

THE BARNICLE

AUGUST 1961



THE MAGAZINE
OF
BARNES HIGH SCHOOL
DEOLALI

Barnes High School,
Deolali, Sept. 10th, 1961.

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THE BARNICLE

AUGUST 1961

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EDITORIAL

Many of you attend athletics meetings in which sometimes the Marathon race is run. You admire the runner who comes in first. But do you know the history of the Marathon? You will find it in the article, The Marathon... I, by J. L. Singh.

Are you like a watch? Do you really exist? Or are you just the creation of someone's imagination? You may ask yourself if this is some sort of puzzle. Well if you wish to find out what it's all about, The Watchmaker by S. Dalal will tell you.

We all have what we like to call big moments in our lives, like the boxer who is fighting the biggest fight of his career. If you want to read about another big moment, turn to The Greatest Moment Of My Life, by Indira Nathani.

There are several more of such articles and accounts of various activities during the Term, that you may find of interest to read.

The cost is not much... just a little of your valuable time.

The Greatest Moment of My Life

Every one, rich or poor has sometime or the other experienced a great moment in his life.

In the February papers all had read about Queen Elizabeth's visit to India. It seemed to be the talk of the town.

On Thursday the 23rd of February we went to school as usual. At the assembly we had some surprising news waiting for us. We of course did not suspect or expect anything unusual.

After all the announcements our Head Master said, "Tomorrow will be a holiday". These few words dumbfounded me because the next day being Friday was not a bank holiday or anything of the sort. I wondered at this, but before I could let my thoughts go astray, Mr. Coles, our Head Master explained that the Queen had arrived in Bombay and there was a special invitation for him (The Head Master) to go and shake hands with her.

He said that the students of Standards X and XI could go to Bombay if they wished provided we made our own arrangements.

That was sufficient! The whole day in class we discussed our plans. It was decided that we were to leave for Bombay at night by the Bhusaval Passenger at 10.50 p. m.

All had gathered at the station. The Staff Members with us were Mr. and Mrs. Fernandes, Mrs. Gonsalves and Mr. Newbold.

Our train was late but we enjoyed every minute at the station listening to records, which were brought by one of our class pupils.

We finally boarded the train and steamed out of Devlali. The journey was pleasant. We arrived at V. T. Station at 5 o'clock in the morning.

After having our tea at the station we walked to the Seamen's Club. It was six in the morning. All of us were standing in front of the gate. We looked around to find that we were the first group to arrive at the place.

We asked a man if the Queen would visit the Club. He said 'Yes' We also found out that she would arrive at 10.45 a. m. That gave us approximately four and a half hours to wait and expect her.

The time passed nicely because we had the company of an American who lived in this Club. He was quite interested in us and spoke quite a bit about himself.

As time passed more and more people arrived and in the meantime the roads had been washed and cleaned.

Being the first to arrive we had occupied the best place from where we could get a good view.

Cars came and went. Many people were now packing into the club. They were only the members and those who had passes to enter. As we had nothing to do we passed the time by looking at the people who entered the club. Many young men came in. There were many foreigners who had cameras around their necks, and were dressed in tight pants which is the fashion.

Then a lady arrived with a large and beautiful bouquet of flowers. The time for

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From Duck Pond to Swimming Pool

A small stream starting from Surprise Hill enters our School compound at its N. W. corner, winds along past the Power House with its lake and continues to run parallel to our Northern boundary till it finally leaves the compound near the servants' quarters. It passes under the Irish bridge on the School road and eventually joins the Darna river which is itself a tributary of the Godavari, one of the great rivers of India.

When the School was built in 1925, part of the stream was walled in to a length of 187 feet and dammed at each end to a width of 31 feet to make a swimming bath. The shallow end is three feet deep and the floor slopes gently to four and half feet at the deep end. Who first nicknamed the bath the "Duck Pond" nobody knows but that is what it has been called all these years.

Even by the standards of to-day it is a long bath, more than the fifty metres of the regulation Olympic baths where world Championships are decided. But there comparison must end. It is narrow in proportion to its length and the shallow depth even at the deep end has made impossible anything but surface dives. For more ambitious diving we have used the Quarries at the back of Candy Greaves Block. That is, when there has been a good monsoon and sufficient depth of water which does not happen every year. Even when it does, the diving season has always been short, not much more than a month or so, usually at the end of July and in August.

Another drawback, the biggest of all has been that the bath could only be used for part of the year for the stream which fills it depends on the monsoon. With the first big storm, at the end of May sometimes, but

usually not till the second half of June the bath fills up and can be used most years till December. After that the stream dries up and the bath with it till the next monsoon rains which means that for six months we cannot swim just in the hottest part of the year when we really would appreciate a cooling dip. There have been times when the bath has not filled till September and others when a lull in the rains has caused the level to drop and the water to become stagnant.

A third drawback has been that there is rarely any clean, clear water. The rains bring down mud and rubbish to start with, the water has always been chocolate coloured, and the floor has been covered with a layer of slime and silt several inches deep. The water settles after a time and can look almost clear—until we start swimming. Then the slush is churned up again. Judges at the swimming sports have not always been certain whether some of the weaker swimmers have not taken an occasional push off from the bottom to help them along because they have not been able to see clearly through the muddy water. When the stream is in spate the water rushes through the bath and pours over the lower dam with the force of a torrent. One length races then, with the current, have been exceptionally fast making timings of little use for comparison between champions of different years.

Lastly we have never had any good dressing rooms fitted as they should be with showers, lavatories and pegs for hanging cloths.

Yet, with all its faults, how many hundreds of children have loved the Duck Pond! It

has been an immense source of enjoyment, a place of fun and frolic and a nursery where at one time we used to pride ourselves that every boy and girl used to learn to swim. There we have held our annual Inter-House Swimming sports year after year and roared ourselves hoarse at the Inter-House relays. Excitement has come sometimes when water-snakes have joined in our races.

However it was inevitable that our minds should turn to possible improvements and that when compared with the growing number of modern public and private baths in Bombay and elsewhere, our bath's limitations, a short season, dirty water, no facilities for diving and no changing rooms, should be more and more keenly felt.

