thankful to General S. H. F. J. Manekshaw, Major General R. D. R. Anand and Lt. Col. K. S. Randhawa for kindly arranging war trophies for the School.

We are also thankful to the Director, Central Research Institute and the Medical Superintendent, Lady Linlithgow Sanatorium, and their staff for extending their full help and co-operation to us.

We are also thankful to :—

(1) Mr. P. Krishnamurti for getting a concessional rate for water supplied by the M. E. S.;

(2) Mr. Khushwant Singh for including a reference to Sanawar in the special article on the Public Schools in the Illustrated Weekly of India dated 1st October, 1972;

(3) Mr. S. D. S. Chauhan for arranging the fire-works display which you witnessed on the evening of the 1st;

(4) Col. V. R. Mohan for agreeing to give Rs. 2,000/- annually for instituting a scholarship;

(5) Col. M. M. L. Whig for helping the School in building near Gaskell Hall cloakrooms for use of visitors;

(6) Col. Gupte and Mrs. Achint Bawa for arranging two Hindi plays, DHARAMSHALA and KATGARH, and also for sending a team of experts who trained our students in Nati and Bhangra items of the Tatoon;

(7) Mr. G. C. Bharadwaj, Field Publicity Officer, Chandigarh, for arranging an Inter-School Declamation Contest in Sanawar;

(8) Mr. Stanley Hodgson, Representative of the British Council in India for presenting 13 volumes of the Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia.

Since my last report, events in India have been moving fast. India has been successfully able to help in the liberation of Bangladesh, and, if I may put it, to cut Pakistan to size. Our thoughts naturally go to the memory of three gallant Old Sanawarians :

2/Lt. Arun Khetarpal, Param Vir Chakra (1962—66);

Major Vijay Rattan Chowdhry, Maha Vir Chakra (1949—54);

Major Devinder Singh Pannu, Vir Chakra (1952—55),

who in the true spirit of our School motto 'Never Give In' laid down their lives fighting for the honour of the country.

With the increasing stress on socialism and equality of opportunity we often hear of GARIBI HATAO and CEILINGS ON PROPERTY AND INCOME. While there could be no objection to the levelling up of the down-trodden, we sincerely hope that these efforts will not result in an all-round levelling down and in the lowering of the standards. While opportunities must be provided to a much larger number of students to get the quality education provided by the schools of our type, there should be no tampering with the quality or the independence of these schools. In this connection it is heartening to note that the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare, in its blue book on 'Education in the Fifth Five Year Plan 1974—79', has for the first time recognised that while education has to be a powerful tool of social transformation, economic growth, modernization and national integration, there should be pace-setting institutions and autonomous colleges all over the country, which would help in improving the standards all round. In order to do this it also rightly stresses the need of a national scholarship policy so that the talented students are able to receive the best education.

As part of our contribution to this ideal of equality of opportunity we have decided to expand the School so that the Government of India scholars could be accommodated without debarring our present clients. Consequently, we have embarked on a fund-raising campaign, and it is indeed heartening that the Old Sanawarians and the Parents have whole-heartedly come forward to involve themselves in this laudable cause. We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to all who have helped, as also to all those who will be continuing or coming forward to help us in future.

On this historic occasion of the 125th Founder's of the school we had ventured to issue a special Souvenir Brochure and tried to highlight some of the features of the institution. We apologise if, because of our inexperience, there have been any omissions. We are happy to announce that over a lakh worth of advertisements have been procured for the Souvenir. We would like to place on record our gratitude to all those who have found time to send us their good wishes and messages. A special mention needs here to be made of President V. V. Giri, Sir John Lawrence, Mrs. Barne, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Tilley.....

The 1971 Indian School Certificate Examination results with 24 first, 18 second and 7 third divisions have been very good. Virendra Patole with 6 points has established a record for the School and deserves our heartiest congratulations. He has thrown a challenge to the present Sixth Formers which we are sure they will not take lying down.

In the extra-curricular activities we have not only been continuing the old activities but have also added new ones. The standard of House and the Prep. School Shows has, if anything, improved. Our teams in the Inter-School Folk Songs competition and in the Inter-School Declamation Contest were adjudged first and second respectively.

Our Cricket XI trounced our traditional rivals, Bishop Cotton School, and in Soccer our Colts won a resounding victory and our Atoms secured a respectable draw. B. C. S., however, had the better of us in other groups.

The following new records have been established this year in Swimming :—

Linda Kerr smashed the 1945 1 length Girls Under 13 record.

Vindhya House broke 1967 Boys House Relay Under 15 record.

Himalaya House broke the 1968 Boys House Relay Under 13 record.

With deep regret we will be bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Manley. Mr. Manley is leaving after a decade of honest service at the School.

With the opening of an extension counter of the State Bank of Patiala at Sanawar, the bank has come to our very door and we hope that this will help the senior students to understand the banking system better.

For the first time we very hesitantly tried to involve parents with our problems, and we are extremely grateful to all for such a generous and ready response. We are sure that with the continued involvement and help from the parents and the Old Sanawarians, and the wise guidance of such an august body of our Board of Governors, the School has a very bright future.

As for the Staff, they continue to devote themselves to duty, and when everybody does his bit in a team spirit, mentioning names would be improper. But I shall be failing in my duty if I do not, besides the Heads and Incharges of various Deptts., make a mention of Dr. H.P.S. Dhillon, Dr. D.C. Gupta, Mr. Gian Singh and Mr. Dhani Ram Sharma of the Printing Press who had to slog for getting the Brochure out in time. I am conscious of and thankful for the help and co-operation which one and all of every department, high and low, have extended to me during the year, and particularly so to make the celebrations of the 125th Founder's a success.

An institution lives by its traditions, by the standards that it sets for itself to achieve and by the performance of its alumni. Sanawar has every reason to be proud of these traditions and of its old students who have contributed more than their due share in different walks of life. They have always considered Sanawar as their home and have never missed an opportunity for home - coming. May I here, however, place before you the following thought to ponder:—

“Minds are like parachutes. They only function when open.”

Before I sit down I would like once again to say how very grateful we are to Dr. and Mrs. Karan Singh. I am aware a large number of our revered guests are here because of your magnetic personality, and we thank you for honouring us.

Chief Guest, Dr. Karan Singh's

Headmaster, Members of the Board of Governors,
Staff and Students of the Lawrence School,
Ladies and Gentlemen.

Anniversaries are occasions that link the past with the present and project our minds on to the future. 1972 has been a year of anniversaries.

There has been, of course, the major anniversary of our freedom—25 years since we became a free country, and I think it is tremendously important that those who belong to the post-Independence generation, as I and, of course, all the students of this School do, must be aware of the great saga of the freedom struggle. I find that we tend to take our freedom very much for granted, and many of the young people today are not aware of the sacrifices and struggles that went into the attainment of this freedom. Nothing in the world is obtained unless the price is paid, and our freedom was obtained by paying a very heavy price in service and sacrifice through long years and decades by many thousands and lakhs of people. I think it is important that the modern generation should be fully aware of this, because then freedom will be something which will be treasured more deeply.

The fact that we live in a free, democratic society as free citizens of a free country is a very rare privilege still in this world, because I think the majority of the human race does not have the freedom that we have in India. That is the main anniversary this year. But here in this School it is a unique occasion - a hundred and twenty-five years since the school was founded, a long period covering perhaps the most important years of Indian history. I think it is unique that an institution like this should have survived for so long and should have served generation after generation of people living in this country, and today should be celebrating its 125th anniversary.

As the Headmaster said, I consider it a very strange and happy coincidence that my own ancestor was associated with the founding of this School, and through the years and the decades I now find myself here in the fifth generation as a parent of this very School. I think it is, in a way, a very moving link between the past and the present. I have attended six Founder's days here, but this one, of course, is unique. I am privileged and proud that I have been invited on the occasion of the 125th anniversary of this School, and I would like to convey my very warmest greetings and congratulations to the staff and the students who are here today and those who are not here, who are in different parts of the country and different parts of the world. I hope that our friends who have come here from the United Kingdom will carry back with them my personal greetings to the Old Sanawarians who live in the United Kingdom, because in a way Sanawar not

only links the centuries, it also links nations. The old relationship between Britain and India, one of domination, has changed now to a relationship between equals, and I think it is an excellent thing that a School like this is able to act as a binding force across the continents, across the oceans, because the deep link of a school is something that cuts across all barriers of race, creed and religion, and even of nationality, and knits people together regardless of where they may be in the world.

As the students of any institution are its life-blood, I will address my remarks this afternoon more to the students than to the parents or the teachers. And to the students I would like to say this; please always remember that, living as we are in a vast ocean of poverty and deprivation, those of you who have the advantage of excellent education in such beautiful surroundings are a privileged few and, therefore, you must be fully aware of the responsibility that you owe to the broader community in which you live, and of the fact that this rare opportunity you have been given should be utilised to its fullest.

There are four special aspects which I think need to be stressed in your education.

The first, of course, is the body. We want young people with muscles of iron and nerves of steel if a new India is to be built. Building a new country is not a work for people who are weak, and I must say I have been deeply impressed by the Tattoo last night and by the Parade this morning. I would like to compliment and congratulate the students for the excellent show that they put up. Their physical skills and their stamina are really quite astonishing, and I think it is a very good augury for the future that our young men and women should pay such a lot of attention to physical perfection, because that to my mind is the very first prerequisite of a good education.

The second aspect is development of the mind. We live in an age of science and technology when new knowledge is pouring into the world at a fantastic rate, and during the process of education your minds must be sharpened so that you can take advantage of this new knowledge and can help to yoke the power of science and technology to the chariot of India's progress. Intellectually it is tremendously important that you must develop these faculties, and along with intellectual development you must also develop

the aesthetic sensibility, the awareness of beauty, the creation of beauty, through art and music and literature. And here again I have for the last many years been seeing your exhibitions and the work that is done in this School, and I am very happy that this aspect of the human personality is being particularly looked after in this School—the all-round development of the human faculties: of the mind, of intellect and of the aesthetic sensibility.

Then there is the spiritual dimension. It is very difficult to talk about that, but it is, nevertheless, perhaps the most important single dimension which differentiates the human being from many other species that live on this planet. The inner integration, the dedication to goals and ideals that transcend the human condition and that take us from time into the timeless. This, of course, is a sphere in which there can be no parade and no exhibition, it is something that will develop within you, because in the ultimate analysis the spiritual dimension is an inner one. I feel hopeful that, living as you do in these beautiful surroundings near nature and imbibing the beauty of the mountains around you, this aspect also will be developed in the students of this institution.

And, finally, one has got to knit these various aspects into the framework of discipline and a team spirit. This has been one of our national weaknesses through the centuries. We have never in this country lacked individual genius. We have produced individually some of the greatest scientists, some of the greatest artists and philosophers, some of the greatest fighters. What we have lacked from time to time in our history is the capacity to knit ourselves together into a disciplined team and thereby to bring to its full power the various individual resources and faculties that we possess. I think one of the big advantages of a public school education is this team spirit that it imbibes in the students. It develops in the students the capacity to subordinate their individual preferences to broader goals, and this is a very important part of education, because when you leave this School and you go out into the wider world you will find very often, in fact almost invariably, that what you want to do is not always what actually happens. You have got to subordinate your capacities without, in any way, stultifying your inner freedom and your inner independence, and you have got to knit yourselves into a broader team if this country is to become great.

And great this country will become indeed, if it is not today, because this is the destiny of India. For thousands of years, since the very dawn of human civilization, India has survived vicissitudes which would have destroyed any lesser people or any lesser country. But it has survived, and today it is the new India that you and I, and all of us, have to build. And indeed not only a new India but a new world, because old formulations, old modes of expression are dying, disappearing, crumpling, and there is a tremendous quest for the new. The old is dying and the new is struggling to be born, and our generations find themselves precariously poised between the past and the future.

What sort of a future are we going to build? This is a question I would like to pose today. It is a future in which the students of this School, I am sure, will have an important role to play. You have had distinguished Sanawarians in the past who have greatly served this nation. We just now paid homage to three Old Boys who made the supreme sacrifice for their country. The future that we are trying to build is an exciting one. The problems before us are immense. The problems in India of poverty, of ignorance, of illiteracy, of disease, of backwardness, of superstition, of narrow-thinking—these problems have to be overcome. But they can only be overcome by integrated personalities whose bodies and minds and spirits are all attuned to the new requirements. And I would venture to hope that students of this School, when they leave the portals of Sanawar, will carry with them that integration which is so important in the building of the new India of our dreams.

There will be difficulties, but your motto 'Never Give In' provides a very valuable guidance for one's future life. There is a similar view, a similar thought, which has come down the centuries to us. In the Kathopanishad there is a beautiful shloka, the meaning of which is exactly this; that we must arise, we must awake, we must move forward boldly on the path. Difficulties will be there, but no individual has ever become great unless he has overcome difficulty, and no nation has ever become great unless it has overcome dangers and difficulties and has thereby strengthened its own inner fibre. Therefore, difficulties should not deter us.

I call upon you, the students of this institution, who are the hope of the future, to gird

yourselves, to integrate your personalities, and to be ready when you leave this school to make your contribution towards building the new world that is around us. There is so much that needs to be done, there is so much suffering and misery in this world today. There are still today, as I speak here, millions of people in this country who do not even get one square meal a day, far less two; there are millions of children in India who do not get enough to eat, who never have an opportunity of going to school; there are millions who have no shelter over their heads. This is something which must be remedied. We will remedy it; we are determined to remedy it. But in order to remedy it we need young men and women who are integrated, who are aglow with power and force and whose total capacities and capabilities are attuned towards building the new India and the new world around us.

Therefore, my friends I will close my speech this afternoon with this great Mantra of the Kathopanished, which is in line with your own motto, teaching us that we must push forwards. Man is an eternal pilgrim, for man there can be no waiting, there can be no tarrying on the path, Man has got a goal, and until that goal is reached one has got to move onwards despite all difficulties,

Uttishthata jagrata prapya varan nibodhata,
Kshurasya dhara nishita durataya,
Durgam pathas tat kavayo vadanti.

Minutes of the O.S. Meeting

The meeting was held on the staff club tennis courts at 2-30 p.m. on October 5th, 1972. Mr. B.R. Pasricha was in the chair.

The secretary read out the minutes of the 1971 meeting. Yogindra Rajinder Singh (nee Dhillion) proposed that the minutes be accepted. Harishpal seconded this proposal and the minutes were accepted.

H. M. informed that Prof. Ranjit Bhatia, as an O.S., has been nominated as a member of the Board of Governors and attended the Board's meeting in May this year.

Pradeep Soneja asked if anything further had been done about last year's proposal that an O.S. file be maintained in the office. Mr. Bhupinder Singh said that O.S. had volunteered last year to put up the cost of a filing cabinet and the maintenance of a part time clerk, but there had been no further progress in the matter.

Vinod Nair said that inspite of the suggestion put forward by O.S. last year, the services of O.S. were not utilised for ushering at the various Barne Hall functions. Charanjeet Singh Dandona suggested that Mr. Bhupinder Singh should depute the eldest O.S. present at Founder's to organise the ushering. Mr. Bhupinder Singh said that the services of the O.S. would be utilised in the future.

Yogindra said that inspite of the point raised at the '71 O.S. meeting many senior boys did not attend the speeches. Mr. Bhupinder Singh said this would be gone into.

Mr. Colledge said that at last year's meeting it was mentioned that the O.S. wanted a member of the Board of Governors to be present at the O.S. meeting, but not one of them had stayed on. Mr. Colledge wanted it drawn forcibly to the Board's attention that the O.S. resented their absence. Vinod Nair proposed that the O.S. meeting be held on 4th October, immediately after lunch to enable at least one member of the Board of Governors to attend. The proposal was seconded by Bill Colledge.

Bill Colledge proposed that a career's officer from the Government of India be asked to come up to school to help children in the choice of a career. The proposal was unanimously carried.

Bill Colledge said that curtain presentation at the school functions left much to be desired. He felt that the curtain presentation of an item was an integral part of the item. Bill Colledge proposed that curtain presentation be given serious consideration. Pradeep Soneja seconded the proposal.

Yogindra proposed that the tradition of a vote of thanks to the participants after a show be revived. Mr. Colledge seconded the proposal.

Ravi Wadhvani proposed that a formal announcement should be made beforehand to make it clear that parents should not leave the hall before or during the singing of the school song. A.N. Dutta seconded the proposal.

Vinod Nair proposed that in future no outside instructors should be brought in to put up items for Founders. Bill Colledge seconded the proposal.

Pradeep Soneja proposed that O.S. visiting Sanawar during Founders should pay Rs. 12'50 P. towards their keep. A.N. Datta seconded the proposal.

Vinod Nair said that as many O.S. societies had come into being all over the country there should be some coordination between these societies. Mr. Pasricha said that the Newsletter could serve this purpose if representatives of each of these societies could undertake to write in about the activities of the societies.

The following representatives were appointed:

Calcutta ...	Pradeep Soneja
Bombay ...	M. S. Grewal, C/o Johnson & Johnson, 30 Forjett Street, Bombay.
Delhi ...	Ravi Wadwani, C/o Jayshree Trading Corporation, 68 Bhagat Singh Market, New Delhi.
Chandigarh	Daljit Rajput, 1034, Sector 27 B Chandigarh.
Amritsar ...	Anil Bhatia, 10 Maqbool Road, Amritsar.
U.S.A. ...	Ameet Merchant.

Mr. Bhupinder Singh proposed that there should be an increase in the subscription of the Newsletter. He proposed that the yearly subscription be increased to Rs. 5/- and the life membership to Rs. 50/-. Air Mail charges for foreign subscribers to be borne by the subscribers. This proposal was unanimously accepted.

Mr. Bhupinder Singh suggested that O.S. should formulate certain rules regarding acts of misdemeanour by visiting O.S. After a great deal of discussion Arjun Batra proposed that the first act of misdemeanour should be punished by a bar to visiting Sanawar for five years, while subsequent acts of misdemeanour should be punished by barring the O.S. concerned from visiting Sanawar for life. Also that the decision regarding the meting out of this punishment be left to a committee consisting of the Headmaster, the Deputy Headmaster and the Senior Mistress. The proposal was seconded by Ravi Wadhvani.

Vinod Nair proposed that a minute's silence should be observed in memory of Arun Khetarpal, Vijay Rattan Choudhry and Devinderjeet Singh Pannu. The meeting observed a minute's silence.

Vinod Nair proposed a vote of thanks to the chair and the meeting adjourned for tea.

Bhupinder Singh
Hon. Secretary

Those who attended were :—

B R. Pasricha	Anil Kumar Auluck
Pradeep Soneja	M S. Pathania
B.P. Joshi	G.S. Bala
R. Chatterji	Arun Malhotra
V. Nair	Jasminder S. Rana
Ritu K. Singh	Vivek Pradhan
Malti Bhandari	Ravinder Singh Sidhu
Harishpal Dhillon	A. Bhalerao
Aruna Batra	D.C. Gupta
Gita Sahni	R.K. Jaitly
Sita Sahni	R.N. Sethi
Nilam Khoranna	Gian Singh

Charanjit Singh	B.N. Kaül
Suneel Goel	Sanjiv Nair
Shivjot Sihota (née Sidhu)	Rajiv Mehra
Ramti Ray (née Suri)	Suren Hira
Neera Bhattal	Rupinder Sidhu
Tina Manley	Sarup Singh
Harpinder Gill	Manjit Singh
Karanjit Rajput	S.S. Chahil
Vipen Datta	A.N. Dutta
Praveen Kumar	Vivek Mehra
Satinderjit Singh	S. Bhalia
S S. Sidhu	R. Mukherji
Sarabjot Singh Bedi	Gurdip Singh
V.S. Pathania	J.R. Bhardwaj
P.K. Bansal	D.S. Rajput
Rajiv Gupta	Sanjaya Varma
P.D.S. Gill	Anil Soneja
Jyoten Kandel	Arjun Batra
Mukesh Sehgal	M.V. Gore
J.S. Pannu	S.C. Arora
S.N. Kochhar	Veena Singh (née Rani)
D.S. Rajput	W.H.E. Colledge
Ajai Singh	U.P. Mukherji
B.S. Pathania	Sumesh Sirkeck
Vikram S. Kadan	Anil Dass
Dinesh K. Singha	Rakesh Sood
A. Moitra	Ravi Wadhvani
Yashpal Dass	Bhupinder Singh
Pritam Pal S. Sandh	Yogindra Rajinder S.
Harsimran S. Sandhu	(née Dhillon)

वाषिकोत्सव का स्कूल-परेड प्रदर्शन

लॉरेन्स स्कूल की यह परम्परा वर्षों से चली आ रही है कि हम प्रत्येक वर्ष ४ अक्टूबर को 'ट्रु पिंग ऑफ दि कलर्स' समारोह मनायें। आज के दिन १९२७ में लॉरेन्स स्कूल को 'कलर्स' प्रदान किए गए थे। इसी की याद में हर साल हम लोग इसमें हिस्सा लेते हैं। छात्रों और छात्राओं ने इस वर्ष कार्यक्रम को पहले की अपेक्षा अधिक सफल बनाने के लिए बहुत मेहनत की थी क्योंकि इस वर्ष 'स्थापना दिवस' की १२५ वीं वर्षगांठ थी।

४ अक्टूबर की सुबह की धूप में बैठे दर्शकगण 'पीसस्टैड' पर हमारा बेताबी से इन्तजार कर रहे थे। हम लोगों को मुख्य अतिथि और मुख्य अध्यापक से पहले ही परेड-ग्राउंड पर पहुँचना था। परेड दाहिनी ओर से आने के लिए तैयार हो गईं और बैण्ड की आवाज सुनकर सब सजग और शांत हो गए। बैण्ड की धुन की ताल में सनावर के वीर नौजवान हाथों में राइफलें लिए अपने स्थान पर आ पहुँचे। दाहिने से सजने के पश्चात् डा०

करण सिंह (मुख्य अतिथि) हमारे मुख्याध्यापक श्री पसरिचा के साथ सलामी चौकी पर पधारे। उनके पीछे हमारे दो अधिकारी नुपन्द्र बरार और मनप्रीत धारीवाल बड़ी तीव्रता से आकर चौकी के पास खड़े हो गए। शुरु में चारों परेड नायकों, परेड कमांडरों और कैडिटों ने सलामी दी। सलामी लेने के पश्चात् परेड-कमांडर जसजीत सिंह भट्टल मुख्य अतिथि को परेड निरीक्षण के लिए बुला लाए। स्वच्छ वस्त्रों में सजे-धजे कैडिट बड़े चुस्त लग रहे थे। परेड निरीक्षण के बाद बैण्ड धीमी चाल से सलामी चौकी के आगे से निकला और तेज चलता हुआ धुनें गाता हुआ अपनी जगह पर वापिस आ गया।

'निशान रत्नक दल' के कमांडर सुखमिन्दर सेखौं ने निशान रत्नक दल को 'बगल शस्त्र' कराकर अपनी ऊँची आवाज से तेज चलने का आदेश दिया। निशान रत्नक दल फिर बाँये से मुड़ता हुआ चौकी के सामने से गुजरता हुआ निशान टोली के पास आ खड़ा हुआ। 'सलामी शस्त्र' करने के पश्चात् 'क्लर' 'ट्रूप' किये गए। फिर निशान रत्नक दल धीमी चाल से परेड के बीच में से होता हुआ अपने पूर्व स्थान पर आ पहुँचा। निशान टोली फिर दूसरे और तीसरे ट्रूप के बीच में आ खड़ी हुई। अब सारी परेड मुख्य अतिथि के दाहिने की तरफ आ खड़ी हुई। फिर सारे ट्रूप थोड़े-थोड़े फासले के बाद धीमी चाल से दाहिने देखते हुए, डा० करण सिंह को सलामी देते हुए आगे बढ़ते गए। बैण्ड की धुन की ताल में कदम से कदम मिलाते हुए फिर सारी परेड अपनी जगह पर आ खड़ी हुई। 'मध्य-सज' करने के पश्चात् 'बगल शस्त्र' करके परेड एक बार फिर निरीक्षण के लिए चौकी के सामने आ खड़ी हुई। 'सलामी शस्त्र' करने पश्चात् परेड के सेनाध्यक्ष ने 'मार्चऑफ' करने की आज्ञा ली। परेड के कैडिट लोग अब भी उसी चुस्ती से चले जैसे वे परेड प्रॉउड पर आए थे। इसके पश्चात् जिन विद्यार्थियों ने इस परेड में भाग नहीं लिया था वो अपने 'हाउस' के झण्डे के साथ सलामी चौकी के आगे से गुजरते हुए और कदम से कदम मिलाते हुए आगे बढ़ते चले गए।

परेड के अन्त में मुख्याध्यापक ने मुख्यअतिथि को 'स्कूल-स्टाफ' से परिचित कराया। इस के पश्चात् सब लोग "कला-कौशल प्रदर्शनी" देखने के लिए चल पड़े।

योगेश्वर शर्मा

A.D.S.
✓ The Staff Play

September brings in its wake a season of feverish activity: and days—and nights of relentless practice, of unending rehearsals. Short tempers, frayed nerves and violent tantrums dominate the scene. And then, suddenly, it is October and Founder's has begun.

Founder's is not solely for the children, the adults participate too. That is, besides working themselves to the bone for the children's shows, they act too. They put up a play, usually a farce with already harassed Mr. B. Singh as lead and director, under the name of A.D.S.: Amateur Dramatic Society. Don't let the name mislead you, the performance is usually far from amateur!

This year, the scheduled play was "Friends and Neighbours" a screamingly funny farce, that even convulsed those who had seen it before on the dress rehearsal! Heh, Heh.

Apparently a pair of Russians comes to stay with an ordinary middle class English couple and their daughter. The daughter's boy friend is a moron and has been thrown in for comic relief for the junior audience. A neighbouring couple, the Holmes, also enter this far from happy home (with the entry of the Russians!) After a lot of complications the Russians leave and are replaced by a quintuplet of Eskimoos. And round and round the mulberry bush etc.

Mrs. Sawney had a typical Lancashire accent. I missed the others'. Mr. B. Singh as the harassed husband was good; he said his funny lines with a very dead-pan expression—and had the audience in fits when they finally deciphered the meaning. Petri Garanakova alias Miss Sachar was 'grrreat'. Mr. Abraham the boy friend fell beautifully. A last mention of the prompter Mr. Dhillon. Somebody said he prompted so well that they could hear him in the gallery. This is straight from the horse's mouth.

Our staff is really very versatile. Apparently, all the dramatic talent is not confined to the youngsters. Founder's is responsible for one thing—it brings out the talent in both the students and the staff.

Well done Sanawar.

Maneka Anand. ✓

* * * * *

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

Dear O.S.,

Thank you very much for the tasty Caramels. We enjoyed them very much.

We do hope you liked our Prep School Show. We are trying to keep up the high standards you set when you were once at Prep School. We thank you once more.

Yours sincerely,
Prep. School Children.

The Lawrence School,
Sanawar.

(Simla Hills) H.P.

Dear Mrs. Tilley,

I have been given the honour on behalf of the Prep School children to thank you for the delicious sweets that you sent us.

It was very kind and thoughtful of you to contact all the O.S. in England. We appreciate the trouble you took.

I was in the English play named "Silly Willy". I acted as the Wise Woman. The play was about Willy, a boy who was so silly that everybody called him "Silly Willy". I promised him a bottle of brains if he could fetch the thing he liked best. Milly found that fools made the best husbands, so she married him and he had his brains in his wife's head!

So they lived happily ever after!

We had a Hindi play too. Harbinder Purewal as a cute, cunning, monkey made a fool of the humans to acquire his needs. He even bullied a fierce lion into acceptance of him as Lord of the jungle! We had a Krishna-theme dance, a Qwali and our Prep School percussive band.

Everyone said it was an excellent performance. We owe our thanks to our I/c Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur. She has kindly consented to look after us and we are very happy in her care.

I am in Form II A. We are learning difficult things in Maths. and will have a workshop of our own. Our class library is brimfull of interesting books. I love reading Enid Blyton's books.

Our project this year was on farming we chose a place in Punjab, conveniently near a river with easy access to canal water and beside a big town to sell the fresh eggs and milk quickly. We prepared the accounts and bills of a regular farm.

Our mustard seeds sprung up into vast green fields. Our animals were of plastercine and our homestead out of an old shoe box. We had a jolly time and learnt a lot about farming.

Dear Mrs. Tilley if you can spare a few minutes, do write to us sometimes.

We thank you once more.

Yours sincerely,

Eerindira Jasbeer Singh

The King and I—A musical

Having never gone through the experience before, I only realised on the day of the school concert 'The King and I' just how very uncomfortable it

could be to be packed like a sardine in a tin. Moreover, my fellow sardines were not dead and blessedly silent, but very much alive and talking nineteen to the dozen, even when, I regret to say, the strains of the overture strained to be heard above the din.

The play is about Anna Leonowens who goes to Siam with her young son, as governess to the children of the King, an arrogant but well-meaning man, who wants to modernise Siam. It deals mainly with the clash of their equally strong personalities and ends with the death of the King and Anna staying on to care for his children.

In the first scene, (the deck of the Chow Phya) Sunil Kaul, cap set at a jaunty angle, strongly discourages Anna from staying in Siam (An English woman here in the East?!). To give herself and her son courage, Anna extols the many virtues of whistling! Jyotsna sang well, if a little softly but Ravi Sawney's whistling was discordant (to put it mildly) The Kralahome and slaves looked so fierce, they were almost frightening—almost—not quite, as the audience convulsed with laughter at the obvious absent mindedness of one of the savage looking slaves who had come on stage with his spectacles on. The scene ended with Anna trying in vain to get through the narrow stairway in her huge hooped dress!

The dancers fitted my mental image of Siamese court dancers, and looked lovely in red and green, complete with long silver caps and tapering silver fingernails. The wives twittered and fluttered very satisfactorily! Each looked fittingly proud when her offspring was introduced to Anna. Moite, Ravi and Rama Subba added a genuine touch, being naturally chinky eyed!

Jasjit Bhattal was good as the King, in his semi-humorous, semi-arrogant part except for a few scenes in which his manner lacked the required gravity and I do think, when dinner was announced he rubbed his hands rather more gleefully than was necessary (probably the Sanawarian spirit, concerning matters of food, asserting itself.)

Louis and Crown Prince Chulalongkorn enacted an amusing corridor scene in which they sang of mutual disgust at grownups who only pretended they knew everything, while actually they didn't know anything at all (the lament of many a small boy and girl at some time or another!)

Jyotsna was best in the scene in which she gives vent to her anger and disgust at the King's high handed behaviour and mimics his subject's constant bowing and scraping.

Manju Kochar as Tuptim was good, but her voice lacked power. The scene in which she and Lun Tha sing their song, was done with little embarrassment, regardless of Sanawarian audiences.

I must say that Sir Edward Ramsey proved beyond doubt from the moment he came on stage Anna's remark 'Edward admires beautiful women!' The Ballet that was put up for his entertainment was a delightful misinterpretation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin! In it Buddha the Almighty (he did keep a straight face through a series of loud guffaws) saves Eliza from the wicked Simon of Legree and his scientific dogs which were able to smell out runaways, and reunites her with her lover George! In the end however, in return for his favour Eva has to be sacrificed.

The scene in the King's study when Anna teaches him to dance was one of the best in the play, even though the stage did tremble ominously when the King 'danced'! Their personalities clash for the last time when the King wishes to flail Tuptim and Anua stands watching disapprovingly. He finds that he cannot go through with it (Anna has civilised him too much). The Kralahome accuses Anna of ruining the King in venomous tones and Anna decides to leave by the next ship. The King has a heart attack and Anna relents enough to go and say goodbye. He asks her to sing the song that she sings when she is afraid 'whenever I feel afraid, I strike a careless pose....'. The 'careless pose' could under no circumstances be called careless—it consisted of throwing up one arm while twisting the other unnaturally at waist level, and placing one leg in a peculiarly Krishna like stance!

The last scene (the King's death) didn't quite come off as everybody was less serious than they should have been, and the corners of certain mouths had a great tendency to twitch! Seeing that the King was dying, Anna stays on to look after and educate his children. Prince Chulalongkorn, who immediately assumed authority, was charming.

The play was ideal for Sanawar as it did not have long pauses between scenes, which invariably have the audience squirming (the pauses I mean), but had short intermediate scenes; the tunes were catchy, and Mrs Sawney deserves congratulations for 'never giving in' under the direst circumstances, namely, O.S. greeting each other across the hall, and men, women and children talking as though their lives depended on it.

In short 'The King and I' was entertaining, amusing, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera!

Jyotsna Jamwal

Response

There are more than 100 of us sitting down to dinner, in person, on this 125th Anniversary. There are more than twice that number who are here—in spirit. Some have climbed out of their portraits, their beards flowing in the wind as they make their way from Barne Hall. Some have

climbed down from the honour boards behind you. Others, expressed their earnest desire to be present when we met at the last reunion in London. Let me read George Browne's letter. "May you both find the spirit of Sanawar unchanged and the values and loyalties it inculcated intact. I am sure your will take with you the best wishes and deep affection of all Old Sanawarians here in England. Please be our representative and speak for all of us and wish the School success in making true and real men and women in this messed up, meddled world of ours".

Then a still, small voice deep in the Nilgiris writes, "We do envy you being in Sanawar and miss the School dreadfully". You know who I mean.

Those words are typical of the wishes of all O.S. whether they be Old O.S. or New O.S. They have been with us all this week. They have walked with us down these fragrant paths. They have passed with us through these hallowed portals. They applauded with us as we heard the report of another successful year. They rejoiced with us at the success of each event of this memorable Founders. They gave thanks with us during that welcome return to the Chapel. O.S. all over the world will be delighted to know that the Chapel has been used again. Another tenet of the Gita is fulfilled—honour tradition.

There is much that goes into the building of a house, and a house that is one's own invariably develops an encircling aura of care, devotion and affection right from selecting the plot of land on which it is to be built, the laying of the foundations and the erection of the scaffolding. Once work has started, there is an innate joy in fussing over the development, every step in the progress of the building is watched with care. The rooms begin to take shape, imagination runs rife in placing the furniture and fittings, so many angles, so many moves, but it is a labour of love. Then it is occupied. Life is given to the very walls, the floors, the ceilings, and the inanimate becomes a thing pulsating with life. There is the laughter of children, "children happy and unafraid" to quote Major Som Dutt.

The years roll on, there is wear and tear. With repairs come improvements, additions, carpets that are threadbare are renovated and all becomes a whole again, a shelter, a home, an asylum. It becomes a thing of beauty and is much loved. We remember the builder. We remember the Founder.

I am certain that all Sanawarians look upon this, their alma mater, in such a way that mere bricks and mortar, stone and marble cease to have

definition. Instead, contours dissolve into a nebulous mist which forms into delightful patterns. Watch any O.S. in one of these trances—eyes misting in a distant gaze, lips parted in a gentle smile, the breathing is spasmodic and laboured. They seem to be searching for words to express their thoughts. Can we blame them if they, unconsciously, stumble across those words written by Robert Browning when he addressed the vision of his beloved Elizabeth. Let me close by quoting memorable lines :—

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth, the breadth, the height
My soul can reach when feeling out of sight.

I love thee to the level of every day's most quiet need
In sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive after right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints.

I love thee with the breath, smiles and tears
Of all my life.

And if God chooses, I shall love thee better after
death.

Bill Colledge

responding to the toast
"Old Sanawarians".

Do's and don'ts for parents

Do prepare your child for school. Make sure that he can dress himself and that he can make his needs known.

Do make early contact with the school and visit as often as the school will allow before he actually attends.

Do ensure that he comes to school with a good command of language. Talk to him constantly, read to him daily and teach him nursery rhymes and songs.

Do prepare him to meet a challenge. Allow him, within limits, to fend for himself and learn that success usually follows failure through experimenting.

Do make every effort to attend school meetings arranged for parents. Teachers quickly become frustrated and disenchanted if parents fail to do their duty by their children.

Do make sure that your child is suitably dressed. Most schools today are places where the child is constantly active, where he handles a variety of materials. Children's school clothes, should be easy to maintain, however hard a life they are given.

Do let your child see that you have faith and trust in his teachers. Do support the school in fund raising or any PTA or other endeavours.....

Do get up early enough to give your child a calm and ordered start to the day. Remember that a good breakfast is essential to his staying power and concentration through the morning. A quick bowl of cereal, a piece of toast and a hurried dash to school is not only poor training for the future but will badly hinder his educational progress.

Do encourage him in all he sets out to do. All researches have proved beyond doubt that a home where there is love, interest, stability and continuing encouragement does more for the child's educational progress than any other factor.

Do not teach your pre-school child either to recognise or to print with, capital letters. Do not force him to read or attempt to teach him in any way, unless he asks and is clearly ready; in this event stop as soon as he is obviously satisfied or becomes uninterested.

Do not expect the school suddenly to make him well behaved if you haven't succeeded in doing so during his first five years.

Do not worry about his apparent lack of progress by comparison with the neighbours' children. They always do better than one's own anyway! If you have the slightest worry in this respect don't hesitate to see the head and ask for advice and help.

Do not ask for special treatment for your child such as 'Let him stay in at playtime.' 'Don't make him eat his cabbage.' 'Only give him one potato and no fish.' 'Don't make him take his pullover off for PE.' 'Don't let him do his music and movement in bare feet.' 'Don't let him paint—he gets it on his sleeves.' Remember that some conformity is reasonable in society.

Do not turn him into a 'latch-key' child unless you have to. While economic considerations may predominate, try to be at home for him during his early days at school. Every child needs the comfort and stability of finding 'Mum' at home when he returns there.

Do not be afraid to discuss any slight worry or concern with the head, who will probably arrange for you to see your child's teacher. Don't let a

worry ferment in your mind and turn to antagonism against teachers generally, and the school in particular.

Do not forget to mark all clothing clearly. Don't expect teachers to find a lost plimsol without a name—it may be one of three hundred identical pairs.

Do not over-criticise your child and don't destroy his confidence by belittling his intelligence and efforts. Always find something in which he can succeed and so help him to be unafraid of attempting something new.

Do not join the 'school rails parliament'! If you hear exceptional criticism, advise your friends to go in immediately to see the head.

(Reproduced from the Child Education, August 1972).

Founder's 1972 October 1st—5th.

A very special Founder's this year—the 125th—and I am glad, so glad, to have this opportunity to report on it! This, my fourth Founder's, was bigger, better than ever . . . ever-fresh, thrilling, inspiring. As one Headmaster has said to another in the Souvenir Brochure (Mr. M. N. Kapur of Modern School to Mr. Pasricha), "It is a matter of pride for any Principal to be associated with a School which is celebrating its 125th Founder's Day. You are lucky. Congratulations,"—and this, I feel, applies equally to the children and the parents. We are all lucky to be associated with this great and wonderful Institution.

As I said last year and the year before, I am constantly amazed by the enthusiasm, the freshness and 'the pride of belonging' which pervade the Celebrations each October. Repeat items come through new and shining; the new ones continue to bring out the versatility in both students and staff . . . truly, do we realise how much hard labour tempered with lungbursting love goes into the making of each Founder's?

This time, in honour of the 125th, there was an extra day of celebrations. And so it all began on October 1st, with the HM's Meeting with Parents, followed by a Variety Concert, followed by a brilliant display of Fireworks donated by a most thoughtful ex-parent.

The Variety Concert got off to a good start with "Raga Yaman Kaliyan" rendered by the School Orchestra under the leadership of Dr. Kulshereshta—soothing, melodious, inspiring. The two solo dances executed by Jyotsna Jamwal (Shriya Kamala) and

Suneet Kaur (Shrikare Nritya) were indeed very good . . . congrats to Mr. Brajamani! "Tea For Three", a one-act play (directed by Miss Chatterji), two Trumpet Solos and Hindi songs filled the bill until the curtain rose on the Dance Drama, "Shri Krishna Leela". A brilliantly choreographed piece for which our congratulations to the very talented Mrs. Kulshereshta. The entire cast of dancers entered the spirit of this eternally-joyous item but special mention must be made of the three, most endearing Shishu Krishnas you ever saw: Monisha Dhama, Tisca Arora and Saisha Gore.

And on to October 2 Gandhi Jayanti. A full complement of parents—more of them than ever before—went up hill and down dale, as flushed, beaming and happy as their eagerly-awaiting offspring. There was a distinct excitement in the air, as Athletics began and full-throated cries of "encouraging egging-on" rose from the field. Congrats to all winners, especially to J. S. Sokhey who won the Kalinga Cup for Best Athlete; and also to Nilagiri House (B.D. & G.D.) for bagging the Defence Cup. And then, of course, that most delightful and welcome of all "fixtures": Coffee for Parents. Once again, a warm, lively, noisy, friendly gathering, with the Headmaster and Mrs. Pasricha extending a hearty—and very special—welcome to one and all. Co-hosting the coffee session were the members of the Staff, to whom once again I would like to say on behalf of the parents: many thanks, not only for the cup that cheers, but for those bright smiles, patient hearing, and those long hours of solid work.

Ah! Oh! Oo-oh! What's on the bill this time with B. Singh and Co.? The Staff Play is always an event—everyone knows it's going to be a laugh riot with Producer-Director-Chief Actor Bhupinder Singh igniting the riot in his own inimitable fashion. The play ('farcical' is not the word for it!) was "Friends and Neighbours", a jolly, by-Golly riot of fun with a near-perfect cast that did enormous justice to those hilarious lines. Do you want me to say it? OK I'll say it. Bhupinder Singh stole the show. As the hapless, hen-pecked Albert Grimshaw, he was absolutely too funny for words. And a very big hand for the rest of the cast: Josephine Sawney (excellent), Anita Sachar (well done!), Madhav Gore (great yoke!), Chandra Bhan Abraham (to good to be un-true!), Gurparveen Ghoman (a 'beautiful actress'), Ashok Bhalerao (delightful) and Shobha Lal (distinctive). Kudos, too, to Uma Mukherji, Stage Manager.

The Prep. School Concert, the next day—October 3. Charming, spontaneous just utterly-butterly thereby meaning absolutely delicious! Oh, those Preppers are just the cutest, and the items were delightful, especially the Qawali (brilliantly executed) and the Hindi play ("La, Mera Chane Ka

Dana") notable for the superb and self-assured performance of little Harbinder Purewal. And, then later, to the rousing strains of the Bugle Band, amidst the velvety, peaceful dark of Peacestead, began the tattoo, preceded, as always, by a superb PT display, this time directed by the new Instructor, Mr. Dhani Ram. A splendid feat and feast! There were many new items among the old, and the display elicited continuous applause from the parents and full-throated cheers from that gallant, devoted corps—the O.S.

Founder's Day, October 4th. Bright, 'cool' sunshine to complement that most inspiring, most dazzling, most heart-warming item: the Trooping of the School Colour. I beg to be excused for repeating myself, but fabulous is the word for the Brass Band, the Parade and the March Past. Chief Guest, Dr. Karan Singh, took the Salute. The gracious Mrs. Karan Singh who arrived at the School even earlier than her husband took active interest in all the items. Indeed, "Trooping" at Sanawar is something to watch. As the N.C.C. paraded, the children marched past and the O.S. cheered, I couldn't but help thinking with pride and a great deal of satisfaction:

God's In His Heaven
All's Right—With Sanawar

Later, at the Speeches, the Headmaster spoke loud and clear about the School and the 125th; about

things achieved and things yet to be achieved. Dr. Karan Singh addressed the gathering and directed himself mainly to the students. He got a standing ovation—for one of the most brilliant, forceful, lucid and inspiring of speeches ever heard on any Indian platform.

That same evening, "The King and I" presented by the Senior School. A very difficult promise splendidly fulfilled. The sets were good, the costumes were first class. But it was the players that made the play and great big bouquet to Mrs. Sawney for her inspired direction, especially in the Ballet sequences, which were, indeed, the best part of the entire performance. Jasjit Bhattal was magnificent as the King, with Jyotsna Kumari's Anna coming a close second—and she sang beautifully, too. Also very good were Harmanjeet Kochhar (Tuptim), Preeti Batra (Lady Thiang), Nikhil Rawley (Chulalongkorn), and the charming young Ballet performers.

Almost over, except for that "Dotheparents" item: the Fete. Your money—or your money! And the parents gladly emptied their pockets at the Stalls. And, of course, I cannot close without mention of the Arts & Crafts and Needlework Exhibition—each year a joy to behold, a living tribute to the excellence of work done at the School.

And so, adieu, 125th Founder's. We came, we saw—you conquered.

Gulshan Ewing





Happy Diwali to you all

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**THE
SANAWAR
NEWS-LETTER**

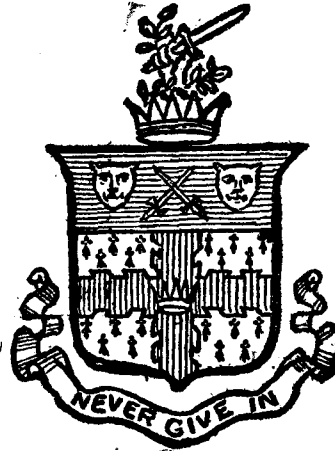
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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 181

1st September

1972

School News

July

30th. The School bustled with life as it reopened after the summer vacation.

31st. Everybody unpacked and got ready for the 125th Founder's term.

August

1st. Normal teaching commenced.

2nd. Normal time-table (P.T. etc) came into force.

3rd. 'Body Snatching'. Children were selected for the various activities for Founder's.

7th. We switched over to seven 'schools' a day in order to cope with Upper Five core subjects.

Prep School Soccer matches concluded. Nilagiri emerged the Champion House. Mrs. Pasricha gave away the trophy.

11th. Senior Hindi debate.

'The Simla Agreement is in the interest of India' was keenly debated. Rajesh Kochhar (S) bagged the first prize. Harveen Sachdeva (H) and Krishnan Subramamian (V) also acquitted themselves very well.

After having advised the School on good debating, Mr. Pasricha presented the prize.

12th. The Famous 'Shakespeareana' group gave an excellent performance in the evening. Mr. & Mrs. Kendall acted scenes from Macbeth, The Merchant

of Venice and A Mid Summer Night's Dream. Their readings captioned 'Sweet Mr. Shakespeare' were superb. Just the two of them entertained and amused us for two hours.

14th. The Cultural Programme organised in honour of Lt. Gen. K. P. Candeth went off very well. Speaking after the Show, he congratulated the participants and praised the high standard.

Staff club dinner was held to host the General. A toast to India was raised at the stroke of mid night.

15th. The silver jubilee of India's independence celebrated. Lt. General Candeth unfurled the 'Tricolour' atop 'Birdwood'. A special Assembly followed in Barne Hall where Mr. Pasricha welcomed and introduced the Chief Guest. Lt. Gen. Candeth then addressed the School. He wondered why people despaired: he was of the opinion that much progress has been made during the 25 years of independence. We have found pride in our culture, music, dance etc.: we have allowed and will encourage more our genius to flourish, he added. Citing examples of O.S., he spoke highly of Sanawar traditions and exhorted Sanawarians to uphold them.

An Extension Counter of the State Bank of Patiala, Kasauli, which started functioning on 24th July in the piano cells building, was formally inaugurated by the General. As a result the School and the Staff find it very convenient now.

Upper Five and Sixth Form boys and G. D. attended the special lunch in Parker Hall.

The children enjoyed the Hindi movie in the afternoon.

The same Hindi film followed for class IV employees and their families after the distribution of sweets to them.

16th. The H.M. gave the School a holiday after the hard work put in for the Independence Day celebrations.

22nd. Sunshine holiday.

24th. Raksha Bandhan celebrated.

Staff News

We were sad to bid good-bye to Dr. J. C. Sakhuja who relinquished his post after 16½ years of creditable service. We wish him well in the future. We welcome Surgeon commodore M.L.A. Dewan, I. N. (Retd.), in his place. We extend him good wishes and hope his association with the School will be long and happy.

O. S. News

Mr. M. S. Sinha (Principal, Rajghat Besant School, Rajghat Fort, Varanasi—1). We have not been able to come to Sanawar, but Sanawar has been present in our thoughts all the time. Fortunately, O. S. have been meeting me regularly at Delhi, and have kept me posted about Sna' news.

I am happy that you have taken over as the Dy. H. M. I am also glad to know that the school has been doing as well as ever. I would like to extend my good wishes to Sanawarians through you. Please remember me to my former colleagues.

I have taken over as Principal of Rajghat Besant School, a co-educational residential Public School. Situated on the left bank of the Ganges at Varanasi, this school sprawls over an area of 300 acres. Rajghat Besant School is a sister institution of the famous Rishi Valley School of South India. The school has a very picturesque setting which reminds one of Sanawar.

Dilbagh Singh (C/o. Lt. Col Ajmer Singh, 45 BN. B.S.F., C/o 56 A.P.O.) You will be glad to know that sometime back I had been on a very long and arduous hike. A party from my father's unit had gone out to recce the area around Nun and Kun, the two peaks which had been conquered by the N.D.A. team last year. The trip lasted eight days and we reached a height of 15000 ft. On the whole it was a wonderful experience.

P.P. Chauhan, (Tara Nikunj, The Mall, P.O. Nahan H.P.) It's been 3 years since I passed out and I would like to keep in touch with the old school, and keep abreast of the changes taking place there. After all school life is an important page of one's memory to be treasured and opened at moments of pleasure. For whatever one does at school, good or bad, is a thing to be treasured and kept.

Major R. Som Dutt (Beverley Villa, Ootacamund). On a trip North, last month, I had the pleasure of meeting a great many O.S. who are students at the Armed Forces Medical College. It is hardly necessary for me to say that they are all doing well or how very nostalgic they are in talking of Sanawar.

Unfortunately I was too late—the term was just over—to meet O.S. at the N.D.A. I was very happy to hear of how exceptionally well Sekhon had done.....

Leela Kar paid us a visit but unfortunately we were away in Poona.

Harvinder [Bawa] (C/o. Food Specialities Ltd. P.O. Box—11, Moga). I just can't imagine it's so many years since I left school—rather Sanawar. When I sit back to think or talk—which is very often, the past memories come back so vividly as if it were all just the other day. One really feels a part of Sanawar always.

Being stuck up in Moga since I have been married I haven't had the good luck of meeting very many O.S. but I do make it a point to meet or ring up a few while I am in Delhi. It's always marvellous to sit and chat to an O.S.—only one just talks and talks for hours about the past, sometimes forgetting the present duties of being a mother!

Bulbul (C/o Mrs. Priti Suri, D. 5/11 Vasant Vihar, New Delhi). Since we met in Sanawar last year very many things have happened. I wrote an article and participated in a group show of paintings in end April. Since then I have not done very much, but I plan to write soon and bring out another volume of poems called "Wind Blown" by October.

In a few days I am off to Kabul to start an overland trip to London. I will be holding an exhibition of paintings in London towards the end of September and in Paris in the middle of October. This exhibition is the same as "OM IS" series of which I have sent you the imagery. I will be returning to London somewhere around middle of November and may perhaps visit New York if I am given definite confirmation of booking there. I am looking forward to this trip and the only thing that I regret is that I will not be able to be with you on the 125th Founder's.

B. Singh.

Letters to the Editor

S.M. Singh (D—0438, Indian Institute of Mgt. Ahmedabad—15 Gujarat) After passing Engineering I joined Larson and Tambro Limited in September 1968. I have now been granted study leave of two years from L&T and have joined this Institute to do a postgraduate programme in Business Administration. Incidentally Raizada (Ex-Siwalik '68) is also at this Institute.

Dr. S. Chatrath (Savitri Bhavan, 6, New Market, Lawrence Road, Amritsar) 4th July 1972 was a memorable evening. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Anil Soneja, O.S. around Amritsar could muster their maximum strength. It was a delightful evening at the house of Dr. Anil Bhatia O.S. (53—62). He and his charming wife Gargi gave all of us most sumptuous dinner. The memories of nostalgia of Sanawar—a home away from home chimed in all the hearts of those who attended this meet. There were solemn occasions also, when atmosphere was charged with reverence for those O.S. who had laid down their lives to make sure that we may live in peace. Arun Khetarpal who won the P. V. C. (Posthumous) and Pannu (M. V. C.) came in our thoughts. Among those who attended were myself who was later elected to the chair (52—54), Capt. Sethi (Subhash) (55—65), Ravi Mehta 3rd year M.B.B.S. (62—68), Vippon Dutta, M. Sehgal, Film distributor A. Soneja (58—65), A. Bhatia (53—62), Miss Rupinder Kaur, 2nd Lt. Gujral. Doctor Gurdev Singh Purewal could not make it. It was a sweet evening. It was decided to hold similar meetings at frequent intervals, and to visit the Founder's this year in all strength.

Peter Lee (8 Thornhill Grove, London N. I.) It is now unbelievably 12 years since I left Sanawar, after my year of teaching from 1959 to 1960 under a scheme organised by the British Council. I was the first person to come to the School under the scheme and I am sure I speak for all my successors when I say it was a year that I would not have missed for anything. I have had much excitement and interest in the last 12 years, but even now I still tell people that my year in India was the best of my life. Sanawar did an immense amount for me and I shall never forget the kindness and "giving qualities" of all, from Pat Som Dutt to the lowliest chowkidar.

In the first five years after my return to England I often thought seriously of a permanent return to Sanawar, but I never quite made the decision and now too much water has flowed under the bridge.

I hope the Founder's celebrations this year exceed anything in the past and I wish Sanawar every success this year and in the years ahead.

How I Spent My Holidays

Below me, I could see the romantic city of Jaipur bathed in a rosy glow of the setting sun. Its steeples pierced through the oncoming darkness and the lights of the city twinkled and glittered invitingly. A few minutes later, our plane touched down at the Jaipur airport.

I was spending the first few weeks of my holiday in Jaipur, popularly known as the 'Pink City'. This being my first visit to Rajasthan, I was overwhelmed with its majestic and pulsating beauty, the vastness of the sunbaked lands stretching into oblivion and its exotic natives.

The next day I moved through the throngs of people into the heart of the city. Every step took me back in time: the narrow winding streets, packed with camels and men, bizarre bazaars with shopkeepers haggling heatedly, dream like temples, graceful sloe-eyed Rajasthani women in brilliant ankle-length skirts with intricate embroidery. Ornately wrought, gaily coloured pieces of native jewelery spilled from their noses and were beautiful accents against their arms, faces and necks. Their skins glistened in shades from cream to chocolate-brown and were darkly contrasted by their blue 'black Kohl' ringed eyes.

The market place was alive with movement and highpitched voices of hawkers displaying their wares and in the corner of the square a camel fight was taking place, watched intently by cheering onlookers.

The next few days were spent in a whirl of visiting palaces and other places of interest. Before I knew it, we were back in Bombay.

I spent the last week of my holiday at the seaside, Juhu. The days passed in a rush of horse-riding on the beach, swimming, surfing, deep sea fishing and goggling. At dusk we would watch the brilliant sunsets, for the sky would be splashed with crimson, purple, bronze and other vivid colours. At night we'd barbecue out on the beach and listen to the pounding of the surf on the flourey white beach, while the sea shimmered iridescently in the reflection of the moon.

One by one, the days slipped and soon, almost too soon we were back in school.

Nickie Grover

The Most Exciting Incident I have Ever Seen

Truly, the most exciting incident I have ever seen was during my last winter vacation, when my uncle took me for a tiger hunt in the Almora hills. We left Nainital by jeep for Ghassigaon, a small village on the outskirts of a dense and dangerous forest. After making arrangements to stay in the Dak Bungalow we set forth to make certain enquiries amongst the villagers. We soon learnt that in a village twelve miles away, a tiger had stolen several heads of cattle. One of the villagers offered to direct us to this place. We were told that the jeep could not go as the path was far too narrow in parts. Packing our necessities in three rucksacks we set out the next morning on foot. We were well armed and hoped to have some luck.

We arrived at the village by about 4 p. m. and were cordially received by the villagers when they learnt the purpose of our visit. The night was spent in the village Headman's hut. Early the next morning accompanied by a few eager villager's, we set off to find a suitable place for the construction of a 'machan'. By about noon our efforts were well rewarded, one of the villagers had located a water pool and by examining the foot prints in the mud, we were able to make out that several animals visited this place. Work was at once started on the construction of a 'machan' about fifteen to twenty feet high. By evening the 'machan' was completed and we returned to the village. The following afternoon, having bought a goat from one of the villagers we went into the forest to spend the night on the 'machan'. We tied the goat to a nearby tree and settled down to wait. The whole night passed uneventfully. Towards the morning the water hole was visited by several animals; a variety of deer, some jackals and a couple of peacocks but no tiger, we began to grow impatient.

As the sun began to rise over the distant snow capped mountain peaks, we heard a faint rustling in the tall elephant grass. We saw a magnificent tiger about 10 feet long coming for a drink of water. As he bent his head to put his mouth to the water, my uncle raised his rifle, removed the safety catch and taking careful aim he gently squeezed the trigger. As hot lead smashed into the tiger's head, he gave a terrifying howl, jumped up into the air and dropped dead to the ground before the report of the bullet had died down in the distant mountains.

Sanjiv Kavaljit Singh

Donations

The Headmaster would like to take this opportunity of placing on record and conveying the appreciation and thanks of the School to all parents, O. S. and others who have helped us greatly by procuring advertisements for Souvenir Brochure.

The first list of donations received is being published in the News Letter and we are sure that many more are on their way to us.

List of donations received up to 27-8-72 :—

*1. Donations received from Sanawar School Staff from Jan., 71, to July, 72.	Rs. 7323.77
*2. Donations received from Parents of Form VI, 1971.	Rs. 8976.67
†3. Other Donations.	Rs. 8523.00
Total	Rs. 24823.44

*The detailed list will be published later.

†		
Shri M. C. Dogra (Simla)	...	Rs. 3,000.00
Mrs. Prakash Vati (Chandigarh)	...	101.00
Shri Ajatshatru Singh (Jaipur)	...	200.00
Lt. Col. G. S. Sandhu (C/o 99 APO)	...	500.00
Mrs. S. Talwar (Moradabad)	...	1,000.00
Shri M. S. Grewal	...	100.00
Shri Ram Lal (Faridabad)	...	1,000.00
Shri N. C. Vasistha (Chandigarh)	...	20.00
Maj. K. S. Virk (C/o 56 APO)	...	50.00
M/s. Kishore watch Co. (Bombay)	...	500.00
M/s. Ganpati Hosiery Mills (Ludhiana)	...	100.00
Mrs. Gurdeep Sachdeva (Chandigarh)	...	100.00
Maj. K. P. Singhal (Shillong)	...	25.00
M/s. D. S. Narula & Co. (Shillong)	...	450.00
M/s. Dutta Dey & Co. (Shillong)	...	250.00
Shri S. K. Jaini (Shillong)	...	101.00
M/s. Stephens Belle & Co. (Shillong)	...	50.00
M/s. M. Harbans Lal & Co. (Shillong)	...	25.00
Shri Kuldip Singh Sethi (Kuwait)	...	500.00
Shri A. M. Khosla (Kasauli)	...	201.00
Shri S. N. Kapur (Calcutta)	...	250.00
Total		Rs. 8,523.00

॥ शिमला समझौता ॥

(वक्ता—प्रस्ताव के पक्ष में)

कुछ लोग इस सच्चाई को भूल गए हैं कि जब कभी दो देशों में युद्ध होता है और फिर कुछ समय के बाद अगर युद्ध-विराम हो जाता है तो शान्ति समझौते की पहली शर्त यही होती है कि वार्ता मेज़ पर बैठकर वे अपने आप को विजेता और पराजित अनुभव न करें बल्कि समानता के अधार पर ही कोई भी सन्धि करें; जैसे कि विजयी भारत ने विजित पाकिस्तान के साथ बराबरी के अधार पर ही शिमला समझौता किया है और अपनी विजयी अवस्था का नाज़ायज़ फायदा नहीं उठाया है, जिसकी वजह से आज भारत के इस शानदार कदम की उत्तर-दक्षिण, पूर्व-पश्चिम दुनिया के सभी देश सराहना कर रहे हैं; बल्कि बहुत सारे देशों ने तो शिमला समझौते के महान आदर्श को अपनी विदेश नीति का अंग मानना भी स्वीकार कर लिया है।

मैं इन लोगों को यह बात बार-बार याद दिलाना नहीं चाहूँगी कि हर देश को सन्धि या समझौता हो जाने पर युद्ध-बन्दी तो एक-न-एक दिन जल्दी या देर में लौटाने ही पड़ते हैं और फिर १३००० पाकिस्तानी युद्ध-बन्दियों पर १७ दिसम्बर १९७१ से आज तक हम ५ करोड़ रुपये बेकार में ही खर्च कर चुके हैं। एक तो पहले ही हम १ करोड़ पूर्वी पाकिस्तानी अर्थात् बंगाली शरणार्थियों पर उन्हें स्वतन्त्र बंगला देश वापिस भेजने पर ३०२ करोड़ रुपये खर्च कर चुके हैं और फिर इन युद्ध-बन्दियों को अपने

यहाँ और अधिक रखना तो “आ बैल मुझे मार” वाली कहावत ही सिद्ध होगी। सच तो यह है कि इनको अपने यहाँ और अधिक रखना तो अपने देश की नाजुक अर्थ-व्यवस्था की पीठ में छुरा भौंकने के समान है जो किसी भी भारतीय नागरिक को स्वीकार नहीं होगा।

शिमला समझौते की सबसे बड़ी सफलता यह है कि भारत और पाकिस्तान युद्ध की कटुता और जीत-हार की भावना को भुलाकर दोस्ती और शान्ति का एक नया दौर शुरू करने के लिए मिल-बैठकर आपस में फैसला करने को राजी हो गए। श्रीमती गाँधी जी के शब्दों में—“शिमला समझौता महज एक अच्छी शुरुआत है”। यही क्या कम है कि कुछ घंटों की बात-चीत में शान्ति समझौते की बुनियाद खोज ली गई और दुरमनी को दोस्ती का चोला पहना दिया गया। और जब शुरुआत अच्छी हुई तो आशा है कि अन्त भी अच्छा ही होगा।

शिमला समझौता कर भारत ने पाकिस्तान को सैनिक तानाशाही के चँगुल से निकाल कर प्रजातन्त्रीय देश बनने में एक अच्छा योगदान किया है जिससे कि पाकिस्तानी भाइयों को, जो हमारे ही कलेजे के टुकड़े हैं, राहत की जिन्दगी बसर करने का एक ऐसा वरदान मिल गया है, जिसकी वजह से वे अब हमारी हर बात मानने को तय्यार हैं; और सबको यह जानकर खुशी होगी कि श्रीमती गाँधी के समझाने पर श्री भुट्टो, यानि पाकिस्तान, अब बंगला देश को बहुत जल्दी ही मान्यता देने वाला है, जिसके फलस्वरूप भारत-पाकिस्तान बंगला देश के इस नए ‘त्रिभुज’ से इस उप-महाद्वीप की स्थायी शान्ति को नया ‘बोहु-बल’ मिलेगा, जिसका ज्यादातर श्रेय भारत को ही प्राप्त होगा।

अतः अब इसमें कोई शक की गुंजायश नहीं रही कि “शिमला समझौता वास्तव में भारत के हित में ही है”।

हरवीन सचदेवा

The Siwalik House Show

The curtain opened to a solo dance ‘Dash Avtar’ performed by Jyotsna Jamwal. It was a beautiful dance performed with a lot of grace and skill. The movements were limpid and deliberate and throughout the dance the dancer maintained the same delicately slow rhythm.

The next item was a musical medley with “movement and singing” by the Siwalikan girls’ Junior chorus. The girls performed with stamina and vigour (watching them perform, one at last begins to understand how the hero in Indian films manages to sing and perform tricks side by side). Hats off to the chorus—where the other House’s Juniors are afraid to put up songs more than a minute or two in length, the Siwalikan girls held the

audience spell-bound for exactly fourteen minutes. It was interesting to see some senior girls singing as Juniors. I am sure with so much on their hand, the audience would have enjoyed the musical medley by the senior girls—preferably with movement.

A dance again and that also a jumble. Everyone resigned himself to getting bored but what a pleasant surprise awaited us. The little girls (Lower threes) were really very sweet and sang with verve and enthusiasm. The little medley received a thunderous applause when their item

The next item—by the Sixth Form Girls—meant to be a surprise. As the item was announced I heard someone say “Oy! I know what it is!” So much for the surprise part of it. But it was a delightful item. It was a song composed by the girls themselves—which in itself was a great discovery. We discover that all these years we have had amongst us potential Emily Dickensons and Dolittles. The girls sang what they felt about various aspects of school life and ended up with a song that in spite of all this they would sing with a wonderful Sanawar once they departed into the world. Both staff and students welcomed it as a healthy expression of what students feel. In spite of healthiness—in spite of the complaints about food, it was amusing to see the obviously healthy and pink cheeks of the singers.

The ‘Rainmakers’ came on next and succeeded in creating a lot of thunder with “Hawaii Faze” and “The Wind”. The band received loud applause—probably because with their appearance the audience was reminded that Siwalik House wasn’t just a school of girls only. Next was a one act comedy—“Keep Calm”. The whole play was based on errors arising out of mistaken identities. It was a hilarious play and a few of the jokes were very good. The audience roaring with laughter. The actors wore fantastic clothes—trouser suits and jazzy trousers.

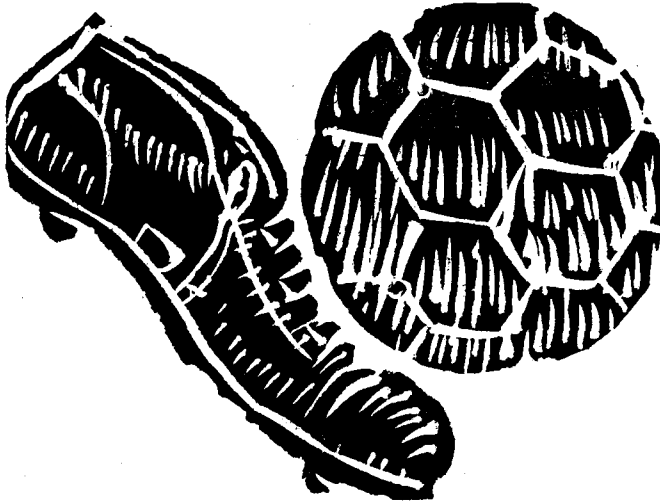
The ‘Rainmakers’ created more than a few laughs with “Motion Faze”, “The Bandit” and a trumpet piece “Cherry Pink” by Jasmeet Rana.

Last came the Hindi play “Drishti” in three scenes, based on a story by Tagore. It was performed by Jamwal, as the long suffering wife who goes on due to her husband’s negligence and still does nothing against him, turned in an excellent performance. Mukul Chopra as the repentant husband, tiring of the blind wife decides to marry again, she is refused, also gave a good performance. Anand, Rajiv Gar and Meena Chanchani all did well. One only wishes that the sets could have been more imaginatively handled.

The show ended with a word from the headmaster, a short speech from the chief guest and a first verse of the school song. One can agree heartedly with the Siwalikan claim that theirs is the best House Show—the best thing being that it lasts only two hours.

Neeraj M

Soccer : Sanawar vs B.C.S.



It was a clear morning as the Sanawarian team went in for breakfast—a delicacy in B. C. S. Most of the boys had a rather heavy meal. This perhaps was the cause for the defeat. Sanawar played under odds because Nasjeet, the goalie, had fractured his thumb.

The match began at 9-30 a. m. but our team began warming up long before 9 a. m. Amidst one sided cheers the two captains went in for the toss. Sanawar won and the game began.

It was rather slow in the beginning, may be the players were getting used to the run of the play. The tempo of the game steadily increased, the Sanawarians fighting the B. C. S. with the school

motto on their lips.—'Never Give In'. Although there were no girls to cheer them up, they played on with full 'josh'.

There was a nice bit of soccer in the first half. The B.C.S. XI got three consecutive corners but fortunately for us, all of them were cleared by the determined defenders. The game was never one-sided, the play being distributed evenly all over the field. Sanawar pressed many times but fruitlessly.

B.C.S. forced a corner in the 21st minute of the 1st half and amidst confusion at the goal mouth, the ball was netted. A thunderous cry echoed across the Simla Hills. Another fourteen minutes of play and the whistle blew for half time.

The Sanawarian team received a lot of consolation at the hands of the few supporters as they gulped down glasses of squash.

The second half showed the 'team' in a better stance than that of B.C.S. The game became very fast and pretty rough. Chaudhry made use of his bulk, flooring the B.C.S. outside-left as many as nine times. Sekhon and Kadyan excelled in the second half. There were a series of attempts made on the B.C.S. goal but to no avail. Barthwal tried a lob—a beautiful one, but it was a wee bit high and the ball hit the horizontal bar and rebounded out of reach of a Sanawarian forward.

On the whole, the team played well but not as well as they used to play during practices. B.C.S. won by a solitary goal. Never mind Sanawar. It is always good to taste defeat once in a while, for it is only then one learns how to defend oneself.

H. S. Gill

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Printed and published at The Lawrence School Press, Sanawar, by S. C. Arora.

Regd. No. P.—129

**THE
SANAWAR
NEWS-LETTER**

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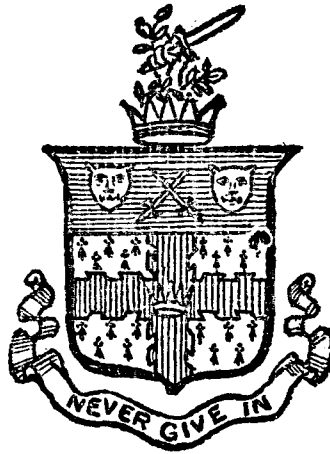
*THE HEADMASTER
THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR
(SIMLA HILLS).*

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

1st August

1972

*School closed
for
Summer Vacation.*

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Printed and published at The Lawrence School Press, Sanawar, by S. C. Arora.

Regd. No. P. 129

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 180

1st July

1972

School News

June

1st. Diwakar Singh is admitted. The Swimming Season begins at last, much to everyone's relief.

2nd. Khud fire. Honoria Court almost goes up in flames. The boys prove to be fantastic firefighters.

3rd. Holiday and khud cleaning.

4th. Sanawar XI beats the C. R. I. 2-0, Smarty scores the goals. The Song and Drama Division of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting stage 'Dharamshala,' based on the theme of National Integration. In spite of the brilliant acting the play didn't quite take off.

5th. Prep School Inter-House Cricket matches end. House points: Siwalik 6, Nilagiri 4 Vindhya 0. Congratulations Siwalik.

No prep. The S & DD stage 'Katghar', based on the theme of family planning. Again a fantastic display of acting.

8th. Nilagiri House Show first performance. It was a little off the mark, a good omen for the final performance.

10th. Nilagiri House Show final performance goes off well. The Highlight of the evening: 'Shivering Shocks' a one act play produced and directed by the boys themselves. To provide moral support Upinder Dhar, P.M.S. Grewal, Tusky Junior, Pannu and Billu Ghuman all come up to see the show.

Rohit Kochhar (Vindhya, Form Junior) is moved down to the Civil Hospital, Chandigarh. Diagnosis: encephalitis.

11th. C.R.I. avenges its defeat and beats the School XI 5-2. Smarty and Sukha responsible for the two goals. Simrat Mann's birthday.

12th. Scanlon Cup Tournament commences.

Staff Badminton Tournament Starts.

Rohit is shifted to the P. G. I. by his parents.

13th. Inter-House Tennis Tournament, G. D. begins.

14th. Finals of the Scanlon Cup. An exciting match. Moite beats Mala Tandan and annexes the Championship for the second year running.

16th. Gurdev Singh Purewal (1950-54) up for a short visit to get his children registered. As always it was a great pleasure to meet an O. S. of the older vintage.

17th. Soccer match, School XI vs. an O.S. Team from Chandigarh. O.S. get a trouncing 1-7. Anil Kalja scores for the O.S. and Sukha (Sekhon), Gorkhe (Rana), Dadoo (Dhar) and Smarty (Madhok) score for the XI. Smarty fulfils the exacting demand of one of his fans and scores four goals.

Rumour confirmed: Rohit Kochhar passed away on June 13th.

In spite of everything the school social took place and except for one small incident was unusually successful.

18th. Hottest day so far. The mercury touches thirty-seven.

19th. Sudden storm and welcome downpour of rain sends the temperature shooting down. First match between the XI and the Special Security Bureau, Dharampur. The S.S.B. win 3-1. Smarty scores for the school.

Mr. Abraham sees a ghost.

20th. Second match with the S.S.B. They win again 1—0. The School XI plays well (possibly because the H.M. was watching?) though a little rough.

21st. Founder's meeting. An extra day for Founder's this year: a variety show and a firework display on 1st October.

Inter-house tournament (G.D.) ends. House points:—

Siwalik—6, Himalaya—4, Nilagiri—2, Vindhya—0. Well done Siwalik, never mind Vindhya.

22nd. Two minutes silence at Assembly in memory of Rohit Kochhar.

Inter-house badminton tournament (G. D.) starts.

23rd. Inter-house badminton tournament ends. House points:

Nilagiri—6, Siwalik—4, Himalaya—2, Vindhya—0. Congratulations Nilagiri.

24th. Mrs. Bakshi leaves. We are all very grateful to her indeed for having come up and helped us out with the Maths classes while Mr. S.C. Arora was away at Solan.

The School XI leaves for B.C.S. The B.C.S. Colts and Atoms arrive.

25th. School XI plays well but loses 0—1. Sanawar Atoms draw in a goal-less match, while the Colts inflict a crushing defeat on the B.C.S. Colts 3—1.

26th. Soccer Inter-House matches start in torrential rain. Nilagiri First XI has the distinction of beating Vindhya 12—0.

27th. Siwalik House Show first performance goes off well.

28th. Soccer Inter-House matches end.

29th. Doomsday—2nd Mark-reading.

Siwalik House Show final performance a fitting close to the term.

30th. Mr. Abraham leaves with the Bombay party and in the evening the rest of the school dances with joy. Special farewell tea for the doctor. B.D., G.D. & P.D. combine to say goodbye. A really sad occasion.

July

1st. Home day and by evening the School has a bare and deserted look. Already the holidays hang heavily and one longs for the return of shouting and laughter.

O. S. News

Bill College writes from Jersey: "The O.S. reunion on the 13th came at the height of a rail strike, but far more attended than was anticipated. I put on my latest Sna films and was mobbed because "Bhuppy" appeared clean-shaven. Shades of Charley's Aunt!.....The News-letter gives us many new names among the staff and we'll have a great time getting to know the new teachers and instructors. More strength to their elbows!"

Anjana Mehra writes from Bombay: "I have just finished my Fine Art Course at the Sir J.J. School of Art and am seeking admission for a Post Graduate course in graphics at the M.S. University in Baroda, hence the enclosed letter to Sangram Singh, who I think will be able to help me.....I get regular news of Sna' from Mr. Wad. Sanobar is fine. She has just finished her course at the Institute".

Simran Sachdev writes from Chandigarh: "I did my S.C. last year. You will be pleased to know I got 10 points. There are quite a few O.S. in Chandigarh—so whenever I meet one we always have a long chat about Sna".

Leela Kar writes from Bangalore: "I hope—in fact I am sure, the school is flourishing as usual. The I.S.C. results weren't really praiseworthy this time, except Patole's. I'm sure our batch did better. The weather is fabulous here in Bangalore. But I don't suppose that makes you jealous since it must be more so at Sanawar".

Nirmaljit Singh 'Butch' writes from the NDA: "You'll be glad to know that we finally did manage to have an O.S. party here in N.D.A.....We had a big crest of Sanawar hanging in one of the doorways and that was the first thing that the O.S. noticed as they came in. The people were: Nirmal Bala, Uma Tewari, Ranjit Virk, Pramod Bhatia, Pradeep Singh, Ashok Rai, Vijay Tawade, O.P. Rawat, Gurkopal Singh and Arjun Rastogi (all from AFMC) Ramesh Pathania and Devinder S. Sidhu (from CME), Muninderjit Sekhon, Upinder Dhar, Shivender Kadan (from the N.D.A.) and Haripal Singh (from Bombay)".

Bhupinder Singh.

The Festival Soccer Match

The soccer season was heralded by the festival match. This is an annual fixture and provides a lot of fun both for the players and the spectators. What with the ball flying into the girls' stands and the staff falling down over and over again, there is no end to the entertainment provided. This is why everyone looks forward to this match.

This year the staff started off well by winning the toss. But they soon found out that it was going to be tough going all the way, because the XI put up a stone wall defence and the forwards pressed hard taking advantage of the many good passes whenever they could. Due to some bad shots and narrow misses, the score remained level at 0—0 right till we neared the half time period. Five minutes before change of sides, Gaurav Rana converted a good pass into a goal and the XI were one up.

After having three or four glasses of lemon squash, the players were reluctant to get on to the field again. Half time was extended by ten minutes till everyone had recovered (apart from some of the spectators who couldn't get over the idea that some of the lemon squash was left and had been taken back to the kitchen !)

The forwards, for once showed some understanding and before anyone even knew what was happening Neeraj Madhok slammed in a goal. The score was now 2—0 in favour of the XI. But after ten minutes of lack lustre play, broken up in parts by some one tripping over and falling, Mr. Mukherjee headed in a delightful goal. Unfortunately in the process he fell down but was helped to his feet by the sporting School XI players and given a big hand. One could hear the spectators cheering wildly.

This rude jolt woke the School players up and some nice playing was witnessed. After many near misses, Vasant Dhar got one past the goal keeper and the score moved up to 3—1.

This was also the score at the end of play. It was an interesting match in the sense that everyone enjoyed it thoroughly. Both sides played very well and this play put them in the correct mood to do full justice to the lovely tea laid on by Mrs. Sehgal.

Neeraj Madhok

The Vindhya House Show

House shows being what they are, I faced the evening of the Vindhyan show in some trepidation. It was a relief to find that my misgivings were not justified.

