

REUNION
1991

Souvenir Cum Directory

OLD STUDENTS ASSOCIATION GOVERNMENT COLLEGE DHARMSALA H.P.





A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

*The call of the Alma Mater is irresistible to those who have dreams to realize. Leaving its portals, one can hear it, telling its alumni to enter the world with a shattering impact. Offering some kind of a **dakshina** to the beloved Mahavidyalya entails carving a proud, prestigious niche, a positively precious perch in the community. The desire to be back in the old college, a brief sojourn, is born of the nostalgia that we all carry within us, the backward glance at the theatre of the first flush of youth. In the glory of this sentiment lies the story of this Reunion of Old Students-3 day celebration in the campus of the college.*

The instinct to be 'together' is a matter of pure joy, and the response of every student, in India and abroad, has been simply terrific, overwhelming as far as the idea of presenting our efforts for the project of a Library building to the college. The new structure will be in accordance with the UGC specifications. A Model of this planned building has been displayed, obviously urging all to zealously obey their philanthropic appetite.

Here we have an opportunity to do what we all wished to do something special, a gesture spontaneous and outstanding, worthy and warranted by our deep sense of gratitude and love for the place where we learnt more than we are consciously aware of. Education enters the pores of our being and flows in the very culture of our thinking processes. What we owe to the Alma Mater we shall always own.

Obeisance to our beloved mother and unto her warm lap I welcome her numerous children for the grand Reunion.

Dr. A.K. Sharma

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our thanks are due

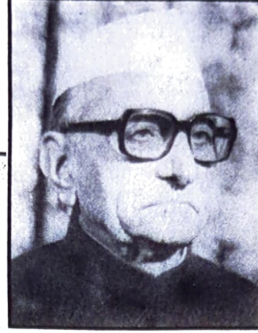
- to Maj. General P.P. Singh, VSM & Bar GOC-in-C 39 Mtn. Div. for helping us out in numerous ways, and to Lt. Col. K.K.S. Dhadwal for all the time and attention he gave to our requests;
- to Shri R.K. Pathania I.R.S., Commissioner Income Tax, Bombay, for his guidance and help;
- to Shri S. Roy, the Deputy Commissioner, Kangra, the A.C. to D.C. and other staff;
- to Shri S.K. Aggarwal, Chief Engineer PWD (North) and his staff;
- to Shri Y.R. Kashyap, Chief Engineer IPH (North) and his staff;
- to Principal P.S. Mishra, Members of the Faculty, members of the SCA, the students and other officials of Government College for their active cooperation;
- to Shri Daman Sood and Shri Kuldeep Sood of Bombay for assisting us in fulfilling our commitments in Bombay;
- to Professor Parmananda Sharma whose association with this college began way back in 1949 and the intimacy sustained over these four decades permeated his advice that our efforts sought from time to time as we planned the Reunion;
- to Shri T.S. Jaikaria, Treasurer of OSA, Prof. S.L. Anand, Jt. Secretary and Capt. V.P. Chaudhary, its most active Life Member for consistent work and untiring efforts;
- to Shri Bhushan Kumar, for his sincere and willing service, and to Dr. Mohinder Mahajan, Dr. Rajan Maini, Dr. Ajai Mahajan, Shri Som Nath Gupta, Shri Ashok Bedi and Minto Bedi, for their tremendous cooperation in Data Processing Work;
- to Shri Rishi Kaushal for his whole-hearted co-operation in complete proof-reading & printing of the 'Souvenir-Cum-Directory';
- to all our donors for their financial assistance;
- to the innumerable old students of the College, from India and abroad, for their overwhelming response
- and to all other friends and willing workers whose Love's Labour has made the Reunion dream come true.

Dr. A.K. Sharma

M.B.B.S., F.R.C.S., C.I.C.D., F.I.C.S.,
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President

Old Students Association



राज भवन
शिमला - 171 002
16 अक्टूबर, 1991

सन्देश

राजकीय महाविद्यालय, धर्मशाला 8 से 10 नवम्बर, 1991 तक अपने पूर्व छात्रों का पुनर्मिलन सम्मेलन आयोजित कर रहा है, यह हर्ष का विषय है।

इस प्रकार के पुनर्मिलन न केवल पुराने मित्रों को मिलने का, विचार विमर्श का अवसर प्रदान करते हैं बल्कि वर्तमान छात्रों के लिये भी प्रेरणा स्रोत होते हैं। शिक्षक वर्ग को भी पूर्व छात्रों से मिलकर सुखद अनुभूति होना स्वाभाविक है। ऐसे हर्षोल्लास के बीच यदि पूर्व व वर्तमान छात्र गम्भीर समस्याओं पर विचार विमर्श के लिये भी कुछ समय निकाल सकें तो उचित होगा।

समारोह की सफलता के लिये मेरी हार्दिक शुभकामनाएं।

वीरेन्द्र वर्मा
राज्यपाल, हिमाचल प्रदेश



मुख्य मन्त्री

एलर्जली,

शिमला - 171 002

सन्देश

यह जानकर हर्ष हुआ कि राजकीय महाविद्यालय धर्मशाला के भूतपूर्व छात्रों का पुनर्मिलन समारोह 8 से 10 नवम्बर, 1991 को धर्मशाला में आयोजित किया जा रहा है।

प्रदेश के सबसे पुराने महाविद्यालय द्वारा इस प्रकार का प्रयास सराहनीय है। इसके माध्यम से जहां जीवन के विभिन्न क्षेत्रों में कार्यरत सहपाठियों को मिल बैठकर अपनी स्मृतियों को पुनः जीवित करने का अवसर मिलेगा वहीं वर्तमान छात्र इनसे प्रेरणा लेकर जीवन में आगे बढ़ने का अपना संकल्प पूरा करने का प्रयास करेंगे।

समारोह की सफलता के लिए मैं अपनी शुभ कामनाएं देता हूँ।

शान्ता कुमार



सदस्य,
विधान सभा (हि० प्र०)
घन्यारा (धर्मशाला),
जिला कांगड़ा ।

सन्देश

बड़े ही हर्ष का विषय है कि भूतपूर्व छात्र संघ राजकीय महाविद्यालय, धर्मशाला द्वारा 8, 9 व 10 नवम्बर, 1991 को महाविद्यालय के परिसर में एक भव्य पुनर्मिलन समारोह आयोजित किया जा रहा है ।

मुझे पूर्ण विश्वास है कि इस समारोह के माध्यम से जहां पुराने सहपाठियों को वर्षों बाद मिलने और विचार विमर्श करने का अवसर मिलेगा, वहीं वर्तमान छात्रों को जीवन में आगे बढ़ने की इनसे प्रेरणा भी मिलेगी ।

मुझे यह जानकर भी बड़ी प्रसन्नता हुई है कि इस अवसर पर एक स्मारिका तथा डाइरैक्टरी का प्रकाशन भी किया जा रहा है ।

इस समारोह व स्मारिका की सफलता के लिए भूतपूर्व छात्र संघ को मेरी हार्दिक शुभकामनाएँ ।

किशन कपूर



देव स्वरूप, भा. प्र. से.



