



IPS NEWS LETTER

Issue no. 16

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Editorial

“Life flows and floats with reality and dreams.

Man acquires, learns, laughs and screams.

With tears as streams and rainbow in one fold

Moves ahead with influences and experiences to mould.”

Life is a blend of learning, earning and yearning. Learning means one is willing to admit that there are many things one does not know and one wishes to make an attempt to be taught by teachers, books and even experience. Learning widens one's horizons, expands one's choices in life and it helps one understand different points of view. Examinations aim at testing what one has learnt. Pressures, expectations, merit, potential, relentless search and consistent and continuous efforts accompany the days of examination.

‘R’ factor is the most vital force. Read- revise- retain- recollect- recall- reproduce and result.

To learn without thinking is fruitless, to think without learning is dangerous. The experienced mountain climber is not intimidated by a mountain- he is inspired by it. The persistent winner is not discouraged by a problem- he is challenged by it.

While we stand at the threshold of New Year 2008, let us recapitulate and enjoy the titanic pool of ‘motion’ and Tsunami of ‘emotion’ at IPS during the year 2007. We wish our readers Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and look forward to their continued support and enriching suggestions.

School News:

Nov. 23: The editorial board and the IPS family convey heartiest congratulations to Mrs. and Mr. RK Sinha and the entire family for being blessed with a grand daughter. Congratulations to Mrs. and Mr. Rituraj Sinha also.

Nov. 26: Staff club was officially formed which will look after different welfare and entertainment activities of the staff. The following office bearers have been nominated:

Secretary-Mr. Atul Kabiraj

Joint Secretary- Mr. Ranjan kuity

Treasurer- Mr. Satya Prakash

Executive Members-Mr.Ashok Prasad, Mrs. Kamini Bahuguna, Mrs. Mridula Prakash, Mr. Ralph LeBlond, Mr. Mukesh Sunderiyal and Mr. MM Purohit

Nov. 28: Ms Akerele Oreoluwa, graduate from Nigeria, has joined the school on exchange for three months and would be teaching French during this period. We welcome her.

Dec.7: Mess Committee meeting was held in Principal's office. Student representatives from each class participated and gave their suggestions.

School Counseling Presentations:

Nov. 17-19: Mrs. K.Bahuguna along with two students Utsa Ghatak and Sunny Agarwal went to Kolkata.

Dec. 1-3: Dr. SC Biala and Mrs. K Bahugana along with two students Samman Thapa and Sakshi Sharma went to Kathmandu.

Dec.8-10: Mrs. K Bahuguna and Mr. Sanjiv Sinha went to Patna.

On the spot painting Competition. organized by Col. Brown School. Nukar, Jatuporn and Nattida of our school won first, second and consolation prizes respectively in Group D. Also Sandhya Yadav won a consolation prize in Group-B. We congratulate all the winners.

Term Examinations: Half yearly exams for classes III to IX and XI were conducted between Dec.10 and continued till Dec.19. They will proceed for winter holidays on Dec.22, 2008.

Classes X and XII had their half yearly cum first pre-board from Dec.22. They will proceed for their winter break on Jan.5.

Cyber Olympiad Examination

The school participated in the 7th. Cyber Olympiad. The following were declared first in their classes. City rank and class is mentioned inside the bracket.

Sakshi Sharma(16-III),Satyarth(15-IV), Ashwani Kumar(28-V), Aman Mathur(10-VI), Rohit RANjan(23-VII), Deepak Chaudhary(32-VIII), Vishal Singh(15-IX), Prabhakar Patel(22-X), Nasar Ahmad(8-XI) and Rajesh Kumar(21-XII).

Inter House Junior Cricket

Dec.19: (First match)Vidhayachal v/s Aravali
Batting first Vindhyaachal scored 148 in their allotted 20 overs. Vaibhav made 88 not out and Kunal Chandela made 31. In spite of all the limitations, Aravali put up a brave fight but lost by 8 runs. Atul scored 40. Deepak Chaudhary took 5 wickets and got a hat trick also.

(Second match) Shivalik v/s Nilgiri
Batting first Nilgiri made 108 runs in 20 overs. Ayush made 41not out and Vipin made36.Shivalik met the target by losing just one wicket. Deepak Thapa made 32 not out and Bijender made 41 not out.