The first item was a dance, an apparently indispensable—though by no means popular—feature of every house show. The dance based on the Krishna Leela, was however a pleasure to watch: not because it employed a profound theme or remarkable talent, but because it was performed with such infectious gaiety.

In the piece that followed, fifteen lower thirds cheerfully murdered a partiotic song. What they lacked by way of melody, they more than made up

for in enthusiasm. Next an announcer emerged armed with a crystal ball and auguries of surprises to come—a fairly convincing gypsy, despite the fact that her attire was faintly reminiscent of a tribal Naga's. The three scenes from 'Oliver' that she announced were a very original idea, and beautifully arranged. Rawley made an ideal Oliver.

Then, a Hawaiian dance—what next! It combined the shake and hula—hula with a few Spanish flamenco steps thrown in for a truly exotic flavour. To top it all, grass-clad island beauties swayed to the beat of an unmistakably Sanawarian band playing "Trumpet Cha-cha-cha".

More music; this time Mala and Arti rendered two melodies on the violin and Rekha Gore sang a couple of songs. A sigh ran through the audience when the Hindi play 'Under Secretary,' was announced. This one did not rise above the usual Hindi plays with their slapstick comedy and coincidence-ridden plots, but it was acted superbly. Nasjeet Ghoshal and Rohini Arora were perfect in their roles. The play began to grow tedious toward the end; it could have been shorter.

The Vindhyan band played two tunes before the last item, an English play called 'Love and the Boxer'. Its story ran thus: Mary discarded her suitor, a boxer, for a nobly bred painter whose nose was in the air when it was not buried in a dictionary. Mary's mother approved of the high-browed intellectual; her father of the plebian pugilist. Eventually her father won as brawn triumphed over brain, for the painter was already married. As for the actors—Ferida Satarawala was marvellous as Mary's mother; Bery, her husband, acted well, but it would have been nice to hear some of his lines instead of having to guess at them. The play was brief and amusing.

That was the Vindhya house show—some of it original, some funny, some ridiculous. Yet, it hadn't a single really dull moment—and that is no mean achievement.

Mina Chanchani.

The Nilagiri House Show

"You must remember", said someone, "and appreciate the fact that the house has put in its best". "And remember", said someone else, "if you criticize our show we'll tear yours to bits". Let us leave criticism to the brave. Let me give an account which puts me in the clear.

The curtain rose to an expectant hush. The first strains of a lilting raga split the silence and we held our breaths as the sheer glory of the music struck

home. After a few minutes of bliss the orchestra ended and with the closing of the curtain came a visible sigh from those members of the audience who had come down to earth again. Kudos to Dr. Kulshreshtha for producing such a marvellous display of talent.

Another musical item—a song by Latika. A haunting melody which, aptly accompanied by two guitars and a violin, remained fresh in the mind long after the sweet though soft notes had died away.

The Ugly Duckling—a novel English play, was next on the agenda. The settings were superb and what was more—the Sanawarian sofa was actually missing! It is the first time a fairytale play has been staged and surprisingly, it went down very well with the watchers. Harsimiran was splendiferous as the sharp queen; Neeraj Madhok as the stupid king, completely fulfilled the exacting demands of his role and Dulcibella Brara was charming.

The Squares with their most unsquarish music—who suggested the name anyway? (Maneka, you should know—Ed.)—entertained us with two delightful renderings of Mexico and Muddy Mississippi Lane. Their band is, without doubt one of the best Sanawar has ever heard—one only wishes the instruments were in tune.

Boys and girls both took part in the Lushai dance that followed. The costumes were simple and neat. The dancers enjoyed themselves tremendously on stage and gradually the audience imbibed their infectious enthusiasm. The girls jumped adeptly between bamboo sticks beaten on the ground by the boys; the beat got faster, the atmosphere tensed—everyone expecting a dancer to trip and after a frenzied five minutes the flute slowed down and the dancers trooped off the stage. A remarkable performance indeed.

The next item was a chorus for the juniors. The song was sung beautifully really, there is no dearth of musical talent in Nilagiri house. It was truly refreshing to see such an original piece of work.

Manmegh Singh was to sing next. Most of us having heard him in 1971's opera, looked forward to his song. He rose to the occasion and the audience was hushed into silence as note upon note soared and trembled. One of Mukesh's hits but with the peculiar flavour that is all Manmegh Singh's.

Another musical item—what joy. A ghazal sung exquisitely by Diwakar Singh who surprised us all with his self confidence and apparent ease. We, who tremble on setting foot on a stage filled with twenty others, envy him this ability.

The Hindi play was short and sweet. Deepak Pandit as Anand acted very well and cracked quite a few good jokes. Ketaki was lively and kept the audience amused.

The programme said—the Squares—again. The silence was broken by The Sound of Silence played professionally it seemed. This was followed by the Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde. The seniors were especially enthusiastic as, for the first time, they did not have to sit through Bombay Duck—a favourite with all bands.

The last item was a unique one. Produced and directed by tomorrow's Conrad Rooks—Vasant Dhar and Sukhminder Sekhon. Considering that it was untouched by a staff member, it was a fantastic effort. The sound effects were terrific and one had a sneaky sympathy for the legless captain and the wounded professor. The story was gripping and totally new. It was a fitting finale to an excellent show.

The Headmaster said a few words praising the Vindhya House show, the chief guest gave a touching speech, and one of the best shows of the year ended with the school song.

And pigs have wings.

HEIL HITLER.

Maneka Anand.

Khud Fires

Immediately after supper on the 29th of May, the senior boys—Upper Five and Sixth—were told to hurry to the school gate, where a great khud fire was raging. "Craters Hill is on fire," is the rumour that spread like wildfire and instead of the seniors only, many juniors were also present. This was the first khud fire since way back in the early sixties, and it drew crowds of people to it.

By the time we reached we discovered that some members of the staff had already lit a controlled fire to keep the khudfire at bay. In fact it was this controlled fire which had devastated most of Craters Hill. Ever since about five in the evening some of the staff had been busy fighting the fire not only at Lovers' Pond but another one which had come over Eagles' Nest and was threatening Moti's Corner. A few minutes before we arrived on the scene the S.S.B. men had also arrived in full strength and the twin fires appeared to be well under control.

The first few minutes on arrival were spent in admiring the panorama in front and below us, and it must be said that if one could forget for an instant the terrible damage wrought by these fires, they did indeed present a truly memorable sight. After about

five minutes of admiring the scenery we were despatched to clear the Long Back and the khudside above it of pine needles. Having done this, the boys resumed their former positions and watched the fire creeping steadily towards the school devouring everything that came in its way. Some boys went down towards Lovers' Pond to help the staff control the fire that had been lit. At last the controlled fire burnt itself out and there was nothing more left to do. The boys returned to their dormitories their intense desire for firefighting unsatisfied.

The second fire, which was the most dangerous, broke out during the night of the 2nd of June. At a quarter to eleven the school bell started ringing and everyone charged out of bed to discover that this was a fire alarm. The hillside below Short Back was on fire and Honoria Court was in danger of being burnt. The girls were evacuated onto Peacestead. From this safe vantage point they watched the boys doing ALL the work in fighting the fire. (Girls, please note. The boys did indeed act very bravely to put out the fire that threatened you, so its time you stopped calling them 'Squares'—because if they are squares then you must be cubes—Ed).

The fire was really very close and a chain was formed down the hill side. Buckets filled with water were passed down this chain and empty buckets were passed back at top speed, to be refilled. The really hard work that night was done by the people who were responsible for refilling the empty buckets because they had to run with the empty buckets sometimes as far as the swimming pool and then run back again with the heavy buckets at full speed, and back again with two more empty buckets (In the ultimate analysis these silent workers did a great deal more in putting out the fire than the two senior prefects who just stood in the covered verandah shouting directions at all and sundry and in reality not lifting a finger to help—Ed.) Many O. S. and Staff lent a hand in filling the buckets. By one o'clock the fire was extinguished. As it fizzled out the boys returned with the happy news that there was no morning prep that day, even though they had been praying for no classes.

But their prayers were to be answered. At four o'clock the bell rang again to sound the alarm for another fire. It proved to be a minor one and the by now experienced Sanawar Firefigting Society made short work of it, and within half an hour the boys trooped back with their prayers answered. There were to be no classes that day, but a greater, surprise awaited them—there was to be khud cleaning instead of classes.

Neeraj Madhok

The Scanlon Cup Tournament Finals

After the semi-finals, the two contestants for the Scanlon Cup were Mala Tandan and Moite. Both these girls were extremely competent and there was great debating as to who would be the winner.

The match commenced with Mala winning the first couple of games. Moite however, soon caught up and it was only after a regular tussle that she was able to win the first set—the score being 6—4.

The second set began with Moite leading. The two players gave a fantastic display of longshots, spins and volleys. There was a close struggle for each point, but Moite proved to be the superior player and thus won the set and match—thereby being the winner of the Scanlon Cup for the second successive year.

Gayatri Sondhi

Rohit Kochhar

We all send our deepest sympathies to the bereaved parents of Rohit Kochhar, who lost their seven year old son in the P. G. I. Chandigarh on June 13th 1972.

In class, he was a quiet but bright child, who was always willing to work. He was a popular boy among the children and all the little preppers are going to miss him greatly.

(The last time Mr. Bhupinder Singh went to see him in the hospital he was very obviously ill, and yet when Mr. Bhupinder Singh asked him how he was he managed to bring a brave smile to his face and say: "Much better sir").

P. Dhani

School Calendar—Some Important Dates (30th July—1st December)

July

Sun. 30th School parties return.

August

Tue. 15th Independence Day.

Thu. 24th Raksha Bandhan.

Thu. 31st Janam Ashtami (Holiday).

September

Tue. 5th Teachers' day.

Fri. 22nd Third Mark-reading.

Thu. 28th School (variety) concert 1st performance.

Fri. 29th A.D.S., 1st performance.

Sat. 30th P. D. Concert 1st performance.
School Musical play 1st performance.
Tattoo 1st performance.

October

Sun. 1st	School (variety) concert 5-00—7-00 p.m. Proposed Firework Display 7-00 p.m.
Mon. 2nd	Gandhi Jayanti Assembly 8-00 a.m. (Barne Hall) Athletics 9-30—11-30 a.m. Parents' Coffee (Gym.) 12-00 noon P. D. Founder's Lunch 1-15 p.m. A.D.S. Play 5-00 p.m.
Tue. 3rd	O. S. matches 10-00 a.m. P. D. Concert 4-30 p.m. Tattoo 7-15 p.m.
Wed. 4th	Founder's Day Assembly (Chapel) 8-30 a.m. Trooping of Colours 10-00 a.m. Arts & Crafts Exhibition 11-00 a.m. Speeches 12-00 noon Founder's Lunch B.D./G.D. 1-15 p.m. School musical play 5-00 p.m.
Thu. 5th	Fete 10-30 a.m. S.O.Ps., allowed 12-30 p.m. O.S. meeting (staff club) 2-30 p.m. O.S. Dinner 7-00 p.m. O.S. Dance 8-30 p.m.
Sun. 8th	Children on S.O.Ps., to report back 5-30 p.m.
Tue. 17th	Dushera.

November

Wed. 1st	I.S.C. oral examination.
Fri. 3rd	I. S. C. Dictation and Aural.
Sun. 5th	Deepawali.
Tue. 7th	I.S.C. Examinations commence.
Tue. 14th	Children's Day.
Mon. 20th	Guru Nanak's Birthday.
Tue. 28th	Fourth Mark Reading.
Wed. 30th	I.S.C. examinations conclude. Prize giving.

December

Thu. 1st Homeday.

To All Readers

I am very grateful for the whole hearted response to my appeals in the last two issues of the News-letter from parents, O.S. and well wishers of the School. The first list of donors will be published in the next issue of the News-letter.

Headmaster.

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Printed and published at The Lawrence School Press, Sanawar, by S. C. Arora.

Regd. No. P.—129

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

If undelivered please return to :—

THE HEADMASTER
THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR
(SIMLA HILLS).

Fund Raising and Advertisement Committee The Lawrence School, Sanawar, (Simla Hills) H.P.

Patron: Mr. B. R. Pasricha

President: Miss R. Chatterji

Convener: Dr. D.C. Gupta

We have great pleasure in informing you that we are bringing out a Special Souvenir Brochure in connection with the celebration of our 125th Founders in the first week of October, 1972, and in seeking your kind and generous help.

By a happy coincidence our 125th coincides with the Silver Jubilee year of our independence. We are taking this opportunity to implement certain essential expansion schemes. The advertising in the Souvenir Brochure constitutes one part of the Fund Raising Drive launched by us.

By advertising in this Brochure you would be serving a two fold purpose. First you will be able to bring your products to the attention of a large and well spread body of readers who matter. Our children come from all over the country and the Brochures will be sent to many dignitaries, parents and students old and new not only in India but all over the world. Secondly by advertising in the Brochure you will have the satisfaction of having helped a worthy cause and having shared in the growth of the School.

The overall size of brochure will be 22×18 cm. and the print area will be 18×14 cm. The rates of advertisement are given as below :—

Back Cover	Rs. 1250/-
Cover page No. 2/3	1200/-
Full page on Art paper	1000/-
Full page (ordinary)	800/-
Half page	450/-
Quarter page	250/-

We shall be grateful to receive your valued instructions together with advertisement material by 15th August '72.

Cheque/Drafts may please be drawn in favour of The Headmaster, (not by name please) The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Copies of this circular can be obtained from the School Office. O.S. and parents are requested to kindly help.

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 179

1st June

1972

School News

April

19th. The Staff Club Tennis Tournament commenced.

20th. Inter-House basketball (G.D.) matches started.

L-IV and below witnessed the first performance of the Prep School Show.

22nd. The Preppers entertained the 'Seniors' with a variety programme.

Their normal 'josh' was abundantly in evidence. Har Roop Singh Dhaliwal, as Silly, Willy, acted superbly. Eerindra J. Singh looked a perfect 'wise woman'. Navita Aggarwal's make up in 'The Old Woman' was excellent. Niranjana Vasudev as 'Shahji' had an effective voice.

The whole concert was impressive. Plenty of talent was manifest. It augured well for the future.

22nd. A cricket match against the Associate

23rd. Cricket Club played.

Scores: Sanawar 201 for 7 wks. declared and 66 for 5 wks.

A.C.C.: 128 and 148.

23rd. The Inter-House Boxing tournament began.

27th. Inter-House Basketball (G.D.) matches concluded. Our congrats to Nilagiri for annexing the coveted championship trophy.

Mrs. B. Singh presented the Cup.

28th. First Mark Reading held.

The Inter-House Boxing finals took place in the afternoon. We saw some exciting and spirited boxing. In most of the scraps it could have been either way: its certain that the winners did not get it on a platter.

Jai Singh Pathania (H) was adjudged the best boxer and plucky Ravipreet Singh Sohi (N), the best loser. Kudos to both of them. Nilagiri had taken an early lead and maintained it throughout: it easily emerged the Champion House.

The points are :	S	37	H	44
	V	39	N	92

Col. Bhosle, speaking after the tournament, said that he was pleased to watch the youngsters box so well. He felt that the standard of boxing in Sanawar was heartening. Mrs. Bhosle gave away the prizes.

29th. "Power Corrupts and Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely" was avidly debated by the Seniors. Though it was a difficult topic, the speakers acquitted themselves very well. Ferida Satarawala, speaking in her usual confident voice, carried the laurels for the day. Harsimran Grewal's arguments were convincing. An experienced debater, Rohini Arora spoke from the House and outshone the rest. Neeraj Madhok and Maneka Anand also speaking from the house, spoke well.

The Kathmandu party left for an educational trip.

30th A number of other excursion/hike parties set out for their destinations.

May

1st. The Senior School pitched their tents at Gaurah for the camp break.

2nd. U-III downwards camped at Sadhupul.

5th. Junior camp over. Though the children returned a trifle weary, they wanted a longer stay there.

6th. Gaurah campers returned sunburnt. The Camp was a great success.

The main pastime there was fishing. Mr. Mukherji was accorded a hero's welcome when he caught about 40 Kg. in one morning session.

8th. Dr. R. P. Singhal, Secretary, Central Board of Secondary Education visited the School. He explained the objectives and functions of the Board and then the Staff had a fruitful session of discussion with him.

9th. H. M. left for Lovedale.

12th. Our cricket Atoms and Colts left for B.C.S.

B.C.S. first eleven arrived.

13th.) B.C.S. Colts and Atoms gave us a real
14th.) licking. However, our first XI made amends by giving their counterparts a crushing defeat.

15th. Inter-House Cricket tournament commenced.

17th. The Staff played the finals of Tennis. Messrs B.P. Joshi and S. C. Arora won the men's doubles. Mr. Manley vs. Mr. Mundkur was a very exciting match. In the third set the score was 2—5 in favour of Mr. Manley, but then Mr. Mundkur rallied round and beat Mr. Manley 6—5 (short set).

20th. Inter-House Cricket Tournament concludes. Our congrats to Nilagiri for annexing the coveted championship trophy. The Vindhya House show provided a most entertaining evening to a jam-packed hall.

22nd. Festival Cricket match, P.D. beat B.D., B.D. scores 59 all out. P.D.: 59 for 8. Ronald scores a gallant 21, takes P.D. to victory.

23rd. Festival soccer match. First XI beats Staff 3—1. Mr. Mukherji scores for the Staff and Neeraj Gaurav and Vasant score for the eleven.

Staff News

Our congratulations to Miss U. Proctor on becoming Housemistress of Vindhya House (P.D.) vice Mrs. P. Dhami, who relinquished this responsibility.

We welcome Simrat Mann (O.S. '62—65) in the Prep School. We hope her renewed association with the School will be long and happy.

O. S. News

Maj. K.G. Khanna (Headmaster, Sainik School, Tilaiya) Almost ten years have passed when I left Sanawar in 1962. Though I have tried many a time to visit "the best School of all", somehow or the other my present assignment stood in my way. The job of a Headmaster in a Sainik School is highly time consuming but equally rewarding. I am in touch with quite a few Sanawarians and they are doing well abroad and in the NDA and IMA. Mr. D.W. Adshad who was at Sanawar with me has left the job of a teacher and joined Medical Profession in London.

H. Sikund (P.O. Box 3192, Kakira, Jinja, Uganda) The last issue of the Newsletter was received with mixed feelings. Passing away of Shabnam, so young and so boisterous was the saddest news I have heard for a long time. Tripta was absolutely shocked! Then again the news of the three young lads killed in action was indeed hard to bear. Arun Khetarpal, no longer in our midst is quite unbelievable, but true. Such is life and one has to resign oneself to the inevitable. The awards, yes! but small compensation for the lives lost. However, we are indeed proud of the fact that the Tricolour flies higher than it has ever done before.....Mr. Kemp's detached retina has left us completely bewildered.

Mr. Kate has done it again and this time with a Padam Shri! We are indeed proud of his achievement. Another pleasant news was the formation of O.S. Association in Delhi and it was nice reading that the same is not for social gathering of Sanawarians but for the uplift of the country as a whole: my hats off to Bhatia for that. The Ghost Train effort in Chandigarh was truly in Sanawarian spirit of "Never Give In".... I am at present teaching Chemistry to Advanced Level—requires hard work both in preparing lessons and practical work but I am thoroughly enjoying it. Tripta too is busy making $2+2=5$ with the Modern Maths; I haven't a clue what it is. She too is finding this new assignment interesting.

Sachdev Grewal (nee Bala) was here with us a month back. She had earlier been to Sanawar for Founder's and was full of news of the good old School. We had a long reminiscing about the good old place.

The end of next year is going to be a time of decision for us—to be or not to be. We will have to make up our minds whether to stay here or pack up.

I am still keeping up with games—Squash and Tennis. Weekly picture is another source of entertainment; outings galore! There are lovely picnic

spots. Fishing is excellent. I have been cursing myself for having sold my fishing rod to U.P. before coming. I had to pay five times the price here. The cost and standard of living is high. Result: There is a hole in my pocket....Our greetings to all in Sanawar.

Maj. K. M. Verma (Defence Services Staff College, Wellington, Nilgiris) I received the Newsletter today only.... I am so glad to learn that Maj. R. Som Dutt is in Ooty and any day I intend to give him a surprise..... H.R.S. Kalakat is here doing the course with me..... At last Mr. Jagdish Ram's innings in the School is over, and what a wonderful stay it was! I wish there were some more in this country as dedicated as him. May God grant him a very happy retired life.... The life here is Ok but for the infernal studies which I can't seem to get rid of. I wish all at Sna' a very prosperous '72. Please convey my regards and best wishes to all members of the Staff.

Nirmaljit Singh (Butch) [N.D.A. Khadakvasla] Reading the Newsletter set me thinking of Sna' again. I realised that Sna' must be different somehow without the old faces. How easily time slips through, eluding age, while we must go on-leaving things behind us. It reminds me of a couple of lines that came out in The Sanawarian years ago:—

Time goes on, we say

Ah no!

Time stays, we go.

We are proud of our gallant brothers who laid down their lives. Though it punches a big hole into a man's chest yet it cannot be helped. Everyone must come to his end at some time and if the time comes then I think the most noble and honourable way to go is while defending the motherland.

—“What is better than to die
Facing heavy odds;
For the ashes of your fathers
And the temples of your gods”.

Some time back I had gone to Bombay to spend a couple of days with my brother Haripal (Siwalik 57—60). Ramesh Pathania was there too. While on the beach we met Parikshit Sahni. We had a nice time talking about Sna' and the teachers. Whenever O.S. get together they talk almost constantly of Sna' and relive their happy days. We treasure the memory of those happy days beyond words. It truly is a paradise on earth....

Convey our regards (O.S., N.D.A. i.e. M.S. Sekhon, Upinder Dhar, Shivendar Kadan, Rajiv Gupta and myself) to all the staff.

We all are thinking of coming up this summer. We wish the school very best of luck.

Biman Dhar (6 Hastings Street, Calcutta—1) As usual I have received my copy of the Newsletter for which I am always grateful. It was nice to see you all and the old School without any changes. The Headmaster and his wife certainly seem to like the place and enjoy seeing the old boys too. On my return to Chandigarh from Sna' I got in touch with Anil Nehru and saw them a few times. I went to see Suman Mala... I really enjoyed the cool, crisp air with the whistling pines when I was up their..... There are a number of Snawarians in Calcutta, I am told by Soi. Somehow, I hardly bump into them except Harsh Som Dutt who is in Shaw Wallace..... This is strictly a personal letter, so I do not expect any of the contents in the newsletter, please. (Biman, we are sorry but some portion had to be put in.)

G.C. Kr. Vijay Singh Lalotra (Meiktila Coy, Bravo Bn. I.M.A. Dehra Dun) I received the Newsletter recently.... The news about the O.S. Association was rather encouraging. I wonder whether the constitution of the O.S.A. could be published for the benefit of O.S. I went on a hike to Nainital during my mid-term break. Wanted to give a surprise to the Kemps but I could not see them as Mr. Kemp is undergoing an eye operation at Sitapore.... Life here is so much like that at Sna'—Chotta, P.T. classes, games etc. We are kept busy from 5-00 a.m. to 11-00 p. m.

Mrs. V.M. Tilley (106—Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill, London N. 10, England).

(An extract from a letter to Mrs. Mundkur)

A surprise eh? Well surprises are very good things to receive! As Capt. Sahgal, brother to Dr. Sahgal of Kasauli and also a one time boy etc. etc. in Sanawar!! is returning to India soon, he says he'll take you a small parcel of needle work stuff which I hope you will find useful in the needlework room. I do quite a fancy work myself but at present I am on cushions of various kinds, and then intend working on a patchwork quilt which I hope to raffle at the next re-union—13th May—if all goes well.

Suresh Chadha (Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, Homi Bhabha Road, Bombay—5) I shall shortly be leaving this Institute, and depending on whether a worth while opportunity arises in the private sector, I may be returning to England. I have found that the level of scientific/engineering knowledge in even postgraduate students is pretty dismal. I don't know whether you have considered doing something at the school level to counteract this, perhaps by a series of short lectures.... You will be delighted to know that

my copy of the Newsletter still gets to me after being redirected from London to Dehra Dun, and from there to Bombay.

Capt. Kr. Narendrajit Singh (7 Kumaon, C/o 56 APO.)

(An extract from the letter to Mr. Gore)

I met some P. S., Mr. Gupta and Mrs. Atma Ram in a very strange way. I was going to ring up my unit when I saw a youngster (Maini's brother) coming out and he had the School blazer on. On enquiry I found that some students were on a week's camp vacation. . . . Oh, it was wonderful to have met any P. S. after I left School in 1964. Actually I delayed my departure and the programme because such meetings come only once in a 'blue moon'.... In these eight years or so many things have happened. I studied for two years in Hindu College, when I got through the I.M.A. and got my commission in December 1969... Now I am serving in 7 Kumaon and am a Captain. I fought in the '71 conflict at the place of heaviest fighting on the Western front....Rakesh Passi lives near my house in Delhi. He has done Elec. Engg. and is a sales rep. of a famous firm in electrical goods.

2/Lt. Ashok Saxena (Junior Leaders Wing YO—5, Infantry School, Belgaum).

(An extract from the letter to Mr. Gore)

After ceasefire I had gone to Poona to spend my annual leave. I am now at Belgaum doing the Young Officer course. Our Commando leg of the course, the toughest, is just over and weapon leg has started. Our course is terminating in July after which I shall be going back to rejoin my unit in Field...I am looking forward to this year's Founder's and promise I shall make a sincere effort to come.

The Prep School Show

The Money-Changer was the first item on the evening's programme. It took us to the far-away land of China. It was very well acted and richly deserved the applause it received.

The next item was a song in Hindi 'Kaliyon Se Muskana Sikho'. The young Preppers in their sweet and youthful tones, sang it very well. It was an excellent effort on their part.

Next came a patriotic action song—once again in Hindi—'Jai Jawan, Jai Kisan'. As is Preppers wont, it was sung with tremendous 'josh'; Preppers always put their heart and soul in whatever they do and it was so in this item too.

Next on the list was Silly Willy, a play full of laughter. The acting was much above average. Harroop Dhaliwal as Silly Willy stole the show with his wonderful acting and facial expressions. He looked the complete fool and suited his part to a 'T'. The applause received at the end was thunderous and spoke volumes for the good action.

The dance that followed was slow in the beginning but gradually picked up momentum. All the six girls danced gracefully. They looked very pretty in their colourful costumes. The 'Band' sang and played 'The Army Goes a Fighting'. Sajjan Sethi conducted his troupe marvellously well.

The tiny tots then showed their histrionic talent in 'The Old Woman'. An early curtain closure slightly marred what otherwise was a good performance. The much awaited Hindi play 'Shah Ji Ke Jute' was then announced. It was very humorous and easily came up to our expectations; it was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

As is customary, the Show ended with the School song. It is amazing how the Prep School Staff manage to put up such beautiful, captivating shows with such big casts with so young children. Preppers, it was an excellent show and we thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Well down: keep it up.

Neeraj Madhok

Basketball Tournament 1972

Basketball brings to the mind a vision of tired girls racing up and down a field for a ball which seems to be everywhere and nowhere and enthusiastic spectators frenziedly encouraging the fatigued players. Eventually, after scoring an unlimited number of goals (throwing the ball into a basket is no simple feat when one is surrounded by six girls, all pulling madly at the ball) the match ends; the victors are feted, the losers commiserated and everyone looks forward to the next match.

Basketball was the first game of the year and the first match was held on 20th April between the Siwalik and Nilagiri juniors. Rather disheartening for the little Siwalikans as Nilagiri has a reputation for winning every time. They repeated their usual performance this year also. I wonder how they do it with new players every year—"What meat doth Nilagiri feed on that it has grown so great"—with apologies to Shakespeare.

In the evening was a match between the Vindhya and Himalaya seniors. Vindhya put up a very good fight in spite of an inferior team and the Himalayas could beat them by just one goal.

The second day of the matches began with Himalayan seniors against the Siwalikans. The teams were well matched and it ended in draw. The following match was between Vindhya and Nilagiri one knows the result without being told! The captain of the losing team lost heart straightaway and was promptly thrown out—where has all the team spirit gone?

Vindhya vs. Siwalik: the latter had a new addition to the team Meenakshi Bajaj who made all the difference. She turned what would otherwise have been rather a difficult task into an almost walkover. In the Nilagiri vs. Himalaya match, Nilagiri of course won but the onlookers did have occasion to hold their breath.

It seemed to Siwalik that their match with Vindhya would be a farce, so great were the odds in their favour. However, with the captain Mala Tandon not in her usual form and a lot of bad luck, they lost badly to the inferior (?) Vindhyan team. The next match saw the junior Himalayans versus the Nilagarians. The latter had an as-yet unbroken round of fantastic luck: they did it again. Mention must be made of Rupa Tewari who was good though rather rough defence, and Linda Kerr who showed herself worthy of the captaincy.

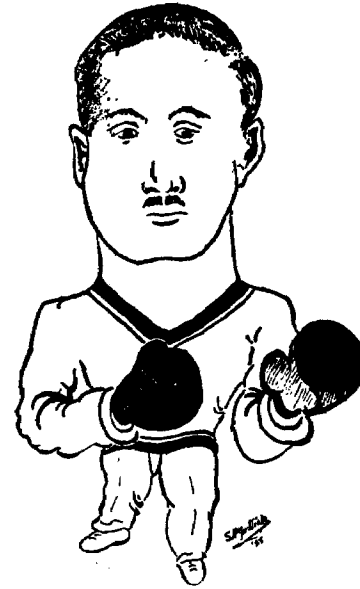
The next match was routine. The Siwalikan juniors beat the Himalayans easily. The Nilagarian seniors once again showed their superiority in an exciting match against Vindhya. Towards the last six minutes two Nilagiri players were turned out for fouls. With a total strength of three against five the Nilagarians still managed to make three more goals before the end.

The positions had more or less been decided by the last day—Nilagiri 1st, Vindhya 4th. It only remained to see whether Siwalik would come second alone or tie with Himalaya. In any case there was not the usual fever of excitement that accompanies the last day, for everyone knew, or thought they knew that in the last junior match Himalaya would beat Vindhya and Nilagiri, Siwalik.

The first assumption was correct. The second result was totally unexpected. May be the Nilagarians knew they were coming first or the Siwalikans were in an unusually high spirits, anyway the latter won easily with a score 18—6. Arti Thakur was nimble and Mala made some beautiful goals. The whistle blew and the basketball matches for 1972 were over.

Maneka Anand.

Boxing Tournament 1972



This year the usual trend of training changed to a certain degree with the change of our P.T.I., the new one being Mr. Dhani Ram from the N.D.A.

Since the tradition of Inter-House Boxing was to continue, the boys took their training seriously. After about six weeks' of vigorous training, the tournament commenced on Sunday, 23rd April.

Although the junior boxers who participated showed a lot of pluck and courage, their boxing was not very scientific. In the three days of eliminations many intrepid boxers faced defeat at the hands of more experienced opponents. The tournament then entered the quarter final stage.

The boxers now realised that they were fighting for points for their Houses; they, therefore, boxed with increased vigour. The fights were interesting and much skill was in evidence. Though not much blood was shed this year, the boxers often dealt and received hard blows. Many previous champions were toppled by those who possessed more brains and brawn. The quarter finals ended with Nilagiri well in the lead.

The semi finals brought out more skilful boxers. They stuck to the School motto: they went down but did not 'give in'. Some bouts were fought with so much zest that the boxers forgot their technique and received unnecessary punishment. The Atom weight boxers evinced plenty of talent and their scraps were very interesting. The winners did not escape punishment from the courageous losers. The semi finals ended with two boxers from each weight contesting for championship.

The finals saw Gaskell Hall packed with spectators. The chatter, which is quite common to boys and girls, died down as the M.C. blew the whistle and the finals started with the Atom weight. Many victors stepped out of the ring with red faces and swollen eyes showing that it was not all smooth sailing for them. Most of the contests were close and hard hitting.

The tournament ended with Nilagiri on top followed by Himalaya, Vindhya and Siwalik. Col. Bhonsle praised the high Standard of boxing in Sanawar. Mrs. Bhonsle gave away the prizes. The best boxer of the year was Jai Singh Pathania (H) whose boxing was very scientific and his blows effective. R.P.S. Sohi (N) was adjudged the best loser: he took considerable punishment but stood up to it bravely and with a cool head.

This year's tournament is proof enough that the standard of boxing, 'the king of sports', here is respectable. Finally, we are all praise for the losers and wish them better luck next time.

Gaurav Rana.

Camp at Gaurah.

After a very hectic two months towards the end of which the tensions kept building up in the shape of the mark-reading and the Boxing finals, camp-time arrived as an anticlimax. During camp everyone is given a chance to have complete relaxation. This year there were many groups which were going on pleasure trips and excursions. Those of us who had not opted to go on any excursion attended the camp at Gaurah.

The bus journey till Solan was fairly pleasant, all of us having traversed this route many times before. The road after Solan was not well maintained and it was only after a lot of bumping and jolting that the bus finally jerked to a stop at Gaurah Forest Rest House. We unloaded our luggage and carried it down to the camp site which was located near a stream. The next half hour was spent on the laborious task of pitching up our own tents. As soon as we were convinced that our tents would not give way, all of us made a bee-line for the river, which was the camp's main attraction.

That evening at roll-call we were informed of the rules and regulations that were to be observed at the camp. At the camp there was no programme and a person could do exactly as he wished which is quite opposite to what we have in the school, where we are bound to a rigid programme. Thus the camp which came in the middle of the first term provided a very necessary change.

A great deal of our time was spent in the stream. The stream was shallow in many parts, thus enabling the non-swimmers to splash around and have a good time. Those who could swim found swimming great fun because they could swim down the stream without using any strength. One of our favourite pastimes was sitting on the rocks, with our feet in fast-flowing cool water. The gentle tapping of the water against our feet and the soothing swish of the waves was relaxing and gave us a feeling of coolness which was in contrast to the hot atmosphere around us. Even sitting near the stream watching the flow of water was very interesting. Foam and the waves caused by the water flowing over the rocks together with the currents, looked very beautiful and could keep the observer entranced for a long time.

A week spent in complete idleness can become boring even to the laziest man. To have a change, there were a few groups of boys who decided to hike to Simla, where the Vindhyan and Siwalikan girls had gone for a pleasure trip. There was a general impression in the camp that the boys hiking to Simla were not going to see the place but the Sanawarian girls. The boys spent part of a day in Simla and returned the next morning leaving them with little chance to meet any girls.

As the proverb aptly puts it "all good things must come to an end". The last night there was the camp-fire without any fire but we had lanterns instead. The next day it was with heavy hearts that we pulled down our tents and prepared to leave Gaurah knowing that we might not come here again.

Keith Puri.

The Camp at Sadhupul

We left for Sadhupul on Tuesday, 2nd May. It was bright and sunny. Sadhupul is 11 km. from Kandhaghat. The journey was uneventful, except for a few boys feeling sick. At Solan we met some boys from Gaurah. I did not have any money, so I just sat in the bus, licking my lips as I watched the other boys eating pop-corns, cream rolls, mangoes, oranges and so on. After we passed Solan all of us got very excited.

We reached Sadhupul at about 12 noon. Since we were the first B.D. boys to reach, we occupied the best tents. There were two tents for each house. We then had lunch. After lunch we rested for a while and then went to swim or fish. No Himalayan caught fish; many boys from other Houses caught some. We got cake for tea. After tea we played near our tents. At 6 o'clock was the roll call. At 6-30 p. m. we had supper. After supper we changed and talked in our tents. At last the bugle for the lights out blew and soon we were snoring.

Next morning we got up, washed, changed and had breakfast at a quarter to eight. After breakfast we swam till lunch time. Twice Sharanpreet's slipper got lost in the stream, but both times it was found. After lunch we rested for an hour. Then again we swam and caught fish. After tea we played 'Dog and the Bone.' We enjoyed it a lot. Then we had relay races. After the roll call we tidied our tents and had a wash. After supper we played some indoor games.

Thursday proved to be very hot. After breakfast we weren't allowed to swim, so we went fishing. Sharanpreet and I each caught a fish. Jasjit Butalia caught 15 fish. We ate them at lunch. After lunch, while we were fishing near the bridge, a man came and chased us up. When he reached our camp he told Mr. Bhalerao that we weren't allowed to fish for 100 yards on either side of the bridge. So some boys went up to the top of the hill behind Anand Bhavan. By the way, Anand Bhavan was built by the Maharajah of Patiala. The boys waved to us from the top. They came down just before tea. After tea we were allowed to swim. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in the stream. After supper we had camp fire. Sirikar Baba and Rajiv Thakur sang songs. The Vindhayans acted a play called "Inspection". Mandeep Sikand played on the Tabla. Some of the girls presented a Naga dance; it was very good. The camp fire over, we went to sleep quite late.

Friday was the last day. We got up early and packed. After breakfast the buses arrived. I was feeling very unhappy that we were leaving Sadhupul so soon. Our bus was the last to leave. At Solan most of us bought some eatables or soft drinks. Coca-cola and Fanta seemed to be in great demand. After Solan the journey was boring.

Though I enjoyed the Camp very much, I think it should be made longer.

Ashish Khosla.
Upper III

Hike to Dehra Dun

After two months of hard work the camp holidays come as a welcome break. This year we went on a hike to Dehra Dun. We set off in the early hours of the morning of 1st May.

We went by bus to Jubbal, changing buses at Simla. It was a gruelling experience and we were relieved when we reached Jubbal. We deposited our luggage at the P.W.D. rest house and went to visit the Maharajah's palace, where there were some very good pieces of Kangra art and books on Indian Culture.

Next day we started walking, destination-Tuni. After an easy five miles we were held up by rain for two hours in a small place called Dochi, where we breakfasted off pakoras and tea. When the rain stopped we resumed our trek. We followed the stream that runs through the picturesque valley of Hathkoti for most of the way.

We lunched at a dhaba at Anti. All of us were so ravenous that we could have eaten anything.

The night came on soon after we passed Arakote. Torches were produced and we set off at a good pace. The distant hills were dark shadows and the moon shone down on the path making it a ribbon of silver. All of us were dead tired and stiff by the time we reached Tuni.

After supper we walked to the rest house which is a few miles away. Supper put us in high spirits. On the way we crossed a narrow suspension bridge which shook as if it was shivering. It was quite an experience.

The next day after an early breakfast we began the tough climb to Kathian. It rained bringing the temperature down considerably and we were glad of the fire provided by the 'dhabewallah' when we stopped for lunch. We reached Kathian by evening.

It was extremely cold, Kathian being at a height of 8000 feet. But we were so tired that we slept like logs inspite of the cold.

Next day we walked to Buchkoti. Snow clad mountains could be seen in the background and woolly clouds hugged the closer hilltops. We reached a height of 11,000 feet at Bamnai. We had a sumptuous dinner at Buchkoti and spent the night there.

On Friday we did the last lap to Chakrata. Since Chakrata is a military base we were not permitted to stay there and had to go on to Kalsi. Kalsi was very hot and we enjoyed the cold drinks we had after supper.

Next day we were in Dehra Dun by 9-30 a.m. We stayed in the Parents' Room of the Doon School. After having a good splash in the school swimming pool we had our lunch along with the Doscoc. We enjoyed ourselves in the city. After a delicious dinner and two movies we returned to Doon School at midnight, thoroughly exhausted.

Early next morning we walked to the bus stand from where we took the bus to Ambala. Just 40 kms. from the city the bus broke down and we were stranded for two hours. Finally we managed

to find place in a passing bus. The journey was very warm and we were glad of some cooling refreshment at Ambala. Since we had missed the train we boarded a bus to Kalka. Fortunately this one did not break down. From Kalka we took a bus to Garkhal. We arrived at Garkhal at 9 p.m. and walked up to Sanawar. We slept in proper bed for the first time since we had set out.

The hike was an experience to remember and it was very instructive and educative. We all had an adventurous time and I enthusiastically look forward to my next hike.

J. S. Bhattal

B.C.S.—Sanawar 1st XI Match

With much speculation between the players, the captains went in for the toss. B. C. S. won the toss and elected to field. Both teams were confident of victory. Everyone looked forward to a keen tussle.

Three quick wickets were taken, those of Nasjeet Singh, Vasant Dhar and Rakesh Khanna, placing Sanawar in very critical position. The captain Jasjeet Bhattal with Neeraj Madhok, took the team out of this critical position. Both batsmen were batting confidently and a huge total was expected. But Neeraj Madhok was run out. Another downfall started. Ashwani Khanna and Malvinder Brar had their stumps knocked out while Jayant Nanda was run out.

Keith Puri with Bhattal, held on, and saw the total past hundred. Then Bhattal fell for 58, closely followed by Keith Puri and the Sanawarian innings folded up at 119, 25 minutes before lunch.

B. C. S. batted for 20 minutes before lunch, losing two wickets, and scoring one run. Ashwani Khanna claimed both wickets: Madhok caught one and Nasjeet the other. The B.C.S. score at lunch time was 1 for 2 wickets.

The after lunch session saw the Sanawarian fielders giving hardly any support to the bowling. R. Chouhan took advantage of it and cracked up 32 runs. Another batsman Roach, knocked 21 before getting out. The B.C.S. innings closed at 105, 14 runs behind the Sanawar total.

The Sanawarian batting line up saw some changes. Dhar and Madhok were out that evening and the day ended with Sanawar 27 for 2 wickets in the second innings.

Nanda and Ghoshal started the next day. Ghoshal scored 22 before getting out. Nanda was also out soon after, trying for a single. The batting was not, altogether, very impressive. Sanawar was all out for 91.

Needing 105 to win, B.C.S. got off to a very shaky start. Some catches were dropped, but otherwise excellent fielding saw the Sanawarian attack run through the B. C. S. innings. B. C. S. were all out for 38, thanks mainly to Ashwani Khanna who captured six wickets.

Sanawar won by 67 runs. It was an exciting match. The Sanawar XI deserved their victory.

Neeraj Madhok

Power Corrupts and Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely

Harsimran Grewal speaks against the motion

When one talks of power, it is necessary to define specifically the kind of power meant, be it spiritual or temporal. The saying that 'the pen is mightier than the sword', is true as true can be, for always the mental powers have had one up over physical powers. Several spiritually powerful men have had to suffer from temporal rulers. We have before us the examples of Socrates, Thomas Moore, Beckett, Abraham Lincoln and Mahatma Gandhi, all of whom were eventually exterminated by some form of temporal power, but the word, example and conviction of these men have survived to this day. Due to their spiritual powers, the souls of these men live with us even today, whereas the so called 'powerful' rulers such as Chingez Khan and Tamerlane have been relegated into the background.

"Almost every man can stand adversity but if you want to test his character, give him power", thus goes the famous saying. It is the absence of proper character formation that supports the monstrous misuse of power. From a very early stage, some people are given an unbridled license to do anything and everything and such men relying upon the dictum 'any means are justified for one's ends', gain power. Power only gives man a chance to put his thoughts into action, whether they are corrupt or noble depends entirely upon the individual himself.

We have before us two glaring examples of corruption in Hitler and Stalin, both of whom were powerful men. It is all very well to sit back and say that power corrupted these men, but has anyone given a thought to the men themselves? Hitler for one was a frustrated man, a clever, unscrupulous human being and a ruthless exploiter of the weaknesses of other men. He perceived the weakness of the Germans in considering themselves a wronged race. Hence he plucked this sensitive vein time and again to enflame the patriotism of this Aryan race and gained absolute power. Hitler was a man basically corrupt and power only had the effect of bringing him and his corruption into the limelight. Stalin

too was a discontented mind of Russia who took advantage of the fact that a hungry man will believe anything to instigate to proletariat class against the Czars. He led the common man to believe that with the extinction of the Czars his troubles would come to an end. In capitalizing on the innocence of the people, Stalin attained power, and then as we all know, habits die hard.

On the other hand we have rulers such as Alfred the Great of England, Ashoka, Akbar, Peter the Great and Catherine of Russia, who were not bereft of the welfare of their people. Ashoka, a nobleman by birth and breeding, used the power he attained to erase corruption from the very face of his empire. Such a man did not require corrupt means to maintain his hold on the people because his use of the power bestowed upon him, ensured their willing allegiance.

History too has had the misfortune of having the wrong people at the wrong time as seen in the case of Muhammad-bin-Tughluq. He was a brilliant individual who did not fit into his time and thus growing frustrated took harsh steps which have branded him as a corrupt man. Moreover, although people rebel against power being placed in the hands of others, 95% of them can not do without such powerful men at the helm of affairs. If there were no such powerful men, the affairs of the world would be in a completely chaotic condition.

Finally, those of us who have studied or even read Plato's works will understand why that "Primitive Genius", as Frederick Nietche called him, propounded very forcefully the theory that only philosophers would make good kings or rulers. The same logic confirms the fact that elements of power bereft of philosophy i.e. to differentiate between good and evil, in a nutshell, can not make good rulers. This fact confirms beyond doubt that it is the individual rather than power itself, which is the root of the problem. If one tackles this drawback, by proper character training in the early years, there is absolutely no reason to fear power or for that matter absolute power.

An Appeal

* * * * *

In the April issue of the News-letter we drew your kind attention to the desirability of expanding the School to commemorate the 125th Founder's of the School.

We are glad to note that our appeal has had a favourable response and parents and others have been showing interest in our schemes.

We would like to associate all the parents, and I repeat my appeal not only as the Headmaster of the School but also as the ex-officio secretary of The Lawrence School (Sanawar) Society, which looks after the running of the School, for your generous help. The maximum you can contribute is the minimum we expect. However small your contribution, it will be gratefully acknowledged and, I can assure you it will be put to the best possible use. In this connection it is worthwhile mentioning that any donation of Rs. 200/- or over made to any registered society like ours, entitles the donor to exemption from incometax.

The Headmaster of Lovedale so aptly said in the Founder's speech that while a school like ours holds many competitions among the students, we should think of holding a competition among parents as well for contributing to the School's welfare and development fund. We would not like this to be a competition of one parent against the other. If this competition was to be based on the total amount contributed it could be an unfair one. A better plan would perhaps be to consider it as a percentage of the parent's income.

May we request for early generous contributions which shall be gratefully acknowledged.

Headmaster

॥ काश्मीर शिविर ॥

किसी शायर ने ठीक ही कहा है—'यदि पृथ्वी पर कहीं स्वर्ग है तो उसके दर्शन काश्मीर में ही संभव हैं।'

इसी पृथ्वी के स्वर्ग में विचरण करने के लिए अपने 'विद्यालय शिविर' के दौरान हम ३७ छात्र-छात्राएँ श्री राजकमल व श्रीमती पी० आत्माराम के नेतृत्व में पहली मई १९७२, को काश्मीर की राजधानी श्रीनगर में पहुँचे।

दूसरे दिन धीमी-धीमी वर्षा में हम सब सोल्साह प्राकृतिक सुन्दरता का आनन्द लूटने के लिए अपने शिविर से निकल शड़े। बहारों में झूमते हुए, निशात बाग में घूमते हुए, सुस्कराते रंगीन फूलों की मधुर सुगन्ध लूटते हुए हमने 'डल' झील में नौका-बिहार का आनन्द प्राप्त किया।

अगले दिन काश्मीर के सबसे सुन्दर स्थान 'पहलगाम' पहुँचे। वहाँ की प्राकृतिक सुन्दरता को तो हम बहुत देर तक ही निहारते रहे। कुछ समय के पश्चात् हम सब ने काश्मीरी वस्तुएँ खरीदी और वहाँ की सुन्दरता को अपने नयनों में बन्द करके हमने अपने शिविर की ओर प्रस्थान किया।

अगले दिन हम प्रातः ही स्वामी शंकराचार्य के पवित्र तीर्थ-स्नान के दर्शन के लिए नागिन-सी राहों पर चल पड़े। निरंतर दो मील की सीधो चढ़ाई के बाद हमने मन्दिर में पहुँचने पर मानसिक शांति प्राप्त की।

अन्तिम दिन हमने 'गुलमर्ग' की ओर प्रस्थान किया। चारों ओर बर्फीली चट्टानों से घिरी हुई यह घाटी 'स्वर्ग' की

कल्पना साकार कर रही थी। वहाँ हमने न केवल हरी घास पर अश्वारोहण का आनन्द लिया, परन्तु वहाँ की बर्फीली ढलानों पर 'स्लैजिंग' का भी आनन्द लिया। गुलमर्ग में स्थित 'गोल्फ क्लब' में अच्छा जल-पान किया और एक बार फिर तरो-ताज़ा हो गए। फिर हम सायंकाल वहाँ से अपने शिविर में लौट आए।

'एक ओर हृदय की परवशता और दूसरी ओर कर्तव्य का कठोर बन्धन' के मानसिक अन्तर्द्वन्द्व पर जैसे-तैसे विजय पाते हुए अपने हृदय में पृथ्वी के स्वर्ग—काश्मीर की मीठी स्मृति संजोए हुए हम वापस अपने विद्या-मन्दिर सनावर चले आए।

राजन सेठी

TO ALL O.S.

We are bringing out a Souvenir brochure in connection with the 125th Founders celebrations. We would like to include information about O.S. and old teachers. May we request all O.S. and old teachers to write to us and tell us about their work and achievements and their memories of their Old School.

Editor.

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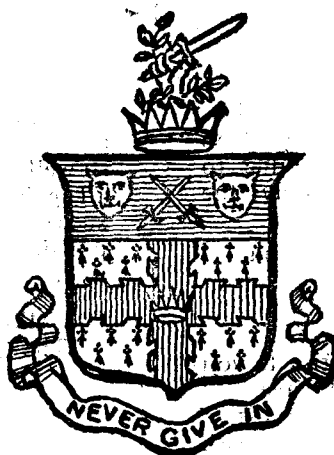
THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

If undelivered please return to :—

THE HEADMASTER

THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR

(SIMLA HILLS).



THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

No. 178

1st May

1972

School News

March

25th. The Staff Club meeting took place in the Art Room. All the last year's office bearers were re-elected unanimously.

The rendering of two classical songs by Dr. Kulshreshtha was appreciated and enjoyed by all.

30th. Easter break : some went home, some on voluntary hikes while others just relaxed here. Most of the junior boys explored the area surrounding Sanawar.

April

2nd. The Children returned after the 3-day break : they looked refreshed and cheerful.

4th. The I.S.C. result was declared : 24 firsts, 19 seconds and 6 thirds. There was, unfortunately, one rejection.

5th. Pleased with the I.S.C. result, H.M. declared it a holiday.

6th. L-IV and below witnessed the first performance of the Himalaya House Show.

8th. Himalaya House presented its Saturday Club Show. It was obvious that they had worked hard. Their efforts were suitably rewarded : it was a good evening's entertainment. Sumit Bagchi once again won applause for his songs : Anuradha Maira danced gracefully; Jayant Nanda, Sangram Singh and Rajan Sethi excelled in the Hindi play while Gayatri Sondhi and Gaurav Shumsher Rana proved their mettle in the English play.

Brig. G. S. Grewal congratulated Himalaya House for putting up a fine show. He was pleased with the versatility of the characters and felt that

the children were being brought up in 'the correct and true spirit of society.' He said that a lot of nonsense was being hurled at Public Schools but he urged that come to Sanawar and see it being refuted.

12th. Hodson Heats commenced.

13th. } The cricket match played against Jullundur Club ended in a draw. It was quite creditable for our XI to have drawn this match, for the Jullundur team included some Ranji Trophy players.

Scores :

Jullundur Club : 116—256 for 5 (declared)
Sanawar : 234— 94 for 6.

Shivinder Bir batted resolutely while Ashwani Khanna and Rakesh Khanna bowled very well.

15th. The Hodson Run finals took place. Having taken an early lead in the Heats, Nilagiri had slumped almost beyond recovery when their Seniors clinched the issue by an incredible performance. Congrats Nilagiri for annexing the Cock-House Cup for the 3rd year in succession. Manmegh Singh deserves a pat on the back for having clocked 11 mts. 31 secs.—just 6 seconds short of equalling the record set up by Ranjit Bhatia in 1952.

Maj. Gen. M. S. Brar presented the prizes.

O. S. News

Married

Jagvinder Kaur to Capt. Amarjit Mann on 16th February in Moga.

Charanjit Singh Dandhona to Rupinder on 2nd April in Chandigarh.

We send our blessing and wish the couples long and happy married lives.

B. Singh

* * * * *

I am sorry to inform all friends and well wishers of Mrs. Cheria that she lost her husband on 14th March, 1972 at 9-00 a.m. at Bangalore due to heart failure. She was able to attend only the funeral.

B. R. Pasricha.

Letter to the Editor.

This letter may come as a surprise to you after such a long silence. It is not that I have lost touch with Sanawar but rather that the long list of people I used to know so well becomes shorter with every term. You will understand that my correspondence these days is mainly with friends who have now left. However, one main source of news, which is more than ever welcome and appreciated, comes to me through the columns of the Newsletter which you still so kindly send me. I am enormously grateful to you and it deserves more than just a word of thanks. May I offer you my congratulations on having so successfully carried on in your distinguished predecessor's shoes in the role of Editor. I am glad to see the high standard maintained and to the 'outsider' particularly, it is amazing how fully you are able to cover the month's events in School.

I have said already that I have not lost touch with Sna'—indeed I haven't met a Sanawarian who ever did. Well, I look forward this year to renewing my acquaintance when I return for Founder's week. Incidentally, there is a very good chance that Bill Colledge and his wife, Phyllis, will be there for Founder's too, which I am sure you will agree would be tremendous fun. Nothing but most compelling reasons would keep them from being there....

I must also tell you about another visitor to Sanawar who will be arriving sometime in April, and who makes her first visit there for about 25 years. This is Rocky Feeley who will be coming up for a few days with her husband, Brian, and her son, Shaun, aged 12.....they are wonderful people and they have been marvellous friends to a number of O.S. who have come to live in London in recent years. To them, this is the fulfilment of a life's ambition—the return to Sanawar's hallowed soil.

Mrs. Tilley is busy organising the London O.S. reunion on 13th May. Thanks largely to her, we have a considerable gathering on the day—normally over hundred. Memories of those present seem to cover almost every generation that Sna' has ever known, and of the younger generation who will be there, and who you will well remember, are Peter and Andy Kemp, Keith Manley, Rajan and Ranjit Bhatia, Subhash Malhotra, Rakesh Chopra and a few others too.

You will understand that Sna' is far from forgotten by any of us who know and love the place so well. For my part, I can hardly wait to see you all again, and in the meantime may I wish you every success for the current term. Until then, I shall be pressing on with my work in the criminal courts where I practise as a barrister.

Old Mill House,
The Common,
Cranleigh,
Surrey.

Stuart Moore.

I.S.C. Results

Our heartiest congratulations to the following on their success in the I.S.C. examination.

FIRST DIVISION

Boys

Aggregates		Aggregates	
Virendra K. Patole	6	Anil Das	15
Jagrup Singh Khara	13	Satdev Bajaj	15
Jatinder Singh Pannu	13	Suren Hira	16
Ravinderjit S. Nalwa	14	Vijay Singh	16
Vivek Mehra	14	Rupinder Singh Sidhu	18
Kr. Hargopal Singh	14	Ajai Pal S. Randhawa	19
Pradeep Saran	19	Gurinder Singh Brar	20
Ravinder S. Kadan	19		

Girls

Amrit K. Randhawa	14	Anjali Daphtary	18
Balbir Kaur Bhasin	15	Archana Badhwar	18
Deepti Tiwari	15	Neelam Rastogi	18
Indira Prem Lal	15	Bindu Bhim Singh	19
Deeksha Hoon	16		

SECOND DIVISION

Boys

Raj Singh Jamwal	21	Jyoten Kandel	23
Vinay Kumar Grover	21	Sanjiv Nanda	23
Vikram Ram Advani	22	Gurinder S. Dhillon	24
Harsh M.S. Tanwar	22	Jaspal Singh Sandhu	24
Kulbhushan P. Oswal	23	Sandeep Bagchi	26

Girls

Gouri Gangulee	21	Harinder Bains	25
Nilam Khorana	21	Parvinder Sahni	26
Tosh Tanuja Chauhan	23	Neeta Bhattal	27
Sarita Badhwar	24	Ravinder Kaur Bala	27
Shalini Lall	24		

THIRD DIVISION

Boys

Karanjeet Sondhi		Krishan G. Chaudhry	
Robinder Chadha		Sumesh Sirkeck	
Vijay Kumar Sharma			
Girl	Jagvinder Kaur
Reject	Anil Kalia

The Countryside

I woke early one morning to find myself lying on a strange bed in an unknown room. After a while I realised that I was at my uncle's farm. Excitedly I jumped out of bed, changed and decided to explore the wonderful place.

Winter had just ended and it was the beginning of spring. The farm was in the midst of low sweeping hills which were covered with dewy green grass and bright yellow daisies. This beauty around me brought to my mind a passage from the Old Testament—"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land".

I ran down a beaten track which ended in some wheat fields. The cool fresh breeze was blowing gently. The young green wheat plants swayed from side to side. I took a deep breath of the sweet air, and gazed up at the clear emerald sky. Across the sky floated a wisp of a white cloud. There was an air of serenity and peace all around.

The plants were bursting with new life. Minute flowers peeped from the lush green grass and leaves, all coloured—red, purple, pink, yellow, blue and crimson. Far away an owl hooted and some birds called. I walked along the fields to an aged banyan tree at the edge of a village.

Some children were playing under the tree and I stopped to watch with interest. Two of the children pretended to be cows and the other a farmer. The 'farmer' put a large purple cloth on the 'cows' backs and fastened the plough. There I remembered a poem by Gelet Burgess:—

"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".

The people living in the countryside were simple and straightforward. They were stalwart and very energetic. These simple, honest, village folk, who were frank and outspoken, affectionate, kind and pleasant stole my heart.

Very pleased with my discoveries, I skipped happily back to the house. As I was sitting in my room I made up my mind to make the most of the beauty around me. Very happy, I picked up a

poetry book I had been reading the night before and opened it. I looked down and saw these lines before me—

"What is lovely never dies,
But changes into other loveliness".
—Thomas Baily Aldrich.

Rajan Sethi.

The Himalaya House Show

Rumours about the various items of the Himalaya House Show had been flying around, and we carefully suppressed the excitement which was mounting in us, when the Orchestra was announced. The first tune played 'Raga Kaushi Kdhemni' was one of the best Sanawar has ever produced—believe it or not, it actually 'clicked' with the audience. 'Kanchi re Kanchi re' which followed wasn't exactly up to the mark. Frankly speaking, light film vocal songs sound rather strange when played by a whole Orchestra.

Next, an Indian classical dance was performed by Anuradha Maira and Pournima Bhalerao. Although they lacked co-ordination at times, their movements were very graceful: we were quite impressed by the dance.

The one act play *Safar Ke Sathi* was typical of what Hindi plays in Sanawar usually are. It was about an (or rather nine) unwanted guest who pops up at one of his fellow passenger's house to stay for a whole month, with all the belongings he had. And of course etiquette demands that they be not asked to go; consequently, amusing episodes follow, until at last, after a very involved scheme, they are made to evacuate. Jayant Nanda, Sangram Singh and Ajay Sahgal merit a special mention: they were very good indeed.

During the intervals, Sumit Bagchi sang some beautiful Hindi songs, the last *Phulon ka Taaron ka* undoubtedly was the best. Truly, the boy is talented. Jai Singh Pathania on drums didn't go unnoticed, either.

The Juniors then performed a very beautiful Arabian Gypsy Dance. Himalayan juniors, I am sure even the Arabian girls themselves cannot dance as well as you did.

The Himalayan Tootlers (quite an appropriate name) then entertained us with 'Love is a many Splendoured thing' and 'Quando, Quando.' Musical items are generally very popular, and so was this one.

Ah! The English Play! Everyone noticeably straightened up, and not in vain: The Grand Cham's Diamond was really grand. The scene opened with the mother and daughter looking most bored (when don't they?) and likewise the husband, looking disgruntled. After a slow beginning, the play suddenly warmed up when, just out of the blue a diamond fell into their room. After much squabbling Mrs. Perkins finally got her way and they hid the diamond—and just in time, too, for a very aggressive looking man suddenly barged into their house. Whow! Their luck seemed to be running out but fortunately Alfred, a detective from Scotland Yard, steps in. Although Mrs. Berkins did not get the diamond, everything ended happily.

Truly, this comedy was excellently done and the actors fitted into their roles superbly. Gayatri Sondhi and Gaurav Rana were outstanding. But guess who was behind it all? Mr. B. Singh, of course. Really sir, most of the credit goes to you—you have got the knack of making any play a great success.

Brig. Grewal, who thanked Himalaya House, said that the other Houses would have to work jolly hard to reach their standard: I quite agree with him.

Ferida Satarawala

खुदगरज इंसान

इंसान एक खुद गरज मखलूक कहा जाता है और जहाँ तक मेरा ज्ञान है यह कथन एकदम सही है और यह खुदगरजी जैसे ही के कारण उत्पन्न होती। जब धन उसके घर में गंगा की तरह चला आता है तो वह सब कुछ भूल जाता है और उसको यह नहीं पता रहता कि वह इस धरती पर है या किसी और दुनिया में। सबसे पहले जिसको वह अपनी स्मरण-शक्ति में से बाहर फेंकता है वह है ईश्वर। उसको वह तब याद आता है जब वह अपनी जिन्दगी की आखिरी साँस ले रहा होता है, उसी को वह अपना सबसे बड़ा अद्विधा फरोश समझता है, उससे अपनी जिन्दगी की भीख माँगता है। बेचारे ईश्वर को भी ऐसों पर तरस आ जाता है और चार दिन के लिए और जीने देता है। और जब वह इंसान ठीक हो जाता है तो अपने घर में कीर्तन करवाता है, गरीबों को खाना खिलवाता है, मंदिर के रोज दर्शन करने जाता है, पर केवल कुछ ही दिनों के लिए; और ऐसा क्यों होता है वह इसलिए क्योंकि फिर इसको फुरसत ही कहाँ मिलती है बेचारे को पूजा करने की; जैसे की जो फिक्र लगी रहती है।

इस भौतिक युग में ऐसे शख्स होते हैं जो काफी अमीर घराने के होते हुए भी गरीबों की मदद नहीं करते, मगर घर में या

मंदिर में दिन-रात पूजा जरूर करते हैं। क्या ऐसा करने से उनकी पूजा सच्ची पूजा कहला सकती है! प्रश्न का उत्तर साफ जाहिर है कि हर्गिज नहीं; क्योंकि जो पूजा वे करते हैं उससे भी एक महान् पूजा अगर वह करना चाहें तो इसी धरती पर कर सकते हैं और वह है गरीबोंकी मदद करना। इस पूजा का अर्थ बहुत कम लोग जान पाते हैं। ये गरीब लोग ही तो ईश्वर के रूप में इस धरती पर आए हैं। हमें चाहिए कि हम उनके मन को टटोलें, तन को नहीं।

खुदा जब एक फकीर के रूप में एक महल में रहने वाले इंसान से कुछ माँगने आता है तो वह उसको एक गिरा हुआ आदमी समझ कर खाली हाथ भेज देता है, उसको क्या पता चलता है कि ऐसा करने से उस 'गिरे' हुए इंसान पर क्या बीतती है। वह तो बस जैसे ही की फिक्र में लगा रहता है और कागज की तस्वीर या पत्थर की मूर्ति के सामने बैठा, बाहर से तो जाप करता है मगर दिल से पैसों की फिक्र। ऐसा करने से क्या फायदा! न तो उनको ईश्वर की प्रप्ति होगी, जो कि गरीबों में है और न ही वह अपना धन अपने साथ लेकर परलोक जाएगा। सारांश में मेरा मतलब यह है कि जिन लोगों को अमीर बनने का मौका मिला है उनको थोड़ा बहुत उन गरीबों का भी सोचना चाहिए जिनके नसीब में सूखी रोटी तक भी नहीं है। उनकी सच्चे दिल से मदद करनी चाहिए और अगर ऐसा न करेंगे तो न वे गरीब ही बन जाएंगे और न ही गरीब लोग अमीर; बस ऐसा करने से दोनों की आत्माओं की चमक और तेज हो जाएगी और जो दुआ वह 'फकीर' मदद करते वक्र देता है वह जरूर काम आती है जब वह इंसान मरने वाला होता है, सब गरीब उसकी जान बचाने के लिए पूजा करेंगे।

अगर हम आज तक गरीबों को नफरत की निगाह से देखते चले आ रहे हैं तो हमें अपने आप को बदलना होगा। हमें सोचना चाहिए कि अगर हम उन गरीबों की जगह होते और कोई मदद करने से इनकार कर देता तो हमारे दिल पर क्या बीतती। हमारे मुँह से यही तो निकलता:—

“ नफरत से न देखो ओ महलों के रहने वालों
हम भी इक इंसान हैं जो स्वप्न देखते हैं ”
‘योगी’

वे सोचेंगे कि कितने खुद गरज होते हैं ये अमीर लोग जो कि एक बुझते हुए दीपक की लौ को जीवन भी नहीं दे सकते। वे उस रोशनी से इस दुनिया को रास्ता दिखाना चाहते हैं सच्चाई का, जो कि जैसे के अन्धकार के कारण कहीं भी दिखाई नहीं पड़ता।

योगेश्वर शर्मा

The Betrayal

It was a cold night—the night of the great escape—biting winter wind whistled around the eerie dungeons where five miserable wretches who had been captured by the enemy awaited their decisive fate. This would either make them free-men or subject them to a fate worse than a living death.

Five members of the once efficient spy league now lay huddled together; wide eyes shining insanely in hunger stricken faces. Judas, the deaf mute, who was one of the cleverest spies, had become slightly demented. He had to bear the worst of the torture. Searing hot knives had carved hideous scars on his body. Acute pain and hunger had made him agree to the officer's bribe of approximately a hundred silver coins and freedom, to report the doings of the rest of his colleagues.

The others had carefully plotted the escape for sixty-four miserable days of wretchedness. Knowing that Judas was mentally and physically weak they had considerably thought of a way to smuggle him out along with them, in such a way that he would not further hurt his wounds. Unknowing of the wild scheme that had grown like poison-ivy in Judas' mind, they now gently broke the news of escape to him.

They made the final preparations while Judas quietly crept away. A hundred silver coins and freedom, or so they had told him, seemed like heaven to this wreck of a prisoner. He hurriedly summoned the guard and sent a letter of betrayal to the officer in charge.

The last scene that Judas remembered was his companions feebly calling for help while he stood silently watching. They died a terrible death, writhing and squirming as a deadly acid was poured on their vulnerable skins that shrivelled up as it fell drop by drop, while the stench of burning flesh pervaded the dungeon.

Judas turned towards the officer, sickened to the core at the realization of what he had done. Miserably he put out his hand to receive his reward, but the officer turned down his pleading with a crazy shriek. He smashed the half empty bowl of acid on the deaf mute's face.

The next morning when the guards came to clear up the remnants of what had once been five healthy men, they found the betrayed betrayer's dead body destroyed beyond recognition.

Moite Tonsing.

Hodson Runs



The School reopened on 27th Feb. 1972 bringing life and cheer to our dormitories, each of us looking forward to the first event of the year for the Inter-House Competition. The lazy, dazy days of 'adding to our weight' were over and Prefects were now busy throwing around their 'weight' in roping up 'chaps' who in their estimation needed the thinning treatment of Hodson runs, the most.

We were given the first week to settle down to the daily programme for studies, with games, hobbies, P.T. and Hodson runs held in abeyance. That made the 'steeds' rather restless, especially with Hodson Runs fixed on 15th April. Our enthusiasm and vigour was dampened, nearly shattered due to the outbreak of 'Flu' that had turned almost epidemic. With no alternative left, the training schedule had to be put off by a full fortnight, evidently reducing the practice period to just a few weeks.

The bright morning of 20th March brought us out on the track. Those who could not contain their 'Josh' had it, with 'lead' in their legs, that took long to melt away. The wiser ones could be seen following the precept 'slow and steady wins the race', gathering stamina and strength in their expanding lungs and 'staggy' legs.

The Heats were run on the 12th, 13th and 14th of April. The results were as follows:—

	Him.	Nil.	Siw.	Vin.
Under 11	7	11	6	9
Under 13	9	13	11	7
Under 15	11	10	11	8
Total	27	34	28	24

This lead was insignificant and so every House held high hope.

Then dawned the day for the finals. It was bright and gay. The sun was warm and pleasant. The entire B.D. was lit with excitement. The audience thronged the Arch gate, and the entire parapet was covered with spectators, all eager to watch the races, of which we so proudly sing in the School Song.

The Under 11s were already at the 'Horse Shoe'—their starting point, all nervous, excited and yet warming up! The Prefects and the senior boys were busy in encouraging them as if they were 'energy tablets'. The nervous runners needed that very much indeed.

At last the whistle went and all the participants were on the line. Mr. Mundkur explained to them some important points. The shot was fired and with that the boys went too. The Seniors got busy with "Come on Himalaya" and all that. The time keepers rushed to the 'Arch'.

Tarun Sawney of Vindhya appeared round the bend. The spectators grew noisy and there followed tremendous cheering. He clocked 4mts. 11secs. coming first. He was followed by Gagan Dhillon of Nilagiri.

Meanwhile the Under 13s were warming up on the pavement. Shouts of "Come on Nilagiri", "Come on Vindhya" and so on rent the air. We turned towards the Arch. The officials, Staff, boys and girls were charged with excitement and all eagerly awaited to see the 'first'. S.S. Jamwal of Himalaya was the first to finish and he was followed closely by Rajinder Sen of Vindhya.

The Under 15s were already on the starting point when we reached there. They have the tough course of the entire "Long Back". But that does not deter a Sanawarian. For the third time that day the gun was fired and the race began.

Everyone was getting impatient now and in the middle of all this, Sanjay Sood of Himalaya appeared on the bend leaving the second some 50 yards behind him. Mukul Chopra of Siwalik and J.S. Pathania of Himalaya followed in that order.

The 'Open' group looked "warming up" as they streamed through the Arch gate led by Manmugh Singh with P. Bajaj and D.S. Jhina at his heels.

Ten minutes over, spectators held their breath in excitement and wonder. Then there shot up Manmugh Singh on the 'horizon', leaving the rest far, far behind!

The House order tilted in favour of 'Nilagiri'. The spectacular performance of the Nilagiris' Open group did the job and installed the House at the apex.

The results were as follows :—

U—11	1	Tarun Sawney	(V)	T. 4mts. 11secs.
	2	Gagan Dhillon	(N)	
	3	Harjaspreet Singh	(S)	
U—13	1	Satyendra Jamwal	(H)	T. 5mts. 42secs.
	2	Rajinder Sen	(V)	
	3	J. Mohan Singh	(V)	
U—15	1	Sanjay Sood	(H)	T. 9mts. 17secs.
	2	Mukul Chopra	(S)	
	3	Jai Singh Pathania	(H)	
Open	1	M.M. Singh	(N)	T. 11mts. 31secs.
	2	Pradeep Bajaj	(S)	
	3	Jugbirinder S. Gill	(N)	

COCK - HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

Cock House	...	Nilagiri	108 points
2nd	...	Himalaya	97 "
3rd	...	Siwalik	75 "
4th	...	Vindhya	72 "

The highlights of the day! Vindhyan Under 13 group made for 26 points. The Himalayan under 15 at one time put their House on top, but probably, the all time record seems to be that of the Nilagirian Open, who with their 39 out of a total of 108, filled the onlookers with admiration.

Congratulations to Cock-House! Very well done indeed! Our congratulations to those who won the prizes and also to all those who tried hard.

We are grateful to Maj. Gen. Brar who so very kindly consented to give away the prizes.

Rajiv Bhandari.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

No. 177

1st April

1972

School News

February.

27th. Even though it had snowed twice during the winter vacation, a warm, sunny day welcomed the Sanawarians back. The day was quite in conformity with the mood of the School: it reopened to happily enter its 125th year of existence.

28th. House matrons spent a busy day in issuing kits to the children.

29th. Opening of term Assembly followed by distribution of stationery. Sr. Staff Meeting took place in the afternoon.

March.

2nd. Normal classes began.

There was a welcome invasion of Sanawar by the parents of new admissions. The H.M. and the Prep School Staff coped with a colossal amount of work.

3rd. More new admissions trickled in.

5th. The festival cricket match was postponed due to high incidence of flu.

6th. Normal games and hobbies commenced.

13th Prep started

On account of cold weather and widespread flu., P.T. and Hodson runs had to be deferred.

19th. The festival cricket match took place. It was amusing to watch the Staff field: they moved their hands and feet away whenever the ball came, fearing that they may not hurt themselves. They were skittled away for a measly 53, even though fifteen of them batted. Boys scored 198: Jasjit Singh Bhattal's was a radiant knock of 98.

20th. The School came into full swing as P.T. and Hodson runs commenced.

Staff News

So long as human nature remains what it is we cannot stop the staff from leaving: either they look for new, greener pastures or old age won't let them continue. Last year we lost two stalwarts, Mr. Jagdish Ram and Mrs. G.E. Cherman.

Mr. Jagdish Ram left us to lead a retired life in Palampur. He spent nineteen glorious years in Sanawar. He started the School P.T. from naught and raised it to a standard which would be the envy of any school. Apart from P.T., what listed him above the ordinary was his intense concern for 'Sna'. His life was one of total and unostentatious devotion to the cause of the School. He constantly strove to improve the discipline here. A man of indefatigable energy, he was always on his toes correcting the children at all times. He contributed much to the life of the School and will be greatly missed.

Mrs. G. E. Cherman has gone, after a 15-year dedicated service here, as Headmistress of the School. Mr. I.K. Thomas has started in Madras. In addition to being kind and considerate she was a very efficient administrator. She was a frank and fearless lady. Her sole concern was the Prep School children. The patience with which she taught and dealt with the children was to be seen to be admired. She was meticulous in her work and lost no opportunity in setting high standards. The Prep School flourished under her stewardship. She has left an indelible imprint on Sanawar. Quite rightly, there is much regret throughout the School at her leaving: it will be difficult to fill the void created by her departure.

Mr. J. Pratap served the School for about eight years. To put it bluntly, he was an eccentric—but then most artists are eccentrics. Moreover, eccentricity is a sure sign of strength of

ter and genius. He left without disclosing ure plans. Anyway, we are sure of his suc- whatever he does : we wish him well in life.

Staff Appointments

Mr. Dhani Ram, an experienced P.T.I., has re- Mr. Jagdish Ram. He was trained at the P.T. School, Bombay, and has worked on Vikrant as Fleet Chief P.T.I. We have rob- m from the N.D.A.

Dr. J.S. Kulshreshtha has come in place of Pratap. He has a rich experience in the field sic. In addition to having written a few books e subject, he has some HMV classical music o his credit. He has also worked in a couple ublic schools.

Mrs. Pammi Arora, after completing her train- om St. Bede's, has joined the Prep School.

Miss. Shobha Lal, M. Sc., has joined us in the istry department.

We extend all of them a warm welcome and that their association with the School will be nd happy.

Our congratulations to Messers S. C. Arora R. S. Randhawa on their appointments as masters Nilagiri House (Jr.) and Himalaya e (Jr.) respectively : our good wishes are with as they shoulder this added responsibility.

Mr. B. P. Joshi and Mr. Ashok Bhalerao have transferred from their old Houses to Siwalik and Himalaya (Sr.) respectively.

O. S. News

Major R. Som Dutt (Beverly Villa, Oota- nd). Arun Khetarpal's Param Vir Chakra magnificent. I would suggest you write to ral Manekshaw—a former parent; he would certainly help you get uptodate news of how lid in the war.

Mr. T.A.C. Kemp (Gujrati Ward, Room 115 ospital Sitapur). I took over in Sherwood ge, Nainital on 7th Jan. and have made a e of outings to interview Staff etc. My last g was on 13th Feb.—the actuality is that I've hospitalised for 2 months with a detached t in my left eye. Man proposes.....

Remember us to U.P., the Gores, the Bhale- the Guptas, Mohini, S C., G.C., B.P.J., M.K. fact all the Staff. We send them greetings ie new term.

Mr. Virendra Vyas (Chairman, Central Board of Film censors, 91, Walkeshwar Road, Bombay). I do not know when I will again be able to come to Sanawar but I do miss the place badly some times.

This transfer was rather sudden and so I had to leave Johnny and Tony behind in Delhi. Gonti is here with me and pending allotment of Govt., flat we are presently occupying Prakshit's flat.

Mr. M.S. Rawat (Principal, Central School, Ambala). We are all doing well. Savita has done her pre-medical and God willing, will be joining a medical college soon. Gita is taking the Higher Secondary Exam. this year. Gopal is in IX class.

Surinder S. Kalaan (Food & Beverage Manag- er, Oberoi Inter-Continental, New Delhi—3). We had an O.S. meeting on the 5th of February and both Mr. & Mrs. Pasricha attended it. By the way Mr. Vyas has been posted to Bombay.

Mohinderjit Singh Grewal (C/o Johnson & Johnson Ltd., 30, Forjett Street, Bombay—26). Life is rather hectic—Bombay doesn't really give one much time for relaxation. Amarjit (Doda) was here some time back and we had a get together in the true Himalayan tradition. I keep seeing Adit family regularly.

Kuljit Singh Sethi (Himalaya Auto Stores, Kashmere Gate, Delhi—6). You will be glad to learn that Harbir Singh Dhillon got married in Delhi. Jaspal Singh Mann, Karanjit Singh Dhillon, Hansraj Choudhry, Roop Narang and I attended his wedding.

P.P. Chauhan (Tara Nikunt, Nahan). I have been studying in B.H.U. doing business manage- ment. This year in June '72. I am planning to undertake a hitchhiking trip to Europe and the Middle East, the final destination being London.

Mr. Rathin Mitra (The Doon School, Dehra Dun). Perhaps you know that Vyas has got a new posting. He is chairman of the Film Censor Board in Bombay. He is happy with his new assignment

Our mid-term break starts on the 23rd of March and I have a mind to do a series of draw- ings on Simla town. If I have a day in hand I may drop in at Sanawar on my way back.