सचिव, (शिक्षा),
हिमाचल प्रदेश सरकार,
शिमला - 171 002

संदेश

मुझे यह जानकर हर्ष हुआ कि भूतपूर्व छात्र संघ राजकीय महाविद्यालय धर्मशाला में भूतपूर्व छात्रों का एक भव्य पुनर्मिलन समारोह 8, 9, 10 नवम्बर, 1991 को महाविद्यालय के परिसर में आयोजित किया जा रहा है। महाविद्यालय की 66वीं वर्षगांठ के अवसर पर देश विदेश से अनेक प्रतिष्ठ पूर्व छात्रों के पधारने की भी आशा है। इस अवसर पर एक स्मारिका "डायरेक्टरी" का प्रकाशन भी हो रहा है।

मुझे पूर्ण आशा है कि स्मारिका में मानवता के महान दायित्व और समाज तथा राष्ट्र के प्रति कर्तव्यों का उल्लेख गरिमापूर्ण ढंग से किया जाएगा और स्मारिका प्रभावोत्पादकता, विश्वसनियता, उपयोगिता व आकर्षक साज-सज्जा एवं पठनियता की दृष्टि से महत्वपूर्ण होगी।

मैं इस समारोह व स्मारिका की सफलता का आकांक्षी हूँ।

देव स्वरूप

OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

LIFE MEMBERS

(as on 26.10.1991)

- | | |
|---|--|
| Dr. A.K. Sharma, Pathankot | Mr. C.P. Thakur, Manali |
| Mr. A.K. Chopra, Dharmsala | Mr. Chand Parkash Chaudhary, Dharmsala |
| Mr. Ajay Mahajan, Pathankot | Prof. (Mrs.) Chander Rekha, Sarkaghat |
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| Mr. A.N. Kaistha, Dharmsala | Mrs. Dimple Ahluwalia, Mohali |
| Mr. Amarnath Shashni, Manali | Mr. Daljit Singh Nirmohi, Kangra |
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| Bhushan Kumar, Pathankot | Brig. Karam Singh, Jalandhar Cantt. |
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 Dr. Prem Chand, Kullu
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 Mr. Rajender Kishor, New Delhi
 Mr. Rama Kant Bhatia, Kangra
 Mr. Randhir Singh Rana, Dharmsala
 Mr. R.K. Chauhan, SDM, Nurpur
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 Lt. Col. R.C. Dewan, Dharmsala
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 Mr. Ram Gopal, Dharmsala
 Mr. Roshan Lal Mahajan, Dharmsala
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 Flt. Lt. Rohit Mishra, Karnatka
 Mr. Rajender Singh Kutehria, Dharmsala
 Mr. Rajinder Sharma, Dharmsala
 Lt. Col. R.L. Sharma, Ghughar, Palampur
 Prof. R.B. Gupta, Dharmsala
 Mr. Raj Krishan Gaur, Katrain
 Mr. S.K. Khanna, Dharmsala

Prof. S.L. Anand, Dharmsala
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 Dr. S. Chakra, Dharmsala
 Mrs. Swaroop Sud, New Delhi
 Mr. Sumer Nath Sharma, Dharmsala
 Mr. Suraj Prakash, Nagrota Bagwan
 Prof. S.K. Sharma, Dharmsala
 Mr. Sonam Phunchog, Manali
 Mr. S.G. Upadhyaya, Manali
 Mr. Sher Singh Logzomjee, Dobhi (Kullu)
 Mr. S.C. Roy, Shimla
 Mr. Sanjeev Kumar Saroch, New Delhi
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 Mr. Saminder Kaistha, Nagrota Bagwan
 Mr. Som Singh Jaikaria, Dharmsala
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 Mr. Virinder Singh Parmar, Dharmsala
 Dr. V.K. Mahajan, Kangra
 Mr. V.N. Raina, Dharmsala
 Mr. Waryam Singh, Shahpur
 Prof. Y.R. Pathak, Dharamsala
 Mr. Yoginder Seth, Nagrota Bagwan

Note : Inadvertant omission, if any, is regretted.

GOVT. COLLEGE DHARMSALA

Members of the Faculty —(November, 91)

Sarvshri

1. Anandi Agnihotri (Geog)
2. A.C. Gupta (Phy.)
3. R.K. Agnihotri (Music)
4. B.R. Barmani (Phy.)
5. O.P. Dogra (Eng.)
6. P.L. Sharma (History)
7. S.L. Anand (Geology)
8. K.L. Nagpal (English)
9. Anjali Kanwar (Music)
10. M.M. Bedi (English)
11. K.G. Piyoosh (Hindi)
12. P.N. Sharma (Geog.)
13. B.C. Narula (Geology)
14. Nand Lal (Phy.)
15. Sanjivan Vij (Phy. Edu)
16. P.C. Rana (Botany)
17. A.N. Kaistha (Chem)
18. Ramesh Dutt (Chem)
19. V.M. Sethi (English)
20. R.M. Vasudeva (Skt)
21. C.L. Sethi (Chem.)
22. Tripta Tandon (Eng)
23. Sudhir Mahajan (Chem)
24. Usha Thakur (Physio)
25. Y.C. Marwaha (Commerce)
26. P.K. Sharma (English)
27. R.B. Gupta (Economics)
28. Rita Mahajan (Botany)
29. Usha Singh (History)
30. C.K. Sharma (Pol Science)
31. J.C. Awasthi (Arts)
32. Surinder Sharma (Com. Arts)
33. Suman Soodan (Eco.)
34. I.M. Dogra (Pol. Science)
35. Gautam Vyathit (Hindi)
36. Vijay Sharma (Hindi)
37. Nirmal Sharma (His.)
38. H.C. Kotoch (Chem)
39. K.N. Awasthi (English)
40. Bishan Dass (Economics)
41. G.P. Pathak (Chem)
42. B.S. Dhatwalia (Phy. Edu.)
43. Dharuv Kumar (English)
44. S. Paratyooosh Guleri (Hindi)
45. Lalit Mohan Sharma (English)
46. Ajay Lakhan Pal (Commerce)
47. J.K. Chaudhary (Phy.)

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 48. Subhash Gupta (Skt) | 66. Neera Dogra (English) |
| 49. N.D. Sharma (Maths) | 67. Rakesh Kapoor (Geology) |
| 50. H.C. Suman (Psy.) | 68. Meera Walia (Economics) |
| 51. Dinkar Burathoki (English) | 69. Satish Kumar Siridhar (Geology) |
| 52. Karam Chand (Geog) | 70. Suneel Mehta (Commerce) |
| 53. Bhuwan Parkash (Geology) | 71. Milap Chand (Geog.) |
| 54. Narinder Awasthi (Economics) | 72. Meena Mankotia (Pol. Science) |
| 55. Arvind Pathania (Geology) | 73. Kiran Kanta (Pol. Science) |
| 56. Nirmal Sood (Commerce) | 74. Kartar Chand (Economics) |
| 57. L.R. Nagpal (English) | 75. Sanjivan Pathania (Zoology) |
| 58. Surinder Kumar (Phy.) | 76. Sapna Banta (Zoology) |
| 59. Ravinder Pathania (Pub. Admn.) | 77. Kaushalya Verma (Skt) |
| 60. Sher Singh Thakur (Chem.) | 78. B.P. Badhola (Sociology) |
| 61. Jyoti Kumar (Maths) | Adhoc Appointee |
| 62. Mohinder Kumar Chaudhary (Geology) | 79. Suman Rana (Maths) |
| 63. Lalita Sharma (Hindi) | 80. Moneesha (Botany) |
| 64. Satish Chander (Economics) | 81. Madan Lal (Commerce) |
| 65. Yog Raj Pathak (English) | 82. Archana Sood (Zoology) |

Central Students' Association

Office Bearers for 1991-92

President	: Rajeshwar Sapahya
Vice President	: Sanjay Singh
Gen. Secretary	: Umesh Kumar
Jt. Secretary	: Sumit Khanna

HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE

In the lap of the hoary Himalayas, under the shadow of the Dhauladhar range in this beautiful valley was laid the foundation stone of this lovely little institution by Sir Louis Dane, Lt. Governor of Punjab on 4th July, 1912 and in 1914 Rivaz Govt. High School, Palampur was shifted here. It was raised to an Intermediate Arts College in 1926. F.Sc. (Non-Med). classes were added the very next year. Although it was the only college in the district, it continued to be an Intermediate college right upto Aug, 1947. Understandably, higher education was not considered good by the British for a district that was supplying a very large number of recruits to the Army. It finally became a Degree College in 1948.