Dec. 20: (Third match for 3rd. and 4th. position)

Aravali v/s Nilgiri

To the Heaven and Back

It was the evening of fifth of October and that's when it actually hit me that we were off to mountains. The feeling I had not so long ago when we were to climb Bhadraj was suddenly magnified tenfold. By dinner time everything was a hurried blur in the rush for woolens, bags, shoes, toiletries and other paraphernalia. Some were of the theory that we should've spent a sleepful night, since we were required to rise and shine a little before dawn. Eventually everybody's blankets I think changed the heat of choice they made.

By around twelve am predominantly the whole hostel was asleep. Well I think that I was the only one who didn't sleep and a little before departure time I was also one of the courageous few to have bathed and got ready.

What I have written until now was purely introductory. I must put it down that this is an account of the trip to Hemkund with personal effect, and any technicalities committed, therefore are highly regretted.

Back to business, we were sorted, the boys and girls of classes ten to twelve, and in a matter of minutes, after a great deal of gesturing and beckoning, I found myself in the back of a small bus. We were endowed with, to say the least, slightly more than stern seating. So while I eventually prepared myself for an uphill struggle in a ninety degree position, I was also cross checking whatever I had missed out anything or not.

The journey began on a sleepy note, and looking back all I can say is that the students were of the impression that the beginning of the trip was a li

ttle hurried, sleepy and to be honest, uncomfortable. But little did we know that where we were heading would make us forget our earthly existence itself, leave aside these minor discomforts

After winning the toss and elected to bat Nilgiri house made 72 for the loss of 7 wickets in 20 overs. Vipin scored 27. Atul and Sunny took 3 wickets each. Aravali won the match by 9 wickets. Shubham Chaudhary made 18, Atul and Amar remained not out with 25 and 15 runs respectively.

(Fourth match- finals)

Shivalik v/s Vindhyaachal

Batting first Vindhyaachal made 158 runs in 20 overs for the loss of 6 wickets. Vaibhav Bhatt scored 106not out in just 70 balls. Kumar Amit and Deepak Thapa took 2 wickets each. Reeling under tremendous pressure, Shivalik could only manage83 and lost the match by 75 runs. Dhruv Gogia took 5 wickets.

Vaibhav scored 194 runs in two matches without being getting out and was declared the best batsman. Dhruv Gogia took 7 wickets in two matches and was declared best bowler. Sunny Agarwal is declared the best fielder.

In respect I believe we or atleast I was a soul on a pilgrimage. The morning passed by slowly, we bypassed Rishikesh and then finally we made our first pit stop. Breakfast was filling, satisfying and to say the least gave its full utility. I even managed to snatch a little moment with principal sir over breakfast. The conclusion we arrived at was that when outside, we were men of the world, and that we had left school and academic business back in Rajawala itself. Happy at having made constructive use of time at breakfast, I was pleased to see that we now began our slow ascent.

To get to the heart of the matter a little quicker, I have decided to go on to the next day of our journey, since the first day was spent predominantly in travelling, but not before leaving you with a few details. For me, the journey is one of the jewels on the crown of adventure. It was like riding on the back of two gargantuan snakes, both twisting and turning in their serpentine manner, the mountain road and the frowning river. The food was healthy, the air fresh , the first day was characteristic with the long road, its sensuous nerves and sharp, dangerous bends (not so merciful on the stomach) as well the constant din which was taking place within the bus itself.

After a little stalling, we finished our journey upon reaching a small and busy town called Joshimath at around 9pm. It took us a while to acclimatize, but by around ten we were already fed, instructed and asleep in our simple but comfortable rooms. At this point, I must admire our organizers' determination to give the children the very best of everything available, and this went on till the very end of the trip.

The morning of the seventh brought about the actual beginning of our adventure. We left at six o'clock for our rendezvous point, a Gurudwara at Govind-ghat in the Bhuyandar valley. There we had breakfast. I must also disclose, all the while, the parantha became something of a staple, during our travelling.