G.C. Kr. Vijay Singh Lalotra (Meiktila Coy., Bravo Bn., I.M.A., Dehra Dun). I received a letter from some one at Chandigarh mentioning about Gorakh's passing away. This letter is being written to extend to you and fellow Himalayans my deep sorrow and sympathy in this hour of grief

A.K. Chandra, I.A.S., (Jt. Chief Controller of Imports & Exports, Room No. 3, Udyog Bhawan, New Delhi). I have been posted at Delhi now and it is only after leaving Simla that I regretted my inability to come to Sanawar more often. I do hope I will be able to come some time this year to meet you all.

Mr. Jagdish Ram Acharya (P.O. Rakkar, Via Alhilal, Tehsil Palampur, Dist. Kangra). Even though I am away, my heart is very much in Sanawar. Please keep sending me the News Letter and other periodicals which will keep me abreast of the doings in Sanawar which I very much love.

Pinky Sikund (Union Park, Khar, Bombay—52). It's been ages since I communicated with the school or had any news from there. Anyhow now that I have finished with my final Jr. B.A. exams. I have all the time in the world—a whole 3-month holiday.

You will feel proud to hear that the first horse (filly) my father bought about a year back he named 'Never Give In' after our school's motto. Yesterday she ran for the first time, and though she came second last I could see she was determined not to give in.

B. Singh

Obituary

The heart-rending news of the passing away of Shabnam Kirpal (nee Sahni) and Gorakh Shamsher Rana shocked us all. Nature, at whose hands we are utterly helpless, has been cruel in snatching them away at this young age. We know words are a poor consolation yet whatever they are worth, we offer our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved families.

Editor

School Calendar

The provisional Calendar for the rest of the term is given below.

April

Sat. 1st	Holiday	
Thu. 6th	Him. House Sat. Club 1st performance	
Sat. 8th	Him. House Sat. Club 2nd performance	
Wed. 12th	Hodson Heats	
Thu. 13th	Hodson Heats	
Fri. 14th	Hodson Heats	
Sat. 15th	Foundation Day Hodson Finals	
Mon. 17th	Staff Club Tennis tournament commences	
Thu. 20th	P.D. Sat. Club 1st performance	
Sat. 22nd	P.D. Sat. Club 2nd performance	
Mon. 24th	Boxing tournament commences	
Fri. 28th	First Mark Reading	
	I—H Boxing final	... 2-30 p.m.
Sat. 29th	English Debate (Srs.)	... 6-00 p.m.

May

Mon. 1st	Sr. School leaves for camp	
Tue. 2nd	Prep School, L-III, U-III & L-IV leave for camp	
Fri. 5th	Jr. School breaks camp	
Sat. 6th	Sr. School returns from camp	
Tue. 9th	H.M. leaves for Lovedale	
Sat. 13th	B.C.S., Cricket	
Sun. 14th	B.C.S., Cricket	
Mon. 15th	I—H Cricket commences	
Thur. 18th	Vind. House Sat. Club 1st performance	
Sat. 20th	Vind. House Sat. Club 2nd performance	
Sun. 21st	P.D. vs. B.D. Cricket	
Mon. 22nd	Soccer season commences	
Tue. 23rd	Festival Soccer	
Sat. 27th	Staff Club Dinner	

June

Sat. 3rd	Hindi Debate (Srs.)	... 6-00 p.m.
Thu. 8th	Nil. House 1st performance	
Sat. 10th	Nil. House 2nd performance	
Mon. 12th	Staff Club Badminton tournament commences	
Sat. 17th	Eng. Debate (Jrs.)	... 6-00 p.m.
Sun. 25th	B.C.S., Soccer	
Mon. 26th	I—H Soccer commences	
Tue. 27th	Siwalik House Show 1st performance	
Thu. 29th	Siwalik House Show 2nd performance	
Fri. 30th	Assembly	... 10-00 a.m.
	2nd Mark Reading	... 10-15 a.m.
	B.D. vs. P.D. Soccer	... 4-00 p.m.
	Social	6-30—9-00 p.m.

July

Sat. 1st	1st term ends	
Sun. 30th	School Parties Return	
	2nd Term starts.	

School Appointments

Congratulations to the following on being appointed prefects for the year 1972 :—

G.D.

Head Girl	... Jyotsna Kumari
Games Prefect	... Tonsing Lianrammoi
M.I. Prefect	... Sonali Parmar

Himalaya

School Prefect	... Alka Sood
House Prefect	... Rajan Sethi

Nilagiri

School Prefect	... Harsimran Grewal
House Prefect	... Mithlesh Singh

Siwalik

School Prefect	... Jyotsna Kumari
House Prefect	... Mala Tandon

	Vindhya	
School Prefect	...	Ferida Satarawala
House Prefect	...	Rohini Arora
	B.D.	
Head Boy	...	Jasjit Singh Bhattal
M.I. Prefect	...	S S. Sekhon
	Himalaya	
School Prefect	...	Jasjit Singh Bhattal
House Prefects	...	Gaurav S. Rana Ashwani K. Khanna Surendra Bahadur Singh
	Nilagiri	
School Prefect	...	Neeraj Madhok
House Prefects	...	Manmegh Singh Hardeepak S. Gill Vasant K. Dhar
	Siwalik	
School Prefect	...	Shivinder Bir Singh
House Prefects	...	Gurdip Singh Scra Birinder S. Sidhu
	Vindhya	
School Prefect	...	Nasjeet S. Goshal
House Prefects	...	Pankaj Barthwal Rakesh Khanna

The Ghost Train

The war had started and what with air-raids and anti-aircraft firing the atmosphere was very tense. But one needn't have worried—O. S. are O.S. and the show wasn't cancelled or postponed. Only the venue was shifted to a smaller hall where black out precautions could be better observed.

Sanawar audiences are familiar with "The Ghost Train" and so there is no need to relate the story here. After a slightly shaky start the play took off and each of the actors really got into his or her part. It is difficult and I suppose wrong to single any individuals out for special mention—everyone was so very good. Rajesh Pathania (Himalaya 1968) and Dimple Talwar (Vindhaya '70) as the Winthrops, on the verge of a divorce, captured the bitterness and anger of their situation extremely well. It was good to see Dimple well and fit again after her operation. Vasudev Pathania (Himalaya 1970) as Hodgkin the stationmaster was excellent—the speech, the mannerisms of the old man who was in league with the crooks and tried to frighten the passengers into leaving the waiting room were so well done that this was a truly memorable performance. K. V. S. Lalotra (Himalaya 1969) and Reeta Bansal (Nilagiri 1970) were the typical newly married couple, gushing sweetness and tenderness and mooning over each other. Reena Gill (Nilagiri

1967) as Miss Barn the eccentric old spinster who gets drunk on brandy, stole the show when she woke up from her drunken stupor at the end of the play and remarked "I'm so glad I haven't missed anything exciting." Maheshwar Pathania (Himalaya 1968) as Teddi the detective in disguise and Sunaina Chauhan (Himalaya 1969) as the highly strung Julia Price turned in the best performances of the evening. Teddi managed to get on everyone's nerves with his non-abating joyousness and Julia maintaining just the right mixture of sanity and hysteria frightened everyone out of their wits. Karanjit Rajput (Nilagiri 1969) and Amar Talwar (Vindhaya 1967) made excellent crooks—Amar's coolness had shades of Sean Connery about it! Daljit Rajput (Nilagiri 1967), the police constable had a difficult time trying to fire his revolver. Last but not least Bunt Pathania and Kumudini Madan made a good job of the prompting.

The light and sound effects of the passing train were just superb (thanks to Pannu) and had everyone wondering how they had been achieved.

Just after the second act there was an air-raid and the performance had to be suspended for about forty-five minutes. Even after the air-raid was over it was some time before the play could be continued. But the audience to a man (including the Governor) patiently sat out these forty-five minutes in the darkened auditorium.

Under these circumstances to organise any sort of show was difficult enough but to organise it so successfully was indeed a rare achievement. The credit for this must go not a little to Lalotra who was responsible for producing and directing the play and thus held a key position in the whole venture. But as he so rightly pointed out to me: "It was not any individual or even the play itself that was important but the spirit behind the play." It brought all the O.S. into action for a cause (the jawan's families) and I am sure gave them all a feeling of oneness. One can only hope that the success of this venture will act as inspiration and lead the O.S. on to many such ventures which will bring more O.S. together.

It was a little disappointing to see that no one from Sanawar had come down to see the play. Perhaps with all the bombing this was a little too much to expect, but then the bombing did not deter one of the performers from coming all the way from Pathankot for the final performance.

One last point I would like to make. The brochure for the play had the quotation from "Kim" rather prominently displayed. I feel it is high time we stopped using this quotation. Of course we are all very proud of the high regard

that Kipling had for Sanawar. But I am sure that if Sanawar has really made men of us all we ourselves are sufficient advertisement of this fact.

Harishpal Singh Dhillon

The Old Sanawarian Association Delhi

A meeting of the Old Sanawarian Association, Delhi, was held at the President's Body Guards Officer's Mess on 6th February at 3-00 p.m. Forty-six members were present.

The meeting started on a very solemn note by observing a two minute silence in memory of those Old Sanawarians who laid down their lives for their country.

Mr. Ranjit Bhatia, on behalf of the Association thanked Mr. and Mrs. Pasricha for having agreed to attend the meeting. He also thanked Maj. Amarjit Singh Bal for being with us at the meeting. Major Bal was recently awarded the Maha Vir Chakra.

Mr. Bhatia made it clear to the members that these O.S. meetings were being held not just as social gatherings but also to do some work so that the Association could become an active body. As proposed in the last O.S. meeting held on 5th December, the constitution of the O.S. Association was read out to the members. After one amendment proposed by Mr. Pasricha, the constitution was passed unanimously. A decision was taken that the O.S. Association be formally registered under the Registration Act.

Next on the agenda was the election of the office bearers and the Executive Committee in accordance with the constitution of the O.S.A. Mr. Surinder Kalaan was elected the President of the Association, Capt. Brijinder Singh the Vice President, Mr. Ranjit Bhatia the Secretary, Mr. B. P. Aggarwal the Assistant Secretary and Pradeep Bajaj the Treasurer of the Association. Gita Sahni, Rakesh Passi, Arun Mahajan, Arvind Deshraj and Inderjit Bhusri were elected to the Executive Committee. Mr. Bhupinder Singh and Miss Chatterji were nominated by Mr. Pasricha as Honorary members of the Executive Committee.

It was decided that the Association would honour those Old Sanawarians who fought in the recent Indo-Pak conflict, in the newspapers. A decision was also taken that the O.S. scholarships to be endowed at School should be named "The Arun Kheterpal memorial scholarships". (I am sure every one is aware of the fact that Arun was awarded the Param Vir Chakra posthumously in the recent conflict).

The Charity Film Show that was originally to be held in February was postponed to March. It had been decided at the last O.S. meeting that the proceeds of this show would be utilised towards: (1) Endowment of two O.S. Scholarships at the School. (2) Increasing the facilities of the Parent Room building and (3) Construction of an O.S. hostel. As an initial capital was required, a hat was passed around for extra contributions from the O.S. A sum of Rs. 109/- was collected.

Before the meeting adjourned, Mr. Pasricha thanked the Association for giving him a chance to meet the O.S. in Delhi, and was glad that the Association was taking a keen interest in their Old School. He also said that the long standing demand of the O.S. was recently granted by the Board of Governors. They finally agreed to have a parent and an old Sanawarian on the Board.

May I once again make an appeal to the O.S. who wish to become members of the O.S. Association, Delhi, or want further information about the Charity show that they should contact Mr. Ranjit Bhatia at D71, Defence Colony, New Delhi (Phone: 626413). We hope that all O.S. & Parents will give us their co-operation in making this show a success.

Bhopinder Aggarwal

* * * * *

The Old Sanawarian Association pays tribute to their fellow Sanawarians who distinguished themselves in the war and mourns the absence of those who laid down their lives in the service of their country.

Travelling as a Means of Learning

"Taxi", there is a screech of tyres as it stops along a sidewalk. Someone gets in "where to sir.....?"

"Will all passengers for flight No. 711 please proceed to their aircraft—Flight No. 711 to Helsinki".

It could be a rickety rickshaw of the Orient, a massive ocean liner, or a sleek jet of the Occident; they are all forms of travel meant to suit different people.

Since an early age man has tried to travel far and wide and has increased his knowledge in doing so. Marco Polo journeyed all the way to China not only for the legendary wealth that existed there, but also to acquire the culture and wisdom of the ancient Chinese. In those days journeys were inherent with danger and an ordinary man could not attempt such a feat.

Today the world is much more closely linked and can be bridged easily in a matter of hours. Thus it is not difficult to go to different countries and learn the different ways in which the people around us live. In doing so, one learns how to be sociable, a very important factor in modern education.

Education too has changed since the medieval times: whereas people mainly learned from books then, today the emphasis is laid on the student being practical. A student of geography might learn the strata of the Earth better by going out to a suitable spot and finding out the information, rather than cramming it up from text books. A visit to some ancient place like Mohenjo-Daro might prove helpful to a group of history students.

Children all over the world are being encouraged to stand on their own feet. Travelling today is not entirely independent of hazards. When a child is confronted by some difficulty, it usually helps him increase his resourcefulness. Children alone in an alien land learn how to mix with its society. With these advantages in mind the authorities are giving certain concessions to students. For instance students may have to pay half the fare or they may get board and lodging at a cheaper rate at different places all over the world.

Indeed! Science is trying very hard to bring the different types of transportation within the reach of an ordinary person. However, it will be long before all people will be able to change over from slow and clumsy means of transport such as the bullock cart to the massive Jumbo Jets now soaring across our skies, covering a large network of routes across the world, and bringing its races closer to each other.

Pankaj Madhok.

शहीद

खून जो बहा करता है वह रंग दिखलाता है,
धूल में धँसकर वह फूल ही खिला जाता है;
महक से सच उसीकी चमन के चहकने पर ही,
हर जहाँ दिल फिर मर-मिटने को मचल जाता है।

जवान जो मिटता है फरिश्ता बन जाता है,
मुक्ति का मैदान जहाँ का तीर्थ बन जाता है;
फिर 'बलिदान' का शब्द सुनाई पढ़ने पर,
हर शहीद का बुत मन्दिर में जगमगाता है।

राजकमल

विद्यार्थी जीवन में मनोरंजन का स्थान

मनुष्य जीवन में मनोरंजन का बहुत महत्वपूर्ण स्थान है मनुष्य को जीवन-निर्वाह करने के लिए जितना श्रम अनिवार्य है, उतना ही विश्राम वाँछनीय है, और विश्राम के क्षणों में तो स्वस्थ मनोरंजन परमावश्यक है।

“ खाली आदमी का दिमाग शैतान का घर है ” — यह एक पुरानी कहावत ही नहीं प्रत्युत एक अकाट्य सत्य है। इसीलिए सनावर के विद्यार्थी-जीवन के दैनिक कार्यक्रम को इस प्रकार विभाजित किया गया है कि प्रत्येक विद्यार्थी प्रातः से रात्रि तक किसी न किसी रचनात्मक कार्य में व्यस्त रहता है; परन्तु वह सारे दिन विद्योपार्जन करके जहाँ मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को प्राप्त करता है वहाँ दूसरी ओर खेल, “हॉबीज़” आदि द्वारा स्वस्थ मनोरंजन के माध्यम से अपने शारीरिक स्वास्थ्य के भी सुगठित बना लेता है

किसी ने सच ही कहा है—‘स्वस्थ मस्तिष्क स्वस्थ शरीर में ही वास करता है’, अतः सनावर के विद्यार्थी-जीवन में स्वस्थ मनोरंजन का अपना एक विशेष महत्वपूर्ण स्थान है। यहाँ साप्ताहिक चलचित्र-दर्शन द्वारा सब विद्यार्थी अपना मनोनुकूल मनोरंजन प्राप्त कर लेते हैं। इस के अतिरिक्त मई मास में एक सप्ताह का ‘कैम्प’ जीवन तो हमारे नीरस जीवन में रस की धारा ही बहा देता है। हम सब अपने अपने मासिक ‘हाउस-शो’ का सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम प्रदर्शित कर रसास्वादन तो लेते ही रहते हैं; और सब से ज्यादा बेकरारी रहती है अपने ‘फॉउडर्स’ की— जिस में हम रस विभोर हो कर अपने वर्ष भर की थकान उतार लेते हैं। इस प्रकार हम यहाँ विद्यार्थी जीवन में मनोरंजन को समुचित स्थान देकर अपने व्यक्तित्व का संतुलित विकास कर लेते हैं। मनोरंजन के फलस्वरूप हमारी आपस में मिलजुल कर कार्य करने की क्षमता में जहाँ एक ओर वृद्धि होती है, वहाँ दूसरी ओर हमारा दृष्टिकोण भी व्यापक हो जाता है।

वास्तव में, मनोरंजन का प्रबन्ध विद्यार्थी जीवन के लिए अत्यावश्यक है। सच तो यह है कि काम के बाद आराम उतना ही आवश्यक है जितना कि भोजन करने के बाद उसका पचाना। दूसरे शब्दों में, अत्यधिक व्यस्त जीवन रूपी मरुस्थल में मनोरंजन तो गंगा की शीतल धारा है।

राजेश कोछड़

An Appreciation of one of the books I have read

"To Sir, with Love," the author of which is Mr. George Braithwaite, was one of the books I really enjoyed reading and appreciated a lot too. In this book Mr. Braithwaite tries to portray all the difficulties he encounters in being a Negro and in trying to reform an unruly bunch of school children.

On applying for a job as teacher in an East-End school in London, he is appointed as the class teacher of the seniormost form. The children of this form are rowdy and indisciplined. They also indulge in vulgarity.

From the first day onwards Mr. Braithwaite's efforts to reform these children bear fruit. They begin addressing one another in a more civilized way. They also go for sightseeing tours together, after which they have friendly discussions.

Some of the more stubborn ones, after a while also break down under Mr. Braithwaite's skill and tact and begin accepting him as he is. Their indulgence in vulgarity also lessens.

The conclusion of this book finds all these children totally reformed. Some of them are ready for higher studies, while some, to take up jobs to support themselves and their families.

On the last day in school, these very children who resented Mr. Braithwaite at first, give him a combined gift with the words "To Sir, With Love" on it.

In a nutshell, this book portrays human nature, in the people's not accepting Mr. Braithwaite, a Negro, even in these modern days. It also shows how one can overcome the greatest obstacles of life with tactfulness and skill and also how even the rowdiest and most indisciplined children can be reformed.

The theme of this book, I think, is very good and so is the style in which it is written, and these very points make one appreciate and enjoy this book very much.

Harveen Sachdeva

Easter Break

A suggestion has been received that we should abolish the Easter Break and/or not permit the children to go home during this period. The Headmaster invites the views of the parents and Old Sanawarians on the subject.

Celebrating the 125th year

The School has happily entered its 125th year of existence, an achievement that all of us can be justifiably proud of. This naturally calls for celebration on a really grand scale. Unfortunately Founder's celebrations tend to pass and to be forgotten soon and this year's Founder's may meet the same fate. Therefore it will be better to do something substantial which will make this year a memorable one indeed.

As a memorial to this momentous year we propose the following development plan :—

- (1) In conformity with the genral trends in the country it would be essential for our very existence to institute some scholarships for the less fortunate, but otherwise deserving children. For this purpose it is necessary to create a few endowments.
- (2) Water shortage is a perennial problem here. The spring that feeds Sanawar is seasonal and consequently we have to depend for bulk of our water requirements upon the M.E.S., Kasauli. Unfortunately not only the M.E.S. rates are painfully exorbitant but they have also to restrict the supply during Kasauli season when our demand is at its peak. There is thus an urgent need to construct additional water reservoirs with a minimum storage capacity of 2 lakh gallons.
- (3) We are fully aware of the fact that parents are greatly inconvenienced during Founder's functions: Barne Hall seems bursting at its seams then. In order to accommodate you all, it becomes necessary to expand Barne Hall. The need for this cannot be overemphasized.
- (4) It's a well known fact that the cost of living is sky-rocketing. To overcome this, either the fees must be raised or other ways devised to balance it. Raising the fees to any large extent every now and then is a painful process. The only other feasible method is to increase the strenght from the existing 550 to 700. This is an opportune moment to expand. The Govt. of India have decided to send govt. scholars to all Public Schools to the tune of 25% of their strengths. This expansion for Sana-war would involve :

- (a) construction of a new dining hall for the Boys Department so that the existing dining hall could be used as a dormitory as it was years back ;
- (b) expansion of Honoria Court (Girls' Dormitory),
- (c) setting up of an additional science laboratory
- (d) the provision of a new playground and
- (e) of course four additional classrooms.

The above schemes are a must, for if we don't expand we will have to shrink in a way as our strength of 550 will have to include the 25% Govt. scholars.

You will appreciate that all this entails monumental expenditure. The School at present has no endowments or grants-in-aid from any source. It is in this connection that we solicit your co-operation. Donations from parents, O.S., philanthropists or anyone else interested in the cause of education, in cash or kind, big or small would be gratefully received. If some of you would like to be associated with any particular project we would be only too pleased to accommodate. We feel sure that we can depend upon you and through you on your friends and others whom you are in a position to persuade to do something for a worthy cause.

Headmaster

Felicitations.

Sanawarians heartily congratulate Mr. J.K. Kate, Headmaster, Punjab Public School, Nabha (Pb.) on his being awarded the Padma Shri. We feel particularly proud on this, for he was long associated with the School as the Bursar.

For the Fallen

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds un-
counted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

Laurence Binyon

We were very grieved to learn that 2nd Lt. Arun Khetarpal (1962—66), Maj. V. R. Chaudhry (1949—54) and Maj. D. S. Pannu (1952—55) were killed in action. But we are proud that they laid down their lives for their country in the recent conflict. Their heroic deeds have earned them the P. V. C., M. V. C. and Vr. C. respectively. As Sanawarians we would like to pay them tribute. Our sympathies go out to the bereaved families.

NOTICE TO ALL O. S.

Please write and ask for the News-letter.

Please write to us your address or any change in it.

Please tell us of your doings.

Please send us Rs. 2/-, if you have not already done so. (Life subscription is Rs. 25/-).

* * * * *

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The Lawrence School,
SANAWAR (Simla Hills)

I, Subhash Chander Arora, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated 18th February 1972.

Sd- S. C. Arora.
(Signature of Publisher)

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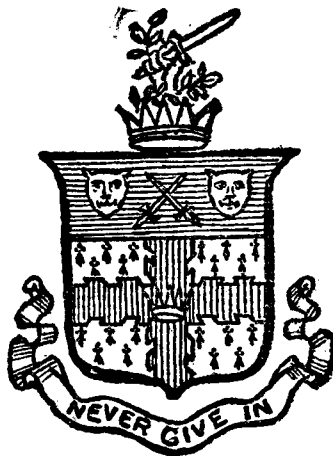
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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



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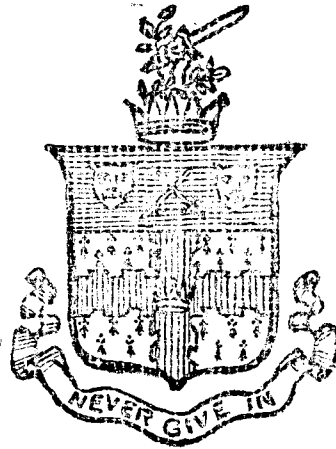
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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 174

1st December

1971

School News

October:

9th. The School bustled with life and activity as we re-opened after the three-day break which followed Founder's.

10th. The Athletics team returned from Patiala after having participated in the Inter-Public School Athletic Meet. Our performance was disappointing this time: gird up your loins for next year, Sanawarians.

13th. The 13th was lucky for Siwalik (B.D.) and Himalaya (G.D.), for they romped home in the Inter-House P.T. competition in their respective departments.

Our congratulations to Raj Singh Jamwal and Jayant Nanda for sharing the best Jymnast's honours.

16th. The hockey season was ushered in by the traditional festival match. Even though some O.S. played for the Staff 'twelve', the young blood were too good for the veterans: they beat us 4-1. Later, it was amusing to see the Staff comparing notes on their stiffness caused by the match.

18th. Diwali celebrated with usual gusto. Children immensely enjoyed the fire-works session on Peacestead. Bonfire over, everybody enjoyed the candlelight dinner.

23rd. "India is being Swept of her feet by the West" was keenly debated by the Seniors. Ferida Satarawala carried the honours of the day. She was outstanding in her delivery. Harsimran Grewal had prepared her speech well: her matter was convincing.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prize.

24th. The three hockey matches were played against B.C.S. We drew the Colts and Atoms matches. Digvijay played very well as outside-right. Rajiv Khanna was a solid China wall in defence. B.C.S. beat us by three goals to one in the first eleven match.

30th. "Recognition of Bangla Desh is in India's interest" was hotly debated in Hindi. Rajan Sethi was adjudged the best speaker.

Mrs. Pasricha explained that whatever our Govt. was doing was the best. She presented the prize also.

Mr. Pasricha observed that the debators missed out the importance of the word 'recognition' in the topic.

November

1st. Formal teaching for the Sixth Form ended.

2nd. Observed as a holiday on account of Guru Nanak's birthday.

3rd. Nervousness possessed our Sixth Formers as the I. S. C. exams commenced.

6th. Sixth Formers went to Pinjore for their picnic.

G. D. Inter-House Hockey matches started.

13th. The Preppers enjoyed themselves thoroughly at their picnic at Sunshine Valley.

G.D. Inter-House hockey matches concluded. Nilagiri annexed the coveted Championship trophy.

Mrs. Pasricha presented the cup.

Piano exams. held in Barne Hall.

14th. Children's Day celebrated.

Mr. Geoffrey Corbett, the piano examiner from England, addressed the special Assembly.

Siwalik House did it once again : they emerged Champions in the Inter-House Shooting Competition. Suren Hira (S) was adjudged the best shot.

Mr. Corbett presented the prizes.

The same afternoon saw the Pagal Gymkhana on Peacestead. Sixth Form boys in 'blouses and skirts' were like jokers from a circus. It was an hour full of fun and frolic.

20th. For the first time in many years the Dance and Music department entertained us with various items as a curtain-raiser for the end-of-term activities.

It was a scintillating, relaxing evening.

Staff News

We were much grieved to learn about the sad passing away of Mrs. Mohini Sehgal's father. It must have been a hard blow to her but then we are helpless at Nature's hands. Our sympathies and condolences go out to the bereaved family.

O. S. News

All Old Sanawarians who wish to become members of the Old Sanawarian Association, Delhi, are requested to contact B. P. Aggarwal, 50, Hindu College Hostel, Delhi—7, at the earliest."

S. C. Jalota (Post Box 3192, Kakira, Jinja, Uganda.) More than six months have passed but we are still in the process of settling down. Things have improved to a great extent for us during this period but still we miss our old dear Sanawar very much

I am going to apply in the States for a suitable job in Dec. : in case nothing materialises I would prefer to come back to India only. I don't wish to continue here for very long.

Money is there and we are in a position to save more than we were even getting in Sna'. But we are not very happy at the moment. The Sikunds on the other hand are quite satisfied.

B. Singh

Minutes of the O.S. Meeting '71.

Reena Chandnani	M.S. Bains
Mr. A. Bhalerao	H.S. Yadav
Malti Bhandari	S. Stokes
Anita Das	B.S. Brar
Arun Mahajan	B.P. Aggarwal
Ajit Jayaram	K.K. Khanna
H.R. Singh	A.S. Anand
I.J.S. Bhusri	H.S. Guron
S.S. Sidhu	Simrat Mann
Sarabjot Bedi	S.S. Chahil
Sangram Singh	Kulsher A. Singh
Harishpal S. Dhillon	Vikram S. Kadan
Yogindra Dhillon	G.S. Chima
Daljit Singh Rajput	Upinder Singh Dhillon
Pradeep Kumar Singhal	Jatinder Singh Tusky
Rakesh Paggi	Arvind Desraj
Yogindra Pal Sharma	S.K.S. Kalaan
Aruna Batra	Mr. M.V. Gore
Sita Sahni	„ C.B. Abraham
Gita Sahni	„ M. Benedict
Kavita Padda	„ E. Sequeira
Nandini Duggal	„ R.K. Jaitly
Preminda Batra	„ Prajapati Saklani
Karanjit Rajput	Gurdip Singh Kalyana
Vijay Singh Lalotra	Miss R. Chatterji
Bhuvnesh Kumari	Mr. Bhupinder Singh
Pannu (Jr.)	(Hon. Secretary)
H.S. Pannu	Mr. B.R. Pasricha
M.S. Sandhu	(President)
Mukesh Sehgal	

Mr. B.R. Pasricha, Headmaster, presided.

The meeting was held in the open, on the Staff Club tennis courts on the afternoon of October 5th at 2-30 p.m. The minutes of the 1970 meeting were read out and passed unanimously.

Points that arose from discussion of the minutes were

1. (a) Distinguishing insignia for O.S. visiting the school has been made available in the Tuck Shop.
- (b) It had been decided that the Spartan Club, Ozarkian Club and Carlil Cup Honours Board will be located in the dining halls of the three Departments : P.D., G.D. and B.D. in respect of the names of each department.
- (c) Netball has been replaced by Basketball for the girls.
2. Harraghans Singh suggested that the School should keep in mind the O.S. if there was ever a case of expansion of the school. He felt there might be something in the nature of an

O.S. House. The Headmaster suggested that the School might provide the land for this purpose and the O.S. themselves might take the initiative in the construction of an O.S. House.

3. The point about an O.S. being on the Board of Governors was raised by G.S. Kalyana. The Headmaster pointed out that the Board had, in principle, conceded this point but that there were certain difficulties in the implementation which involved the constitution of the Board of Governors. He suggested that the constitution be not discussed at the O.S. meeting.

Proposed : G.S. Kalayana

Seconded : Harraghans Singh

" I propose that the nomination of an O.S. and a parent to the Board of Governors of the Lawrence School Sanawar be expedited so that they be given an opportunity to help the school to which they are so devoted "

Proposed : G.S. Kalayana

Seconded : Arun Mahajan

" I propose that the members of the Board of Governors be invited to attend the O.S. meetings "

4. It was suggested by Yogindra Dhillon that parents be not allowed to see their children at the time of the speeches as this encouraged both parents and children to absent themselves from this function.
5. It was suggested by Arun Mahajan that no one be allowed to leave Barne Hall before the School Song. The Headmaster suggested that no one should leave before the Chief Guest. It was recommended that a note to this effect be put in the programme.
6. Mrs. Cherian's suggestion that O.S. act as ushers at Barne Hall functions was accepted.
7. Arun Mahajan suggested that a supply of petrol be made available to O.S. on payment during Founder's. The Headmaster said this would be looked into.
8. G.S. Kalayana suggested that staff should be invited to attend O.S. meetings as this would enable O.S. to meet the new members of staff.
9. Harishpal Singh Dhillon suggested that strict restrictions be imposed on the conduct of O.S. while visiting Sanawar. Yogindra Dhillon suggested that O.S. found guilty of misconduct should be debarred from visiting Sanawar in

the future. Mr. Gore stressed on the misdemeanour of some O.S. Surinder Kalan also accepted the fact of misdemeanour of some O.S. It was generally agreed that all O.S. should cooperate in offering a code of conduct.

10. Gurdip Singh Kalayana suggested that a filing cabinet be maintained with index cards giving relevant data about O.S. He suggested that O.S. might contribute towards the cost of the filing cabinet and a part-time clerk to keep the records up to date. The Headmaster promised to go into the details of the expenses for this operation.
11. G.S. Kalayana suggested that the first issue of the Newsletter might be sent by V.P.P. to O.S. on the expiry of their subscriptions. The Headmaster pointed out that this was not feasible till there was a record of the permanent addresses of O.S.
12. Kalan suggested that there should be some time during Founder's when parents could meet the Staff. The Headmaster said the visitors tea after athletics was for this purpose.
13. Maninderjeet proposed the revival of the Friday Forum.
14. Harishpal put on record the O.S.'s heartfelt and sincere appreciation of the selfless and dedicated services of Mr. Jagdish Ram to the School.
15. Kalan suggested that Yograj Palta's posthumous Veer Chakra should be mentioned on the Roll of Honour. Mr. Bhupinder Singh said this would be done.
16. Arun Mahajan suggested that attendance at the O.S. Vs. P.S. matches be made compulsory for the school.
17. Arun Mahajan put on record the passing away of Ashok Batra and his father. The meeting observed two minutes' silence in memory of the departed souls.
18. Vijay Lalotra suggested that there should be a gathering of the School at the War Memorial during Founder's. The Headmaster said this could be done.

The meeting closed at 5-00 p.m. I.J.S. Bhusri proposed a vote of thanks to the chair.

Bhupinder Singh
(Hon. Sec.)

He is a jolly Good Fellow.

The very sight of Gaskell Hall reflects the image of the tall, slim and graceful figure of Mr. Jagdish Ram in 'ducks', busy in training the boys for boxing or gymnastics. For the last two decades he trained the children in Sanawar and made them really tough individuals.

Kipling's advice ("Send him to Sanawar and make a man of him") was certainly applicable to outsiders. We in Sanawar feel "Send the wolf to Mr. Jagdish Ram and a make a lamb of him". All O.S. and P.S. know the truth of it.

Mr. Jagdish Ram came to Sanawar in 1952. Before this he was in the army for twenty five years. He was a top ranking soldier, who always distinguished himself by his actions and his portraits still decorate the Buckingham Palace, England, Chetwood Hall, I.M.A., Dehra Dun, and Army School of Physical Training as an emblem of an eminent soldier of India.

Mr. Jagdish Ram is a born spartan, very strict disciplinarian and a thorough gentleman. He has always been an example and guide to masters and affectionate father to the children in Sanawar. He is a true Sanawarian and always inculcated the real Sanawar way of life in them by making them physically strong and prepared them for any work at any time. Sanawar boys and girls are familiar and accustomed to his whistle. A few years ago the late Pachkauri noticed a khud-fire near the Band House at 2-30 a.m. Alarmed by exaggerated fears for the safety of Sanawar he went knocking at Mr. Jagdish Ram's door shouting "Sanawar jal gaya sahib, kewal aap he bacha sakte hain". Mr. Jagdish Ram belw his whistle and in a few minutes all the boys within the hearing distance had lined up and were ready for orders. Consequently the fire was extinguished. Well done Mr. Jagdish Ram! Your excellent training paid dividends.

Preppers wait eagerly for their P.T. classes, and one can see them walking down to Miss Chatterji's house to greet and welcome Mr. Jagdish Ram for their two most enjoyable 'schools' of the week. Affectionate tributes from Preppers may be heard "Please Sir, just one year more, Sir please...".

Tributes to Mr. Jagdish Ram's efficiency keep pouring in by the score. All O.S. who join the I.M.A. or the N.D.A. invariably write to say that they did not find any difficulty in adjusting to the tough life there because of Mr. Jagdish Ram's training while at School.

Similar tributes came in from officers who were trained by Mr. Jagdish Ram at the I.M.A. before he

joined Sanawar. Again and again they have spoken emphatically of his thoroughness, strictness and justness.

As a housemaster Mr. Jagdish Ram has always been a pillar of strength. By precept and by example he has instilled in his boys all the virtues that Sanawar is traditionally famous for. Siwalikans after 12 years are getting the Cock-House at last: the credit obviously goes to Mr. Jagdish Ram.

As a colleague he has always been a good and affectionate companion and with his sense of humour has introduced a feeling of comradeship amongst all the members of the staff.

We all wish him a happy retired life. In the end we pay our gratitude and tribute in brief by saying in unison "He is a jolly good fellow, so say all of us".

B.P. Joshi.

Dear Major Sahib,

I learnt from the Newsletter received here the other day that you will be retiring from the School this year. I may say with all confidence that I speak on behalf of every O.S. who has had the privilege of being in School during your time, that the very high standards achieved by Sanawar, not only in P.T. and gym. displays, but in all-round physical fitness as well, have been achieved under your patient and unremitting stewardship. In later life we all realise the value of the training imparted to us in our school years.

Permit me to wish you a happy and pleasant retired life.

Bombay House,
Fort, Bombay—1

Yours sincerely,
Karm Sheel Oberoi.

Mrs. G.E. Cherian

Mrs. G.E. Cherian joined Sanawar in March 1957. By a coincidence, I had the pleasure of travelling up from Kalka with her in the mail car that used to ply in those days.

As Mrs. Cherian had completed her junior school training at St. Mary's College, Poona, with a coveted first in Practice Teaching and Handwork and a high Second in Theory, it was but natural that the winds of change blew over our Prep. School. Within a few months I noticed attractive charts adorning the walls of the various Form Rooms, for not only did Mrs. Cherian transform the teaching in her own class, but she was a source of inspiration to her colleagues as well. Trained in the activity method, Mrs. Cherian found plenty of scope for her

newly-acquired skills. Environmental studies, centres of interest, nature walks and corners in the classroom, interesting projects in which the children made their own models, all helped to make the Prep School a very happy place. Another welcome trend initiated by her was her special script writing.

Mrs. Cherian also made a valuable contribution to the Prep School shows in the first term and at Founder's, the English play being her special sphere. We not only learned to expect fascinating plays, but looked forward to seeing effective props which Mrs. Cherian fashioned herself.

For many years Mrs. Cherian looked after Nilagiri House with care and affection.

It was but natural that she was sent by the British Council to England for a brief spell in '60—'61 as an observer/teacher. She made many friends there in the teaching world, as well as among the parents of her pupils.

This year has proved a challenging one for Mrs. Cherian. Not only did she carry a full teaching load, but she was asked to look after the Prep School as Miss Rudra, who was formerly in charge, had left Sanawar at the end of 1970. To her administrative duties Mrs. Cherian brought her wealth of experience and her logical brain, with the result that she has succeeded in her task of seeing that the Preppers are looked after properly. In addition, she has initiated the teaching of New Maths in the Prep School with her usual sound and effective approach.

We are sorry to lose this dedicated worker, but our good wishes go with her as she plans to join Mr. K. I. Thomas, as Headmistress of the Day School he proposes to start in January 1972 in Madras.

Thank you Mrs. Cherian for all you have done for Sanawar.

Romola Chatterji

वर्षा ऋतु

यह संसार परिवर्तनशील है। यहाँ की सभी वस्तुएँ समयानुसार परिवर्तित होती रहती हैं। दुख के बाद सुख तथा जीवन के पश्चात् मरण आदि का आना-जाना लगा ही रहता है। ठीक इसी प्रकार भयंकर प्रीष्म ऋतु के पश्चात् सुखदायी वर्षा का भी आगमन होता है।

वर्षा ऋतु का मौसम बड़ा सुहावना होता है। आकाश में बादलों की शोभा बड़ी निराली होती है। हाथी के समान बड़े-बड़े बादल इधर-उधर भागते बहुत सुन्दर लगते हैं। कभी तो सारा आकाश बादलों से ढक जाता है और फिर दिन में रात के समान

अँधेरा छा जाता है। इस मौसम में पृथ्वी के सभी जीव नाच उठते हैं।

वर्षा में प्रकृति की गोद भर जाती है। चारों ओर हरे-भरे वृक्ष नज़र आते हैं। क्यारियों में रंग-बिरंगे फूल उग आते हैं। बागों और खेलों की शोभा बढ़ जाती है। इस ऋतु में अनेक फल-फूल निकल आते हैं। आम तथा जामुन की सुगन्ध चारों ओर फैल जाती है। वृक्षों की डालियाँ विविध पक्षियों के गान से गूँज उठती हैं। पपीहे की पी-पी तथा कोयल की कूक हृदय में उल्लास पैदा करती है। आकाश में बगुलों की पक्षियाँ मानों रत्नों की मालाएँ पहना देती हैं।

इस के साथ वर्षा ऋतु का दृश्य बड़ा भयानक होता है। आकाश काले-काले बादलों से भर कर घना अँधेरा पैदा करता है। बीच-बीच में बिजली की चमक और कड़क दिल में भय उत्पन्न करती है। कभी-कभी तो इतना अंधकार होता है कि आदमी को अपने ही दो हाथ नहीं दिखाई देते। मेढकों की टर्-टर् और रात को मच्छरों की गुनगुनाहट नींद हराम कर देती है।

इस ऋतु से कई लाभ भी हैं। सावनी की फसल वर्षा पर ही निर्भर है। वर्षा के कारण ही आम तथा जामुन जैसे फलों में रस पैदा होता है। गर्मी का प्रकोप वर्षा के कारण ही शांत होता है। वर्षा ऋतु कृषि की माँ है। वर्षा आने पर किसान का दिल मोर के समान नाच उठता है। वर्षा के कारण ही किसान का वार्षिक परिश्रम सफल हो जाता है।

किसी ने ठीक ही कहा कि जहाँ अच्छाइयाँ होंगी वहाँ बुराइयाँ भी होंगी। जहाँ एक ओर वर्षा से अनेक लाभ हैं वहाँ दूसरी ओर इस से अनेक हानियाँ भी हैं। अधिक वर्षा के कारण छोटी-छोटी नदियों में बाढ़ आ जाती है। जब नदी में चढ़ाव आता है तब वह रोके नहीं रुकती। कविवर बिहारी ने ठीक ही कहा है:—

इक भीजे, चहले परे बूड़े बहे हजार।

किते न अवगुन जग करै वैने चढ़ती बार॥

बिहारी ने इस दोहे में चढ़ती हुई जवानी की तुलना एक चढ़ती हुई नदी से की है। इस में संदेह नहीं कि जब नदी में बाढ़ आती है तो फिर वह आगे पीछे किसी को नहीं छोड़ती। जो भी उस की लपेट में आ गया वह बह गया।

वर्षा ऋतु में अनेक प्रकार की बीमारियाँ भी फैलती हैं। मक्खियों तथा मच्छरों की सेना का आक्रमण कुछ इस प्रकार होता है कि बेचारे आधुनिक युग के डॉक्टर भी इन के आगे घबरा जाते हैं। वर्षा के कारण जगह-जगह कीचड़ हो जाता है। इतना सब होते हुए भी यही कहा जा सकता है कि वर्षा ऋतु से इतने अधिक लाभ हैं कि उन के सामने उसकी हानियाँ नगण्य हैं।

नीरजा गुप्ता

✓ The Fete

We celebrated our Founder's from 2nd to 5th October. Every year we celebrate our Founder's. This School was founded one hundred and twenty four years ago. We had our Fete on the 5th of October.

On the 5th, after breakfast we got our fete money. At ten o'clock we started our Fete. I went to the Fete with my parents. I went to the craft room and bought a bamboo boat for fifteen rupees. My father got angry with me for spending so much money. Then I tried two lucky dips. I got a bucket and a top. I ate ice-cream. It was very tasty : I felt like having some more.

Then I went to the 'Chat' stall. I bought 'Chat' for one rupee. It was chilly hot. I did not want to have any more. Then I drank two Fantas: I liked the taste of it. I really enjoyed the Fete.

Manjit Singh Gill,
Form II.

✓ The Prep School Show

From amongst the guests seated in the hall for the Prep School concert, it was easy to spot the parents of the participants who waited with fond pride written all over their faces. They were certainly not disappointed.

The show commenced with a short play called Madgy, where dull, uninteresting Geography was transformed into wondrously real brooks, streams and rivers finding their ways to a benevolently smiling ocean. The end of the piece found them running back and forth—tides—at the command of a very pretty moon.

The next item, a Bird Dance from the Panchatantra, was an original idea. The bird-like grace of the dancers, together with the music and lighting effects produced an enchanting result. Next, an action song was performed by the K.G.'s. It was performed very well indeed.

The Hindi play, 'Sehat Ka Nuskha' put forth the ideal formula for health, wealth and wisdom. However, it did not work out right for Paresh, who finally gave up in desperation. Rajiv Thakur, as Paresh, acted marvellously well. He was very much at home on the stage.

The Bengali song that followed was sung with exemplary enthusiasm, even though the singers probably did not understand the words. Last but not least was the English play, "Topsy Turvy Castle", where everything was the wrong way round.

It was under the command of General Nuisance who was very particular about his order, being disobeyed correctly. His soldiers, of course, misinterpreted the orders most efficiently! Nancy, helplessly dominated by her brother and sister, found herself in this interesting castle, free to bully her brother and sister at will. Eventually, she had to fight a duel with the wicked wizard who owned the place. Mercifully, she defeated the wizard; so, good triumphed over evil and all was well. Rajni Parmar, in the role of Nancy, acted with great confidence.

The people behind it all—the Prep School Staff—must be complimented for organising this wonderful variety programme and designing the beautiful costumes. Finally, the Prep. School children—they worked very hard and put up a refreshing and truly enjoyable concert.

Well done Preppers! We now look forward to your next show.

Mina Chanchani.

Dear Old Sanawarians,

Thank you very much for the toffees you gave us at Founder's on 3-10-71. We shall certainly uphold the good traditions of Sanawar.

With love and good wishes,

Yours lovingly,

Prep. School children.

✕ India is being Swept off her feet by the West

The ancient heritage of India, once the most cultured nation in the world, is now crumbling to dust in the face of the Western winds. As Macaulay said, "We are Indians in blood and colour, but Western in taste, in opinion, in morals and in intellect."

The tentacles of Western influence are slowly crushing the once firm foundations of Indian culture. The aspect of marriage provides a vivid example of this. From time immemorial matrimony has been considered sacred in India, divorce being almost unheard of. This has not been so because of any blind belief. The object was to provide stable homes for each generation. There being no way out of marriage, adjustments were made readily by both men and women, and home life was harmonious. But today with the coming in of divorce from the West, marriage in India has lost its sanctity. After marriage both parties do not make a wholehearted effort to make adjustments, thinking

that if they do not pull along well there is always the alternative of a divorce and it is such broken marriages which make juvenile delinquents of our younger generation.

India the musical land of Tansen and Meera Bai no longer cares for the wonderful melodies it gave birth to. Gone are the days of the heart rending Indian classical music, which has been poorly substituted by the Western Pop music. Today Indian songs comprise no more than a jumble of English and Hindi words set to a Western tune. People of other nations still rave about Indian music composed centuries ago, and we Indians go crazy over the Western clang-bang known as Pop music.

The Indian conception of artistic beauty too seems to have been altered by Western influence. Psychedelic art has replaced the beautiful art of ancient India. Picasso, the Italian artist who invented psychedelic or modern art said of it that "There is no such art as modern art, I have only fooled the world." Why then do we Indians, with such a rich artistic heritage of our own, go crazy over such unartistic stuff? Just because it has originated from the West.

Indian architecture has not remained unaffected either. Each age in Indian history has brought forth buildings and monuments of great artistic merit, but none of the old beauty is perceptible in our modern buildings constructed after the Western model. There is no comparison between the breathtaking beauty of the ancient monuments and the ugly mortar and iron giants being constructed today. It may be said that these skyscrapers suit the needs of today, but similar buildings with some of the old beauty can be constructed too. The trouble with India is that she has not tried to modify her ancient architecture to suit the needs of today, and instead is feeling ashamed of not having constructed as many specimens of ugliness as the West!

What is known as the Western impact on the political life of India is far too obvious. Our constitution has borrowed freely from the English Constitution, in fact, from all constitutions of the Western world. In framing the Indian Constitution after the British example, we did not take into consideration that what may be suitable for England may not be adequate to meet the needs of our country. Winston Churchill condemned the Indian Constitution by saying that it was no more than a jumble of Western constitutions. At the time of independence, Percival Spear remarked that "Whatever form the political future of India might take, it will certainly contain a large element of the West," and we have seen his words come true.

Even the general way of thinking is by and large directed by Western impact. The field of economics provides a vivid example of this. When the economists of India analyse the economic problems of the day, the analytic tools are those of Western thinkers and based on Western economic experience. We tend to accept Western ideas and theories without considering the pros and cons of the issue concerned, taking it for granted that anything coming from the West can be relied upon blindly.

Though India has been able to free herself from the shackles of slavery physically, she is yet mentally enslaved to everything Western. The Western influences have made such an impact on her during the long British rule that she accepts blindly whatever is Western. The day this blindness is cured, the tides of the West will no longer be able to sweep India along with them.

Harsimran Grewal

✓ The Tattoo

The Tattoo was held on the night of 3rd October: it was a moonlit night. The hillside was milling with eager parents and Old Sanawarians who had come to witness the show.

As usual P.T. was the first item. The spectators maintained silence when the bugle heralded the presence of the Chief Guest. The lights went on and the boys and girls made a spectacular entrance. They performed their exercises with grace and skill.

A variety of gym. items followed P.T. The barwork boys did their exercises with a lot of confidence and zeal. It was a breath-taking sight to see them dive through a fire hoop.

Chairwork was performed smoothly. In the ground work and horse work a few humorous exercises appeared simple but they actually were quite difficult to perform.

The bugle band entertained the audience by playing a few tunes and marching smartly across the field.

The next item was a Naga dance. The Naga dancers in their resplendent array danced enthusiastically to the beat of a drum. It was an entertaining item.

The Figure Marching concluded the variety of items the Sanawarians put up. Some of the shapes and figures were good and it was fun watching a figure formed out of a straight line.

The show was enthralling and spectacular. The indefatigable Sanawarians put up a splendid Tattoo.

Gaurav Shamsher Rana.

The School Parade

From far down the dusty path leading to the pool, came a full throated yell—'Parade'—only to be muffled by the excited murmur of the hundreds of colourfully dressed parents seated on the terraces of Peacestead. Dressed in their smart red and white uniform, the Band marched in, blasting and banging. Behind it came the Troops, struggling to readjust their uniforms and 'get in step' before they could be seen by the onlookers.

One hundred and twenty four years have passed and this School—Sanawar—has stood solidly on its foundations, turning out generations of children and making 'men' of them.

The Trooping of the Colours, conducted in the solemn presence of the School Parade and respectful spectators, is an annual feature taking place on the 4th of October. The Parade as a whole consists of the Band, the Colour Party and four Troops. Gen. Dev very kindly took the salute this year.

The 'trooping' was very good indeed, devoid of common flaws such as carelessness, untidiness and lack of uniformity. The Band performed very creditably, though at times it creaked under severe strain.

The 'dressing' was commendable and the marching smart: in fact, the overall impression was that of orderliness and uniformity—all this was the result of painstaking effort on the part of Messers Bhupinder Singh, Jagdish Ram and Katoch.

Well done School. Keep it up.

Pradeep Saran.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

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*THE HEADMASTER
THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR
(SIMLA HILLS).*

The Countryside at Night

The sun's rim dips. The sky is washed with the slate grey of evening shadow as dusk terminates the long day. The entire countryside is a mass of indistinguishable shapes until the moon comes up. A few stars twinkle half-heartedly in the cloudless sky.

Trees stand tall and stiff like dark figures, swaying only when the wind ruffles their leaves. The smooth surface of the peaceful night is broken only by the sweet swish of the wind and the sounds of nocturnal creatures in search of food. A pair of beady black eyes peer out from the tall grass and vanish as quickly as they appear. Up in a tree, sits the wise old owl, staring intently, unblinkingly, for any sign of life on the ground.

Crickets fiddle energetically at various intervals, then lapse into silence. The small moon, hanging like a splinter of mirror above the straggly trees, sheds a half light on the earth making rocks and boulders look like strange, discoloured monsters. Between the trees, bats dart to and fro, twittering excitedly to one another before dawn comes and they have to hurry away to their nests.

The quietude of the country air is shattered now and again by the screech of an owl, and sometimes by a strong wind which moans like a lost soul through the trees. Slowly, very slowly, the dark skin of night peels off; the sky is invaded by the vivid morning colours which bathe the countryside with light, "and jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops"—Shakespeare (Romeo and Juliet).

Anjali Daphtary.



THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

No. 173

1st November

1971

School News

August

21st. 'Comics are Harmful' was hotly debated by the Juniors of Senior School. Preeti Batra rightly carried the honours for the day: she beamed with self-confidence and was bold in her delivery. She has a lot in her and can blossom into a first-rate speaker if she keeps at it. Another fine speaker was Ajai Shukla: he put his sound ideas wittily and he richly deserved the ovation he got.

23rd } Mr. T.R. Gupta, Principal, Hans Raj
24th } Model School, N. Delhi, visited us in order to get an insight into the working of a Public School. He was much impressed and found a lot to be put to practice in his school.

28th. The Hindi Department organised a 'Mock Parliament'. We thoroughly enjoyed the volatile evening. Kulbhushan Oswal and Virinder Patole were convincing on the 'Govt.' side, and Rajan Sethi was quite serious and Jasjit Bhattal humorous in the 'Opposition'.

29th. Dr. S. N. Mehrotra, Co-ordinator of Studies, Asian Institute of Educational Planning and Administration, Govt. of India, addressed the Staff. His talk was very illuminating and thought provoking, the key note being that we should not feel satisfied with things as they are. We should be up and doing: we should have the desire to improve. We should plan for tomorrow keeping in mind the yesterday but, he emphasized, the day-after-tomorrow must not be lost sight of. He added that the schools should not be merely information and knowledge sellers: what was necessary in all educational institutions, he stressed, was real understanding, application and independent thinking.

September.

This month is always super charged with activity: The whole school is busy preparing for Founder's.

This year, going round the school one always overheard the libretto of the Opera; enthusiastic Preppers keenly rehearsed for their Concert; the children put their heart and soul into P.T., Parade and Gym. work; Staff busied themselves with 'The Private Secretary'; athletics' practices could be seen on Barnes. It is amazing how Sanawar can fit in all this in addition to normal classes during the day! All this hard work did pay rich dividends in the form of a successful Founder's.

In the midst of this heavy routine the School organised a few more activities. We entertained the St. Stephen's College athletes and had coaching cum competitive sessions with them on the 4th and 5th. The Teachers' Day was celebrated in a befitting manner. The third Mark Reading was held on the 24th. The latest position is

Himalaya:	19-44	Siwalik:	20-73
Nilagiri:	19-99	Vindhya:	18-23

A Hindi declamation contest took place the same evening: the children covered a wide range of topics. Though the standard was very high, it would be better in future if the participants express themselves in their own language.

October.

2nd to 5th: Founder's Celebrated.

2nd. Gandhi Jayanti Assembly followed the unfurling of the Tricolour atop Birdwood building.

The Head boy and the Head girl read interesting passages on Gandhiji. The Headmaster addressed the School and the Meeting concluded with the singing of Ram Dhun.

The Combined Athletic Meet made history for Sanawar, for as many as nine new records were set up. Our congratulations to all; their names appear somewhere else in this issue. Himalaya in P.D., Nilagiri in G.D. and Siwalik in B.D. won the Cock House Cups. Nilagiri lifted the combined (B.D. & G.D.) Defence Cup. Our bouquets to Jaspal Sandhu for bagging the Kalinga Cup for the best athlete.

Mr. M.N. Kapur, Principal, Modern School, New Delhi, presented the prizes.

The same evening saw the hilarious, farcical comedy, 'The Private Secretary'. I will be echoing the opinion of one and all in saying that it was a resounding success. Well done Staff.

3rd. Come on O.S., come on P.S. went up the cries. In the netball fixture the School got the better of O.S. The hockey match that followed was keenly contested, but the O.S. unchivalrously beat the P.S.

The Preppers presented their concert to a packed hall. About 85 children appeared on the stage with shimmering costumes. They acted with confidence and without inhibition. The Prep School Staff must be complimented, for they were able to draw out the best in the children who enjoyed every moment of it on the stage. It really was a delightful evening.

Peacestead has witnessed many a tattoo but this year it was a special one: we wouldn't like to believe it, but it was Mr. Jagdish Ram's last. What a perfect co-ordination in P.T., what a marvellous performance of ground work, horse work and chair work; what a control of the gymnasts on the parallel bars! We shall miss Major Sahib next year.

The Band performed well; the dance drew applause from all; the Figure Marching was creditable

4th. Gen. A. K. Dev took the salute at the Trooping of the Colour Parade. The turn out was immaculate, the Parade smart and the March Past of a high order.

The most amusing part of this Parade always is the March Past by the Preppers. Unmindful of their timing and covering they swung their arms with abandon; some troops carried on with 'Eyes Left' till suddenly they realised that they had come to the end of the course!

A large crowd visited the Exhibition after the Parade.

Speeches were held in Barne Hall at 12 noon. After Mr. Pasricha had read the School Report, Mr. K.I. Thomas, Headmaster, The Lawrence School Lovedale, spoke. His speech was full of wit and humour. He decried narrow parochialism and advised the children to become good citizens.

Even though plays are staged by different Houses throughout the first term, the annual concert is an event by itself; we, therefore, attempted an Opera. It was a bold venture. Those having experience would realise how difficult it is to bring to shape a musical play of such vast dimensions as 'Prithviraj Chouhan'. Despite numerous limitations the opera went off satisfactorily. The costumes and sets were excellent. Rajan Sethi as Anna and Manmehg Singh in the role of Ketab were outstanding.

5th. The gathering at the fete was a kaleidoscope of colours. Everybody was dressed in gay attire. Even the back of Birdwood which normally is a drab place took on a bright and fresh appearance. The merry-go-round creaked; coconuts were won and money lost; as 'Chat' and 'Tikkies' went in the money tumbled out. And quite understandably the parents didn't mind being fleeced.

The O.S. Meeting took place during the afternoon. O.S. dinner and dance rounded off yet another successful Founder's.

O. S. News

2/Lt. Ashok Sexana (6/5 Gorkha Rifles (FF) C/o 56 APO). You will be glad to know that I was Commissioned on the 13th of June from the IMA and have joined a fine Battalion of the finest of Regiments. The other Sanawarians to pass out with me were Arun Kheterpal (Armoured Corps), Darshanjit Singh (Armoured Corps) and Dharamvir Singh Bishno. During my leave in June I met Bikram Grewal and Shailendra Singh at Delhi: they are in College. I envy them when they talk of their trips to Sna', as I haven't as yet been able to make it, though I long to. I also met Capt. Anil Kak, Poona Horse, at the NDA where he is with the Army Trg. Team.

Sunil Kalia (126—Reads Avenue, Blackpool, England).....I am in Blackpool doing Hotel Management. This particular course will take me upto 1974.....I spent a good 7 years in the School and it is now, I feel, that they have started paying dividends. Indeed it is Sanawar that moulded and reshaped me and today I am proud of it.

Bill Colledge (San Moreno, Route des Genets, St. Brelade, Jersey, C.I.) Founder's, we know, will proceed from a time honoured beginning to a traditionally successful conclusion. The young generation we knew would be fulfilling destiny in being the mature leaders of today in tattoo, trooping, drama and all the salient features of the programme.

It is to them that we bow in gratitude, the responsibilities they shoulder are carried nobly—we bow to the Staff who have made them aware of this position, we bow to the School for preserving all our cherished traditions. The Founder is well remembered and revered.

C.S. Uggal (Asst. Purchase officer, Hyderabad). I was thrilled to receive a copy of the Newsletter for September, 1971 and read its contents. I hope I will continue receiving a copy regularly.

I joined The Jay Engineering in August 1970 as an Executive Trainee which training was to be imparted over a period of 2 years. Thanks to Sanawar training, as after one year I was appointed as "Asst. Purchase Officer" with a delegation of a great deal of responsibility. I am at present posted at their Hyderabad Unit.

Luckily, the other day I met Deepak Bhattacharya (O.S.) with her husband and 2 kids. It was a pleasant surprise and we talked a great deal of Sanawar. Her husband is a Major in the army and they have recently returned from the States.

H.S. Pannu (Venture Estate, Kalthuritty P.O., Kerala). You will be glad to learn that from 1st Sept. I have joined Malayalam Plantations as an Assistant Superintendent on one of their Estates. I shall be on probation for one year, and on successful completion carry on for 3 years more to complete my 4-year contract.

Pradeep Rao (Hamilton House, Connaught Place, New Delhi). I came across V.S. Bedi's copy of the 'Sanawar Newsletter' and read it. It made good reading, what with G.I.S. 'Bulbul' having 'arrived' on the Art scene, and M.P. Gopinath still trying to settle old scores with Sinha. But what I enjoyed most was the letter from Nirmaljit (I don't think I know him) to Dilbagh (again, unknown to me) saying that one M.S. Sekhon had got 'a blazer for being the best sportsman'. I hope next year the athletic Sekhon will win a pair of trousers!

Inderjit Singh Bhusri (Indo Bulgar Foods, Industrial Area, Delhi Meerut Road, Ghaziabad, U.P.)

It really gave me great pleasure to see that the standard of Founder's was as good as during my days in school. My wife was also greatly impressed

by the show put up by the children. I am sure that the standard of the school will continue going up year after year.

I am presently working in Ghaziabad and I am one of the Directors looking after Food Processing Unit named "Indo Bulgar Foods".

Surinder Kalan (Food and Beverage Controller, Oberoi Intercontinental, Dr. Zakir Hussain Road, New Delhi).....I enjoyed every minute of my stay in Sanawar. All the functions went off very well. A particular reference of high appreciation must be made regarding the Parade, P.T. display and the Opera. In spite of the fact that the Opera had its defects, I feel that it was an excellent effort on the part of the children and the Staff to put it up.

B. Singh.

Founder's Speeches

Headmaster's.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas, Gen. Dev and Members of the Board of Governors, Ladies, Gentlemen, Old Sanawarians and dear Children:

I once again rise to welcome you all to our Founder's Day. This is our 124th Founder's Day and we are grateful to you and specially to the Parents and Old Sanawarians who have come in such large numbers to grace this function.

We are grateful to Dr. Y. S. Parmar, Chief Minister, Himachal Pradesh, for his, in spite of being extremely occupied due to the coming AICC meeting, having very kindly agreed to spare so much of his valuable time and be with us. We are all aware that Dr. Parmar has been the architect of Himachal Pradesh and Himachal will continue to flourish under his wise stewardship. It is sad that Dr. Parmar had to cancel his programme at the last moment.

At the risk of being accused of self-praise, permit me to say that Sanawar is an institution whose past standards and records would make it deserve a very high place in any State but more so in Himachal Pradesh, and we look forward to a long and fruitful association with Dr. Parmar and his Government. We suggest that Himachal might consider the possibility of instituting some endowments so that a few Himachalis could study at this School on the basis of their merit, irrespective of the income of their parents.

Being situated a little off the beaten track (in many ways a very fortunate thing) we suffer from the disadvantage of not seeing many visitors during the

year and it therefore adds to our pleasure to know that so many of you have travelled long distances to be with us. We feel very grateful. At the same time we apologise for the limited facilities available even at Kasauli and the consequent inconvenience to many of you. May we, on behalf of you all, make an appeal to the honourable Chief Minister, Himachal Pradesh, and the honourable Union Minister of Tourism to explore the possibility of making available a Youth Hostel type of accommodation at or near Kasauli.

May I take this opportunity of thanking Shri T. P. Singh, Chairman of the Board of Governors since January this year—he had unfortunately to leave Sanawar this morning because of pressing official work—, and Dr. S. M. S. Chari—a member, vice Dr. P. D. Shukla, of the Board of Governors since October last—who also had to return to Dehi last night for similar reasons, for their brief visit to Sanawar and, of saying how honoured we were to have them with us.

We are very thankful to Mr. M.N. Kapur of Modern School, for very kindly coming to our rescue by being our Chief Guest for the Inter-House Athletic Meet, when Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Thomas of Lovedale could not reach Sanawar earlier than 3rd October. Modern School is one of the finest schools in the country and we are very proud of our associations with the Kapurs.

We thank Gen. A. K. Dev to have kindly presided this morning over the Trooping of the Colour Parade ceremony.

Permit me to pay our tribute to Mr. & Mrs. Thomas who have been associated with the School for over two decades and who have been our friends, guides and helpers ever since we joined Sanawar. The calm and efficient manner of them, specially of Mrs. Thomas at the time of Founder's, Board meetings and other important functions of Lovedale, has been a source of great inspiration to us. To add to our indebtedness to them, they have very kindly agreed to be the Chief Guests for this function.

They have raised Lovedale to wonderful heights. Recently, when the Lovedale School was visited, on behalf of the Indian Public Schools' Conference, by Principal Rejen (of the Daly Collge, Indore) and Principal Kashyap (of Yadavindra Public School, Patiala) they had high praises for the School. They paid a tribute to Mr. Thomas for having worked arduously to Indianise the school almost completely from the erstwhile Anglo-Indian Military School without sacrificing any of the strong points of that system. They considered the School to be extremely fortunate in having a very active Old Lawrencians' Association and a very

helpful parents body and an understanding Board of Governors. Even though Mr. & Mrs. Thomas are retiring from Lovedale, we know that they are too active to retire from work, and we wish them all the best. We are sure they will continue their association with Sanawar.

During May this year we attended the Founder's Day celebrations of the Lawrence School, Lovedale, and we were greatly impressed by the excellent campus which that school has. It was particularly heartening to know that the new science labs., costing about two lakhs of rupees, were a gift of one parent and to see that a cheque of Rs. 1,30,000/- being presented to the Headmaster for the improvement of the school. This amount had been collected by a few active parents and old boys. We were informed that this would be a regular feature for the fund raising for the school. This is an excellent example of the community helping the school.

This morning we met as one family to offer our prayers, homage and thanksgiving to the memory of our revered Founder Sir Henry Lawrence whose great vision led to the establishment of this School.

Last year I had just joined, and the process of discovery by me as also by the staff continues. This process was made a little less easy, when Mr. T. A. C. Kemp, Deputy Headmaster, and Miss P. Rudra, Mistress I/c Prep., who had been associated with the School for ages, left at the end of the session. While recording the school's appreciation for the excellent contribution of both of them, I heartily welcome Mr. Bhupinder Singh and Mrs. G. E. Cherian who have stepped into their shoes. I would like to record my thanks and appreciation for the wonderful work they have done. Having now been here for exactly fifteen months, I sincerely hope that I am no longer a stranger to you and that I know the School and its problems a little better.

On taking over I unfortunately found that the School was almost in the red and that the pay scales of the staff were far below those being offered in other schools. Therefore, we had to take the painful step of enhancing the fees, so that the standards were not allowed to go down. I am thankful to the parents for accepting this burden in spite of understandable annoyance and concern. You will be glad to note that all members of the School staff have been contributing one percent of their salaries for the School's welfare and development fund from the beginning of this year.

A few of the parents expressed concern over my last year's statement that the process of Indianising the School would be pursued vigorously. I

hope by now they have realised that this did not mean that we would give up any of the good traditions of the School or anything worthwhile which has been inherited from the West.

It is fortunate that the Public Schools are no longer keeping themselves aloof from the general currents flowing around. It had far too long been thought that the best which was possible had been found, and that all that was necessary was to continue to follow the traditions set and the methods, procedures and routines evolved.

However, with the changing times, the requirements of democracy, the rising aspirations of the common man, the explosion of knowledge, particularly after the second World War, and the need to utilise limited resources to the maximum advantage, changes became inevitable. It is therefore heartening to note the difference evident from the deliberations of the Indian Public Schools' Conference of the past two/three years in comparison with the ones of the late 50s or early 60s. There is consciousness on the part of all heads that active measures need to be taken for the professional growth of the staff: for not imparting more information—most of which can easily be got from libraries—, not to stress more calculations—which can be made speedily and more efficiently by computers. Instead of teaching students we should now provide facilities for learning by them; to prepare them for the democratic way of life and for the requirements of a Welfare State; to improve their educability and decision-making abilities. A few initial steps have been taken by us in this direction:—

1. Taking decisions in consultation with the staff.
2. Institution of food and fete committees of staff and students.
3. Introduction of the New Mathematics. The Headmaster and two of the senior Mathematics staff attended seminars at Simla.
4. An orientation course on New Mathematics run at Sanawar through the kindness of Rev. Fr. R. A. Pereira. This was followed by discussions and showing of filmstrips.
5. Arrangements were made to relieve Mr. M. V. Gore to attend the Summer Institute on Mathematics. But, unfortunately, no response was received from the organiser and the proposal had to be dropped.
6. The Headmaster participated in a seminar on 'gifted children' organised by the State Institute of Education, Chandigarh.
7. A week long seminar of Principals of the Higher Secondary Schools on 'Modern Management and Institutional Planning' arranged jointly by the Central Board of Secondary Education, the Asian Institute of Educational Planning and Administration, and the Ministry of Education, was attended by the Headmaster at New Delhi.
8. These were followed by professional talks by the Headmaster to the staff, and later Dr. S.N. Mehrotra, Co-ordinator of Studies, Asian Institute of Educational Planning and Administration, kindly came over and addressed the staff on the problems of institutional planning and professional growth.

Prof. J. P. Naik, the well-known pragmatic educationist, at present working as the Educational Adviser to the Govt. of India, Ministry of Education & Social Welfare, has rightly stated that our institutional planning should be practical and realistic rather than utopian or ambitious. We should consequently have attainable objectives, and try to achieve them through the co-operation and help of the whole school community, staff, students and parents.

In the Reader's Digest of May, 1971, there was a quotation: 'There is one way to solve all economic problems of the country—make complacency taxable'. We at Sanawar certainly cannot afford to be complacent.

Unfortunately, I find that there are comparatively less opportunities for the Headmaster to know the views and reactions of the parents. It is only at the beginning and end of terms, and at the time of Founder's that many parents come up, and we are indeed grateful for this. But since such a large number of you come up at the same time, and you have to look into many things connected with your children from the House Staff to the Office, you often are not able to discuss school matters with me. I, therefore, feel grateful to those parents who make it a point to see me or find time to write to me and send in their suggestions. You ought to have a greater hand in the education of your children. The children are with us only for about eight months of the year, and for the remaining four months they are with you. Furthermore, for the proper education of the child all parties have to take interest and shoulder their share of responsibility.

The foundations for moral, mental and physical growth and adjustment of the child are laid during his very early impressionable age. . . . May I therefore take this opportunity of stressing upon all parents—present and would-be—the need of not only taking greatest interest, but also of acquiring the knowledge and skill for the upbringing of the children during the early years—the years during which they are not with us. . . . We should consequently treat each child as an individual, giving him due recognition, stressing his strong points and helping him overcome his weaknesses, without in any way pampering him too much.

We are conscious of the slight inconvenience which is experienced by some students of school parties due to inadequate rail accommodation. We would like to assure the parents that this is not due to any lack of effort on our part. . . . May we request those of the parents who can, to kindly use their good offices to ease the situation.

Whatever we may think about socialism and the equality of all human beings, there is no denying the fact that every country needs elites and its progress depends largely upon them. . . . Ability should be the only criterion by which admissions to good institutions should be made. It is in this context that the recently announced scheme of the Govt. of India to grant scholarships, upto 25% of the vacancies in Public and other quality schools, is welcome. . . . The Govt. as well as the Indian Public Schools' Conference are extremely anxious that schools should also provide scholarships from their own resources, and for this we would like to make an appeal to all those who desire such schools to continue to exist, to help us, as with the present socialistic trends unless we make adjustments we might be swept away. . . . Another method would be for such fortunate parents to agree to regularly donate to the scholarship fund, as thereby they can, perhaps, also qualify for some rebate from income-tax deductions. . . .

The results—23 First Divisions (11 boys and 12 girls), 22 Second Divisions (14 boys and 8 girls) and 10 Third Divisions (9 boys and 1 girl), out of 57 students presented—could be termed excellent. However, the 2 rejections made us all feel bad. But with our policy of allowing all the Upper Five students to take the examination, even when some of them are below the mark, the risk of not getting hundred percent successes has to be accepted. The ball is now in the court of the present Sixth Form and we urge them to utilize the remaining period to put in their best and ensure not only hundred percent successes, but no third division either.

The oft repeated demand of the Old Sanawarians to introduce basketball in place of netball, has been met this year due to the kindness of Shri

Anand, Director of the National Institute of Sports, Patiala, who deputed Miss Brijinder Ranu for basketball coaching, with the result that the Inter-House Basket Ball competition was very exciting.

We were also fortunate in having the services of an ex-Olympic player, Shri Aziz Quereshi, who coached our students in Soccer and shared a few of the trade secrets with the staff.

Through the kindness of Principal Kapur of the College of Education, Solan, a team of Yogic experts came over and held demonstration-cum-teaching lessons for students.

Sanawar gained a very creditable second position in the twelfth Inter-Public School North Zone Athletic Meet held at Patiala in Oct., 1970. A special mention needs to be made of Jaspal Sandhu for gaining the first position in the Shot Put.

Against the B. C. S. we have not been very fortunate. However, we won the first XI hockey and Colts Cricket matches. The Y. P. S team, fresh from their victory over the Doon School, came in high spirits to Sanawar, but lost their fixture against us by two wickets.

Inter-House Boxing was re-introduced this year.

The re-introduction of the morning P. T. has produced the desired results.

Manmegh Singh, who deserves congratulations with the timing of 8 mts. 52.7 secs. clipped off 5.3 secs from the existing under 15 Hodson record set up a decade ago by Sudhir Dhir.

Prof. Ranjit Bhatia of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, and an Old Sanawarian, brought a number of athletes to train with, coach (and, if possible, compete with) Sanawarians.

As many as nine records have been broken during this year's Athletic Meet, and the following deserve our congratulations.

Athletics 1971

Event	Winner	Old Record	New Record
House Relay P. D. Girls	Himalaya	1 min. 13.4 sec.	1960 1 min. 8.4 secs.
200 meters (U-15) Girls	Sadhna Singh	30.7 sec.	M. Biswas 1960 30.6 secs.
Hop-Step-Jump (Open)	B.P.S. Bhasin	12.34 m.	S. Sehgal 1962 12.87 secs.
High-Jump (Open)	J. S. Sandhu	1.689 m.	C. Brisley 1929 1.72 m.
Shot-Put (Open)	J. S. Sandhu	11.25 m.	J.S. Sandhu 1970 12.90 m.
Hop Step-Jump (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	8.63 m.	N. Chopra 1970 9.51 m.
Long Jump (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	4.267 m.	T. Vunglallian 1962 4.41 m.
100 meters (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	13.4 sec.	R. Mountford 1952 13.3 secs.
200 meters (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	30.1 sec.	T. Vunglallian 1962 28.4 secs.

To give confidence to students, from this year the Head Boy and the Head Girl have been taking the morning Assembly on Mondays. From next year we will ask more senior students to take these Assemblies.

The House Shows and the Prep. School Show were, as usual, of excellent standard and gave opportunities to most of the children of the Houses to show histrionic abilities.

The Film and Song Division of the All India Radio, Simla, staged the drama 'AARAM' at the School. This was greatly appreciated by one and all and provided inspiration to the budding talents of the school.

Mrs. Jeane Fry presented very select pieces of several European composers, in Barne Hall on the cello, accompanied by Mr. Donald Paine on the piano. This interlude of Western music was interesting and instructive....

After a gap of a couple of years, eleven candidates will be taking the piano examination conducted by the Trinity College of Music, London, this year.

A start has been made with the Inter-House Debating. The Hindi Department staged a Mock Parliament and a declamation contest.

Special mention may be made of Maneka Anand and Jasjit Singh Bhattal for winning the Bhikshu Chaman Lal Essay Competition for their articles on 'India—Mother of Us All'.

The Old Sanawarians, as before keep evincing keen interest in their Alma Mater. They have kept us in touch about their progress in life. We would like to congratulate the following:—

1. G.I. Singh, (Bulbul) whose painting fetched the highest bid of Rs. 3,500/- from amongst the works of 113 artists, at the auction for Bangla Desh refugees.
2. M. S. Sekhon was adjudged the best sportsman at the N. D. A. He and Dhir got the blues for riding and polo.
3. N. S. Pannu passed out with the Sword of Honour from the O.T.S., Madras.
4. Parikshat (Ajay) Sahni and Aditya Nehru are assiduously utilising their spare time towards creative work, and they are sure to distinguish themselves in the field of art.

5. Ashwini Marwah has acquitted himself well in the sphere of cricket and we are sure that he will keep it up.
6. Two of our Old Sanawarians : Harishpal Singh Dhillon who gave up a very lucrative and comfortable job at Lucknow University, and Gurparveen (Gopi) Ghuman are now on the staff. Both of them have brought credit to what they had learnt while students at this institution.

The School remains as popular as ever. We are almost booked upto 1980, and to accommodate the Govt. of India scholars we shall have to expand the School.

Let me take this opportunity of recording my appreciation of all Staff, teaching, administrative and domestic for their co-operation and willingness to shoulder responsibility. Whatever has been achieved is entirely due to the efforts and the extra bit put in by all the Staff.

We are sorry to announce that Mr. Jagdish Ram has finally decided, for domestic reasons, to retire, and we are now looking for a physical training instructor who will keep up the high traditions and standards set. We wish Mr. Jagdish Ram a very happy retired life.

Next year will be the 125th Founder's, and we seek help and suggestions to make it a very great success.

Shri K.P.S. Menon recently wrote in an article "The only lesson which we learn from history is that man never learns from history". I am sure the Sanawarians will take this as a challenge and prove in the spirit of the School Motto 'Never Give In' that Sanawarians have learnt from past experience and have effected improvements where necessary, and will continue to do so.

Thank you for the patient hearing. Now I request Mr. Thomas to kindly say a few words of advice.

The gist of the Chief Guest's Speech. ✕

Mr. K.I. Thomas, Headmaster of Lovedale, spoke extempore. Narrow parochialism, he said, was the surest way of disintegrating the country. He praised the Public School which seeks to correct this wrong attitude.

Quoting Kipling's Kim, "Send him to Sanawar and make a man of him" he pointed out that Sanawar continues to turn out *men* and *women*. He advised the children to avail of the varied facilities available in the School.

He felt that today's world is topsy-turvy: old values have been thrown overboard. By drawing the attention of the audience to the generation gap he left it to them to ponder over the question: who is right—we of the old generation or the children belonging to the new generation?

He complimented Mr. M.N. Kapur, the doyen of public School Headmasters, for his efforts in turning a foe into a friend: the Ministry of Education, formerly a strong critic of Public Schools, has now changed its tune. The Govt. now recognises the Public School system as sound and wants to send a large number of meritorious but economically handicapped children to these schools.

He declared that he was retiring at the end of the year and proposes to start a small school in Madras for little children.