Ten years ago, in 1950, we conceived the idea of building an entirely new bath on the southern slopes facing the Railway between Candy-Greaves block and the old miniature rifle shooting range. A basin of black cotton soil which always looked greener than the rest of the compound even in the driest weather, seemed to indicate water and ease of excavation. The presence of water was confirmed by the Rev. D. G. Stevens with his gift for divining. A spot was selected and the first seven feet of well were dug out by the bigger boys. Then we came to solid rock and handed over the digging to professionals. They blasted down to 28 feet but without a sign of water. Meanwhile the boys and sometimes the girls began excavating for the bath which was to be twenty-five yards long by ten yards wide. A great deal of enthusiasm and hard work was put in but with no sign of water in the well, interest gradually waned and the work finally stopped. Perhaps we gave up too soon. Perhaps we should have found water if we had gone deeper—there are local wells of forty and fifty feet. But we had no more money and abandoned the scheme permanently.

Nine years later in 1959 we began another effort. To start with we decided we must raise money. We collected donations from parents and friends and Old Students. We organised elaborate fetes in 1959 and 1960. We have run dances, a cinema show, a Staff play and made many other efforts to collect sufficient funds. By April this year we had raised Rs. 12,500. As money came in there was incessant planning of new sites and new baths but at last we have decided to keep the Old Duck Pond for the sake of tradition. The Duck Pond, but with improvements...with a "New Look"

Our final plan is calculated to overcome all the faults of the old bath. First, to have clean water to swim in. For this we have opened up and enlarged an old well on the North bank of the Bath which had been filled in before the School was built. This time we have been lucky and even at the driest time of the year, and after a poor monsoon in 1960, water began to trickle in at a depth of 8 feet. Now we have gone down 28 feet and a lot of water is welling up from the bottom. When the water is 20 feet deep as it is, the well holds some 25,000 gallons which we shall pump into the Bath at the rate of 12,500 gallons per day. At the same time we plan to let out 12,000 gallons of stale water daily so that within a week there will be a complete change. We are also re-opening a second well on the South side under the three old mango trees. Indications are that we shall get as much water in this well as in the one on the North side. We have divided the old Bath into two sections with a wall across the middle. The shallow end will be for small children and non-swimmers and the deeper end for serious swimming. It will be 25 metres long and will be used for competitions.

Stage two combines the using up of the stones and earth that have come out of the wells and making of the surroundings into a show place with walled terraces, gardens

and trees, fenced all around so that stray cattle and unauthorised visitors cannot get in.

Next we have to build storm water drains and raise the level of the dam at the shallow end so that the muddy monsoon water does not come in. These drains will be along the sides of the bath under the lowest terrace and will divert the water into the stream beyond the bath. This is a big undertaking and will be expensive, but it is essential if we are to have the bath we want. Then we will build changing rooms with showers and lavatories, one for boys and one for girls, with a small storeroom in the middle where the gardener-cum-caretaker can keep his tools and implements.

Lastly we shall construct a diving pool beyond the present deep end. We shall blast away the rock of the stream's bed to a depth of 10 feet and enclose the pool with a new dam and side walls so that we have a really deep square 30 feet long, 30 feet

wide. Only strong, well experienced swimmers will be allowed to use this part.

When will all this be complete? Our time-table is as follows:- June 1961, North well complete, pump installed, terraces on N. and S. sides completed; gardens and trees planted; and the whole area fenced in. December/January 1962, well on S. side completed, pump installed, storm water drains and dressing rooms completed. May 1962 Diving pool constructed, diving boards etc. erected; **June 10th 1962** inauguration of the complete, re-constructed and improved Swimming Pool—alas! We shall no longer be able to call it the "Duck Pond."

But, and it is a big "BUT". We shall need a lot more money even if we do a good deal of coolie work ourselves as we should do. Possibly it will cost about Rs 30,000, which is more than double what we have now. Perhaps our Society will be able to help us. Even then there is a big effort we still have to make.

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the arrival of the Queen was approaching. The traffic was brought to a stop, and the policemen were having a difficult time controlling the restless crowd.

Finally the moment arrived. First a motor cycle squad, with siren wailing, appeared around the corner. We all craned our necks to see. Then followed a cream coloured open convertible on the top seat of which were seated the Queen and the Duke.

Oh, what a sight it was! The Queen was dressed in a jade green dress with a big white collar, white gloves and a white hat. The Duke was in a charcoal grey suit. They waved to the cheering crowd. Their car was followed by several other cars.

Though they were about twenty yards away, yet we were able to get a good view. The Queen and the Duke got down and after shaking hands with the people at the door of the club they went in.

We stood there for fifteen anxious minutes after which the Queen and the Duke reappeared at the door and got into the car. The procession slowly disappeared around the corner. What excitement there was! It is beyond description. The crowd dispersed after ten minutes.

Seeing the Queen was the greatest moment of my life, and it will be green in my memory forever.

—INDIRA NATHANI
Std. XI

Founder's Day

On the 19th February we celebrated what is our first big event of the year, Founder's Day. The previous day there was much 'spit and polish' for this is also the occasion when the Bishop of Bombay pays a visit to the school.

There was much excitement that morning. The day started with a voluntary Holy Communion Service at 7-30 a.m. By the time this was over the day scholars had arrived. At 9 o'clock the whole school filed into the chapel for the Founder's Day Service. As usual it was a simple but solemn Service. There was an innovation this year in that the Lessons were read by the Head Boy and Head Girl.

After the Service gave over the Staff and pupils entered the Assembly Hall where the Headmaster officially welcomed the Bishop.

He was followed by the Head Boy and Head Girl carrying the school Banner. They in turn were followed by the House Captains carrying their House banners.

When all had taken their places the Bishop performed the investiture of the prefects. The Headmaster gave a short talk in which

he called upon the prefects to remember that they had been chosen as the leaders of the school and that they must endeavour to the best of their abilities to fulfil their obligations. They had been chosen because the school had full confidence in them, and they should not betray that trust.

When the Headmaster had finished speaking the Bishop spoke a few words to the school in which he stressed the importance of building a strong character for it was on that that the ultimate success and progress of a country depended.

That evening the prefects were invited to have tea with the Bishop and Headmaster. It was a pleasant little gathering, and the Bishop made himself at home with everyone. When tea was over the prefects accompanied the Bishop in his tour of the Blocks. He was pleased with what he saw, and complimented the Prefects on the cleanliness and order in their dormitories.

This ended the day, the day to which the school looks forward every year.

—PANKAJ PATEL.

The Watch Maker

So! You are interested!! I know you are, or you would'nt have bothered to look at this article. Now I suppose, after judging from the title, you'll want me to tell you all about watches; and how to repair them, so that you can save some money. If that's what you expected you're going to be really disappointed.

