

THE SCINDIA SCHOOL, FORT GWALIOR

REVIEW-22



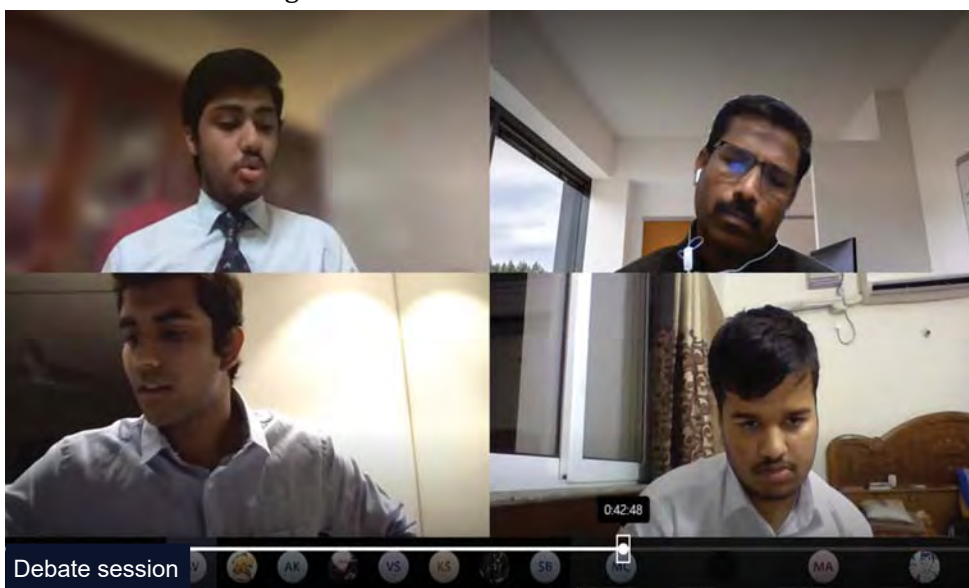
TUESDAY, 15 FEBRUARY 2022 | WPP : REGN.NO.GWL.DN.11

FORT NEWS

The Fort still stands decked in the glory and charm of the late winters. The moon is hazy and looks dreamily down the sky, spreading light upon the earthy. Some days have been sunny but bouts of cold air did startle the dwellers. The weather on the Fort played 'hide and seek' during the last fortnight as the days ranged from sunny to partly sunny and many a times, wintry. For the next few days, the rising temperatures gave us the feel of winter bidding an early adieu; but the days further, proved that it was not over yet. The 4th of February was an acutely windy day with the wind speed of 23 km/hour.

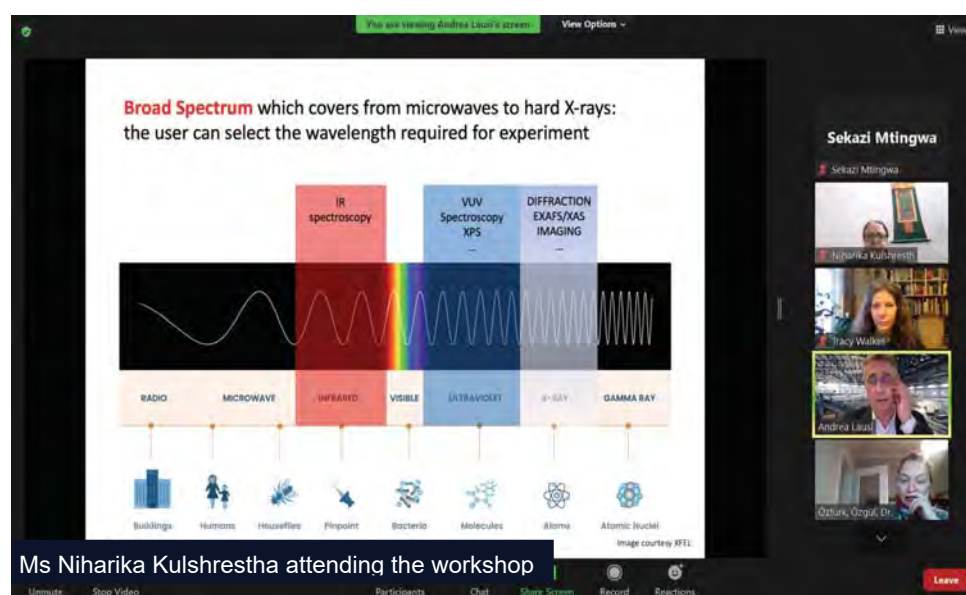
With the State Government permitting all schools to function from the 1st of February 2022, we are in eager wait as the students are all set to come to the Fort. Classes XI and XII are to report on 18 February, IX and X on 19 February and VI, VII and VIII on 20 February. The School has spared no effort to prepare for the arrival and stay of the students and is meticulously prepared to adhere to all the COVID protocols and quarantine measures to ensure their safety. Meanwhile online classes and activities have resumed on the Fort from 10 January 2022. The teaching fraternity reported to the Fort on 7 January 2022.