All our tour guides told us before departure was to carry enough woolens, travel light, and keep to the left of the 13km long mountain path. As the proof of the pie is the eating of it, one can never fully prepare oneself with theory. This was nature's lesson that once we would finish our trek we would come out wiser and tougher, more educated, in fact, about our very own land. I made one very crucial mistake though, I had a heavy breakfast, and this caused me a lot of stress in the beginning of the trek. Little to my knowledge was I to discover that this was a boon and not a bane.

The climb which was thirteen 13kms long trek around five hours and to say the least it was strenuous. Try as I might to describe the sheer beauty, strength and awe inspiring light of nature, I am but a small child, who is yet incompetent in front of mother nature.

The path was interspersed here and there with clear water streams not only good enough to drink but good enough to store for many days, in its purest form its natural state. I felt I was in heaven and the fact that it was off season made the view more appreciative on the whole, since we were the only ones trekking uphill.

On many an occasion I'd stop to listen to the sound of gushing water struggling and forcing itself past the boulders and rocks. I don't think I will ever be able to forget the first trek the atmosphere, the view, and the sense of purpose.

As I trudged on I came to understand that we were going deeper into the valley, penetrating right uphill the children were using the pit stop techniques, as in they walked for some time. Keeping in mind we left at around nine in the morning, even I was making stops. Then either something came over me or it was just in the heat of the moment that I decided to move non stop. It was tiring, I admit but also retarding, I got to my destination faster. Plus I was a little wiser, on the whole more confident about my climbing skills.

One thing I forgot to mention that the empty shacks and stalls, which were once full and probably flowing with people, were lying desolate and adorned the mountain path with their own aesthetic value.

By around two in the afternoon, the sun had begun its descent in the sky and up there you felt it more, because deep in the valley, when you are walled in by mountains you get little time to bask in the full sunlight. The sky was deep blue and clear; it seemed to be the last veil covering earthlings and heavens above.

Since I slowly began my new walking form, slowly but steadily, I reached my destination after crossing Principal Sir, ma'am, a bunch of juniors along with Rawat Sir and Shrivastava Sir. I'm not being vain, all I am trying to

prove is that when climbing uphill, one should keep the rhythm. After the grueling one and half kilometers I was nearly sweating upon reaching. But soon I realized that I was being chilled to the bone. After all, my body had cooled and I was sitting at ten thousand feet.

The children, though, were restless, upon reaching the top, and all and sundry here passing their time one way or the other. This was owing to the fact the trip to the valley of flowers had been cancelled since everyone was more tired than expected. What added to the mystery and excitement of the kids is that we were the only people in the small town of Ghangeria.

We were told that electricity would be around from six to nine, that too because of the generator. By this time I was sure that civilization was left way behind, but I thank my stars that I had comfortable rooms and decent food to eat. By evening it had become so cold that one couldn't stand or sit in one place for too long., the cold slowly crept in. Yet there were people who were taking care of us-locals, clad in nearly one sweater! I wondered whether any of them would be able to stand the summer of the plains.

Time passed by as we enjoyed ourselves and once again I found myself in my blanket, though a little less warm than my previous night, wishing my friends goodnight. All I remember of that night now is that it was bitterly cold.

Next morning we were up bright and early because we were told that we'd have to climb Hemkund Sahib(14500ft.) and the beautiful lake we had come to visit all the way. We would be back to base by around one in the afternoon, if we were to visit the valley of flowers, since daylight was an important factor in planning these treks. It was a six kilometer trek and the climb was obviously the toughest we were going to face yet, at a forty five degree slant, we knew we faced a formidable task ahead. Starting at 9000ft., in a mere six kilometers we were to reach a height of fourteen thousand five hundred feet. Personally, after the first two kilometers, I began to stop more and more frequently. Then I began to feel sleepy, at first I didn't realize what was happening. After a while, and supported by particularly long stop. I came to the conclusion that the oxygen level was much below my preference. Then I began my solitary and slow ascent yet again. One thing is for sure, I might not have been as left and sure footed as the best climbers of the day, but what I did do is take the view in literally, everything I saw, touched, tasted, felt and smelt would remain with me forever. Meanwhile our best and swiftest had already reached the gates of God.