Through the untiring efforts of a crusading Principal, Pt. Gomti Prasad M.A. (Oxon), Bar-at Law, F.Sc. (Medical) classes were added to the curriculum alongwith the teaching of Physics in B.A. in 1947. The growth in the academic field was phenomenal after the partition. Now, year after year the number of subjects increased as also that of students. The teaching of Geology was introduced in 1953, first in the Intermediate classes and extending later to the Degree classes. Geography had earlier been started in 1952. It continued to be the only college of Punjab University providing facilities for the study of Geology for decades.

From 1954, B.Sc. (Physics and Chemistry) were also started. Botany and Zoology were added in 1962 and Commerce group in 1968. Now, the teaching of almost all the subjects is offered to the students.

The College achieved another important distinction when in 1977, M.A. classes in Hindi were started, the only college to have a post-graduate class in Himachal Pradesh. At present the college has a sizeable post-graduate wing providing instruction in the subjects of English, Economics, Geology and Hindi.

As one Principal described this college 'a recluse among educational institutions', this unassuming Alma Mater has endeavoured in her own humble way to keep alight the torch of knowledge in this outpost of civilisation. It has the pride of having had on its staff Principals and teachers, who were very tall figures in the field of education in pre-partition and post partition days in the states of Punjab, Haryana and Himachal Pradesh.

The number of students has been steadily rising over the years. When this college was started in 1926, it had 28 students on its rolls. In 1938-39, it was made a co-educational institution. In 1950-51, the total number of students was 309 comprising of 287 boys and 22 girls. In 1971-72 the rapidly expanding enrolment touched a new high when the number reached 1500 comprising of 1259 boys and 241 girls. The 1990-91 session had a total enrolment of more than 2200 boys and girls. The teaching faculty has a strength of 82 of whom 22 possess doctoral degree in their subjects.

Evening classes for the employees were added in 1970-71. Many of alumni of this oldest college of the Pradesh have prominently adorned various

service cadres as well as public life of the country.

With the gradual increase in strength and the introduction of more and more subjects of study the students were feeling increasingly cramped in the old building put up in 1912-14 for a much more limited object. Eversince it was raised to the degree standard one of the besetting worries of every Principal has been to find accommodation for its expanding enrolment and other consequent activity.

From 1926 to 1954 no addition in the college building was made although the student population went up considerably. The Geology Block was the first to be added in 1954; Biology Block came up next in 1957.

Pressing accommodation needs made the authorities construct three not-too-impressive sheds consisting of 6 rooms in 1971-72. In 1972 the college got a new Badminton hall. Although new Chemistry block was added in 1976 yet it still lacks laboratory fittings, etc.

The College had two hostels (barrack type) to start with upper and lower hostels. Since the capacity of these hostels was limited, a new block of 19 cubicals was built in 1953 through the munificence of the Distt. Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen Board.

In 1966 because of the pressing demand for more class rooms, the lower hostel had to be closed. A girls' hostel was built in 1972 with a capacity to accommodate 80 students. A new wing of dormitories was added to the Sainik hostel in 1976 by the Zila Sainik Board. The chronic difficulty of accommodation continues.

LIBRARY : In 1926, the college library started functioning in the old college hall with 5 cupboards, containing about 1500 books, Shri Ganesha Singh drawing master of the school became its incharge. The books were issued once a week.

During all these 65 years of the existence of the college, the library has not been able to find a proper and suitable building for its expanding

book population. It has been shifted from place to place at various times. In 1956 the present staff room and an adjacent teaching room were used for housing the library. Under the pressing demands for more teaching rooms, the lower hostel for the boys was closed down in 1966 and the library was shifted there where it continues to be housed till today. In 1972, its varandah was covered to provide for over one thousand students, an apology for a reading room. It is now one of the biggest libraries among colleges in Himachal Pradesh. In 1952, it had 6472 books. In 1971-72 the number of the books increased to 22,000 and in 1978 to 26,954. Its present book population is 49,782 besides 95 Research Journals and other periodicals.

The OSA is now actively siezed with the problem of providing a safe haven for the college library by contributing substantial help towards making this dream a reality. May Goddess Saraswati and Her sister Lakshmi mutually assist us in fulfilling our aim.

N.C.C. : The UTC was started in the College in 1935 with 33 cadets on its rolls. In 1948, one Company under Ist Pb. Battalion N.C.C. Amritsar was given to this college. The first 4 NCC Officers of this Company were Lt. Reuban R Dass, Lt. M.K. Kaul, Lt. Jeewan Rishi, Lt. P. Sharma (who later retired as Principal of the College). It was raised to the status of an independent company in 1952.

In 1963, NCC was made compulsory. NCC (Rifles) was started in 1961 with a strength of 400 cadets. In 1965, NCC (R) and NCC were merged and the unit came under the 22nd Pb. Bn. NCC Gurdaspur. Its H.Qr. was shifted from Gurdaspur to Dharamsala and renamed as 3rd H.P. Bn. NCC in January, 1967. The College had three companies comprising of 600 cadets. In 1970, compulsory NCC was abolished. The Naval Wing (NCC) was started in 1974 but withdrawn in 1977. At present, the N.C.C. and the N.S.S. Wings form an essential core of students activity under the guidance of Dr NK Awasthi and Prof. L.M. Dogra, respectively.

SPORTS

In 1926, Cricket and Football were the most popular games. The college was handicapped by the lack of adequate playground facilities to introduce more games. Uptil now, there is only one play-ground of indeterminate dimension. The present college stadium was built in 1959 largely through 'SHRAMDAN' under the convenership of Shri S. Padmanabhan (then Sr. lecturer, and later Principal) and the leadership of Prof. P. Sharma who was incharge of 'SHRAMDAN'.

The college is doing its level best to offer its maximum facilities to the students in sports. Football, Hockey, Cricket, Badminton, Basketball, Volleyball, Table-tennis, Boxing are popular among the boys. Girls also participate in Volley-ball, Hockey, Table-tennis and Badminton. A Tennis court near the Sainik Hostel which the College got in 1956, has now been converted into Basketball ground.

The Guiding Lights of the Institution

OUR PRINCIPALS

1. Bhai Bishan Dass Puri	30-5-26 to 30-9-28
2. George Audito	1-10-28 to 5-11-31
3. Shri Krishan Kapoor	6-11-31 to 16-12-35
4. W.A. Barnes	17-12-35 to 8-1-40
5. Malik Gulam Rasool Shauq	9-1-40 to 1-6-41
6. Harish Chander Bali	2-6-41 to 30-9-41
7. Chaman Lal Kapoor	1-10-41 to 30-1-42
8. Chirag-ud-din	1-8-42 to 30-9-45
9. Harish Chander Bali	1-10-45 to 20-8-47
10. Dr. Vishwa Nath	21-8-47 to 28-2-48
11. Shiv Charn Singh	1-3-48 to 30-6-48
12. Gomti Prasad	1-7-48 to 1-2-51
13. Dr. Mohan Lal Sethi	2-2-51 to 30-10-52
14. Vidya Chander	1-11-52 to 31-7-54
15. Gauri Shankar	1-8-54 to 31-8-55
16. Jagan Nath Dudeja	1-9-55 to 30-10-58
17. Dr. Tara Singh	1-11-58 to 1-8-61
18. Mrs. H.M. Dhillon	2-8-61 to 31-7-64
19. Kewal Ram Chaudhry	1-8-64 to 31-10-66
20. S. Padmanabhan	1-11-66 to 8-11-74
21. Parmananda Sharma	9-11-74 to 22-8-75
22. Pran Khosla	23-8-75 to 7-8-77
23. Parmananda Sharma	8-8-77 to 30-6-82
24. D.N. Sharma	July 82 to Sept. 82
25. Dr. Atma Ram	Oct. 82 to 15 Oct. 89
26. Amba Prasad	16-10-89 to 5-11-89
27. P.S. Misra	6 Nov. 89 -----

VINTAGE SELECTIONS

(From old issues of the Bhagsu, the College Magazine)