The Senior Group Inter House English Debate was held through Microsoft Teams from 22 January to 24 January 2022. The first eliminating round was conducted in Cambridge format in two Pools. Four Houses contested in each



pool on two different motions - 'THBT the media has become too powerful' and 'THW not give development aid to non-democratic governments.' The Houses Jeevaji, Mahadji, Madhav and Shivaji qualified for the Finals. The final round of the debate took place in the British Parliamentary format on 24 January. The motion of the debate was - 'This House would replace human judgment with computer algorithms in criminal sentencing decisions.' Jeevaji stood first in the finals in the Senior Group Inter House English Debate 2022. Vidit Gupta was adjudicated as the Best Speaker from the Proposition (Government) while Gatik Bhonwal was adjudged the Best Speaker from the Opposition. The Most Promising Award went to Keshav Dudhani.

Ms Niharika Kulshrestha attended the first SESAME synchrotron workshop for teachers from 17 January 2022 to 24 January 2022 on virtual platform. The goal of the workshop was to demonstrate how connections can be made



between first-class research facilities and high school science curriculum to be the benefit of student learning and teacher professional development.

Republic Day was celebrated on the Fort with careful social distancing. Selected members of the school fraternity came to the Madhav Pavilion and paid homage to the tricolour which was unfurled at the start of the programme. The Principal, Dr Madhav Deo Saraswat unfurled the tricolor. The brief celebration ended with the National Anthem. We missed the vibrance of the yester years which we witnessed while our boys' contingent marched shoulder to shoulder with each other. We also miss the presence of the Old Boys of the Scindian fraternity on the Fort. The Junior boys' contingent stole our hearts as they walked past the dais for the first time. The Brass Band of the School, one of the finest in the country brought back laurels to the School. With all such fond memories we ushered in a yet new year in the history of our nation with the celebration of the Republic Day.



The Principal unfurling the National Flag

किले की प्राकृतिक सुंदरता

सक्षम अग्रवाल | कक्षा 8 बी

मेरे हाउस में ब्लैकी नाम का एक कुत्ता है। हम सब लोग उससे बहुत प्यार करते हैं और मुझे तो यहाँ आए कुछ ही समय बीता है परंतु वह बहुत समय से यहाँ रह रहा है तो आइए हम आपको उससे मिलवाते हैं, देखते हैं वह क्या कहता है-

मेरा नाम ब्लैकी है। काला रंग होने के कारण बच्चों ने मेरा यह नाम रखा है। सभी बच्चे मुझसे बहुत प्यार करते हैं। मैं पिछले 15 सालों से इस किले पर रह रहा हूँ। शुरु में जब मैं यहाँ आया था तो बहुत परेशान था परंतु यहाँ की प्रकृति पशु-पक्षियों के अनुकूल है इसीलिए मैं यहाँ रह गया और अब यहाँ से जाने का मन ही नहीं करता। मुझे यहाँ हर तरह के लोग मिले। कुछ ने मुझे प्यार दिया, तो कुछ ने दुत्कारा, तो कुछ ने मुझे मारने तक का प्रयास किया परंतु वे कामयाब नहीं हो सके क्योंकि यहाँ रह रहे अच्छे लोगों की वजह से मैं बच गया।