I'm not going to tell you how to make watches—not at all. If you're no longer interested, open the magazine to another page—and forget all about this article. But if your curiosity nudges you on, then don't hesitate to read this.

Ah! I see. You are curious. Good. I hope I can make your curiosity pay off. See if it will benefit you in any way.

Now since you have gone so deep into this article, my advice is—carry on. First, put a book mark on this page, close the magazine and go get yourself a pair of watches. Good ones—mind you, in perfect working order—watches which have a large second hand. You've only got one? Then borrow another. Don't worry I won't ask you to open them and tinker around with the machinery, or even experiment with them. I only want you to look at them.

Got the watches? Good. Now you're too deep in this thing to leave. You must carry on. No. Its not black magic or hypnotism. Its just a little proof to prove a big fact. Now watch those big hands moving. See how they travel—slow and steady—tick, tick, tick.....at the same speed.

Now compare the speed of one second hand with the other, Do they both not travel at the same speed? Yes they do. Their

timing is perfect. Now would you believe me if I told you that this rhythmic timing was the outcome of mere coincidence, or that the hands moved as they did because of gravity or atmospheric pressure and other things of that sort, all those big and complicated scientific terms that scientists use? Why, you would tell me that I had over-worked and was talking bosh, and I needed rest. Well, I ask you, how does a watch work as perfectly as it does? Why? Because it was made that way.

But who made it? The watchmaker of course. But I tell you... Bosh! Nonsense! There is no such thing as a watchmaker. It's all just imagination. There is no person in existence like a watchmaker. He's just your creation. The watch is made by nature.

Now you'll be convinced that I am crazy...that I have not one but many bees in my bonnet. Why, some of my rich friends might even suggest to me a paid trip to Thana. I thank them heartily for their generosity...only it's not me thats only repeating what the wise the men of today are saying, and I call you mad for believing it. You don't? I'll prove that you do.

Look at these watches in front of you. Stare at them...hard...harder... concentrate...yes, now all you can see is a watch. You are no longer interested in the surroundings. Now, close your eyes. Let your imagination run. Imagine that watch becomming large...bigger...still bigger...and still bigger. It grows and grows like the magic beanstalk until it fills the whole universe...the cosmos. The pivot of those

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The Marathon

An astounding feat was accomplished by a Greek runner when he ran from the army at Marathon to Athens with the news of "Victory". He had just arrived at the Acropolis, when he fell dead; uttering only one word, "Victory." The great feat has now given its name to one of the most classical events in the Olympics, namely, the Marathon race. This great race, a real test of human endurance and stamina, has its results awaited more than any other event in this great festival of Sport. "The Olympic Games." This incredible race, consisting of 26 miles 385 yards, run on metalled road, will never die out in the heart of man and will be the most astounding event, as long as the Olympics last on the face of this miraculous planet of ours. It has created in the Olympics the true sign of Friendship between the minds of Sportsmen and their Motherland.

It was on the last day of the first Olympics when the host nation, Greece, had something to talk about. Her three competitors made a clean sweep of the Marathon. Spiridon Loeu, shepherd from Athens, was the lucky man to breast the tape first. But never again has Greece been placed so highly in the Olympic Games. This began an era of Marathon races which will never end if friendship and unity remain on the face of this plant. After this race the Marathon was picked up by more people and it became the most glorious race in the Olympic Games.

In the next Olympics in 1900 (Paris was given the honour of holding them this time) the Marathon race was almost unsupervised, and malicious tongues insisted that the winner Michael Theota, a Paris Baker's

boy, knew the short cuts to the winning post just too well! In spite of this the Marathon remained a race, serious for some, humorous for some, too long for others, but to most minds it showed the standard of Olympics and the glory of modern sport.

Once again a Marathon runner was the hero of the show (1004 St Louis, U. S. A.) the Cuban postman, Felix Carvajal. He did not change into running cloths, for the simple reason, he had none. He contented himself by cutting short his shirt sleeves and trousers. Carvajal came fourth. Two Kaffirs from Africa finished ninth & twelfth, but one of them held a much greater chance of getting a better place had he not been chased off his course by a dog. 14 of the 31 runners finished this gruelling distance with J. T. Hicks (U. S. A.) ending in an anti-climax. When he crossed the finishing line (having been sustained by doses of strychnine on the way, it is said) he found that another American, F. Larz, had already been proclaimed winner. Later it was exposed that Larz had covered about 11 miles in a car. The U.S.A.A.U. suspended Larz for this.

The 1908 Olympics in London were marked with great races such as the sprints, and the 800 metres time of 1 min. 52.8 sec. by Sheppard of Britian was considered incredible by all who didn't see him. But yet again the Marathon stole the picture. It was a great and memorable race in the history of Sport. Everyone remembered the name of Italy's Dorando Pietri, the man who lost it, but only experts remember the name of Hayes, the winner. Dorando reached the stadium first after covering 26 gruelling miles in a hot climate; but in a

state of collapse, he was helped over the finishing line. It took a lot of time for the judges to make up their minds but finally the race was awarded to Hayes, the American. This enraged the London crowd so much that a casualty was expected but fortunately nothing happened according to expectations.

The Games of 1912 showed great improvement in organisation, and the Marathon proved to be a very thrilling race. McArthur, the man to finish the toilsome distance first, won it by a glass of water. This stout South African policeman and his countryman, Gitsham stopped to drink a glass of water but McArthur decided to forego his draught; he ran on and won. The Portuguese, Lazaro, died of sun stroke while trying to cover the toilsome, tiring distance. This was a great race; incredible, some said. McArthur retained a time of 2 hr. 36 min. 54.8 sec. a grand achievement in those days. It was considered super human to have a timing better than 2 hr. 40 min., but McArthur established an Olympic record in winning the event. A Finn, Hannes Kolehmainen, was the first to get the long distance double in the 5000 and the 10,000 meters The 1912 games were on the whole record breaking. Great achievements were seen everywhere. Kolehmainen crowned his triumphs in these games by winning the Marathon in the next Games (i.e. in 1920;) In 1916 the games were not held due to the war.

The Olympics from 1924-36 were slump period for the Marathon. The races were exciting but they were over shadowed by other great performances. In 1924 the great runner Paavo Nurmi of Finland shortened the gap between human and superhuman. He showed what a man can be at his best. Within an hour he won the 5000 and 1500 metres. He also triumphed in the punishing cross country race and the first man home in the 3000 metres team race. His countryman Stenroos, who trium-

phed in the Marathon was not much of a favourite with the crowd, although he may have been if Nurmi had not participated in these Games. Stenroos was 40.