He concluded his speech with a parable and left a profound message for all: if the human beings are good, the world will automatically be good.

A. D. S.

The Staff play is one of the much awaited items on our Founder's programme and it always lives up to our expectations. We were thoroughly entertained this year also.

"The Private Secretary" was a farcical comedy in three acts—all quite hilarious. The first act introduced us to a gay bachelor, Douglas Cattermole in his apartment and like all young men he found no escape from his debts. Ultimately with the aid of a friend, Harry Marsland, a scheme was designed. Douglas Cattermole escapes from the clutches of his creditors to the country seat of Mr. Marsland (Harry's uncle), whose Private Secretary, Mr. Spalding, in the meantime plays scapegoat for Douglas Cattermole. The unsuspecting Mr. Spalding, together with the land lady, gets hell from the rich, old Mr. C-A-T-T-E-R-M-O-L-E (be sure to get the spellings right!), when he thinks that he (Mr. Spalding) is his nephew and is terribly disheartened.

The next act, the peak of the play, takes us to Mr. Marsland's country seat where the most incredible things happen; what with the crazy governess who is a spiritualist and a drunken tailor. The most unexpected reunion takes place between Mr.

Marsland and Mr. C-A-T-T-E-R-M-O-L-E. It is absolutely the last straw when the lamented Mr. Spalding himself makes an appearance and then of course everything turns topsy turvy.

However, the third act, an anti climax to the whole plot (and the spirits) was absolutely ludicrous.

Mr. B. Singh as the dejected Private Secretary was all that he is reputed for—SUPERB: even his beads of perspiration were genuine. This time we also witnessed two other outstanding actors: Mr. Gore as Douglas Cattermole's uncle and Mrs. Sawhney as the spiritualist, who suited their parts to the 'T'

Truly, it is refreshing seeing our Staff on stage.

Ferida Satarawala

UVC

The School Opera. ✓

Prithviraj Chouhan

An opera is one of the most difficult things to stage. It entails a lot of hard work for both staff and students; teachers—because they have not only to find singing talent but acting talent as well, for students it means gruelling rehearsals daily. However, Sanawar forsook the routine play for something more adventurous this time—Prithviraj Chouhan, a Punjabi opera written by Sheila Bhatia.

To save time the auditions were held in the first term. Actual practices began in the second term. The opera cast was finally ready to give its first performance on the 1st of October. This went off very well and the juvenile audience was very impressed, though a lot of it must have flown over their heads.

The 4th evening saw Barne Hall packed with excited visitors and relatives agog with anticipation. After what seemed hours the curtain parted and the opera began.

The opera was based on a famous historical personality—Prithviraj Chouhan, king of Delhi. It started with preparations for the marriage of Sanyukta—daughter of Jai Chand, king of Ajmer. The Princess was to choose her own husband, so as many kings as could fit on to the stage were invited! As Prithviraj had declined Jaichand's invitation and furthermore laid siege to his brother's kingdom, the latter was incensed and ordered a statue of Prithviraj to be set up as the gatekeeper.

Sanyukta was in love with Prithviraj and had no intention of garlanding any of the kings present there. Just as she had declined them all, Prithviraj accompanied by a body of armed soldiers burst in and carried Sanyukta away to Delhi where she became his wife.

Prithviraj adored his wife so much that he neglected his state affairs which as a result became disorderly. Having entered into an alliance Mohamad Ghouri and Jai Chand together declared war on Delhi. The country was inadequately prepared as a result of Prithviraj's negligence. He went to the battlefield to defend his State and was killed fighting. There was now no alternative for Sanyukta but to join her beloved husband by performing 'Suttee'.

There was a very impressive last scene which left an indelible mark in the minds of the onlookers. The lights dimmed and only the silhouettes of Sanyukta and her ladies in waiting were visible, as they plunged to their death in the flames of the fire kindled below.

The costumes were very beautiful and typical of the period. However, one tended to feel that a little more could have been added to the background and decor as the stage seemed pretty bare. Though singing was acceptable, not so much stress had been put on the acting. Rajan and Deeksha as the nurse and Sanyukta respectively, were good. Jagrup S. Khara in the role of Prithviraj looked very impressive but sang rather awkwardly. In the beginning the acting and dancing were a little stiff but warmed up gradually. On the whole, the opera was fairly well done and is another feather in the Sanawarian cap.

Maneka Anand
UVA

पराधीन सपनेहू सुख नाहि

एक प्रसिद्ध कहावत है कि 'ईश्वर उन की सहायता करता है जो अपनी सहायता स्वयं करते हैं'। इसके विपरीत यदि हम अपने कार्यों को पूरा करने के लिए या अपनी आवश्यकताओं की पूर्ति के लिए दूसरों पर निर्भर रहते हैं; तो धीरे-धीरे हमारी स्वाधीनता नष्ट हो जाती है और हम पराधीन व परावलम्बी बन जाते हैं और फिर तो हमारा व्यक्तित्व ही नष्ट हो जाता है और हमारा अस्तित्व खतरे में पड़ जाता है।

इसीलिए कविकुल दिवाकर गोस्वामी तुलसीदास ने ठीक ही कहा है कि—“पराधीन सपनेहू सुख नाहि” अर्थात् जो व्यक्ति या राष्ट्र पराधीन हो, परावलम्बी हो, वह कभी भी अपना जीवन स्वतन्त्रतापूर्वक व सुखपूर्वक जीवन नहीं बिता सकता। एक वक्त था जब रोमवासी अपने पराधीन दासों को भेड़-बकरियों की तरह रखते थे; उन पर मन-माने अत्याचार किया करते थे। न कोई उन की भावना महसूस करता था और न ही उन की वाणी अपने

भावों को प्रकट करने का साहस करती थी। यही दशा Abraham Lincoln से पहले दीक्षणी अमेरिका में भी थी और इससे कहीं बढ़कर हालत १९४७ के पहले हमारे देश की थी।

भला भारत ने पराधीनता की की काल में क्या कुछ नहीं खोया ? अपना कला-कौशल, धन-दौलत, यश-मान, ज्ञान-विज्ञान, सभ्यता-संस्कृति, व्यवसाय आदि सभी कुछ तो पराधीनता रूपी चाण्डाली ने निगल लिए थे। हमारे शानदार व जानदार कलाकारों के हाथ तक कटवा दिए थे। उस समय तो यह हालत थी कि समान अपराधी होने पर भी पराधीन भारतवासी को दण्ड दिया जाता था और स्वाधीन अंग्रेज को इनाम समान कार्य करते हुए भी वेतन देते समय पक्षपात किया जाता था। शिमले के Mall Road पर केवल स्वाधीन अंग्रेज ही घूम सकते थे जबकि पराधीन भारतवासी के लिए उस मनोहारी सड़क पर घूमना तक अपराध माना जाता था। जान बूझकर देश में अकाल की स्थिति पैदा की जाती थी। और खाद्य वस्तुएँ समुद्र में डुबो दी जाती थीं। गुलाम भारत में बंगाल का भयङ्कर अकाल उसका जीता-जागता सबूत है। जो लोग अपने अधिकारों की मांग करते थे, उन्हें जेल की काल कोठरियों में बन्द कर दिया जाता था।

इसी पराधीनता रूपी चाण्डाली ने शेर पंजाब लाला लाजपत राय, शहीदे-आज़म भगत सिंह, वीरवर चन्द्र शेखर आज़ाद और नेताजी सुभाष चन्द्र बोस जैसे हमारे महान् नेताओं को हमसे छीन लिया था। इसी ने अमृतसर के जलियांवाला बाग में निहल्ये लोगों को गोलियों से भुनवा डाला था। कहने का मतलब यह है कि “पराधीनता विचारों पर, वाणी पर और कार्यों पर ताला लगा कर मनुष्य की उन्नति में बड़ी भारी रुकावट पैदा करती है; और जब उन्नति ही नहीं, तब अमन-चैन की आशा करना केवल कपोल कल्पना है।

इस के विपरीत स्वाधीनता ही सब सुखों की खान है। स्वाधीन व स्वावलम्बी व्यक्ति और राष्ट्र बिना किसी बाधा के जीवन के प्रत्येक क्षेत्र में दिन-दूनी-रात-चौगुनी उन्नति कर सकता है। इसलिए तो आज स्वाधीन भारत निर्बाध गति से शैक्षिक, सामाजिक व राजनीतिक उन्नति व प्रगति कर रहा है। किन्तु किसी भी देश की 'राजनैतिक स्वतन्त्रता आर्थिक पराधीनता के कारण अधूरी है' इसलिए हमारा कर्तव्य है कि यदि हम स्वराज्य को 'सुराज्य' बनाना चाहें, तो हमें अधिक क्षेत्र में भी स्वावलम्बन के लक्ष्य को जल्द से जल्द प्राप्त कर लेना चाहिए।

यदि मनुष्य अपने जीवन में उन्नति करना चाहता है, तो उसको पराधीनता की बेड़ियां तोड़कर, परावलम्बन छोड़कर परमुखा-

पेची न होकर—स्वाधीनता व स्वात्मन का पाठ सीखना चाहिए।
स्वाधीन मनुष्य विचार व वाणी की स्वतन्त्रता का सदुपयोग कर
जीवन का चहुंमुखी विकास करने में समर्थ हो सकता है।

वास्तव में स्वाधीन व्यक्ति और जाति अपने भाग्य के विधा-
यक होते हैं; जब कि पराधीन व्यक्ति व जाति का भाग्य शोषक
शासकों के हाथ नष्ट-भ्रष्ट हो जाता है। इसलिए तो किसी ने ठीक
कहा है—

“पराधीन सदा दुखी,
स्वाधीन सदा सुखी।”

रोहिनी अरोरा

The Exhibition at Founder's

As the doors of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition were thrown open, a great crowd of visitors, parents and children surged in. Every doorway was festooned with colourful chains of crêpe paper which added to the brilliance of colour in the art and craft rooms. The general flow of the crowd was towards the display of woodwork, so I followed.

The carpentry room was sober with its white sheets and wooden articles everywhere. Most of the exhibits were practical and useful—cabinets, meat safes, a dressing table, tables, table-lamps and trays, to mention a few. The cabinets were very elegant and some were built to hold glasses. Many of the boys had carved wooden spoons which were found lying on practically every table. The most striking piece here was Ajay Bawa's "Thinker." Being more eager to see the paintings in the next room, I moved on.

On entering the Art Room, two pictures at the far end immediately caught my eye—they were "Haunted" and "Agony of Wealth" by Pradeep Saran. His style is more on the abstract side and it was obvious that he had spent a lot of time composing each of the hundreds of intricate lines. Anil Dass had also done a couple of eye-catching paintings depicting the sun and all the parts of a watch.

The girls, it seemed, had made a larger contribution to the exhibition of paintings. Nilam Khosrana's water and oil colour landscapes looked almost professional, while Jyotsna Jamwal's "When Winter Comes" was done extremely well, but in more sober shades. Close to this, was Amrita Singh's "Refugees" which cleverly achieved the effect at which she had strived.

Sandip Bagchi's "Genocide", a collage based on the present condition of Bangla Desh was very topical and most effective. B. P. S. Bhasin had also put together a more colourful collage titled "The Pop World". Anjali Daphtary's "Hope" was a commendable effort as was Ritu Badhwar's "Black is Beautiful"—a graphic art poster.

From here, I drifted to the craft display. There were quite a few oil paintings executed on glass and ashtrays in the shape of a foot. On the wall, hung several batik pieces; a familiar design was a man on a donkey done by Vikram Advani. Mahatma Gandhi had also been well-portrayed in batik. There were a great number of leather articles—belts, wallets and suitcases which did not look too reliable! Besides these, there were vases in bright colours everywhere and most of them were the same shape!

The needlework exhibition stole the show! It was apparent that a lot of effort and patience had gone into each piece on display. Crochet seems to be the present craze, for everywhere hung doilies, mats, tablecloths etc. Tosh Chauhan seemed to have contributed the most in this sphere. Her tablecloths, luncheon set and centre-piece were exquisitely done. Jyotshna Kumari's crochet runner in white was extremely intricate. Neena Grover and Maneka Anand had both crocheted woollen ponchos in yellow. In the embroidery section, Poonam Kathuria's bedspread deserves special mention for its marvellous neatness. Balbir Bhasin had also embroidered a very striking cushion-cover—orange flowers on a beige background. On the whole, the needlework department was the most crowded; many a complimentary word was said to Mrs. Mundkur.

All the Sanawarians had put in a lot of labour to make the exhibition a success and it is only lack of space that prevents my mentioning by name many talented individuals.

Anjali Daphtary

*Greetings for Founder's were received
from the following*

Mrs. V.W. Carter	Nirmaljit Singh
Mrs. V. M. Tilley	M. S. Sekhon
Phyllis & Bill Colledge	Upinder Dhar
Audrey & Trevor Kemp	Rajindra Singh
V. Vyas	Shivinder Kadan
P. Rudra	H. S. Pannu
The Sikunds	G. S. Dhillon
Geeta Naidu	Sunil Kalia
Head Boy, Lovedale	Sukhwant Pritam Singh
Sainik School, Karnal	K. Desai
Maj. Poonia	Himmat Singh
Lt. Bajwa	Preminda Batra
Lt. Lalotra	Pinky Sikand
Vikram Patel	

Celebrating 125th Founder's

125th Founder's falls next year. We wish to celebrate it in a big way. Suggestions from you all in this connection would be gratefully received by the Headmaster.

~~Founder's~~ 1971

October 2nd—5th.

*The Headmaster, Staff and Students
request the pleasure of your company
at the 124th Founder's Day Celebrations.*

The 124th! And yet, sparkling like a new mirror, fresh as strawberries in full season! It was my third Founder's—but it could have been my first: the same enthusiasm, the same spontaneity, the same proud and alive feeling. You know how it is when you see a movie a second time? You know what is coming and you are a bit blasé about it. But none of this at Founder's. Many of the items are repeats, but they just don't pall on you. That's the eternal lure of Founder's, Sanawar.

Once again, the vast expanse of Barnes thrilled to Athletics that first day (October 2nd). As parents started arriving and children got that warm glow on their faces, many were the records broken and championships won. Congrats to J. S. Sandhu who won the Kalinga Cup for Best Athlete—as also to Ashwani Khanna, Mukul Chopra, Ashok Joon and Rajiv Khanna who acquitted themselves most creditably. Congrats also to Nilagiri House for bagging the Defence Cup. Athletics over, there was the very welcome coffee for parents (actually it should have been Coffee for Athletes—but, then, don't forget the parents needed a good shot of Nescafé after negotiating the slopes of Barnes)!

It was rather a lively Coffee Session with the Headmaster and Mrs. Pasricha welcoming one and all with extended hands and warm smiles. The Staff were perfect hosts and hostesses and the mood was set for the informal and cheerful days and evenings ahead. (And let me go on record to say that the Staff of Sanawar is truly the staff of Sanawar—harried, hard pressed, over-worked and imposed upon, they are a valiant and ever-smiling corps of dedicated men and women, to whom I would like to convey admiration and gratitude on behalf of all the visiting parents).

I say! Was *The Private Secretary*, written by Charles Hawtrey, written for Bhupinder Singh, by any chance? This time, the Staff Play was another good choice. Bhupi as Spalding, the muddling

Secretary was absolutely hilarious—as always. And good, too, as Producer-Director, for the Play remained interesting throughout despite a few lagging moments. Other credits go to Josephine Sawney (perfect as Miss Ashford); Ashok Bhalerao (very good as the Topsy Tailor); Gurparveen Ghoman (for looking extremely pretty); and Madhav Gore (outstanding as Mr. Caterpillar.....sorry.....c-a-t-t-e-r-m-o-l-e—Cattermole). Incidentally, his aim was not as good as his acting! But, it was Bhupinder Singh's evening all the way. Very entertaining—do you know?

A "free" morning on October 3rd—fully utilised by parents to have cosy get-togethers with the children—followed by the Prep School concert, always the most charming and delightful of presentations at Founder's. All the items were good, outstanding among them being the Bird Dance from the Panchatantra. It was exquisitely performed, the costumes were perfect, the music lovely. Kudos to Mr. Brajamani for a very difficult task, well executed. Both the plays, Hindi (Sehat Ka Nuska) and English (Topsy Turvy Castle) were well-acted, Rajeev Thakur and Rajni Parmar being outstanding and word-perfect in their respective roles. Another good item was Madgy, beautifully acted by the young performers. And then, later the same evening, the Torchlight Tattoo preceded by a grand P.T. display, enthralling acrobatics and the marvellous Bugle Band. The Drill is always so perfect, it leaves one gasping with admiration. Also staggering is the display of ground work, chair work, horse work etc. Absolutely superb. (Mr. Jagdish Ram, please Sir, we'd like some more—of you, at the School!) And once again, there was the loyal corps of O.S. to cheer and to encourage—Founder's is inconceivable without the O.S.

The "Chief Guesting" was a bit out of gear this time—not that it mattered too much (The *Chief* Chief Guests were the parents, weren't they?). Chief Minister, Dr. Parmar couldn't make it for the Salute on Founder's Day (October 4th) at the Trooping of the School Colour. So General A.K. Dev took the Salute and come Speech time Mr. K.I. Thomas, Headmaster of Lovedale deputised for Dr. Parmar and made a most splendid and exhilarating speech. But, then, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas who were Chief Guests on the first Day (Athletics) arrived late, so Mr. M. N. Kapur, Headmaster, Modern School, Delhi, did the honours on their behalf.

And now, if everything is quite clear, I'll revert to the Trooping of the Colour—always the most inspiring item at Founder's. Fabulous, is the word, for the Brass Band, the Parade, the March Past.

At the speeches, Mr. Pasricha did the main honours. His speech was long yet engrossing and we agreed whole-heartedly when he said that complacency should be taxable! He requested parents and others to lend a hand in the stabilizing of the School's financial position—and why not? The School, above all, must be our prime concern.

The slightest mention of B. Singh brought forth resounding cheers—a great ovation also for Aruna Batra for standing first in the School in I.S.C, 1970.

On to the Senior School concert—this time an operatic performance of *Prithviraj Chouhan* in Punjabi, written by Sheila Bhatia. A bold and difficult venture, indeed. The decor and costumes were gorgeous, the background music a bit sore-throated, the acting and singing very good, indeed. With its

large cast, it would be futile to mention all individually. But accolades must go to Deeksha Hoon (lovely—she sang well, too), Rajan Sethi (Charmingly natural), Jagrup Khara (impressive), Suren Hira (effective) and Manmegh Rana (magnificent).

And so another Founder's over—but not without mention of the Arts & Crafts and Needlework Exhibition—First class—as usual—and kudos to both students and teachers for their splendid work executed with loving, dedicated hands.

The very enjoyable Fete with its annual motto: Fleece the Parents! brought down the curtain on this year's "pleasure pilgrimage" to the Sanawar Hills.

Keep it up, Sanawar!

Gulshan Ewing.



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**THE
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NEWS-LETTER**

If undelivered please return to :—

*THE HEADMASTER
THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR
(SIMLA HILLS).*

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 172

1st September

1971

School News

June.

18th. The canopy of dust, which had been hanging over Sanawar for a number of days, lifted and dusty, dark, dismal days gave way to a clear, crystalline, crisp day. The invigorating effect of the day was amply manifest during the Inter-House debate held in the evening. "Films exercise a Bad influence on the modern Youth" was hotly debated. Rohini Arora was very convincing in her arguments and carried the honours for the day. Jasjit Bhattal, always a lively debater, also spoke very well.

Mrs. Pasricha presented the prizes.

23rd. The Inter-House soccer tournament commenced.

24th. Shri Ram Dyal of Faridabad entertained Sanawarians to a dog show. The dog not only recognised colours but also solved sums based on the four fundamental operations of arithmetic. It was a very creditable performance. If we were to compete with that pet, probably some of us would be put to shame.

26th. The Rt. Rev. Samuel Gulam Qadir, the Bishop of Amritsar, paid a short visit to the School. He addressed the Staff in Gaskell Hall; he said that it was good to produce brilliant results and keep the standard of games high but we shouldn't neglect the spiritual side. He emphasized that the fear of God was the beginning of all knowledge.

Our Soccer Colts and Atoms left for B. C. S. Their first XI arrived.

27th. We lost all the three soccer matches played against B.C.S. I would like Sanawarians to remember that it is not the victory which matters but the spirit in which one plays the game. Their victory afforded us a chance to practise accepting defeat gracefully.

29th. Lower IV and below witnessed the first performance of the Nilagiri House Show.

30th. The Inter-House Soccer tournament concluded. Himalaya and Vindhya shared the championship trophy: our congrats.

The finals of the Staff Tennis were held in the evening. Mr. Mundkur clinched the singles and Messers Joshi and Arora the doubles championship. A one-set mixed doubles exhibition match Mrs. Nair and Mr. Pasricha vs. Mrs. Sawney and Dr. Gupta was keenly contested and was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

July.

1st. The Nilagirians presented their House Show. Hard work and talent were abundantly in evidence in a wide variety of items. Latika Kumari and Sanjiv Tandon acted very well in "Spreading the News". Brij Anand, the youngest member of 'The Off Beats', was incredible at the Durms. Roy Ewing amused the audience with his repeated "He says". Virinder Patole stole the show in the Hindi play. He was excellent first as Lachhu and then as Lakshmi Chand. I loved the stupid expression in his eyes which befitted his part superbly. We thank the Nilagirians for an entertaining evening.

Area Cdr. Lt. Gen. Luthra addressed the audience after the function. He said that he was greatly impressed and happy to see young actors and actresses act with great confidence. He also mentioned that the institution was being very ably run by Mr. Pasricha. He hoped that he would get more chances to visit the School.

2nd. The second Mark Reading took place.

The latest position is:—

Siwalik ...	13.368	Himalaya ...	12.472
Nilagiri ...	12.654	Vindhya ...	11.492

3rd. A successful term came to an end. The children left for their homes to have a month of relaxation. The School appeared deserted.

August

1st. A cold, wet day welcomed Sanawarians after the Summer Vacation. Despite the bleak day the children looked radiant and the School once again bustled with life and activity.

3rd. Normal teaching commenced.

8th. For fear of conjunctivitis spreading through contagion, swimming was postponed to a later date.

9th. Preparation for Founder's started in right earnest as the Founder's term programme came into effect.

12th. Sunshine Holiday.

The incessant rain, which poured on Sanawar for about eight days, stopped. The sun peered at us. Everybody came out for a constitutional. Even birds chirped merrily. Though we had felt depressed during the past week, we were amply rewarded by the magnificent scenery around us in the evening. I have often seen gorgeous, beautiful views in books of photography or on complimentary calendars but have never been convinced of their genuineness: I have always felt that the effect has been contrived somehow; but Sanawar with its surrounding area was more beautiful than one could imagine. I think Switzerland and Austria have been glorified by much writing. Sanawar, at least on that day, had surpassed all: it was natural beauty personified.

13th. The School remained closed on account of Janam Ashtami.

14th. The Independence Day Eve Staff Club dinner was held in the Art Room. The Staff met and saw Independence Day in by proposing a toast to India.

15th. Assembly followed the unfurling of the 'Tricolour' atop Birdwood building. Mr. Pasricha addressed the School. He briefly traced the history of independence, recounted India's achievements and mentioned the maladies facing our country. He advised the children to develop character and exhorted them to do their duty well. He further asked the School to develop social consciousness. He concluded his speech by emphasizing that though India's progress has not been what it ought to have been, there is, however, no cause for despair.

O. S. News

Bulbul-(C/o Lintas India Ltd., Post Box No. 758, Bombay-1). . . . suddenly school life and childhood came back very sharply with the falling of the rains and when everything became green again. Of course, one has always cherished some memories, but there comes the time in one's life when these memories become everyday happenings and that is what makes them groovier. I think eventually man, as a species, will become gentler because of what is passed down to him by his teachers and the vibrations he absorbs from the world around him. There is a line in one of the school hymns which today, I think, is a complete way of life:

" Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs."

If one can just spread a little bit of joy everyday I think this is the ultimate fulfilment of life. Basically as an artist I have also come to the conclusion that if one is subjective then subjectivity is nothing else but finding out one's own particular madness and fulfilling this.

Anyway, to things of lesser import: since the publication of my book of poems, of which I sent you a copy, I had a poetry reading at the National Centre for Performing Arts in Bombay and a reading at the U.S.I.S. in Delhi where I was introduced by the visiting American Poet, John Pauker. Both these readings were very successful and the Indian Express quoted the Bombay reading as "very poetic and of high imagery". I have been doing some more writing and hope to have this published soon. The other day an appeal was sent out to all India artists to donate a painting for auction for Bangla Desh Refugees. 113 artists sent in their works. It came as a very pleasant surprise to me that a recent work of mine, using the medium oil on canvas, fetched the highest bid of Rs. 3,500/-, and next day when this appeared in the papers I had numerous calls of congratulations. This was very exciting for me as all the leading artists in the country had sent in their works. Besides this, 300 copies of my book were sold and the proceeds again went to Bangla Desh.

The irony of the whole situation is that while artists are struggling to make an existence in India and survive, they are always called upon by political parties to give free renderings of poetry or paintings or music recitals, whereas people who can really afford this are either unmoved or do very little....

Timki is with me in her final year of Textile Designing at the J. J. School of Arts, and Jungoo is travelling around the world in a touring van. I had a post-card from him from Turkey last week wishing we all were with him.

— — — — —

Bal Wad (Camlin Pvt. Ltd., Kurla Andheri Road, J. B. Nagar, Bombay—59 A. S.) It's my great pleasure and happiness to talk to you people through letters. I do preserve all these as valuable treasure with me and some time, when I am free, re-enter Sanawar orbit and enjoy every bit of it I am sending a copy of my book 'Caylin Painting' for your library. Also I am sending twelve other cards. If some one is interested in buying the book, these cards will be of great help On 7th September 1971, I will be showing my latest works at Taj-Mahal Gallery. Our best wishes to you all and love to my dear students.

Pamela Hira (23, Reviera, Opp. Nariman Pt. Marine Drive, Bombay—20). I returned last week from a wonderful holiday in Assam. On my way back to Bombay I stopped at Calcutta for a week. There I met Retema and Geetish and was taken into the nostalgic world of Sanawar. One finds it hard to believe that one has finished with Sanawar at least as a student. Those were wonderful years!

I have completed my first year (Arts) at St. Xavier's College and am now doing Advertising and Public Relations at Bhavan's.

I am hoping I can make it to Founder's this year unless my terminals clash.

Sqn. Ldr. K. C. Cariappa (No. 111 Helicopter Unit, Air Force, C/o 99 A. P. O.). I have been out of touch with the O.S. of my time, though in Delhi one did meet a number of them who came after. . . . We are planning a trip down South in mid-September and hope to be back here around the end of October. We are in a beautiful part of the country. We are surrounded by paddies, thick jungle, umpteen rivers and excellent shooting and fishing country side. The mountains are a stone's throw away with the nearest ridge 6000 ft. . . I have been here nearly 2½ years now and have enjoyed every moment of my stay.

Rathin Mitra (The Doon School, Dehra Dun). You will be glad to hear that during my summer holidays I met a number of Old Sanawarians.

I had gone to Bombay to execute a 312 feet mural at the Air-India Building, Nariman Point. It was one of the largest murals ever a single artist has executed. I used to meet a number of artist Sanawarians who occasionally dropped in—Parikshat Sahni (Ajai), Aditya Nehru, Bulbul Singh and Sita Kapoor (nee Bhai). They all are doing well. Parikshat and Aditya are making use of their spare time with creative works. They both are painting on abstract style and I am sure some day they would distinguish themselves in the art-world. Bulbul,

poet cum painter has already established himself in Bombay. Incidentally one of his paintings in aid of Bangla Desh fetched the record price in Bombay. Sita Kapoor (nee Bhai) has slowly progressed in the art-world with her much definite style. She is teaching at the J. J. School of Arts, Bombay.

While making a second trip to Barielly and Delhi, I met the Kemps at Moradabad. Trevor, as usual, was busy with gardening and Mrs. Kemp was very cheerful and was as active as ever. So was Tissa.

Another set of Sanawarians dropped in my house while coming over to Doon for their course—they are Major Aman Singh Yadav who is posted at Mhow, Major Kamaljit Singh is at Babina and Major Grewal is now posted at Ahmedabad.

Maj. M.P. Gopinath (G.S.O. 2, M.I. Directorate, Army H. Q., New Delhi—11): Mr. Sinha is thriving as the Vice Principal and seems as deadly with his jokes as ever. I have been in A.H.Q. now for nearly nine months. I am posted in the M.I. Directorate as G. 2 and hope to be here for a couple years more.

S. C. Jalota (Post Box 3192, Kakira, Jinja, Uganda) Almost three months have passed and we are still in the process of settling down. The accommodation is better than we had at Sanawar but servants are most careless and unpredictable. Somehow or the other the days are passing but there is no satisfaction, except that we are getting much more money. The future of Indians in this country is not very secure and therefore people are running away to Canada, the States and the U.K. I don't think we would like to stick to this place for long. The Sikunds are very happy. I do read the Newsletter. Our place is about a mile from lake Victoria. Kakira looks like Dehra Dun during the rainy season.

Nirmaljit Singh (9317—H Sqn, NDA, Kharakvasla, Poona) Received a letter from Dilbagh Singh: he is his usual humorous self. . . . Last term M. S. Sekhon got a blazer for being the best sportsman and both he and Dhar got a couple of blues for riding and polo. . . . I remember Sna' a lot. My regards to all members of the staff.

B. Singh.

Donation to Bangla Desh Relief Fund.

The School Staff and the children have donated Rs. 313.73 P. to the Bangla Desh Relief Fund.

The Inter-House Tennis Tournament

A great cheer went up as the last of the Inter-House Tennis matches ended and a flock of animated, cheering, shouting girls swarmed on to Peacested. The winning team was hugged, and thumped vigorously on the back while the losing team, looking rather dejected was being consoled and told that there was always another year in which to do better.

The first match was held on the 17th of June and not, as was intended, on the 16th because of the presence of ominous grey clouds and the possibility of rain. It was between Himalaya and Siwalik. Siwalik won an easy victory in the first set, 6—1. In the 2nd the Himalayan team seemed to realize that the chance of victory was fast slipping through its fingers and 'bucked up' playing far better than in the first. However, Siwalikans proved to be the better players and won a close victory in the 2nd set, the score being 8—6. Jyotsna Kumari and Mala Tandon, comprising the Siwalik team, played exceedingly well. Mala being particularly nimble and light footed.

Due to the fact that Friday was a holiday the second match, Nilagiri vs. Vindhya, was postponed to Saturday, the 19th. Nilagiri won the 1st set with ease. The end of the second set saw Nilagiri victorious again, but this time it was a rather tricky game. Mala Khosla's services were excellent and more often than not the opposing team had difficulty in returning them.

Two matches were held on Monday, Siwalik vs Vindhya and Nilagiri vs. Himalaya. In the first match, to the anxiety of the Siwalikan on-lookers, it looked as though Vindhya was unexpectedly going to win but the agility of the Siwalikan team, and the power of their shots came to the rescue and Siwalik won the first two sets, and the match, the score being 7—5, 6—4. In the other match, almost everyone expected Nilagiri to win, especially as one of the team members was Moite, winner of the Scanlon Cup. But Himalaya with true perseverance won the 1st set, 9—7. The Nilagirians were discouraged after their defeat in the 1st set and hence Himalaya won again, the score being 6—1.

Due to repeated downpours, Peacestead was not dry enough (despite its blotting paper quality!) for the last two matches to take place, which were therefore postponed to the next day, Wednesday, the 23rd. Himalaya, playing vs Vindhya, won a difficult victory in the 1st set, 9—7. The victory in the second set was easier, the score being 6—1. Archana and Jagdeep of the Himalaya team, played considerably better than in any other match. Archana was outstanding.

The other match, Nilagiri vs Siwalik promised to be an exciting one, especially as both teams were giving the best of their abilities, Moite played exceptionally well returning the most impossible shots with apparent ease. Jyotsna of the Siwalik team played very powerfully, and again Siwalik showed its superiority by winning the first two sets, 6—1, 7—5.

This time, after many years, Siwalik was able to win the Tennis Tournament and, therefore, deserve hearty congratulations.

Jyotsna Jamwal

A 'Cello Recital

On August 15th we were visited by a couple of musicians from England, Mrs. Fry, a cellist, and her accompanist, Mr. Donald Paine. These two professional music-teachers had entertained other public-school audiences in Northern India and were visiting us on their way to Simla.

Their programme was calculatedly short and sweet and as such, greatly appreciated by everyone from Form II to the members of Staff who attended. As well as playing, Mrs. Fry and Mr. Paine each took turns to introduce the different items on their programme and at one stage talked about the 'cello itself and how it was made. Their remarks were short and to the point and at no time did they appear to be talking down to us, even though they must have known the sad lack of Western musical experience that is inevitable in an Indian audience.

All their items were played with technical mastery, sensitive musicianship and a refreshing lack of showmanship. The rich sonorous tonal quality of the 'cello came over particularly beautifully in the Back 'Arioso' and lovely Saent-Saens melody 'The Swan', while Mrs. Fry showed us her versatility with a Boccherini Rondo, which is a little 19th century lollipop written by a man who was himself a cellist, and performed with verve and humour, and a Spanish piece by Joaquin Nin entitled Granada, involving pizzicato passages emulating a guitar. The rest of the programme took us all over Europe from Russia to England from the 17th Century to modern times, and not for a moment did we feel bored.

Mrs. Fry and Mr. Paine made it all look easy—the mark of true professionals—and on listening to them it was easy to forget that they too must have gone through the mill of daily practising, examinations, rehearsals and what have-you through which every aspiring musician has to pass before reaching maturity. Their visit has, I hope, given some slight encouragement to those enthusiasts amongst us who are making sincere efforts to be

worthy musicians in the Western classical style despite more than their fair share of discouragement in the form of lack of appreciation on the part of a nation in danger of becoming more rather than less insular as time goes by.

The programme consisted of:—

1. Arioso by Bach
2. Rondo by Boccherini
3. Adagio and Allegretto from a Sonata by Schubert.
4. Variations on a Slovak Theme by Martinu
5. The Swan
6. Allegro Appassionato } Saint Saens
7. Sarabande by Murrill
8. Scherzo from a sonata by Shostakovitch
9. Granadina by Joaquin Nin.

Josephine Sawney

The Inter-House Soccer Tournament

The Soccer season was rather short this year as compared to those of past years. After giving the Staff a convincing 8—1 drubbing, the boys quickly adjusted themselves to the modern tactics of the game taught to them by their coach, Mr. Querishi of Delhi. As a result the standard of soccer in Sanawar greatly improved.

The soccer House matches commenced on the 23rd of June: this year the Minor League was cancelled and so the start of the Major League was delayed. On the opening day Himalaya played Nilagiri and Vindhya played Siwalik. All the matches were evenly contested: both the senior matches were extremely close and exciting. On the whole Himalaya and Nilagiri won equal points while Vindhya got the better of Siwalik. Vindhya was in the lead, closely followed by Himalaya and Nilagiri. On 25th. June Himalaya and Siwalik were pitted against Vindhya and Nilagiri respectively. All the teams showed good fighting spirit and the matches were well contested. While Vindhya vs Himalaya match ended in a draw, Nilagiri were a shade better than Siwalik. With only three matches to be played by each House, Vindhya was still leading, closely followed by Nilagiri. After a few days the last of the House Matches were played on the 30th of June in heavy rain and on water-logged grounds. Everyone was waiting with tense excitement, and all the matches were fought till the end in spite of unplayable ground. The most unexpected happened: Himalaya outclassed Siwalik in two matches and drew the third to share the

cup with Vindhya. Nilagiri stood third while Siwalik got the wooden spoon. Himalaya retained the cup for the sixth year in succession, whereas Vindhya made a tremendous effort to the top. Our heartiest congratulations to the champions and I wish the rest better luck in future.

Jasjit Singh Bhattal

The Nilagiri House Show

The long awaited Thursday eventually arrived. It was the day of the Nilagiri House show. Filled with anticipation a packed hall waited for the curtain to draw aside.

The first item on the evening's programme was the orchestra, played by the Senior and Junior girls. The two tunes were "Yellow River" and "Ye Sham Mastani." After this Manmehg Singh sang two songs which were greeted with a loud applause. "Spreading the News", a one act English play, was the next item. It was not much appreciated. This was followed by a lively Indian dance "Thabal Chongbi". Since boys dancing on stage is an unusual occurrence in Sanawar, the dance was thoroughly enjoyed. The Nilagirian 'Off Beats' played 'Al Dila' and 'Type Writer Tip Tip'. The two tunes were really delightful. Brij Anand, the little drummer, was outstanding. The highlight of the evening's programme was "Elegant Edward" an English play in one act. Neeraj Madhok as the debonair Crook acted extremely well and fitted his part to the "T". Robby Chadha as Burglar Bill and Harsimran Grewal as Mrs Treherne seemed very much at home on the stage. A thunderous applause followed the fall of the curtain. We were once again entertained by the 'Off Beats': they played two tunes with much zeal and gusto. The last item was a Hindi play "Kanchan Rung". It vividly portrayed the selfishness of human nature in a typical Indian family. Virendra Patole as the long suffering "Lachhoo", Balbir Bhasin as the miserly mother and Deepak Pandit as the son gave a remarkable performance.

The Show ended as usual with the "School Song." On the whole it was a well spent evening.

Well done Nilagirians.

Deeksha Hoon

SIXTH IT

Library: New Arrivals

Nearly 200 fiction titles by the following authors have been received in the school library:—

Victoria Holt, Catherine Gaskin Taylor Caldwell, Pearl S. Buck, Denise Robins, Hermina Black, Len Deighton, James Jones, H.H. Kirst, Alistair Maclean, C.S. Forester, Duncan Mac Neil, Irving Stone, Barbara Cartland and Adam Diment.

School Calendar

The School Calendar for the Founder's term is given below:—

August.

Sun.	1st	School reopens	
Fri.	6th	Raksha Bandhan	
Fri.	13th	Janam Ashtami	
Sat.	14th	Independence Eve Staff Club get-together.	
Sun.	15th	Independence Day	
		Special Assembly	10-00 a.m.
		Class IV Employees' Sports	2-30 p.m.
		Music Recital	6-00 p.m.
Sat.	21st	English Debate (Juniors)	6-00 p.m.
Sat.	28th	Mock Parliament	6-00 p.m.

September

Tue.	5th	Teachers' Day	
Fri.	24th	3rd Mark Reading	
		Hindi Debate	7-40 p.m.
Thu.	30th	Dusehra	

Founder's Programme.

Thu.	30th	P.D. Concert 1st performance	
		School Concert 1st performance	

October

Fri.	1st	A.D.S. 1st performance	5-00 p.m.
		Saturday, 2nd October	

8-30 a.m.	...	{ Flag Hoisting & Special Assembly (for Gandhi Jayanti)	Birdwood
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9-30 a.m.	...	Athletics	Barne's
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12-00 noon	...	Coffee with Parents	Gaskell Hall
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1-15 p.m.	...	P. D. Lunch	P.D.
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5-00 p.m.	...	Staff play	Barne Hall
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Sunday, 3rd October

10-00 a.m.	...	O. S. Matches	Barne's
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4-30 p.m.	...	Prep. School Concert	Barne Hall
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7-15 p.m.	...	Tattoo	Peacestead
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Monday, 4th October (Founder's Day)

8-30 a.m.	...	Assembly	Chapel
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10-00 a.m.	...	{ Trooping of the School Colour	Peacestead
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12-00 noon	...	Speeches	Barne Hall
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1-15 p.m.	...	Lunch	G.D./B.D.
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5-00 p.m.	...	School Concert	Barne Hall
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Tuesday, 5th October

10-30 a.m.	...	Fête	Birdwood School
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12-30 p.m.	...	S.O.Ps. allowed	
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2-30 p.m.	...	O.S. Meeting	Club
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7-00 p.m.	...	O.S. Dinner	Parker Hall
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8-30 p.m.	...	O.S. Dance	Barne Hall
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Wed.	6th	Holiday	
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Thu.	7th	Holiday: children on S.O.Ps to report back by	5-30 p.m.
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Fri.	8th	Athletics team leaves for YPS (Patiala)	
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Sat.	9th	Inter-School athletics meet (away)	
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Sun.	10th	Inter-School athletics meet (away)	
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Mon.	11th	Hockey season commences	
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Wed.	13th	Inter-House P.T. competition	
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Thu.	14th	VI Form morning Prep. commences	
		Road walk and run for the rest	

Sun.	17th	Eye Specialist's visit	
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Mon.	18th	Deepawali. Holiday	
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Fri.	22nd	English Debate	
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Sat.	23rd	Hockey XI leaves for Simla	2-15 p.m.
		B.C.S. Colts & Atoms arrive	5-00 p.m.
		Vintage Car rally	

Sun.	24th	Hockey: Sanawar vs. B.C.S.	
		Vintage Car Rally	

Mon.	25th	I—H Senior hockey League commences	
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Fri.	29th	Hindi Debate	
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November

Tue.	2nd	Guru Nanak's Birthday. Holiday	
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Wed.	3rd	I.S.C., Dict. and Aural	
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Thu.	4th	I.S.C., Oral	
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Fri.	5th	I.S.C., Oral	
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Sat.	6th	VI Form Picnic	
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Mon.	8th	I.S.C., Examination commences	
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Sat.	13th	English Debate	
		P.D. picnic	

Sun.	14th	Children's Day. Special Assembly.	
		I-H Shooting Competition	10-30 a.m.
		Pagal Gymkhana	2-30 p.m.
		Staff Club Tea	4-30 p.m.
		Staff Photograph	5-00 p.m.
		Staff Club Meeting	5-15 p.m.

Sat.	20th	Dance & Music recital under arrangements of School Dance and Music Department.	6-00 p.m.
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Sun.	21st	House Photographs	7-30 a.m.
		Spartan/Ozarkian Club meeting	
		HM's House	7-30 p.m.

Wed.	24th	I-H Hockey League (Colts & Atoms) commences.	
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Fri.	26th	Weighing and Measuring Commences	
		Nativity Play	5-30 p.m.

Sat. 27th	Text Books Handed in One Act play in Eng. & Hindi	6-00 p.m.
Sun. 28th	S.F.P.	
Mon. 29th	4th Mark Reading	9-00 a.m.
	Escorts' meeting	9-30 a.m.
	Tutorial sheets & history sheets handed in to office	1-00 p.m.
Tue. 30th	I.S.C. Exm. ends. Special Assembly Prize-giving P.D. Christmas Tree House Break-up parties	6-00 p.m. 6-30 p.m.

December

Wed. 1st HOME DAY.

Remembrance : The Rain

'The clouds have gathered on yonder rise of land', and today my heart is with them. I can see Sanawar enveloped in grey and white and only occasionally as if for the sake of remembrance the blue sky peeps in and sometimes suddenly the sunlight shafts through—but these are rare moments. For the rest of the time the clouds reign supreme and bleakness blankets the mountains. The pine trees sway in the chilly breeze, their drooping needles shudder and fall to the soggy ground, but still Sanawar lives on—in wet clothes.

Barnes lies half-flooded: the tracks are all washed away and to the boys' delight Athletics are inevitably cancelled. The day passes in darts and spurts from one corridor to another. Raincoats are lost, found and lost again.

Evening comes with a deeper grey, and night slides in, the fine rain cutting up its dark mantle. On the rooftops the rain drops patter a lulling melody and Sanawar sleeps, but outside the rain continues to fall. Later, very much later dawn breaks unannounced behind the clouds: the morning comes alone—without the sun. And another day begins, another day of mist, clouds, rain and more rain.

Nirmaljit Singh (O.S.)

India—Mother of Us All

I

"Mother and Motherland are worthier of adoration than heaven itself" wrote Tagore. But why 'Mother' India rather than 'Father' India. Why are her rivers too Ganga Mai (Mother) and Jamuna Mai?

It has been said that wars are made by men, homes by women. Though this view may seem a little biased, it is completely true. Women in India have played a very important part in every sphere of activity, as composers of the Rigveda, as ideal

wives such as Sita, exquisite beings as portrayed in the Ajanta frescoes, heroines such as Laxmibai of Jhansi, rulers as Ahalyabai, saints such as Mirabai . . . the list can go on indefinitely. They burnt themselves to save their honour; they sacrificed themselves along with their dead husbands; and in the struggle for freedom they suffered as satyagrahis. India inspires these virtues, so she is addressed as 'Mother' India.

Even though India has lost her freedom a few times—to the Turks, Mohammedans and the British, she has always retained her ancient culture. 'Satyagraha' or 'Truth alone triumphs' is the basis of her culture. Her history makers have changed several times but every time she has stood like a rock in a surging sea of invaders, taking them in her stride. The saffron colour of religion of the Hindus and the green flag of the Mohammedans are placed together with the all inclusive white of truth. In the Centre of the Flag is the Dharma Chakra—the wheel of progress.

India's cultural unity has even been admitted by Europeans. Our diet, manners and customs are not absolutely the same throughout the country but there is an essential similarity in all these respects which distinguishes an Indian from an international crowd. The people today eat and dress like their forbears in Mohenjo-Daro; the cow and plough used by the ravidians and Aryans in the Vedic age are still used by farmers of today; Shiva and Parvati, Ganesha and Saraswati are still worshipped in the same manner as they were when they were first conceived. The epics and the Purans are the instruments of popular edification in every nook and corner of the country. The holy places found in all four directions and spread over the entire nation—from Kailas to Kanyakumari: from Dwarka to Puri—are pointers to the ancient conception of India as the one homeland of the Hindus.

Indian art is a fascinating subject. Though it is very largely devoted to religion, it is not entirely so. The perfectly sculptured torso and the splendid dancing figures from the Indus valley show a highly evolved artistic tradition. In later times Buddhism, Hinduism and Mohammedanism entered the artistic field—basing their art on religion. The magnificent places, tombs and mosques of the Mughals, the superb frescoes of the Ajanta, Ellora and Elephanta caves of the Hindus, and stupas of the Buddhists are all works of an era which can never be forgotten.

However, rich as these artistic treasures are, there is nothing to compare with the vast and varied literature of India. As the rivers of India have fed millions and fertilized the land, the Vedas, Upanishads and Epics have greatly affected and

inspired India at all times. The dramas, especially Shakuntla, and the poetry of Kalidas and Kabir have won the admiration of the West as well as the East. As sunlight spreads gradually and night changes into a bright day similarly enlightenment has spread throughout India—the enlighteners being a Buddha, a Sankracharya, a Shree Aurobindo and their wonderful scriptures.

In Nehru's words "India is a geographical and economic entity, a cultural unity in the midst of diversity, a bundle of contradictions held together by strong but invisible threads. Overwhelmed again and again, her spirit was never conquered and today she remains unsubdued and unconquered From age to age she has produced great men and women, carrying on the old tradition and yet ever adapting it to changing times".

India is adapting herself to the present now. But even though she may change outwardly, she will still be the India of old—wise, true and beautiful, protecting us—her children—from the harshness of the greedy, jealous world.

Maneka Anand

II

In this scientific era it is encouraging to note that mature minds of the West are now realizing the need of grafting the best elements of Indian culture on the tree of Western Civilization. Our motherland may be a century behind the advanced world powers in all spheres of scientific progress but we have paved the path of decency, culture and civilization. India has taught the modern world ancient modes of civilization and given it its treasure of historic and rich culture—a deed of which every Indian could be proud and every world citizen grateful.

Our ancient culture has been the home of all such cherished values that go to enrich a country's heritage. India has been a land of saints and sages, peers and prophets whose dreams have been

to be in Communion with God. Ours has been a mighty land which has upheld the traditions of piety, sacrifice, purification of the soul, spiritual elevation, conquest of passions, goodwill towards all and enmity with none. India has been a fountain of philosophical intellectualism, a spring of religious legacy and a reservoir of wisdom and knowledge. In the sky of her ancient heritage the Vedas and Upanishads are just like the suns of knowledge and learning, which with their ancient scriptures, suffused with famous quotations, illuminate the whole world with rays of knowledge. Even the Western historians and scholars have admitted the fact that India has been a source of wisdom.

Our motherland has given birth to some of the world's greatest scholars and preachers. From Chanakya to Mahatma Gandhi, and Buddha to Guru Nanak, our country has produced a galaxy of men of world stature. These men enlightened the world with thoughts that carried a profound wisdom sweeping the world and casting its shadows on every nook and corner of the world. We have also had some of the world's bravest and most courageous leaders and statesmen. Our culture with its splendour and beauty, our large cities with their resources of wealth, and our ancient civilization lured the English and the Mughal emperors to India who plundered our beautiful Land. Some even settled down and made this vast country their own, to love and cherish for all time.

Max Muller, one of the earliest European scholars, who made himself acquainted with Indian culture, wrote in his book India : What can it Teach us ? " If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions to some of them which well deserve the attention of those who have studied plato, I should point to India." Indeed a glowing tribute to India—mother of us all.

Jasjit Singh Bhattal

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

No. 170

1st July

1971

School News

May

14th. Our cricket first XI left for B.C.S.

Their Colts and Atoms arrived.

15th } The results of the three cricket match-
16th } es played against B. C. S. were just
the reverse of last year's; our Colts beat their counterparts: B.C.S. 1st XI avenged their last year's defeat by trouncing us by ten wickets; the Cottonian Atoms established their supremacy by giving us a crushing defeat.

19th. The Inter-House cricket tournament concluded. It was rather unfortunate for Himalaya House as one of their teams was disqualified. This resulted in Siwalik House annexing the cricket trophy. Our congratulations to them.

22nd. Mr. Solomon organised the cricket match between the B.D. juniors and the P.D. XI. The junior 'seniors' naturally won. This annual feature marks the end of the cricket season.

23rd. Mr. Pasricha returned to Sanawar after attending at Simla a week's course in New Maths conducted by Father R.A. Pereira, S.J., who came with the Headmaster. The other two Maths teachers also attended the course.

24th. The traditional festival soccer match between the Staff and the School XI ushered in the Football season. Every time the Staff are a year older and hence physically lazier, whereas the School team, being new every year, remains of constant age and is full of young blood. The staff are finding it increasingly difficult to stand the onslaught of the students' team, trained by them! This time the staff defence was torn asunder by the swift bout of

passing by the inner trio who in turn were fed well by their defenders. Whenever the staff forwards sprang into action the boys' defence gave little away. The match ended with the 'gurus' still looking for a goal against the six of the 'shishyas'.

A party consisting of five members of the staff and about fifteen students of Sainik School, Kapurthala, visited us on their way to the Indo-Tibet border.

25th. Father Pereira, Principal, St. Mary's School, Bombay, addressed the School Assembly. He praised the school motto "Never Give In" but at the same time pointed out the implicit danger in it. He felt that sticking too rigidly to it might mean living solely for oneself; he stressed the need for living not only for oneself but for others too.

The two-day reorientation Maths course for the Prep School Staff, organised by Father Pereira, ended. Though the School had already made a start with Modern Maths at the beginning of the year, it is being keenly taught throughout the School now.

June.

3rd. Lower Four and below witnessed the first performance of the Vindhya House Show.

5th. The seniors and guests watched the final performance of the Vindhya House Saturday Club Show. It was encouraging to see some very shy children come on to the stage.

Preeti Batra was outstanding in her acting. Rohini Arora and Kulbhushan Oswal also did well.

Wing Cdr. Gandhi, Principal, Sainik School, Kapurthala, thanked the Vindhians for the entertaining evening.

7th. G.D. Scanlon tennis matches for individual championship commenced.

10th. The Song and Drama division of the Ministry of I & B, Govt. of India, staged the Hindi play 'Aram'. Needless to say that they were brimming with self-confidence. The frequent laughter, the continuous appreciation and the enthusiastic ovation they received from the audience bears enough testimony to the high standard of the play. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and congratulate them on their brilliant performance.

11th. The final match between Moite Tonzing and Mala Tandon for the Scanlon Cup lasted all three sets. It was a keenly contested match. Our bouquets to Moite who, having lost the first set, rallied round and emerged victorious.

14th. The Staff tennis tournament commenced.

Staff News

We are pleased to have Mr. H. S. Dhillon (O. S. : 49—57) and Miss Gurparveen Ghoman (O.S. : 61—66) in our fold. We hope their renewed association with the School will be happy and long.

Our congratulations to Mrs. Sidhu on becoming a grandmother and to the Solomons on the birth of their second daughter.

O. S. News

Shomir Ghosh (3, Goolestan, 37, Cuffe Parade, Colaba, Bombay—5); Karamvir and Vunga are doing well. They have both decided to do their M.A. and then try for the I.A.S. or I.F.S. I think they both should get in easily. At the moment they have gone with a college expedition to climb a peak called Leo Pargyal in the Kotgarh region. They may drop in, if they haven't already done so, after the completion of their expedition. Aggarwal will also be doing his M.A. Sukhdial is doing well in the I.M.A. I met Sekhon and Dhar in Delhi. They had come to participate in the Polo Competition as members of the N.D.A. Polo team. Sekhon is really doing well and I think he will probably win the President's Gold Medal. Dharamvir Singh was in Bombay a few days ago. He is in the Navy and will soon become a Sub-Lt.

Here's wishing the School well in the future. My regards to all the Staff.

Man Mohan Singh Tanwar (S. C. F. 20, Sector 10, Chandigarh) : When a person achieves something he desired and strove for, he likes to thank his Alma-Mater and his teachers. . . . I had once tried to join the Army through the N. D. A. but had to face the stark reality of a failure and that really shattered me then. . . . But today it is just the opposite : last November I took my I. M. A. written examination and cleared it, I was also successful at the S.S.B. interview at Kolhapur. I have also been declared medically fit. So, now I will be joining the I. M. A. Dehradun in July.

(Editor's comment : We are glad to learn about this news and feel proud of you, Man Mohan, for living upto the School motto : Never Give In)

T.C. Kemp : Audrey and I came back from Naini Tal yesterday, and sad to relate, I've put my head in the noose, and will be taking over at Sherwood (i.e. as Principal of Sherwood College, Naini Tal) on the 1st of July. I will make history for Sherwood in one sense anyway—I will be their FIRST married Principal.

(Editor's Comment : Will they accept you with your old marriage or do you have to renew it?)

The Mountfords (now at St. Paul's, Darjeeling) have been blessed with a son : our congratulations to them.

Married

Sunita (Bhan) to Pradman (Kaul) on 5th June in Srinagar.

Sanawarians send their blessings and wish the couple a long and happy married life.

Editor

॥ लाली हमारे लाल की ॥

श्रीमती ललिता शास्त्री को समर्पित
(स्व० लाल बहादुर शास्त्री जी के प्रति श्रद्धाञ्जलि)

१

वसंत की बहार में
प्यार के खुमार में
जिस्म की नज़म का
सिंगार देखते रहे
मेघदूत गुज़र गया
फुहार देखते रहे ॥

२
 एक फूल और खिला
 जो मिला, मिटा गिला
 चल पड़ा जब सिलसिला
 एक आया जलजला
 आग यूँ सुलग उठी
 क्यारियों बिलख उठी
 शाख राख बन गई
 पौख-पौख तन गई
 फूल शूल बन गया
 खून धूल सन गया
 तैरती सुगंध का
 प्रसार देखते रहे ।
 बाग तो उजड़ गया
 संहार देखते रहे ॥

३
 एक बेवफा को सोड़ने
 दो दिलों को जोड़ने
 शस्त्र भूमि छोड़कर
 सोवियत भूमि में
 'ताशकंत सन्धि पर'
 खून से दस्तखत किया
 अमन-चैन यज्ञ में
 प्राण का हवन किया
 माँ से लाल जुदा हुआ
 सिद्ध स्वयं खुदा हुआ
 डूबते नचत्र का
 उतार देखते रहे ।
 देश भक्त गुजर गया
 दुलार देखते रहे ॥

४
 वह सादगी का फरिश्ता
 बहादुरी का करिश्मा
 गूढ़ी का लाल था
 भारती का भाल था
 युद्ध में सुभाष था
 शान्ति में विश्वास था
 कर्म उसका धर्म था
 धर्म उसका मर्म था
 फर्ज़ वह निभा गया
 कर्ज़ वह चुका गया
 हम समय की रेत पर
 निशान देखते रहे ।
 देवदूत गुजर गया
 इंसान देखते रहे ॥

रचयिता—राजकमल

The Vindhya House Show

As the lights in the hall dimmed, a unique transformation took place in the audience: all chatter and laughter stopped abruptly, and each person sat up with eager anticipation. There was dead silence in Barne Hall.

The show commenced with a short classical dance, "Ek Gopi Ek Shyam!" Rekha Gore and Suneet Kaur were remarkably graceful.

The Vindhyan violinists then played a few tunes—very beautifully, I think. A short junior skit, "Fishing", followed. Here the actors rushed through their parts as if in a hurry to get off the stage: they must have been eager to give chance to others to come on to the stage or were they nervous? The butcher, Rai Tarun Handa, was most convincing—a picture of tight-fisted belligerence even when surrounded by a couple of hefty cops twice his size. It was a relief to hear that the cow allegedly stolen by him was found floating down the river.

The Vindhyan Stargazers certainly played very well, and since most music items are always welcome, they were highly appreciated.

The English play "The Telephone Never Rings" was next on the programme. It was a comedy about the very first day of a doctor's retirement to his 'peaceful' country home. As if the innumerable telephone calls were not enough to disturb him, he had to receive a number of guests (among them were three cockroaches). If at all there was any hope left for peace, that was shattered by a marriage proposal out of the blue. Preeti Batra in the part of a stout old maid with no mean illusions about her charms on the opposite sex, caused quite a sensation. She played her part very well.

The Sunshine Girls then sang a few songs, and they were wonderful. Last of all came the Hindi play 'आँसू और आँसू'. Perhaps because it was too serious for our audience, it was treated unexpectedly lightly. However, Rohini Arora as the mother played her role to perfection and Kulbhushan Oswal, a devoted soldier, put in some good acting.

Well on the whole I would say it was great fun.

Well done Vindhyaans.

Mina Chanchani

Sweets.

I went for Prep to learn History,
 Geography, Physics, Maths and Chemistry.
 Gradually it became a bore,
 Adding troubles two thousand to two score.
 So I felt my pockets, some sweets were there,
 Then after five minutes my pockets were bare.
 I looked in my desk, a sweet was there.
 I looked at the prefect, he gave me a stare,
 And when he saw my mouth he shouted 'Come here'.
 My heart throbbed, 'thump, thump', with fear.
 When I came back, he had taught me not to dare
 To eat sweets while he was there.

Ratan Ramchandani

Our Camp at Sadhupul

We went for the camp on the 4th of May, and returned on 7th May.

We filled our water bottles with water and got ready. We went with our Housemistresses to where the buses were. We started at 9 o'clock. I was in the Himalaya and Nilagiri bus. Mrs. Cherian, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur were with us and Mary Ayahjee and Mariam Ayahjee were also with us. Two boys got sick on the way. We reached Sadhupul at half past eleven.

We played till half past twelve and then got our lunch packets. In my lunch packet I got two dinner rolls, an egg and an orange. After lunch, we unpacked our things and rested during the afternoon. At 4-00 p. m. we had our tea. In the evening we went to the lower stream for swimming. Then we came up, had our wash and changed into our games' kit and got ready for dinner. At six o'clock we had our roll call. After that we had our dinner, brushed our teeth, changed into our night suits and played. At 8-00 p. m. we went to sleep. We woke up at seven o'clock and got ready for breakfast. After breakfast we went to the upper stream. There we swam in the cold water and caught fish. When we went back, we changed into our games' kit. After that Mrs. Thomas gave us our sweets. Then we had our lunch. After lunch we rested. At four o'clock we had our tea. After tea we went for swimming. When we returned we had our roll call. Then we had our dinner. After dinner we had a camp-fire programme. We acted a few plays and sang some songs. We drank cocoa before we went to sleep. The next morning some of our madams went to Simla. We got up, changed our clothes and got ready for breakfast. We swam in the stream. Then we had our lunch. After that we rested. At 4-00 p. m. we had our tea. We could not go for swimming because it was drizzling. So we sang songs and played inside. Then we had our dinner.

Next morning we got up very early and packed everything. We had an early breakfast. The buses were loaded and we left Sadhupul at about 9-30 a.m. and reached Sanawar by 11-30 a.m. I enjoyed the camp very much.

Balvinder Kaur Sohi (8 years)

The Exciting Match We Won.

We had won the Vindhyan. We thought Siwalikans would be easy, because the Nilagirians had won them awfully well. The score was Nilagiri 13 and Siwalik 3. The first two baskets were made by us: we were excited. Then the Siwalikans made four baskets. We were very scared, for the match was going to be over soon. However,

we were relieved when we caught up. It ended in a draw, but, since draws are not allowed, we had to play extra time. This went on for a long time, we defended well and so did they. If a girl makes five fouls she is chucked out: one made four. Then we had a free shot, I don't know how she managed to basket it! We all rushed to congratulate our players, but alas! she had stepped on the line by mistake and it wasn't counted. We were very sad. She had to try again.

The Siwalikans were very happy. Some Himalayans snatched the ball but were intercepted by a Siwalikan. A Himalayan took possession of the ball again and basketted it.

We had won.

Anuradha Verma
(11 years)

Tennis—The Scanlon Cup.

The year goes round and it's tennis time again with everyone just raving to win the Scanlon Cup. And for a month one can hear the continuous thud of tennis-balls on Peacestead as the aspiring young tennis players seek to better their game.

This year was no exception. After a month of practising, the matches finally started on the 7th of June. There were quite a lot of entries this time but the preliminaries were soon over, leaving sixteen aspirants in the tournament.

The first round held on the 7th was quite a tame one as everyone had already anticipated the winners. The most interesting match was between Suman Goel and Deeksha Hoon. It was very close but Deeksha finally emerged victorious.

June 8th ran the same course as the previous day with the first round of matches for the other batch. Most of the winners scored an easy victory except for Jagdeep Sidhu against Mala Khosla, and since everyone had prophesied that Ravi Bala would win her match, it was quite a surprise when Rohini Johar won easily with a score of 6, 3; 6, 0;

The quarter finals were the crucial matches as all the entrants were more or less equally competent. However Mala Tandon, Jyotshna Kumari, Moite Tonzing and Deeksha Hoon finally won their matches.

June 10th saw the semi finals. Everyone was in an agony of apprehension for the 'champs' as you might say were facing each other. Moite was playing against Deeksha and Jyotshna against Mala. Moite played an excellent game and won a complete victory

with a score of 6, 2—6, 1. Jyotshna played extremely well too but was beaten by Mala's superior skill and steady concentration. On the whole these two matches were very exhilarating.

The next day dawned bright and clear with the whole of G. D. taking sides and giving unwarranted opinions as to whether Moite would win or Mala. In the evening everyone lined up to watch the match of the season. The opponents were well matched and it was touch-and-go most of the time. Mala was in excellent form and won the first set, beating Moite 6, 3. However, she put so much effort into the first set that she could not quite keep up the pace in the second and third and Moite's superior stamina and accuracy eventually won the day at 3, 6,—6, 2,—6, 3. In the midst of cheers it was Moite who recieved the Scanlon Cup, Mala being a close runner-up.

The Scanlon matches have been very exciting this year, and the standard of play higher than usual. Since most of the finalists are in Upper V we can look forward to even brighter tennis next year.

Maneka Anand

शिविर जीवन

यह सत्य है कि संसार परिवर्तनशील है। इस संसार में सभी वस्तुएँ समयानुसार परिवर्तित होती रहती हैं। संभवतः इस कारण ही मनुष्य अपने धिसे-पिटे जीवन में भी परिवर्तन की अपेक्षा रखता है। इस परिवर्तन चक्र को चलाने के लिये ही हमारा विद्यालय प्रत्येक वर्ष शिविर के लिये प्रस्थान करता है। प्रश्न यह था कि मैं कहाँ जाऊँ—शिविर अथवा अलका पुरी। सोचा अलका पुरी का दर्शन तो जीवन में कभी न कभी हो ही जायेगा—वैसे भी जीवन में एक बार तो होना ही है किन्तु शिविर का नहीं। इस बार विद्यालय में मेरा अंतिम वर्ष था अतः शिविर जाने का मोह न त्याग सका। मेरे सहपाठियों के बीच इस सम्बन्ध में पृष्ठ-ताड़ जारी थी कि मैंने अपना निर्णय उन्हें सुना दिया, “आप चाहे पद-यात्रा पर जाएँ या खड्-यात्रा पर, मैं तो गुड-यात्रा पर जाऊँगा।” गुड अर्थात् मीठी यात्रा—गौरा।

गौरा की मीठी याद करके ही चित्त चलायमान हो उठा। जान-लेवा पुस्तकों से मन एक दम ऊब उठा। जैसे-जैसे शिविर का दिन निकट आता गया वैसे-वैसे इस खुराफाती मस्तिष्क में अनेक योजनाएँ बैठती गईं। मेरे कुछ मित्र मछली चिंतन का विचार कर रहे थे तो कुछ स्वयं मछली बन कर शीतल जल में तैरने की योजना बना रहे थे। कुछ केवल बातों का ही आनन्द लेना चाहते थे।

अन्त में वह उल्लास भरा दिन आ ही गया। हम तो पहले ही बोरिया बिस्तर बाँधे तैयार बैठे थे। हम सब बस द्वारा येन-केन प्रकारेण गौरा पहुँच गये। अभी आँख लगी ही थी कि बस में अचानक शोर-सा हुआ। क्या देखता हूँ—हमारी बस ठीक गौरा विश्राम-गृह पर आ खड़ी हुई। हम सब अपना सामान कंधो पर लादे खुशी-खुशी निर्दिष्ट स्थान की ओर दौड़े। पहुँचते ही हम सब ने अपने-अपने तम्बू स्वयं लगाने आरम्भ कर दिए। पहला दिन तो बस खुशी-खुशी बीत गया।

गौरा गिरि नदी के तट पर, पहाड़ियों से घिरा, एक छोटा सा गाँव है, अतः यहाँ की रात्रि काफी शीतल हो जाती है। सुबह उठकर हम नारता करते, फिर सभी नदी की ओर चलते। कोई मछलियाँ पकड़ता तो कोई पानी में स्नान करता। दोपहर तक भूमि अंगारे के समान तप जाती। इस समय हम अपने तम्बूओं में ताश खेलते अथवा विश्राम करते। सांयकाल अधिक सुहावना एवं मधुर होता, रातें फिर शीतल हो जाती। मैं तो मानों घोड़े बेचकर सो जाता—कुम्भकर्ण की तरह। ऐसा प्रतीत होने लगा मानो गौरा अपना ही घर है।

तैरना, मछलियाँ पकड़ना, पहाड़ियों पर चढ़ना छोड़कर हम एक दिन सोलन गये। वहाँ हमने खूब गुलछर्रे उड़ाए। कुछ दुकानदारों से भगड़ा कर तथा खूब खा-पी कर हम गौरा लौटे, जहाँ हमारे कुछ मित्र बेचैनी से हमारी प्रतीक्षा कर रहे थे, इसलिए नहीं कि उनको हमसे अधिक स्नेह था पर इसलिए कि हम उनके लिए कुछ स्वादिष्ट वस्तुएँ ला रहे थे। इन चीजों के अलावा गौरा में रखा ही क्या था।

मन की शान्ति तभी भंग हुई जब अन्तिम दिन आया। मैं बहुत उदास था। मन में अजीब सी भावनाएँ उत्पन्न हो रही थीं। शायद हमारे विद्यालय जीवन का अंतिम शिविर था। “विजयाग्नि” के परचात् अभी लडकों के मधुर गाने कानों में गूँज ही रहे थे कि मुझे नींद आ गई।

प्रातः काल उठे बिस्तर बाँधा। मन व्याकुल हो उठा। लड़कियाँ तो शोर मचाती हुई अपनी बसों में चल दीं, बस केवल हम अकेले ही रह गये। सभी के चेहरों पर उदासी-सी छाई हुई थी। अभी मेरी आँखों में आँसू आये ही थे कि हमारी बस आ पहुँची; और हम सबने दुखी मन से सनावर की ओर पुनः प्रस्थान किया।

A Ride by Night

The end of our holidays was in sight. I had run out of ideas on how to occupy my time doing something interesting. At last I got what seemed to me a brilliant idea. So I set out with my friends for a hunt.

We were in the 'Ooty' hills and the spot chosen for our hunting was somewhere in the heart of the hills. It was a fabulous spot for hunting.

We set out before dawn and stayed out till the sun set. We had decided to spend the night out in the forest, but one of my friends came up with the suggestion of making the trip back home by moonlight. We welcomed this idea enthusiastically and set about preparing for the journey which was to be made on horseback. We left our campsite a little after 9 o'clock.

A late moon had risen, dimming the stars, adding to the weird aspect of the wilderness. It was a pale-yellow moon, crescent-shaped with dark blotches here and there. Grey, black dotted ridges ran on both sides. The stars shone brightly.

From sage we rode into cedar and at last into a fringe of scattered pines reaching down to the timber belt. Deer took the place of cows and coyotes and wolves weirdly broke the silence with their loud and mournful baying. The notes carried clearly over the still air.

Now the mountains loomed dark and forbidding above the range of lower hills. The grey cedar-dotted ridges ran down in gentle curves, that sloped off into the open ranges covered with lush green grass.

Between these wide ridges, dark timber-choked wound down to merge at some unseen point. Near at hand was a small stream. The water splashed with a cold tinkle over the moss covered rocks. Once the lead horses snorted and reared, nearly unseating their riders, as a huge black bear lumbered insolently by.

As the country became rougher, our travelling speed grew steadily slower till we were at a walking pace. We led a tortuous course through thickets of oak and patches of cedar, winding in and out of huge rocks which had fallen in some past landslide. We passed another mountain stream, fairly wide, where we stopped to water our horses. The stream went over the edge of the cliff in the shape of a waterfall with a shallow roar, which kept reverberating in the eerie mountain stillness.

After an hour or so of rough riding as I had experienced, we left the dim deer trail and headed downhill. Our horses were utterly played out and we were in a like state. We were saddle sore and weary. Our clothes were torn in several places and our hands and faces were scratched and smeared with blood and sweat.

The air down here was warm and pleasant compared to the rather cold and chilly air at the top of the mountains. We looked forward to the warmth of my house, which was half a mile away, hidden by a bend in the hill, nestling cozily in a fold of the ridge between two great mountain peaks.

Neeraj Madhok

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



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1971

School News

April

16th. The famous conjurer, Mr. Karim Baksh, entertained Sanawarians with his incredible magical tricks. It was interesting to watch him handle his material cleverly: everytime we decided to catch him, he outwitted us; we enjoyed being befooled.

17th Rain and hail lashed Sanawar during the afternoon.

The same evening saw the final performance of the P. D. Saturday Club Show. The Prep School Staff must have worked very hard, for the programme was excellent. A large number of children participated and the confidence with which they acted, sang and danced speaks volumes of the talent in Prep School. It augured well for the future. After the show Dr. Sehgal of Kasauli congratulated the preppers on their brilliant performance.

21st. Y. P. S. Cricket team arrived.

22nd. { Our first XI played a match against the
23rd. { above mentioned team. It was a keenly
contested match: Y. P. S. were unlucky in losing.

Scores :	Y. P. S.	84	107
	Sanawar	145	48 for 8.

24th. The Inter-House boxing tournament commenced.

30th. The finals of the above mentioned tournament were held during the afternoon. It was satisfying to watch the boxers: their supple movements, elegant style and agility spoke of the high standard of boxing. Most of them fought with determination, in some scraps the boxers bled profusely but lived upto the School's motto "Never Give In" and won in the end.

Ashwani Khanna (H) was adjudged the best boxer of the tournament and plucky Shivinderbir Singh the best loser. Kudos to both of them.

Our congratulations to Nilagiri House for annexing the coveted championship trophy.

Col. Seth of Ambala, who spoke after the tournament, said that what he saw was the most spirited boxing.

Mrs. Seth presented the prizes.

May

1st. The Himalaya House Sat. Club Show was organised in the evening. It fell slightly below our expectations. Though the theme of the Hindi play was good, poor direction spoiled it; in the English play the direction and acting were superb, although the play itself could have been shorter. Sumit Bagchi established a complete rapport with the audience who listened to his melodiously sung songs with rapt attention. On the whole it was a very entertaining evening.

Brig. Puri, Sub Area Cdr., Ambala, spoke after the show. He mentioned that the standard of histrionics in Sanawar was high. He was happy to be in Sanawar and hoped that he would get many more opportunities to witness Sanawar functions.

3rd. The seniors left for the camp at Gaurah.

4th. The juniors camped at Sadhupul.

The School bore a deserted look.

7th. The Sadhupul campers returned.

8th. Seniors returned from Gaurah.

By evening Sanawar was its usual bustling self. Everybody looked mentally relaxed after this refreshing break: they obviously were refueled to put in their best for the rest of the term.

11th. The School came back to normal: classes, P.T., Prep. etc. started again.

Inter-House cricket commenced.

Staff News

We welcome Miss Ursula Proctor in the Prep. School and Miss Narinder Mohini Sodhi in the Physics Department. We hope that their association with the School will be happy and long.

O. S. News

Mr. Rathin Mitra (Head of Art Dept., The Doon School, Dehra Dun): I went to Bombay and stayed with Prakshit (Ajay) Sahni. Both Prakshit and Aditya are painting vigorously. They intend to hold a joint exhibition. I also met Sita Kapoor (nee Bhai). She is also in Bombay teaching fine arts at the J.J. School of Art. 'Bul Bul' has already established himself as an artist and had a successful exhibition in Bombay.

G.B. Wad (Camlin Private Ltd., Kurla Andheri Road, J. B. Nagar, Bombay—59): Even though I have left the School, I always think of Sanawar and you people everyday: I have spent the best part of my life there. Since I left Sanawar I have been in business. I have had very successful shows in India and abroad. On the 25th of April, 1971 I exhibited my recent painting in New York. Now I am planning to go to Canada and the States for shows. If I return from my tour before the 4th October, I will try to come to Sanawar with my family to attend Founder's. My best wishes to all the staff members and love to children.

NKS Rao from St. Paul's School, Jalapahar, Darjeeling, writes to say that he was pleased to see Dr. Sakhuja up in Darjeeling and to hear the news of Sanawar. Sangeet has settled down well and is really enjoying herself at St. Paul's.

Married

Sharanjit (Danny Lyall) to Shalini on 12th May, in Amritsar.

We send our blessings and wish the couple a long and happy married life.

B. Singh

The Inter-House Boxing Tournament

The air was saturated with the excited voices of the expectant audience. Though we had been having Individual Boxing Championship, it was after three years that the Inter-House Boxing Tournament was revived. The referee, the time keeper and the judges took their appointed places; the ear-splitting

voices subsided to an inaudible murmur. The M.C. breezed through the introduction and the first bout of the day began. Punit Ranjan had a nimble opponent in Virender Anand: the former couldn't stand the latter's hard punches. Virender won the Atom Weight Championship.

Vijay Parmar and Amarjyot Gyani shook hands with beaming faces. Moments later there followed three rounds of neat boxing which displayed style and skill. Vijay got the better of Amarjyot. Paper Weight boasted of two budding boxers, Vineet Kapoor and Praveen Vasisht. In the first few moments, they fainted cautiously but gradually gathered momentum. It was a very interesting fight: Vineet was finally triumphant.

The tempo of excitement accelerated as the weights increased. Midget Weight had the renowned boxer, Sanjiv Kapoor, to test his mettle against daring R. S. Dhaliwal. The bout was a neat one: it ultimately established Sanjiv's superiority. G. S. Tak and Ajay Mahajan fought the next fight (Mosquito Weight). Both were conscientious boxers. Their manoeuvres, tactics and powerful blows made the audience sit on the edges of their chairs. Ajay, an experienced boxer, was the winner.

A bombshell of roaring cheers exploded when the Gnat Weight fighters, Sanjiv Kandel and Jai Singh Pathania, were ushered into the ring. Both are superb boxers. Their amazing exchange of blows was interrupted by the referee. Jai Singh was warned against swinging, unfortunately three consecutive warnings resulted in his disqualification. Hence Sanjiv Kandel was declared the Champion of Gnat Weight. Virendra Patole and H. S. Gill fought the the next bout. Although both were Nilagirians, they showed the qualities of real sportsmen. V.K. Patole was adjudged the winner.

Bantam Weight introduced the serious boxing of the session. The powerful blows all over frightened the audience; some ladies literally turned their gaze away. The boxers could not only absorb this treatment but also return it efficiently. Vasant Dhar and Sanjiv Nanda illustrated this fact till the end. They boxed resolutely and did not 'give in'. Vasant had an edge over his opponent. He was declared victorious. Ashwani Khanna and Manmegh Singh fought for the title of Feather Weight. The former boxed superbly. His neat style enhanced the power of his sharp, hammer-like blows. Though Manmegh Singh lost, he put up a gallant fight.

Light Weight had two determined and skilled boxers. Suren Hira and Krishan Gopal displayed style and stamina. The latter was the deserving winner. Next, N. S. Brar and S. S. Sekhon were

involved in a good scrap (Welter Weight). The former lost valiantly. The next fight was a very close one: J. S. Pannu and S. Bahadur were both seasoned and courageous boxers. Pannu's thudding blows illustrated his speed and style. But Bahadur turned out to be too 'Bahadur' for Pannu.

There was a distinct stir amongst the enthralled audience as the M. C. announced the last fight. Light Heavy Weight boxers J. S. Sandhu and P. Chaudhary got an encouraging cheer. J. S. Sandhu boxed beautifully. He was speed, style and strength personified. P. Chaudhary had the tenacity and determination to last all three rounds. Sandhu was the undisputed winner. Mrs. Seth gave away the prizes. Ashwani Khanna was declared the best boxer of the year. Shivinder Bir Singh, quite appropriately, was declared the best boxer. Nilagiri House stood first with Siwalik following closely behind. The Judges, Majors V. N. Vaidya, K. P. Chaudary and Capt. V. K. Joshi, were given a warm hand for their generous help.