किले की जो सबसे अच्छी बात मुझे लगती है कि यहाँ पर प्रदूषण नहीं है, बिल्कुल नहीं है। किले पर चारों तरफ पेड़-पौधे लगे हैं। लोगों ने पेड़ लगाए हैं, उनकी देखरेख की है। इन पेड़ों पर पक्षी भी रहते हैं उनको खाने-पीने के लिए मिल जाता है। यहाँ पर खाने के लिए उनको बेर, अमरूद, सीताफल आदि बहुत तरह के फल मिल जाते हैं। यहाँ पर पानी के बहुत सारे ताल हैं जहाँ से भी वे पीने के लिए स्वच्छ जल प्राप्त कर लेते हैं। यह प्रकृति का एक अद्भुत प्रदर्शन है और हम यह कह सकते हैं कि यह प्रकृति की एक बहुत बड़ी देन है।

जैसा कि मैंने पहले कहा कि पुराने समय से ही जब यह किला बन रहा था तब बहुत सारे ताल बनवाए गए थे जैसे - सूरजकुंड, कटोराताल, चेरीताल, रानीताल, धोबीताल, खम्बाताल आदि। पुराने समय में वर्षा का जल इनमें इकट्ठा करके रखा जाता था। यहाँ पर जितने हाउस हैं उनके छत का पानी भी तालों में जाता है। वर्षा के समय उस जल को इन तालों में गिराने के लिए नालियाँ बनाई गई हैं। इन हाउसों में रहने वाले बच्चे और हाउसमास्टर सभी मुझे खाना खिलाते हैं। ये लोग रोज़ कुछ न कुछ हमें खाने के लिए देते हैं जिससे हम ज़िंदा रह सकें। यहाँ पर सभी लोग पशु-पक्षियों को अपने बच्चों की तरह रखते हैं उनके नाम उनके लिए मैं उनका बच्चा हूँ न कि कुत्ता। जब मैं यहाँ आया था तब मैंने छुप-छुपकर हर हाउस को देखा। सभी हाउस के सामने बहुत सारे पेड़ लगे हैं जिसकी देखभाल की ज़िम्मेदारी हाउस के बच्चे और वहाँ रहने वाले लोग

सँभालते हैं। वहाँ अलग-अलग हाउस में चारों ओर तरह-तरह के पेड़ हैं जैसे पीपल, बरगद, पिलखन, नीम, ढाक, इमली, अमरूद, आम, शहतूत, यूकेलिप्टस आदि। वहाँ पर प्रकृति का बहुत सुंदर रूप देखने को मिलता है। मुझे लगता है कि इससे सुंदर प्रकृति मुझे देखने को और कहीं नहीं मिल सकती।