In 1928, the Marathon was considered a side event only, and all eyes were on Nurmi who had again participated. However, Nurmi could win only one 'gold' to make his tally of 'golds' in the Olympic Games 7. (He won two in 1920). Ritola, his countrymen, beat him in the 500 metres and he yielded the other events to younger opponents. Incidentally, Ritola had won the 10,000 metres in 1924, thus depriving Nurmi of five 'gold' in these games. Nurmi had finished second.

In 1932, the Marathon retained some of its past glory and Zabala of Argentina, won the race by a "Marathon photo finish" his opponent being twelve yards behind him when he crossed the line. This is something rare, i.e. to see the first and second runners at the same time on the track, in a Marathon race.

1936, and this time Jessie Owens, the immortal negro from the United States, put Zabala's in the Marathon into obscurity. Owen repeated Nurmi's feat of winning four 'golds' in one Games. He triumphed in 100, 200 metres, the long jump. and he was a member of the victorious 4X100 metres U. S. team.

In 1940 and 1944 the Games were not held due to the war.

In 1948, London again, the Marathon regained all its former glory and power. Fanny Blanken Koen, Holland's Wonder Woman became the first lady to win four 'golds' and Zatopek dominated the long distance races (He won the 10,000 metres and was second to Reiff of Belgium in the 5000 metres), but the Marathon surpassed all other events in its glory. Here we get a good example of "History repeating itself".

40 years back London had staged a dramatic race when Dorando was the unlucky man to lose. This time it was Gailly of Belgium. The race began in the sultry heat of the afternoon and the brave Belgium, defying all the heat and exhaustion, put up a wonderful show. Just about half past five Gailly entered the stadium well nigh exhausted and barely able to drag one foot after the other. Less than 500 yards away was the Olympic Crown, waiting to be grasped. Hardly had he taken half a dozen steps around the Wembley tracks, when another figure entered, Cabrera of Argentina. Cabrera had no difficulty in overtaking his

gallant but tired opponent. Richards of Britain also took part in this incredible Marathon photo finish by beating Gailly. It was really the most memorable effort by Gailly.

I would like to give an account of the three remaining races, i.e. in 1952, 56 and 60, but lack of space prevents me from doing that. I hope you have enjoyed the above account and will enjoy the account of the remaining races in the next issue of the magazine.

—JATINDER L. SINGH
Standard IX.

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hands is how a blazing sun, the hands are changed to planets, and the dial is now a speckled void. But still those faithful hands keep time. Where one complete revolution formerly took sixty seconds, it now takes a year, but it is steady and permanent. It needs no winding. And it is the same with the other planets. Yet you have put this down to either coincidence or to things like gravity and pressure and centrifugal force, Now do you not say this? Then does it not boil down to the fact that even a watch was made by Nature, just as the Universe?

No if only you'd realise the truth. This cosmos, this Universe, is all the creation of an Almighty Maker who made this clock of the universe, and who made you. And yet, how many of you truly believe that He really exists? All of you think that He's just a creation of His mind. Do you believe in him? Do you believe that the watchmaker exists? You do. Then kneel down and

thank Him for making you, for He gave you birth, and He can destroy you. Kneel down and pray. Now, and every night. Thank Him, for to live you must satisfy Him, just as the watch must satisfy the maker.

Ah, I see. Some of you are still not convinced of His existence. He's still just my imagination. Well, you're wrong. If He doesn't exist then you don't either. Because He exists just as much as the watchmaker, and you exist just as much as the watchmaker too, for the watchmakers are from among you. He doesn't exist. No? Then do you? Aren't you a figment of someone's imagination? You aren't? Then prove it. Prove you exist. You've proved it? Then the same proof can be applied to prove that the Almighty Watchmaker lives... a life that will never end.

—SAM DALAL
Std. XI

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the National Hero of India

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru the present Premier of the Republic of India can be considered a national hero. He is the spearhead of the Indian community. He was rightly summoned to the post of Premiership because of his sacrifices financially and physically for the freedom of our country. He being the son of a millionaire could easily have lived a luxurious life but he preferred the harder life.

He was born in an aristocrat family at Allahabad on the 14th November, 1889. The early part of his life was spent in his home town, Jawaharlal was brought up in a palatial home in which he had his own private swimming pool, tennis court, riding arena and servants at his disposal. His primary education was imparted to him at his own residence by private tutors because his parents approved of no school for their son. He was taught English, Sanskrit, Hindi, Urdu and Persian but he had a special liking for English and Urdu. He was fondled very much by all, especially by his mother who considered him too handsome a boy to be beaten and too sweet a child to be scolded. so much so that she considered him the best son any mother could ever wish to possess.

After his secondary education he was sent to England in 1905 at the age of sixteen to study at Harrow. Here he was taught all that a son of a nobleman should know. While in England he observed a great deal of racial discrimination against Asians and Africans in railway compartments, restaurants, theatres and in public parks, which he resolved to oppose in India if an opportunity was given to him when India became an independent

country. It was here that he transformed his aristocratic ideals to the more democratic ones. It was also here that his interest in Indian politics was roused.

He returned to India as a fully fledged barrister, a youth filled with ideals of democracy and freedom for his country. His urge for India's independence increased under Mahatma Gandhi's influences. Thus he enrolled himself in the Satyagraha Sabha and in the Civil Disobedience.

Movement commenced by Gandhiji. Even Motilal Nehru, his father, who had formerly condemned the revolutionaries, became a strong supporter of satyagraha and non violence. In this Jawaharlal used the maximum amount of time available to him. Later on he also enrolled himself in the campaigns for boycotting foreign goods. For this he had to undergo imprisonment several times. It was here that he proved his command of the English language by writing his autobiography and books such as "Discovery of India", "Glimpses of World History". His style is simple but colourful and this is the reason why he is considered the third best writer in the English language.

Though he was a devout follower of Gandhiji, yet he was not a blind follower, for he often criticised his leader whenever he felt the Mahatma was not following the right path. But he invariably discovered that Mahatma was right and he was wrong.