Anil Dass

The Basketball Matches

When Basketball threatened to replace netball, there were angry murmurs from all quarters as netball was quite a hot favourite. However, contrary to our expectations, it turned out to be quite an absorbing game which we quickly picked up, and it was with eagerness that we looked forward to the eventual matches.

Though the Nilagiri House team had established a reputation of being unbeatable, but as this was a new game hitherto unknown to either team, the atmosphere was charged with suspense. However, the Nilagarians proved victorious over the Siwalikans, their success largely due to their shot, Sonali Parmar.

The second match between the Himalayans and Vindhyan was interesting but, though the Vindhyan, especially Ritu Badhwar, tried extremely hard, it was soon obvious who was going to win. The score, three goals to six, was not particularly inspiring.

Rain seemed imminent, and it was with apprehension that the teams began to play. The third match between Nilagiri and Vindhya was very exciting, but the Vindhyan were unfortunate to have Deepti Tewari, one of their best shots, injured. The Nilagarians triumphed again with a score of six goals to four.

The Siwalikans against the Himalayans turned out to be a most exhilarating match. Both the teams, cheered by near-hysterical spectators, gave a creditable performance. Mala Tandon played excellently and scored most of the goals. Three extra

five minutes were given by the referee as the match insisted on ending in a draw. The final goal was scored by Jagdeep Sidhu. The Himalayans were exultant, while the Siwalikans were unhappy and disappointed as in spite of putting in their absolute best they had lost.

The afternoon was bright and clear, and the Siwalik and Vindhya House teams were determined not to suffer such harrowing defeats as they had had on the previous days. But when the match started one would have thought that the two teams were playing an ordinary game, rather than battling for the third position. The whole match was casual and warmed up only towards the end. The Vindhyan were eventually defeated, the score being ten goals to two.

Everyone had been looking forward to the Nilagiri versus Himalaya match as both the teams seemed equally competent. Balbir Bhasin was extremely agile on her feet and was always to be seen where the ball was. It was a close game but the Nilagarians kept up their reputation of being invincible.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

Basketball is a new game in Sanawar, but it is a pleasant change from Netball and promises to be very interesting. We are indebted to Mr. Anand, Director, N.I.S., Patiala who very kindly sent Miss Ranu, the basketball coach, who taught us the fundamentals of the game.

Our hearty congratulations to Nilagiri House.

Anjali Daphtary
Maneka Anand

Prep School Saturday Club Show

I

Our show was on Saturday, 17th April 1971. We practised for about three weeks. I was taking part in the English Play. Mrs. Cherian and Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur helped us to put up this play. On Saturday after tea we went to Birdwood School to have our make up done. Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur first made up Angleen and Inder Mohini. I had to wait for Mrs. Cherian to come. When she came, she started painting my face and hands in brown. When we all were ready Mrs. Cherian took me up for announcing.

The first play was 'The Little Green Man' by the Form One children. The story was about a lady who kept on nagging her husband. And one day the little green man came and helped the husband by putting a spell on him: he afterwards became the master of the house. In the end both of them went and showed the other people how happy they were.

The second item was by the Form Junior. First they sang and acted Baa Baa black sheep. Then they did Little Jack Horner. Then they did Jack and Jill. All these were well done.

The third item was a dance by the Form II girls. It was the Varsha Mangal dance from the fields of Central India.

After that the prep school choir sang हम भारत के बच्चे. It was very nice.

Then there was a one act English play, Three Lemons. The story was about a prince who was looking for a princess, and Mistress Spring helped him and he got a beautiful princess by cutting the lemons. A gipsy girl tried to marry him, but it did not work out. I acted as Lucy, the gipsy girl.

After that came the Prep School Band with the caravans. It was lovely.

The last item was a Hindi play तोता राम. The play was about a boy who was learning like a parrot for his exams. When he went for the exams he forgot everything and wrote wrong answers. He failed in the exam.

Then in the end Mr. Pasricha asked Dr. Sehgal to thank us. He said that he enjoyed our show. We ended our evening's programme by singing the first verse of the School Song.

After the show was over many G.D. girls came to us and said "Well Acted". I enjoyed myself announcing the items for our show, and acting as Lucy the ugly girl. After the show I went to sleep as happy as a princess!

Rajni Parmar (-8 yrs.)

II

As the last notes of the National Anthem faded away, a small prepper appeared to announce the first item "The Little Green Man". At that I laughed patronizingly, thinking back to the days when I had been so small—and was absolutely prepared to sit back and get bored! But as the curtains parted to reveal a diminutive and exasperated wife and a still smaller henpecked husband, I found myself caught up in the obvious enthusiasm of the actors and began to enjoy myself. Harbinder Purewal in his acting as the little Green Man was good.

We were then transported to Nursery Land where we met characters like Jack and Jill, Baa Baa Black Sheep and little Jack Horner which were adorably sung and acted.

The next item was the dance which was labouriously carried through with little preppers striking out their tongues in concentration, which won the hearts of the audience.

Ham Bharat ke Bache was sung with great gusto.

The 'Three Lemons', an English play in one act, promised to be interesting, so we sat up and gave it our undivided attention. We were not disappointed. Rajni Parmar as the gipsy girl and Angleen Malik as the Princess Irene were good.

The Percussion Band was sweet as was the singing "Caravans".

The highlight of the evening was the Hindi Play 'Tota Ram', which was acted with surprising care and self-confidence, and the actors seemed to feel very much at home on the stage. Rajiv Thakur and Ashish Bhatia deserve special mention. With the fall of the curtains ended a most enjoyable evening. Well done Preppers! This creditable performance was proof enough to show that the staff too had devoted much time and labour to make it the success it was.

Mala Tandon.

Light

The pale fingers of dawn filtered through the deep blue twilight. The sky rapidly changed from a rosy hue to a bright orange flame colour. The sun gradually rose high above the sleeping world, shedding golden rays across the morning sky. Light sparkled on crystalline waters and glinted on the silvery wings of a passing aeroplane. It shone down upon the snowy mountain-tops and on the silky green grass which rippled in the wind. It occasionally caught a window-pane, making it glint in the sunshine. The world was bright with colour, all because of the miracle of light.

Sonali Parmar.

Hodson Runs

The end of the winter vacation brought us all back to the school. The lazy, dozing days were over. The hot talk about Hodson Runs was on, the boys were taking stock of the old timers and the incoming new talent for long-distance runs in their respective Houses.

Yes! the first item for the Inter-House competition of the year was to be held soon. I am sure the O.S. would be able to recall the enthusiasm, 'josh' and excitement that runs through a Sanawarian on occasions like this.

The initial fifteen days were dark, dull, almost dampening our spirits and vigour, the weather being so cold and wet with rain, hail, sleet and snow. However, the clear, bright morning on the 15th of March saw us all on the track, jogging, pushing, gossiping and panting.

The non-stop three-week training instilled confidence in us all; occasional timing taken of various age-groups gave us a rough estimation of our performance in the heats. The few 'border-line-time' runners got on seriously to clip off the few seconds to be within the qualifying time.

The result of the qualifying heats, held on the 12th, 13th and 14th of April, were as follows:—

	H	N	S	V
Under 11	2	13	12	10
Under 13	9	9	11	10
Under 15	13	16	13	9
Total :	24	38	36	29

With these results it was very difficult to predict who would walk off with the cup. Siwalik deserves a clap for its marvellous performance. All these years it had come last, and now it had good chances of winning the cup.

Then dawned the day, 15th April, the evening of which was to declare the victorious House. All afternoon the finalists and the other boys rested. A few boys hurriedly gulped down a few spoonfuls of glucose hoping that its effects would be encouraging.

As evening drew close, boys (sidees) filled last minute 'Josh' into the runners. Boys and girls flocked on either side of the road.

At last the whistle blew and the under 11 race started. The tranquility of the evening was suddenly broken by the shouting of boys and girls. The U11s finished, followed by under thirteens and so on. The winners of their age groups were as follows:—

Under 11	1st. Rajiv Khanna (N)	Time 4'-20,"
	2nd. Vineet Kapoor (N)	
	3rd. Gaggan Dhillon (N)	
Under 13	1st. Deepak Singha (H)	Time 5'-39.4"
	2nd. Ajay S. Virk (S)	
	3rd. Narendra S. Brar (S)	
Under 15	1st. Manmogh Singh (N)	Time 8'-52.7"
		(Record)
	3rd. Dig Vijaya Singh (S)	
	2nd. Mukul Chopra (S)	
Opens	1st. R. S. Nalwa (S)	Time 12'-9.9"
	2nd. Gaurav Rana (H)	
	3rd. Jaspal Sandhu (S)	

The final points for various Houses were as follows:—

1.	Nilagiri	121 points
2.	Siwalik	113 "
3.	Himalaya	68 "
4.	Vindhya	62 "

Nilagiri gallantly marched away with the championship cup with Siwalik at its heels, followed by Himalaya and Vindhya. Special mention must be made of Manmogh Singh (N) who brilliantly lowered Suresh Dhir's record (8'.58") of 10 yrs. standing by 5.3 seconds. The prizes were kindly given away to the winners by Mr. Ram Chandra I.C.S. (Retd.)

Well done Nilagiri!

Vijay Singh.

Cricket : Sanawar vs. Y. P. S.

After a few days of heavy rain, the 23rd of April turned out to be pleasantly bright: it was an ideal weather to play a cricket match.

The Sanawarians won the toss and chose to field. The first two batsmen of Y. P. S. played very well. Our pace attack did not succeed very much. The Y. P. S. batsmen had taken the score to 39 for no loss. After the futile attempts made to get the batsmen out by the fast bowlers, our skipper tried spin attack. This time the bowlers were very successful, the wickets tumbled very fast. The Y.P.S. captain, P.S. Phulka, tried in vain to add a few runs. After the captain was caught while trying a hard hit, the other players followed him to the pavilion in a matter of minutes. We packed them off for a meagre 84. Khanna and Kalia bowled well.

The Sanawarians went in to bat just before lunch. J. S. Bhattal and N. Madhok batted very well. After lunch, in a few minutes Sanawar saw some of their outstanding batsmen return to the pavilion, without much addition to the score. The tail-enders, V. Dhar, R. Kadan and N. S. Goshal saved Sanawar from a possible defeat. The bowling and fielding of Y.P.S. was excellent, but Sanawarians were lucky: they gradually piled up 145 runs. Thus we had a comfortable lead of 60 runs in the first innings.

In the second innings the opening batsmen R. Sandhu of Y.P.S. executed very confident strokes and batted extremely well. As before, the breakthrough was made by the spin attack. The standard of Sanawarian fielding was very good. Accurate and successful bowling was done by A. Kalia and S. Bagchi. This time Y.P.S. made 107 runs.

The Sanawarians went in to bat for the second time. The match had become very gripping, for the fielding was faultless and the bowling superb. The Y. P. S. captian carried on the pace attack. The Sanawarians could score the runs only at a snail's pace. The wickets fell swiftly. But when we eventually succeeded in making 48 runs for 8 wickets the match ended. J. S. Bhattal batted very well. Very good bowling was done by Rit Molinder.

Both the teams were fairly well matched, but the Sanawarians just about managed to get the better of them.

Gaurav Rana

गीत

साज सजाकर मन मुसका कर रूप संवारे छल
दुल्हनियाँ गाती चल ।

पांच रंग की चोली पहने, अष्ट रंग का बाना ।
माथे बेंदी कानो झूमर, देश पिया के जाना ।
अरमानों की चिता जलाकर देख रहा है पल ॥
दुल्हनियाँ गाती चल ।

बचपन पीछे देख रहा है देता ऐसा ताना ।
इस दुनिया से जाने वाले फिर न कभी होगा आना ।
आज तुम्हारी बारी है तो और हमारी कल ॥
दुल्हनियाँ गाती चल ।

दिनेशचन्द्र गुप्त

Scene at a Railway Station.

Each one of us cast accusing glances at my father, for it was he who had made us leave for the station in a mad flurry of excitement, only to get there with the best part of a half-hour to while away before the arrival of the train. However, since there was nothing we could do about it, I seated myself comfortably on the luggage and surveyed the scene around me.

A casual glance revealed several 'coolies' rushing around excitedly, but there was little other activity, probably due to the late hour. Countless figures lay huddled on the ground, sleeping soundly through the noise. The platform was strewn with banana peels, greasy paper bags, cigarette ends, tobacco juice: in fact with every kind of litter imaginable. A faint smell of fish, mingling with that of coal dust, clung to the air, which was heavy with soot.

The platform looked desolate and dreary, and the only lively elements in it were the ragged little urchins that scampered around happily, occasionally stopping a passer-by for a coin. Every one else had a sad droop to their faces. There were the inevitable pedlars trying to sell their odd and ends but they did not look particularly hopeful. Blue-uniformed railway officials went about their tasks with

resigned determination. A couple of large families waited for their trains to arrive, looking bored stiff. Occasionally, groups of tired-faced passengers passed by towards the exit. Men squatted on the ground in small circles around decks of cards, but they played uncaringly, even disinterestedly. A wretched-looking beggar walked around with a battered bowl extended in his hand, but no-one took the slightest notice of him. Even the flies hovering in the air seemed drugged with sleep.

That platform was like many another I have seen before, but it was a depressing place, and it was a relief to see the train draw up at last.

Mina Chanchani.

Camp '71

The 3rd of May greeted us with a clear and sunny morning. The whole school buzzed with excitement; after all, this is the only week in the year when we can relax in peace, out of the clutches of our monotonous routine! A few bus-loads transported us, rather uncomfortably, to the camp site at Gaurah.

On first meeting with the glinting stream, a series of sighs and exclamations were let forth. Five minutes later the bus came to an abrupt halt.

It is certainly not a pleasant job to 'cart' a heavy bedroll across a considerably long stretch of bumpy, thorny hill-side! Everyone enjoyed the packed lunch entirely oblivious of its dryness and insipidity. After a pretty flustered afternoon the whole camp settled down. The night was surprisingly cold compared to the heat of the day.

Not many boys ventured out on hikes or climbed distant 'Mountain peaks' for fear of the heat. A good many boys were "taken in" by the deceptive appearances of the stream which displayed a considerable change. Shallow swimming spots had deepened because of a soft sandy bottom.

Not even the cleverest, sneakiest hook and bait could attract a suitable sized fish. Thanks to the daily dynamite explosions, vast hill-side sections near the stream would go up in thick acrid smoke! As a result, nearly every fish had sped down stream.

The major part of the day was generally spent swimming, loitering around, sleeping or eating! Eating was the most favourite hobby! Any hour of the day, and some Sanawarians, girls or boys, just had to be present at the village shops, gulping one or the other eatable.

The second-last evening at camp threatened us with a raging storm—it never did come: by night it eventually died down! Though the next day dawned clear and blue, cloudy skies again bullied us in the evening and all hopes of the night campfire flickered off into despair. Nothing happened again!

An hour of enjoyable jokes and singing besides the campfire put us in just the right drowsy mood for a deep sleep.

Next morning saw a lot of luggage being hurriedly packed, tents being rolled up and kitchen utensils being neatly stacked in a basket. Within minutes the camp site bore a deserted look. Some boys decided to walk to Sanawar. Was it the uncomfortable journey back by bus that repelled them or the attraction of Seekh Kababs or mutton chops at Solan, we do not know!

We returned with refreshed minds. School terms become enjoyable if they are interspersed with breaks like this. Most of us can still hear the gurgle of the stream, feel the tranquility and appreciate the scenic beauty of Gaurah.

Pradeep Saran

Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme

The Scheme is designed to offer young people between the ages of 13 and 21 of either sex a challenge to achieve something through a balanced programme of leisure-time activities and also an incentive towards the discovery, development and enjoyment of new interests and aptitudes.

By channelising the growing energies of young people, the scheme aims at developing the qualities of (i) self-discipline (ii) enterprise (iii) perseverance (iv) effort and (v) a sense of service to others.

There is no competition involved in the Scheme and hence the participants can progress through the Scheme at their own pace and convenience. The activities followed can be so chosen as to be congenial to individual tastes and aptitudes, to suit the conditions in which one lives and to be of value to one's home community.

Structure of the Scheme :

Award Scheme activities are arranged in the following separate sections in each of which there is a wide choice :

Service—in which young people have the opportunity to prepare for and give service to others.

Expeditions—in which young people are encouraged to plan and undertake a challenging journey of discovery.

Interests—in which young people study a chosen leisure interest under the guidance of an experienced adult.

Design for Living—in which young people are introduced to activities relating to family and community life

Physical Activity—in which young people take part in a planned programme of physical activities.

Three separate Awards are offered: Bronze, Silver and Gold. To qualify for an award a young person must satisfy requirements of four out of the five sections, which will of course become more demanding at each higher level of the Award.

A number of overseas countries have established direct Award Scheme links with certain UK towns and other countries and these partnerships have led to the exchange of leaders and Award holders between them. Similar links are also in existence between the Award Authorities of neighbouring countries of the Commonwealth, and these too lead towards the exchange of much useful information and ideas, and eventually of young people as well.

Several Indian Public and other schools have started operating the Scheme and the Govt. of India is contemplating to operate this Scheme as "The President Award Scheme" with continued liaison with the Commonwealth Scheme whose Overseas Secretary has his office at 2 Old Queen Street, London, S.W.I.).

The Brook

It was the first sign of spring. At first it was only a timid trickle: slowly it widened and flowed joyously over the hard ground and the rocks and pebbles, spraying the air with tiny droplets which glistened and twinkled in the morning sun. They lay like dew on the little green shoots and clusters of fresh mint which had tentatively appeared. It flowed over the smooth round pebbles, all the time tinkling and gurgling musically. Now, little colourful creatures began to swim about, flashing like jewels as the rays of the sun fell on them. It was the first sign of spring, it brought new hope.

Jyotsna Jamwal.

The Himalaya House Show

The Himalaya House Show promised to be good, so it was with a mixture of excitement and impatience that the audience waited for it to commence. Punctually at 6-30 p.m. the curtain parted to reveal the Himalayan Orchestra, which played a few delightful tunes for us.

Kanoon—the Hindi play—was slightly below our expectation. The actors were mechanical in their movements and, judging by the speed at which they rattled off their lines, seemed in a hurry to get over with the play. However, Harvin Sachdeva, Raj Singh Jamwal and Sandip Bagchi acted pretty well.

Sumit Bagchi's singing can only be described as super-doooper! The audience was held spell-bound by the sheer magic of his voice. He received a tremendous ovation which he rightly deserved.

The next item on the programme was the Bhangra dance. It was full of vigour and zest and the dancers were incredibly brimming with self-confidence.

The Bhangra was followed by the Himalayan Tottlers and another round of songs. The drummer, Jai Singh Pathania, was exceptionally good.

Maha-Ras, a manipuri dance, was next on the list. The dancers were graceful and the costumes striking. Everyone was wanting it to continue!

It seems that songs were the order of the day, for the next item was a song too—this time in the shape of a Qawali. It was a novel idea, but there was a lot of scope for improvement.

The English play can aptly be described in one word—hilarious! It was superbly directed and wonderfully acted. Vivek Mehra, as the magician was simply wizard, while Nekko and Dekko were excruciatingly funny! Gaurav Rana's laughs kept us in fits throughout. In a word, the English play was the highlight of the whole show and the only fault was that it was a wee bit too long.

With the English play, the Himalaya House Show came to an end, leaving the audience much pleased. Kudos to Himalayans, both students and staff, for putting up a variety-show in which there was hardly a dull moment.

Maneka Anand.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I was delighted to see from the O.S. address list the number of our lads who had joined the Indian Army and the L.A.F., and this from a non-military School.

Both my brothers, Chris and Oliver Brisley joined my father's regiment, Pt. Bn., the Leicestershire regt., and represented their regt. in hockey and cricket. Later on they joined the Indian Army Corps of Clerks at Army HQ., New Delhi, and Chris became a Capt. and Oliver a Warrant Officer.

I retired from the Army HQ in 1962 as a Civilian Staff Officer, equivalent to a Major, after a service of 35½ years.

14, Albert Street,
Bangalore—25.

Yours sincerely,
H.H. Brisley.

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School News

March

27th. The Staff Club Meeting took place in the evening. Our warmest congratulations to Mr. Bhalerao who was unanimously elected the General Secretary.

April

1st. All Fools' Day celebrated with normal pep. Children were looking forward to this day and they successfully fooled many staff by their pranks. However, it was all in good taste and some humour was injected into the otherwise scholastic and monastic-type life.

The juniors witnessed the 1st performance of the Siwalik House Show.

2nd. Associate Cricket Club, Delhi, team arrived.

3rd. The match between the above mentioned team and the school XI in progress.

The same evening saw the final performance of the Siwalik House Saturday Club Show. Considering that the talent is picked only from one House, it was a very successful function. Mrs. Nargis Dutt spoke to the children and congratulated them on their brilliant performance and commented that some of them will blossom into fine actors and actresses.

Deeksha Hoon played her part very well, Anil Dass, a veteran and superb actor, kept the audience amused with his witty dialogues and acquitted himself admirably. Sanjay Dutt, a budding actor, proved his mettle not only by speaking his humorous lines with great confidence and ease but by his delightful acting too. Though the show naturally had its shortcomings, it provided an entertaining evening.

4th. The cricket match between our XI and the Associate Club, Delhi, ended. Sanawar lost.

Scores : A. C. C. 217 and 141
Sanawar 209 and 96

H. M. S. Tanwar and N. S. Goshal deserve a pat on their backs for batting resolutely.

8th. The School closed after lunch for the long Easter week-end. Many went home, others chose to go on self-organised hikes. The school appeared lifeless.

9th. I.S.C. results came out. We cannot boast of a brilliant result this time but considering that the group wasn't very bright, we haven't done too badly : 23 firsts, 22 seconds, 10 thirds and 2 failures.

Jullundur Cricket Club team arrived.

10th. The Jalotas left the school for greener pastures in Uganda. We wish them well and hope they will enjoy themselves in their new posts.

First XI's Cricket match with the Jullundur team in progress.

11th. The School breathed with life again as Sanawarians poured in during the afternoon. They looked refreshed and were ready to work hard for another three weeks before they go camping.

The match between our XI and the Jullundur XI concluded. We are indeed thankful to them for making it an annual feature. Since they, very sportingly, let our school invariably win, our boys, inexperienced as they always are, not only get some practice but also gain tremendous confidence.

Scores : J. C. C. 203 and 70 for 6, (decl.)
Sanawar 85 and 190 for 5.

J.S. Sandhu and Anil Kalia shared the match's honours by scoring 69 and 62 respectively in the 2nd innings.

Rakesh Khanna was the most successful bowler.

13th. Gradually it had become uncomfortably warm in Sanawar. A high-velocity wind followed by thunder blasts, lightening and heavy rain lashed Sanawar. Consequently, life here was paralysed for a few hours but the storm brought a considerable fall in the mercury. It left the weather pleasantly cold. The real charm of Sanawar-weather is that it neither gets too hot nor too cold during term time: it remains temperate and is ever so conducive to work. After a rainfall Sanawar looks so fresh: one can see different shades of green which please the eye and soothe the mind. The fragrance oozing from the tall pine trees pervades the whole atmosphere and makes this place enviable. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Sanawar with its pristine surroundings provides a haven of peace.

15th The first Inter-House competition, Hodsons, took place. There was a neck to neck fight between the Nilagirians and the Siwalikans, the former, however got an edge over the latter and beat them by 8 points clinching the first position with 121 points. Our bouquets to Manmeh Singh who clipped off 5.3 seconds from the U-15's existing record set up a decade ago by Sudhir Dhir.

Shri Ram Chandra, I.C.S. (Retd.) gave away the prizes.

The Prep. School entertained the Juniors (up-to L-IV) in the evening with the first performance of their Saturday Club Show.

Staff News

We are pleased to have Messers S.S. Sood, M. Sc. (Hons. School), and R.S. Badhan, M. Sc., in the Physics and Chemistry departments respectively. We hope their association with the School will be happy.

O. S. News

Mohinderjit Singh Grewal (C/o Johnson and Johnson Ltd., 30, Forjett Street, Bombay).....For persons like me who were guided by you in our formative years it is something extremely gratifying to know that you are manning the B.D. I met Amarjit 'Groom' a few weeks ago. I hope to be up in Sanawar sometime this year and look forward to seeing you.

Cadet Nirmaljit Singh (9317 'H' Sqn., 45 Course NDA, Khadakvasla, Poona-23).....met Jayaram in Aurangabad and had dinner with him. This sent us off on a recollection trip and we talked of Sanawar and nothing else (I pity the two friends Jayaram had with him).

I just read the news-letter avidly and had a couple of laughs (they are a rare commodity in this place). Some of the addresses of the O.S., however, were outdated. Could anything be done about it.....We had a History test and I found that I could still reproduce your notes almost word for word.

Prem Nath Khanna (Filmistan, 52, Moti Bazar, Dehra Dun). Hope all is fine.....I am hoping to come up during the Camp period in May and thereafter drive up to Kulu and Manali.

G.S. Chima (W-6 Mukherjee West, St. Stephen's College, Delhi): Thought I'd surprise you by writing out of the blue—you probably won't recognise me because I've cut my hair; the beard's gone as well. I'm still here at St. Stephen's, now doing my M.A. in history; never thought earlier that I'd stick with history this long. Charanjit is married and posted to Nabha, Inderjit is in Jullundur and Harjit at Jodhpur, all in the army (Artillery, E.M.E. & Engineers respectively)—I'll probably sit for the I.A.S. examination next year; competition is pretty tough; almost the whole of our history class has the same idea.

Was just thinking that the cricket season must be in full swing; can almost imagine everything—In fact that's what made me write—Quite a few Sanawarians are here this year—Pannu is also doing his M.A. in history. Karamvir, Vunga and he are going for a fairly tough expedition to a peak, near the Indo-Tibet border, Leo Pargiyal (22,228 ft.)—Shailendra Singh is in Hindu College, less than a furlong from here, and yet I see him once in a blue moon.

L. A. Williams (1. 30/40 Blues PT. Rd., MacMahons Point, N.S.W. 2060, Australia): It was really very nice of Mrs. Mundkur to write and thank me for that very small gift—namely the sewing machine.....May the God Lord see fit to guide the hand of every girl who may use it in the years to come.....

Sanawar to me means a place of love and happiness, a place where both teachers and pupils may be friends, a place where our future years are really born and brought to life and most of all Sanawar means to me, "Thank you School and all who have been connected with you, for all the knowledge and power you taught me, which plays the biggest part in my life". As an 'Old Sanawarian' I shall never die—I will always be a Sanawarian and thank God, I had the chance to be one.

Please convey my very best wishes to the new "Head". I am sure he will love "my" old School—it really is one of the most beautiful schools in the world.

Bhupinder Singh.

✓ The Siwalik House Show

As the velvet curtain swept aside, one's eyes beheld an exotic scene of the East. This was the Indian dance "Chitrangada and Madan". The flickering of the 'Diyas' cast shadows of graceful figures across the stage. Jyotsna Jamwal as "Chitrangada" and Arti Thakur as "Madan" depicted all that is elegant and splendid.

This was followed by a short English comedy "There's money coming to You". The performers attempted to give off their best. A charming "Harvest Dance" was then performed by the juniors. Though they lacked co-ordination at times, on the whole it was a pleasing dance.

The Siwalik girls then entertained us to two popular tunes on the band. "Where have all the flowers gone" was ever so touching. It was for the first time in many years that the girls played on the band: it was a gallant attempt indeed.

The English play "The First and the Last", although short, was the highlight of the evening. Suren Hira, Anil Dass and Deeksha Hoon portrayed their character-roles most creditably. This tragedy dealt with the different aspects of human nature: the selfishness of a man who was recognised by the world as a great man, and the hollowness of the two so called low lovers, who were discarded by the world.

The Siwalikans then made a praiseworthy attempt at "Acha to Hum Chalthe Hain" and "Cotten Fields".

The last item on the evening's programme was a hilarious Hindi play "Dhong". Here too, the actors and actresses suited their parts to a 'T'. The play, which was based on the generation gap, was well appreciated by the audience.

Thus the show ended drawing applause from everybody. Last but not least, Mrs. Sawhney, Mr. Abraham and Dr. Gupta, deserve a special "Thank You" for making the show successful.

Ferida Satarawala.

A Reverie.

It was a clear wintery day. The sun shown bright and its silvery rays came straight into my room where I lay convalescing, having just passed through the trial of a prolonged illness. It was all dull around me and everything quiet as if the time had stood still and every motion stopped. But without, just below my window, there was excitement

of a life in full swing and the tide of time flowed down with surprising rapidity, creating waves of events terrible and wild, good and bad, to the sea of eternity! In the midst of this paradoxical nature I lay unconscious of the self all lost in thoughts, and the past, in a strange succession, appeared before my mind. Gradually the thoughts became more distinct and clear and the environments ceased to exist for the time being.....

In the course of this mystified atmosphere which my thought happened to create I suddenly found myself on the back of a horse which was probably jet black and stoutly built. It trotted fast and I felt myself completely thrilled by it. The tall pine trees of the valley through which the horse ran stood like sentinels along the path. Dried but moist pine needles spread around. Here and there were the patches of dahlias and wild roses. Their golden and red hues blazed like fire..... and I passed through them at a tremendous speed. The air was fragrant with sweet smell. My mind started to drift. The rivulet that had run along my path for some distance so virulently, seemed now to flow mellifluously. Now I saw a cascade wherefrom arose a sweet melodious music which echoed and re-echoed in the rocks standing abreast about. It mingled with the lingering perfume of the flowers. I suddenly ceased to feel the thrill of riding!

It was a deep ditch where I found myself now. My left leg and the left arm were wet with blood. The trees around me stood unmoved like unsympathetic strangers. I wreathed in pain and wanted water to quench the thirst which usually appears in the wake of a shock. In a faint voice I cried for it. But there was no response. I attempted once again. My call echoed and died down. I believe I fainted there.

When I came to, I was lying straight on my back and gazed up at the heaven. The night had come on, and the stars had begun to twinkle in pale light. The solitary moon was rising across the horizon. How pale it was! I lay there for some time staring up at the moon while some flaky clouds wandered there aimlessly.

I got up and walked limpingly. After pacing for some yards I saw a pond in front of me. I reached it and greedily gasped at the water before drinking. I washed my wounds and came back to the same ditch. I threw myself heavily on a rock, gazing intently on the lifeless objects around me. Everything was still save the moans of the wind which only added to the monotony of the place.

Some time after I heard a wild laughter! My heart gave a thud. I lifted my head as to know the direction. Then suddenly I heard the screams. Again I failed to discern the source. Was it all

imagination? I could see no living thing around me. Was it true? Had I lost my eye-sight? No... It couldn't be so. I could see dried plants, pine needles and barren rocks. I felt there was no energy left in me. But did not I go to the pond for water? I ate apples and oranges. They were not fresh. Nothing was fresh but the water of the pond.

The sound of the horse's hooves striking the stoney path fell in my ears. I did not perceive the horse. The volume of the sound increased. I felt the hooves of the horse striking against my head. I shuddered. Then gradually it decreased, but not the speed with it. I watched with my eyes wide open in that direction. A whirlwind carrying dry leaves and twigs went past me and disappeared towards the horizon. My body was trembling from head to foot and my lips quivering as I got up shakingly. With my one arm forward in that direction, I shrieked. There was no reaction.

I could not keep pace with the time.

Rajkumar Jaitly.

चुनाव प्रचार

समय सचमुच उड़ता है। पाँच वर्ष इतनी जल्दी बीत गए किसी को पता भी नहीं चला। पाँच वर्ष कहीं अभी तो चार ही वर्ष बीते थे कि चुनाव की चर्चा हर बार की तरह एक बार फिर से सम्पूर्ण देश में फैल गई। जनता में सनसनी फैल गई, क्यों कि सरकार उन्हीं के द्वारा चुनी जाती है।

२४ दिसम्बर सन् ७० को लोक सभा भंग हो गई। अब सभी एम० पी० अपनी-अपनी जूतियाँ चटका रहे थे। इस बार का चुनाव एक अनोखे ढंग से हुआ। एम० पी० जो अपने एम० एल० एज० की सहायता से चुनाव जीतता था, इस बार उसे भी खासी दौड़ लगानी पड़ी।

फिर क्या था। गाड़ियाँ गाँव-गाँव घूम फिर कर प्रचार करती—प्रचार तो कम परन्तु दूसरे दल की निन्दा ज्यादा करती—यदि आप हमें वोट देंगे तो हम आपकी टूटी हुई अशाओं को पूरा कर देंगे परन्तु यह कहने की बातें हैं, 'कहना आसान होता है और करना कठिन।' "ऊँची दुकान फीका पकवान" जो ज्यादा आशाएँ बाँधता है तो समझ लीजिए वही ज्यादा तोड़ता भी है। और कहता है—इस दल ने आपके लिए क्या किया? कुछ नहीं। वह दल हथ्यारा है, उसे अपना असमूल्य वोट मत दीजिएगा।

चुनाव के समय नेताओं का आराम हराम हो जाता। वे इधर-उधर व्याकुल घूमते नजर आते हैं। जनता को खुश करने के लिए हर प्रकार की चेष्टाएँ करते हैं और जब वे अपने इस कार्य में सफल नहीं होते तो बेचारे बेसुरा गाना भी शुरू कर देते हैं। एक मेहरबान गाते फिरते थे:

“पल भर के लिए कोई हमें, वोट दे दे, खोटा ही सही।”

जैसे-जैसे वोट डालने का समय समीप आता गया वैसे-वैसे हमारे कान के परदे कमजोर होते गए—नेताओं का शोर सुनते-सुनते। एक और महाशय गा रहे थे:

“मुसाफिर जाएगा कहीं, वोट डाल दे इसको,
ये दल पाएगा कहीं।”

चुनाव के दिनों में तो नेता हर दूसरे दिन मन्दिर, मस्जिद में नजर आने लगते हैं। ईश्वर के सामने उल्टा पड़े दिखाई देने लगते हैं। 'हे भगवान्! इस बार जिता दे फिर नहीं कहूँगा' तो सभी की जुबान पर था। निर्णय का समय भी आ गया।

भगवान् सब को तो खुश कर नहीं सका, किसी को तो दुःखी होना ही था। निर्णय के बाद कुछ तो खुशी से फूले नहीं समाए और कुछ अपनी बर्बादी पर आँसू बहा रहे थे।

मिथिलेश सिंह

A Cup of Tea that Never was

It happened on a bright Sunday last term. After breakfast, two colleagues of mine and I started chatting out in the sun. Since we were at a loose end we dawdled around for a while. None of us has any particular hobby: it was, therefore, difficult to pass the time. After knocking around for some time we found ourselves like stary cows. The less the work, the lazier one feels; we didn't even want to walk. In the absence of anything better to do we decided to sit somewhere and gossip. My rooms being the nearest, I invited them over for tea.

We made ourselves comfortable and started talking. As it happens on occasions like this, we talked about almost every topic under the sun: from politics to public conveniences, but every time our discussion lasted only a couple of minutes, for we were wanting in knowledge. Great minds discuss ideas, average minds, events and small minds discuss people. We fell in the last category for we didn't leave anybody uncriticized, as if we three were perfect! In between I had gone to the kitchen, lit my faithful Ajanta stove and put the kettle on. We were so absorbed in our highly intellectual discussion that we forgot about the stove and the kettle. I remembered it after about fifteen minutes and at once rushed to the kitchen. I expected the water to have evaporated and the kettle red hot but to my surprise it had not even boiled. In fact, there was no fire in the stove: the wicks had burnt completely. I removed the lid and discovered that there was no oil in the stove. I replenished it with the only bottle of oil I had and tried to light it again. All my efforts failed: it wouldn't light: the wicks had burnt

to the roots. I was slightly nervous of losing face with my friends. So I dug out the other stove kept for emergencies like this, from the store. I transferred the oil to that stove. In the process I had not only soiled my hands but flooded the floor, too! I was relieved of great tension with the thought that tea would now be ready in a few minutes. I lifted the lever for the wicks to go up but the pull of gravity was too much for it: it fell down with a bang. Much to my disappointment I realised that the soldering had completely gone and there wasn't even the remotest possibility of this stove working. I gave up in despair, though my friends spared me the botheration of telling them that tea was out of the question for they had come into the kitchen and had seen me performing all these operations.

During the afternoon I spent about an hour struggling to twist the wicks up in the first stove. Having managed that, I poured the oil back into this stove and lit it. I was delighted to see the result: it worked. Since I had lost face in the morning, I invited my friends again to tea after dinner. They readily agreed to come. Without wasting even a single second on gossip this time, and partly to show off, I at once lit the stove and put the water on. The water boiled in no time and happily I put the tea leaves in. I, being a grass-widower then, did not want to take out a tea set and unnecessarily make it an elaborate ceremony. I took out the milk and as I started pouring it into the kettle I was stupefied: the milk had curdled since it had not been boiled at all. My friends were not keen on having black tea, either.

Empty cups stared at me; I felt very small by offering them a cup of tea that never was! A burnt child dreads the fire: now I think twice before I invite anybody to tea.

S.C. Arora.

New arrivals in the Library

We have received a number of new books in the School Library. A detailed list of books with the names of their authors is posted on the library 'Notice Board'. The children are advised to go and have a look and read the books which interest them.

Editor.

I. S. C. Results

Our heartiest congratulations to the following on their success in the I. S. C. examination.

First Division

Boys

Aggregates		Aggregates	
Pradeep K. Singhal	11	Atul Sobti	12
Rakesh Bhan	14	V. M. Malhotra	15
Chaten Singh	16	Anil P. S. Lamba	17
Ajay Singh Bimbhet	18	Abhimanyu Ansal	18
Rajiv K. Gupta	19	Manjit Singh	20
Jagdeep S. Chandail	20		

Girls

Aruna Batra	8	Gita Sahni	11
Sita Sahni	13	Rita Bansal	13
Tania Talwar	13	Kamini Kaul	14
Preminda Batra	14	Gita Tandon	16
Patricia A. R. Kemp	16	Tehmina Satarawala	16
Arvin Kaur Sawhney	17	Punam Nanda	17

Second Division

Boys

Sanjiv Nair	21	Shekhar D. Kadam	21
Ganga Saran	22	Jatinderpal S. Dutta	23
H. S. Sandhu	23	P. Singh Kadan	24
Luv Gadhiok	24	Pushp D. Singh Gill	24
Jagdeep S. Chaudhry	24	G. S. Randhawa	25
Rajiv Mehra	27	Geetish Kumar Lal	27
Rajiv Bhalla	28	Virinder S. Chaudhry	29

Girls

Sartaj Kaur Malhans	21	K. Raj Aggarwal	22
Kamaljit K. Ramana	22	Retima Lal	22
Shakuntala Gulia	24	Shivdeep K. Sidhu	27
Gurbaksh Kaur Gill	28	Rupinder K. Sidhu	29

Third Division

Boys

Ranbir Singh	Hamir Singh Yadav
Bupinder Nath Kaul	Bhagwati Singh Pathania
Vasudev Singh Pathania	Dinesh K. Singha
Vivek S. Pradhan	Neel Rattan Kohli
Sanjay Prabhakar	

Girl

Kawaljit Brar

Two students have unfortunately been rejected.

* * * * *

School Calendar

The provisional calendar for the rest of the term is given below:—

May 3rd—8th Camp

Thu. 13th	I—H cricket matches commence
Sat. 15th	B.C.S., Cricket
Sun. 16th	B.C.S., Cricket
Mon. 24th	P.D. vs. B.D. Cricket
Tue. 25th	Festival Soccer

June

Thu. 3rd	Vindhya House Sat. Club 1st performance
Sat. 5th	Vindhya House Sat. Club final performance
Thu. 17th	Minor Soccer League commences
Thu. 24th	Nilagiri House Sat. Club 1st performance
Sat. 26th	Nilagiri House Sat. Club final performance
Sun. 27th	B.C.S. Soccer
Mon. 28th	I—H Soccer matches commence

July
 Fri. 2nd 2nd Mark Reading
 B.D. vs. P.D. Soccer
 Social
 Sat. 3rd Term Ends
 Sat. 31st SCHOOL PARTIES RETURN
 SECOND TERM STARTS.

Life in a Village

The thought of a village unfailingly brings to my mind the picture of a quiet, serene place dwarfed by endless acres of rolling plains and of freshly ripened wheat turned to a dull gold by a blazing noon sun. The very air is laden with a sense of peaceful calm. Though not quite true to life, the image persistently lingers in my mind.

Village life is, however, very quiet. It is far removed from the everyday flurry and excitement of life in a large town, which is probably why it offers such a welcome change from town life.

Villagers are generally very kind, hospitable people. They seem to accept their hard-working lot with resigned determination and try to make the best of their simple lives, asking little of the outside world but that they be left in peace. They help each other in times of distress and, as a rule, live together in harmony.

Villagers are more often farmers than not, and earn their bread by ploughing and tilling the soil. Since they have nothing much by way of entertainment they never miss an opportunity to celebrate and rejoice. On every imaginable festival they have riotous festivity and merry making.

At night, after the day's hard work, the men gather in casual groups over a glass of the local wine to discuss anything of general interest, from politics to the latest scandal. The women leave them discreetly to themselves at this time and, in fact, stay out of sight most of the time, busying themselves about the house for the most part.

Villages house practically eighty per cent of India's population, and so they are the very backbone of the country, which relies a great deal upon the simple, unassuming villager.

Mina Chanchani.

Bores

"Oh No!—She absolutely couldn't be coming again", my voice rose protestingly—"She is such a bore!" I was referring to a great aunt of mine. We had just received the news of her arrival in Calcutta—and the fact that she would be dropping in for a visit. "Visit"! I snorted indignantly, "She will probably stay permanently". My voice quivered as I imitated her high falsetto—"Dear child, you don't know what trouble an old woman has to go through at my age!"

Her infrequent visits are dreaded by my whole family. She breezes in now and then to regale us with her newest ailment. Either it's her rheumatism or it's that recurring backache. When at least she has depleted her supply of troubles at hand, she will take her leave, to refresh her stock and come back to harass the life out of us again.

In other words she is the biggest hypochondriac of my acquaintance. Small wonder then that she is packed from relative to relative as chance allows—only to be returned like a bad penny!

Thinking of bores I am reminded of a social which took place when I was a small innocent junior. A tall, gangly senior requested the pleasure of a dance with me. Happily, unaware of what was in store for me, I accepted. For the next hour I was rewarded with a most enlightening, one sided discussion of the various marvels in the machinery of a car. Miserably doing all the required nodding and shaking of my head, I danced in circles around Barne Hall. In fact, this experience left me so shaken that for the rest of the term wild horses could not persuade me to another social.

I have come to the conclusion that our society is made of bores. Lord Byron expresses this thought very well in his immortal lines—"Society is one polished horde of two mighty tribes—the bores, and the bored!"

Deepti Tewari.

Editor—S. C. Arora.

Owner—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

If undelivered please return to:—

THE HEADMASTER
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 (SIMLA HILLS).

THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 167

1st April

1971

School News

February.

27th. A wet and cold day welcomed the Sanawarians back after the 'Long Vacation'. However, the dismal weather failed to dampen the spirits of the ever cheerful Sanawarians; they had obviously enjoyed the vacation and were glad to be back with their friends. The day passed in exchanging greetings and Sanawar embarked upon a new term.

28th. We woke up to see Sanawar all white. The night had witnessed a fairly heavy snowfall: about 10 cm. of snow was recorded. It was great fun for the children; for some it was the first time that they had seen snow. They excitedly played in and with it: snowmen (or snowgirls!) were abundantly visible.

March.

1st. The Academic Staff Meeting took place in the Bio. lab.

2nd. The School observed a holiday on account of the mid-term elections.

Eager parents waited anxiously as their children were examined for admission to various forms.

3rd. Assembly..... followed by the issuing of Text Books. Sleet fell just before lunch leaving the weather very cold.

4th. Slack days over. Normal classes began. Hobbies' sets made up.

5th. The last day of new admissions. The H.M. and the Prep. School Staff handled a colossal amount of work.

Sanawar was once again blanketed with snow.

9th. Normal games' programme came into effect.

14th. The traditional cricket festival match between the Staff and the boys' XI was played. In spite of the fact that the boys very sportingly gave many a staff more than a couple of 'lives', they beat them hollow. The ageing and fattening staff were bundled out for a dismal 69 against 172 of the XI. The day's honours went to Sandip Bagchi who scored 73.

15th. The School came into full swing as P.T., Prep., Hodsons and Boxing training started.

Staff News

The old order changeth..... In every school almost every year there is a turnover of both staff and children. But last year was exceptional: as many as eight members of staff left the school. Mr. Kemp is no longer to be seen in his small office where he did a tremendous amount of work. He inspired the staff by his example, sincerity and earnestness. His gay nature coupled with his affectionate guidance won him great popularity amongst the students and the staff. Mrs. Kemp is not to be seen any more walking stiff and looking straight, yet knowing fully well what was happening around her. We all wish both of them the best of repose and contentment in their retired lives.

Another stalwart, Miss Rudra, left us to start the Prep. Section of Mayo College, Ajmer. Pilu, as she is affectionately called, has left an indelible imprint on the Prep. School here; we all miss her very much. Mr. Dahiya has also been lured away from us by the above mentioned school. We wish both of them the best of luck in their new posts at Ajmer.

Mrs. Joseph left to join her husband at Agra. Miss Naidu has gone to Bangalore to be near her parents. Miss Sahi is in M.G.D., teaching English.

We were indeed sorry to bid all of them good bye. It is a great loss to the School but we console ourselves with the thought that they will be useful elsewhere. We would like them to know that our good wishes are with them.

Staff Appointments

We welcome into our fold the following new replacements.

1. Mr. B.K. Gupta Rajkamal Hindi
2. Miss Suchita Kalia Mistress: Prep School
3. Mrs. Asha Hajela —do—
4. Mrs. Barbara Benedict —do—
5. Mr. D.R. Sharma Vocal Music
6. Mr. R.K. Jaitly Crafts
7. Mrs. Nirmala Malik House Matron

We offer our felicitations to Mr. B. Singh and Mrs. G.E. Cherian who have stepped into Mr. Kemp's and Miss Rudra's shoes respectively.

Our congratulations to the Jalotas on the birth of their second child, a son.

Finally, we extend our congratulations to Mr. Sequeira on his marriage during the winter break. We assure him that all his troubles are at an end, though we cannot comment upon which end it is, the starting or the finishing.

School Appointments

Congratulations to the following on being appointed prefects for the year 1971 :—

G. D.

Head Girl	...	Deeksha Hoon
Games Prefect	...	Indira Prem Lal
M. I. Prefect	...	Neelam Rastogi
		Himalaya
School Prefect	...	Neeta Bhattal
House Prefect	...	Harinder Bains
		Nilagiri
School Prefect	...	Balbir Kaur Bhasin
House Prefect	...	Gouri Gangulee
		Siwalik
School Prefect	...	Tosh Tanuja Chauhan
House Prefect	...	Anjali Daphtary
		Vindhya
School Prefect	...	Ravinder Kaur Bala
House Prefect	...	Deepti Tewari

B. D.

Head Boy	...	Suren Hira
M.I. Prefect	...	Jagrup Singh Khara
		Himalaya
School Prefect	...	Gurinder Singh Brar
House Prefects	...	Sandeep Bagchi Vivek Mehra
		Nilagiri
School Prefect	...	Anif Kalja
House Prefects	...	Jatinder Singh Pannu Krishan Gopal
		Siwalik
House Prefects	...	Jaspal Singh Sandhu Pradeep Saran
		Vindhya
House Prefects	...	Rupinder Singh Sidhu Harshmohan Tanwar Kulbhushan Oswal

O. S. News

T.C. Kemp (Civil Lines, Moradabad) : Just a line to wish you and the staff a happy year. We are thinking very much of you . . . so here's wishing you all the best and may God bless your endeavours.

Karam Sheel Oberoi (15, Jawaharlal Nehru Road, Calcutta—13) : Was here in Calcutta on a short visit and picked up a copy of the Newsletter of December (somehow, my copy always gets pinched on the way— I suspect the postman is also an O.S.!)

This is just a short note to say that the appreciation you had written on the Kemps' departure was one of the best written pieces I have read, and summed up what most of us would feel exactly.

Love to Sanawar.

Sqn. Ldr. K.C. Cariappa (No: 111 Helicopter Unit, C/o 99 A.P.O.): This letter to you and to Sanawar is long, long overdue . . . Your article on the Kemps was very good indeed. Though with their departure an era has ended, it really isn't the case as long as you and other old timers are there to carry on with, and pass to the newcomers the traditions set up through the years During 67- 68, I am sure Sanawarians set up a record which I am certain is most enviable. There was Malvinder Shergill doing A.D.C. to the Chief of Army Staff, Vishnu Bhagwat (M.V.K. Sharma/Archie) A.D.C. to the Chief of Naval Staff, Raj Khanna Dy. Comdt., The President's Body Guard and I was A.D.C. to the Air Chief!! We never thought about it at the time, but I do wish we'd a photograph taken in full regalia I am looking forward to coming to Sanawar sometime—though when the visit will materialise is hard to say.

B. Singh

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- Shri G. S. Pathania,
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Adjutant, 1st Bn.,
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Air Cdr. L. S. Grewal,
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NEW DELHI

Note:

Please inform us of any
change in your address.

Editor.

How I spent my Holidays (I)

There are still four months to go for the next holidays in July. School stretches wearily ahead. Days of bitterly cold fingers and chattering teeth; of feverish work and riotous play; of hours of worry and seconds of joy, school seems a depressing thought as I think sitting in Sanawar. In comparison, the holidays, even with their ups and downs, seemed like a trip to heaven.

Thinking back on the term before the holidays, I remember the discussions we used to have amongst our friends, of what we would do in our winter vacation. I distinctly remember saying that I would never let a day go by without doing or seeing something exciting. I imagined a holiday full of endless trips to the movies, mad excursions to discotheques, in short, hectic days of going everywhere and seeing everything. I convinced myself that it was going to be the happiest vacation of my life.

It was the last day of school and even before we had time to gather our wits about us, we were on our way home.

My uncle had come to fetch us and we went to Chandigarh with him, where we were put on a bus going to Yol. In no time at all we were in Yol, amidst the family and immensely glad to be home.

A week passed and we started on a trip to Delhi. Some friends of ours were coming along in another car with us. That, I think, is the worst journey I have ever experienced. From Yol to Jullundur, which is normally a four-hour journey, we took twelve hours! We were stranded for eight hours because of six punctures, failure of brakes and a broken fan-belt. However, we managed to reach Jullundur and after stopping for the night, carried on to Delhi.

We stayed there three weeks and enjoyed every second. My plans materialised and there wasn't a day when we didn't do something exhilarating. But as all good things come to an end, so did our stay in Delhi; we regretfully set off for Bhopal, that being our ultimate destination.

Bhopal was a complete contrast to Delhi. Hectic days of doing everything were replaced by blissful days of doing nothing! My grandparents have a house just outside Bhopal and we stayed there. We hardly went out and the days were spent in reading, eating and our favourite pastime—playing cards.

But the holiday soon drew to its end and we mournfully made our way back to Chandigarh to wait the day on which we were to come back to Sanawar.

It came soon enough and bags packed and holdalls rolled up, we wended our gloomy way back. It didn't seem all that gloomy though, when lost in the confusion of settling in we met all our friends and learnt the latest gossip.

Actually, if you come to think of it, school is rather fun. And, of course, there are always the holidays to look forward to. I wonder what I'll do in the next vacation. I promise you, it'll be the best holiday of my life.

Maneka Anand

How I spent my Holidays (II)

“Poof!”

That describes my feelings in a nutshell. After a long four-month grind of school there were three months of lazy leisure in front of me. I vowed not to lift a finger to do any sort of work at all. Whatever anybody may say I had worked hard last term. But after the first week I realised that solitude and idleness were not very appealing. I missed my boisterous friends and, of course, both my sisters.

It is only then that I realised the value of my sisters and regretted the times we had wasted quarrelling. I longed for the gossip sessions we used to have. Not to have anyone of my own age to talk to was unbearable. So the vow was broken.

Determinedly I went to the piano cells. Without a guide I did not make much progress. However, after two or three days I realised that playing the piano was not so difficult after all. Though I was quite pleased with this discovery, I had a guilty conscience because I hadn't been helping my mother with the house work.

That afternoon I tried my luck at cooking. A cake was my first attempt. I was very excited and after the mixture was ready, I placed it on the fire (we don't have an oven). Thinking it would take some time, I sat down to read my book. After each page I'd tell myself, “Just one more page” and carry on reading. An hour passed. Sniff, Sniff! Goodness! the cake was burning. I rushed to the kitchen. But alas! the cake was burnt to cinders. That incident made me avoid the kitchen like the plague!

In the evening I went for a solitary walk and recalled those days when my sisters used to come with me. My elder sister is in the university and the next to her has just finished her teacher's training.

My full fledged teacher sister arrived at night in the middle of December. That night we gossiped and never slept a wink. Sangeet, my sister, told me

of the latest songs, dances and fashions in Poona and in turn I told her of the latest in Sanawar. I had to admit, though reluctantly, that Sanawar was not quite so 'up to date' as Poona.

By now Christmas and New Year were almost on us. So our parents sent us to Chandigarh to buy greeting cards. We were overjoyed by the unexpected responsibility and determined to fulfill the faith Mummy and Daddy had reposed in us. Enthusiastically, we began. Trudge, trudge, trudge! we ransacked one shop after another. The cards were either too expensive or too loud. However, we finally returned home with our full quota of greeting cards and in addition we got blisters absolutely free and in plenty!

The trip to Chandigarh had been a happy change from quiet Sanawar. So when my mother suggested we leave to spend a few days in Jullundur with my maternal grandmother and aunts I fell in quite happily with her plans.

Seeing all my aunts again after a year was lovely and the week we planned to spend there stretched to two.

For the 'gad about' Jullunder is dull. However, since I had been born there, I liked visiting my babyhood friends.

We went for a number of shopping sprees and surprisingly never left anything behind at the various shops we visited. I also saw two or three movies which unfortunately are not worth mentioning.

On our way back to Sanawar we stopped at Chandigarh to meet my eldest sister. We spent a comfortable night at my aunt's place.

We reached Sanawar the next evening. There were two weeks left for the school to reopen. Since we were four in the family, we spent our time playing bridge. Thus we spent many an enjoyable evening which would end as usual with a postmortem conducted only by Daddy who by the way is a doctor by profession also.

So dawned the morning of the twenty seventh of February, when I joyfully greeted my friends. Now we all look forward to another exciting and enjoyable holiday.

Jyoti Sakhuja

The Inner Reality

In the modern age of scientific progress our interest and attention are focussed on the discoveries of the laws of nature and the study of their interplay that governs the formation, maintenance, decay and dissolution of the things that belong to the world of matter. We are mainly concerned with what is perceptible to us through the agency of our senses.

We do not think that there exists a superior level of reception, where things do exist of such nature, which are far more powerful in their impression and are a source of greater happiness.

The aim of life, as is evident from the experience of every individual, is not contained in the possession of comforts of life, but in our awareness or consciousness of what we have, what we are. This consciousness or awareness is fundamental to life. Progressively our efforts are to be more and more conscious or aware of what is going on around us and within us, and this expression of our consciousness, if it takes place in the right direction, brings us higher degrees of happiness.

There is within us, at deeper level, a refined consciousness, also called pure consciousness, which is the source of awareness. It is the substratum of the entire creation. This pure consciousness can also be called as our Inner Being.

Our being while on one hand retains its nature of absolute existence, descends, on the other hand, into the field of activity where change is the very law governing the nature of our activity.

In this eternally changing world we are constantly being influenced by our surroundings, by our own decisions, which in turn, bring to us pleasure and pain. While entering into the field of action, the objective is always to strike at happiness, but the actual experience has shown that happiness is not guaranteed and no laws of science can predict with certainty about the results of an action. The fact is that happiness cannot be obtained through the objects of the world and our contact with them through our senses, since they are themselves in a flux. For eternal happiness one will have to make an attempt to discover and come in a close contact with an eternally permanent substance which could simultaneously be within the range of our conscious experience.

Fortunately in this present age where the minds are trained on a scientific pattern, there is great hope in arriving at a quick understanding about what our inner being is. It is therefore in the interests of every individual to make a sincere effort to contact this Inner Reality which is the fountain-head and a source of permanent happiness which, in theological terms, is called Bliss.

(to be continued)

M. V. Gore

School Calendar 1971

April

Thu.	1st	Siwalik Sat. Club 1st performance
Sat.	3rd	Siwalik Sat. Club Final performance
Fri.	9th	Good Friday: Holiday New admissions permitted WOPs and SOPs
Sat.	10th	Holiday
Sun.	11th	Film: ... 6-00 p.m.
Mon.	12th	Morning Prep commences Hodson Heats
Tue.	13th	Hodson Heats
Wed.	14th	Hodson Heats
Thu.	15th	Foundation day Hodson Finals P.D., Sat. Club 1st performance
Sat.	17th	P.D., Sat. Club Final performance
Sun.	18th	Film: ... 6-00 p.m.
Sat.	24th	Film:
Mon.	26th	Boxing tournament commences
Wed.	28th	Marks handed in to form Staff
Thu.	29th	Him. House Sat. Club 1st performance
Fri.	30th	First Mark Reading

May

Sat.	1st	Him. House Sat. Club Final performance
Mon.	3rd	Leave for Camp
Thu.	6th	Bishop Barnes Birthday
Sat.	8th	Return from Camp
Sun.	9th	H.M. leaves for Lovedale

Dear Mr. Pasricha,

I am most touched by the very kind letter of congratulations from you and all the Sanawarians about the award of PVSM to me.

Our daughter Kavita has just finished a year's secretarial course and is at present staying with us. We always seem to be hearing from her of the happy times she had at Sanawar.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,
Santokh Padda. 2/
(Maj. Gen.)

NOTICE TO ALL O. S.

Please write and ask for the News-letter.
Please inform us of any change of address.
Please tell us of your doings.
Please send us Rs. 2/-, if you have not already done so. (Life subscription is Rs. 25/-).

* * * * *
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(See Rule 8)

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Editor's Name ... Subhash Chander Arora
Nationality ... Indian
Address ... The Lawrence School,
Sanawar

Names and Addresses of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per cent of the total capital. N.A.

The Lawrence School,
SANAWAR (Simla Hills)

I, Subhash Chander Arora, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated 18th February 1971. Sd- S. C. Arora.
(Signature of Publisher)

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Printed and published at The Lawrence School Press, Sanawar, by S. C. Arora.

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**THE
SANAWAR
NEWS-LETTER**

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

No. 166

1st March

1971

*School closed
for
Winter Vacation.*

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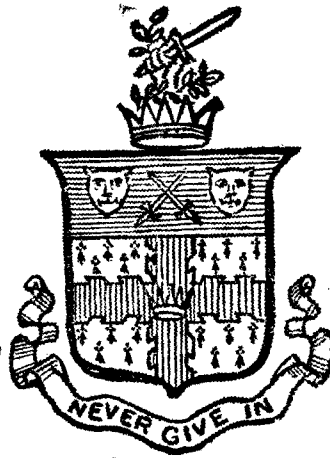
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NEWS-LETTER

No. 163

1st December

1970

School News

October.

8th. The classrooms and the dormitories again reverberated with life as the school re-opened after the two-day break which followed Founder's.

12th. The Hockey season was ushered in by the traditional festival match. The boys with their neat and crisp passing coupled with tremendous stamina tore asunder the Staff defence and kept the goal-board rattling. They gave the ageing Staff a crushing defeat (8—2).

13th. The 13th was lucky for Himalaya (B.D.) and Siwalik (G.D.), for they romped home in the Inter-House P.T. competition in their respective departments.

Kudos to Suren Hira and G.S. Randhawa for sharing the best gymnast's prize.

14th. Boxing Training commenced.

18th. The Athletics team left for Patiala to participate in the 12th Inter-Public School North Zonal Athletic Meet.

19th. Six schools took part in the above Meet, Sanawar obtained the creditable 2nd position. Jaspal Sandhu's name merits special mention: he stood first in Shot Put.

24th. Hockey Colts and Atoms left for Simla.

B.C.S. Hockey XI arrived.

25th. B.C.S. gave us a real 'licking' in the Atoms and Colts matches.

Their Atoms excelled in all departments of the game and confirmed their supremacy by beating us 3—0. Their Colts were also decidedly the better side. They won by a flattering margin of 5. Rajbir Kadyan, the backbone of the team, was hurt while playing and had to be carried off the ground.

The first XI match played on home ground was very keenly contested. It ended with B.C.S. still trying to look for an equaliser (2—1). Bhagwati Pathania played a superb game and was the cynosure of all eyes.

29th. Diwali celebrated with the usual gusto. It was indeed a pleasure to watch the whole school go merrily round the bonfire. Immensely enjoyable to the children, though a bit unnerving for the Staff, was the fire-works session on Peacestead. A candle-light Dinner, which followed, was enjoyed by all.

31st. Staff Badminton Finals.

The three matches played were all tame. Mr. Solomon was the men's singles champion. Mr. Mundkur and Mrs. Bhalerao downed their opponents in mixed doubles. Messers Abraham and Solomon carried the day in men's doubles.

Later in the evening at the Staff Club Dinner we were entertained to a variety of items. Enjoyable indeed was the Sitar recital by Mr. and Miss Pratap. A beautiful 'Ghazal' sung melodiously by Mrs. Pasricha was greatly appreciated. Mr. V.K. Malaviya of the Song and Drama Division, Ministry of I. & B, Simla kept the audience spell-bound by his tata playing.

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Inter-House T.T. (G. D.) concluded. The most exciting match of the league was Nilagiri vs. Siwalik. In this very keenly contested match (doubles) Nilagiri coming from one game behind beat Siwalik. In singles although Kamini Kaul (N) and Jyotsna Kumari (S) executed some admirable strokes, they fell, one after the other, to the brick-wall defence of Tina Satarawala (V). Our heartiest congratulations to Vindhya for annexing the coveted Championship trophy.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

6th. "Woman's place is at Home" and "Socials in Sanawar are Constructive" were keenly debated in the Inter-House debate. Our bouquets to Ferida Satarawala (V) for being adjudged the most outstanding speaker of the evening. Siwalik out-classed Himalaya, and Vindhya beat Nilagiri hollow.

10th. Inter-House (B. D.) hockey matches started.

11th. Inter-House (G. D.) hockey matches commenced.

14th. Children's Day celebrated with great enthusiasm.

Mr. C.L. Kapur, Principal, Govt. College of Education, Solan, addressed the special Assembly. He paid rich tributes to the late Prime Minister's qualities. He proudly recalled Nehru's services to the Nation and the humanity. He reminded the School that Nehru became great by loving his country; his identification with India was complete. He was progressive and drew inspiration from India's past. Mr. Kapur left a message with us; we should study Indian culture and be proud of it as Pandit Nehru was; we should try to emulate his example.

The same afternoon saw the 'Pagal Gymkhana' on Peacestead; it was all fun and frolic.

15th. Siwalik was the champion House in the Inter-House Shooting competition. Neel Kohli (S) was adjudged the best shot.

Mr. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

19th. Individual Boxing Championship bouts were held during the afternoon. Some bouts were tame, some hard hitting and others clean and close. It was indeed a pleasure to watch Ribu Saggi (S) fight. Though bleeding profusely, he never lost courage and with sheer determination downed his opponent. It was a treat to watch H.M.S. Tanwar (V) box. He was unruffled throughout. His composure and elegant style won him great admiration.

Sanjiv Kapoor (S) was superb and quite deservedly won the best boxer's medal. Jai Singh Pathania's supple movements, graceful style and determination were greatly appreciated; he was very appropriately given the best loser's prize. It really was heart warming to watch the young boxers box. It augured well for the future. Capt. R.S. Gurung of Dagshai gave away the prizes.

Staff News

We were deeply grieved to learn of the sad demise of Miss Kavery's father. We offer our heart felt sympathies and condolences to Miss Kavery and her family.

O. S. News

2/Lt. D. S. Dhillon (68 Armoured Regt. c/o 56 A.P.O.): "My visit to Sanawar last November, was really a pilgrimage. Nothing seemed to have changed. I could exchange pleasant memories with every one. It was the first time I had visited Sanawar since leaving school".

Bulbul (Hindustan Lever House, 165/166 Back-bay Reclamation, Bombay—20): "It makes me extremely happy to know that I have at last succeeded in baffling you with my "with it" punctuations in my book of poems. I would be very happy if a copy could be given to the following:

1. Mr. Bhalerao 2. Miss Chatterji 3. Miss Rudra
Your suggestion of putting in a little ad. plus the proper blurb in the September news-letter is a very good idea even if it does not result in any immediate activity.

I was very happy to hear that Major Dhani has got married to one of our teachers and this perhaps may have started a tradition which I hope will be followed up actively by our other bachelors.

Jugnu is well and firmly entrenched in the tea-gardens and Timki is staying with me while doing her course in the J. J. School.

My love to everybody.

Anil Soneja (C/o Dr. A. C. Soneja, Mission Road, Pathankot): "You will be surprised where this letter has trickled in from after such a long time i.e. ever since I left school. But let me tell you sir, I have always remembered the good old days I spent in school and how I miss them.

A few days back I reached home after appearing in my exams, and to my surprise I found the invitation to attend Founder's,

You won't believe it but I am a medico at Srinagar and have safely stepped into the fourth year, and hope to graduate within the next two years.

My brother Pradeep is all tied down with his job at Calcutta.

Maj. T. P. S. Chowdhry (I.C. Engr. Regt. c/o 56 A.P.O.): "In February, Yogesh Saxena, (Ghisa) myself and others undertook the sailing venture from Madras to Port Blair. The trip was a wonderful experience—a novel one. It gave us a chance to see the Andamans too, which I assure you is a very scenic place and has a Hawaian touch about it. I am sure Ghisa must have already given you the details. . . . We have quite an O. S. gathering in the place I am posted at: Maj. Ajinder Singh Bal, Maj. Khorana, Capt. J. K. S. Nakai, Capt. Jayant Verma, Capt. Deepak Maher. There are a few others (the younger lot) whose names I cannot recollect now. I also met Maj. Naresh Bahadur recently. We are thinking of forming an O. S. Society here and should be able to collect quite a few members from the neighbouring stations also".

Pradeep Verma sent a picture postcard from Venice.

I am sure this is going to be a bit of surprise for you. About three months ago a friend of mine and myself started out on this trip. Now we are on our way back after having visited 15 countries right from Afghanistan to Sudan. We've been driving a VW and we are just hoping it gets to Afghanistan without any trouble.

Mrs. V. M. Tilley (106—Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill, London N. 10, England): "This time last year we were on the plane bound for Sna'. Nostalgic memories! We'll be with you all in spirit and seeing everything again—Lovely Sna', Art, Woodwork, N'work, Fete, Plays, Athletics etc. etc. Alas! If you speak at the O. S. dinner, say we in U. K. remember our Alma Mater with pride. God bless you all and our *Bahut Salaams* to the class IV friends of ours. Tell Itwari to tell Mary Ayah we send our especial 'Salaams'. Also remember to give our very warm greetings to Major and Mrs. Som Dutt. I wonder whether Bill Colledge has made it. Our love. God bless you all".

Capt. Biresh B. Singh [Short Staff Course, HQ XV Corps (Trg.), C/o 56 A. P. O.]: "I do hope this letter finds you all in the best of everything. Time sure does fly fast. It was only a short while ago (4 years) that I last wrote to Sna'. Well Sir how is Sna'?. Except for the turn over of staff in Sna' nothing could have changed much. The strong old chassis, of course, is still the same. At the moment I am doing a staff course in J. & K. area. Capt. B.S. Takhar (N) and Lt. Jayant Verma (V) are here wasting their time in a similar manner with me. I met Maj. A. S. Poonia (V) too sometime back. He was here for a week. I keep meeting Bharat at

Delhi. He is a proud possessor of a son. Baldev Dua is working in the Syndicate Bank Delhi Cantt. Last but not least I met Sudhir Stokes. I found his room in the Medical College in about half an hour, but finding Sudhir in that huge room (6'x6') of his took me about an hour. Finally I located him under a pile of clothes. I would not have found him even then had he not spoken. There were others also but I did not have the time to meet them. This is mainly to wish Sna' the very best in everything for Founder's. Please convey my sincere regards to the new Head and the Staff."

Harishpal Dhillon (C 70, Niralanagar, Lucknow): "I've been meanig to write to you for the last month or so but first I was down with bronchitis and then we were busy shifting house. This place is closer to the University and also since it is a new colony it is very quiet and peaceful. I hope this will help me to get some writing done—even if it is only something as prosaic as the next chapter of my thesis. I haven't done any creative writing for almost eight months, and lately I've begun to wonder if I'll ever be able to write anything else again. Please sir, when you do write could you please, if possible, let me have the addresses of Kuldip Dhami, Anil Nehru, Navin Bratt and Vinay Soi. I know from experience that trying to pick up discontinued friendships hardly ever works out—but it would be nice to hear from people after ten or twelve years."

Ranjit Bhatia (D-71, Defence Colony, New Delhi—3): "Just a line to thank you for three very hectic and enjoyable days we recently spent at Sanawar. When I faced my Mathematics class on the 5th morning, two O.S. in the front row Neil Puri and Anirudh Maitra were the only earnest looking men—the others were still in a holiday mood—the two men had come to the class really to find out all about Founder's—they had missed it!"

T.C. Kemp.

Extracts from Lt. Gen. Candeth's Speech delivered on the 'Gandhi Jayanti' day.

I am very happy to be here today at this function. The Lawrence School was raised by Sir Henry Lawrence in 1847 who, like myself, was an artillery man. . . .

The 2nd of October marks the 101st anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi's birthday. When he was born, India was still a subject nation and its people suffered much humiliation and the opportunities open to Indians were few. India's plight made a powerful impact on Gandhiji and his whole life was devoted to a struggle to free India from foreign domination and its people from the prejudices which obsessed the minds of Indians and which divided our society. The chief of these prejudices were of caste and religion and that created disparities of wealth.

Long subjugation to foreign rule had also created a complex in Indian minds that every thing foreign was good and that which was Indian and indigenous to India was inferior. This had made people look upon every thing Indian, be it art, culture or tradition with contempt.

When Gandhiji went to England, he saw for himself the difference in the mental attitudes of a free people for the first time. This made such a deep impression upon him that, from then onwards, he devoted his entire life to free the people of India from foreign rule and its effects. To ensure that people had free access to him and would think of him as one of themselves, he adopted the costume and manner of life of the poor and lived in an Ashram in a Harijan colony where all and sundry could approach him freely. The people of India realised that here was a man who practised what he preached and who, though well educated and comparatively well born and well endowed, lived like one of themselves and so they took him to their hearts. His hold on the Indian public became so complete that he became the undisputed leader of India.

In order to make the people realise their own strength and the power of collective action, Gandhiji launched a Swadeshi Movement in 1920 which had a tremendous affect on the Lancashire Mills. By the force of his character and personality, he managed to get control of the Congress Party, the only big political party then in existence. He then forged this party as a weapon to offer resistance to Great Britain and to awaken in the minds of the people the concept of a free India. The demand for participation in the Government by Indians grew stronger as time went on and although, from time to time, various concessions were made, the desire by Indians to control their own future grew and in the Lahore Session of the Congress Meeting in 1929, a resolution was passed demanding complete independence. This was the logical conclusion of the movement started by Gandhiji.

The various non-violence and civil disobedience movements launched by Gandhiji in 1920, 1930, 1939 and 1942, made the people realise that the Englishman could be opposed and opposed successfully and that he was not omniscient and omnipotent as he was thought to be till then. The culmination of this was the final withdrawal of the British from India in 1947 and the formation of the Republic of India in 1950.

You will see therefore that a person, with little or no power, without great wealth and physically frail had, by his faith and moral strength, converted a rather supine and somnolent public into a great force which surged forward for freedom. It was Gandhiji who first created real public opinion in India and focussed this public opinion on the ills that beset the country.

The advocacy of the Indian way of life and his support for Indian literature, culture and arts, made our people realise how great was the culture that we had inherited and the magnificence of our architecture, music, sculpture and painting, gave us back that pride and self respect that we had, to some extent, lost during foreign rule.

It is to this man that we owe more than to any other the fact that we are today an independent nation with full freedom to shape our own lives.

You will wonder what all this has to do with you. What it has to do is this—that until we became independent, the employment opportunities and walks of life that were open to Indians were very few and Indian were generally employed in subordinate posts, senior ones being reserved for the British. Today, there is no profession or trade that is not open to you. The highest offices in Government, Army, Civil Services, trade and in all professions, are open to you. These opportunities also impose very great responsibilities upon you. Those of you who are here today will branch out, when you leave, to various professions. You have received a very good grounding and education here and it is to Public Schools like this that we look, to provide the leadership that India requires in the various professions that you go to. Now leadership depends on two things, one is knowledge and the other is character. Of these two, the latter is more important. You take the case of Gandhiji himself. What was it that made a man, physically frail, without much wealth and power, dominate the Indian scene? It was his strength of character, his transparent honesty, his fearlessness, his ability to speak the truth even if it meant that he would displease others that made people respect and trust him and which made him the idol of the nation and the undisputed leader of the country. It is necessary therefore that you develop these ingredients which together make 'character'. I will try and say what the things are that go into the making of character. Firstly, you must be honest with yourself and with others. People should know that you are not vindictive and that you will stand by your convictions and friends even if it means loss or discomfort to yourself. Secondly, you must have courage—courage to face the same hardship that you demand from others. If people know that you merely exhort others to bear hardship while you yourself are not prepared to undergo the same and live a life of ease, then they will know that you are a fraud and will not respect you. Thirdly, you must have consideration for the feelings of others and not be arrogant in dealing with people below you. A person who is arrogant to those under him and servile to those above, cannot be respected and will be found out sooner or later. Lastly, you must have

self-control and be disciplined so that you can accept setbacks with equanimity and triumphs without arrogance.

I hope that, in the coming years, you will continue to gain in knowledge and develop in character and that you will fulfil the hope that we here and your teachers have in you as the architects and leaders of a resurgent India.

Jai Hind.

कबीर

कबीर हिन्दी में अपनी तरह के अनूठे और सबसे अधिक प्रभावशाली कवी हैं। कबीर के बंश, जन्मस्थान और समय के विषय में कुछ निश्चित रूप से कह सकना कठिन है। किवंदती के अनुसार कबीर का जन्म विधवा ब्राह्मणी के गर्भ से हुआ था। लोक-लाज के कारण उस विधवा ने अपने नवजात शिशु को एक लकड़ी के बक्से में बन्द कर के झरझरा नामक तालाब में छोड़ दिया। नीरू नामक जुलाहा जिस समय अपनी पत्नी को लिवाकर ला रहा था वो उसने तालाब में एक बक्स को तैरता हुआ पाया और उसे भगवान् का प्रसाद समझकर घर ले आया। यही बालक बड़ा होकर कबीर के नाम से प्रसिद्ध हुआ। इनके जीवन का बहुत बड़ा अंश काशी में व्यतीत हुआ। इनके जन्म और मरण के विषय में कबीर श्रितियों में निम्नलिखित दो दोहे प्रसिद्ध हैं :

बीदह सौ पचपन साल गये, चन्द्रवार-एक ठाठ गये।

छैठ सुदी बरसावत को पूनमासी प्रगट भये ॥

संवत् पन्द्रह सौ पड़तवा कियो मगहर को गौन।

माघ सुदी एकादशी, रखी पौन में पौन ॥

कहा जाता है कि कबीर ने विवाह भी किया था। इनकी पत्नी का नाम खोई और पुत्र का नाम कमाल था।

कबीर का स्वभाव बड़ा सरल था। छल और कपट से इन्हें घृणा थी। अपनी रचनाओं में भी इन्होंने अपने इसी स्वभाव का परिचय दिया है।

कबीर हिन्दी के आदि कवि हैं। इनका पालन-पोषण ऐसी जाति में हुआ था जिससे उन्हें अपने धन्धे को छोड़कर पढ़ने लिखने का अवकाश नहीं मिलता था। उनकी वाणी में ऐसा प्रभाव है कि वह पाठक के हृदय पर एक दम सीधा असर करता है। कबीर की वाणी अनमोल है, उनका कथन हृदय की गहराई तक पहुँचा है। उन्होंने जो कुछ कहा है वह बहुत सुभते हुए ढंग से

कहा है। मूर्ति पूजा के सम्बन्ध में उनका यह पद देखिए :

पहनन पूजे हरि मिले तो मैं पूजूँ बहार।

घर की चकिया कीई न पूजे जाकर पीसा खाय ॥

जिस प्रकार कबीर हिन्दी के प्रथम कवि माने जाते हैं। उसी प्रकार ज्ञान के साथ भक्ति का मिश्रण करने वालों में भी वे प्रथम ही हैं।

उन्होंने शुष्क ज्ञानवाद के साथ सरस भक्ति का मिश्रण कर जनता को नई धेन दी। कबीर सगुण ईश्वर के आराधक न होकर निर्गुण ईश्वर के उपासक थे। कहीं वे भगवान् के साथ बराबरी करते दिखते हैं तो कहीं दीनता के भार में एक दम मुक जाते हैं।

कबीर प्रचारक थे, सुधारक थे और भक्त थे। इन्होंने कविता को अपने विचारों का साधन इसलिए बनाया कि उसका प्रभाव स्थायी होता है। अतः कबीर की भाषा में व्यवस्थित और परिष्कृत भाषा के दर्शन नहीं होते। वे देशदेशीयता का प्रमण करते थे अतः सभी स्थानों के शब्दों का मिश्रण उनकी भाषा में पाया जाता है। इन्होंने शब्दों को जान-बूझकर तोका-मरोका भी खूब है। उनकी भाषा में भिन्न-भिन्न स्थानों के शब्द पाये जाने के कारण कुछ-विद्वानों ने उनकी भाषा को सपुष्करी भाषा कहा है। पर वस्तुतः बात तो यह है कि कबीर अनजाने रूप में नई भाषा की सृष्टि कर रहे थे।

शिवन्दरजीत सिंह नलवा

Extract from the 'Femina,' October 2, 1970.