चारों तरफ हरे-भरे मैदान और हाउस घूमते हुए मुझे मेरे दोस्त भी मिले। वहाँ मैंने उस जगह पर रहने वाले दूसरे कुत्ते, बिल्ली, मोर, नेवला, साँप, कबूतर, तोते आदि और भी कई प्रकार के पशु-पक्षी देखे जो बड़े खुश थे। जब मैं उधर घूम रहा था तो किसी ने मुझे देख लिया और मेरा पीछा किया तब मैं इन्हीं पेड़ों के बीच जाकर छुप गया था। इन्हीं पेड़ों ने मेरी जान बचाई। जब मैं इन पेड़ों के बीच जंगल में जाकर छुप गया तो वहाँ का नजारा बहुत खूबसूरत था। यह हमारी धरती माता की खूबसूरती थी। फिर मैं छुपते-छुपाते गेट के बाहर आ गया तो वहाँ मैंने कई नए पौधे लगे हुए देखे जिनके चारों तरफ जालियाँ लगी हुई थीं जिससे कि वह सुरक्षित रहें। जब मैं जूनियर स्कूल की तरफ यानि अपने घर की ओर लौटा तो रास्ते में हरियाली ही हरियाली थी। सूरजकुंड पानी से भरा हुआ था, चारों ओर नए-नए पौधे लगाए गए थे। एक ट्रैक्टर के टैंकर से चारों ओर पानी दिया जा रहा था। रास्ते में मुझे कुछ गाय और बछड़े भी मिले जो वहाँ हरी-हरी घास चर रहे थे। अब मैं चुपचाप जूनियर स्कूल में दाखिल हो गया। वहाँ सभी बच्चे बहुत अच्छे से मिले, वे सभी खेल रहे थे। जूनियर स्कूल का प्राकृतिक वातावरण भी बहुत सुंदर है। उसके चारों ओर पेड़ लगे हुए हैं। यहाँ अस्ताचल पर बैठकर शाम को बच्चे डूबते हुए सूरज को प्रणाम करते हैं। जूनियर स्कूल के पीछे भी एक तालाब है जिसमें बरसात का पानी इकट्ठा होता है। यहाँ भी प्रत्येक हाउस के सामने कई पौधे लगाए गए हैं। मैं उनसे कभी छेड़खानी नहीं करता। बच्चे भी यहाँ पौधों की देखभाल करते हैं। कुल मिलाकर मैं यहाँ से कहीं जाना नहीं चाहता क्योंकि यहाँ की प्रकृति बहुत सुंदर है। यह हमें खाना देती है, पानी देती है और हमें जिंदा रखती है। इसलिए मैं कहना चाहूँगा कि यहाँ की प्रकृति और लोग मेरे बन चुके हैं, हमें इनका नुकसान नहीं करना चाहिए। हमें प्रकृति की रक्षा करनी चाहिए। आपको जहाँ जगह मिले वहीं पर एक पौधा अवश्य लगाएँ और उनकी देखभाल करें। वैसे हमें अनेक पेड़-पौधे उगाने चाहिए क्योंकि इनसे हमें सिर्फ हवा ही नहीं मिलती बल्कि इनसे हमें बहुत कुछ मिलता है। इनसे लकड़ियाँ मिलती हैं, यह प्रदूषण कम करने में हमारी मदद करती हैं। पेड़ों पर चिड़ियाँ अपना घोंसला बनाती हैं। चिड़ियों की चहचहाहट से प्रकृति और सुंदर लगती है। मैं आपसे बस इतना ही कहना चाहता हूँ कि पर्यावरण को बचाएँ, जीवन को बचाएँ ! अपने घर से ही इसकी शुरुआत करें। किले को और विद्यालय को सुंदर बनाएँ।

मैं वर्षों से खड़ा बरगद का वृक्ष हूँ!

अर्णव जोशी | कक्षा 8 ए

मैं वर्षों से खड़ा बरगद का वृक्ष हूँ। जिसने सिंधिया स्कूल को बनते देखा है। न जाने मैं कितने वर्षों से किले पर हूँ। मैंने अपने आप आसपास हो रही चीजों को ध्यान से देखा है। जब स्कूल सबसे पहले बनकर तैयार हुआ था - उसका नाम था "सरदार स्कूल" परंतु जब यह विद्यालय किले पर आया तब इसका नाम सिंधिया स्कूल पड़ा। यहाँ कई राजा-महाराजा अपने बच्चों को पढ़ने के लिए भेजा करते थे तभी से मैं लगातार इन्हें देखता रहा हूँ।

मेरे पास कई सारी जड़ें हैं जिनके ऊपर लंबी डालियाँ हैं, वहाँ पर कई चिड़ियों के घोंसले हैं। यह सभी पक्षी दिन भर घूम-फिरकर शाम को फिर से मेरे ऊपर बने घोंसले में आ जाते हैं। शाम को तो इनकी चहचहाहट और भी तेज हो जाती है, ऐसा लगता है कि यह सभी आपस में एक दूसरे से दिन भर की बातें कर रही हो। ऐसी बातें केवल चिड़ियाँ ही नहीं यहाँ रहने वाले सभी बच्चे भी करते हैं। शुरु-शुरु में तो जब भी स्कूल के छात्र मेरे नीचे से गुजरते थे, मैं उनकी बातें सुना करता था पर उनकी बातें समझ में नहीं आती थी फिर भी कान लगाकर सुनने का प्रयास करता था। धीरे-धीरे मैं उनकी भाषा को थोड़ा-थोड़ा समझने लगा और अब कुछ सालों से मैं अच्छे से हिंदी समझने लगा हूँ। कभी वह खेल की बातें करते, कभी हाउस में करने वाले शरारतों के बारे में बात करते तो कभी अपने घर परिवार या माता-पिता के बारे में, वे अपने माता-पिता को