All the endeavours of those who struggled for freedom came to fruition on the 15th August, 1947, when the British finally quit

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Girls' visit to Nasrapur Camp

It was on the morning of March 13th that we pushed our beddings into the School bus and were reminded by our Headgirl that we should be on our best behaviour for we were not going on a picnic or only for fun and frolic, but to learn and believe. This did not mean of course, that we were not to enjoy ourselves, so once out of the School boundary and on our way to Nasik to catch the State Transport bus to Poona, we could not repress our excitement, and gave vent to it in song. There were a few anxious moments when Mrs. King, who was in charge of us, discovered that we had left our luncheon basket behind. The music died within us, and we stared aghast, in silence, as she pronounced a day of starvation for our carelessness. Once at Nasik, however the mishap was forgotten, and we stoked up with grapes and bananas while our tickets were being bought and our luggage was being transferred to the S. T. bus.

We did pretty well on our journey, stopping at several stations where we bought bujjias, sweets, choora and doughnuts, Mrs. King hovering around to make sure that what we bought looked safe enough to eat! We were six hours on the road, but the time flew very fast while we sang or read or dozed.

At Nasrapur, we were met by Mr. Crozier, the Camp organizer, who took us in a station-wagon to the camp. Here the girls from Hutchings, Kimmons, and St. Mary's, and Miss Radden, our Camp Commandant, met us. There was much excitement at the meeting of new friends, and gay laughter as the girls moved off to their dormitories, to settle in for the week-end.

The dormitories were small compared with our spacious ones, so we had two of them

for our group. Changing into our Home clothes, we went off to supper. A smashing one! with yellow rice, garnished with boiled eggs and fried onions. There was meat curry which tasted excellent and fried beans. This was followed by jelly. What more could one ask for?

The three days went by very quickly. In the morning we assembled in the small but cute little chapel where we sang hymns which were so appealing that one wanted to sing them over and over again. There was no pianist to help us with the hymns, but Mr. Crowfoot made up the deficiency with his violin. After the hymns, either Mr. Johstone or Miss Ramsay gave us a talk. They explained that we were like ships on a long voyage. They told us that it was all left to us whom we wanted to make our captain. If we wanted Jesus as our captain, we were to place Him constantly in our hearts. They explained things I had never heard before and they brought a new kind of happiness to me.

The afternoons were either spent at the river or in reading. Once at the river all the girls would dive in, while the teachers of various schools sat on the rocks nearby to watch their charges. There were sugar cane plantations on the way to the river which provided an added attraction! 3 p.m. was tea, either at the Camp or a mile or two away under the trees.

After the evening meetings we collected in the Hall to play games, then changed for Supper and another meeting on the terrace preceded by a film of Mr. Johstone's tour through Switzerland. These were short meetings which Miss Radden ended with prayer after a short talk. Her message was

most appealing. She told us that Jesus was calling us. He needs us and that He was near us; and we could feel that He really needed us and that each one of us was therefore very important.

Miss Radden was most kind and helpful and made sure we were comfortable and happy. Although there were so many of us

from various schools collected together there was always a friendly and happy atmosphere. It was the most enjoyable camp I have ever been to, and I hope that I will be able to visit this camp every year even after I leave School.

—PUSHPA AWATRAMANI
Std. X.

(Continued from Page 11)

India, handing the responsibility of governing the country to the leaders of the freedom struggle, among whom were Mahatma Gandhi, Dr. Prasad, the late G. B. Pant and Pandit Nehru. It was now that the citizens of India and the departing British realised Nehru's importance and most appropriately appointed him as the first Prime Minister, the post which he has held since then.

Now he is a man most respected by all Indians and most foreigners. He is considered by all nations as the Man of Peace. He has successfully led several Indian delegations to the General Assembly of the United Nations. His oratorical power and his several plans to divert crises like those of Laos and the Congo are looked upon as masterpieces of diplomacy. He is always in correspondence with the heads of major Powers on world issues. Even they seek his advice and support on many problems.

His great ability to understand and make others understand has made him highly esteemed, and he is responsible for some nations adopting the principles of panchshila. Not only the people of India but of other

countries have great confidence in him, so much so that Bhutan, Sikkim and to some extent Nepal have handed over their defence to him. Policy of non-alignment has earned him great fame. The day is not far off, I feel, when he will be awarded the Nobel prize for peace.

His influence obtains for us big, long term loans for the rapid industrialisation of our country. He can be described as the kindest man that ever trod the earth because he is humane in his dealings. He believes in simplicity of dress and speech, and tries his utmost to minimise pomp and pageantry.

As he was not permitted to associate with children in his childhood, he has now great love for them, and it is mainly due to this that Children's Day is held throughout India. May God shower his choicest blessings on him and give him a long life in order that he may be able to guide India to peace and prosperity.

—S. SAWHNEY
Std. X

(This article was submitted for the Deolali Rotary Club Essay competition)

The Guide Camp

On the 19th March we held our Guide camp. It had been planned some weeks ago, and initially we were supposed to be camping out of school territory. We were quite disappointed when we learned that through force of circumstances we were unable to do so, and therefore we had to camp in the school grounds, down by the playing fields.

On the morning of the 19th the dayscholar and boarder Guides, numbering about fifteen went down to the camp site. The tents had been pitched the day before. There were three of them: a large one which we decided to make our sleeping tent, a smaller one which we made our dressing room, and the third one which was open, we used as our dining tent.

We had just finished settling our beds when the Captain came down to the camp site. The school Mess-Matron, Mrs. Athavale very kindly provided us with lunch and this gave us a little more time to get ourselves sorted out. That afternoon at about 2 o'clock Guide Ranjana Pathak and I decided to go to the market and get our supplies. We therefore borrowed cycles and went to Devlali camp. After a hectic shopping spree we returned hot and flustered with Ranjana insisting that some tomatoes had fallen on the roadside from her shopping bag.

When we reached our camp it was 4.30 p.m. and we were quite the heroines of the hour for venturing out in the hot sun. After tea, preparations for dinner began.

We were supposed to be having a camp fire that night, but we were unable to do so because we had not collected enough fire-

wood. Instead we had a singing session, and then retired for the night. It was now about 10 o'clock. Outside our tents two Guides stood on guard duty for two hours, from 10 p.m. until midnight.

We arose early the next morning, and started exchanging information as to how we all slept, and what had happened when "so and so" had been on guard duty. To our vast amusement, we learned that the last pair on guard duty had slept at their posts! On how we ragged them that day!

That evening we were going to have a campfire, and the Captain invited the Bul Buls, the Cub Master and the Head Master to it. We decided to give our guests something to munch during our short campfire entertainment. Sweet biscuits were decided upon, and so we set about making them.