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|--|------|
| 1. Prayer-the Gayatri | V-1 |
| 2. Old Students Asson. (formed in 1955) | V-2 |
| 3. Shri Vajreshwari Devi Temple at Kangra | V-3 |
| 4. On visiting the Graveyard of the Italian War Prisoners at Dharmsala | V-4 |
| 5. Dewar and Bhabi in Kangra Folk Songs | V-5 |
| 6. Snatches from the Jot (Dhauladhar) — Kunjoo | V-6 |
| 7. The Holy Song — “Mani-Mantra” | V-7 |
| 8. My experiences as a teacher — by Prof. J. Rishi | V-8 |
| 9. Looking half a century back | V-10 |
| 10. The Great Colossus — by Prof. Parmananda Sharma | V-12 |

REUNION SPECIAL

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 11. High But Not Dry — by K.D. Vasudeva | R.S-I |
| 12. Those Days — by V.P. Chaudhary | R.S-IV |
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PRAYER

THE GAYATRI

The Gayatri mantra is the king of mantras. Down the ages, scholars and sages have sung its praises. It is beyond the capacity of man, wrote Shankracharya, "to know and describe the importance of the Gayatri". The great poet Vyas spoke about it as a poet alone can : "Just as honey is the essence of flowers, ghee the essence of milk, so the Gayatri is the essence of Vedas." It has been given the mythic epithet of Kamadhenu. Swami Dayanand said that the power of the soul increases by Gayatri Japa. It brings the people, who have gone astray, to the right path, remarked Lokmanya Tilak. Here is the mantra :

Aum
Bhuh Bhuvah Svah
Tat Savitur Varenium
Bhargo Devasya Dheemahee
Dhio Yo Nah Prachodayat

[Aum : Sound as the basis of creation; Bhuh : The Earth; Bhuvah : the atmosphere; Savah : Heaven, the region beyond Bhuvah; Tat : 'That' the Ultimate Reality Savitur : Divine Savitri, equated with the power contained in the Sun; Varenium adore, embrace and absorb; Bhargo : Radiance, Lustre; Devasya : Divine grace effulgence; Dheemahee : we contemplate; Dhi : Intellect; Nah Parchodyat : Requesting, Urging, Praying.]

It is a prayer to Divine Mother to promote illumination within us.

The famous scientist J.A.S. Haldane has written to say : The Gayatri Mantra should be carved on the doors of every laboratory in the world.

(From : 1990-91 Issue of the Bhagsu)



OLD STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Old students of the college met on April 3, 1955 under the presidentship of Principal J.N. Dudeja and formed an Old Students Association. They passed unanimously the draft constitution read by Sh. Ved Prakash Choudhry and elected the following office bearers for the ensuing year :- President : Rana Kultar Chand, Advocate; Vice President : Sh. Parkash Singh Samyal; Secretary : Sh. Ved Prakash Chaudhary; Jt. Secty. : Shri Jagdish Kaushal; Treasurer : Shri Shiv Kumar Kaul; Members: s/s Brij Kaushal, Tej Singh Jaikaria, Subhash Mahendru and Vijay Suri. The patron, Principal J.N. Dudeja, nominated Professors S. Padmanabhan and P. Sharma to work on the executive committee of the elected office bearers. After its formation the association has been of a great help in the organisation of the cultural and amusement programmes in the college. The members have played many matches with the college teams and now they propose to stage a variety show in the college, before it breaks for the summer holidays.

(From Autumn 1956 issue of the Bhagsu)



FIRST CONVOCATION-1950

From L to R —
Chairs

Prof. A.S. Malik, Prof. N.S. Luthra, Prof. K.C. Texali, Prof. Comti Parsad, Dr. K.C. Khanna, Sh. R.N. Luthra,
(D.P.I.) (D.C.)

Prof. Hardyval Singh Sodhi, Prof. Surjan Singh, Prof. Reuben R. Dass, Prof. A.N. Sharma, Prof. J.J. Singh,

Prof. Rattan Chand Sharma

Standing 1st Row :

Prof. D.D. Bhalla, Prof. R.C. Saluja, Prof. Bhagat Singh, Prof. B.B. Kapur, Prof. Sohan Lal, Bimla Jakaria, Sharat Kumari,
Sarla Sharma, Marjorie R. Das, Prof. S.R. Mehta, Prof. C.R. Shegal, Prof. M.L. Sharma, Prof. S.S. Sodhi, Prof. R.K. Chopra,
Prof. D.R. Jawa, Prof. N.C. Thakur

Standing 2nd Row :

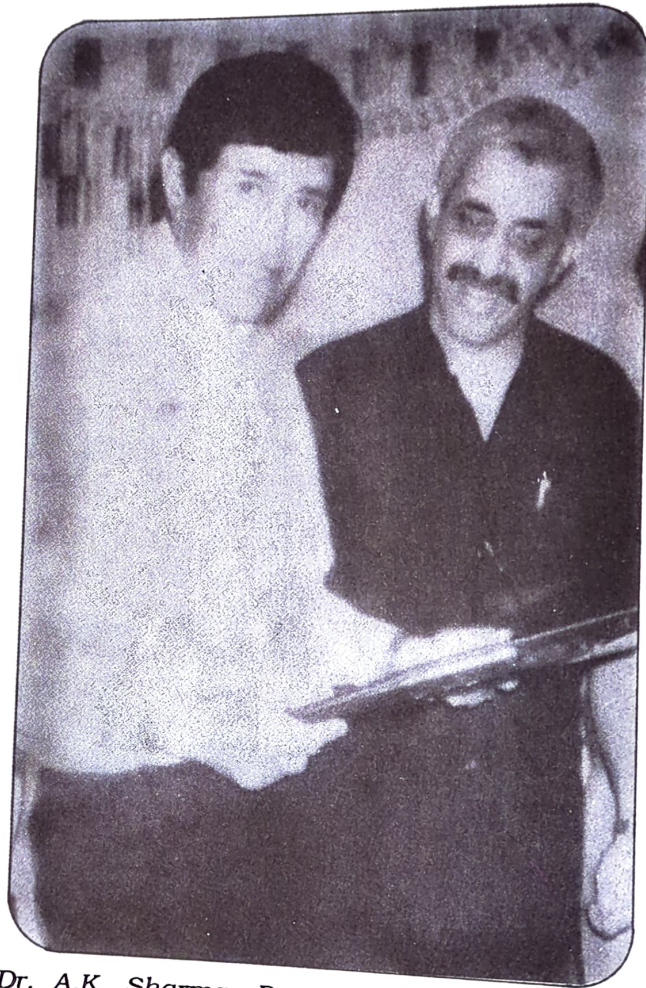
Ved Parkash, Raghbir Singh, Bhim Sen, Kanad Dev Sethi, Bal Krishen, Vir Inder Kakkar, Ratnesh Vaid, Thakar Chand,
Naranjan Lall, Khem Gupta, Parshotam Sharma

Standing 3rd Row :

Brij Mohan Kaushal, Man Singh, Harshan Singh Mandyal, Des Raj Jain,

Absentees :

Prof. Jiwan Rishi, Prof. Parmananda Sharma, Surinder Tandon, Inderjit, Bhag Singh, Amar Singh Jamwal, T.C. Katoch,
K.C. Khanna, P.N. Lau, A.S. Burathoki, Jimmy Nowrojee, Prem Singh, Laxmi Katoch, Uma Puri, Kishan Dev, Bhagwan Dass,
Amrit Lal, Prakash Chand Khatta



Dr. A.K. Sharma, President of the OSA with Dev Anand, an old student of the college, at the latter's Bandra residence.

SHRI VAJRESHWARI DEVI TEMPLE AT KANGRA

The Gods praise the Goddess :-

"O Goddess, we bow down to you, who are a veritable bliss in the abodes of the pious, adversity in those of the wicked, a store of wisdom in the hearts of men of refined intelligence, faith in the good and modesty of noble birth. Be a guardian of the whole world".