पत्र भी लिखते थे इसलिए बच्चे अक्सर मेरी जड़ों के पास रखे हुए "लेटर बॉक्स" में पत्र डालने आया करते थे। कई बार वे अकेले आते और कई बार अपने दोस्तों के साथ मिलकर आते। वे आपस में बातें करते रहते और मैं उनकी बातें बहुत ध्यान से सुना करता।

एक दिन तो दो बच्चे मेरे नीचे बनी एक दीवाल पर आकर बैठ गए, वे मेरे बारे में बातें कर रहे थे। उस वक्त मुझे अपने बारे में ऐसी बातें पता चली जो मैं स्वयं नहीं जानता था। बाकी पेड़ों की तुलना में मैं दो गुना अधिक प्राणवायु देता हूँ, साथ-साथ कई पशु-पक्षियों के लिए मैं घर भी हूँ। मैं बहुत सारी आयुर्वेदिक दवाइयों में काम आता हूँ और मेरे पत्ते दाँत के लिए बहुत अच्छे होते हैं। मैंने अपने बारे में कई सारी बातें जानी। भारतीय संस्कृति में वृक्षों पर देवताओं का वास माना गया है इसलिए उन्हें काटा नहीं जाता और उनकी पूजा की जाती है परंतु मेरे एक मित्र ने बताया कि किले के नीचे लोग प्रकृति का मूल्य नहीं समझते और बहुत कूड़ा-कचरा फेंकते हैं। यह सुनकर मैं हैरान हो गया क्योंकि स्कूल के अंदर सबसे ज्यादा ध्यान प्रकृति और साफ-सफाई पर दिया जाता है।

इस विद्यालय ने इतने वर्षों से अनगिनत पेड़ लगाए हैं और प्रकृति की सहायता की है। मैं आप सभी से निवेदन करता हूँ कि आप सभी प्रकृति को बचाने में अपना योगदान दें। यदि आप प्रकृति का संरक्षण करेंगे तो आपका जीवन स्वस्थ रहेगा और जब आपका जीवन स्वस्थ रहेगा तो आप आनंद में रहेंगे इसलिए मैं कहना चाहता हूँ पेड़ लगाएँ और जीवन बचाएँ।

Pole Vault

Mr Sandeep Agrawal | Ex-Shivaji, 1980

The whole World watched in awe as he leapt into the air to clear that magical height of somewhat over six meters, and let go of the pole that had helped propel him there. It was an exhilarating experience for him. The cool wind was in his hair, and a rush of adrenalin in his chest. He just had that micro-second to decide on when to exit from the comfort zone of the fiberglass rod that he held in his hand, and attain the final height that would catapult him to international fame in the next few moments. And, as he let it go, he knew for sure that success awaited him with open arms at the other end of the bar.

It was a huge leap, and the crowd roared with approval. The bar was cleared with a millimeter to spare, and history was created then and there. As he landed on the mat, there was a broad grin of victory on his face. He jumped up, while simultaneously making the 'V'-sign with his fingers. Photographers rushed to the spot. Accolades followed one after the other. Hugs were exchanged. He was ecstatic at his achievement as years of training had finally paid off. He gave a long look at the pole which had helped him achieve this feat, picked it up, and kissed it lovingly.

For, it was that very pole which had propelled him up and high, where no man had ever reached before. The one that he had to let go of, at the very last moment; that crucial moment of glory when he was about to sail over the bar which lay between him and the fame that would soon adorn him. It had fulfilled its duty, as it could do only that much, and no more. Knowing also that it would be relegated to relative obscurity, after its owner had hurtled unbridled into the skies, gaining those extra, vital inches which would make him a winner forever.

This is our story too – Yours and mine equally. Each one of us faces such situations wherein we are compelled to let go of our anchors, and sail into the vast ocean, losing sight of the shores. These anchors may be our children or assured jobs, parental homes or childhood friends. Can we really cling on to them forever? Or, must we not release ourselves, and our loved ones from these bondages, thereby allowing each one to grow according to individual destinies, and singularly recognizable capabilities, in hitherto undiscovered fields?