A little ambassador from India at the International Summer Village Camp in Sweden and Denmark was 10-year-old Seema Gulati. Seema was one of six from this country and the only girl from northern India. At the camp were representatives from 22 countries.

An accomplished girl for her age, Seema displayed her talents on India Day at the camp and appeared on TV too. She gave a sitar recital and presented Naga dances for which she had carried the costumes, feathers, the tape-recorded music—the songs sung by Nagas when sowing and reaping crops—and other paraphernalia.

She also carried curry powder, masala, ghee and so on to prepare mouth-watering items such as papad, channa, chat and kheer, at which she is an expert. Besides treating her foreign friends to food, she also made them presents of her needlework and of Indian handicrafts.

Seema is one of the bright students of the fifth standard of Lawrence School, Sanawar, in the Simla Hills.

2/ The Staff Play

This year the Sanawar Amateur Dramatic Society staged a very humorous play called 'CHARLEY'S AUNT'. Before going any further I would like to congratulate the entire cast and the workers behind the scenes on the great success of the play. It made us all ponder over the word 'Amateur'; the play had a professional touch about it.

The plot of the play was most intriguing. Two under-graduates, Jack Chesney and Charles Wykeham find themselves in love with two charming young girls Kitty Verdun and Amy Spettigue respectively. Being young and shy they are unable to propose to the girls, and the latter guess their plight. A God-sent opportunity presents itself when Charley discovers that his aunt, Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez from Brazil is coming to London. Both of them grab this golden chance and invite the girls for lunch to meet the aunt from Brazil (where the nuts come from).

Another under-graduate, Lord Fancourt Babberley, makes his appearance and then disappears to try on a lady's costume which he has to wear in a play. Jack's father, Col. Sir Francis Chesney, also appears on the scene and is persuaded to come for lunch, to meet the aunt, and to wear a flower in his button hole, "which takes years off a man!"

Everything was going on splendidly, when a telegram arrived from Donna Lucia announcing a change in her plans. Just then Babberley appears in his lady's attire and Jack and Charley force him to act as the aunt. For the rest of the act the dual acting of Lord Babberley keeps us in fits of laughter. Sir Francis Chesney arrives but is dejected to see Donna Lucia as his probable wife. Another spanner is thrown into the works when Mr. Spettigue, Kitty's guardian and Amy's uncle, arrives. On his introduction to Donna Lucia he pretends that he is enchanted by her, though he is actually interested not in her but in her money. He therefore begins to court her. The Butler, Brassett announces luncheon and Lucia is led to the table on Spettigue's arm while the unabashed Colonel holds the chair for her—the inevitable follows, Donna Lucia very elegantly lands on the floor.

In the next act, we find that the boys have plucked up courage and have proposed. Colonel Chesney proposes to Donna Lucia (Fancourt Babberley) and, luckily, is refused. In various parts we are sent into peals of laughter especially when we find Spettigue chasing Babberley all over the stage. Amy and Kitty who have agreed to marry Charley and Jack ask Donna Lucia (Fancourt Babberley) to use her influence to get written consent from Spettigue, for their marriages.

The real Donna Lucia arrives unexpectedly bringing with her Babberley's girl friend, Ela Delahay, and is most amazed to find a Donna Lucia already established. The act ends with Mr. Spettigue inviting all of them for dinner to this house.

During dinner Babberley is in a real fix as he has to go and sit with the ladies while the men have their liquor. The real Donna Lucia talks of Don Pedro, her late husband, and Babberley hides his confusion by asking one of the girls to play on the piano. He, however, is the one to play a ballad entitled Tra la la la Bow tiae! The men arrive and all of them go into the garden with the exception of Spettigue and Babberley. Spettigue proposes and Babberley accepts on condition that Spettigue gives his written consent for the marriages of Amy and Kitty. Spettigue exits to do it. Ela arrives and tells Donna Lucia (Babberley) all about her love for a gentleman called Lord Fancourt Babberley. Spettigue returns with his written note, is accepted by Donna Lucia (Fancourt Babberley), and announces the happy news.

Charley is unable to continue the deception and informs Spettigue of Fancourt Babberley's masquerade. Spettigue, furious, demands the return of the written consent given to the supposed Donna Lucia. The real Donna Lucia (Mrs. Kemp) intervenes, takes possession of the note, and reveals her identity. After the bombshell of this revelation everything ends happily with Ela (Mrs. Dhami) becoming engaged to Fancourt Babberley, Sir Francis discovering a rich wife in Donna Lucia, and Kitty and Amy finding themselves free to marry Jack and Charley as Fancourt Babberley said in the end "Never again? In future I resign all claims to Charley's aunt in favour of Sir Francis Chesney".

All the characters in the play were depicted with extreme accuracy, and even the dresses were somewhat like that of 1890's, the time of the play. But Mr. Bhupinder Singh as Lord Babberley alias Donna Lucia, stole the show. Every bit of his acting was superb and was appreciated by one and all. What made it even better was the absence of his moustache! Congratulations! Francis Chesney (Mr. Kemp) and Mt. Spettigue (Mr. Sequeira) were marvellous as old-time heart breakers. Ajit Jayaram as Jack Chesney and Mr. Abraham as Charles Wykeham also played their parts of young bashful lovers excellently. Mr. Bhalerao, as Brassett, has become the legendary Butler. Last but not least, Mrs. Kemp as Donna Lucia and Mrs. Dhami as Ela Delahay were lovely to look at and delightful to watch.

Well Done Staff!!

Tania Talwar

Mr. S. S. Datt

Mr. Datt left for Canada just before Founder's. Though he served this school only for 2½ years, he had carved out a prominent place for himself.

A religious man himself, he was convinced of the human need for religion. He was a student of all religions. He often illustrated his points by parables culled from various religious books. His thoughts were mainly influenced by Urdu writings and this was abundantly evident in his morning Assembly talks, where he spoke with conviction.

In addition to being endowed with rare honesty, sincerity and truthfulness, he was tactful, and never offended anybody. Beneath a modest exterior he possessed a sharp wit, an inner grandeur and an instinctive wisdom. He didn't speak much but his silence spoke volumes for his qualities of head and heart. His writings showed that his ideas were clear and coherent and his arguments persuasive. He was imbued with mature understanding, considerable critical acumen and unerring judgement.

With his deep insight into the foibles of the world he got along very well with everybody. He had an effortless gift of attracting towards him people of diverse temperaments and opinions. He believed, above all, in personal relationship. He was of the firm opinion that there was more to life than just material gratification.

He had established a real bond of affection with his students. He was a genuine person and we valued his friendship. With his departure he has left a yawning gap in Sanawarian life. There is much regret throughout the School at his leaving and staff and pupils wish him every success in his new surroundings.

S. C. Arora

Letter to the Editor

(Lt. J. S. Chima, 401 Inf. Tps. Wksp EME C/o 56 APO.). It was just a few days ago that I received a copy of the November issue of the Sanawar News-Letter. It was a rather enjoyable issue I specially liked the article by Mrs. Gulshan Ewing,.....and of course, Mr. Bill Colledge's speech was wonderful.

Tattoo

It was the night of 3rd October. The expectant crowd waited eagerly for the perennial Tattoo to start. As is its wont, the boisterous crowd were full of life. Their loud shouts were interrupted by a shrill whistle which announced the immortal P.T.

The boys and girls came running on to the field immaculately clad for the item. Their arms and legs moved with perfect co-ordination and their lithe limbs moved adroitly. The marvellous P. T. display easily won the accolade of the crowd and it was one of the best seen in recent years; the hoarse throated applause in the end showed how well it was received.

The parallel bars was another repeat-item, but this year the boys dived through the fire hoop also. A couple of exercises were done beautifully and they far outsoared the normal school standard. The cynosure of all eyes were V. S. Pathania and G. S. Randhawa.

The youngsters not only played the bugle band very well but they were very smartly dressed too.

The chair work, again performed by the gymnasts, was quite a unique item. It was humorous at times and the supple movements of the gymnasts were a treat to watch.

The girls then performed "Ghumar" a Rajasthani folk dance. The costumes were ideal but somehow the dancers didn't get the rhythm; their movements were sloppy and their steps defied the music. We personally think that the dance didn't add much to the show. The ground work was good and quite entertaining. The Club Drill was a roaring success. The movements were all in time and the boys really looked fabulous. It must have been quite an experience for the participants. Fire, fire everywhere but, touch wood, not a spark touched them. So Mr. Kemp's patience and hard work did pay rich dividends.

The standard of Sanawarian gymnasts was abundantly evident at the Horsework. It went off very well. The stamina, skill and training of the boys were clearly visible. The credit for all this of course, goes to the gymnasts but our kudos to Mr. Jagdish Ram also for this marvellous performance.

The Figure Marching which concluded the Tattoo, was slightly below expectations. Though the ideas of various designs were original and good, often the children were out of place. We felt that they needed some more practice.

On the whole the Tattoo was a great success. It provided an excellent example of how determined effort and co-operation can achieve spectacular results. It not only showed the pep of the present Sanawarians but also of O. S. who often rent the air with "Well Done Sanawar".

J. S. Bhattal
G. S. Rana

Good Bye Kemps

Yet another eventful chapter comes to its close in the life of Sanawar. It is hard to believe that the Kemps, Audrey and Trevor, will no longer be with us next year. They were institutions in themselves—an integral part of our build up. Their going away, for me personally, brings to an end a very pleasant association of twenty years. It appears to me as if it was only yesterday that I sat in the School Office feeling rather nervous and a bit cold. Then came along Mr. Kemp and with him wafted in warmth and friendship—a warmth and friendship which has been one of my mainstays in Sanawar.

Yes! in 1951 there was a whole crowd of us unmarrieds—rather boisterous and mostly hungry, for the School provided no meals. Mrs. Kemp came to our rescue and gallantly put up with us at her table. I can now imagine what a chore it must have been for her—what with Baby Peter sitting in his high chair and mucking up things, Mukherji (now in Lovedale) laying on with full 'josh' at the roast, Rao going out to be sick after eating a whole lot of meat cutlets (he was a strict vegetarian but found the cutlets delicious), everyone trying to restrain Rathin Mitra from bursting into one of his bawdy ditties and Pillu Rudra (believe it or not) egging him on . . . and Mrs. Kemp sitting through it all with a smiling face. I have, somewhere, a photograph of Vyas and myself sitting down in the verandah of the Kemps with little Andy perched on our laps. How time flies! Then there was their dog Paddy I 'smoking' a pipe and doing a dance in the drawing room. Those were good days and happy days and 'Thank you' Mrs. Kemp for making us feel so much at home in the very first phase of our advent into the great family of Sanawar.

Speaking of the 'Happiest days of your lives'—there was the grand revival by Mr. Kemp of dormant Amateur Dramatic Society in 1955. We rehearsed and we toiled but it was all great fun with the Kemps radiating cheer. That was the year that I was initiated by Mr. Kemp into the Sanawar dramatics and then followed a whole string of delightful plays. There is so much that Sanawar dramatics owe to you Mr. Kemp! I remember him telling of the incident in 1947, when the mass exodus of the British children took place and with it disappeared, without much warning, one of his leading characters and Mr. Kemp had to step into his shoes. There was versatility ranging from the production of 'utter farce like "Charley's Aunt" and to the acting as the irate Bishop in "See how They Run" and chasing Mrs. Kemp about on the stage, the polished and 'professional' production of 'My Fair Lady' for the School concert with Peter Kemp in the leading role and going on to providing the tremendous sound effects in the Ghost Train. Time

and talent were willingly given both during Founder's and for the House Shows.

To Sanawar he came as a raw recruit as he told us 'youngsters', learning his cricket sitting behind the nets while the coach practised the School XI and then going to score centuries in the history of Sanawar Cricket. Games were in his blood and he had the proud honour to represent his university at hockey, soccer and cricket. In 'his' blood did I say? A little correction! In 'their blood', for I can't forget the powerful forehand drives of Mrs. Kemp at tennis. Ever since I have come to Sanawar she has been the back-bone of Girls' School games.

It is hard to imagine that in 1941 he too was as young and as footloose as we had been. "It lasted a year" as Bill Colledge said "then Audrey came along and promptly stopped his laughing in church". For thirty years the Kemps have literally made Sanawar their home. Andy, Peter and Tissa were all born and brought up here. Andy came back to teach for a spell at Sanawar. Both Peter and Andy, now in England, are keeping up with the best traditions of Sanawar and 'all alone and on their own' are fending for themselves and making a good job of it.

During their thirty eventful years, the Kemps have endeared themselves to generations of Sanawarians and helped, along with others, tide over those difficult times when the future of the School was in the doldrums. They were here to receive Mountbatten and Comton Mackenzie on the occasion of the Centenary celebrations of the foundation of the School in 1947 and the same year they saw the School nearly empty itself. It must have indeed been a grim situation to start a new term in 1948 with only fifty children. Sanawar pulled through and, quoting Bill Colledge again "Trevor and Audrey culled the best of the Barne era and blended it with remarkable success with the Som Dutt era.

Just the other day Mr. Kemp remarked that work in Sanawar has not been 'work' for him but fun and games. This in itself speaks of his dedication and devotion. As a Deputy Headmaster he was humane and always ready to help those 'at the foot of life's ladder'. To him the staff constituted his team and every achievement was referred to in terms of team work. He often remarked that his greatest encouragement lay in the fact that whatever he asked of all staff was done willingly and ungrudgingly with a smile. In conjunction with Major Som Dutt he helped introduce the scheme of systematic weekly assessment, thereby removing the bogey of examinations. The increasingly good I.S.C. results are an ample testimonial to the success of the scheme. The removal of afternoon classes gave an added impetus to the 'hobbies' of Sanawar. Pains-takingly he compiled the prayer book and the song

book and maintained a systematic record of all activities. 'The Sanawar tradition is an unwritten code—a code involving so many 'dos' and 'dents' and the ever present spirit of 'give' and 'take'. The Kemps, both of them—Audrey and Trevor—have kept the torch of Sanawar tradition aflame.

Mrs. Kemp! whenever I come across the term 'calm efficiency', I will think of you. The Siwalik House girls will miss your positive personality, and your Health Science classes, the friendly persuasion.

You go now, both of you, after having introduced a new era—the Pasricha era' and in our midst you would have left an indelible mark. Whenever we think of you, it will be with affection with a capital 'A'. God go with you and be with you. As I write this I don't know why, but I have suddenly remembered a film I saw when I was a boy "Good bye Mr. Chips".

If you take a car, as you propose to do, along the highways and the by ways in order to roam around and see the the country, turn its nose often in the direction of the good old climb to 'Sna'; we'll be waiting for its friendly honk.

B. Singh

The Prep School Show

A hush fell over the crowded Barne Hall as the footlights snapped on and the curtain twitched to expose a tiny figure who confidently announced the singing of the National Anthem.

As the last strains of the Anthem died down, the crowd settled down to an entertaining evening. The first item was a fairy tale—'The Shoemaker and the Elves' done by the K.Gs. As soon as the shoemaker and his wife had hidden themselves, in tripped the kindly elves accompanied by the lilting voices of the singers and the tinkling of the piano. They performed various activities of cutting, stitching, polishing and later donning clothes provided by the shoemaker and his wife. They acted very well and deservedly got the thrilled applause.

The next item was the Percussion Band. Drums, cymbals, triangles, tambourines and castanets all synchronised to play 'Bobby Shaftoe' and 'A German Singing Game'. They all did their best and I just repeat what I heard someone remarking "They will be the 'Ventures' of tomorrow!"

The story of the Hidi play 'अन्धेर नगरी' was about a town where everything was sold very cheaply. This, of course, was unremunerative and the play ended with the king getting trapped and hanged. The costumes and the back drops were good, though the play tended to become monotonous at times. Rajvardhan Bhullar, Tarun Lall and Mandip Sikand deserve pats on their backs.

The K.G. singers sang सुन्दर नदिया melodiously and with deep frowns of concentration on their faces. They were cheered by the appreciative clapping of the audience.

The 'Basant Dance' followed. The young dancers appeared gracefully onto the stage; it was a spectacle of bright colours. They were completely absorbed in the dance and their steps co-ordinated perfectly with the music. The petite dancers, among whom the outstanding were Bandhulla Sagar and Bharti Thakur, stole the show.

Forms I and II then assembled to sing two delightful songs. Enthusiastically sung "The Animals came in Two by Two" was a 'hit'. नन्हें सैनिक was much appreciated. The audience accompanied both the songs by occasionally humming and tapping their feet.

The last item was the English play—'Strange Bedfellows'. The play was woven round a king, a Queen, their four children and, of course, as the title suggests—the bedfellows. The hobby of Natural History is thrust upon the children who collect a number of exotic creatures and hide them in a bed where their father is forced to relax! The play was really humorous and was enjoyed by all.

The whole show was entertaining and augured well for the future.

Rohni Arora

Miss P. Rudra

Miss Rudra, 'the unchanging' needs no introduction either to parents or Sanawarians old and new. She has come to the top by climbing every rung of the ladder.

Twenty years ago, 'young Miss Rudra' came to Sanawar as an ordinary teacher. It was she who introduced Indian Dancing to Sanawar. She was the Himalaya Housemistress in P. D. In 1955 she was appointed as the officiating Mistress-in-charge of P.D. for a few months before she left for England. She took her Teacher's Training for Junior School from Whitelands College, University of London.

With Miss Rudra's return in 1957 as the Mistress-in-charge, P.D. took on a new look. Activity methods of teaching based on the needs and interests of our children were introduced. Both teacher and taught enjoy the freedom and informality of expression. Our Prep. School has become well known throughout educational circles. Her organising ability has made a success of each and every undertaking.

Miss Rudra's whole-hearted support and driving spirit, coupled with a ready understanding of human nature have won her the unanimous respect and full co-operation of her staff. She always makes us feel that she is one of us and she 'never stands on her dignity to add to her height !!!'. Her tact and ability to pour oil over troubled waters has averted many a 'world war.' Her sense of humour paints a silver lining to every P. D. cloud.

Miss Rudra has proved herself to be a veritable 'Rock of Gibraltar, in the sea of friendship.

She is a firm believer in, "Just as there is a blind spot in every eye, so there is a beauty spot in every character." She is affectionate, warm-hearted and lively. She is adaptable to any environment and to any age-group—'two to ninety two!' Her interests extend far and wide to include both Eastern and Western music, dancing and literature—"mod" as well as classical.

To take a short-cut round 'Long-Back', Miss Rudra's departure from her dear Old Sanawar is an irreparable loss to our institution. She takes with her all our blessings in her undertaking at Mayo Collge, Ajmer.

(Mrs.) G. E. Cherian.



Obituary

Mr. E. G. Carter

We have to record with profound regret the death, on Nov. 12th in Bury St. Edmunds, England, of Mr. E. G. Carter 9th Principal of Sanawar. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Carter, and to Anne and Timothy in their great loss.

Mr. Carter joined Sanawar as a young man as an Assistant Master, and over the years was Housemaster (Lawrence), Secretary, and Principal (1948—54). To him fell the heavy task of carrying the School through the transition period after '47, and the fact that we today preserve many of the worthwhile traditions and atmosphere of the past is due in large measure to his efforts.

Mr. Carter's enthusiasm and ability were the guiding forces behind the many successful plays produced by the A.D.S. between the years '41 to '48, and the high standard of Cricket in Sanawar owed a great deal to his careful and experienced coaching.

Many generations of boys spread now all over the world, and indeed the Class IV Staff too will feel a sense of personal loss at his passing, while for us here another page has been turned, another chapter of our History has ended, another period has been placed, another name inscribed in the pages of the book kept in the vaults of our eternal memory.

T. K.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

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1st November

1970

School News

August

25th. Swimming Heats started. Nilagiri took an early lead.

29th. Inter-House Swimming Competition. In spite of the threat of rain everything in the Competition went swimmingly. Our congratulations to Anjali Ewing for clipping 5 seconds off the girls 2 lengths (U-11) record. Nilagiri won the championship in B.D. and Siwalik in G.D. Well done Nilagiri and Siwalik.

Mrs. Pasricha gave away the prizes.

September

The school was engaged in feverish activity during this month. Most of the time the children and the Staff were busy preparing for Founder's. In the mornings one could see the boys marching enthusiastically with their rifles. During the afternoons they keenly rehearsed for the School Concert and in the evenings Athletics was their sole occupation. Since the Staff were not free during the day, A.D.S. rehearsals were held late in the evening. A successful Founder's was the visible reward for all this hard work.

While all this was going on, a few more events took place. For the first time in its history the School celebrated 'Teachers' Day' on the 5th. The Head girl read a prayer and the Head boy addressed the Assembly. He spoke with sincerity and clarity. He exhorted the students to become responsible citizens of the country, as that was the best return they could give the Staff. In the afternoon games were organised by the Sixth Formers. In the evening the Staff were invited to an 'at home'. It really was a gala day.

The next day an exhibition tennis match preceded the Staff Club tea. The Staff presented Mrs. Dhama (nee Miss Ayling) with a wedding gift and Mr. Datt a parting present.

The almost extinct Debating Society was revived by Mr. Jayaram and the first debate was held on the 12th. Himalayans got the better of Nilagarians, and Vindhayans outclassed Siwalikans. Virinder Patole (N), Rakesh Bhan (H), Preminda Batra (V), Tina Satarawala (V) and Maneka Anand (S) were the most impressive debaters.

On the 17th we bade good bye to Mr. Datt who left for Canada in search of lush pastures.

October

2nd to 5th. Founder's Celebrated.

2nd. In the morning we had a special assembly to celebrate Gandhi Jayanti. Lt. Gen. K.P Candeth, G.O.C.-in-C, Western Comand addressed the gathering. He reminded us about the contribution Gandhiji made towards India's independence. He mentioned three ingredients of transparent honesty, fearlessness and truthfulness which together made Gandhiji's character. In addition to developing this type of character he urged us to have self-control and self-discipline.

Later in the morning the combined Athletic Meet was held. Though Nilagiri (B.D.) were leading throughout, they lost the first position through having been disqualified in the U.15 Relay Race. However, Nilagiri (G.D.) left their opponents far behind in the race for points. Himalayans were the champions amongst the boys. Congratulations to these two Houses. Kudos to Jaspal Sandhu and B.P.S. Bhasin for sharing the best athlete's prize. The Defence Cup quite deservedly went to Nilagiri.

The evening witnessed a hilarious comedy 'Charley's Aunt' staged by the Amateur Dramatic Society. They really put up an enviable performance. Mr. B. Singh as Charley's Aunt was the life of the play. His diction and mannerisms were a treat. He in his dual role kept the spectators convulsed with laughter.

3rd. Come on O.S! Come on P.S! rent the air. P.S. trounced O.S. in the netball match. However, in the hockey match which followed the O.S. got the better of the P.S. and beat them by 3 goals to 2.

The Prep School presented a variety programme. The programme consisted of a fairy tale, a Percussion Band, a Hindi Play, Singing, a Dance and an English Play. The Preppers put their hearts and souls into it. The thunderous applause after the show abundantly proved its success.

A cold night witnessed a very warmly presented Tattoo. The perennial P.T. was welcomed with loud cheers. The Club Drill was very well received. The Ground work, Horse work, and Chair work, spoke volumes for Mr. Jagdish Ram's ability and efficiency. The Figure Marching which concluded the Tattoo rather marred its lustre, but that imperfection was merely a reflection of our imperfect lives.

4th. Founder's Assembly was addressed by Mr. Pasricha.

The ceremony of Trooping the Colour was very impressive. The 'turn-out' was immaculate. Mr. K. P. S. Menon took the Salute. Enjoyable indeed was the 'March Past' by the Prep School; their vigour and enthusiasm were unbeatable: much to the amusement of the crowd they 'walked' past the saluting base unmindful of their timing and covering.

A large crowd visited the Exhibiton after the parade.

"Speeches" in Barne Hall were at 12 noon. Mr. Pasricha read his report in which he outlined ambitious plans for the development of the School. He also emphasized the importance of the parents' co-operation for bringing out the best in children. Mr. Menon spoke extempore. He praised the traditions of Public Schools and was happy at the close relationship between the teachers, the taught and the parents.

At 5 o'clock in the evening was the long awaited Senior School Concert. The School Orchestra and the Dancers provided excellent fare. The Hindi Play 'Sri Bhola Nath' was light-entertain-

ment, and was enjoyed greatly by the children. Special mention may be made of Neel Kohli and Kulbhushan Oswal who did justice to their parts.

5th. The Fete, as usual, was organised to fleece the parents of their money. We had a real whirlwind; boys bouncing their ice cream balls; girls gobbling down their sweets: O.S. always on the move, and parents emptying their pockets!

The annual O. S. dinner is invariably formal: menu cards, toasts and after dinner speeches are a must; so was it this year. The O. S. dance which followed rounded off yet another successful 'Founders'.

Staff News

Our very special congratulations to Miss Ayling on her marriage to Maj. Dhama (O. S.) We wish the couple a long and happy married life.

This life of ours is a queer mixture of happiness and sorrow; they are so interwoven in our lives that we cannot escape the latter. This has been a rather sad term for the Staff. Miss Rudra lost her ailing mother in August. Mr. Joshi's father died of heart failure and Mrs. Atma Ram lost her father, who had been ill for a long time, in the same month. Nature snatched away Mrs. Pasricha's mother from her family just before Founder's.

These must have been heavy blows; we know words are a poor consolation yet we extend them our deepest sympathies.

O. S. News

Stuart Moore, 72 Delaware Mansions, Delaware Road, London W-9: "A fortnight ago we invited Mr. Manley's parents over to see the film of Sanawar that I had on loan from Bill Colledge. They enjoyed these immensely. I met Bill this weekend who was having a sport holiday at Southsea with Phyllice. They stayed at the magnificent hotel which Subhash Malhotra (O.S.) manages—and what a marvellous establishment this is! He gave us a fantastic party on Saturday and following dinner we sat down to watch films of Sanawar and the hills around. Today the July News-letter arrived, and I must thank you for having been so good in ensuring this still comes to me. You realise I am sure how important this monthly account of all the happenings are, and especially so when one is so far removed from the excitement and the scene. But, going back to some earlier news in the year—what an amazing set of results in the I. S. C. exams. Not satisfied these days with getting everyone through, it seems that

thirds are frowned upon! To think that I have never passed anything in any grade higher than third! Cricket, too, seems to be going from strength to strength, and I was so glad to hear the long-awaited result at B. C. S. I must say, though, that while it was always a good match to win, I had at the same time a very soft spot for that school which I considered second best only to Sanawar. Life in England has been very pleasant this summer which has relieved the usual drudgery of a winter followed by even more wet weather. This year the sun has never stopped shining and it makes such a change to see people actually smiling in London. Mind you, life in court is hard work. There is seldom any air-conditioning—when would it be used!—and dark suits, waistcoats, wig and gown, have been distinctly uncomfortable recently!

J. M. Walker, 26 Windmill Drive, Rustington, Sussex: "This letter will of course come as something of a surprise to you. But then, judging from Mrs. Tilley's letters, you get frequent surprises of this type. Briefly, my wife and I propose to visit Sanawar sometime in October. This will be, I believe, after the visit by the Colledges (of Jersey). We would hope to stay at Sanawar or nearby—hence this letter. Before going into further details, may I (belatedly) introduce myself (!)? I was, of course, at Sanawar, as a school boy, in the period 1939—1947. This means that I went thro' P. D., Outram. Havelock and finally Hodson House (the younger—Noel Hadley was Hodson Housemaster in those days). I came under your tutelage for Chemistry at the time of J. C. examination, and of course I remember you very well! I doubt with the flood of scholars passing thro' the school whether you'd remember me. I believe, at that time that you were housemaster to Nicholson ('Nick')—I remember your wife before and after marriage (nee Miss Hickie). I sat for J. C. with a large crowd from Sanawar,—the two garnetts (of Hodson), David Clarke of Hodson—a bright swot small Sparrows (of Roberts)? "Jihney" Winton (of 'Nick') etc., and all of us passed. I've had a varied career since leaving school and India—Military service, factory labouring, etc., and finally took up Evening Study as it was apparent that to progress in England one needed academic Certificates. After slog, I qualified as a chemist ('pukka' Chemist—not pharmacist) having had to take the Royal Institute of Chemistry examinations. You can claim some credit for this choice of profession as I became interested in Chemistry during your period of instruction. (Perhaps, I should say "blame"!)). Soon I'll be on my way to Australia (with my wife); I have accepted a job in Canberra. It occurred to me that the opportunity to break journey (by air) to Australia at Delhi would be one worth taking and this would afford opportunity to visit Sanawar".

Sunita Oberoi 24, Tughlaq Crescent, New Delhi: "I can't believe it's only 4 years since school it feels like ages and ages. The seemingly never ending B.A. course has been overcome finally as my teachers put it, contrary to all my efforts and dark predictions, I got a first div., came 8th in the Univ. and am thrilled! I've joined Delhi School of Economics now to do my M.A.—in Economics course. Seems like I shall have to go on studying for ever! No doubt San' has changed a lot but one tends to remember it only as it was during one's own days and of course it was marvellous then!"

* Greetings for Founders were received from *

The Sikunds	Uganda
Charanjit Cheema	Jorhat
Head boy/Head girl	Lovedale
Capt. Sidhu	56 A.P.O.
Andrea Kemp	London
The Raos	Delhi
Ashale	Lucknow
Sukhdial	IMA Dehra Doon
Rajinder Singh	"
Khetarpal	"

P.S. Pathak (Mysore Hotels Company, 33 Race Course Road, Bangalore—1) wrote in July that he was coming up with the family to pay us a visit "next week". He ended with a P.S. "my flight has been announced and I must hurry off". I would be most grateful to any O.S. who may have spotted a new Satellite in Orbit, for information thereon. Pramod hasn't landed here.

Major R. Som Dutt (Beverly Villa, Ootacamund) "Please convey to the Staff, and the Prefects, and the School, who so marvellously lined up at the Quad. on our departure, how grateful we are to them. the emotional impact was too great for us..... They and Sanawar are very precious to me with our love to all of you".

Married

- 19th Sept. in Delhi
Rana (Talwar) to Roop (Som Dutt).
- 8th Oct. in Chandigarh
Ajinder (Bal) to Jaswinder
- 13th Oct. in Delhi
Subash (Malhotra) to Deepak.
- 19th Oct.
Anil (Nehru) to Chand.

We send our blessing and wish the couples a long and happy married life.

T. C. Kemp.

Excerpts from the Founder's Speeches
Head Master

* * * * *

Mr. & Mrs. K. P. S. Menon, Members of the Board of Governors of Lovedale and Sanawar, Parents, Ladies, Gentlemen, Old Sanawarians and dear Children.

I regret to inform you that Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao for reasons of health has not been able to be with us and we are extremely grateful to you, Mr. Menon, Sir, for graciously accepting our last-minute request and coming to our rescue by agreeing to be our Chief Guest for the 123rd Founder's of the School. You, Sir, need no introduction. You are of international renown and are no stranger to the Lawrence Schools. Despite your belonging to the coveted Indian Civil Service, you are second to none in the field of patriotism and nationalism—a rare combination indeed.

I could go on endlessly recounting, Sir, your qualities of head and heart. Forgive me therefore if I merely say that your innate charm, unassuming manners, despite your towering eminence, make every one feel at home and I consider it a singular honour for the School and myself to have you amongst us today. I may also add that in this field you have a very close competitor in Mrs. Menon.

This morning at a Special Assembly, we paid our most sincere homage to Sir Henry Lawrence, a very great soldier-cum-statesman, who had the vision to found this School. We are glad that the Lawrence family is continuing its interest and association with the School. The best tribute which we can pay to the Founder is to re-dedicate ourselves to the cause to which Sir Henry was devoted. I, on behalf of the whole School, assure you that the welfare of the students will remain foremost in our minds at all times.

I would also like to take this opportunity of thanking the local Army authorities for their coming to our help and extending us full co-operation in everything.

We also extend our hearty welcome to our Governors whose presence in such a large number makes all the difference to us. It will not be out of place to mention here that our Board of Governors, Ex-officio and others, consists of very eminent persons.

Shri Khushwant Singh, as you are all aware has been the recipient of many awards as an author. . . . On my assuming the Headship of this School, he assured me of his full co-operation, and I was most touched by what he wrote to me: "it is to assure

you that you will receive the most friendly co-operation from me. The School means a great deal to me."

Shri M.N. Kapur, Principal of Modern School, who has just joined our Board of Governors, is a recipient of Padma Shri, and is a very notable personality in the field of education. The rapid growth of Modern School has been mostly due to his untiring efforts and great enthusiasm. Years back when he introduced the Assignment System in Modern School, this innovation was not even known in India.

Of course, Dr. Shaukla, Mr. Krishnamurti and Gen. Dev are all men of great stature. We are happy above all, to have as many parents with us as has been possible—and the Old Sanawarians too. It is nice to see so many of you here together with our kind friends from Kasauli, Subathu, Dagshai, Simla and Chandigarh. . . .

However, I would like to take this opportunity of placing on record that I have inherited a running concern from my capable predecessor, Major Som Dutt, and the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. T.C. Kemp. It is another evidence, if any was required, of the capabilities of Major Som Dutt that in spite of his having disappeared from the scene, the Institution continued to function without any hitch for such a long time. Bill Colledge one of our very Old Sanawarians said of Major Som Dutt that he was the Indian Barne. Barne as you know had this school's care for 20 years. I cannot improve upon this tribute. I cannot help remembering at the same time that some credit for the smooth functioning of the School in the absence of its Headmaster, rightly goes to Mr. Kemp.

It is said that the Head of an institution like ours should, among other things, be a philosopher, a friend and a guide to staff and students. He should have an open mind; be understanding and encouraging but to stand no nonsense. He should be ever ready to try out new innovations. He should honour traditions but not be rigid. He should be capable of leading the staff and decentralising authority so that the jobs taken up by others run smoothly and efficiently. He should set an example for all to follow. Being a firm believer of these tenets I will try my best to develop at least some of them. However, one thing which I can assure all of you, is that I shall not be lacking in effort and devotion to the cause of the School and its progress.

The process of Indianisation, which had been started after Independence, got a fillip under the first Indian Headmaster, Major Som Dutt, and I intend pursuing it vigorously.

As a first step in this direction we were able this year to celebrate the Independence Day in a most befitting manner. . . . In the afternoon sweets were distributed to the Class IV Staff and their families, and a Hindi film show was arranged.

I assure you that the School will continue to remain in tune with the general trends in the Country and stress the Indian cultural background progressively.

I have often been asked how I like the change, from my last appointment. Although I have not yet known enough of Sanawar to be able to answer the query adequately, I have no hesitation in admitting that I have started loving the Institution. The first and the foremost thing which I have liked at this place is a very willing, sincere band of workers who have been putting in their best without having to be told to do so. They are disciplined and put in their very best even when not watched. Such devotion to duty is a commodity which is becoming scarce in the present-day materialistic world, and I would therefore like to convey my appreciations to one and all of the staff members, whether belonging to the teaching, administrative, domestic or other categories. Those who work behind the scene, even though they do not get the lime-light, also contribute a great deal to the success of any institution.

Some of you must be familiar with the famous Perkinson's law that work expands according to the time available to do it in. To this the corollary is "if you want a job done quickly, give it to some one who is already swamped with work." This certainly has been true of my staff during the past few weeks when they were over-burdened with the normal activities, the third Mark-Reading and the preparations for Founder's. Every item which has been put up for Founder's Day has meant weeks and weeks of sweating by the staff and the students.

Another thing which has impressed me very much is the student community which undertakes to do manual labour willingly—and this includes serving and clearing the tables at meal times. . . .

I was glad to know the last year's results in which the School not only secured hundred percent successes with 38 First Divisions and 17 second Divisions, but also that there was no Third Division and no Subject Failure whatsoever. The results were par excellent and the staff deserves a pat on the back.

Some of you might be a little apprehensive about the switch-over from the Indian School Certificate Examination to the All-India Higher Secondary Examination, but I would like to assure you that this switch-over is not being done in haste and would

not have been accepted if it was not likely to benefit the students in the long run. You will be glad to know that Dr. P. D. Shukla, a very active member of the Board of Governors of the Lawrence Schools, Lovedale and Sanawar, has recently taken over as the Chairman of the Central Board of Secondary Education, and because of his efforts and vision the language policy has now been made such that children will have no difficulty. They can continue to offer English as a first language and Hindi and Sanskrit as second and third languages. The Board has also decided to have another examination in November/December every year, and thus our students will be able to take this examination without any inconvenience. I am divulging no secret when I add that a number of colleges and universities of the country are having second thoughts about the standard achieved by the first divisioners of the I.S.C. Examination and preference seems to be given to the first divisioners of the Higher Secondary Examination.

We are glad that Old Sanawarians continue to have a heart-warming interest in their Alma-Mater, and we welcome them and their life partners most sincerely to our Founder's Day. I would like to stress that their presence in such a large number today is another indication of their continued attachment to the ideals which the Institution tries to instil in them.

Bill Colledge and his wife Phyllis have once again come all the way from England to attend the Founder's. Mr. Colledge is an Old Sanawarian of 1920s and this is his sixth visit to the School. We are indeed very happy to have Bill and Phyllis here with us. Their repeated visits speak volumes of the love the Sanawarians have for their Alma-Mater.

Of course this list could go on, I therefore end by merely saying that the ultimate proof of Sanawarians' confidence in us lies in the fact that they are registering their children as soon as they are born, to ensure their admission to the School.....

May I now address our clients, the Parents. The education of children, and the instilling of the sense of discipline in them can only be done by the combined efforts of all connected with the children. And in this the parents have to play a great part. We are thankful to you for giving us full co-operation. However, to make this co-operation more fruitful, may I be permitted to say a few words. We must agree to the type of products you would like the School to produce, and more particularly about the fundamental values and discipline. Some of the School rules may appear a little irksome to the parents, but unless they willingly accept these, it would be rather difficult for their children to abide for them. No harm is usually done to children if

they are brought up in a rather strict disciplinary atmosphere, or in a very lenient one, provided there is no difference in the attitudes and approaches of the father, mother, grand-parents, and the school staff. On balance, however, under the conditions that prevail in India, nay all over the world, an extra dose of discipline would do no harm. I hasten to add that we have no disciplinary problems.

When children go to boarding schools it is but essential that the parents long to express their affection overtly and it is desirable and even necessary to a limited extent, to reassure the children that their parents have not washed off their hands by merely providing the required finance for keeping them in good boarding schools. It will, however, be disastrous if the children were to be treated as some sort of guests of the parents whilst at their homes during the vacations. If you like, let the children have a good time, for a week or so, but after that make them consider themselves as part and parcel of the family. They should continue their habits of being regular, punctual and looking after their own things. The vacations, particularly the winter ones are too long to be wasted away and we request that the children should be made to do general reading and some serious study, rather than merely reading comics or looking into sports' pages of the newspapers or visiting restaurants and cinema halls. Admittedly there is a certain amount of strain of studies on the children during the School session—which is not really much due to the varied activities which the School arranges. But unlearning every thing during vacations can be dangerous unless of course the child was to repeat the class. I now turn my attention to the Children for a word of advice; your schooling here is a great privilege denied to most of your less fortunate brethren, and is one which is provided to you by your parents often with great sacrifice. This, therefore, entails a certain amount of responsibility on you to pay back your debt to your parents and the country in one form or the other. You should try to make your parents feel assured of this by making their tasks easier, by doing small jobs for them, and by showing extra courtesy to them. You should also try to live for the community in the country and not for yourselves alone.

Some of you are perhaps not aware that the School is entirely dependent upon the fees and that it has no endowments. Nor does it get any grant-in-aid. Consequently, I regret to say that the financial position of the School cannot be termed as very sound.

Let me assure you that we are trying to exercise the utmost economy possible without, in any way, allowing the efficiency of the School to go down, and the resources of the School are being

husbanded to the very best advantage of the School. In spite of this, however, we are almost always on the verge of getting into red.

Various means like extra fees for Music, Riding, Art, Science, Prize Money, Sports' Charges, Building Funds, Capitalisation Fees etc., are being employed by a number of other schools to augment their income. We would not like to unduly increase the extras, but would like to appeal to the parents and, through them, to other Philanthropists to help us liberally, so that we can build up reserve funds to meet the rising costs, instead of our having to increase the fees every time. As you all appreciate the enhancement of fees is not only a painful measure but also the process cannot go on indefinitely. This is likely to eliminate children from the middle income groups from this school. And that is a very disturbing thought.

We must therefore have some sort of endowments/donations coming in plenty, and therefore I seek help from one and all of you. Do please all help by what you can either now or whenever you can. If we hope to gain something from the School, should we not also give something to nurse it? However, if any of you like to associate your names with any specific projects we will be only too glad to accept contributions that way also and believe me, we have projects to suit all purses—big or small. We hope all old Sanawarians will also help in this to the maximum extent.

May I remind you all that we are celebrating our 123rd Founder's Day, said in another way, this Founder's number is 1, 2, 3—so let's start contributing.

Besides better scales of pay for all categories of staff, among our urgent requirements a mention may be made of the extension of Barne Hall; provision of study halls attached to dormitories; additional water storage capacity for about two lakh gallons so that we do not have to severely ration the water supply during the three months of summer; endowments for scholarships so that we may be able to accommodate a few of those deserving students who cannot otherwise afford; a covered passage from the boys' dormitories/dining hall to Barne Hall; an O. S. guest house; band instruments; diesel pumping set; an open-air theatre; 35 mm film projector; X-ray plant for the school hospital; a stand-by generator; a staff car, etc.

I would like to end with a saying of the Chinese philosopher Confucius :—

“ The way of the superior man is three-fold :

- (1) Virtuous : he is free from anxiety.
- (2) Wise : he is free from perplexities.
- (3) Bold : he is free from fear.”

None of us are equal to it, but it is within us to try and try our best and 'Never Give In', as is our School's Motto.

Before I request Mr. Menon, our Chief Guest, to say a few words, may I thank you for the patient hearing you have given me.

I look forward to such happy meetings with you all every year and make you prouder of this—your own institution. Thank you.

Mr. K.P.S. Menon

I am very grateful to Mr. Pasricha for the very kind welcome he has extended to me. I am also grateful for the welcome he has extended to my wife.

Mr. Pasricha described my wife as my equal partner in life, but in the matriarchal system, however, I always thought—and so did she—that she was my superior! That is what Mr. Khrushchev thought too. Once, at a banquet, Mr. Khrushchev proposed a toast: "To the best Ambassador in Moscow and her husband, Mr. Menon"!

It is a pleasure for us to be here on this auspicious occasion.....

I am sure you will all agree that we have listened to a very interesting report. It is indeed remarkable that Mr. Pasricha should have been able to submit such a comprehensive report after only a few months experience of this School. The entire tone of the report shows how dedicated Mr. Pasricha is to the ideals of this School.....Continuity is essential for the well-being of a school like this. Let us hope Mr. Pasricha will stay here as long as his predecessor, Maj. Som Dutt,.....or perhaps even as long as the Head Master of Lawrence School, Lovedale, who has already spent 20 years there—20 glorious years.

I would like to pay a tribute to Mr. Kemp, who so ably held the fort as acting Head Master for many months between the departure of Maj. Som Dutt and the arrival of Mr. Pasricha.....

On such occasions one thinks of one's own school-days. Mine fell at the beginning of the century, to be precise from 1904—1914. That was before the first world war, a period which must seem almost pre-historic to you.

My school was rather different from yours. The main difference was that it had no corporate spirit.....

There were a few boarders, but even they had no common life. All that distinguished them from day-boys was that their homes were far away and, therefore, they lived in the boarding house attached to the school.....

I am sorry to say all this of my old school but I am fond of it. Indeed I am proud of it. It was a C.M.S. Mission School and the teachers were truly Christian. They were distinguished by those virtues which are sometimes regarded as typically Christian, namely kindness, compassion, resignation and fortitude.....Nowhere have I seen men so sincere, so single-minded, and so dedicated as my old teachers of the C.M.S. College, Kottayam.

Between the teachers and the students, there used to be a personal bond. It was like the classical relationship between the Guru and the Shishia. There is an old Sanskrit saying that a man has three Gurus, namely the father, the mother, and the teacher. A teacher stood on the same footing as one's parents and was held and deserved to be held, in equal esteem.

Our Head Master knew every boy at school both by name and by face. He was not like another Head Master, who, when asked whether he knew all his boys, replied: "I know them all by their faces and by their names; only, I do not know which belongs to which"!

I see that in your school you have as binding an attachment between the teachers and the taught as in my old school at Kottayam. At the same time you have an esprit de corps, which was lacking in my old school. You have an abundant common life. It was a pleasure for us to watch some of your activities. Your tattoo was superb. Your concerts were excellent; and your marching was perfect.....

Apart from the teachers and the students, there is another party which is equally concerned with the mental development of the young. I mean the parents. Somehow parents now-a-days do not seem to have as much time to spare for their children as in my young days. Life seems to be too much for them. The man spends more time in office now-a-days, and somehow turns out less work than in my time; and the woman, if she is social-minded, revolves in a round of the tea parties, bridge parties and cocktail parties. In the old days, after sunset, the whole family used to get together and pray together or the mother would tell the children stories from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata and thus kindle their imagination and rouse their curiosity about this world as well as the next. Such intimate family gatherings seem to be becoming

more and more rare. It is this lack of affection on the part of parents which is often responsible for children to grow up without roots, to develop various complexes and to become hippies and the like. But there is no such danger in this School.....

I do hope that the parents, teachers and students of this school will maintain the triangular relationship between the three partners, for on that depends the future of this generation, the future of India.

What the future has in store for India or for the world in this nuclear age, it is difficult to predict. We in India have received a great legacy from our forefathers and in particular from Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of Our Independence. Yesterday I was charmed to hear your students reading out some passages from Gandhiji's writings. But what counts most is not what Gandhiji said or did but what he was. What he said or did was affected by time and circumstance; what he was is an echo and a light unto eternity. His was a life of singular, selfless dedication ending in self-sacrifice for a cause in which he lived. He corresponded to the pattern of a great man as defined by Confucius, whom your Head Master quoted at the end of his report. Confucius said that that man was great who was free from fear, free from anxiety and free from perplexities. Gandhiji was one such, *par excellence*. We cannot all rise to his height, but we can at least fulfil the expectations which the founders of this School have reposed in its inmates, for they too in their own way approximated to the Confucian ideal of a great man. I hope that wherever your lot may be cast you will carry with you the fine traditions of the School. And I hope all of you will play a worthy part, and some of you a distinguished part, in the building of our new India.

Minutes of the O. S. Meeting 1970

Anita Dass	Mr. Bhupinder Singh
Malti Bhandari	Mrs. A. Kemp
Rita Singha	Sanjiv Stokes
Kiran Tandon	Daljit Singh Rajput
Knjlit Singh	Roop (Som Dutt) Talwar
Gouri Sahi	Suniti Khanna
Nandini Duggal	Devika Sehgal
Bina Manchanda	Amarjit Singh Bajwa
Sarabjit Singh Bedi	Major & Mrs. T. P. S.
Sangram Singh	Chowdhry
Yojinder Pal Sharma	Amar Talwar
Dilraj Singh Malhans	2nd Lt. S. C. Sethi
Ratindra Singh Oberoi	Preet Inder Singh
Ajit Jayaram	Mr. F. B. Manley
S. S. Sidhu	W. H. E. Colledge
Manindra Sahi	Inderjit Singh
Romola Chatterji	Miss P. Rudra
Govind Singh Pathania	Fg. Officer P. R. Suri
Preminder Singh	Mr. B. P. Joshi

M. S. Pannu	Shiv Nath
Satjiv Chatwal	Vikram Singh Kadan
Amarjit Singh Anand	Praveen Kumar
Mukesh Sehgal	K. S. Rajput
Kr. V. S. Lalotra	Mr. S. C. Jalota
P. K. Bansal	Dr. D. C. Gupta
Ajai Soni	Mr. M. V. Gore
Dilbagh Singh	Mrs. J. Jalota
Sardamanjit Singh	Miss S. T. Kavery
Rana Talwar	Mrs. Harbakhsh Kaur
Nrip Dev Singh Gill	Dr. S. K. Sakhuja
H. S. Pannu	Mrs. G. E. Cherian
Ashwani Marwaha	Mr. A. Bhalerao
B. P. Aggarwal	Miss R. R. Suri
P. P. S. Sidhu	Mr. T. C. Kemp
N. Chauhan	(Hon. Secretary)
Sowarjit Singh Dhillon	Mr. B. R. Pasricha
M. S. Bains	(President)
Anil Soneja	

Mr. B. R. Pasricha Head Master presided.

The meeting was held in the Staff Club, on the afternoon of October 5th at 2-30 p.m. The minutes of the 1969 meeting were read out and passed unanimously.

- Points that arose from discussion of the minutes:
 - The Headmaster offered to arrange distinguishing insignia for O.S. visiting the School during Founder's.
 - A further attempt would be made to decide upon a location for the Spartan Club; Ozarkian Club; Carlil Cup; Honour Boards.
 - A start had been made on encouraging "Inter House Debating" in the school.
 - The Headmaster agreed to investigate the possibility of replacing "Net Ball" with Basket Ball for the girls.
 - The O. S. were warned that the supply of blankets available to them at Founder's was limited. The school will continue to provide this facility within its available resources.
 - The problem of wives/husbands of O.S. visiting at Founder's was left for future discussion.
 - The Headmaster informed the meeting that the Board of Governors have agreed in principle to have an O. S. of ten years standing on the School Board.
- The meeting decided that O. S. visiting during Founder's should pay a sum of Rs. 10/- (minimum) towards their expenses in the school. (A husband/wife would be covered by this Rs. 10/- and would not need to pay separately). This would come into force from 1971.

3. Members asked the O. S. addresses available in the school office should be published in the News-Letter in one of the Winter issues.
4. Major T. P. S. Chowdhry suggested that more road-lights be put up during Founders or alternately that visitors be asked to bring torches. He also suggested that a supply of petrol be made available in the school Tuck Shop during this period. The Headmaster agreed to look into the matters.
5. O. S. enthusiasm for the well-being of the School was patently manifest. Kiran Tandon suggested the holding of a film premiere in Delhi to raise funds. The seemingly slacker discipline and the apparent change in the tempo of the singing of the National Anthem and the School Song were commented on and explained. Other useful suggestions were that seating for an open air theatre be built up on the hill-slope overlooking Peacestead and that some arrangement be made for meals for parents during Founders.
6. Mr. W. H. E. Colledge proposed, and was seconded by Rana Talwar, "That photographers be prevented from entering the parade ground once the Colours have been uncovered." The resolution was passed unanimously.
7. Mr. W. H. E. Colledge (seconded D. S. Rajput) proposed:
That Barne Hall be divided into two sections for the purpose of Founder's seating at speeches and that the school children occupy one section."
Major T.P.S. Chowdhry (seconded Arjun Soni) proposed:
"That the present system should continue."
Mr. M. S. Guron (seconded Sqn. Ldr. Sowanjit Singh) proposed:
"That the school pupils should occupy the front rows on both sides of the aisle and that O. S. and parents should be seated behind the school children."
When put to the vote the three proposals mustered, 55 votes, 5 votes and 5 votes respectively and so Mr. Colledge's resolution was carried.
8. Mr. W. H. E. Colledge suggested that the meeting consider the advisability of inviting parents who have attended six or more "Founders" to apply for "Associate Membership."
9. Sqn. Ldr. Sowanjit Singh felt the urgent need for the provision of more emergency exits from Barne Hall in case of fire.
10. Miss Pilu Rudra wondered whether O. S. attending Founders would be willing and able

to replace Staff as ushers at the various functions. This suggestion produced a number of affirmative replies from the members present.

The meeting closed at 4-15 p.m.

Mr. T. C. Kemp
(Hon. Sec.)

Athletics '70.

The start of the athletics season this year was delayed for about a week by heavy, unusual monsoon rains. After hardly a month's practice the heats commenced.

On the 21st of September the 100 metres heats, for all age-groups took place. The fact that the standard of sprints still remains quite low in Sanawar was obvious by the poor results. On the whole, out of all four age-groups only four boys qualified. Thus at the end of the day, Vindhya was 2 points, Siwalik and Nilagiri one each and Himalaya yet to open their account.

After this the heats were once again interrupted, for a few days, by heavy rains. When they were resumed the competition was stiff and at the end of each day of the heats a different house led in points. A few individual performances were commendable. In the Opens Shot-Put J. S. Sandhu shattered the previous record by putting the shot to a distance of 11.25 metres. In the Under 11's Triple Jump, Nakul Chopra jumped a distance of 8.63 metres and thus bettered the previous record.

At the end of the heats, Nilagiri was leading in the boys school with a total of 112 points. Vindhya was next with 105 points, followed by Himalaya with 103 and Siwalik 91 points.

The Athletics finals were held on 2nd October. At 9-30 a.m. the School band followed by the athletes marched past General K.P. Candeth, the chief-guest.

The first event of the day was the boys 100 metres for Opens. This was followed by the 100 metres for the other age groups and the 80 and 50 metres for the Prep School. Then we had the hurdles followed by the boys 800 metres for Opens and 400 metres for Under 15s. The boys Under 13 and Under 11 200 metres came next and lastly the girls 200 metres for all age-groups took place.

At this stage before the relays, in the boys department Nilagiri was leading being closely chased by Vindhya and Himalaya, while the Nilagarian girls were leading by a big margin.

In the P.D. girls 4x100 metres relay Himalaya clocked a commendable timing of 1 minute 10.4 seconds thus setting up a new record. The girls

4x100 metres was closely contested by Himalaya and Nilagiri but the latter emerged victorious. Following this was the P.D. boys 4x100 metres relay in which Vindhya outraced their opponents.

The boys, Under 11, 4x200 metre relay was won by Siwalik. In the Under 13 and Under 15 relays Vindhya and Himalaya came first respectively. The Opens relay was very closely contested but Himalaya managed to come first and hence emerged victorious in the race for the cock-house.

Last but not the least a relay was held for the Old Sanawarians. The Nilagirian O.S. won easily.

The prizes were then distributed by Gen. Candeth. In the boys school Himalaya retained the athletics cups, while in the girls school Nilagiri annexed the championship trophy. The defence cup (B.D. and G.D. combined) went to Nilagiri. Our congratulations to Himalaya house boys for retaining the cup for the third successive year.

The championships for their respective age-groups went to :—

Boys School

Under 11	...	Nakul Chopra (S)
Under 13	...	Gurarvinder Panaych (V)
Under 15	...	Manmegh Singh (N)
Opens	...	J.S. Sandhu (S) & B.P.S. Bhasin (N)

Girls School

Under 11	...	Tirath Gill (N)
Under 13	...	Veena Kumari (N)
Under 15	...	Sadhna Singh (S)
Opens	...	Kawaljit Brar (H)

The Kalinga Cup, for the best athlete of the year was jointly awarded to Jaspal Singh Sandhu and B.P.S. Bhasin. Our heartiest congratulations to all the winners. I would like all the losers to remember that in a contest somebody has to lose. It is not the victory which matters but the spirit with which you take part. So, Well Done all the participants.

Ranbir Singh.

प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य

विश्व में प्रत्यक्षरूप में दीख पढ़ने वाले जड़ व चेतन पदार्थों में अनन्त सौन्दर्य प्रतिबिम्बित हो रहा है। संसार के विभिन्न देशों की विस्तृत-शैल-श्रृंखलाएँ तो अपनी अनुपम छटा तथा नयनाभिराम-दृश्यों के लिए अलौकिक हैं। प्रकृति-नटी के इस

सौन्दर्य पर संसार के समस्त पदार्थों का सौन्दर्य आश्रित है। यदि संसार में प्रकृति का यह सौन्दर्य न हो तो संसार सरसता विहीन होजाए, कवियों की काव्य-कला विलुप्त हो जाए, पक्षियों का कलरव बन्द हो जाए, पशुओं की क्रीड़ाएँ समाप्त हो जायें और मानव-समाज सर्वथा स्त्रीय आनन्द से वंचित हो जाए। वस्तुतः प्रकृति-सौन्दर्य के सदृश संसार में इतर सौन्दर्य है ही नहीं। यही कारण है कि सौन्दर्य की इस महत्ता ने केवल मनुष्यों को ही नहीं वरन् पशु-पक्षियों को भी मन्त्र-मुग्ध किया हुआ है। अतएव पशु-पक्षियों को सुरम्य वनों एवं उपवनों में क्रीड़ा व कलरव करते हुए पाया जाता है।

इन मनोहारी प्राकृतिक दृश्यों का अनिर्वचनीय प्रभाव उषा व संध्या कालीन समय में और भी अधिक रोमांचकारी होता है। पूर्व दिशा में भगवान भास्कर के शुभागमन के साथ ही प्रकृति-देवी की रमणीयता द्विगुणित हो जाती है और संसार के सजीव एवं निर्जीव सभी पदार्थों में सजीवता का विलक्षण संचार होने लगता है। ऐसा प्रतीत होता है मानो रात्रि के समय इस पृथ्वी-लोक पर जो सुषुप्ति आच्छादित हो गई थी वह जागरित हो उठी है।

सन्ध्या का समय आया। दिवाकर अपनी दिव्य-किरणों को समेटते हुए अस्ताचल की ओर अग्रसर हुए और समस्तव्योम मण्डल रक्तवर्ण हो गया। इस समय की अद्भुत शोभा को देख कर कविचर अयोध्या सिंह उपाध्याय के एक भावमय-पद्य का स्मरण हो आया :—

“ दिवस का अवसान समीप था,
गगन था कुछ लोहित हो चला।
तरु शिखा पर थी अब राजती,
कमलनि-कुल-वल्गुम की छटा ॥ ”

लीजिए ? आकाश-लोक में चन्द्र देव के झँकते ही प्रकृति देवी के मुख-मण्डल को चार चाँद लग गए। वाह ? कैसी अपूर्व शोभा है। कैसा आह्लादमय समय है। ऐसा प्रतीत हो रहा है मानो प्रकृति-देवी के हृदय की सारी प्रमत्ता फूटकर भू-मण्डल पर बिखर रही है। प्रकाश की इस रजत-धारा में वन, पर्वत एवं सरिताओं का दृश्य भूमि पर स्वर्गीय सुषमा प्रसारित करता हुआ दृष्टि गोचर होता है जिस का शब्दों द्वारा वर्णन करना असम्भव है।

स्पष्ट है प्रकृति की इस विलक्षण शोभा और विभिन्न रूपों पर मानव-समाज विमुग्ध होकर अपने जीवन में नवोत्साह तथा नवसंचार का अनुभव कर, लोकोत्तर आनन्द को प्राप्त करता है। यही मानव-जीवन का अन्तिम लक्ष्य रहा है इस लक्ष्य की पूर्ति में प्राकृतिक-सौन्दर्य सहायक सिद्ध होता है।

धर्मवीर दहिया

FOUNDER'S 1970

(October 2nd—5th).

Yet another Founder's—and in spite of “repeat items” so fresh, so elegant, so utterly enjoyable. Impossible to believe it was the 123rd! We know Founder's will never die. Will it, like the old soldier, fade away one day? We hope not.

Low, rumbling roars greeted my ears as I approached Barnes on the 2nd morning. Athletics in full swing, Himalaya on top (where else, indeed?). Such comings and goings there were, such excitement. Children popped up at regular intervals nosing out arriving parents like ferrets. And the parents'. What a merry, devoted lot. Splendid sarees, colourful turbans, an assortment of beards, jackets and pullovers. “Athletics” was followed by Coffee for Parents—this time somehow more lively, more charged with excitement perhaps because most of the parents were meeting the new Headmaster and his wife for the first time. The Pasrichas mingled with their guests with an interest and bonhomie that were heartwarming. The charming Mrs. Pasricha who made it a point to meet as many parents as possible radiated a warmth that rivalled the delicious, hot coffee and snacks. In the evening, the Staff Play. The children knew all about it and giggled in anticipation. For a happy time, there couldn't have been a happier choice. Corny yes, slapstick yes—but with Charley's Aunt you can't go wrong. A packed Barne Hall spluttered and quivered and roared and bent over at the utterly delightful antics of Bhupinder Singh in skirts and wig and “a way with the boys”! Produced and directed by Trevor Kemp who also did a splendid job of acting as the old but amorous Colonel, the play was hilariously interpreted by its spirited cast—most of the kudos of course going to Bhupinder Singh for his superb—albeit exaggerated—characterisation of the maiden aunt from Bazil—where the nuts come from!

The next day (October 3rd) parents caught up with their brats for a morning's chat until the Prep. School Concert in the afternoon. The same morning a splendid send-off was given to Major and Mrs. Som Dutt who had arrived earlier at the old 'alma mater'. With a motor-cycle escort preceding his car, the Major departed amidst cheering by lines of students. The old order changeth.

On to the Prep School Concert—always the most disarming and spontaneous item at Founder's. The little ones did two plays, one in Hindi (Andher Nagri) and one in English (Strange Bedfellows). The Hindi play was very well done, the young performers getting into the spirit of the thing. There was also a musical skit. The Elves and the Shoemaker, a Basant Dance and the Percussion Band—

all lovely items. It was, however, the singing by Form I and II of “The Animals Came in Two by Two” that got the loudest applause. Also very sweet was the K. Gs. singing “Sunder Nadia” with great gusto.

Immediately after the Prep. Concert was what I would call the piece de resistance of Founder's: the torchlight Tattoo preceded by a display of mass P. T. and acrobatics that literally took one's breath away. The Bugle Band was thrilling, the drill precision—timed and perfect—and all this made more exciting by the vigorous encouragement of the O. S. who had once again gathered to give a hand to the Old School. Surely, the O.S. is a phenomenon whose counterpart can never be found in any other School. Year after year they come—the Old Sanawarians to lend lustre and pep to Founder's with their gay abandon, their cheering and their shining loyalty. Well done, O. S. And here I must mention Bill Colledge and his wife who graced the occasion with their presence for the 6th time—all the way from England. I must also mention the brief but welcome presence of Lieut-Genl. K.P. Candeth, GOC-in-Chief Western Command who was the Chief Guest for the first day.

For the rest of the days it was Mr. K. P. S. Menon who along with his wife attended all the functions and took the salute on Founder's Day (October 4th) at the trooping of the School Colour. This is a top favourite with me and I'm sure many others feel the same. Fabulous, colourful, thrilling, awe-inspiring. The Brass Band is superb, the N.C.C. Parade smart, the March Past, invigorating. Nothing else ever quite surpasses the beauty and grandeur of the ‘Trooping’.

Followed the Speeches—once again a full Barne Hall gathered to listen this time to the new Headmaster who outlined his policies and aired his views with frank and fearless phrases. Mr. K. P. S. Menon, a delightful speaker, made an extempore speech spiced with wisdom and wit. Mr. Pasricha who has stepped into the illustrious shoes of his popular predecessor, means business and business to to him, means the good of the School.

And everytime the name of Trevor Kemp was mentioned for “services rendered”, the applause was deafening.

The same evening saw the Senior School Concert—highlighted as usual by the play this time one in Hindi “Sri Bhola Nath”, a little fluff of a play with not very much to recommend it. However, I thought Neel R. Kohli was rather good in the role of the Sethji. The show opened with the very talented School Orchestra playing two beautiful Indian Classical ragas followed by a Naga dance Leima-Jagoi performed by eight colourfully-clad

girls. The next dance Aveer-Khel depicting Krishna and the Gopis playing Holi was so captivating it drew repeated applause.

And so ended the Founder's functions—the next day, on to the fête: stalls, eats, raffles, ice-cream . . . and the excitement of going home.

This resume of Founder's, however, would not be complete without an honourable mention of the Arts and Crafts and Needle-work exhibition put up by the students. I continue to be amazed and gratified by the variety of talent displayed here. The carpentry items, the handicrafts, the superb paintings, the exquisite embroidery are all works of art: a tribute not only to the versatility of the boys and girls but also to the masters and teachers whose painstaking efforts and loving guidance yield such stupendous results each year.

I can, therefore, only end with the full-throated proud cry of the O. S.: Come on, Sanawar! Well done, Sanawar!

Gulshan Ewing

Response.

My first duty is to express, on behalf of all Old Sanawarians present, our gratitude to you, Sir, and to Mrs. Pasricha, for being with us tonight. We are aware of the demands made on your time by pressing family matters, but we find that you have considered your new-found family and put us before everything. We are extremely grateful Thank You, Sir. Thank You, Mrs. Pasricha.

The passing of time is a favourite subject for poets and moralists. You are all familiar with the well worn "The Seven Ages of Man," but the following words are etched on a tablet under a sundial in a church at Radstock in Gloucestershire. "When, as a child I laughed and wept—Time crept; when, as a youth I thought and talked—Time walked; when I became a full grown man—Time ran; when older still I daily grew—Time flew; soon I shall find in passing on—Time gone". It's a chilling thought that last line, but it is here in Sanawar that we find the warmth that dispels the chill—the warmth of true friendship—friends old and friends new.

Our old friends—there's Bhuppy for instance. How long have we known each other, Bhuppy? Too long to remember, but his hair is as raven as ever, and mine, what there is of it, has a silver sheen. That's what comes of knowing a man like Bhuppy. Then there's U.P.—one of the few who can teach without saying anything. What I have learned from his patience and understanding has led to my taking some of the finest photographs seen in any album. Who else? Ah, yes—Romola.

I have a picture of Romola running her hand through my son's hair. He was seven. Now he's 21. I'm afraid Romola will have to run her hand through mine if any head has to be reached at all. But those 14 years have brought no change in Miss Chatterji—it's still Miss Chatterji. Many years ago I was asked to put a question to the Brains Trust. It was, "Does the Panel think that in this day and age the male no longer chases the female"? Three of the four judges, all men, gave answers that were biologically of interest, but the fourth, a retired schoolmistress from a very famous school tendered this, "Although I have had no practical experience of the problem, I consider myself to be one of those gems that have still to be discovered"! The sun dial speaks—"When I became a full grown man—Time ran". Oh for the power to go back in time—I know who'd do the fastest running.

* Then, there are Audrey and Trevor Kemp. It was in 1941 that I first met Trevor. 1941 is a date that exists for very few of you. Trevor was young, foot loose and fancy free then and it lasted a year. Then Audrey came along and promptly stopped his "laughing in church". Thirty yeary ago he was a nervous (imagine that—nervous!) assistant master sitting at this table with such august company as Charles O'Hagan, the Principal, Eric Carter the School Secretary and the legendary Bishop Barne as the guest of honour. Thirty years . . . and for thirty years Audrey and Trevor have culled the best of the Barne era, blended it with remarkable success with the Som Dutt era and now introducing into the new Pasricha era. We Old Sanawarians are Rarely aware of the deep gratitude we owe to the Kemps.

Yes, the "Magic of Sanawar", to quote Major Som Dutt, has a warmth all of its own. Stand on any of the pine clad slopes and listen to the silence. There are few places in this world where one can do just that—Listen to the Silence! What does it matter that a pine scented breeze wafts the clear liquid notes of a lilting song towards you. I heard it. The words told the story of a wayward goat, the music was ethereal. The voice had a purity of quality that vied with the serenity of the scene. I became inquisitive. I had to find the source. Nowhere but in Sanawar could such a picture be found as I found to my delight. A black, woolly-coated kid had four small feet perched on a square inch of rock projecting from a sheer cliff face of 40 feet or so. A woolly tuft of a tail twitched in ecstasy as the other extremity enveloped, ever so daintily, a tasty morsel of foliage just within its reach. Far below, seated on a pile of freshly broken stone was a girl. Her song berated, cajoled, warned, threatened and yet promised even better rewards if the beast with a heart as black as its coat would only come down and join the others in the small flock. It was

idyllic—it WAS magic—it was Sanawar magic. She accepted largesse albeit with the other hand drawing the edge of a cotton garment across her countenance. I imagined an oval shaped face, tanned by the gentle warmth of a Himalayan sun, possibly a nose ring and deep brown questing, smiling eyes. That was seven years ago. I expect the kid is now a lusty ram and the singer?.....No. don't break my dream. There is a vision somewhere in these blessed hills that fits the voice, the song, the scene, the memory.

The magic of Sanawar. Perhaps it has touched even you, Sir, and all the new members of your staff who we Old Sanawarians can call and are privileged to call our friends. We Old Sanawarians from the Past and of the Present Sanawar have taken the magic threads of tradition, a tradition peculiar to Sanawar, some have used the warp, some have used the weft, but together we have woven a carpet of intricate design. This carpet, Sir, we lay reverently at your feet. Tread gently.

Bill Colledge.

* This passage was pre-meditated by the speaker, but he was so charged with emotion he feared he would break down had he presented it.

(Bill Colledge responding to the toast "The Old Sanawarian Society").

The School Concert

Barne Hall was once again packed with eager parents and guests who had come to witness the School Concert.

The evening's programme began with 'Raga Hanodhwani' played by the School orchestra. The composition consisted of two pieces, the first being slow and melodious, the second much faster. It was skilfully executed and was well received.

The second item, a tribal folk d a ' eima-Jagoi', was performed by eight girls. It was short and lively, and the musical accompaniment was excellent.

This was followed by a classical dance 'Aveer-Kher' depicting the frolics of Radha and Krishna. It was very well performed. Ferida Satarawala as Krishna and Jyotsha Jamwal as Radha danced very gracefully. The dance was rather long but the colourfully clad Gopis, and the music, rightly deserved the applause they received.

While the stage was being set for the new item the school band played two tunes. Although informed about their item at the last moment, they thoroughly entertained us with "The Ballad of John and Yoko" and 'Puppet on a string'. Shekhar Kadam sang 'And I love Her'. Harisimran Sandhu at the drums was excellent.

The highlight of the evening's show was a Hindi comedy in three acts 'Sri Bhola Nath' by Sri K.C. Anand. It humorously depicted how Seth Chunni Lal, in order to get his ultra-modern daughter Veena married off to a humble and unsophisticated business partner Bhola Nath, spreads a rumour about Bhola Nath's having had a love affair with the glamorous actress Miss Malti. Unfortunately the actress in question and her fiance arrive at the scene and complicate matters.

Kulbhushan Oswal as Shri Bhola Nath, Preminda Batra as Mrs. Seth, Neel R. Kohli as Seth Chunni Lal and Anil Dass as their impudent servant, Dhaniya, suited their parts to a 'T'. The other actors too were at home on the stage.

Well done Sanawarians for an extremely entertaining evening.

Neelam Rastogi

Indira Prem Lal.

HOBBIES OF SANAWARIANS.



RUNNING.....



WOODWORK.....



BUTTERFLY WATCHING
(& COLLECTING).....



READING.....

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THE SANAWAR



NEWS-LETTER

No. 161

1st September

1970

School News

June.

27th. The School soccer First XI left for B.C.S. B.C.S. Atoms and Colts soccer teams arrived.

28th. All the three soccer matches played against B. C. S.

Though our Atoms lost to their B.C.S. counterparts by 1-0, our Colts made amends for them and beat B.C.S. by two goals to nil. Ram Chander and Sanjay Datt played very well for the Atoms. R. S. Kadyan and Pankaj Barthwal were a solid China Wall in defence. They played very coolly and fed the team superbly. Niraj Madhok played a fast game. His penetration into the B.C.S. defence was excellent, and his scoring a goal with an almost solo effort was laudable.

Though the B.C.S. First XI had the advantage of playing at home, they could not face the onslaught of the Sanawarians who were welded into an intelligent team with high morale by Mr. S.C. Jalota. With their coordination, speed, accuracy and skill the Sanawarians trounced B.C.S. 4-0.

29th. In order to celebrate the soccer victories the Head Master declared a holiday. It being a misty day one could not go out and enjoy oneself. However, every cloud has a silver lining, and the teachers were able to catch up with their correction and marking for the coming Mark Reading.

July

2nd. Lower Four and below witnessed the first showing of Siwalik House Saturday Club. In spite of its shortcomings it was well received.

4th. Though it was a cool, cloudy morning, the school gave Mr. and Mrs. Pasricha a very warm welcome. The whole school lined the route from

the 'Bakery' to the 'Quadrangle' to welcome them into the Sanawar Community. The Staff were introduced to them in the Quad. Tea followed in Gaskell Hall and a new era started for Sanawar.

In the evening Siwalik House entertained us to a variety programme. Mr. Pasricha spoke after the Show with a tinge of humour in his speech. He thanked the spectators for encouraging the Siwalikans and congratulated the participants and the producers on a successful performance.

5th. G. D. Inter-House Badminton matches started.

6th. Finals of G. D. Badminton took place. Our congratulations to the Siwalikans for annexing the coveted championship trophy.

The last three matches of the Inter-House Soccer were played between Himalaya and Nilagiri. They were very well contested. Though the Nilagarians were leading by a flattering margin, Himalayans overcame a 5-point deficit to virtually snatch the cup from the Nilagarians.

7th. 2nd Mark Reading was held. The up-to-date position is :

Nilagiri :	13:07	Himalaya :	12:20
Siwalik :	12:81	Vindhya :	11:02

8th. Home day. The Children were excitedly preparing to go home for the summer vacation. The buses kept leaving throughout the day and in the evening the school bore a deserted look; it remained so for a month.

August

8th. The school re-opened. Children poured in all through the day. The school bustled with life again. Though the children looked exhausted because of their long journeys, they had had a restful

and refreshing holiday and were ready for the Founder's term which would be super-charged with activity.

10th. Normal classes began.

In the afternoon a full Staff Meeting was held where in addition to Mr. Pasricha's giving a broad outline of his policy the Founder's programme was finalised.

12th. Regular hobbies, P.T. and Gym. work started.

14th. Independence Day eve Staff Club Dinner was organised in the Art room. Mrs. Sawney played a few tunes on the Piano. Commander Sawney gave us an interesting talk on Russia. Mr. Brajmani entertained us with an Orissi dance and lastly the staff were spell-bound by 'Bhajans' in Mrs. Mundkur's melodious voice. At 12 mid-night Mr. Pasricha proposed a toast to 'India'.

It was an enjoyable evening.

15th. Independence Day celebrated.

Assembly in Barne Hall followed the unfurling of the 'Tri-Colour' in front of Birdwood. Cdr. Sawney spoke to the school and was followed by a talk by Mr. Pasricha. The Headmaster urged Sanawarians to act upon Einstein's formula $A=X+Y+Z$ where A=Success, X=Hard work, Y=Play and Z=Keep your mouth shut.

— — — — —
An extract from The Hindustan Times.

Little Ambassador.

CARRYING curry powder spices, ghee, and a sitar, 10-year-old Seema Gulati left last week for Sweden and Denmark to attend a month long international Summer Village Camp. Seema, the only girl from North India, will not only cook several Indian delicacies for her international friends but also let them have a feel of the music and dance of India.

Seema is among the five Indian girls and boys who will stay at International Camps and later visit some other European countries. 22 countries are represented at the Camps.

Born in January 1960 Seema daughter of a Delhi businessman went to school at the age of two-and-a-half years. At six she was admitted to The Lawrence School, Sanawar, Simla Hills, and showed brilliant form. At 10 she is an accomplished sitarist, cook, dancer and singer.

At India Day at the international camp she is scheduled to present Indian Naga dances and a sitar recital. Seema will also appear on TV.

Seema has taken with her several pieces of her own needle-work, another accomplishment, and Indian handicrafts for presentation to her foreign friends.

* * * * *

Staff News

We were sorry to lose Mrs. F. Wheeler, House Matron, who served the school only for a term. We are pleased to have Mrs. Leela Joshi temporarily in her place.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Josphine W. Sawney and Mr. R. K. Malaviya who have joined us this term as Piano Mistress and Tabla Master respectively. Mrs. Sawney is a licentiate of The Royal Academy of Music, London, and has taught at The Scindia School, Gwalior, for a year. Mr. Malaviya is B. Music from the Prayag Sangeet Samiti, Allahabad. He has worked for 3 years in the Song and Drama division of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Simla. We wish them both a successful and happy stay in Sanawar.

We extend our very special congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Pasricha and Mr. and Mrs. Mundkur on their becoming grand parents.

O. S. News

Navin Chawla (D-241, Defence Colony, New Delhi—3) "I will be leaving Moradabad in December and after some further months of training, expect to be sent to Himachal Pradesh. That will bring me closer to Sanawar, I hope."

(O.S. will remember Navin Bratt. He is now in the I.A.S.).

* * * * *

Fg. Officer Pradeep R. Suri [Senior Officers. Mess, A. R. C., Charbatia, Cuttack (Orissa)]: "I left A. F. Agra in 1968 and since, have been on deputation to the Cabinet Secretariat. I am flying a twin engined heavy aircraft and simply love my job. In case your Sixth-Formers have any ideas, the Air Force is the bet! I sincerely hope I can make it for the Founder's this year. I shall walk in with a dual responsibility—one, to feel an offshoot of Sanawar once again and, two, to see how Ravi is faring. Till then, I wish you and everybody there, the very best and look forward to hearing from you. Warm regards."

David A. Williams (18 Bordajoz Rd., Ryde, NSW, Australia): "I dropped the boys at Stoneheuge (Stoneview) a line, about 24th June, persuade them to reply. . . . Please give my salaam to Ithwari, Ayha and Choti, I hope I have spelt their names correctly, if not then give your servants my salaams.

Yesterday was a holiday (Bank Holiday), so we spent the day lazing round the yard, and pruning some of the many trees in the backyard.

Group Captain Cheshire will be arriving in Australia in October, and is scheduled to give a talk to inmates at Parramatta Gaol on 17.10.70, so I shall attempt to attend, particularly as it's on the week-end. As you probably know, he has some projects of his own underway in India (Dehra Dun) and is well regarded in rehabilitation circles. I understand he was in the Dambusters Squad, and also a member of the British team that witnessed the "A" bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He must be in his 60's by now."