In between, we were having a hurried enrollment ceremony for a new guide—Vidya Rau, who had tried hard and won her Tender Foot Badge, and who was very keen to be in uniform for the Campfire.

Before we knew where we were, our guests had arrived, and horror of all horrors! our biscuits were still being baked! The fire would not burn and some of us were blowing our lungs out in vain attempts to make it burn.

However, it was lucky that a plateful of them had been baked already, which we offered to our guests. Meanwhile, specific orders were sent to the kitchen to "cease operations".

That night we all wondered whether our guests were having a sound sleep, or whether they were awake.

After our short impromptu Campfire entertainment our guests left. About 8.30 p.m. we had dinner, and went to sleep feeling quite depressed because we were to break up camp on the morrow.

After breakfast the next morning, the Patrol that was not on lunch duty, returned most of the articles we had borrowed from the Mess. Then came lunch after which a "cleaning campaign" was organised, finally

Camp broke up. We all felt very sorry, for the camp had been real fun. We are now eagerly looking forward to the next camp which I am sure will be a greater success than this one was. After all, we all learn from our mistakes, and this was the first camp that some of us had ever attended.

—REKHA REDDY
P. L. Daffodil Patrol
1st Devlali Barnes.

Girls' Hockey Match

BARNES V/S THE GOLDEN HAWKS

Our girls do not often have the opportunity of playing Hockey Matches, and that is why this one played this term deserves special mention.

Mrs. Dias, the captain of the Golden Hawks, on hearing we were very keen on a match, arranged to bring her team up to Deolali on April 22nd. This gave us only ten days in which to form a team, put in so some practice and at the same time work for the 1st terminal Exams. Well, as the saying goes, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so we set out to work and play with a vigour during those ten days.

We turned out every evening at 5 p. m. to be put through our paces. Mrs. Fernandes took charge of Hockey, but not satisfied with her brawn (I understand she weighs about 11 stone!) she invited some of the men staff to help with our training.

It was tough going, but we enjoyed every moment of it and we are extremely grateful to Mr. MacInnes, Mr. Flight, Mr. King and last but not least, the Headmaster, our chief coach, who took it in turns as they were free to train us. Our boys gave us practice by coming down to play us evening after evening and so the 10 days flew very fast as our team gradually began to take shape. Adding to the excitement was the thought of a dance to follow on the night of the 22nd.

The Golden Hawks arrived early that morning and the first sight of their magnanimous proportions dismayed us!! When we went down to see them practice after breakfast our dismyny grew apace.

The match began at 5 p. m. and the Golden Hawks looked resplendent in their brown and beige shirts and white shorts. The initial bully between Hillary Brady and Rene Thornber quite took our breath away, but after a few minutes of play it was obvious that as a team we were forging ahead. Philomena Godfrey brought off one very brilliant save, and lost one goal in the first half. Except for this, the play remained in their half most of the time and June Dias and Lorna Scott as Backs with Abigail Peacock as Goal had a tough time keeping us at bay. Both sides played a hard game, and I am sure the spectators enjoyed watching the match as much as we as players enjoyed playing it. We do hope that the Golden Hawes will give us another opportunity next year of playing them.

After the match we were caught up in the excitement of the dance, the only disappointment being that the band from Bombay was not coming, but then we had a wonderful time and the disappointment was soon forgotten.

—JUNE FRANCIS
Std XI.

Girls' Games 1st Term, 1961

The most interesting activities in every school are its Inter House games. During these, every house puts forth its metal and tries its best to top the list in every game. In previous years it has been easy to tell before the tournament, which house was the strongest but this year the excitement has been great and the competition keen because the chances were more or less even, except perhaps in Net-ball, where the Joans of Arc seemed to have the strongest teams.

Badminton, Net-ball and Hockey were played this term, the tournaments commencing a month and a half after term began. After two rounds of the Badminton doubles, the Hellen Kellers, the Edith Cavels and the Joans of Arc were tying with 14 points each, while Florence Nightingale House trailed behind with 8 points. The Singles matches however, decided the winning house. Hilary Brady, winning all her matches, added a considerable number of points to her house score and gained for herself the Badminton championship. Muriel Laurenson deserves special mention as placing second losing only one match and that to Hilary Brady. She therefore brought the Nightingales to a tie with the E. Cavels :—

The points were as follows :—

1st Joan of Arc	32
2nd Hellen Keller	26
3rd F. Nightingale	} 24
E. Cavell	

As was mentioned before, the Net-ball, though just as keenly contested, was a fore-gone conclusion. The Joans of Arc won all their matches save one, which was a draw and so they romped home with the cup very easily in the lead with the final

points standing at :—

1. Joan of Arc	23
2. E. Cavell	16
3. F. Nightingale	7
4. Helen Keller	2

The Hockey however was not so easy for any of the Houses. At the end of the first round the Edith Cavels, and F. Nightingale were in the lead with 4 points each while the Joans and the Kellers had 2 points each. The 2nd round had to be held up to give the School XI a week of practice before they met the Golden Hawks, and so the last week of term was spent in a mad rush to get matches finished. The team players certainly brought their training to bear on the matches that followed and we witnessed thereafter some keen and very good hockey. Winning all their matches in the second round, the Joans brought their score to 8 points while the Cavels had one match to win to tie with them. Having accomplished this, the two houses tied for the cup with the Kellers placing 3rd and the Nightingales last, having been disqualified from the tournament because of unsporting play in the last match.

Our thanks are due to all the Staff who gave up their evenings to umpire and referee all our matches, to our House Presidents for their moral support and to the House Captains and Vice Captains who so ably led their houses.

In charge of Badminton Mrs. King	
.. Net-ball Mrs. MacInnes	
.. Hockey Mrs. Fernandes	
House President .. H. Keller	.. Mrs. King	
.. E. Cavell	.. Miss Henricus	
.. F. Nightingale ..	Mrs. Bisset	
.. Joan of Arc ..	Mrs. Lal	
House	Captain	Vice Captain
H. Keller	N. Rhubottom (H. Girl)	—
E. Cavell	R. Moore (Vice H. Girl)	H. Garrett
F. Nightingale	S. Thadani	A. Johnstone
Joan of Arc	J. Francis	H. Brady

Boys' Hockey

Hockey is one of the popular games in the school. We usually play it in the First Term as the weather at that time is dry and the fields are in the best condition for playing.