As we witness farewell embraces at drop-off points, we accept that separation is often vital for growth, nay, a catalyst for it. It is somewhat akin to a ripe fruit falling off a tree, to germinate into a seed which would produce another tree, maybe even larger than the original one. For, not many plants thrive in the shade. They need their own share of sunlight, which requires them to burst out on their own, and reach for the vast open skies.

As do all of us, and our children too. It is for us to release them at an appropriate time, having inculcated within them an independent thinking mind, which allows them to make their own decisions, and find their own paths, or create some where none exist. For, they shall then come out from underneath the umbrella that has shielded them hitherto, and attempt to create their own signature dance in the rain showers of life.

This is the law of nature, which does not permit perpetual nets of safety, in comforting cocoons. It propagates growth for each living being, on its own terms, and as per its own fate. Humans have made certain exceptions in their living norms, which expect that loved ones would reunite at certain times of need which they surely do in times of sickness or celebration. It is for us to have faith that this shall happen with us too, at appropriate times.

We must therefore learn to let go at that right moment – Of people, of comfort zones, of possessions, or even emotions. Anger, jealousy, arrogance, insecurity, regrets, etc. are some negative emotions that we need to shed, as they may be second skin to some, who perceiving them as extremely normal human traits refuse to let them go, even after witnessing their adverse consequences.

So, what is to be done?

Just go on to the terrace
 A kite you'd like to fly
 Clutching upon the slender string
 You see it fluttering nigh.

Tiptoeing on a breezy wind
 And prancing like a bee
 Waiting for its chance to soar
 A sight you'd like to see.

Wishing a wish to fly it higher
 There's a simple thing to do
 Let loose your grip upon the cord
 And up it shoots on cue.

This is the story of our lives
 A lesson or two to know
 Let shackles go and chains unlock
 To see each one grow!

Free the pigeons from their cages
 Slacken the hold on your baby dove
 Let them fly, and let them soar
 'Tis the message of universal love.

प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी है!

नमन दुआ | कक्षा 7 ए

प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी है,
 यह लगती हमको प्यारी है।
 कभी बरसता पानी
 तो कहीं बहती नदियाँ हैं,
 कहीं शांति सरोवर है
 तो कहीं पेड़ों की परछाइयाँ हैं।
 है प्रकृति का यह रूप अनोखा,
 कभी नहीं यह देती धोखा।
 कभी चलती साँय-साँय हवा
 तो कभी मौन हो जाती है।
 छूती है हम सब को यह,
 कभी नजर नहीं आती है।
 कभी हो जाता गगन नीला, लाल और पीला,
 कभी बरसते बादल तो कर जाते धरती गीला।
 कभी गगन काले,
 सफेद बादलों से घिर जाता है।
 बरसते हुए पानी में खेलने में मजा भी आता है।
 यह सब लगती हमको प्यारी है
 इसलिए प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी है।

OBITUARIES

With profound grief we regret to announce the loss of an eminent Old Boy, Wing Commander (Retd) Dr Nandan Khanolkar (Ex-Ja, 1958) S/O Mr NL Khanolkar, a popular English teacher at The Scindia School. A thorough gentleman and a humble soul, Sr. Mr Khanolkar had taken the initiative to bring out the first ever 'Review'. Over the years, Dr N Khanolkar, had been a regular visitor to the School. A renowned eye specialist, he regularly organized an Eye Camp in the School, with the Service League Team which consisted of teachers and students. He extended his service and care even to the villagers from Sonsa, who were also tested for eye problems in the camp. His loss will be felt by the entire Scindian community. Our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family!



With profound grief we inform you of the passing away of Mr Shashikant Muchrikar (Ex-Ja, 1958). Our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family!

We are grieved to inform you of the demise of Mr Shreyance Cebastian Shaw (Ex-Mj, 2006). Our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family!

Wing Comdr. Nandan Khanolkar

Mr Amar Nath Dar | Ex-Ranoji, Class of '58

To the best of my knowledge, Nandan Kagal was the first editor from Scindia in a national newspaper. After all, he was also the editor of The Review. Not surprisingly then, Mr Khanolkar named his son Nandan.

A few days back, when I got a call from Deepika Tandon that Nandan Khanolkar was no more, I did not register it. So, I called her up again in the evening and she repeated the sad news. It was something I was not prepared for.