The original shrine of Shri Vajreshwari was erected at Kangra in very ancient times. It is mentioned in the Puranas. The ancient name of the province, that now comprises the districts of Jullundur, Hoshiarpur and Kangra was Trigarta. It was called by that name up to 900 A.D. Bhima Nagar the city of Bhima - abbreviated into Nagar, was in all likelihood the principal town and Kot Kangra the chief fort of the Trigarta.

The origin of the name Kangra is not known for certain. Tradition, however, associates it with the story of the demon King Jalandhara and traces the name back to Kana-garha (the fort of the ear) a fort said to have been built on the ear of this demon. In course of time this Kana-garha as reduced to Kangra, the word 'garh' signifying a fort was lost sight of and another Kot also signifying a fort, was prefixed to the name to denote the fort that still existed. The principal city and the adjoining chief fort of the province gradually came to be known by the one combined name of Nagar Kot.

This Nagar-Kot and its shrine of Goddess Vajreshwari, acquired sanctity and its fame spread even to Afghanistan and Baluchistan. This fame was mainly due to the shrine, which has ever been held as the most sacred place by worshippers of Shakti. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India visited it every year, and with their offerings the shrine became fabulously rich. It attracted the attention of Mahmud of Ghazni, every invasion of which notorious

iconoclast was directed against some sacred and rich shrine of India, with the main object of desecration and plunder. He attacked this shrine in 1009 A.D. and not only plundered it but destroyed it and took all its treasure of gold and silver and gems weighing 400 maunds.

Since then the shrine has had a most chequered history. The Hindu Rajas built the temple again in 1043 A.D. and enshrined another image. In 1337, however, it was again plundered and destroyed by Feroz Tughlak and once again in 1360.

From a stone inscription still preserved, we learn that the temple lay in ruins for 80 years when it was rebuilt by Maharaja Sansar Chand in stone and the goddess was again installed in it. A century later the fort was captured by Khawas Khan, the general of Sher Shah in 1540 and the temple was again desecrated, plundered and destroyed. It was again restored by Raja Dharma Chand during the reign of the Akbar. It is said that Akbar walked bare footed for a distance to this sacred shrine and offered a gold canopy.

During the Sikh rule in the Punjab Sardar Dara Singh, the Governor of Kangra, built the structure in bricks above the temple in the style of a dwelling house with a bulb-shaped dome. The dome was all coated with golden plates by Chand Kaur, the consort of Maharaja Sher Singh. Maharaja Ranjit Singh also paid a visit to the temple and offered a gold canopy and a miniature bust of his made of solid gold in a standing position, with both hands joined together in veneration of the great goddess which is still preserved in the apartment reserved for the valuables of the Kangra Temple or the Bhandara. The present Bhawan was, however, rebuilt after the earthquake of 1905.

[From Spring 1956 issue of the Bhagsu]

Dewar and Bhabi in Kangra Folk Songs

The Great Kangra Valley with its Hills and Dales, turbulent streams and nullahs, and its beautiful and bewitching surroundings provides a challenge to the mind of the rural poet. The exuberance of his feelings is too compelling for him to remain silent. So full of variety are these songs of Kangra that it is possible to treat of one theme only in a short article. I have, therefore, chosen the common use of dewar bhabi relationship in love songs to illustrate here.

Many songs are composed round this poetic dewar-bhabi relationship and the atmosphere of the Kangra Valley becomes charged with melodious excitement when these light and lovely songs float on the air like zephyr.

The hill singer thrusts his fingers in his ears to isolate himself from the world around him and sings long and ecstatically such verses as :

*Uddiyan koonjan ja paiyan Barot
Chitte dand, gulabi hoth
Gallan karan Punjabi lok
Ikk gall suni jayan Deora
Tan ikk gall suni jayan.*

(The cranes have flown to Barot. Her teeth are white and her lips are rosy. The Punjabis will talk of them. O' dewar let me tell you one thing. Do listen to me.)

*Uddiyan koonjan ja paiyan Nadaun
Thande pani tan nirmal naun
Ikk ghutt pi jayan Deora
Tan ikk ghutt pi jayan*

(The cranes have taken flight to Nadaun, where the water is cool and crystal clear. O dewar, take one draught of such water. Do take one draught.)

*Uddiyan Koonjan ja paiyan Kalesar
Bhabi mangdi nakke di besar
Ikk natth Deyi jayan Deora,
Tan ikk gall suni jayan*

(The cranes have flown to Kalesar. Bhabi is asking for a nose ring. O Dewar, give me a nose ring. And do listen to me.)

*Uddiyan Koonjan ja paiyan Paprole
Bhabi rondi dunghe khohle
Ikk gall suni jayan Deora
Tan ikk gall suni jayan.*

(The cranes have flown to Paprola. Bhabi weeps in a deep pit of misery, O Dewar, let me tell you one thing. Please listen to me).

*Uddiyan Koonjan ja paiyan Mandia
Chitte chaul rijhde handia
Dudh bhat khai jayan Deora
Tan ikk gall suni jayan*

(The cranes have taken wing for Mandi. Snowy rice is boiling in the cooking pot. O Dewar, have a little boiled rice and milk.)

The Cuckoo Songs :- It is amidst such an interesting atmosphere that we hear the shrill sharp notes of a rural singer making the air and our very hearts vibrate.

*Bhabi, kuku kiyan bolda
Aren bo Simla
Paren bo jhera
Manjh mere kuku-e-da dera
Bhabi, kuku kiyan bolda
Darani jathani pani-e jo chalian
Baeen par mehjar tera
Bhabi, kuku kiyan bolda.*

MY EXPERIENCES AS A TEACHER

J Rishi

IT IS THE HALL MARK OF A WISEMAN THAT HE GOES ON LEARNING from the experience of others. Teachers are wise as well as lucky, because not only have they themselves learnt the wisdom of the ages, but they are also in a position to pass it on to the coming generations in an environment which is the envy of all other professions. In the constant company of youth, they are continuously renewing themselves, as it were, and they come to acquire a flexibility of mind on which the ravages of time can have little effect. For a teacher genuinely interested in his work there is no such thing as "fossilization", he never becomes case-hardened, mentally speaking, he never ages. His success depends upon his ability to enter the minds of his students, and to understand them before he can make them understand anything. True understanding invariably generates sympathy and fellow feeling. When I started my career as a teacher, it was in singularly helpful surroundings. I have been unusually lucky in my teachers, among whom I met some noble specimens of humanity. It was one such teacher, an American gentleman, head of the department of English at the Forman Christian College, Lahore who gave me my first appointment on his staff, and himself stood by to guide my toddling steps.

For the first week or so at the Forman College I was anything but comfortable, I had no difficulty in the senior classes, not only because many among the taught were well known to me,

but also on account of the comparative maturity of the students. With the intermediate classes, however, it was an entirely different story, and I had to put up with my full share of provocation. Some of the more intelligent gave disconcerting cat calls while the lesson was in progress. Once a girl student came to the class secretly armed with a cheap toy known as "the frog", and it was with some difficulty that I was able to detect the real source of croaking. I was able to keep my temper, but the disturbance certainly told on the efficiency of the work done, and was proving harmful for my morale. There was one pious resolution, however, which I never forgot to repeat to myself every morning on my way to college : I would not punish anybody merely for disturbing me, nor would I allow the initial lack of response to make me lax in my preparation of lessons, and undermine my capacity to deliver the goods so far as teaching was concerned. And then I made a happy discovery, namely, that in the teacher-pupil relationship the name of a student is an important part of his personality. Half the battle is won, when you are able to catch hold of him by name. Soon I could call the erstwhile hecklers by their own blessed names, shoot questions at them, and help them to answer those questions. A couple of earnest young fellows who happened to be living in my neighbourhood started coming to me with their difficulties, which I ungrudgingly helped them to overcome. These simple acts brought me some sort of a reputation, and before long I was able to get a patient hearing for my lectures, and at

least a semblance of appreciation. By the time my tenure at the Forman College came to a close, I had not only got a good deal of teaching practice both in English and French, but had also acquired a really valuable experience in handling classes.