Hardip Sikund (P.O. Box 3192, Kakora, Jinja, Uganda): "This term has been extremely busy for us as it has been packed with Inter-house competitions. You are probably aware that we are both House Staff. Names of Houses here are based on animals. Tripta is Rhino and I am Hippo. We had our Inter-house drama competition last Saturday. Our dramas are now in the finals. Tripta produced 'The Man with the Bowler Hat,' and I am trying my hand on "Ace, King, Queen," an extravagant concert in verse. The production of these plays was an uphill task. Pronunciation presents a big problem here. There are many competitions on the cultural side which keep one on one's toes. The Final is on the 18th and there is a tough fight in the family but being a chivalrous person I must give Tripta a chance. . . . We still miss the homely atmosphere of Sanawar and often talk with nostalgia of the time spent there."

Gurvinder Singh (Hindustan Lever House, Backbay Reclamation, P.O. Box 409. Bombay—1.) "You must have received my letter as well as the invitation to the Exhibition. By the Grace of God, and I presume partly attributable to my genius, this went off well and I have already sent you copies of my book which I hope you will be able to survive.

Anyway, if this letter gets to you in time, I would strongly recommend buying the Illustrated Weekly of India of Sunday the 19th July 1970, priced 85 paise payable by you, and go through the editor's (a brilliant man, incidentally) page. I hope you are duly impressed by the write-up on His Excellency and in case after reading this, you are in a mood to spend 800 bucks for buying a painting, let me know telegraphically because demand

far exceeds supply. . . If the school is interested in buying copies, the price is Rs. 5/-; on an order exceeding 100 copies Rs. 3/-.

I am missing you all and I hope to see you soon.

(Bulbul's book of verse "FARWAY," can be obtained directly from him).

A Sample

yet light must fade as all light must
my teeth will fall my bones will rust
yet i will live to see the day
when i shall say what i have to say.
till then i am content to wait
hear the clock strike eight and half past eight
before adopting my shuffling walk
adjust my coat and talk
mumbling to myself, i shall wait.

Ajit Jayaram, an O. S. (1959—63), who is temporarily on the Staff here, sends his best regards to Old Sanawarians everywhere and requests any O. S. who can find a little time to please drop him a line.

T. C. Kemp

* * * * *

The Siwalik House Show

As always, Barne Hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience, eagerly waiting for the show to commence. As the curtains parted, there was a sudden hush. The show started with the traditional singing of the National Anthem

When the English play 'Speaking of Murder' was announced we held our breaths and waited expectantly. The theme of the play was excellent and it could have been a great success had the actors shown more confidence and perhaps a little more feeling while narrating their lines. Gita Tandon acted the part of an old wicked governess well. Dipika Rai and Sanjiv K. Singh as the children of the house were also good. Sergeant Mitchell (S. Hira) also deserves mention. The presence of Mandy Kemp (the Kemps' dog) on the stage created a sensation. The play though a little long-drawn was appreciated by the audience.

Next 'The Rain-Makers' alias the Siwalik Racketeers played 'Walking the Carpet' and 'Sugar Sugar' the latter, though a little 'off' was a good attempt. Suren Hira then surprised us with a song 'Mrs. Apple Bee'—which was sung nervously but was enjoyed by all—well done!

The next item was a very original 'Skeleton Dance'! Though the light effects and dresses were marvellous, the skeletons failed to create the required atmosphere. Instead with their bony frames, they had the audience roaring with laughter. It was most entertaining and it stole the show.

'The Rain-Makers' then played 'Sun Re Balam' and 'Innermotion Faze'. The guitar in the latter tune was very effective. S. Bajaj and A. Ansal played an extremely lively tune on mouth organs which received thunderous applause.

The beating of a 'Dholak' announced the Hindi Play "समा". We sat up in our chairs and though a number of lines and jokes went over our heads, we enjoyed it all the same. It began with a graceful dance performed by Jyotsna Jamwal and Sadhna Singh who took us to the exotic age of the Rajas and Maharajas of Nasik, where the scene of the play was set. Neel Kohli as मगध का राजदूत was at ease on the stage and was easily the best actor. Well done! The two junior boys Rajiv and Sanjay Datt amused the audience right through the play and did extremely well as a first attempt. Mukul Chopra as दण्डनायक was good and Anil Das as आचार्य was very imposing and suited his part to a 'T'. Maneka Anand as the Princess and Deeksha Hoon as the music teacher also did extremely well.

Besides the excellent acting and direction the silk dresses and the stage settings were exceptionally good. The perfection of the play in all its aspects, testifies to the hard work put in by the participants and the directors. Congratulations!

To add to the glory of their success the Siwalikans were lucky to be honoured by the presence of our new Headmaster Mr. Pasricha, who had arrived earlier in the day with Mrs. Pasricha. He thanked them for their excellent performance.

I end by thanking all the Siwalikans for a very enjoyable and entertaining evening.

Tania Talwar.

ग्रीष्म-ऋतु का एक दिन

मुझे किसी आवश्यक कार्य के लिए नगर को जाना था। नगर हमारे गाँव से लगभग पाँच मील था। ग्रीष्म-ऋतु का समय था। घर से निकलने की हिम्मत न हो रही थी क्योंकि बाहर अंगारे बरस रहे थे। लू सॉय-सॉय कर के चल रही थी। मन ने

कहा— "छोड़ो, जाने दो इस काम को, बाहर जाकर अपनी जान शवानी है क्या?" मैंने अपने मन की मानी और खाट पर लेट गयी। मेरी आँख लगी ही थी कि माँ ने दरवाजा खट खटाया और मुझे नगर जाने की आज्ञा दी। मुझे मन ही मन क्रोध तो बहुत आया किन्तु माँ की आज्ञा थी, टालना मुश्किल था। मन ही मन सोचा—अब क्या होगा? गर्मी इतनी अधिक थी कि घर के अन्दर भी दम घुटा जा रहा था।

मैं गुस्से में उठी और अपना साईकिल उठाया और नगर की ओर चल दी। माँ ने बार-बार पुकारा और छाता ले जाने को कहा, पर मैंने एक न मुनी। सबक पर कोई पेड़ न था और था भी तो नाम मात्र को भी छाया न थी। मुझे इतना पसीना आया हुआ था कि जैसे वर्षा में भीग गई हूँ। सिर पर कोई कपड़ा भी न था। दोपहर का समय था कड़ाके की धूप सीधी सिर पर पड़ रही थी। मारे गर्मी के सिर फटा जा रहा था। इस दयनीय अवस्था में, माँ के ये शब्द— 'बेटी, छाता ले जा, बाहर अत्यन्त गर्मी है'— मेरे कानों में अभी भी गूँज रहे थे।

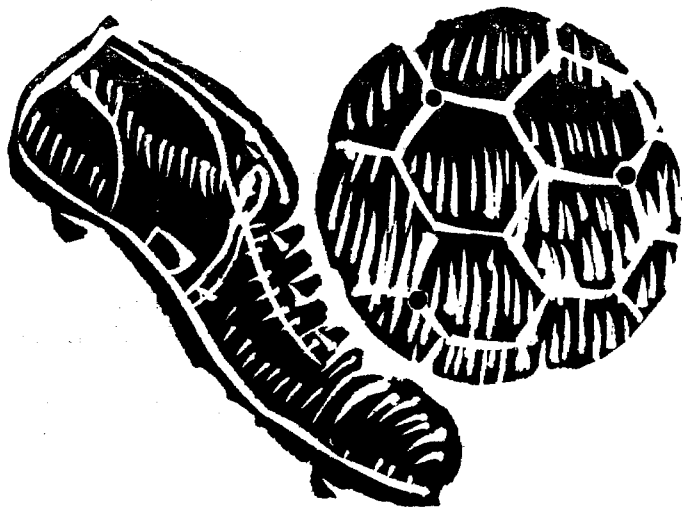
अभी तक मैं दो मील तय कर पायी थी। आकाश में उड़ते हुए पक्षियों को देखकर मेरा कलेजा मुँह को आ रहा था। वह पागल से हुए पेड़ की छाया और जल की तलाश में इधर-उधर भटक रहे थे। मुझे तो गर्मी के कारण नानी याद आ रही थी।

थोड़ी दूरी पर एक पुल बन रहा था। मजदूर अपना खून पसीना एक कर के काम में जुटे हुए थे। उन के शरीर पसीने में तर और धूप से तमतमा रहे थे। यह उन की मजदूरी बनाम मजबूरी थी। उन की दुर्दशा देख कर मेरा दिल भर आया। मैं भगवान को कोसने लगी।

मैं इस प्रकार की भावनाओं में खोई हुई आगे बढ़ी जा रही थी कि मेरी नज़र सामने के मील के चिह्न पर पड़ी। अभी नगर पहुँचने को लगभग आधा मील शेष था। मुझ में आगे बढ़ने की शक्ति न रह गई थी। दिल में अकस्मात् कुछ घबराहट सी हुई और मैं धड़ाम से गिर पड़ी। मैं अपनी सुधि खो चुकी थी और मुझे नहीं मालूम आगे क्या हुआ? जब मुझे होश आया तो मैं हस्पताल के एक कमरे में थी और मेरी माँ मेरे सिरहाने बैठी हुई मेरा सिर सहला रही थी। यद्यपि इस घटना को घटे पाँच वर्ष से भी अधिक हो गए हैं, तथापि गर्मी के दिनों में एक धुंधली सी स्मृति मेरे स्मृति-पटल पर आ ही जाती है।

सविता ललोत्रा

Soccer : Sanawar vs. B.C.S.



The 28th of June was a day when one could not predict whether the sun would shine or the rain would fall. The morning very aptly depicted the mood of the opposing teams; they were not sure whether they would win or lose. Both the schools were hoping that the sun would shine on them in the form of victory but alas! there were a few mournful drops in store for one of the teams.

B.C.S. won the toss and the match started off at 9-35 a.m. with Anil Kalia passing the ball to Bhupinder Kaul. In the very first minute we saw some action near the B.C.S. goal. One of their players trying to head the ball away from the goal sent it flying towards the goalie who was quick enough to stop it and in turn threw it to one of his players. Banti intercepted it but the ball evaded his otherwise forceful kick.

Everybody converged on the spot and nothing else but a jumble of legs was visible. During this melee a Cottonian was penalised for hand-ball. Ranbir took the free kick but his angled shot missed the goal by a couple of feet (his geometry was always weak).

Now it was the turn of B.C.S. to attack. They fought back and soon the ball was bouncing near the Sanawar goal but with no imminent danger. Sanawar cleared the ball to the centre. The game went on like this for about ten minutes. Both the teams looked evenly matched. There were some good attempts from both sides and equally good saves. The game was fairly fast with adroit dribbling, accurate passing, skilful heading and forceful kicking.

At 9-46 Kaul had the ball under his control. He dexterously dodged three opponents, approached the goal area and cleverly passed it on to Anil Kalia. He, with his superb ball control and body swerve, dribbled the ball close to the goal and shot the ball into the net at 9-47 leaving the B.C.S. custodian helpless. With this brilliant goal the Sanawarians gave quick notice of their intentions.

Immediately after the re-start Kaul took possession of the ball and with his solo effort he dribbled it to their goal, kicked hard but missed the goal. The Cottonians retaliated. The goal kick sent the ball into our half from where the B.C.S. forwards took it into the goal area. Some rough play gave a free kick to the B.C.S. team. The kick was beautifully taken and it would have been a goal had not Vasudev Pathania's usual agility come to the team's rescue. The game continued at a rapid pace, the ball going up and down the field. Their left winger sent a couple of good crosses but the centre forward squandered these chances. On our side Kaul and Kalia attacked the B.C.S. goal many a time but all in vain. Once, in fact, there was nobody between Kalia and the goalkeeper and as Kalia was about to kick, the ball became entangled in his feet and, excited as he was, he kicked it rather poorly and the ball went too wide. Just before half-time Banti collected a pass from Bhasin and pushed it very skilfully towards a corner of the goal. It was a tricky one but was saved. Next Geetish Lal tried from a distance but he was not to have a share in the tally of goals, the ball scraped over the cross-bar. Soon after this, the first-half ended with Sanawar leading 1-0.

The match resumed after a five-minute interval. The game had been in progress only for three minutes when Kaul kicked the ball back over his head and Anil Kalia, waiting for it, trapped the ball and placed it very coolly into the goal, to the dismay of the Cottonian crowd, bringing the score to 2-0. Sanawar were now pressing very hard. Two minutes later (10-15) Kaul passed the ball to Banti who horrified the host crowd by netting it. The crowd almost groaned in unison "Oh, No!" The score now stood at 3-0.

By now B. C. S. were nervous and demoralised. Feeling helpless they were just kicking aimlessly into the air giving 'corners' and 'throws' unnecessarily. Bhasin kicked a hard one into the goal but Sabhlok, their goalkeeper, pushed it over the cross bar. A 'corner' followed which Sanawar could not convert. Sanawar now confidently dominated most of the field with only sporadic raids being made by the B.C.S. forwards, merely to be foiled by the solid Sanawar defence. Vasudev Pathania stood idle most of the time. Whatever attempts the Cottonians did make, Vasudev saved them well. With his keen sense of anticipation and

agility he proved impregnable. He was virtually a solid wall in defence. At about 10-25 Anil Kalia collected the ball in midfield and took it all by himself to the goal but alas! with the momentum he had gained he could not control himself and banged into the goalkeeper who picked up the ball and threw it away rather clumsily. Banti intercepted the ball which rebounded and almost went into the goal, but fortunately for B.C.S. a player out of the 'blue' saved the situation.

Unable to connect, Banti missed an almost sure goal. Anyway, Anil Kalia made amends for him. He dribbled the ball fast, penetrated their weakening defence and mortified the crowd by ramming home the last of the tally at 10-30 leaving their goalie spreadeagled. Mankotia, Amar Rana and Shiv Kapoor made attempts too feeble to get past the very well marshalled Sanawarian defence. The match ended immediately after Ranbir took a splendid 'corner' which shaved the cross-bar and was deflected. The score-board showed 4—0.

Sanawar displayed their attacking power in the second half. Anil Kalia, though small in size, carried himself like a titan throughout the match, playing a fast and accurate game. He combined very well with Banti and Kaul and they capitalised on the weakening B.C.S. defence. An all-round display by ubiquitous Ranbir was superb. He proved himself to be a real defensive stalwart. Vasudev also played very well. In fact Sanawar were a close-knit team and played as such. B.C.S., though endowed with plenty of individual talent, were found wanting in match-winning cohesion due to a very short season.

S. C. Arora



School Calendar

The provisional Calendar for the rest of the term is published below:—

September

Sat.	5th	Staff Club Dinner
Sun.	6th	Film 6-00 p.m.
Sun.	13th	Film 6-00 p.m.
Sun.	20th	Film 6-00 p.m.
Sat.	26th	Marks to Form Staff 1-00 p.m.
Sun.	27th	Mark Books to Sr. Mistress 1-00 p.m.
Mon.	28th	3rd Mark Reading
Wed.	30th	School Concert (For all Forms) P. D. Concert (For all Forms)

October

Thu. 1st A.D.S. (For L-V and below)

Founder's Programme

Friday, 2nd October

9-30 a. m. ...	Athletics	Barne's
12-00 noon ...	Coffee for parents	Gaskell Hall
5-00 p. m. ...	Staff play	Barne Hall

Saturday, 3rd October

10-15 a. m. ...	O. S. matches	Barne's
11-00 a. m. ...	Board meeting	H. M's House
1-15 p. m. ...	Founder's Lunch	
4-00 p. m. ...	Prep. School Concert	Barne Hall
7-15 p. m. ...	Tattoo	Peacestead

Sunday, 4th October

	Founder's Day Assembly	Barne Hall
10-00 a. m. ...	{ Trooping of the School Colour	Peacestead
11-00 a. m. ...	{ Arts, Crafts and Needlework Exhibition	Art Room & Needlework Room
12-00 noon ...	Speeches	Barne Hall
5-00 p. m. ...	School Concert	Barne Hall

Monday, 5th October

11-00 a. m. ...	Fête	Birdwood School
2-30 p.m. ...	O.S. Meeting	Club
7-00 p.m. ...	O.S. Dinner	Parker Hall
8-30 p.m. ...	O.S. Dance	Barne Hall

Tue.	6th	Holiday
Wed.	7th	Holiday Film 6-00 p.m.
Thu.	8th	Prep cancelled
Sun.	11th	Film 6-00 p.m.
Mon.	12th	Inter-House P.T. Competition
Tue.	13th	Boxing Training starts
Fri.	16th	Team leaves for Patiala
Sat.	17th	Athletics in Patiala
Sun.	18th	Athletics in Patiala Film 6-00 p.m.
Sat.	24th	Teams leave for Simla
Sun.	25th	Hockey vs. B.C.S. Film 6-00 p.m.
Thu.	29th	Deepawali Holiday

November

		Film	6-00 p.m.
Mon.	2nd	Morning Prep	
Wed.	4th	I. S. C. Dict. & Aural	
Thu.	5th	I. S. C. Oral	
Fri.	6th	I. S. C. Oral	
Sat.	7th	Film	5-30 p.m.
Mon.	9th	I. S. C. Examination commences	
Fri.	13th	Guru Nanak's Birthday Holiday	
Sat.	14th	Children's Day	
		Film	5-30 p.m.
Sun.	15th	I. H. Shooting	
		Staff Club Tea	4-00 p.m.
		Staff Photograph	5-15 p.m.
		Staff Club Meeting	5-30 p.m.
Mon.	16th	Boxing Tournament starts	
Sat.	21st	Boxing Finals	
		Film	5-30 p.m.
Sat.	28th	Film	5-30 p.m.
Mon.	30th	Mark Reading in Form rooms	9-00 a.m.
		Promotion meeting	11-00 a.m.

December

Tue.	1st	I. S. C. ends	
		Assembly	10-00 a.m.
		Prize-giving	12-00 noon
		P.D. Christmas Tree	6-30 p.m.
		House-Break-up Parties	6-00 p.m.
Wed.	2nd	Home Day	

⊗ Greetings to the Parents ⊗

On taking over the School I wish you all the best.

One of my very close friends who is a veteran officer in the army, recently wrote to me remarking: "what a come-down from Principal to Headmaster!!!" I did not agree and in my reply quoted Shakespeare's unforgettable lines

"What's in a name; that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Sanawar is the oldest Public School and is older than the first university established in India. It is situated in most picturesque surroundings in the Simla Hills at an ideal height of 1700 meters and has a very healthy climate. It has excellent traditions and has every reason to feel proud of its products—the Old Sanawarians. I therefore consider it a proud privilege to become the Head of this institution and pray to God to give me strength, courage and wisdom to not only carry on the good work which my predecessors have done but also to try and improve upon them and to bring

new laurels to the institution. For this I seek the co-operation and help of all parents, staff, students and Old Sanawarians.

I may mention that educating children is a job which has to be undertaken jointly by the home and the school, and, therefore, it is very essential that parents also extend their co-operation to the school in instilling a sense of proper values and discipline among the students.

Parents are our clients and our efforts will continue to be directed towards meeting their requirements to the best of our ability. They are our ears and eyes, and they are requested to let us know whatever comes to their notice. Suggestions for improvement are most welcome and these will get our serious consideration; and every effort will be made to implement those which are likely to improve the institution and its products.

I know that when parents visit the school they have very little time, they are anxious to hand over their children, to contact the Bursar for accounts problems, to see the House Staff about the progress and welfare of their wards, but if they have the time, I invite them to come and discuss with me the future of their children and to give me any suggestions for the improvement of the School.

Headmaster

Soccer 1970

This year the inter-house soccer matches commenced on Saturday, the 20th of June. The boys had been allotted only five weeks for practice but they made full use of them. The first day ended with Nilagiri leading with 8 points, having won two matches with Vindhya B and two with Siwalik C. Himalaya followed with 4 points leaving Siwalik and Vindhya yet to open their accounts.

On Monday, the 22nd, Nilagiri secured 4 more points while Siwalik and Vindhya gained 2 points each. As their match with Siwalik A was postponed, Himalaya gained only two points. On Wednesday evening Nilagiri were 23 points, followed by Himalaya with 12. Vindhya and Siwalik were 6 and 5 points respectively. The next day brought Himalaya, which gained 7 points, closer to Nilagiri. Friday, the last day of the minor league, ended well for Nilagiri, who were first with 28 points. Next came Himalaya with 21, followed by Vindhya having 12 and Siwalik 9 points.

The inter-house matches were interrupted by the matches against B. C. S. The Sanawar First XI won magnificently by netting 4 goals and not allowing the B. C. S. XI to return any. Our Colts team, which was superior to the B. C. S. team won by two goals. However, the Cottonians won the Atoms match by a solitary goal.

The major-league started on Wednesday, the 1st of July. Nilagiri won the Colts and First XI matches against Vindhya but drew the Atoms match, Meanwhile Siwalik conceded all three matches to Himalaya. On Friday, the second day, Siwalik won the Atoms match against Nilagiri but lost the other two, one by five goals and the First XI match by one goal. Himalaya won the Colts match against Vindhya by a number of goals but drew the First XI match as both sides scored one goal each. The Vindhyan were victorious in the Atoms match. At the end of the day Siwalik were 13 points, Vindhya 20, Himalaya 39 and Nilagiri 46.

The Himalaya A₁ vs. Siwalik A₁ match was played on Sunday. Himalaya beat Siwalik the score being 8—1, and thus went up to 41 points.

The climax came on Monday. Himalaya required 10 points and Nilagiri 4 to win the cup. The Himalayans magnificently won the Colts match with a score of 4—1. The Nilagirians also lost the Atoms match by a single goal. The Himalayans now had only to draw the First XI match which they did in spite of the utmost efforts on the part of the Nilagirians. Thus the soccer cup went into the possession of the Himalayans. Nilagiri was second followed by Vindhya and then Siwalik. Congratulations to Himalaya.

Ranbir Singh

Inter-House Badminton Matches 1970

A piercing whistle effectually served to silence the noisy crowds of girls in Gaskell Hall.

The first match was between Vindhya and Nilagiri (singles). Both the players played well and the match went into a third game. However, Arti Ahluwalia (V) proved to be the superior of the two.

Nilagiri, however, had its revenge in the very next match. The Nilagarian doubles, who seemed to be rather nervous at first, soon warmed up and succeeded in beating the Vindhyan.

The next match was played between Himalaya and Siwalik (singles). It was an interesting match. Both the players won one game each but in the third game Poornima Bhalerao (H) drew ahead of her opponent and walked away victorious.

The next two matches were played between Himalaya and Siwalik, and Himalaya and Vindhya (doubles) respectively. Although Himalaya put up a very hard fight, both the matches ended in favour of their opponents.

In the match between Nilagiri and Himalaya (singles) the latter's player being strong and steady, easily defeated Rina Mukherji (N). Against Siwalik (singles) the Nilagirian player's attempts again proved futile as the former played some excellent shots which quite unnerved the latter.

Between Siwalik and Vindhya (doubles) Siwalik won a decisive victory over Vindhya. The Siwalkans followed up this victory by beating the Nilagarians (doubles) who put up a rather poor show as there was not much co-ordination between the players.

Next the Vindhyan and Himalayan (singles) players walked onto the court. Once again, we witnessed an entertaining match, especially as Arti Ahluwalia smashed a good deal and was rewarded by a convincing victory.

In the next match, however, Himalaya (doubles) emerged victorious by defeating the Nilagarians.

The last match was definitely the most exciting of the series (singles). The players were well-matched and displayed some delightful shots and excellent placing. After losing the first game Manju Kochar (S) made a good recovery. Arti Ahluwalia (V) though having a very flexible wrist, wavered towards the end against the dauntless, steady player in the person of Manju Kochar (S).

Amidst a wild burst of cheering the Siwalkan players proudly lifted the cup. Himalaya, Vindhya and Nilagiri occupied the second, third and fourth positions respectively.

Rita Bansal

Letter to the Editor

Many thanks for the News-Letter just received. So happy to hear that we trounced B. C. S. by an innings. They were a formidable side in my time (1923—27) but we had the redoubtable George Barne as our Principal, and I believe he was an Oxford Blue in Cricket.

14, Albert Street,
Bangalore—25

H. H. Brisley

* * * * *
Married men have better 'halves' but bachelors
boast of their better 'quarters'.

THE NEW HEAD MASTER

We were sad to bid good-bye to Maj. Som Dutt, our Head Master, when he retired in February, 1970. It was indeed a very long wait before Mr. Pasricha, his successor, was able to join us. We were glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Pasricha on the 4th of July.

After completing his schooling in Kangra district, Mr. Pasricha went to the great seat of learning—B. H. U. where he passed his Intermediate Science. To gain a varied experience he went to Lucknow to pursue his studies further where B. Sc. and M. Sc. (Mathematics) degrees were conferred on him. Immediately after his M. Sc. he was appointed lecturer in Maths. at the Isabella Thoburn college, Lucknow, where he taught upto degree classes for five years. Thereafter he joined the Royal Indian Naval Volunteer Reserve. After 'demobilisation' as a Lieutenant he went to England as a Govt. of India overseas scholar. He was in the U.K. for over two and a half years and did his T D and M. A. (Education) from the University of London. While he was there he travelled widely. On his return he was offered a lectureship at J.S.W. Clement Town, Dehradun where he served for nine years. During this time he went to the United States for a year as a Fulbright Scholar and passed his M. Ed. (Illinois) very creditably. On his return he moved to Khadakvasla with the N D. A. and was there till 1958. He was selected Principal, Oak Grove School, Jharipani, Mussoorie, and remained there in that capacity for 11½ years.

Mr. Pasricha has played Volley-ball, Cricket, Badminton and Tennis. ~~He is keenly interested in Bridge.~~ He firmly believes that Education should be as diverse as possible and he himself has many interests. On one side he has been an energetic hiker and on the other hand he is a great lover of Indian Classical music. He has been a keen debater and that's abundantly evident in his convincing arguments. He is an eloquent speaker, where his logical mind, coherent ideas and self-confidence are easily discernible.

Education, he feels, should be a habit forming process and should lead to the development of a

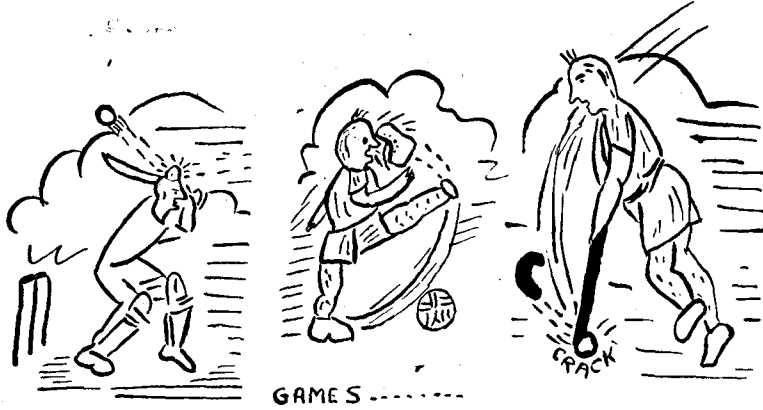
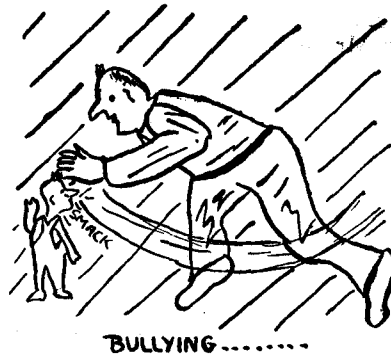
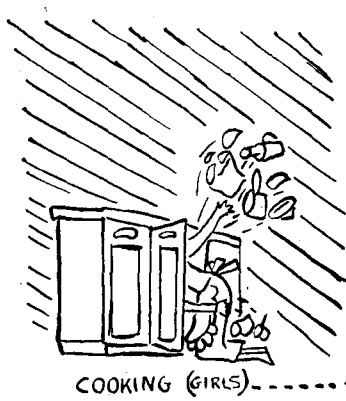
child's powers of thinking and reasoning. It should develop the personality of a child by the provision of all necessary facilities and also by encouragement in academic matters.

He is a strict disciplinarian and believes in guided self-discipline for children. He is of the opinion that a school has succeeded in instilling proper discipline into its children when the pupils' behaviour remains predictable whether under supervision or otherwise. Discipline, he says, is the corporate responsibility of the Staff and for which their example is all important. He himself practises what he preaches. He firmly believes that parents cannot be divorced from the responsibility of inculcating discipline in children; their co-operation is very essential. He is convinced that rules and regulations should be very few but should be strictly adhered to. He is all for the participation of students in the administration of the school. He underlined his policy in the very first School Assembly he addressed: he stated that he had an open mind and would be pleased to welcome new suggestions. He is of the view that we must allow new ideas to permeate the old; that we must keep what has been found to be worthwhile and add to it what seems of value for the future. He is a dynamic administrator and a seasoned Head Master. He is full of energy and untiring in any work he takes up and judging from his handling of school affairs in the past two months he likes to tackle problems with boldness and straightforwardness. He is a down-to-earth practical man and is very spartan in his habits. In spite of his multifarious duties he is taking pains to know his Staff and pupils individually. He has a friendly nature, a sharp wit and a fine sense of humour. He appreciates sincerity and earnestness and punctuality in daily life.

Sanawar is fortunate in having as the new Head a man of rich experience, both administrative and academic. We wish him a long and successful association with "The Best School of All".

S. C. Arora

HOBBIES OF SANAWARIANS.



Editor:—S. C. Arora.

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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Regd. No. P.—129

**THE
SANAWAR
NEWS-LETTER**

If undelivered please return to:—

THE HEADMASTER
THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR
(SIMLA HILLS).

PRINTED

10 April

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 160

1st August

1970

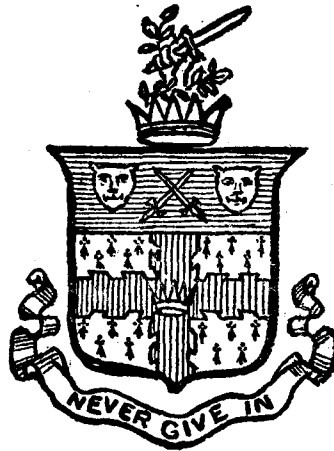
School closed
for
Mid-Term Vacations.

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER

No. 159

1st July

1970

School News

May.

23rd. The Staff Club secretary, Mr. Joshi, organised the Club Dinner out in the open. It was an original idea and was a welcome change from the old routine of having dinners in the Art room. Even though it got a bit chilly, everybody enjoyed the evening.

25th. The traditional Festival soccer match was played between the staff & the school XI. The ageing staff were no match for the young bloods. The boys played a fast and accurate game. They found oceans of space in the staff defence and bombarded the goal from almost all angles. Our custodian, Mr. B. Singh, saved many goals but was left helpless four times, twice by Anil Kalia and once each by Geetish Lall and B. N. Kaul. However, Mr. Sequeira helped the staff to reduce the arrears by one, (1-4), by his brilliant solo effort.

28th. David Cairncross, who came to us this term for a few months, left the school to do some sight seeing of the rest of India before going back to England. With his amiable disposition and gregariousness he was friendly with the whole staff. He had plenty of patience and was kind to his pupils. He had a happy nature which made him popular amongst the staff and the students. We wish him good luck in his future life.

The School under 11s played a friendly soccer match against Siwalik Public School, Chandigarh. Some of the 'Siwalikans' were a year older than the 'Sanawarians' but their foot-work, ball control, body swerve and, in fact, their whole game was better than that of ours. They established their supremacy by a 6-1 victory over us.

30th. Shri Shiv Anand Swami, a music and drama teacher from Bijapore, entertained us to a one-man show in the evening. By giving us a delightful variety programme of classical dances, songs and skits he kept our interest alive for a full hour. One rarely comes across such a talented person. He gave us glimpses of light and classical vocal music. He amused the audience with his humorous acting and made them sit on the edges of their chairs with his serious sketches. The whole show was simply superb.

June.

3rd. Staff tennis tournament commenced. This year the number of participants being many more than in past many years, the matches are being held on a knock-out basis.

The School XI played a friendly football match against the Star Club, Kasauli, and beat them by six goals to four.

4th. Two 'chutties' were long due,—one to celebrate the cricket victory over B.C.S. and the other on account of the brilliant I. S. C. results. These two holidays were prefixed to the following Sunday to give the school a long week-end. The children were free to go wherever they liked. Some went home; others went on self-organised hikes. The School looked deserted.

7th. In the evening the school bustled with life again as the children came back. They looked refreshed and ready for another month of serious study.

11th. Dress rehearsal for Himalaya House Show. Lower Four and below witnessed it.

13th. We were pleased to have some staff from St. John's, Chandigarh. Himalaya House entertained them and the other guests in the evening.

The show started in a rather dull manner but gradually gained momentum and in the last item the audience were spellbound by the 'Monkey's Paw'. Rakesh Bhan, Vasudev Pathania and Arveen Sawhney stole the show in the first, second and the third scenes respectively. A detailed account appears on page 8.

15th. Scanlan tennis matches (G.D.) for individual championship started.

19th. The school XI played a friendly match against the Govt. Higher Sec. school, Kasauli. The match ended in a goalless draw.

20th. Minor Soccer League started.

Kamaljit Ramana and Kawaljit Brar reached the final of the Scanlan tennis matches. A large number of spectators was present to witness the match in the evening. Our congratulations to Kamaljit Ramana for annexing the coveted championship trophy.

Staff News

Our congratulations to Mr. Jagdish Ram Acharya on his son, Naresh Kumar (O.S. 56-65), getting Commissioned on the 13th June. We wish Naresh a happy and successful career in the Army.

O. S. News

Mr. Stuart Moore (72 Delaware Mansions, Delaware Road, London W. 9. England): "Talking of Reunions—we have the O. S. Reunion on Saturday, the 9th. I am meeting Bill Colledge at midday and we are going to get his and Mrs. Tilley's film sorted out for projecting later in the day. I am bringing my projector and screen for the purpose, and all of us are looking forward enormously to seeing some recent films of Sanawar. I am hoping that quite a number of recent leavers will be present, in contrast to last year when so few made the effort. It makes all the difference in the world to have every age-group represented. I feel so sad at so many of my staff friends having left. The only consolation I had when leaving Sanawar in 1963 was that they at any rate would still be there when I returned to the school, but now who will be left save for the very few.

* * * * *

Alan M. Webb (868 Newcomb St., Lakewood, Colorado 80215 U.S.A.): "I am writing a short note initially to ensure that anything sent to you,

is going to the right address. I was at School there in 1938-'41 (as The Lawrence Royal Military School) and often think of the happy times spent in that part of India, this prompting me to finally write. I am interested in knowing how things are there—obviously very much different to when I was there, and I would be very pleased to have a few photographs and perhaps literature. I intend to send you photographs and literature about this part of Colorado which, in the mountains, resembles the Himalayan foothills. We are in a suburb of Denver—population of about 1,000,000 and growing. Denver is about 5,200 ft. up just to the east of the Rocky Mountains. Colorado has 52 named peaks over 14,000 ft. high. The common pine is similar to the "CHIR" pine. I hope this letter reaches you, as I am still keenly interested in India."

* * * * *

Sunaina Chauhan (No. 277, Sector 16, Chandigarh-17): "Indu and I came up for the camp. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and it was a wonderful dip in a glorious past. We felt as though we had never even left the school! I wish I could make it more often as a few hours visit like the first one is much too short to meet everyone. Still, one finds it hard to believe that one has finished with Sanawar at least as a student. Those really were a wonderful set of years, though we did not think the same then and hardly appreciated it".

* * * * *

Capt. N.S. Pathania (1st Bn The 5th Gorkha Rifles (FF), C/o 56 APO): "I have been an awful correspondent at not having written once after leaving Sanawar in 1957. But I mean to make up by writing regularly. Perhaps many will not remember me, but I was the first PATHANIA to come to Sna' in '52; since then it has become almost a tradition in the family. For myself I can say without doubt that the 5 years from 52-57 have been the happiest days of my life. During the last couple of months I have bumped into Naresh Bahadur, Gurcharan Singh Brar and Virpal Singh. Viru was with me for a course lasting 6 weeks and we were dubbed the 'MAD SANAWARIANS' because that's all we talked about from morning till evening. Please convey my best wishes to the members of the staff and all Sanawarians".

* * * * *

From a Poona Correspondent: "I know you'll be very much surprised on hearing from me, but, I just couldn't help it any more and so decided to write to you at once and waste a little of your time—if I may. Sir, I was in Chandigarh for my summer break where while I was going through my old correspondence I came across many of Sna's photographs and some newsletters. I literally read all of

them again and was once again taken into the nostalgic world of Sna'. As for myself I joined this College (Armed Forces Medical College) along with P. Bhatia and P. Jayaram (Miss). If all goes well we'll complete our course by '72. I don't think I'll be able to make it for this year's Founders (though I hope to be in Sna' for the Hockey matches in the 2nd half of October) as we'll be having our exams. during those days; but if all goes well I hope to be in Sna' for the '71 Founders. The longer and further one goes from Sanawar, the more firm becomes the bond with it; and the fascination about it and the love for it are accentuated. It just becomes an integral part of oneself which cannot be separated. I think the best days of my life have already been spent in Sna'. A couple of months ago I met Mr. & Mrs. A. Bhalerao. I just can't put in writing how happy I was to meet them and once again talk of "good old Sna'".

* * * * *

Pinky Sikand, Bombay: "I have got my admission in St. Xavier's College, but want to try for Indar Prastha College in Delhi. The only problem is that the entry forms are available by the 20th of May and I am flying out on the 11th May and returning on the 17th June. So I am in a fix as to how to apply. I am joining a trip going on the 11th by a chartered plane to Frankfurt to tour Europe. It's for 38 days. We shall visit, by bus (nearly 10,000 miles) the whole of Germany, Belgium, Holland, England, France, Italy and a few other places. I haven't been doing anything much lately as Arvind is here these days. He'll be leaving on the 27th of this month".

* * * * *

Married

Manju (Badhwar) to Duj on the 17th June in Delhi.

We send our blessings and wish the couple a long and happy married life.

T.C. Kemp.

❀ 'घ' से घुमाओ ❀

प्रत्येक वर्ष मई का महीना मेरे लिए एक समस्या बन जाता है। कारण निवेदन है कि मई के प्रथम सप्ताह में हमारा विद्यालय किसी मनोरम स्थान पर शिविर के लिए प्रस्थान करता है। पाँच सौ से अधिक छात्र एवं छात्राओं का किसी एक या दो स्थानों पर प्रबन्ध करना भी एक समस्या है। इस कारण बोझ को हलका करने के लिए

अध्यापक गण अपने साथ १५-२० छात्रों को लेकर पद-यात्रा अथवा शैक्षिक भ्रमण के लिए निकल पड़ते हैं। गत वर्षों की भांति इस वर्ष भी जाने का विचार हुआ पर मुख्य समस्या यह थी कहाँ जायें? गत वर्ष अलका पुरी (काश्मीर) के दर्शन तो हम लोग कर ही आये थे। अस्तु, उससे अधिक सुन्दर स्थान की कल्पना की जाने लगी। मेरे एक छात्र ने देवी देवताओं की सुन्दर नगरी कठमण्डू जाने का परामर्श दिया। सुभाव तो सुन्दर था किन्तु होने वाले व्यय की कल्पना से सबके हृदय बैठ गए। फिर भी यही निश्चय हुआ कि क्यों न विद्यार्थीगण अपने-अपने अभिभावकों से परामर्श करें। शायद दाल गल जाय।

तो भाई दाल गली ही नहीं वरन् इतनी गली कि मलाई हो गई। कुछ दिनों पश्चात् एक के बाद एक स्वीकृति पत्र इतनी अधिक संख्या में आने लगे कि मेरे लिए एक समस्या उत्पन्न हो गई। मैं इस सोच विचार में था कि इतने अधिक स्वीकृति पत्र कैसे आ गए तभी ध्यान आया कि हमारे इन अभिभावकों ने आज कल की पुस्तक (बालसाहित्य माला) नहीं पढ़ी होगी। उन्होंने अवश्य ही कोई ऐसी पुस्तक पढ़ी होगी जिसमें लिखा होगा 'क' से कमाओ और 'ख' से खाओ। कमाने खाने के बाद कुछ बचे तो 'ग' गाओ अर्थात् सुख चैन। इसके बाद भी कुछ बचे तो 'घ' से घुमाओ। संभवतः इस पुराने पाठ को ध्यान में रख कर ही छात्रों के अभिभावकों ने स्वीकृति पत्रों की लाइन लगा दी।

हमारी यात्रा तो लम्बी थी किन्तु दिन कम अतः यह निश्चित किया गया कि क्यों न हम लोग एक दिन पूर्व ही प्रस्थान करें। मुश्किल यह थी कि गणना के अनुसार शनिवार का दिन पड़ता था। मेरे छात्रों ने शनिवार को प्रस्थान करने में आपत्ति भी की किन्तु मैं तो "अष्ट अपाली दारिद्री जब चाले तब सिद्ध" के सिद्धांत का उपासक हूँ। दूसरे मेरे पैरों में भी शनि का वास है। फिर मैंने सोचा कि शनि को शनि ही परास्त करेगा। अतः हम सबने गणेश जी का नाम लेकर १ मई की संध्या को कालका के लिये प्रस्थान किया। हमारी यात्रा का प्रथम चरण अधिक कष्टदायक था। येन केन प्रकारेण हम सब तीसरे दर्जे में कालका मेल से पटना के लिये रवाना हुए। कुछ सोते कुछ जागते हमारा दल १० मई को प्रातःकाल दिल्ली पहुँचा। मैं दिल्ली स्टेशन पर उतरा और एक बैरे को २१ लोगों के लिए नाश्ते का आदेश दे ही रहा था कि एक सज्जन लपकते हुए मेरी ओर आए और कहने लगे कि आप नाश्ते का प्रबन्ध मत कीजिएगा। मेरा आदमी आप सब के लिए नाश्ता लाता ही होगा। मैं उनकी बात सुनकर सक्काटे में आ गया

श्रीर मन ही मन विचार करने लगा कि कौन धर्मात्मा सुबह-सुबह आटा टपका है जो हमारे ऊपर इतनी कृपा कर रहा है। जब मुझ से नहीं रहा गया तो मैंने पूछ ही लिया कि यह किसकी अनुकम्पा का फल है? उत्तर में उन महाशय (श्री बख्शी जंगबहादुर) ने कहा “मुझे श्रीमती नरगिस दत्त ने भेजा है।” ज्योंही मैं पीछे घूमा तो क्या देखता हूँ श्री सुनील दत्त जी तथा श्रीमती नरगिस दत्त खड़े मुस्करा रहे हैं। अब मेरी समझ में आया। स्टेशन पर अनेक छात्रों के अभिभावक अपने बच्चों से मिलने आये थे उनमें से उक्त दम्पति भी था। थोड़ी ही देर में हलवा, पूड़ी, छोले-भटूरे का ढेर लग गया। अनेक अभिभावकों के कारण स्टेशन पर काफी चहल-पहल थी। कोई सुराही ला रहा है तो कोई लंच के लिए डबल रोटी खरीद रहा है। ठीक डेढ़ घण्टे के पश्चात् हमारी गाड़ी अपनी मंजिल की ओर चल पड़ी।

यों तो हमारे दल का स्थान तीसरे दर्जे में भी सुरक्षित था किन्तु भीड़ इतनी अधिक थी कि स्थान की कौन कहे हमारा सामान भी असुरक्षित हो गया। गर्मी का मौसम वह भी कोई साधारण गर्मी नहीं, ११२ डिग्री तापमान फिर तीसरे दर्जे का सफर और उस पर कुल मिला कर ३२ घण्टे की यात्रा। मैं औरों की बात तो नहीं जानता किन्तु मुझे तो इस यात्रा में दिन में ही तारे दिखाई दे गए। किसी प्रकार धक्का-मुक्की करते हुए रात दस बजे मुगल सराय पहुँचे। यहाँ हम लोगों को पटना के लिए गाड़ी बदलनी थी। कुशल इतनी ही थी कि दूसरी गाड़ी में स्थान सरलता से प्राप्त हो गया और हम सब लोग प्रातः काल पटना पहुँच गए। यहाँ से हमारी हवाई यात्रा आरम्भ होनी थी।

पटना की गर्मी तो जान लेना थी किन्तु विदेश जाने की गर्मी भी कुछ कम न थी। ठीक एक बजे दोपहर को हम लोग पटना से हवाई जहाज पर उड़े। अभी हम लोगों ने मुश्किल से अपना भोजन समाप्त ही किया था कि परिचारिका की मधुर ध्वनि ने हम लोगों का ध्यान अपनी ओर आकर्षित कर लिया—‘कृपया अपनी सुरक्षा पेटी बांध लीजिए। कुछ ही पलों में हमारा यान कठमण्डू पहुँचने वाला है। हमारी यह उड़ान केवल ४५ मिनट की थी।

कठमण्डू के सम्बन्ध में जैसा सुना था वैसा ही पाया। इसे देवताओं की घाटी कहना अत्युक्ति न होगा। दूसरे दिन से ही हम लोग नयनाभिराम स्थलों का भ्रमण करने निकल पड़े। पाटन, भक्तपुर, प्राचीन कठमण्डू, संग्रहालय, स्वयंभू नाथ, पशुपति नाथ मंदिर एवं बालाजू बड़े ही सुन्दर स्थान हैं प्राचीन कठमण्डू तीन

हिस्सों में विभाजित है पाटन, भक्त पुर तथा प्राचीन कठमण्डू। इन तीनों नगरों के अलग-अलग राजा थे। कालांतर में इन तीनों को मिलाकर एक विशाल कठमण्डू की स्थापना की गई।

कठमण्डू में जिस वस्तु ने हम लोगों को सबसे अधिक प्रभावित किया वह है वहाँ की प्राचीन वास्तु तथा शिल्प कला। वहाँ के मंदिरों की बनावट अपने निराले ढंग पर है। प्रत्येक मंदिर पर नैपाली सम्यता का प्रभाव स्पष्ट रूप से दीख पड़ता है। वहाँ के सभी मंदिर (विशेष रूप से पाटन तथा भक्त पुर में निर्मित) एक से लगते हैं। स्वयंभू नाथ मंदिर काफी ऊँचाई पर है। ऊपर पहुँचने पर सम्पूर्ण घाटी बड़ी सुन्दर दिखाई पड़ती है। पशुपति नाथ मंदिर वहाँ का सबसे प्रसिद्ध मंदिर है। यद्यपि हम लोग दर्शन के लिए प्रातः काल ही चल दिए थे तथापि भीड़ इतनी अधिक थी कि हम लोग बड़ी कठिनता से दर्शन कर पाए।

एक दिन हम लोग भारतीय राजदूत श्री राजबहादुर से मिलने दूतावास भी गए। हमारे राजदूत ने विद्यार्थियों से अनेक विषयों पर चर्चा भी की। चीनियों के सम्बन्ध में उन्होंने जो बातें हमें बताईं उनसे हमलोगों की आँखें खुल गईं। उनकी चर्चा का परिणाम यह हुआ कि हमारे दल को चीनी सामान से सख्त नफ़रत हो गई।

कठमण्डू से विदा होने के एक दिन पूर्व हम सब लोग रानी आदित्य राणा के यहाँ चाय पर निमन्त्रित थे। राणा दम्पति ने हम लोगों का खूब आतिथ्य सत्कार किया। चाय आदि पीने के बाद हम लोग अंतिम बार कठमण्डू की सड़कों का निरीक्षण करने निकल पड़े। उस दिन सभी उदास थे। कोई किसी से खुलकर बोलता भी नहीं था।

१६ मई को सुबह ८ बजे हम लोग हवाई जहाज से (नैपाली एयर लाइंस) पटना पहुँचे तथा पटना से इंडियन एयर लाइंस द्वारा दिल्ली तक उड़ान की। पटना से दिल्ली तक की उड़ान लगभग साढ़े चार घण्टे की थी। दूसरे दिन हम सब कालका मेल से अपनी मंजिल की ओर चल दिए। अंत में मैं यह भी उल्लेख कर देना चाहता हूँ कि सनावर के इतिहास में यह पहली विदेश यात्रा थी जो सफलता पूर्वक समाप्त हुई।

लेखक: डॉ० दिनेशचन्द्र गुप्त

Sadhupul Camp—1970.

Camps have always had a thrill for me, but, observing the joy manifested on the children's faces on the morning of the twelfth of May. I realized that such feelings of buoyant expectancy were universal. Excitement, on these occasions, is quite natural and our students made it amply clear that they would not be outdone in their demonstration of enthusiasm.

Our batch consisted of 180 children and about 18 staff members. Miss Rudra and Mr. Dutt seemed to have everything under perfect control. A little delay in the departure was inevitable—what with a load of tots to control and tons of baggage to adjust. Moreover, it would not be quite becoming to show total immunity to the national approach to punctuality.

The advance party consisting of the servants and the kitchen staff had left earlier, as a sort of vanguard, to pave the way for the rest of the gallant band. The last of the three buses hired for the occasion reached Sadhupul at 2-30 p.m.

Although all were dog-tired, most were sufficiently alert to notice that whereas the ladies and their female wards were comfortably housed in the main building, the boys along with the six gentlemen were expected to make themselves 'fairly comfortable' in the tents, which fortunately for us, were already pitched neatly in two parallel rows, but at a comfortable distance from the trees so that the latter would not prevent the merciful sun from going about its business of roasting us to a cool 105°F!

A cold water wash and a mug of tea sufficed to boost our sagging spirits. Once everything was satisfactorily settled, we rested till supper time. Miss Rudra wisely advised us to keep our wits about us for the duration of the camp. When we had satisfied our hunger, we decided to call it a day and retired to bed.

The next morning was bright and clear. Most of us being early birds were not averse to the idea of the buglers going about their business earlier than the scheduled 7-00 a.m. Only when we were fully awake did we realize how wonderfully exhilarating the morning breeze was in that picturesque location. The lofty, surrounding hills and the clear flowing stream just across the road, adjacent to the camp-site were those enchanting factors which make a dream a reality.

Once we had breakfasted on toast, vegetable and eggs, no time was lost on preliminaries. None hesitated to forcefully voice his idea of going to the stream. The latter remained the chief source of attraction and, to quite a few an inspiration for the brief period of the camp. Everyone was an ardent fisherman and the daily net catch of five fish, each averaging two inches and a half in length and about the width of one's small finger, was certainly not an indication of lacking zealous fervour. Probably, the fish had a foreboding of what was to come from our noisy, raucous approach. Anyway, a few of them were none the wiser and found themselves comfortably ensconced in the frying pan.

The children enjoyed splashing in the water. Swimming was quite out of the question as there was hardly any spot more than knee-deep. Nevertheless, even the grown ups managed to cool their heels occasionally.

After supper we had a very gay camp-fire—with hurricane lanterns instead of the actual burning logs. The children showed great originality of ideas with several amusing skits and sketches. What was amazing about them was that most of the presentation was improvised on the spur of the moment. Surprisingly this opportunity acted as a morale booster to some of those whose talent lay inert and dormant.

For obvious reasons the normal routine was not a rigid one. Most preferred to lunch together although a few relished the prospect of a packed lunch. However this was not with anything more adventurous in view than a gallop towards the stream, then a leisurely stroll along the bank, punctuated by casual stop-overs for fishing—so they said—and then again a hop from spot to spot when the fish refused to oblige readily. The same pattern was followed on the following day.

A few members of the staff expressed a desire to visit Chail. Accordingly, we boarded a bus the next day and zigzagged all the way up for nine miles. It certainly was no fun in the searing heat and the shake, rattle and roll of the flimsy tin-box, which one is forced to call a bus made such an unpleasant impact that some of us wished that we had not ventured upon this project. To make matters worse we missed the return bus and had nothing better to do than to watch the cows swish their tails and ogle foolishly every passerby. Even the pleasant breeze and the feeling of fulfilment were no recompense for the loss of a whole afternoon. We returned to the camp at about 5-00 p. m. and were relieved to hear that everything had gone smoothly in our absence and very much on similar lines to the previous day. Fishing and splashing were once again the highlight.

Only when the light started fading did it dawn on us that we were at the fag end of our camp. It was not a welcome thought, but since it had to be we reconciled ourselves to the inevitable.

So far nothing untoward or spectacular had happened. However, on the morning of the fifteenth, the day we were to return, we were intrigued and amused at certain quixotic rumours going around. Several female inmates of the main building seemed to have had experiences of spectral visions or ghostly apparitions—very akin to the three witches in Macbeth. But here, instead of wishing good or ill they moaned and groaned so dismally as to convey the idea that they were ordinary humans very much embedded in 'terra firma.' No harm was done however and we were sane enough to commence our packing, which was duly done.

Our last breakfast over, the first two buses were loaded and by 10 a. m. they left with the ladies and the little girls. The rest of us were very amiably told that the other buses would arrive soon and all of us would be well in time for lunch. Well, to make a long story short the buses did arrive and we did have our lunch but at dinner time!

The camp was a great success, but I leave it to the keen observer to imagine our mood at the 'not so pleasant' anticlimax of a short but enjoyable chapter.

E. Sequeira

The Netball matches 1970

The Netball matches began on the 29th of April. The first match was played between the Siwalikan and the Vindhyan seniors. It was a one-sided match and Siwalik won easily, the score being Siwalik 16 and Vindhya 7. Next the Vindhyan juniors took on the Himalayans and beat them by 8 goals. On the 30th April Nilagiri seniors played against the Himalaya seniors. Himalaya did not live upto expectations and the whistle blew when Nilagiri was 19 and Himalaya 10. The Nilagarians and Siwalikans (juniors) then came on the field. The Nilagarians excelled themselves and did not concede even a single goal. On the 1st May the match between the Nilagarian and Vindhyan seniors ended with the former winning by 10 goals. The Siwalikan juniors surprised us all by beating the Himalayans by one goal. On the 4th May the Himalayan seniors played against their counterparts of Siwalik and beat them convincingly, the score being

20—8. We were all rather surprised as we had expected the Siwalikans to put up a much better performance. Next the Nilagarian juniors achieved an easy victory over the Vindhyan juniors and beat them by 15 goals. On the 6th, Vindhya (seniors) lost to Himalaya by 15 goals. The Siwalikan and Vindhyan juniors seemed evenly matched but towards the end of the game Siwalik drew ahead and beat Vindhya by 3 goals. On the last day the Nilagarian seniors played against the Siwalikan seniors. It was a very exciting match. However, the game wound up with Nilagiri beating Siwalik by 6 goals. The final match was played between the the Nilagarian and Himalayan juniors, once again the Nilagarians won the laurels.

The Nilagarians proudly lifted the silver cup; the Siwalikans received a loud cheer for securing the second position while Himalaya and Vindhya occupied the third and fourth positions respectively.

Kamini Kaul

Tehmina Satarawala

If I were a Prefect.

Were I a Prefect I
Would tell eveybody to
Give me their puddings. I would make them shug
Up some grub.

I would force them to
Shine my shoes
And make my bed I would grow in them the
spirit
Of liveliness.

Also would I keep the
dorm.
Tidy, and would punish
Culprits severely. I would make them rise
An hour or so earlier;

For waking early, as I
know,
The boys hate; and I
Hate more than than they.

So I would be proud to hear one day
That my House was the best.

Sadistically yours,

B.S.B.

A trip to the Valley of Gods

There was much excitement amongst the Vindhya House girls. Though we had been going out on school camps, this was the first time we were going on an excursion. Frantic letters were sent to parents: "Mummy, send permission quickly" and

"Daddy, the money still hasn't come". Cheques and permission letters arrived at the office and before we knew it, our party of twenty girls and eight boys escorted by Mr. & Mrs. Mundkur was on the way to Manali via Chandigarh.

Early next morning the boys, escorted by Mr. Mundkur left for Manali by bus. Girls, however, took the easy way out—our 'Fokker Friendship' zoomed across the sky and 35 minutes later we landed at the breath-taking Bhuntar airport. We piled into the luxurious airlines' bus which then set off for Manali.

We drove beside the rippling, opal waters of the Beas river and were spellbound by the magnificent panorama of snow-clad mountains, the lush green hills and the rolling meadows. Along the roadside were quaint little cottages inhabited by the local hill-folk who peered at us out of sheer curiosity. It was truly a sight for sore eyes.

Our bus screeched to an abrupt halt. We were in Manali, popularly known as 'the valley of gods'. We proceeded to the 'Youth Hostel' across the bridge, where we were to stay. The awe-inspiring grandeur of the snow-clad mountains, the gurgling of the streams and the wind whispering among the lofty deodars produced a comforting tranquility which took immediate possession of us.

The rest of that day was spent in exploring Manali. Our party of 20 girls turned Manali inside out. Late that evening the boys still hadn't arrived; we were very worried and to our relief Mr. Mundkur came in in the middle of the night to tell us that they had arrived safely.

The next day we visited the hot sulphur spring of Vashisht which was two miles away. Below the temple and the hot spring were the tiled Turkish Baths. We took turns bathing in the refreshing hot water, and we hoped that as the attendant assured us, the sulphur would cure any skin disease we might have.

Some of our time was always spent on the Mall. More popular than the main shopping centre was Manu Market where the Tibetan's rickety, canvas shacks flanked the small path. Here we bargained and haggled with the slit-eyed Tibetans until we succeeded in purchasing a few souvenirs at reasonable rates.

We went for numerous walks along bridle paths in the woods and through meadows covered with wild flowers of a hundred and one varieties. We wanted to hike up to the Rohtang Pass, but couldn't because there was 16 feet of snow on the

last 3 miles of the route. Our plans of seeing the paintings of Roesich in his gallery at Naggar were also shattered when we heard that, as there was a strike in the town, it would be unsafe for us to go there.

On our last day a few of us were invited to tea by Mrs. Seth and Mrs. Puli. After a scrumptious tea we descended the hill into a grove of lofty deodars and purple irises, where the ancient pagoda type Dhungri temple was situated. This was the temple of Devi Harimba, the wife of Pandava Bhim.

In this way our sojourn at Manali soon came to an end. Before we knew it, we were in the bus back to Bhuntar and soon after in the 'Sabarmati' headed for Chandigarh.

We are very grateful to Mr. Sawhney who put us up in Chandigarh both the times. We would also like to thank Col. Daljit Singh and Maj. S.S. Sandhu (O.S.) who helped our trip to be a success. However, we owe the most to Mr. & Mrs. Mundkur; thank you very much indeed.

Preminda & Aruna Batra.

A Week at Gaurah

The day we had to leave for the camp, there was tremendous excitement. I was hopping about impatiently and could barely wait to leave. Eventually the time came when we had to go down to the quadrangle. We piled into the bus in high spirits and after a seemingly never-ending wait, at last we were off.

We had a most enjoyable journey, although the poor staff members probably got splitting headaches by singing with us all the way!

As our bus roared along the road and the swirling water became visible, the shrieks and squeals of delight could be heard a mile off. At Gaurah, there was the usual hectic scramble for tents. However, we managed to secure one for ourselves and reluctantly settled down to the unpleasant task of unpacking in the blistering heat. That evening nobody did very much as we were all quite tired.

After an early night we awoke to the pleasant sound of birds chirping and twittering. Breakfast over, we made a bee-line for the stream, which was a constant source of pleasure to us. One of us had discovered an extremely pleasant spot under the bridge. So we set out armed with books, hats and other paraphernalia. That morning I had decided I

wouldn't swim, but would sedately read a book at the edge of the river. However, I hadn't counted on the treacherous rocks and as I was crossing over, my foot slipped and I fell with a great splash right in the midst of the swift river. So, that took care of my book, and I spent practically the whole morning swimming and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

At about eleven o'clock we clambered out feeling extremely hungry as a result of the swimming, and decided to go up to the small village we'd heard so much about. The village was situated quite high up on the hill-side, so huffing and puffing we crawled up. One of the ramshackle shops had the reputation for making the most delicious 'jalebies'. So ordering in bulk, we thought we'd watch the man making them. As far as the mixture was concerned everything went smoothly; but then came the moment when the jalebies had to be fried. The moment we saw the man picking up a filthy rag, we hastily turned our eyes away. However, as expected, the jalebies turned out to be extremely tasty. That evening we returned to our tent full of jalebies and 'puri-alu.' Small wonder the staff got annoyed when hardly any of the delicious food prepared was eaten.

Often when we got tired of the stream, we'd go for walks. One evening we'd made friends with a few Gorkhali children, so next day we thought we'd visit them in their village. The road was narrow and winding, and though precarious at places, it offered no threat to us. The village was no more than a few huts scattered about and was remarkably clean. Much to our disappointment we learned that our little friends weren't there. So we were just turning away, when a door in a nearby hut suddenly flew open and a small boy came stumbling out. He had no clothes on, and we wondered why it was so. Later we were told that the poor boy was blind as well as mad and tore off all his clothes. His parents were much too poor to afford the cost of his treatment, so absolutely nothing could be done for him. Depressed, we returned to our tent and talked for a short while. By this time the dinner whistle had blown and after a tasty dinner we retired to the tent feeling more cheery.

After dinner we sat around chatting and sometimes singing. Often we'd have midnight feasts drinking juice, munching biscuits and other knick-knacks, of which we had brought a lot with us.

As all pleasant things have to come to an end, so did this camp. Packing up, I had a strange feeling as though I was saying good-bye to something very dear. As our bus moved slowly off, I felt extremely sad, for I was quite sure, being in the final year, I was seeing Gaurah for the last time.

Gita Tandan.

Himalaya House Show

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder", they say. To be away from Sanawar for seven years certainly does make one feel a great longing for the good old School. And chancing to drop in at a time when a House-Show is just in the offing is certainly a stroke of luck. I'm sure many old Sanawarians think on identical lines because Barne-Hall was literally flooded with Old Sanawarians coming up from Chandigarh giving to the Hall an atmosphere found only during a Founder's.

After the traditional singing of the National Anthem, the Show began with a one-act Hindi play "कलंक रेखा". A play with an excellent theme it could have been directed more efficiently. The Young Princess (Harveen Sachdeva) and her maid servant (Savita Lalotra) performed very well but the rest were just acceptable. Though Hamir Yadav as Jawan Singh did his best, he was lacking in emotion and action. The manner in which he allowed a tense emotion-packed scene when he is about to behead his Princess to turn into a humorous farce, was really pitiable to witness. Though Atul Sobti as the Maharana and Rajan Sethi as the Maharani were a little better, they left much room for improvement. Their dialogues would have meant much more if they could have infused more emotion into it, rather than monotonously recite their passages.

The Himalayan Tootlers next tootled a few tunes. 'Capucina' was played very well, while 'Cocktails for two' and 'I am telling you now' also extracted a hearty round of appreciation. Nanda was cool and confident on the drums, lending able support to the trumpeteer Gaurav Shamsheer, who, barring a couple of misplaced "toots", performed creditably.

"Sukiyaki", a Japanese dance followed. The moment the curtains parted, they knocked the breath out of all of us from the sheer gorgeousness and splendour of their costumes; and right from their size (U III girls!) down to the rhythmic excursions of their delicately poised fans, they looked every inch like young Japanese maidens. They executed their movements with an indefinable grace and charm, and in a manner so serene and confident that one was really left marvelling at the end of it all. To Neelam Puri, Neelam Sirkeck and Kavita Ahluwalia go our heartiest congratulations for such a wonderful performance.

Sumit Bagchi then entertained us all to some really delightful Hindi vocal music. He really has a bright future ahead of him. His rendering of "फूलों के रंग से" was easily the best of the three. One

was, however, left wondering why he wasn't accompanied by the drums when he sang "रूप तेरा मस्ताना". Nevertheless, a thrilled audience gave him a well-deserved thundering ovation.

A Naga dance followed. Presented by the Senior girls, it was a spirited display and combined with the lively throbbing of the tabla behind, it went off very well.

Next, the Indian Orchestra played two tunes. Although 'फुलों के रंग से' was a repetition after Bagchi's solo, I'm sure everyone enjoyed it all the same. "चन्दा है तू" was played equally well—so much so, that I could discern quite a section of the crowd behind me humming in unison! Compared to the band, the larger contingency of the Orchestra led me to conclude that contemporary musical values in Sanawar were taking a most welcome change towards Indian Music.

Last on the list of items was the much awaited "The Monkey's Paw". Since the Dress rehearsal, word had got around that it was something way out from the mediocre plays, and one could sense the expectancy and eagerness all around when the play was eventually announced. The story revolved round a monkey's paw, which, by virtue of a spell laid upon it by an Indian Fakir, could grant three wishes to its owner. Sergeant-Major Morris (Rakesh Bhan) having disclosed the doings of this paw to Mr. and Mrs. White and their son (Pathania, Arveen Sawhney and Vivek Mehra respectively), and also supplying them with an incident to authenticate his statement leaves the scene, sternly warning the three not to jest with the paw, and to wish for something sensible if at all they did care to wish for something. Mr. White after some cajoling and coaxing from his wife wishes for two hundred pounds, not for a moment believing even a fraction of the Sgt. Major's story. However, the couple do get their two hundred pounds—not in the expected bag of gold sovereigns lying at the foot of the bed, but in the form of a monetary compensation from the electric company, where Master White has just been 'swallowed up' by the fly-wheel. Having buried their son, the mother, eight days later suddenly gets a brain-wave and implores that her husband utilise the remaining two wishes by wishing their dead son alive again. But Mr. White is completely opposed to this grotesque idea and appears frankly annoyed at the fantasy of such a proposition. But women, as you know, can be adamant, and so, eventually (after a successful bit of henpecking) he wishes his son alive again. Knocks follow on the door and increase in their intensity and frequency.

Mrs. White struggles to open it expecting to see her beloved son. Mr. White in the meantime, dreading the sight of a mangled corpse, frantically searches for the paw, finds it and wishes his son "dead and at peace" just as Mrs. White flings open the door to find only the still and empty night staring her in the face.

I find it difficult to convey in words the magnificent performances of Bhan, Pathania and Arveen. All three of them suited their parts to a 'T'. Arveen, as the mother was par excellence in the difficult role she had to portray, and, literally everyone in the hall experienced and shared her profound sorrow, her utter desolation and her rising hysteria and hope as she traversed the stages from her son's death, his absence in their home immediately afterwards and the hope regenerated later on when she thinks of the possibility of a resurrection. Such was the calibre of the acting! Well done! Pathania as Mr. White put up an equally scintillating display and won repeated rounds of applause for the delicacy and tact displayed in handling his 'superstitious wife', for the casual way in which he toyed with the Sergeant Major and ultimately for the desperation and urgency in the final stages when he eventually wishes his son dead. Bravo, Pathania! Rakesh Bhan, as the Sergeant Major, stole the show in the first scene. Vivek Mehra in the role of the son performed creditably. To sum it up then, it was a play intelligently chosen, brilliantly directed, and executed with professional perfection.

After singing the School Song, His Grace, Rev. Bishop Nasser of Amritsar spoke and commended the children on their delightful performance. I think he echoed the sentiments of everyone in the Hall when he said that 'there is nothing higher than the Himalaya'.

Ajit Jayaram
(O.S.)

* * * * *

Jest a While

Fortunately a man was travelling in an aeroplane, unfortunately he fell out of a hole in it. Fortunately he had a parachute, unfortunately it wasn't working. Fortunately there was a haystack below, unfortunately there was a pole in the middle. Fortunately he missed the pole, unfortunately he missed the haystack as well.

— — — — —

Student : Sir, you wouldn't punish someone for what he didn't do, would you ?

Teacher : Of course not !

Student : Well, I haven't done my prep. work.

— — — — —

There were four young men one each from the U. S. A., England, France and Russia. Their personal reactions to meeting a young lady for the first time, were expressed thus :

The Englishman : I would shake her by the hand.

The American : I would ask her for a date.

The Frenchman : I would kiss her hand.

The Russian : I would cable Moscow for instructions.

— — — — —

An author dedicated his book thus :

To

My Wife,

Without whose absence this book could not possibly have been written.

Selected by : Neelam Rastogi

and

Indira Prem Lal

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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**THE
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NEWS-LETTER**

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 158

1st June

1970

School News

April.

18th. We were pleased to have Dr. K. V. Raghavan, M.B.B.S., M.Sc. (Nut.) from the National Institute of Nutrition, Indian Council of Medical Research, Hyderabad. He was with us for a couple of days. Dr. Raghavan and his colleagues are conducting research in normal growth and development of Indian children by taking samples from well-to-do families. Their aim is to establish growth norms. Though it has not been officially confirmed yet, it would be of interest to all to know that up to the age of 14 years Indian children are on the average as tall as their counterparts in the United States.

23rd. The School Colts played a one-innings cricket match against Dagshai Public School Colts, on our ground. Sanawar won.

Scores: Sanawar: 81 all out; D.P.S.: 51 all out.

Dress rehearsal for Nilagiri House Show. Lower Four and below witnessed it.

24th. Mr. Abraham organised the traditional cricket match between P.D. and Lower Three.

Scores: P.D. 31 all out; L-III: 56 for 5 declared.

St. John's, Chandigarh, cricket 2nd XI arrived.

25th. A one-innings friendly cricket match played between the above team and our Colts. Sanawarians as perfect hosts let St. John's carry the laurels home.

Scores: Sanawar: 112 all out; St. John: 118 for 9.

To entertain the St. John cricketers and other guests we had the Nilagiri Saturday Club Show in the evening. Brig. Suri of Signals, Kasauli, spoke after the show. He said that though he had heard a lot about the very entertaining House Shows, he was pleasantly surprised at the brilliant performance of the Nilagarians. He congratulated them and wished them greater glory in future.

26th. A friendly one-innings cricket match played between the Atoms of Sanawar and Dagshai. Sanawar lost.

Scores: Sanawar: 68 all out; Dagshai: 106 all out. Anil Dogra got a hat trick

27th. In the days of almost everything mini, we had a mini duststorm. As a result comparatively cool days followed. But they didn't last long; it soon started warming up again.

29th. Inter-House cricket tournament started.

May.

1st. Associate Cricket Club's (Delhi) team, which included some university and other very good players, arrived.

2nd } A two-day cricket match played between the above team and the School
3rd }
XI. We lost.

Scores: A.C.C. 276 for 9 declared.

Sanawar: 107 and 138.

Manjit Singh's name merits special mention. He knocked a sparkling 53.

4th. David Williams (O.S. 1939—47) came all the way from Australia to visit his Alma Mater. He was with us for a fortnight. His sociability and friendliness endeared him to every one. In his short stay he became so familiar that in the M.C.R. he looked like a member of the staff who had been here for very long.

6th. The Inter-House cricket tournament concluded. The total points scored were:

Himalaya	...	14	Siwalik	...	11
Vindhya	...	12	Nilagiri	...	9

Our congratulations to Himalaya House for annexing the coveted Cricket trophy.

8th. 1st Mark Reading.

B.C.S. 1st XI cricket team arrived. Our Colts and Atoms left for B.C.S.

9th. Our Atoms beat their B.C.S. counterparts by ten wickets. Scores :

1st innings : B.C.S. : 35 all out.
Sanawar : 45 all out.

2nd innings: B.C.S. : 12 all out.
Sanawar : 4 for no loss.

A full report appears inside.

1st XI match in progress.

Dr. Gupta and Mr. Cairncross took a party of nineteen boys for a pleasure trip to Nepal.

10th. In spite of our first innings lead, B.C.S. Colts beat us by five wickets. Scores :

1st innings : Sanawar 103 all out.
B.C.S. 86 all out.

2nd innings: Sanawar 57 all out.
B.C.S. surpassed the Sanawar score with 5 wickets in hand.

Rakesh Khanna bowled very well. Neeraj Madhok bowled and batted superbly.

Victory is always glorious and it is more so when it is due to skill. It was so for our XI. They beat B.C.S. XI by an innings and 16 runs. It was a match the memories of which we shall long cherish. A detailed report appears on page 4.

Some excursion/hiking parties left. Mr. S.C. Arora left with a party mainly consisting of Upper Four for a hike of about 50 miles. Mr. and Mrs. Mundkur took a mixed party of boys and girls to Manali.

11th. Senior School left for the camp at Gaurah.

Mr. B. Singh took a party of senior boys for a hike of about 100 miles.

Mr. G.C. Arora accompanied by six boys left for a pleasure trip to Nainital. Mr. Jalota took his House boys to Mussoorie for a hike.

12th. The Juniors left for the camp at Sadhupul.

15th. Sadhupul camp broke up. Children returned a trifle weary.

16th. Senior School returned from camp. The sun being unusually cruel, most of them came back sunburnt.

17th. Most of the hikers and excursionists came back jaded and exhausted. Some of them complained of sore and blistered feet. But from all accounts it appears almost all of them enjoyed their respective trips.

18th. Normal classes began.

19th. The traditional festival match to usher in the Soccer season was postponed to Monday. Normal soccer programme came into force.

20th. A howling thunderstorm followed by a high velocity hailstorm lashed Sanawar. Though life was paralysed for about two hours, it brought relief to the Sanawarians who had been reeling under an oppressive spell of heat during the past fortnight or so. There was a considerable fall in the mercury and the weather now is very pleasant indeed.

Staff News

We welcome Messers R.S. Randhawa and C. Smith, who have joined as Chemistry and Piano teachers respectively, into the Sanawar community. Both of them have rich experience in their respective fields. Mr. Randhawa is a widely travelled man and has taught abroad for many a year. We wish both of them a happy and a long association with the school.

O. S. News

S/Lt. A.S. Bajwa, (I.N.S. Cauvery, C/o Fleet Mail Officer, Bombay—1), "I have been out of touch with the school for a long time, I graduated as a Naval Cadet from the N D A. in May 1967 and spent the rest of that year as a cadet (sea training) aboard the Cadets Training ship I.N.S. TIR. I was then promoted to the rank of midshipman and spent the year 1968 in that rank undergoing further afloat training. On 1st January 1969, I "shipped" my first stripe—promoted to the rank of Sub Lieutenant. The year 1969 was spent quite eventfully undergoing various professional courses to qualify for the rank of Lieutenant. I joined this ship on 12th January, 1970, and expect to be here for another 3 to 4 months.

This ship is being used to impart sea training to the Direct Entry Sub Lieutenants. We put to sea quite often and everyone is quite busy most of the time. We have just returned from a cruise of the Persian Gulf (or Arabian Gulf, if you please) and Red Sea ports. Except for the duty personnel, everyone is ashore, probably celebrating a happy home coming! I'm on duty today and, since very

little is happening, am trying to catch up on my letter writing. Despite the common belief that Sanawarians never write, I do manage to keep my correspondence going, from time to time.

This letter was prompted by happenings in Kuwait! We were in Kuwait from 1st to 4th February, 1970. On 2nd February I was to attend a sports fixture at 15-30 hours being Sports Officer of the ship (in addition to my other duties). To cut a long story short, I was ashore, was feeling quite hungry, it was time for lunch, and I did not know where to go! A certain kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. C.S Khanpuri, had invited five officers for lunch. I decided that one extra wouldn't matter too much, and that Mr. Khanpuri wouldn't possibly turn me out! So there I was, quite comfortable and relaxed (for a change) in Mr. Khanpuri's house and whole heartedly welcomed as an invited guest....I was just groping for suitable conversational topics when someone mentioned the Sanawar News-letter!! I was rather surprised when I heard this and, by way of explanation, Mr. Khanpuri informed me that his son (RANA) and two of his four daughters were studying in Sna'. Then everything sort of fitted in and the picture was soon complete. I've been to 14 foreign ports so far (Kuwait was the 11th) but have never had the opportunity to meet a Sanawarian abroad. They were very kind and hospitable, and we all feel deeply indebted to them. The homely, relaxed atmosphere at their place and their charming manners and conversation impressed us all. Their son and daughters have created a great deal of goodwill for Sanawar amongst the officers here. I hope Sanawarians elsewhere are doing the same.

I suggest a little talk be given to Sna' boys to get more of them into the Navy. We are short of officers and Sna' boys will find it a very gratifying career. It might be of interest to them that I've visited 14 foreign ports, each in a different country, in just 2½ years of service of which 1 year was spent in courses ashore! And I'm not an isolated case; there are many who are much more widely travelled than I am!! To top it off, I know of only 3 Sanawarians in the Navy so far!!!! So, Sanawarians Join The Navy, You will enjoy it".

* * * * *

Chimpi. (UKhrl) : "I am having a real rest—the place where I am at the moment, resembles Sna' in one or should I say two aspects. Firstly, it is a hilly place and secondly, the climate is more or less the same. There's nothing to do the whole day—I've not made any proper friends so far, as I don't know the language and the girls don't know English! So there you are!".....

Biman Dhar, (6, Hastings Street, Calcutta—1): "No doubt I am not the only one who wakes up 'when and if required' and writes after long spells, also amongst characters who normally make it quite clear from the beginning of their letter that none of the contents of the letter may be quoted and sometimes thoroughly scrutinised in news-letters by the editor. Well, it seems most unfortunately I am one of them.

It has been ages since I last heard from Sanawar through the news-letters in Australia.

Whilst I was in Australia I had a few pleasant days with some 'really old' Sanawarians in Sydney and Melbourne. I can recall the meetings with David Badoz (not sure of the surname) and particularly with the MacArthur family.

After returning home I worked with my father for a few months before joining Cementation Co. who conveniently sent me off to the bush. Zawar Mines was more like "Zanwar" mines, as very often one heard the bleating of the little goat which got carried away by a panther. One could always see those panthers from one's work-site.

This is where you came into the picture—thought of you and your family as well as the fox terrier you had.

Because of our over-populated country there are large numbers of children seeking admission to the so-called "Public Schools". From what I hear, you have a large waiting list, hence are not worried about having vacancies during the beginning of each year.

As I have already mentioned earlier, it seems no goodwill mission is required by Sanawar. I may be wrong there as perhaps you have the odd liaison officer tucked away in Delhi and Punjab.

I find all schools in Darjeeling seem to have vacancies even today.....

With the slightest excuse or any opportunity I shall make a trip to see you all and the school in the near future".

* * * * *

Married

Flt. Lt. K. S. Dhillon to Raminder Kaur on 3rd May, in Delhi.

We send our blessings and wish the couple a long and happy married life.