Nandan was my first childhood friend both on the Fort and The Scindia School. I was lucky that it was so. I owe much to him and his parents in many ways. I wish I had preceded him in my journey to God for he would write a much better obituary on me as he was so much better than me in English language! No wonder it was so because his father, Nishi Kant Khanolkar, was my teacher of English and History. His father, who had taken his degree from Ujjain, loved reading and writing and had a rich collection of books. Nandan inherited this love of books and reading. I was nowhere Nandan's level.

Mr Khanolkar ran the Review all the years that he was in Scindia since the time he started it. He even wrote for it, staged plays and took us out for bird-watching on the Fort and beyond it. Nandan and I often accompanied his father on these outings.

As kids, we flew kites, played hide and seek, marbles, gulli-danda, pittu (shitolia/laghorla/seven tiles) and tennis-ball cricket on a vacant patch in front of our house. He was my closest neighbour, just across the road with only a tennis court in between Ranoji House and the Quarter closest to the school Sickroom.

It was great fun going to his home. His mother always dressed in a white sari, always entertained me with 'chakli' made by her on a bucket chullah covered with clay, while she would be squatting on the floor in her simple kitchen. Water would be served in copper tumblers from a clay pot. They were not the days of fancy glasses and refrigerators! She was ever smiling and loving. I always wondered how she and her husband went regularly on their evening walks but my parents never did so. My elder sister, being a friend of Nandan's elder sister, Shubha, picked up her Marathi quickly. So, you can see that we kids bonded well.

When Nandan and I became classmates, I found him way ahead of me in every way. He was an alert mind and quick and clear in his grasp as also fluent in his expression – both written and spoken. No wonder, Nandan, like Jawahar Dar made it into Gwalior Medical College like two other schoolmates of mine. When I had become a schoolmaster, my mother even remarked, "What good has been your education? Look, Nandan and Jawahar have become doctors."

How was I to explain to my mother that even my father was a schoolmaster and so were Nandan's father and also Jawahar's. Nandan's father, like my father was my inspiration to be a schoolmaster!

With time, Nandan went on to join the Indian Air Force to become their leading ophthalmologist. I had the privilege of being attended to by him for my eyes in



Eye Camp at our Health Centre

Noida in his clinic. It was such a professional set up. Some other people who, too, secured his professional attention spoke most warmly about him.

At school on one occasion in our final year during the inter-house cricket matches, I thought I was a hero as I had scored 102 on the Oval Ground. After my match, I learnt that Nandan had scored 142 on the neighbouring Pavilion ground in his match for Jayaji House. He went on to represent the Services in cricket. In another match he was again a hero but in football on the Race-Course (now LNIPE), in our match against the Police, Nandan as our outside left beat their keeper with a long swinging kick. After the game, some of their players even remarked, "Bhaiya, we will now lose our job as you schoolboys have beaten us!" He was not just an all round sportsman but fair and sporting in life.

My last meeting was with him three years back in Goa when he came here with his daughter, son in law and grand-daughter to celebrate his grand-daughter's 21st birthday. My entire family went to the venue and were received with traditional Indian courtesies. In fact, Nandan stayed with us the whole time. We were really touched by his affection and courtesies.

If my elder sister is hale and hearty today, it is because of Nandan. She was suffering from severe backache and had been advised spinal surgery that she refused. As luck would have it, Nandan recommended her to a retired air marshal who had undergone training in aqua pressure in China. With just 15 sessions, my sister started walking and at 85 she is working energetically.

During my tenure as the head of Scindia and, even later on, Nandan helped with eye-camps for the karmcharis and Sonsa people: All social work. Not surprisingly, Nandan was invited as the Chief Guest by SOBA for their annual function – and he deserved it fully.

I was at dinner in the city, when I got a call from Nirmal Tewari to tell me that G.S. Bakshi was down with Dengu outside AIIMS but was not getting any bed. Well, I drove back and rang up Nandan who told me not to worry. He was able to get a room for Bakshi. Later on, when Anirudh Sharma and Deepak Tandon were hospitalised after a road accident, Nandan visited them almost daily. That was truly Nandan – A fine human being.

May his soul rest in peace!

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