Two days after the reopening of school we got down to practice games. They continued throughout February. It was during these practice games that the Hockey President kept a watchful eye on the players to enable him to choose the First Eleven team. At the same time the House Captains urged their teams on to better and better performance for the Inter House tournament loomed ahead.

At the beginning of March the tournament commenced. It was well and keenly contested. Each House went all out to be the champion. The first round ended with Greaves House in the lead and Spence House hot on their heels. Royal and Candy were close behind.

With the Houses so close together the tournament could go to any House. Such was the position when the second round of the tournament began. The competition now was very keen indeed. The tide of success rose and fell for all the Houses, but Greaves seemed to grit their teeth and strain every endeavour to get ahead which they eventually did, and so emerged as worthy champions. Spence was just behind them, then Royal and lastly Candy. It had been a really exciting tournament.

While the tournament was on the First Eleven which had by now been chosen, played frequent matches against outside teams. We were successful in most of them. The following table will give an idea.

Date	Teams	Score	B. H. S.	Outsiders
15th Feb.	David's	2...1	Won	Lost
1st Mar.	A. E. D. South	2...3	Lost	Won
15th Mar.	Eleven Stars	2...1	Won	Lost
18th Mar.	Eleven Stars	1...2	Lost	Won
21st Mar.	Yong Boys Club	0...4	Lost	Won
7th April	5 U. E. D.	6...1	Won	Lost
7th April	E. M. E.	4...1	Won	Lost

Our aim in playing these outside games was to get practice for the hockey tournament in Nasik. However, the President did not think we were up to the required standard, so we did not enter for the tournament. We did have a compensation, for on the 8th April the team went down to Bombay to play against Cathedral High School. Though we lost by four goals to one, the score is no indication that the game was a one-sided affair. We started off very well and shot the first goal. Later we were unfortunate to miss a penalty. Just before the interval the Cathedral shot the equaliser. When the game was resumed they played a more vigorous game which brought the score to 4...1 at which it remained until the final whistle blew.

The Team

T. Badri: he is the school captain and a dependable Full Back. He must be more careful with 'sticks'.

P. Sanker: he plays at Centre Forward, and been in the team for many years. He plays a good game and is the main goal getter.

R. Ferzandi: he plays at Full Back, and is a steady player.

L. Peters: he is the Right Half Back. He plays a consistent game and feeds his forwards well. But he must also be careful of 'sticks'.

(Continued on Page 22)



Boxing

Shortly after the commencement of Term we got started with boxing practice in preparation for the Inter House competition. There were many new boys in the Houses, who had to be initiated into the intricacies of the sport. There were regular practices every evening and slowly those who were new to it began to get into their stride.

The standard was not as good this year as other years, yet it was comparable with other schools. Usually we box against Christ Church, Byculla about this time, but the competition has been discontinued.

However, the Houses went on with their practices, one of their aims being to emerge as the champions. It was a time of much activity, for apart from the actual sparring groups of boys could be found on the sports field trying to knock off the extra pound or two to put them in their proper weights.

After about two months of hard practice the boxers were weighed in on the 30th March. Each House entered thirty boxers. The tournament commenced on the 3rd April. There were many surprises for boys who knew practically nothing at the beginning, had improved a great deal and some

went on to win their weights. Generally speaking the bouts were clean and well contested, though occasionally one or two turned out to be quite gory.

There was a large programme of fights to be contested, but by the third week of April they were finished. On the 24th evening the finals were held out in the open before Evans Hall. By 7 p.m. when the first fight scheduled to start there was a large gathering of spectators. Captain M. S. Pathak, Master of the India Security Press, Nasik Road presided, and at the end Mrs. Pathak gave away the prizes.

There was an interesting programme of twelve fights which were very keenly contested, though a few were stopped because of injury to the eye or nose.

By 9.15 p.m. boxing and prize giving were over. Greaves House had won the championship trophy, and E. Suttle of Spence House was adjudged the Best Boxer. Once again our boxing tournament had come to a successful end, and we must thank Mr. Michael for the great amount of work that went into making it a success.

1. Bubble Weight (48-53 lbs.)	S. Parvaresh	52 lbs. R.	beat	P. Freese	53 lbs. G.
2. Midget Weight (54-59 lbs.)	D. Kerr	58 lbs. R.	lost to	Chandrakant Mudliar	55 lbs. R.
3. Gnat Weight (60-65 lbs.)	F. Young	62 lbs. C.	lost to	N. Kishore Ramchandra	64 lbs. S.
4. Flea Weight (66-71 lbs.)	R. Freese	71 lbs. G.	beat	M. Razvi	68 lbs. C.
5. Mosquito Weight (72-77 lbs.)	K. Irani	74 lbs. S.	lost to	F. Suttle	73 lbs. S.
6. Paper Weight (78-83 lbs.)	F. Freese	80 lbs. S.	lost to	H. Moorjani	80 lbs. G.

I N T E R V A L

7. Troy Weight (84-89 lbs.)	W. Roberts	88 lbs. S.	beat	J. Moorjani	89 lbs. G.
8. Fly Weight (90-95 lbs.)	A. Khan	92 lbs. S.	lost to	G. Raft	94 lbs. S.
9. Bantam Weight (96-101 lbs.)	D. Arklie	77 lbs. R.	beat	S. Minocheri	101 lbs. C.
10. Light Weight (109-114 lbs.)	S. Joowekar	109 lbs. C.	lost to	E. Suttle	112 lbs. S.
11. Welter Weight (117-125 lbs.)	Sarosh Irani	119 lbs. S.	lost to	R. Ferzandi	117 lbs. R.
12. Heavy Weight	S. Chadha	137 lbs. G.	beat	S. Malkani	135 lbs. C.

PRE-CONTESTED FINALS

Feather Wt. (103-108)	L. Peters	105 lbs. S.	beat	A. Harris	105 lbs. G.
Middle Wt. (125-130)	R. Raymer	127 lbs. R.	beat	K. S. Malkani	130 lbs. G.

Best loser S. R. Irani
Best Boxer E. Suttle

Hardlines Cup Spence House
Inter-House Championship Greaves House

—S. MINOCHERI

Table Tennis



After a long and enjoyable holiday we returned to school to start the First Term of the new year. House Captain and Prefect were appointed to each House. There were many new faces in the different Houses, and the first question asked of them by the old boys was: "What games can you play?"

In the First Term we play three games of which Table Tennis is one. Whereas in boxing and hockey we have thirty and thirty three boys respectively who take part from each House, in table tennis only six enter from each House. This leads to keen competition for each boy who can play the game aims to get into the representative side. The Social Centre is never empty. Everyone is practising hard. After the period of practice the House Captains choose their teams.