Well, eventually, and not surprisingly, our whole troupe reached home base by around 4:00 pm. After all, we weren't professionals, most of us reasoned. And to my regret, we didn't see the valley of flowers, but few of us promised ourselves that we would be back one day. The rest of the evening was spent in festivities, eating, storytelling, merry -making and all-round revelry. The highlight of the evening was that, just this once, for the

students of the Indian public school, the generator was left on for a couple of extra hours! Trust me, extracting favours from anybody at nine thousand feet is no mean feat! (According to Vikram, the tour guide, people get a bit cranky and crabby at high altitude, that's why!).

The next morning, it was another 13kms downhill back to Govind-ghat, with only the beautiful, gushing water of the Pushpawati river flowing along with us. Since, I was now beginning to feel more like a human road-roller than anything else, I made fewer stops, and more falls. Since we were all in a hurry to get to our destination, not many of us stopped a moment to say goodbye to the snow-clad peaks we had been face to face with for the past two days. I took this privilege, and made my promise, that I'll be back.

We reached around noon and the last leg of the descent was a bridge. I and my companions, Moneesh Himal (doesn't talk much) and Gaurav Mahla (not a silent moment went by with him!) decided to cool our heels in the river below, by hook or by crook. What I experienced there was true bliss! It was one with the river and that in itself was a fulfilling and purifying experience.

Since we were one of the early birds, ironically we didn't get a worm (lunch) and were told to sit in the first bus and rush to Badrinath. Apparently the last gate for coming down closed at around four.

Badrinath, I felt, is what I had actually come to visit. We reached, change our clothes and hurried to the holy temple. It was a shock to the senses as this place was brimming with life. The bath in the hot sulphur spring not only left me feeling clean but pure. I have no shame in confiding in you that, personally, I have never felt cleaner after a bath in my short life! To say the least, the temple left one and all speechless. I guess it has this effect on people. It is sight for sour eyes, with the Himalayas draping this holy abode of the all four sides.

From here on, I would like to keep it short and sweet. We left Badrinath, made our way back down the precarious mountain road to Joshimath where we spent the most entertaining and noisy evening. It was like a lush of blood to the head!

The next day was spent travelling back to the Doon valley and more importantly Rajawala. The food was good all along, the view was sublime and the feeling was good-humoured along with a bit of fatigue. While on the way back, after breakfast, which was bestowed with the privilege of riding among the esteemed personalities of Siddharth Bansal and Gurpal of form XI along with our jovial tour guides for me, there couldn't have been a better ending to the trip, than sitting in the front seat of a four wheel-drive, listening to music, discussing the trip and making random stops to take in the views. Towards the end, there was a little bus trouble which stalled everybody for a while. But by around 11pm both the buses had reached. Meanwhile we were making our way

back to Dehradun, and half- an hour before reaching in the forest of Doiwala we sighted a leopard and its cub crossing the road , the icing on the cake! I just couldn't believe my luck. I wondered as to what were the odds of that happening on any other night. This reinforced my conclusion of the trip, that it had major role which was played by fate and God, who, for some reason I felt was smiling down upon the whole IPS troupe.

On arriving at Dehradun, our first destination was principal sir's residence. We didn't expect him to greet us at his late hour, but there he was to open the gates smiling and asking about the rest. We handed over his bags, told him everyone had reached and that we had spotted a leopard and its cub. Sir then shared a similar memory from his endless trove, when he had last seen a leopard, and then bade us a swift good night.

The journey to school was short and sweet from there on and in another hour I found myself looking upon a familiar sight, the ceiling of my bedroom. I was back again, and I was content and happy with my enriched and little more experienced self.

What I felt then, I will try to describe. In that one moment before falling asleep the whole trip flashed before me, and it was then that I came to understand that you may go to the ends of the earth in search of anything. But the final ending will be where you belong. Lying on my bed, I knew the end had come, but I also knew then, that I would cherish the memories of this excursion forever.

On behalf of my friends of classes ten, eleven, and twelve, I would like to extend my sincerest thanks to Dr. S.C. Biala and our teachers, who accompanied us. To say the least it instilled in one and all a feeling of purpose, of competence.

In the end I would like to say thank you, and that I hope I've done justice to the trip in my writing. Until our next meeting, good luck and good bye.

Ram Chandra Puri, XII

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