* * * * *

T.C. Kemp.

Cricket : Sanawar vs. B. C. S.



This year it did pay to have some excellent cricket practice

It is not often that one witnesses such keen matches. It shall be an example to follow for the coming cricketers of Sanawar. We had a really good side and were confident of victory after all the practice we had had.

Then came the long awaited day. It was bright and sunny in the morning. The captains went in to toss amid loud applause. Kalra, the rival captain, won the toss and put in his team to bat. At 9-30 a. m. the game started. Prem and Sud opened the B.C.S. innings, the former was not at all at ease from the very beginning and was yorked by Sandhu for two. Kalra went in and boosted up his team's spirits by hitting some hard boundaries. He was at the crease for forty-five minutes and scored a splendid 33 which included four fours. Somehow, he was very easy on Kadan's bowling, for he hardly hit the ball along the ground. But at 48 while trying to hit a four he was brilliantly caught by Sandhu. The next two batsmen, Nat and Singhania who I hear were the strong batsmen of B.C.S., did not fare well at all. They were dismissed very cheaply. Singhania was beaten and bowled by a lovely delivery from Kaul and Nat was caught by Kalia. Prem, too, who had been batting for more than an hour now was yorked by Kalia for 19. It did not seem to be going well for them at all. Chauhan followed suit without opening his account. Thus B. C. S. once at 42 for two were now at 62 for six. Our spin attack had really brought disastrous results. Both Kalia and Kaul made the batsmen very uneasy all the time, Kaul was really spinning them out. With the fall of two more quick wickets for just 15 runs, Sanawar seemed in a commanding position. It seemed that B.C.S. would be all out for eighty or so. But at the fall of the 8th wicket the Sanawarian fielding began to wither. It cost us dearly, as the next pair put on a twenty-five run partnership. Bawa was really aggressive and scored 15 runs in even time. He should have been out very early but a few chances were missed and fielding tended to be slightly poor.

Mathur on the other side was the only batsman who was seeing the ball well. He played neat shots and remained not out in the end. Although he scored only thirteen, he played a good innings. B.C.S. were all out for 105, forty-five minutes before lunch. Kalra really played a captain's innings. On our side Kaul and Kalia shared most of the wickets. Kaul took four for 29 and Kalia 3 for 15. These two always kept the runs at bay and proved a big menace to B.C.S.

With 35 minutes left before lunch Sanawar went into bat. Kohli and Pathania were our opening batsmen. They were asked to play out till lunch and not try any rash strokes. But it was not to be. Pathania was caught trying to hit a rising ball—a foolish stroke which cost him his wicket. So, our start was no better than theirs. Ranbir Singh who went in next fared no better and was out in the last over before lunch. Sanawar were sixteen for two at lunch on the first day, a very unsatisfactory position. After lunch Kohli was dismissed in the very first over. It was extremely poor batting.

Then the tide changed in our favour. Our two good batsmen, Prabhakar (Capt.) and Kaul had a nice time on the field. Both executed well-timed strokes and slowly brought up the score to fifty. It still wasn't very good, but enough to boost our morale. Unfortunately Kaul was out for 18, caught off Singhania when the score was 60. Prabhakar who had the correct technique and batted resolutely, was the next victim. He scored 32 valuable runs and was a source of inspiration to his team. We were 76 for 5. Now we had a slight edge over them. These two had done a good job. They had shattered the B.C.S. boys' hopes. What followed next was really interesting cricket. Manjit and Kalia had a 60 run partnership. We reached 105 with still 5 wickets in hand. But all was not over yet and the two kept going. Both were fully at ease and had a commanding position. Each stayed for an hour or so and exhibited some brilliant shots. Manjit was 42 when he was caught off Prem, and Kalia was L. B. W. for 34. These two had brilliantly followed from where Kaul and Prabhakar had left off. We witnessed some marvellous cricket down at Barnes. We were 139 for 7, which was very good indeed. Slowly runs piled up and we were all out for 190. Bagchi and Sandhu, contributed a fair amount. We ended off with a lead of eighty-five runs and were quite confident of victory. A very good show by our boys. None bowled exceptionally well on their side. Prem ended with 3 for 32. Prabhakar, Manjit and Kalia set an example for others to follow.

Prabhakar, a sensible skipper, never lost his head on account of this lead. In the second innings B. C. S. fared even worse. They were again uneasy. Prem was run out for two, Sud was clean

bowled for 4. At the close of the first day, B. C. S. were twenty-five for three, leaving Sanawar almost sure of victory.

Prabhakar had bowled very economically throughout and had them beaten many a time. Kadan too had bowled well. Next day Kaul was put on and he swept through their team. B.C.S. were 4 for 6, heading for an innings defeat. All were excited to witness the outcome. 85 runs were needed to avoid an innings defeat. Kalra and Sihghania only, posed some problems. The rest were just sizzled out. They were all out for 69 within an hour on the second day. Kaul took 4 for 12 and Kadan bagged 3 for 17. It has been long since B. C. S. ever got an innings defeat from us. My congratulations to Sanawarians on their victory. A well deserved pat on Prabhakar's back for his captaincy. A splendid performance indeed!

Atul Sobti

The Nilagiri House Show

On the 25th of April, for the second time this year, the school assembled to watch a House Show.

The flood lights snapped on, the curtains twitched and a figure announced the first item of the Nilagiri House Show—'Cream of Tartar'. This was a one-act English play about how a packet of cream of tartar gets mistaken for arsenic. It was a hilarious play, though most of the jokes passed over the heads of the audience. Kamini Kaul played the part of a nervous, highly-strung wife most convincingly. Tissa Kemp, in keeping with the Kemp talent, was fantastic.

The next item was the orchestra "The Shocking Blues." It was a mix up of sitars and guitars. Hindi and English tunes—a typical mingling of the east and the west. 'Hot Sand' was rather off tune, but 'मेरे सपनों की रानी' was really good. It was surprising to see Rupinder Sidhu on the drums and Poonam Nanda on the guitar. They learnt to play them in a period of two weeks. Amazing!

'The Dress Rehearsal' which followed was a small Hindi skit. It was one of the best items. Krishan Gopal, the poor, unfortunate director suited his part to a 'T' and Gyani stole the show. The curtain closed to thunderous applause.

'A page From History' had caused much debating and questioning amongst the audience, but what took place was beyond our expectations. It was a sword fight between two Rajput warriors. Though it was rather haphazard and long drawn out, it was an original idea and the costumes were excellent.

This gruesome episode, in which one soldier was killed, was relieved by a beautiful gipsy dance 'Banjara'. The costumes were colourful and the music lovely. The dancers were unsure of themselves and looked as if they had been taken straight from a village.

Next came the 'Blue Mountaineers'. The songs they played were of the days long gone and past. And as the names of the songs weren't mentioned it left the audience wondering as to what was going on. I think the only song that was recognized was 'Gore-Gore' an old favourite of the Nilagarians. If I am not mistaken this was the third year running they played it!

The highlight of the show was the Hindi play 'नूरजहाँ कहाँ है?' The 'Humanities group' were expecting to have a revision in History but we were pleasantly surprised. It was a play, in a play, done by a club. In the first scene the girls did their part very well in running away from the mouse in a most frightened manner. And the mouse achieved the impossible by running backwards!!

The second scene consisted of people reciting 'shers' some of them were good but almost all were recited in a most stiff manner, a little more confidence was needed here.

The last act was well done but had a typical Hindi movie end where the hero and heroine get hitched. The audience expected them to break into a song any minute!

The play was well done but the excessive use of English words spoilt the effect.

Robby Chadha as Tansen was terrific. He was absolutely at home on stage and his most 'untansenic' voice sent us into splits of laughter. Jagrup Singh and Rita Bansal, our hero and heroine, also deserve a pat on the back. The curtain closed to explosive applause.

The House Show came to an end with Brig. Suri thanking them on behalf of the audience.

Well done Nilagarians.

Preminda Batra

Fish Are Such Liars!

Mine was a large family. The Golden Mahseer is found in all the waters in India but my particular family were domiciled in the fragrant streams and rivers of the Punjab and neighbouring States. I was spawned in a placid pool shaded by deodars deep in the Himalayas.

It did not seem long, now that I look back, before my mother looked at those of us who survived the predatory raids of enemies and told us to go out and prove ourselves as men of the noble Mahseer tribe. She had taught us much and those lessons proved very beneficial, I for one obeyed them all, except once, but more of that later.

I swam down stream leisurely, unlike my other brothers and sisters who sped away apace. I found myself after a few days enjoying the deep waterweed and undergrowth in a deep pool under a high bridge. The sun's rays were dappled on the surface of the pool through the broad leaves of trees and shrubs and life was really worth living. I played hide-and-seek with insects, I revelled in the golden sheen of my scales as they reflected the light shining on them.

The peace of that blessed place was not to be for long. Carried down the valley came the strident laughter and unleashed excitement of many young folk who called the place "Dagroo". They made for my pool. Little did I know that I was swimming near the surface and my curiosity was nearly my undoing. "Look, there's a beauty, let's catch him!" Pebbles, sand and vegetation slipped into the pool and I hastened to take cover—not under a sheltering rock in the pool—oh no! not me, that would have spelt disaster, but I merged with the friendly waterweed and became as one with them. (The disaster I speak of was a rider attached to one of mother's lessons. "To shelter under a rock would allow a fisherman armed with a heavy hammer to beat upon the rock and render silly fish senseless so that they float out silver belly up and be scooped into baskets and taken away"). Twigs were soon torn from branches, stripped of their leaves and used as probes to dislodge me, but mother's lessons were well taught. Some probing sticks came very close and I looked anxiously upwards. There were "eyeballs in the sky" peering downwards. My attention was drawn to one particular pair, dark eyed, set in a frame bordered by dark fringed square cut hair. "No," she said, "leave it alone, it is too pretty to catch." The others said something impatient and to me, it seemed, they called her "Feriday Sataraday!" They must name them after days of the week! She held some sway because she moved them away to join others divesting themselves of unnecessary garments preparatory to performing their humorous and lugubrious attempts to emulate the Golden Mahseer in its own particular environment. I did not wait and with a silent blessing on "Feriday Sataraday" I swam close to the bed of the stream, down and away to the river.

The river was the Suttlej—wide, busy and awake. Other Mahseers came and looked at me as I did to the others. We formed into groups and swam, some upstream and some downstream. The

latter seemed easier to me and I wallowed in my new found freedom. The days sped by, I grew in stature and I felt I had fulfilled my mother's command.

There came a day when there was a strange silence among my erstwhile chattering companions. We were passing under a wide, spreading, leafy tree, its massive trunk set well away from the river bank, but the branches reached well over the river and over the road running parallel. The place was Rugar and tradition demanded that a certain day in 1831 be remembered by all fish folk, the day on which the great Granth Sahib of all the Sikhs met the illustrious Sir William Bentinck and peace came to the Suttlej and who dwelt in it. We swam reverently in formation under the tree, grateful for the privilege it accorded.

So we moved on. Day gave place to evening, calm, serene, warm and there was a partial eclipse of the moon. I rose to the surface to witness this phenomenon. I found it to be true but at the same time I noticed the reedy river bank gave into a stout stone wall and again, there were "eyeballs in the sky". I sank rapidly to the sandy bottom and waited, waited. The eclipse was complete, the sun moved away and the silver light of the released moon shone down. I rose slowly, "eyeballs" they were but these were pale, set in a paler face bordered by close cropped hair, what there was of it. The interest shown by the "eyes" to whatever activity that was contemplated was slight so I sank slowly once more.

Lying just before my eyes was a tasty morsel of food, yellowish in colour but so carelessly attached to a metal hook that I knew immediately that "pale eyes" was a novice. I would angle him—not him, me! I swam over the bait, it moved, "eyeballs" tugged. This went on once or twice ever so playfully. Then it lodged between two stones and the impact of my fin and tail failed to move it I couldn't let the game go stale. I pushed my snout into the gap just as the novice above, for some unsporting reason, tugged at the line. The hook sank into my upper lip and I went into reverse quickly. The line snagged under the stone and the hook went in deeper. Shades of mother's lessons! One more remained "Swim for the bank, rub the line on the stone wall, it will fray!" I did this, but the novice panicked, he would not hold the line taut. He played me away from the wall and the hook held fast. I was reeled in, unhooked and I heard him say, "What red eyes it has!" Red eyes, more like a red neck of embarrassment.....

It was his first catch, his very first and it had to be me. My spirit looked on in benediction as he pronounced the crisp, curried fish cutlets for supper as superb!

BILKUL (O. S.).

My Favourite Hobby and How I began it.

People usually associate collecting stamps and Postcards with the word "hobby" but, I'm afraid these dull pastimes do not kindle the slightest spark of interest in me.

My favourite hobby is reading—reading anything ranging from books on travel to the most blood-curdling thrillers and from trifling romances to the evergreen classics.

As a child of six my nose was always buried in a book of "Grimms' Fairy Tales" or "Aesops' Fables". At eight my horizon broadened slightly and I developed a taste for Enid Blyton, who remained my favourite authoress for the next three years. Nothing gave me more pleasure than reading about my favourite group of amateur detectives indulging in alarming escapades and emerging with flying colours. Enid Blyton, however, was merely a step forward to the rich, green pastures that the world of books opened up for me.

"Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" made a very strong impression on my young mind and they stand out prominently in my memory even today. Then came the romantic age when I would devour books of romance by the dozen. At this stage my reading fever reached such heights that I would often appear at meals with a book in my hand and gulp down my food without being aware of what I was eating. However, at fourteen I soon came down to earth and realised what an inconsistent world I was living in. I switched on to the more sensible, down-to-earth books but sometimes longed for that old, idealistic world where the curtain always came down on smiling faces. My reading interests had now broadened out to such an extent that I could almost pick up any book and become lost in the story it unravelled. Mary Stert, Leon Uris and Daphne Du Maurier held me spell bound and my studies were sadly neglected. My general knowledge, on the other hand, increased rapidly and I prided myself on the fact that I could talk about politics with my father on an equal footing. The sufferings of Jews which Leon Uris described so vividly made a great impact on my mind and I became a staunch supporter of the Jewish cause. An Arab meeting me at that stage would have found my company insufferable.

Now at sixteen I am still an ardent reading fan and deplore the fact that with studying for my School Certificate Examination I can never find enough time to read.

Kamini Kaul.

Prep. School Saturday Club Show

Since it was the Prep. School show, it was not with much enthusiasm that I looked forward to the evening's variety programme but it would be less than honest not to say that everything about the colourful presentation was nothing but excellent, bearing in mind the size of the performers and despite the frequent power failures during the rehearsals.

Once the National Anthem was sung the curtains parted to present the audience with the first item of the evening, 'The Little Black Boy'. This item was very amusing and enjoyable. The play was about a little black boy who has been given a full set of clothes by his mother, and had to ultimately sacrifice all his clothes to appease four greedy, quarrelsome tigers. Ronald Kerr made a perfect black boy.

Next came an action song 'I see fine ships' by the little ones. The simple catchy tune sung by the little mellow voices left nothing to be desired. This was followed by six little twinkle-toed girls gracefully performing the 'Basant Dance' to the accompaniment of the piano. Their bright, yellow 'cholis' and flower necklaces were quite in keeping with the graceful rhythm and supple movement of their lithe bodies. Although the whole troupe performed well, a mention ought to be made of Pamela Chowdhry whose facial expression was that of a mature, adept dancer.

The puppet show, though not a novelty, was much appreciated due to its skilful manipulation by expert hands. P.D. choir's first song जग निर्माता जीवन दाता could hardly be a credit for catching the thief by the puppet police. It was a break in the programme's smooth flow when the children went out of tune and something akin to a mini cacophony ensued. However, they atoned for this momentary lapse by their next number एक से दस It was both fast and melodious and did not lack lusty voices.

The Hindi play came as a change after the songs. The little, bright characters did manage to infuse life and gusto in their roles, although Rajiv Thakur stole the show by making the audience look forward to his oft-repeated हाँ जी !

The Wedding Samba was an appropriate name for the large impressive 'Percussion Band'. I was glad that my neighbour's utterance (I overheard him reading it as persecution band) did not prove prophetic. However, I felt that one of the pairs of cymbals weighed pretty heavily on its wielder. The action song 'Soldier Soldier' was a delight. For once the music and the vocalists were not at loggerheads.

The last part of the entertainment was an amusing English play 'Work for the Ghosts'. The various roles were enacted very confidently. Payal Singh, whose timely actions matched superbly with her clear lucid voice and almost faultless accent showed her remarkable histrionic talent.

An old Sanawarian, David Williams, from Australia though understandingly brief with his 'thank-you' proved quite successful with his hand-clap for the evening's performance. It was vigorously taken up by the audience who gave the Preppers a thunderous ovation.

As a fitting finale the School Song wound up the evening's delightful and scintillating programme.

E. Sequeira.

* * * * *

Cricket

Sanawar Atoms vs. B.C.S. Atoms.

The morning of the 9th May, 1970 dawned bright and clear bringing with it uncertainty and hope for both the teams. For, on this day Sanawar Atoms were to play against B.C.S. Atoms. Amidst claps and cheers the captains of the respective teams strode down to the field for the toss. Sanawar having won the toss chose to field.

The game started at 9-38 a.m. Hemant Singh was the opening bowler for Sanawar. His very first ball, fast and true, fetched him a wicket. By the time B.C.S. scored 1 run, 2 wickets had already fallen. At 6 runs their third wicket fell. At this juncture B.C.S. determined to play hard and bat well. The next pair held the pitch for quite some-time taking the B.C.S. score to 14 runs. But the speed and accuracy of the Sanawarian bowlers was not easy to judge. Suddenly the 4th wicket fell, followed by another. The remaining batsmen struggled hard to take up the score. They did fairly well, taking the score to 33 runs, but not without loss. By then 8 wickets had been bagged by the Sanawarian bowlers. Sanawar rising to the occasion packed them up for 35 runs.

Sanawar came in to bat at 11-05 a.m. We had a poor start. Our 1st wicket fell at 2 runs, the second at 6 runs. But the next pair (Dogra and Sidhu) held their ground. Playing confidently they carried the score to 38 runs. Then Sidhu's wicket fell. The batting that followed was disheartening. Perhaps it was due to overconfidence on having passed the B.C.S. score. Yet they carried the score to 45 runs and at the fall of our last wicket, we had a lead of only 10 runs in the 1st innings.

But the second innings ended in total collapse for the already demoralised B.C.S. team. Hemant Singh and S. Bhalerao proved more vicious in the second innings, skittling the 'Cottonians' out for 12 runs. Quite an achievement for the Sanawar Atoms!

Sanawar, now, had to score just 3 runs to win. The opening pair of Sanawar did the needful by scoring the required runs in a few minutes. Chauhan bowled and batted well for B.C.S.

The names of Anil Dogra, Hemant Singh and S. Bhalerao deserve special mention. Dogra, despite the handicap in size, carried himself like a titan throughout the game, playing with precision and skill, punishing most of the balls of the 'Cottonians' to the boundary. He bowled well also. To him rightly belonged the honour of the day. The adept bowling of H. Singh and S. Bhalerao was mainly responsible for the victory of the Sanawarians over the 'Cottonians'. Hemant Singh was really an asset to the team.

C.B. Abraham.

Howlers From History

1. Mohenjodaro was designed by king Harappa.
2. Buddhism was a simple religion and satisfied the needs of the amorous spirits.
3. The Brahamans established a monopoly which made unsurplus excavations and encouraged the grossest superstitions.
4. At the invitation of Ibrahim Lodi, Barber submerged into fertile plains of India at the head of his army.

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THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



No. 157

1st May

1970

School News

March.

26th. Students were allowed to leave after classes for the Easter break. Some went home, others went on voluntary hikes. School bore a deserted look.

27th. Good Friday was really good for the school. I. S. C. results came out. Congratulations to all on their brilliant results. Thirty eight first divisions and seventeen seconds; no thirds, no over-all failures and the most creditable thing was that there was no failure in any subject.

29th. Sanawarians kept trickling in throughout the day. By evening everybody was back. School came back to life again.

30th. Welham Preparatory School's Cricket team arrived.

31st. Sanawar Atoms played against Welham under 11s. Welham were too good for Sanawar. They beat us by nine wickets and one run by packing our team off for a trifling forty three. Nevertheless, the names of Deepak Khosla and Sanjay Dutt deserve special mention. They batted well for Sanawar.

April.

1st. All Fools Day. Though children succeeded in fooling some staff by putting up the old time-table, frankly there was not much 'josh' in it.

Welham's team left.

2nd. Dress rehearsal for Vindhya House Show. The juniors witnessed it.

4th Vindhya House Saturday Club Show. The staff, the seniors and the guests watched it. Mr. R. S. Talwar, Joint Secretary, Ministry of Finance, spoke after the show. He commended the tradition of having Saturday Club Shows. He

also congratulated the Vindhyans for a successful performance and thanked them for an entertaining evening.

Shekhar Kadam, a veteran and a superb actor, played his part very well indeed. Kulbhushan Oswal looked very impressive and spoke his lines with a humour that immensely amused the audience. Vijay Singh was no less than a real Head Master. Though the show naturally had its faults, it was enjoyed by all.

6th. Hodson Heats and Morning Prep began.

10th. Hodson Finals. Nilagiri House, though leading comfortably at the end of the Heats, fell miserably and trailed behind the other Houses till under 15s and Opens ran. In these two races it recovered miraculously and came on top almost from the lowest rung. It won the coveted Hodson trophy. Nilagirians provided a perfect example of living upto the school motto "Never Give In". Our congratulations to them. Brig. Suri of Signals, Kasauli, gave away the prizes. A full report is published inside.

We were pleased to receive Sudhir Singh (O. S. 1950—55) who brought a cricket team, which included three Ranji Trophy players and Mr. Hans Raj who played for the Indian School Boys' team against Ceylon. We are thankful to the organisers for bringing this team, for our boys gained a tremendous experience and learnt a lot.

11th. }
12th. } The two-day match played between the above team and our XI. Sanawar won. Scores:

1st innings : Jullundur Club : 237 Sanawar : 128

2nd innings : Jullundur Club : They very sportingly declared at 25 for two.

Sanawar : 143 for seven.

A detailed account of the match appears on page 4.

18th.)
19th. } A friendly two-day cricket match played between the school XI and the Tribune cricket Club.

Sanawar beat Tribune Club hollow. Prabhakar batted very well (52). Kaul and Prabhakar were the most successful bowlers. Scores :

1st innings : Tribune Cricket Club :	104
Sanawar :	113
2nd innings: Tribune Cricket Club :	38
Sanawar :	30 for three

Staff News

We extend a warm welcome to Mr. E. Sequeira who has joined the English Department. We hope his association with the school will be a happy and a long one.

School Appointments

It is regretted that in the last issue of the News-Letter the names of Harisimran Singh Sandhu, Shekhar D. Kadam and Pradeep Singhal were inadvertently left out. We extend our congratulations, though belated, to them on their appointments as Prefects.

O. S. News

Bill Colledge, (San Moreno, Route des Genets, St. Brelade, Jersey, G.I.): "We have been registered for a passage by a Dutch freighter in 1971 to get us to Sanawar in time for Founders. There are few direct sailings to India from England and what there are are fully booked. The P. & O. told me that they had discontinued their service. And to think that it was India that made them!.....We spent New Year's Eve and New Year's Day with Subhash Malhotra as his personal guests in the huge hotel he manages so well in Southsea. The Transport and General Workers Union made it their H Q. for their Annual Meeting and Subhash entertained the Prime Minister personally in his own suite. It was good to see how he handled a couple of 'gatecrashers' in spite of one of the ignoramuses referring to the colour question. I was proud of the New Old Sanawarians. There was something of Mr. Jagdish Ram in Subhash's attitude just then.

Miss E. Tilley, (106 Cranley Gdns, Muswell Hill, London, N. 10, U.K.): "We were indeed saddened by the news of the deaths of three people. Pichkori was very good when John visited Sna', but he was old then. Gosh, who can think of Indra dead, when in October he was everywhere taking

pictures, and looked so well. Was it a heart-failure or had he been ill? Sorry to hear about Madho Ram too.....Our visit to Sanawar was the high light of our growing old—a never to be forgotten experience. We are still talking about it, and when we meet other Sanawarians we just natter about it and show off everything we brought back with us. Give our love to everyone and God bless you."

* * * * *

R. P. Sangha, (Programmer, Bata Computer Section, 27—E Camac St., Calcutta—16). "It was a real pleasure to receive your letter. The O.S. with whom I am regularly in touch, in Calcutta, are Abhey Yograj, Pradeep Soneja, Ashok Chawla, Ravinder Singh Virk, Ravinder Mundy, etc. Yograj, however, has recently been transferred to Faridabad. I have been in Calcutta for the last five years, doing programming for I. B. M. 1401 model computer, rented by Bata Shoe Co. In about a year's time I hope to leave for U. S. A. for training and further experience on the latest model computers I was in Kasauli for three days at the end of January, but did not come to Sanawar because I expected no one would be there during the vacations. In Kasauli I got the bad news about Indra's death. He was really a noble soul."

* * * * *

Naresh Bahadur, (2 Raj Rif. C/o 56 A. P. O.) "I have not been in correspondence with either you or the school, in an active sense, in the past. I, however, have thought of you and the Sanawarians very often Please convey my greetings for a very happy and prosperous New Year to all in the school Sanawar has been an elevating and a sacred experience for me My fondest regards to the members of staff and love to young Sanawarians."

* * * * *

Dr. Gurdev Singh Purewal, (The Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, Northfield, Birmingham—31 U.K.) "It is almost five years since we lost contact with each other. You will probably have to scratch your head hard to remember whom this letter is from. If I remember correctly it was at Medical College Rohtak when I last received your letter. Anyhow I have often been hearing about your welfare from other people. A few years back V. S. Yadav came here for a few days in an Indian Airforce plane (which fortunately missed a mid air collision) and told me that you were still at Sanawar. It was a good news to me, as I had wanted to write to you I cannot forget the days spent at Sanawar. Nilagiri House, the noise of closing boxes, of the footsteps on the wooden floor of the dormitories, marching upto the classes and running down again after prep. in the evening and many others. The time seemed to have passed pretty quickly and suddenly one realises that one was not a child any more. But the thing

which will always be there as long as we live is that you will always remain teachers and friends and we your pupils Well !! after leaving Rohtak I was transferred to Medical College, Amritsar, where I did my Master of Surgery-orthopaedics as speciality in 1966. Then I was promoted to Senior Lecturer in Orthopaedics, at which post I worked till Nov. 1969. Then I came here on two years study leave. Will be back in India in 1971. I have a son 3 years and 5 months and a daughter 9 months old. I would very much like my son to be educated at Sanawar. I wonder how difficult it would be to book a seat for him there, so that he can come to Sanawar as soon as he is old enough to join."

* * * * *

Married

Anil Seth to Madhu on 18-4-70. in Delhi.

Santosh (Das) to Vishnu on 23-4-70. in Ambala.

Sanawarians send their blessing and wish them a long and happy married life.

T.C. Kemp.

* * * * *

Vindhya House Show

Information about the Vindhya House show had been seeping in from various sources and one did not know quite what to expect. Most of the reports said that it would "make us yawn", but we were pleasantly surprised to discover that it was actually quite contrary to the disappointing rumours we'd been hearing.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. Everyone looked forward to the Saturday Club Show. The crucial hour drew nearer and by 6.15 p.m. Barne Hall was packed with spectators.

At 6-30 the curtain went up to reveal six girls moving gracefully onto the stage. This was the "Dush-Avatar" dance performed by the Vindhyan junior girls. The music accompanying it had a lovely melody which was very effective. The dance, though very colourful, was not very well performed as there were some glaring mistakes towards the end. However, the audience were appreciative and there was loud applause.

Then came a skit entitled "The Love Triangle" based on words acted literally. This was again monopolised by the juniors and displayed a high sense of humour, which passed over the heads of some of the younger members of the audience. Preminda Batra, who took on the responsibility of training the juniors, deserves full marks for directorship.

Next the curtains went up on the Hindi play entitled बड़े आदमी. Rohini Arora as the mother and

Kulbhushan Oswal as the father deserve special mention. Though hilarious, the play was slightly long-drawn out. In parts, however, it displayed a splendid sense of humour, which made most of the spectators roll in their chairs with laughter.

The highlight of the evening's programme was the "Vindhyan Stargazers" who put on an excellent performance. Shekhar Kadam, Sanjiv Nair (guitar) and Harisimran Sandu (drums) were outstanding. Barne Hall resounded with the beat of the drums and the sound of the guitars. "Cafe" and "Ballad of John and Yoko" were rendered beautifully by Shekhar. The applause at the end of this item was absolutely ear-splitting.

The band was followed by another skit entitled "Wizard by the Blackboard". Vijay Singh portrayed the part of a Headmaster very well. The skit was about a boy who acquired supernatural powers and used them in school to fool the teachers.

The last item on the evening's programme was the English play entitled "Appointment Disappointment". Tania Talwar as the mother put on a very convincing act. Rajiv Mehra as the son-in-law and Preminda Batra as the young and innocent daughter too acted very naturally. The play was lively and amusing.

Thank you Vindhyan for a very entertaining evening!

Gita Tandon
Kamini Kaul

I. S. C. Results

Congratulations to the following on their success in the I. S. C. examination.

First Division

Boys

Aggregates		Aggregates	
1. Ajaipal S. Gill	13	15. Nirmaljit Singh	9
2. Arjun Rastogi	11	16. Nripdev S. Gill	17
3. A. Wadhawan	13	17. Praveen Kumar	14
4. Avanish Zaveri	12	18. P. M. S. Grewal	11
5. Deepak Tewari	16	19. Rajan Syal	16
6. G. S. Dhillon	14	20. Rajiv Chanchani	11
7. H. S. Pathania	13	21. Rakesh Mohan	16
8. Inderjit Sharma	12	22. Ravinder Raizada	15
9. Kamaljit Singh	14	23. S. K. Ahuja	14
10. Kr. V.S. Lalotra	14	24. S. S. Frar	16
11. M. Pratap Sahi	15	25. Shiv Nath	11
12. Manjit Singh	14	26. Vikram S. Kadan	10
13. N. Chauhan	18	27. Vinod Thakur	14
14. Neil Puri	14		

Girls

1. Anita Premal	14	7. M. Kaur Sidhu	15
2. Ashali Bhagat	8	8. Meera C. Gupta	16
3. J. Kaur Mann	7	9. Pinky Sikand	16
4. Jatinder Marwah	13	10. Rupinder Kaur	14
5. Kalpana Johry	9	11. S. Chauhan	12
6. Kavita Padda	14		

Second Division*Boys*

1. Ajit S. Grewal	21	6. Gurpreet S. Bala	23
2. A. S. Pannu	28	7. Karanjit Rajput	24
3. Anil K. Auluck	23	8. Keshav Bhagat	21
4. Arun Malhotra	24	9. Rakesh Khosla	21
5. Dilbagh S. Sidhu	21	10. Vinod Bhandari	23

Girls

1. Anumeha Rai	27	5. Neera Bhattal	25
2. Indu Ahluwalia	21	6. Pamela Hira	22
3. Jagvinder Kaur	21	7. T. Ngaizaching	23
4. Nandini Duggal	24		

Cricket : School XI vs. Jullundur Club

The Jullundur team having won the toss, elected to bat. The match started punctually at 10-00 a.m. The opening batsmen Kapoor and Mohan played confidently. Mohan was slightly shaky, edging balls every now and then, but held his ground. It seemed they would last for ever. Four or five bowlers had been tried but none succeeded in getting a wicket. Eventually with the score at 63, Kapoor was stumped off Kalia for 35. Hansraj, a member of the Indian School boys' team, then went in. He executed some fine strokes but was not in his top form. He was dropped a couple of times. The next two, Kohli and Rana, did well. Rana scored a lovely 49. It was a thrill to watch him. He timed all his strokes perfectly and never missed a chance to hit. He left with the score at 215. After that 5 more wickets fell with the addition of just 22 runs. Kaul was the most successful bowler ending up with 4 for 44. Kalia too bowled well capturing 3 for 58. Sandhu's fielding was superb and he saved many fours and of course held two magnificent catches.

Sanawar began their innings at 3-30 p.m. after nearly 4½ hours of fielding. Pathania and Manjit started as well as the Jullundur openers with confident strokes. Manjit was clean bowled soon. At close of play Sanawar was 50 for 1—not a bad score at all. The next day Bunty was out in the third over followed by Sandhu, who too fell in the same over. It did not look so bright for us. It was 57 for 3. Then we witnessed some wonderful cricket from Prabhakar and Kaul. They were both set from the very first ball. Each displayed his own remarkable talent. Prabhakar was really timing his shots with precision and playing with tact. He waited for a loose ball and then hit as hard as he could. His 40 contained a lofty six too. The way Prabhakar was going it seemed we'd get to a good total. But alas! his wicket fell at 117 and the innings folded up within an hour. We were all out for 128, 109 runs behind our opponents and very disappointed.

C. M. Kapoor and J. S. Rana bagged 4 wickets each. Both bowled consistently and kept the runs at bay.

With an hour left before lunch the Jullundur team went into bat. They were unfortunate this time in losing Hansraj for a paltry 14. Much had been expected from this boy. C. M. Kapoor followed suit when he was bowled for 6. Thus with the score at 25 for 2 at lunch the Jullundur team declared. It was most sporting of their captain Sudhir Kandal to do such a thing and very commendable on his part. Sanawar accepted the challenge to score 135 runs in the remaining time. Manjit opened, and his wicket fell with the score at zero; it appeared an uphill task even to approach their score, let alone exceed it.

Bunty and Kohli played for some time. Then at the fall of their wickets Kaul and Prabhakar came in. Both these again served as our backbone in spectacular style. Both realised the worsening situation and were determined to do their utmost. The excitement of the game now became gripping. Prabhakar executed a flurry of shots round the wicket every now and then and was judging the ball very well. His off drives were timed with precision and never failed to fetch runs. Once he was set, every ball was easy to hit. His 47 was a captain's knock indeed. Kaul at the other end was also playing steadily. He also smashed every loose ball that came and his hooks were really magnificent. He scored a good 25 runs. Thanks to the effort of these two, the score mounted beyond a hundred quite easily. At 128 Prabhakar fell, caught and bowled by Kapoor. We were not yet sure of winning. Kalia and Bagchi played calmly and slowly and edged the score to 132 when Kalia hit a hard shot to the boundary, thus equalising the score. At the end of the match Sanawar were 143 for 7. Thus we had won by 9

runs and 3 wickets, a magnificent effort on our side. They had a good team with some Ranji Trophy players. We hope to see them next year too. My congratulations to Prabhakar and his team on their brilliant performance. We were given half a 'laddoo' each at the end. Souvenirs of small bats were given to Bunty, Prabhakar, Kaul and Manjit by the Julundur team. Well done Sanawar.

Atul Sobti

Hodson Runs

Inter-House competitions for us in B. D. are the most exciting occasions, and much more is the case with the first event of the year—Hodson Runs.

Scheduled to commence on the 16th March, the Headmaster, very rightly brought forward the training programme to 11th March. But then, as things do not always go as we wish them to, the cold spell of weather and unexpected showers made it impossible for us to settle down and 'break through' the initial 'stiffness' that comes on with the runs on the first few days. Again breaking off for Easter after a period of seven days' training more or less reduced the practices to a short period of 10 days that followed the Easter.



We were, however, conscious of the fast approaching qualifying Heats and the Finals that brought in some seriousness into our training.

The Qualifying Heats were held on the 6th, 7th and 8th April. The points were as follows :—

	H	N	S	V
U-11	6	6	5	5
U-13	9	10	8	6
U-15	11	15	8	9
Total	26	31	21	20

It was impossible to say who would march through the 'Arch of Victory', for although Nilagiri was leading, the list of Finalists declared on the basis of qualifying Heats gave high hopes to the other three Houses also; so all the four Houses impatiently awaited the finals.

The day arrived—Friday the 10th April. Excited youngsters started flooding either side of the last bend outside the 'Arch Gate'. The finals started

at 4-30 p. m. The audience would agree with me that we have never had, in previous years, such close running of points and spectacular ups and downs of House positions, at the end of each age-group's runs. Nilagiri's Under 15s, however, tilted the scale once again in their favour, and were ahead of the other Houses.

The cheering never lost its high pitch to the end, the boys 'injecting' their enthusiasm into their respective House-finalists as it were, and anxiously looked forward to see them coming in the first ten.

The Opens race altered the House positions beyond everybody's expectations, the Vindhyan pushing Himalaya down to 3rd position.

The results were as follows :—

	H	N	S	V
Qualifying points	26	31	21	20
U-11	26	2	3	24
U-13	10	5	23	17
U-15	11	33	11	0
Opens	12	22	4	26
Total	85	93	62	87

Under 11s

- (1) Satinder Singh Jamwal (H) Time 4' 12.5"
- (2) Avinder Mohan Singh (V)
- (3) Bhopinder Singh Sawhney (V)

Under 13s

- (1) Mukul Chopra (S) Time 5' 25.5"
- (2) Sumit Bagchi (H)
- (3) Pradeep Bajaj (S)

Under 15s

- (1) Manmegh Singh (N) Time 9' 25"
- (2) Neeraj Madhok (N)
- (3) Sandeep Bagchi (H)

Opens

- (1) Vasudev Pathania (H) Time 12' 17.7"
- (2) K. S. Bala (V)
- (3) Ranbir Singh (N)

Brig. Suri came to cheer us up and at the end gave away the prizes.

Well done Nilagiri! In spite of such a short period of training they managed to score 93 points. Our sincere congratulations on their brilliant performance. Congratulations also to those who got prizes and to all those who reached qualifying standard and tried their level best.

Ajay Singh

My Favourite Hobby

Ever since I was seven years old, collecting menu cards has had a fascination for me. To many people it seems a strange and dull hobby, but to me it conjures up the most marvellous pictures.

My collection consists of menu-cards of every shape, size, colour and from every different corner of the world one can imagine. All I do is look at these cards and there looms up in front of me the most wonderful picture either of a ball-room with sparkling chandeliers, tables laid with cut-glass and red roses or a noisy teenage party, the jukebox booming through the air and the young couples swirling across the floor.

The first menu-card that began my collection was the one my father got on board a ship taking him to war. When I see this menu-card I can just imagine hundreds of khaki clothed men seated at a long table wondering what their fate would be. The menu consisted of boiled spinach, stew and custard. This card has a great deal of sentimental value and it inspired me to begin my collection.

When I turn to the next page of my menu-card album, there is a white card with a spray of pink blossom on it. This was the menu-card my grand-mother got when travelling to Japan on the luxury liner "Sangola". Again a marvellous picture looms up in front of me, but this time very different from that of the plain soldiers. A picture of ladies clothed in jewel coloured silk gowns, one can almost smell the whiffs of perfume and see them waltzing across the floor. The main dishes written on this card are delicacies like caviare, champagne and asparagus.

The latest menu-card of my collection is one in the shape of a guitar with golden notes of music drawn on it. When I open it every thing seems to burst into action. The young couples swirling on the floor, the yelling beat-group singers in one corner and the boom of the drums. The menu is typically teenage—coca-cola, pop-corn and hamburgers.

The next menu-card is one from the "Rendezvous" in Bombay. This is the most colourful of the lot. It has a white background with red lobsters, golden slices of pine-apple, green spring-onions and cherries drawn on it. I can almost see the dignified ladies in saris and gold-jewellery and hear the soft music.

The following menu-card was given to my father when he dined with the Shah of Iran. It has a gold crest on it and one can almost feel the dignity of the occasion from this purple and gold bordered card. I imagine a long polished walnut-wood table with yellow roses and waxen apples,

golden pears and purple grapes arranged on it. The main foods written in this card are regal in every aspect like of olden caviare and champagne.

Another interesting menu-card of my collection is one from "Lilly of the valley", a small restaurant in Switzerland. I can imagine a small white cottage tucked away in a purple valley. Inside, it has white furniture, red and white striped sugar bowls and smart waitresses serving strawberries and cream, foaming coffee, slabs of cheese and fluffy cheese eggs.

There is an insignificant looking black album on the last shelf of the cupboard, but the moment I open it I enter a different world. A world which changes with the flick of a page. At one moment I am with simple soldiers, at the next with a Shah and finally I am dancing in a noisy teenage restaurant.

Tina Sataravala

Public Opinion—A Standard ?

" Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; if he were sensible of this he would not be ignorant."

Saadi Sheerazi of Persia

Things, in themselves, do not matter so much as our reaction to them and it is rather difficult to ascertain the fundamental reasons why people behave the way they do. Human behaviour being a very complex field of investigation and with the sense of values changing in relation to individuals it is almost impossible to lay down a comprehensive pattern of conduct. Yet we shall make a passing reference to these problems with special emphasis on public opinion as to its value as a standard of measurement.

Whether subconsciously or at conscious level of cognition, all activity is governed by motive. Animals act from blind impulse, as it were, but when a man acts he tries to determine the validity—the right or wrong—of his action. As depending upon their circumstances, upbringing, education, inherent tendencies, preferences, intellectual and moral status and countless other factors, different people have different standards of judgement and these could also change with the same individual as does his general outlook from time to time. Some people judge things from the point of view of material gain, some act with reference to power and prestige, some with reference to inner peace and happiness and so on. There are some, however, to whom all that matters is the opinion of the crowd of people around.

It is true that we cannot, altogether and always, ignore it and shouldn't, unnecessarily and without sufficient reason, defy it. But the problem-situation does arise when public opinion comes into direct conflict with our principles and basic interests. Whether we, in that case, ignore it completely or compromise with it at the expense of these principles depends upon the strength or weakness of our character. Gandhi said, "I will not be a traitor to God to please the whole world." Socrates could have easily saved his life by a minor compromise but to utter disregard of such low considerations he faced death with all the moral dignity we know of. This is the spirit of no compromise and whether people praise them or spit out their anger and scorn in their faces, they stand upright. Compromise essentially speaks of weakness or dilution of principles and the terms and extent of the compromise reflect directly on the extent of this weakness.

This shouldn't be taken to imply that we should look down upon common people simply because their judgements are fallacious and based, generally, on shallow observation and insufficient knowledge of facts. Let it be clearly understood that a man may not assume an attitude of self-righteousness while he looks down upon others as inferiors holding himself up as something above them. "Man shall not glory in his own enlightenment" and vanity will defeat the very purpose of self-elevation. People do deserve our love, consideration and help. The point here is that it could prove dangerous, even destructive to our character and individuality if we took their verdict as the standard guideline. Further, its motive is, usually, as shallow as its basis and out of sheer jealousy and malice it could be directed against your reputation, happiness, outlook against popular beliefs, or social and religious orthodoxy. Rumour and slanderous talk which is its known weapon is the lowest form of social communication, and no one can stop the mordant sword (tongue) of slashing opinions which has not spared even the noblest souls in history. But one must remain mentally above the sphere of its action or at least not allow it to take possession of one's mind and thinking—as goes the old Chinese saying—"You can't stop birds from flying over your head; but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair."

Mansur, the great sufi of Baghdad was sentenced to death for his claim "Ana-ut-Haq"—I am one with God (the same as the Sanskrit "Soham"—That am I). Before that he was made to stand at the crossing where, at the instance of the Calif, people hurled stones, shoes, brickbats and rubbish at him so that he was badly wounded. Shibli, a wise saint and the beloved friend of Mansur, being bound by the order or for the fear of incurring the displeasure of people, plucked a rose for Mansur who smiled and blessed those who hurt him.

But when Shibli threw the flower on him, Mansur cried, "Oh, the deadliest stroke! A wise man has also joined the crowd to condemn me. I must be wrong." Shibli who felt embarrassed at this unprecedented reaction asked him why the rose should have hurt him so much. "Don't you realise, Shibli," said Mansur, "that the opinion of one wise man holds more weight than the opinion of the foolish thousands. Besides, the slightest indifference on the part of friends cuts deeper than the meanest slander of the society. It is a rose to look at but has come to me as part of my punishment—and from you. Where these brickbats have battered my body the rose has hurt my soul; and you, noble Shibli, have caused me more pain than the total hostility of the crowd."

Shibli fell on his knees. "I won't regret it now if for defiance of the popular demand I have to follow you to the gallows," implored he, "but I shall only be at peace with myself if you would ever forgive me and treat this flower not as your punishment but as a humble offering of worship at your feet."

Later on, those who started worshipping Mansur after his death were the very people who had earlier tortured him to a most disgraceful death.

This, besides countless similar instances in history, proves another aspect of public opinion which is, hence, known for its inconsistency and highly flexible nature. In acceptance they would worship trees and snakes and in denial crucify Jesus and poison Socrates. So, when this yardstick is ever-changing what reliance can be placed on its measurements?

How to overcome this confusion, to live above one's circumstances and secure uniformity of behaviour at individual as well as social levels is a very difficult question to answer. This, inevitably, leads us to the old problem of Ethics—Absolute Standard as in preference to relative standards.

"Let all actions be performed in the name of God" is the golden rule laid down by the wise and this automatically obliges us to act in compliance with His will or approval. But wherein lies His approval or disapproval is an equally perplexing problem. God, according to some, is represented in us through our conscience. But it cannot serve as the Absolute Standard as it is always partially conditioned by circumstances. Even if we don't agree to give it the status of Divine representation we might, perhaps, agree that with our natural limitations to perceive the Ultimate, it cannot be denied the status of being the most universal and positive standard with which we are in conscious touch. Further, conscience, like God, is difficult to explain or understand rationally and one may not

be alive to both. But a little introspection will reveal that this voice of innate righteousness does invariably whisper in the listening ear, and if constantly ignored may result into a dissipated outlook and a disintegrated personality.

In order, therefore, to develop a healthy sense of discrimination and to achieve inner unity and order we must act with reference to our conscience which, next only to human birth, is to us the most precious gift of God.

How we should, on our own part, behave towards others doesn't, necessarily, fall within the scope of this essay but it may not be out of place to suggest that we should be charitable in forming opinions about others. We must not forget that with the maze of events surrounding and affecting us—directly or indirectly—and with our mind being preconditioned by numerous factors, correct understanding is a slippery road; and even in cases of our certainty beyond doubt we are apt to misunderstand and misjudge. A wise man, recognising the human factor, will reserve his judgement, whereas the ignorant will rush into hasty decisions and voice their opinions. Let us, knowing our own fallibility and giving others the same allowance, be generous and offer them the maximum benefit of doubt. It would certainly help if before opening one's mouth one would ask oneself :

Is it true ?

Is it kind ?

Is it necessary ?

One must also overcome one's natural tendency to be brief in praise but extravagant in condemnation—to the extent that one would not feel relieved before vomiting out all the poison which, actually, lies in one's own heart. Let us resist, with all the positive force, this drag of the lower self which tries to pull everything down to its own level of negativity.

This, admittedly, depends upon one's vision but that can be improved and elevated. Let us not lower ourselves to follow the example of the mean and the malicious but set and uphold our own standards. For a worm a drain is the happiest environ-

ment, but the rain-bird (chatak) will never descend from the sky to drink from the pond even if he dies of thirst. He who looks for and tries to see good in everything will find it everywhere, and he who wants to collect rubbish can fill his bag anywhere and scatter it over the heads of others.

To derive pleasure and inspiration from positive and noble sources only is, in my personal opinion, one of the basic attributes of a noble and great mind.

S. S. Datt.

* * * * *
A letter of thanks, in response to the present given by the children of this school, received from Maj. and Mrs. Som Dutt is published below.

Palam
Delhi Cantt 10
6-4-1970.

Dear Children,

It was this evening, on our return from a visit to Bareilly, that we opened the parcel, which Mr. Kemp so kindly brought down, and which contained the commemorative shield which you boys and girls have given us.

It is truly a magnificent present, exquisitely designed and superbly executed; but its true value will always lie in the generosity and affection which inspired it.

We shall treasure it, *always*, with pride and nostalgia; pride in the wonderful lot of very young people, we have been privileged to serve; nostalgia for the many happy years we have spent with you and with those, now Old Sanawarians, who have gone before.

It is always difficult to say thank you, when you really mean it, so may we just say, "Thank You", from the bottom of our hearts; "Thank you each one of you. May God keep and protect you now and always!"

With love and affection,

Merl Som Dutt
Pat Som Dutt

Editor:—S. C. Arora.

Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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THE SANAWAR



NEWS-LETTER

No. 156

1st April

1970

We wish our readers a happy, prosperous new decade.

School News

February.

28th. School reopened. A cold, cloudy day welcomed the Sanawarians back. The day passed in hand-shakes, huggings, hellos and exchanging news.

March.

1st. A very busy day for the Matrons fitting children into their kits.

2nd. Matrons finished their left over work. Senior School Staff met in the Biology lab. Entrance candidates tested in the Biology lab. by the teachers concerned. Parents waited anxiously outside for teachers' reports on their children.

3rd. Assembly followed by issue of Text Books. Prep School admissions started pouring in. The H.M. and the Prep School Staff coped with a colossal amount of work.

4th. Normal classes began. Prep. School new admissions still trickling in.

8th. The cricket season ushered in by a festival match. The School XI beat Staff XI hollow. The Staff were packed for a paltry 83 against 223 of the XI. Manjeet Singh 100—retired.

9th. Slack days over. Normal games/hobbies times table came into force. Prep started. Medical inspection began (one set each day).

15th. Staff Club Meeting took place at 5-00 p.m. Our congratulations to Mr. B.P. Joshi who was unanimously elected the General Secretary.

Staff News

In every school almost every year there are changes in the staff. But last year an unusually large number of staff left Sanawar. We were very sad indeed to bid good-bye to Major R. Som Dutt, who was the Headmaster for over thirteen years. He was the very personification of kindness. People here will remember him for his unexcelled relationship with Sanawar. He inspired confidence in us all. What was routine was done meticulously and on time. What was unexpected or came by way of crisis was met with calm and efficiency. We would like him to know that he has left an indelible imprint on Sanawar and he will be widely and very sincerely missed. We wish him a restful and happy retired life.

Messers Sinha and Atma Ram left us, as they themselves humorously used to put it, after completing their 'Banwas' (14 years) to be Vice Principal, Cambridge School, New Delhi and Principal, Maharaja Hari Singh Collegiate School, Nagbani, Jammu (J. K.) respectively. We shall never forget Mr. Sinha's humour and his meticulous approach to almost everything he did. He was a very genuine person and was everybody's friend. Mr. Atma Ram will be remembered for his immaculate turnout.

Mr. and Mrs. Sikund have gone to lush pastures in Uganda. Both of them had imposing personalities and they always made their presence felt. Mr. Sikund had varied interests. He coached the School Colts in Hockey and was the editor of this News-Letter for umpteen years. He was invariably an undisputed choice for the A.D.S. where his histrionic talent was abundantly in evidence. In addition to being a very good player of Bridge and

Tennis he has a lively member of the Staff Club. Both of them were very sociable and at their departure we feel a void in our midst.

Mr. Charles M. Massey, a very versatile man, left us and has joined Y.P.S. Patiala.

We are also sorry to lose Mrs. S. Singh, Mr. Jagat Ram, Mrs. K. Sinha and Miss D'Costa.

We wish Miss D. Sinclair, who always gave us sumptuous dinners at the Staff Club, good health and a peaceful retired life.

There is much regret throughout the School at their departure. It is a great loss to the School but we derive consolation from the fact that our loss is somebody else's gain. We wish all of them happiness and prosperity in their future lives.

Staff Appointments.

The arrival of Mr. B.R. Pasricha, who has been appointed the Headmaster, is eagerly awaited.

We welcome into our fold the following new replacements :—

1. Mr. D.V. Dahliya ... Hindi
2. „ M. Benedict ... English
3. „ Pritam Chand ... Carpentry Instructor
4. Mrs. J. Jalota ... Maths., Chemistry
5. „ R.A. Solomon ... Geogrpny
6. „ S. Bhalla ... House Matron, P.D.
7. „ R. Nair ... Kitchen Matron, G.D.
8. „ F. Wheeler ... House Matron, G.D.

We also welcome Mrs. W. Phillips back to Sanawar as Matron, H.B.D. after a year's rest in the plains.

We hope their stay in Sanawar will be long and happy.

We are also pleased to have Mr. D. Cairncross who will be with us for a few months before he goes up to Cambridge in October, 1970.

We extend our congratulations to Mrs. J. Jalota and Mrs. K.U. Mundkur on being appointed Housemistresses, Hamalaya & Vindhya G.D. respectively.

Our good wishes to Mr. S. C. Jalota on being appointed Housemaster, Nilagiri (Junior).

School Appointments

Congratulations to the following on being appointed prefects for the year 1970 :—

G. D.

Head Girl ... Tania Talwar
Games Prefect ... Patricia A. Kemp
M. I. Prefect ... Rita Bansal

Himalaya

School Prefect ... Kawaljit Kaur Brar
House Prefect ... Arveen Sawhney

Nilagiri

School Prefect ... Rupinder Kaur Sidhu
House Prefect ... Gurbaksh Kaur Gill

Siwalik

School Prefect ... Sita Sahni
House Prefect ... Gita Sahni

Vindhya

School Prefect ... Aruna Batra
House Prefect ... Preminda Batra

B. D.

Head Boy ... Rakesh Bhan
M. I. Prefect ... Atul Sobti

Himalaya A

School Prefect ... Rakesh Bhan
House Prefect ... Vasudev Singh Pathania

Himalaya B

House Prefect ... Bhupinder Nath Kaul

Nilagiri A

School Prefect ... Ranbir Singh
House Prefect ... Jagdeep Singh Choudhry

Nilagiri B

House Prefect ... Anil Lamba

Siwalik A

School Prefect ... Abhimanyu Ansal

Siwalik B

House Prefect ... Gangasharan Sharma

Vindhya A

School Prefect ... Sanjay Prabhakar

Vindhya B

House Prefect ... Balvinder Singh Brar

SCHOOL CALENDAR 1970.

(April to July)

April

Thu.	2nd	Vind. Sat. Club Dress Rehearsal
Sat.	4th	Vindhya Sat. Club Supper: 5-45 p.m.
Sun.	5th	New PD admissions permitted WOPs Film: 5-30 p.m. Supper: 7-15 p.m.

Mon.	6th	New timings Morning Prep Hodson Heats
Tue.	7th	" "
Wed.	8th	" "
Fri.	10th	Hodson Finals
Sat.	11th	Staff Club Dinner
Sun.	12th	Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.
Wed.	15th	Foundation Day
Sun.	19th	Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.
Thu.	23rd	Nil. Dress Rehearsal
Fri.	24th	P.D. vs. L-III (Cricket)
Sat.	25th	Nil. Sat. Club: 6-30 p.m.
Sun.	26th	Film: 5-30 p.m. Supper: 7-15 p.m.
Thu.	30th	I.H. Cricket

May

Fri.	1st	I.H. Cricket
Sat.	2nd	Staff Club Dinner
Sun.	3rd	Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.
Mon.	4th	I.H. Cricket
Tue.	5th	I.H. Cricket
Wed.	6th	Bishop Barne's Birthday Marks to Form Staff: 1-00 p.m. I.H. Cricket
Thu.	7th	P.D. Dress Rehearsal Mark Books to Sr. Mistress 1-00 p.m. I.H. Cricket
Fri.	8th	1st Mark Reading (Sr. School) Teams leave for Simla
Sat.	9th	House letters P.D. Sat. Club B.C.S. Cricket
Sun.	10th	B.C.S. Cricket Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.
Mon.	11th	Leave for camp
Wed.	13th	Board Meeting in Lovedale
Sat.	16th	Return from camp
Sun.	17th	Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.
Mon.	18th	Prep. cancelled Gowns discarded Soccer Sets made up
Tue.	19th	Festival soccer Prep. normal
Sat.	23rd	Staff Club Dinner
Sun.	24th	Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.
Sun.	31st	Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.

June

Sun.	7th	Film: 6-00 p.m. Supper: 7-30 p.m.
Thu.	11th	Himalaya Dress Rehearsal
Sat.	13th	Himalaya Sat. Club
Sun.	14th	Film 6-00 p.m. Supper 7-30 p.m.
Sat.	20th	Staff Club Dinner Soccer Minor League
Sun.	21st	Film 6-00 p.m. Supper 7-30 p.m.
Mon.	22nd	Soccer Minor League
Tue.	23rd	—do—
Wed.	24th	—do—
Thu.	25th	—do—
Fri.	26th	—do—
Sat.	27th	P.D. vs. L-III (Soccer)
Sun.	28th	Soccer vs. B.C.S. Film 6-00 p.m. Supper 7-30 p.m.

July

Thu.	2nd	Siwalik Sat Club Dress Rehearsal
Sat.	4th	Prep cancelled Marks to Form Staff 1-00 p.m. Siwalik Sat. Club 6-30 p.m.
Sun.	5th	I. H. Matches B.D. a.m. I. H. Matches B.D. p.m. Film 6-00 p.m. Supper 7-00 p.m.
Mon.	6th	½ hr. schools 9-00—11-00 a.m. Wg. & Mg. Himalaya 11-15 a.m. " Nilagiri 12-00 noon Mark Books to Sr. Mistress 1-00 p.m. I. H. Matches B.D. Wg. & Mg. G.D. 2-00 p.m.
Tue.	7th	Prep cancelled Sunday timings Assembly 10-00 a.m. 2nd Mark Reading 10-15 a.m. Escorts meeting 9-30 a.m. Wg. & Mg. Siwalik B.D. 12-15 p.m. " Vindhya B.D. 2-00 p.m. Form-Staff in Form Rooms Supper 5-45 p.m. Social 6-30—9-00 p.m.
Wed.	8th	Home Day

O. S. News

Excerpts from Mrs. Tilley's letter to the Old Sanawarrians.

(106, Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill, London N. 10).

My dear Sanawarrians, all the world over,

My dream was realised through the thoughtfulness and extreme generosity of many, many Old Sanawarrians who shewed their love for their old

school, by sending me out to the lovely hill-top as an Ambassador of good will, representing all former children the world over—how can I express my thanks for this overwhelming joy! Betty, naturally accompanied me and she too, loved every moment of the fortnight's holiday. I think Major Som Dutt experienced much joy (?) when he introduced Betty to anybody and added, "She was born in Sanawar." Of course we went to our old home and saw where Betty had been born!

As we neared Sanawar village Major Som Dutt pointed out the school which was founded by one of our number and I would have liked to have visited it, but just couldn't. Anyhow this school saves the youngsters a 3 mile walk to and fro every day, so it was worth-while.

Sanawar!—"A garden is a lovesome thing God wot" etc. etc., Sanawar is a beautiful garden. We loved it in the Spring when the May hedges and the Banksia were in full bloom but in October it was lovelier still and the person responsible for it is an expert on gardening—Mrs. Manley deserves much, much praise for all the thought she has put into enhancing its beauty—its beauty beggars my ability at description but I'll do my best.

There were green green hedges everywhere, where it was possible for them to be: up Tilley's slope, down to the club for instance. But the hedges are not the "May" of old but a better greener plant—Flowers too were everywhere if there was no space for a bed then there were large colourful tubs or flowerpots with plants, mostly Cacti, of various sizes—Mrs. Howie there is now a colourful bed in front of where you lived—an arch goes over the steps up and there's a "short cut" down to the side from just below the covered way—where it meets the road from the office—"Stonehenge" is no more and I couldn't discover where the bench was, but even at that corner there was the hedge with an opening, as if there was a little cozy corner behind—I did not notice any Cosmos as we used to have.

All the roads are now tarmaced and therefore walking is very pleasant especially during the rains I should imagine—but there seem to be far too many slopes up and down the khuds—I did not mind going down them, but going up meant slow progress!

There are many "short cut" stairways about the hilltop, which do away with longer corners—There's a short one from just above the old S. M.'s house to the church slope above—two long ones from "Hawke's" flat down to the new pavilion above Barnes where we used to sit to watch events—up to the P.D. there's a sloping short cut with many steps along its length. The old way down to the P.O. is now a nursery for plants and conifers. Instead there are steps down from the end of the covered way near the science block—new pathways, and

stairs of course, up to the "gap" in front of Parker Hall and a pathway too, leads up to the center of the Old Stores. There are steps too up to Peacestead from our old net-ball field, now used as a car-park when necessary, so no more cars can be driven on to Peacestead as of old. It was rumoured that Major Savage learnt to drive his car on Peacestead—no motor tests in those days!

One more "building" effort, a huge task—the old "Stone View" flat is now a very big flat area. Colossal retaining walls have been built on the khud side, while one is actually below "Stone View" This flat has a dual purpose—another boys' playground perhaps or else a landing space for helicopters—Who knows!

Old Gaskell Hall but now Barnes Hall has been redesigned somewhat—the gallery extends out a further six feet with the result more seating—then, under the gallery where "Bachelors' Alley" stood, no more cupboards and space but more chair room, the same on the other side above the stair case—the shields won for shooting are now in Gaskell Hall the old B. D. building—at the back of the hall is another Roll Call of Honour (copied from the one in the Church) but in the middle stands another bust, in an alcove, of our Founder.

Naturally "people" should always be the most important item of news. Major and Mrs Som Dutt, our hosts, were the personification of kindness—we were V. I. P's and at No. 1 we were made a great fuss of. Everything about us was told to the other V. I. P's. we met. The house was always full of guests and Staff were always calling in—"Open House" was no mean term.

The Salute on the day of the parade was taken by Air Marshal Arjun Singh—A very friendly person and his beautiful wife was as friendly—we were told that Air Marshal is the only Indian who has taken the salute at Cranwell, wher he actually received his training. He told us that his batman of the earlier days was still there and was once again his batman on his recent visit.

A prince and princess of Kashmir were also entertained—again the princess was a beautiful woman. The prince is in Delhi—a Raja Sahib from Bombay side was sorry we could not stay a while with him, but he'll make contact when he comes to London. Generals and other high officials came as well and K. P. Mernnon and his daughter added to the splendour—but there was no ceremony on one occasion the Air Marshal, the Head boy and Betty took their lunch to the bay window in the Drawing Room, "somewhere to sit down and eat comfortably".

Girls you ought to have seen the colour saris! You would have been entranced as much as I was. The ladies looked surpassingly beautiful. No sari was worn for two consecutive functions so imagine the number there must have been—gorgeous colours; self-colours with gold or silver borders, and flowered ones as well—naturally the little blouses were to match as well, for when a sari is bought there is extra material for the little blouse—there were some women who elected to wear the “Punjabi” style of dress and even here the colours were lovely. One of Dr. Gurbux Singh’s daughter Tara, wore this style and her outfits were so gay.

Trever and Audrey came to see us as soon as they could—the 22 years had made little difference and we were so delighted to meet our old pals again—Trevor was greyer and balder and Audrey had a few grey hair but they were the same really.

The other members of the staff were as kind and welcoming as it was possible to be—we were not strangers on a visit, but firm friends and many gave us presents when we were leaving “Mohini” the kitchen matron told us how to make some goodies of which she is an expert—her gulabjamas were delicious and numerous too.

We were invited to lunch up at P. D. and met all the staff up there—some mistresses had been trained at St. Mary’s Poona. Then another day we had lunch with the GD Parker Hall is still the same—History Pictures all round the walls and my name “Head Girl” in 1911 still on the Honour Board.

Now on the second reason for our trip, namely Founder’s celebrations. Naturally different from our day but thoroughly enjoyed and prepared for nevertheless.

On Wednesday Betty and I attended Assembly for it was Ghandi Ji’s centenary. The prayers were in English and so were the two hymns, Lead Kindly Light and Abide With Me the latter was sung because it was Ghandi Ji’s favourite.

The Athletics on Thursday, began at the early hour of 9-30 a. m. I walked down slowly, but the rickshaw, with coolies dressed overall, was there to take me up the hill. I presented the prizes at the end, which was a great honour as you can guess. The races were well contested and the timing of each event was very slick, on time was wasted for which credit goes to the three marshalls. But I noticed there were no flags for broken Records, or for shewing the House order after each race. No “place” platform either. Anyway at the end “Yellow” (Himalaya) were “Cock” so I gave them an extra clap as I was “Lawrence” house mistress at one time I shared the pleasure with Mrs. Howie who later went to Hodson.

The girls still wore their red shorts and white blouses, but a red coat, larger than a blazer with raglan sleeves and they were very smart indeed.

The staff, or most of them wore as of yore their red and white rosettes.

The pavilion still has its Honour boards and Betty naturally snapped the Tilley names! As I looked at the names I recalled many faces. The “Centuries” Board was interesting as well and I think Ecces name appeared the most.

As a great point of interest it was such a pleasure to note that some of old records still hold. Eva Grosvenor’s for the Hurdles of 1946 and 1948—Chris Brisley’s High Jump of 1929!! Simpson’s Long Jump of 1935. C. Robinson’s High Jump, U-13, of 1943, Lyn Vaughan’s High Jump, U-15 of 1945—Girls Open, Dorothy West’s of 1927. 1944, Long Jump by M. Beckett, Bella Robinson’s Open High Jump of 1929. On the whole our “jumpers” were good. Good training!! After Athletics we had coffee in Gaskell Hall with Mr. Gaskell looking down on the crowd. Then a rush! it was a slow rush too, up to P.D. for an “Indian” lunch. At the P.D. we met all the staff, led by Miss Rudra and we sat with the children. The little boys near me were not a bit shy. Why should they be! Then back home to rest a while.

That same evening we were entertained by the Staff whose play was Shaw’s “Arms and the Man.” Perhaps some of you remember the plot.

The Russian Officer’s part was exceedingly well portrayed and he kept us amused with his simple innocent character.

Friday the 3rd and Betty and I were free; we wandered and this time we went up to the Old Stores where we were told the “Exhibitions” were on view. First we entered privately the “Art” display. What a display! The passage between the two long rooms was packed full as well as the large converted Printing Office room behind. In the passage I looked long at a full length painting of the Crucifixion, a very good picture and later I was told the artist was a naughty girl! The “pictures” were colourful and so true to life. The faces of people were really good. True the art was different to what Mr. Fern’s pupils required for the S. C. Art but it was most pleasing and you’ll see some pictures at the next reunion as Betty has some shots, not many but very representative. At the back, a porch has been built and here there were two pictures made up of broken bits of crockery glass anything in fact. Very clever.

Ivan (or Peter) I told the Art Master of your proposed visit next year and he is looking forward to meeting you, Mr. Ashok Bhalerao has been to Guildford, in fact he says, he has visited most of the Art Colleges here so do meet him and see his pupil’s art. You will be interested I know.

After the Art Room we went to the Woodwork Room where again the articles displayed shewed remarkable handicraft and the Master is a son of one our old carpenters!

The articles were numerous—carved boxes, bookends, animals, as well as “plain” work of tapers book-shelves. We saw two carved panels of single pieces of wood each of about 4 feet long. Magnificent. The Secondary School boys here can not compete!

The other room was full of pottery and made pictures of silver paper or other craft. The P. D. room shewed that the little folk too were no mean craftsmen. Their little “shikars” were tenderly made.

We went for a private view of the needlework. The end room was full of all kinds of needlework. Far more than we were ever able to display but then every afternoon is ‘hobbies’ afternoon and Mrs. Howie’s girls had but an hour and a half once a week and then they had to be driven! Mrs. Mundkur deserves great credit for the variety of articles on view. Bedspreads’ tea-cloths and napkins, luncheon sets, socks, and such dainty embroidery. I bought some handkerchiefs which had dainty painted motifs on them, others embroidered.

Mrs. Mundkur said new patterns were a problem, so I’ve sent out transfers which I had; also new ideas for needlework.

Then Betty and I went and had lunch with the girls—now the staff have their midday meal with the boys and girls.

During the afternoon we were able to join others who went to the Exhibitions but this time we enjoyed a second look.

At four o’clock the P. D. Concert began. We had wonderful entertainment—little children are so unconscious of others that all were so natural.

They sang “How much is the doggie in the window?” to action—whole hearted enthusiasm. The percussion band played our top song “Puppet on a string” how they enjoyed the item. They also sang “Grandfather’s Clock.” For their play which they did in Urdu was the Urdu version of “The Magic Goose”. The costumes were very colourful. The King, his queen and his daughter were very resplendent indeed all and all the actors spoke out beautifully. The earlier Hindi Fairy Tale of a wood-cutter and his three sons was well acted as well and we, i.e. Betty and I were able to follow every word! There was a Folk Dance too—again this was very colourful and the bells on the feet were effective. The musicians were equally good especially the drummer. The Indian songs were entered into with vigour. We ended with the “School Song”.

The highlight of the day of course was the Tattoo. Before it began by means of a loud speaker Betty and I were welcomed in most eloquent terms.

The Tattoo began as always, with P. T. The boys and girls were in massed formation and on a whistle opened out and the ranks nearly filled Peacestead. The girls’ lines were intermingled with those of the boys and not as in our days a mass in the middle. The P.T. was absolutely first class and not a single mistake even by the diminutive figures in the front! The P. T. Instructor led the exercises and I think Trevor said he was ex-army. Then we watched “ground” work which again was very good especially the “chair” items. Darkness again in readiness for the figure marching, but before this took place I was, again, told that it was hoped I’d enjoy it. Trevor did tell us that actually the figure marching had been scrapped, but because I was going to be present it was re-instated but only at 8 days’ notice. When I congratulated Mr. Sinha I added perhaps rudeness on my part—“it was good but mine was better” he was gentleman enough to acquiesce!

Next day the main event naturally was Trooping of the School Colour! This wasn’t such a long troop as before but it was perfect. The girls too, took part and when the boys “presented arms” the girls with perfect timing came to the salute as well—they wore such natty little caps. The band, however, was the star turn. Dressed up in white trousers and red coats, the members looked very very smart, in spite of the fact that the band only consisted of some instruments the tunes they played were good and “Colonel Bogey” was most nostalgic.

For the actual march past the salute taken by Air Marshal Arjun Singh, every boy or girl in school marched by and they kept in step too, no “camels” among them.

I would like to tell you that Major Som Dutt has done a very great deal of intensive research for he knows all about the History of the School and of people connected with it from its earliest days and of this I’ll write more later.

The School Concert took place that evening and even though we had seen “The Ghost Train” when Major Savage produced it and Mrs. Pearson took the part of the woman with the bird cage, she was the only character I remembered! I was able therefore to enjoy the whole production. The “detective” had a difficult part to play as his voice was high-pitched all through. The other actors were good as well and the “sound” effects were excellent.

But! I’ve put the cart before the horse! Part one ought to have been talked about first. The concert opened with music naturally. About 60 musicians with all kinds of instruments sitars, veenas, a viola, a cello, Santoor etc., etc. One girl had 7 small drums, the next one to her had bowls of water which she tapped with two long sticks; the girl in the middle had what looked like a Zither but was a kind of harp. Then came two long guitar like instruments with big gourds at either end. The music was

Then starts hugging and shaking of hands. One can hear 'Hai! Rita' a morden way of greeting which has gradually replaced 'Hello Rita'. Then children in twos and threes go round the School, as if on inspection to see whether everything was intact and in its own place. Stealthily, they visit 'Charlies' shop for potato wafers or for some hot 'Samosas'. It appears as if they did not come across a Halwai shop during the holidays. They patronise the Tuck Shop too. Though their bags are full of tuck yet they must buy a Chocolate or two, sit on the wall and finish it there throwing the wrapper on the road inspite of the repeated warnings of Keep Sanawar Tidy in the Assembly and the School Order.

While roaming about they happen to bump across some member of the Staff and the conversation takes place on the following lines. "Hello Sidhu. Did you have a nice time during the holidays?" Yes sir, comes the reply. "Where did you go?" Nabha, sir. 'Good'. And the conversation drops dead there with embarrassment on both sides not knowing what to say next. After a few moments of silence comes "Right then" and the teacher moves away. A faded O. K. falls on the moving ears of the teacher. It is interesting to listen to the comments following this. "Oh! he will bore us again with his Maths". "He is not so bad, it is the HCl and H₂SO₄ which I hate". "We could do with another month away from the School".

Then the Home Parties start arriving. Children, who have nothing better to do that day, cluster around each car which comes. About four to five of them examine a car as if they were on the S.T.C. Car auction. This one not being suited to their taste, they move to the other one. In this fashion they reject all, disappointing the auctioneers! Probably they are interested in nothing less than a Rolls Royce.

It becomes almost unbearably cold after about 5-30 p.m. When they retire to their dormitories. The gossip collected over three months is summarized and vomitted out to their friends in an hour and a half. At the ringing of the bell for dinner, they lazily walk to the Dining Hall and hardly eat anything for their stomachs are already full to the brim. Back in their dormitories, they lie flat on their beds and sleep like a log. From next morning onwards they find themselves in the same old rut which is too well known to the School community all the world over.

S.C. Arora.

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Owner:—The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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If undelivered please return to:—

THE HEADMASTER
THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR
(SIMLA HILLS).

NOTICE TO ALL O. S.

Please write and ask for the News-letter.

Please inform us of any change of address.

Please tell us of your doings.

Please send us Rs. 2/-, if you have not already done so. (Life subscription is Rs. 25/-).

Statement about ownership and other particulars about newspaper (SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER) to be published in the first issue every year after last day of February.

FORM IV

(See Rule 8)

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Names and Addresses of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one percent of the total capital. N.A.

The Lawrence School,
SANAWAR (Simla Hills)

I, Subhash Chander Arora, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated 28th February 1970.

Sd- S. C. Arora.
(Signature of Publisher)

lovely and the musicians intrigued me especially one person, Miss Gaury, was said to have mastered 4 instruments of which one was the piano—very pleasing indeed. In Simla Betty was able to buy a box with miniatures of the instruments.

Then followed the dancing—what a pleasure to watch! First we had the Naga dance and this interested me greatly for my brother had been Surgeon in the Naga Hills and we had seen the wonderful cloths woven. The costumes were so very colourful black with red, orange or green stripes at the bottom—a lively affair.

The Pooja dance was as colourful and as graceful but in a slower tempo—the costumes with all the “furnishings” were so pretty—hands were coloured red and on trays incense was carried—what attracted me a great deal was to see such long hair again! Even Pat Kemp, the “blonde” Naga had long fair hair.

The bells on the feet added to the charm of the dancers.

At the end of the Concert, Betty was asked to present a “bouquet” of sweets to the girls. The boys, too, were given their share.

On Sunday the Fete took place as usual in and around Birdwood School. For the woodwork and needlework stalls we had to wander up to the Old Stores, but the Christmas Cards for sale were in the “sixth” form Classroom. I bought some, but later more were given to me to send out to folk elsewhere—a boy very kindly let me buy his box a carved dragon on top and a very tricky method of opening the box. Later we were given three carved ducks which now hang in our hall. The old “Hurdi Gurdi” did great business and the donkey rides, run by the O. S.’s. attracted the youngsters. There were many other stalls, including the Coconut shies and drinks were to be bought on the patch where I used to make my ice-creams!

After Betty and I had “patronised” as much as we could we went to Moti’s corner where we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Roshan Lall.

At 3-30 p.m. we attended an O. S. Meeting but very little really was accomplished and I for one was pleased when tea-time came.

At 7-15 p. m. we sat down to the 42nd Old Sanawarian Dinner as usual held in Parker Hall. Obediently we signed our names in a new book. There were not as many present as I have seen there but we were enough and the hall was candle-lit—very entrancing. The O. S. boys had decorated the hall.

Before we began, an O. S. girl very kindly presented me with a most generous gift from O. S.’s. on the hill-top—I might say that this proved very very useful on our Simla and Agra trips.

The menu was absolutely first class and a great credit to Organiser and Chefs. We thoroughly enjoyed the pea palao and fried cauliflower. Speeches followed and by tradition the youngest O. S. girl present is Vice President and she proposed “India”, “The President of India” and “To the Memory of our Founder”.

“The Lawrence School” was proposed by Mr. Singh and in the absence of the Headmaster, was replied to by Mr. Kemp.

Mr. Kemp then proposed “Old Sanawarian Society” to which I replied and I trust it was sensibly done. I replied only as a part of the whole (Society) and not as a unit on our very own.

Then everybody adjourned to Barnes Hall for dancing and a good evening’s entertainment. No orchestra as in our time, but the old gramophone, loud and strong—so ended all the festivities.

Two days holidays were then enjoyed by all the pupils and many went home for this period.

Before I say farewell for another brief period, I want to ask your earnest help. As much as you can possible give—Major Som Dutt greatly desires to have in being, before he leaves in December, a “Lawrence Museum.” Has anybody any information which can be added to that which he has already?

One thing, after whom were the “Cowell Grants” named? I feel I ought to know but I’ve forgotten.

Most important still “Where is Residency Flag”? I know it was sent to Sanawar in 1947, when it was taken down, after dark nearly I saw it, so it was there, in the Office, but where is it now? Nina says she read somewhere that it had been sent somewhere but she’s forgotten!! I’ll write to the “History” Magazine and ask their help—an article about Sanawar was printed in it some years ago—I sent some photographs for it and Bill Colledge helped with some information. Do help with any information which can add to exhibits etc.

Who has putties, long or short, or even a Gurkha hat for the museum?

Thank you very much.

My love to you all and God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,

Violet M. Tilley

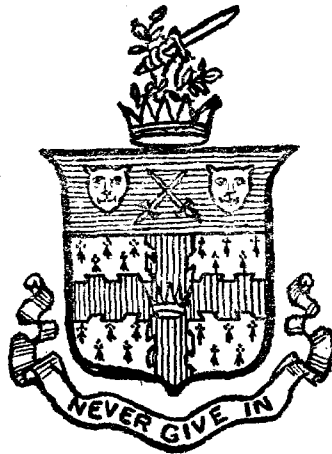
The Opening Day

The day starts at 4-00 a.m. for poor (!) Mr. Mukherji. He is permanently deputed to look after the arrangements at Kalka. He receives almost all the School Parties and packs them off to Sanawar. On most occasions a cold morning welcomes the Sanawarians back.

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1970

*School closed
for
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The crest features a crown at the top with a sword and a laurel wreath. Below the crown is a shield with a cross, two faces, and a building. A banner at the bottom reads "NEVER GIVE IN".

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