At the very outset of my career in Government service (Government de Montmorency College, Shahpur Sadr) I had to face a complication of the like of which I had neither knowledge nor experience. I was assigned English poetry and drama with the degree classes, and had to work very hard to begin with. The Principal, one of the soberest gentlemen I have ever met, spoke some such words as the following. "For you I have a word of advice. Degree teaching in Shahpur is not the same thing as in Lahore. Forget that you are teaching B.A. students. Teach them as you would teach the tenth class, and you will have no trouble." That was welcome advice, because to gear my teaching to the students' mental capacity I had to work much less. I have seen some of the worst party faction among students, and what is much worse, among teachers also. I have witnessed tempers getting red hot, and the staff room resounding with foul abuse. I vividly remember two of my colleagues breaking each other's head on the Mari Indus rail track, the popular walk of college lecturers in Shahpur, and coming to college next morning swathed in bandages. And I remember a sanguinary night attack by one faction of students on the other in the hostel, one student hospitalized with a battered skull and two others with more than twenty-five injuries each. I have had more than my own luck, and I am in a position to compile a modest volume out of the howlers perpetrated by students. I shall mention here just a few, as I recollect them. One worthy son of a worthy father, describing the turn out of a stingy lady, wrote that she was wearing a threadbare spouse at the party, although she had a trunkful of spouses at home, overlooking in his zeal the fine shade of difference between a "blouse" and "spouse". A girl student wrote a lengthy composition on Hiking and entitled it "High

King". Another expatiating on the matrimonial prospects of her brother, wrote that she was on the look out for a "beautiful bridle" for the young gentleman. A budding scientist described a certain chemical as "odourless, with a pungent smell," and a University examinee importuned by the callous examiner to write a letter to the father of a friend and thrown entirely on the resources of his own ingenious mind, began the epistle with "My dear father of Shyam." and ended it with, "your son's sincerely." I have always treasured these gems of ingenuous wisdom as a priceless compensation in the teacher's badgered existence. I shall venture now to inflict on you a few generalisations as the fruit of my own experience.

1. Prepare your lesson thoroughly before you go to the class. An unprepared lesson is as difficult to conceal as an unwashed face.
2. In your teaching try to be concrete. Even when abstractness is unavoidable, supplement it with a concrete illustration.
3. Never bluff. If you do not know, confess your ignorance.
4. Keep your dignity, but never stand on prestige. Remember, a teacher is not a magistrate. His authority is primarily moral.
5. Cultivate a kindly sense of humour. There is nothing like a decent joke for opening shut minds. Many a problem of discipline will be precluded, if you can make an impudent fellow look a precious fool. But humour worth the name is neither malicious nor cheap.
6. Be above board in your dealings with your colleagues.
7. Even when your officer is your intimate friend, never presume anything on his friendship in matters of official duty.

(From Spring 1957 issue of the Bhagsu)

[Prof. J. Rishi was Head of the Dept. of English at Govt College, Dharmasala from 1948-61.]

LOOKING HALF A CENTURY BACK

Demand for Degree Classes : Principal C.L. Kapur gives three interesting reasons for the upgrading of the intermediate college to the degree level.

First, because "two pre-eminent marshal races of India - Gurkhas and Rajputs - who go to swell the ranks of the British Indian Army must be afforded facilities for higher education" in the healthy and "Politically immune" atmosphere of the hills.

Secondly, the degree college had become viable because the strength had "swelled upto 711".

Thirdly, because the Degree College will be the only college in "the Kangra District with a population of about a million souls and an area greater than that of Palastine and a little less than that of Holland."

The College Garden : The College had maintained a garden where of "lilies and long spikes of Gladioli of deep red shade present a most impressive spectacle." There existed an avenue "some 260 feet long, of Ligustrum Lucidum, an ornamental tree of charming foliage."

In November 1941, a cooperative vegetable garden had started "to supply fresh vegetables to members of the staff and the boarders." The garden proved to be a vertiable boon "at a place like Dharmsala" where fresh vegetables are a luxury.

College library : A reference to the Annual Report of the College of the year 1937 quotes

Principal W.A Branes' comment : "Our library is in a very bad state. The only money we have been able to spend on it during the last year was the balance in our now defunct Magazine Fund". He had urged the need of the replenishment of "our present moth-eaten and pre-historic stock."

Games and Physical Training : Even in these spheres the college faced certain problems. First, the students used to come from distant places (Forsyth Ganj and Dari) and were not used to "the habit of having a meal away from home." So the evening games were more or less ruled out. Secondly, the regular play even during the day was impossible because "the vagaries of the weather make regular play impossible." Again and again, the popularity of tennis, volley-ball and badminton is stressed. The College Hockey Eleven which used to Play friendly matches against the P.O.W. Camp (i.e. the camp of the Italian Prisoners of War) at Yol.

Interior Decoration of Class-rooms : In 1942 eleven reprints of the view of the "Enchanted Himalayas" by V.R. Chitra in simple teak-wood frames used to decorate the class-rooms. The frames were made to last for centuries.

The Staff : A candid analysis of members of the staff astonishing in its frankness is as under : Prof. 'A', who taught English, play "hide and seek" with the college, because, "his restless spirit could not go into cold storage at Dharmsala." When the learned don went over to Kenya at 300 pounds a year the comments came.

We hope the temperate climate of Kenya will curb his restless spirit and exercise a healthy check over his itinerant tendencies. As for the irrepressible Prof. 'B' (Lecturer in Sanskrit and Hindi): "He freely moved about the villages, and sang his way into many homes, where dozens of Juliets were charmed by his musical voice and vied with one another to win the favours of their Romeo." As a perfect foil to Prof. 'B' was his substitute Prof. 'C' who was "shy and reserved in temperament, and, it may be an optical illusion, but sometimes you have a feeling that his face is covered with blushes as he smiles."

About teaching community in general in his five years Report (1937-42), Principal C.L. Kapur ruefully says : "..... Our personnel is very poor (as compared to the college teachers in England). The teachers draw round them shackles of their own making - their minds get enmeshed in form and routine. They cease to be students. They never adventure into the realms of thought and experiment. I am aware of a few honourable exceptions, but the class as a whole conforms reasonably close to the picture I have drawn. We have second-rate and even third-rate men crowding the profession, men deeply frustrated in life, men who carry about them and shed around them discontent and bitterness against society."

Result of a General Knowledge Test : Prof. R.S. Walia, sheds light on the level of General

Knowledge prevailing in those days. About "General Rommel," the great German of North African campaigns a candidate writes that he was a "Viceroy of Austria." Another "bright-one" writes about Molotov, the great Russian war time leader that he was the "Premier of Sindh." When asked, "where is Pearl Harbour situated?" one replied "Pearl Harbour is a port, where I suppose pearls are found."

Fashion among Students : Students spent a lot of money "in seeing cinemas and buying scents, powders, creams and nail polishes. The boys walk like ladies and want to cultivate a beautiful and soft voice like ladies. Cream, powders and scents are freely used by these boys. They always keep combs in their pockets to arrange their hair beautifully in free time in the college. Some boys are copying the dress of laides. They wear silk shirts in dark shades. They like to wear delicate sandals like girls. The girls wear gaudy, beautifully-spotted saris in the college, keep sharp nails and use nail polish. They wear the sandals having four or five inch high heels; the girls spend a lot of money (and time) to make their sleek hair look curly; they wear grey pair of trousers in winter besides, breeches and small jackets, "like boys."

(Based on an artical in the 1989 issue of the "Bhagsu")



Giving, whether it be of time,
labour, affections, advice,
gifts or whatever, is one of
life's greatest pleasures.

THE GREAT COLOSSUS

(From the Golden Jubilee Souvenir)

Parmananda Sharma

Remembering him is to remember a colossus. He was a most wonderful man, a knight of the teaching profession, with whom my lot cast, as a subordinate to work with, very early in my career.

An Oxford graduate and a bar-at-law, a teacher by choice and not by compulsion, he ably adored and filled the position he held. To all his students, he was 'guru ji', as they affectionately called him. Some praised him, some quarrelled with him, while others envied him, but all loved him. He is a legend in his own name, and many are the interesting anecdotes associated with him.

Arriving at Oxford, after doing his London Matric, he was almost flabbergasted to learn that there was no vacancy that term and that he could not be admitted. The Dean was kind and courteous but firm and the little youngster from India had not the ghost of a chance to get into Oxford. When the interview was over, the young man, in a most non-chalant but, sincere manner, asked if he could get a glass of water (if not admission to Oxford) as he was feeling very thirsty. "O, you Indians, you are so informal and I like it," exclaimed the Dean, "I will see that you are admitted". He was admitted! No doubt, the years at Oxford were eventful. Back home from Oxford, he merited from his 'mother' the certificate: "You went an ass and you have returned as ass from Oxford." In spite of all his attainments in life, he loved to make public mention of this tribute and quite believed that his mother was apt in saying so. That was the height of his humility, of the lowliness of his

spirit, in which all the learned should walk this earth.

He had been born to very poor parents and had been picked up, early in life, as a beggar lad, by a well-meaning philanthropist rich widow. That kindly woman became his mother and, as he used to say, whenever he referred to mother he meant that lady, his 'real mother'. Of the mother who bore him, he made no mention. "Do you know my father's name?" he once asked me. "Mairdh-bandh Durvedy," he volunteered. Seeing the surprise on my face he said, "one who makes mud embankments on fields."

His Oxford education failed to turn him into a 'burra Sahib' even when it was considered fashionable to be one and it was paying to ape the hard-boiled bureaucrat. He still donned the graceful Indian 'pugree' and long coat (achkan) with a 'chooridar.' He used to say, "As soon as I landed at Bombay, I discarded my western dress and resolved to make-do with the Oriental style." He stuck to his resolve throughout his life.

One of his closest friends (who had been at Cambridge when he was at Oxford) had a very interesting tale to tell. While going for an interview with his future father-in-law this friend suggested to him three 'don'ts' "Don't uncover your damn head," for he was bald, "don't talk of your family," for he had been a non-descript beggar boy from a very poor family, "don't write anything with your hand," for he had a miserably poor hand. But he forgot all this

sane advice at the time of the interview. As soon as he sat down, he took off his turban by sheer force of habit and placed it on the side table, and his shrunken steppes was visible to his future father-in-law. Then he started talking of himself and his poor beginnings, and, lastly, he wrote down his address on a piece of paper for further correspondence. In spite of plunging head-long into all these follies, he was selected for the match !

Unorthodox, informal—that is what he was. He would come to college in immaculate maharaja style, but the moment he entered his office, he took off his 'sherwani' and 'pugree' and consigned them to the limbo of oblivion for the day. Even in the chilliest of weather, he roamed about in a bare shirt and an army pattern pullover. He never missed his early morning bath, spurning the luxury of hot water and making do with the ice-cold tap water of a hill station. When it snowed during the peak days of winter, he, with all the years of advanced age, did not budge from the routine, and used to have a dig at his young colleagues : "Now, tell me which one of you had a bath today and that with cold water." We would always squirm uneasily at this tough old-boy challenge from him.

He was an old timer in many ways, he was an Oxford blue in cricket. He had an injured wrist, but a powerful fist. It is said that once, he went to a friendly colleague's house, sat down and said, "Now, you miser ! get me a cup of tea." As the friend was still dilly-dallying, merely to provoke him for a lark, he threatened, "If you don't, there goes this table." Before the doubting chuckle on his friend's face had disappeared, bang came his fist on the unlucky table and there in twain it lay torn asunder !

During his first term at Dharmsala, he had taken up residence six miles up in the

Cantonment. It was typical of his outlandish manner, to come riding a bicycle at top speed down the hill, it was a contraption without brakes and bell. After a while, his orderly would follow him leading his pony to the college. This pony was his vehicle for his daily uphill trip back home. The orderly would walk back with the bike, leaving the pony for the sahib. It was a familiar sight to see 'guru jee' riding his pony after dusk with a lantern dangling round the beast's neck.

He had a habit of spending his whole day in the college and returning home only after the games period during which he regularly acted the cricket coach.

As head of an educational institution, he had no high-brow notions at all, either about himself, or his job. He often taught his classes in the open, sitting cross-legged on the grass. He once ticked a rather finicky girl who showed a slight hesitation in sitting on the ground. Whenever he had to hold an emergency meeting of his staff, he would go around the college, telling everyone, "Well, there is a staff-meeting in the recess." A peon might not have done better !

Let me record how he left us for another place, from the slubrious heights of Dharmsala to the desert wastes of Hissar. This too was typical of him. A local politician and a friend of 'guruji', had the wind fall to be made the state's Education Minister. Guruji, had the temerity to get on his wrong side in an informal social gathering during a discussion on contemporary politics. "U.P. Ministers are scoundrels but they deliver the goods, Panjab ministers don't even" said he. And this, right at the face of his own Minister ! After all, he should have known that it takes a lot of sweetness and culture to tare a pungent, informal dig, and, how-many of our politicians have it ?



HIGH BUT NOT DRY

K.D. Vasudeva

Going down memory lane, the first high point I see with the mind's eye is the Kuchehry Bazar Bus Stand on a sleepy afternoon in the first week of October, 1952. This was my first visit to Dharmsala. Not knowing the precise location of my uncle's residence, I asked for directions at a house near the Bus Stand. This being Dharmsala, the housewife had first to cross-examine me before parting with the information. The dialogue went somewhat like this :

H.W. : Kaka, where have you come from ?

I : From Jullundur.

H.W. : Why have you come to Dharmsala ?

I : For studies.

H.W. : Wah ! Boys go down to the plains for studies and here are you coming up to Dharmsala of all places for studies !

I : My uncle is a Professor in the College. That is why I have come here.

H.W. : O.K. It is all right. See that pole yonder ? By its side is a lane, at the end of which you will find the house with a 'daar' of 'chharas' (row of bachelors). Go there then.

A word of explanation for the last remark. You see, my uncle (Prof. Parmananda Sharma) was a grass widower those days, having recently become the proud father of a son (Dr. Lalit

Mohan Sharma, now teaching at G.C.D.). Being very hospitable and generous besides, he was currently playing host to a number of willing and devoted disciples.

The housewife had clearly felt unconvinced. As I walked away with a sinking feeling about the soundness of my own decision to 'come up' to Dharmsala for studies, I started thinking. Had I done the right thing ? Or was there a kink in my brain as perhaps the lady suspected ? Thirtynine years ago Govt. College Dharmsala was not exactly distinguished for its results. The hill station was justly famous for only its being the 'wettest' (the mundane meteorological and not the 'spiritual' kind) in this part of the country. The housewife's scepticism, therefore, was not unfounded. What then had prompted me to be there that early October afternoon 1952 ?

A career in Engineering was the fashionable ambition those days. But my aptitude lay elsewhere. Add to it a house perpetually full of guests, welcome at all hours of day and night. Little wonder then that success in B.Sc. became a mirage. A commission in the Army and even the modest career of an Airman eluded me because of alleged trachoma in the eyes. Thus I was down in the dumps and could see no light at the end of the tunnel. Then a Messiah appeared in the shape of my uncle who came to see us while on a visit from Dharmsala to Jullundur. (He later retired as Principal G.C.D.). Accepting his sage counsel, my father agreed that I should switch over to Arts and study at Dharmsala for B.A. (Hons.) in English.

The self-doubt catalysed by the lady's cross-examination was transient. The next one and a half years a period of sheer bliss. Certain impressions stand out. I found it to be a homely place, full of human warmth and the joy of living. In the pine-scented ambience of the station, there were close personal relations amongst students and between teachers and the taught. All knew one another. The busy schedule of indoor, outdoor and N.C.C. activities made for a hectic and healthy pace of living. Hostel life had its own unique charm. Upper Hostel dormitories to Lower Hostel rooms to New Hostel cubicles was a progression in comfort. Preparatory holidays saw one frequenting the Pine Grove or the Churaan Khad for that extra burst of cerebration prior to the D-day. Another favourite rendezvous of the boarders was the nocturnal session at the canteen for the cuppa that cheers. Spontaneous then were the group's bursts of song in the stillness of the night. College Elections saw one campaigning for 'the devil that one knew' (later an Honourable and distinguished Member of the Legislative Assembly of Himachal Pradesh) and against 'the devil that one knew not' (now Milord of a High Court).

Of the many memorable personalities and events, space permists mention of only a few. First is what I shall call the Label Maker. A classmate was an expert of sorts in the nicknaming game; you name somebody and he'll compulsively come out with a nickname for him. Law of libel prevents one from exposing to public gaze the gems of his imagination. Suffice to say that woe betide the subject of his 'dushnamkaran'; his computer brain surveyed the fields of human relations, animal kingdom, science, medicine, consumer products, labour, sports, arts and crafts and what-have-you to come up with the one inevitable nickname that was bound to stick and which indeed stuck for the rest of one's life. Another source of amusement was provided by an 'Ustad' (NOT a member of the faculty) who could kill you with a withering look while cursing you for being an impecunious 'aristocrat' (emphasis on 'aristocrat',

to rhyme with brat), not having the dough or the decency to borrow and lend him a tenner (which could secure his benediction).

A touching experience was it to see the stern Subedar Major at the farewell N.C.C., parade, towards the end of the academic year and the eve of his retirement, breaking down while bidding us adieu. That he had a throbbing heart beneath the no-nonsense manner was a revelation which redoubled the cadets' affection for the J.C.O.

Being a newcomer to the College and the class, oldtimers naturally had to size me up. I had the somewhat disconcerting (to others) habit of gazing out of the classroom and at the lush green lawns of the College. This I could manage without impairing my attention to what was being taught by the teacher. However, as a classmate confided to me much later, this gave some of the classfellows the impression that I was playing truant mentally. When the College Examination took place a few months later, I was asked as to how I had done the papers. Much against tradition, I claimed that I had dug them deep in the ground ('gad dittay'). This only served to confirm their impression of my not being a serious student. Sadly the joke did not last when it as discovered in due course that I had not done too badly after all (topping the class).

'Guru-shishya' code of conduct forbids me to talk of my teachers in other than respectful terms. They were indeed excellent — all of the them — some in ability, some in hard work, some in performance, others in promise; a few in all these together. Some idiosyncracies were indeed heard of and these made life interesting. One was about a subject being taught in 'Pahari' with the caution that the class should pick up English very quickly so as to cope with the English medium of instruction to be used shortly; the need never arose from Intermediate to B.A., Final. Learning about a colleague's son having been bitten by a snake, the pedagogue commiserated with the family in distress; however, on learning that the victim had

survived and was indeed better, he bemoaned the fall in quality of snakes in these changed times ! Another teacher was the epitome of conscientiousness; you could set your watch seeing him on his round of work or play, as per his schedule, come rain or sunshine. Still another teacher had the distinction of producing results (cent percent) without really trying. Thereby hangs another tale — for another time. However, the spirit of the institution and the time was such that one could genuinely look up to each of our teachers as a real 'friend, philosopher and guide.'

All good things must come to an end, as they say. End of the Degree Exam saw one back from the dizzy heights of Dharmsala to the dry flat plains of the Punjab. My grandfather anxiously enquired if I would pass this time (background of earlier bout with B.Sc.). He was reassured two months later when the result was published and my name was at the top of the University List for English Honours. So was that of a classmate, Shri Ram Kumar, who topped in Sanskrit Honours. That I believe was the start of the Roll of Honour in the College.

Joining the Indian Administrative Service two years later, the next more than three decades were spent in moving up the service escalator. It was then only in 'sessions of sweet silent thought' that one could relive those precious moments spent at the Alma Mater. Last I could visit Dharmsala was 36 years ago at the time of the College Convocation. Running into old class/college mates, of course, always promoted 'remembrance of things past and days gone by'. And now, thanks to OSA, we have a tryst to keep in November. We are a-coming, Dhauladhar ! I foresee a breathless procession of bald, paunchy, wizened old men with aching joints and brittle bones. They donot even recognise one another. But a toast to the Old College will put them in the right spirits (or, put the right spirits into them for the toast) and lift up their souls in sheer gratitude. High but not dry !

(Shri K.D. Vasudeva, a retired I.A.S. Officer and a former Chief Secretary of Punjab and Secy. to Govt. of India, is an old student of the college.)



Down in the hearts,
wise men know this truth;
the only way to help yourself is
to help others.

THOSE DAYS

V.P. Chaudhary

I am privileged to belong to that first batch of students who graduated in 1948, – the pioneers group. Many are the sweet and nostalgic memories that conjure up in my mind of those heady days of youthful exuberance. Whatever I could achieve and fulfil in life, I owe it to my college, my Alma Mater; and, who can sufficiently pay back to his Mother the debt he owes her. Nor can I.

Things were different those days, very different from the atmosphere we see these days in our educational institutions. The Principal, invariably a father figure, used to be rather a distant, inaccessible entity, whom the students hardly met, there would be no occasion to enter his office. Even the lecturers were always looked upon with awe and respect and, apart from the class room, it was only the tutorial meetings which provided an occasion for some kind of a proximity with them.

It was only after 1945 that a semblance of female presence appeared on the scene by way of four or five girl students in 1948 in the fourth year class. Girls and boys were not allowed to mix among themselves; usually, girls were escorted to their classes by teachers concerned. Not that the boys were a misbehaving lot; it was a social taboo strictly enforced in the campus. However, every society has its Romeos and Juliets. In those days their normal haunts used to be the secluded Cheelgari road and the thickets of the dense, shrub-laden forests on it. Once there was a sensation; a Sindhi girl, Jasbeen Parvez, came to the college in frocks and trousers. All girls including a Christian Miss

(who on migration to Pakistan joined its foreign service) had to cover their head.

Nothing like a student association existed in the college in those days and there were no strikes. Teacher pupil relations were very cordial. The only occasion the students took out processions and boycotted classes was after 1945 in support of the country's independence. Cultural activity of the college was rich in those days. Full length plays were used to be staged and a lot of tennis, hockey and football went on throughout the academic session. Once cine actress Manorama visited the city in 1945 and gave a performance in aid of war fund. The show continued well into the midnight when a terrific storm pulled down the stage and the shamianas. The Arts Club under Sh. Lal Chand Prarthi and Sh. Jagdish Kaushal used to give cultural shows. Late Prof. Jai Dayal, Prof. Navin Thakur and Prof. J. Rishi always guided and helped us in staging variety shows. From 1950 onward the mantle of keeping cultural life of the college in top gear was passed on to the young alrounder, Prof. Parmananda Sharma who was able to turn the institution into a hub of multi-faceted extra-mural activities. Close links were forged between the teachers and the taught on the one hand and the institution and the public of Dharmasala on the other. Girls never took to the stage in those days and the female rolls were also played by boys; I myself once played the Gaddi belle and the illusion was so complete that a rather forward brand girl spectator rushed to the stage after the performance and hugged me (to my sheer delight and her predicament).

—Those days, those golden days, ah !

(Capt. V.P. Chaudhary is a retired H.A.S. Officer)