This year we had a new member of the Staff in charge of table tennis, because Mr. Alexander who was usually in charge of table tennis, had left us. Mr. Flight who was now in charge took great interest from the start. Before the tournament commenced he told us the rules of the game, and explained all the little points so essential to playing the game well.

The tournament did not start until after the hockey and boxing tournaments. The boys playing for Greaves House were S. Chadha, a good, steady player; P. Ullal a calm player who places his shots beautifully; V. Khanna and J. Moorjani. Royal House were represented by R. Ferzandi who serves well with his left hand, T. Badri who gave him good support M. Manekia and Tejwant Singh. Candy House were represented by

P. Sanker a good player with a powerful attack, S. Malkani who has a good backhand stroke, I. Merchant and B. Iranpur. For Spence House there was J. Jacob the best player for 1959, S. Irani who has played for his House for many years, L. Nathani and R. Easdon.

The tournament started with Royal and Spence meeting in the first match. Then continuously there were matches between the Houses until the end of the tournament. Every player showed his skill and sportsmanship, and the whole tournament ran smoothly. An interesting feature of the matches was that they were played more with the intention of winning the game. This very rightly showed the spirit and skill of each boy participating in the matches. When the tournament ended the teams were very anxious to know the results. When Mr. Flight announced them Greaves House stood first with fifty two points. Spence House was next with thirty four points. Then followed Royal House with thirty points, and Candy with twenty eight points.

So ended another year of table tennis. I now take the opportunity to thank all the members of the Staff who took an interest in our tournament. I must thank Mr. Flight especially for his help. We look forward to next year when we hope to enjoy our tournament as much as we did this year.

—J. JACOB
Std. XI

Stupid Richard

A long time ago there lived a boy in Palestine named Richard de Boulin. He was a clever boy when he was small, but when he grew big he became very stupid. Now I shall tell you how from being clever he became stupid.

One day he was sitting wondering what to do. Suddenly he heard a noise at the gate. He got up to see what it was, but couldn't see anything. Then again he heard the noise. He got up to see but there was nothing there. Once again he heard the noise and he got up to see. What did he see? It was his daddy coming home with a lot of letters and a parcel. He had been to the market and the postman gave them to him.

"O Daddy" he cried and went running up to him. "Here" said Daddy, "this is a parcel from Aunty Doris, and here are some letters. Go and put them inside. I'm just coming. Go on, off you go." Richard went in and put the parcel and letters on the table in the middle of the hall. Then Daddy came along and said, "That's very good of you." He opened the parcel and what do you think was inside? An American cowboy's dress; just what he wanted. "Isn't that lovely?" said Daddy. "Of course" said Richard.

Richard went and called Mum from the kitchen and showed her the dress that Aunty Doris had sent. "Oh, lovely", said Mum, and went back to the kitchen. Richard put away everything and everyone went on with his work.

That evening Richard put on his new dress to show off. After supper everything went off as it should. After a week Richard got another parcel. This time it was from Uncle Harry. And what do you think it contained? It was a lovely pair of boots which he could wear with his cowboy's dress.

After some time his father got ill, and so Richard stopped coming to school. When his daddy got all right he still would not go to school. He began to do many silly things at home, and when he did start coming to school again, here also he would do silly things. And now he became a very stupid boy.

One day Richard broke a teapot and plate at home. From then on he became known as the Stupid Boy and was named Stupid de Boulin. No one was his friend.

And that's the end of my story.

—R. A. MADON
Std. VI A

Robert Clive

*The lad when but a child of five,
Was known as the impetuous Clive,
He knew very well how to swim and dive,
And he also knew how to handle a knife.
He was a naughty boy and never attended school,
Instead, he used to play with his friends at a pool
Very often he ran away with a carpenter's tool,
With which he tried to mend a broken stool.
His father got disgusted, for Robert never did any work.
So he shipped him to India where he became a clerk,
Soon he showed that he was as brave as Timur the Turk.
The British army in India he did mend,
To make him a lord, from Britain a message was sent.
For many years he served his country faithfully,
And then died at the age of fifty three.*

—D. DALAL
VIII B

A Meeting with a Sea Captain

61, Thomas' Street,
Mylapore,
Madras.
23rd April, 1961.

My dear Mammy and Daddy,

I am enjoying my holiday in Madras. As Auntie lives very near the Sea, I go down to the beach every day.

Somehow the sea has a great fascination for me, which I find hard to resist. I love to sit on the huge packing case—which perhaps was discarded by a sailor—near a group of rocks, a little distance away from the docks.

Here in peace and solitude, with only the sound of the waves breaking on the shore, and the shrill screaming of the sea-gulls for company, I like to gaze at the vast expanse of blue water, with a few ships scattered on its surface, either entering or leaving port.

Yesterday, while I was sitting on the packing case feeding the gulls, thinking of how I would love to meet a sea captain and hear of adventures on the sea, a deep, rich voice broke in on my musings and said :

“I suppose you'ven't such a thing as a match on you, young lady ?” I have always liked to be asked if I possessed a match, why I don't know. However, as I did not possess one just then, I looked up and said in my politest manner ! “No I'm afraid I haven't”

And then my heart beat fast for there, standing in front of me, was the very man I had been dreaming about ! A sea captain !

I first saw his deep brown, copper coloured face turning at some places to an even more handsome purple. Though his face was unshaven, yet you could see he was handsome. He had a long, straight nose and a large smiling mouth. His head was covered with black, curly hair, on which a faded cap of a dirty grey colour rested jauntily at a magnificent angle. He wore a suit of faded navy blue colour, stained in many places. The trouser ends were ragged, and at one spot above the elbow the coat was torn. Around his neck was a handkerchief, and the brass buttons on his coat shook as he breathed. He had gold earrings in his ears and his hands were tattooed.

I looked at him and trembled lest he should disappear as suddenly as he appeared. However, this was not so, for though I did not possess a match, the sea captain sat down beside me on the packing case, and I questioned him eagerly about his life on the sea. Very soon we had become friends. He promised to meet me every day until his ship set sail.

He will be waiting for me by the packing case now, and so as I do not want to keep him waiting, I shall end this letter.

With love,

Your affectionate daughter,
REKHA.

Major Gagarin the First Cosmonaut

The Soviet Union made April 12th a red letter day in the History of man's struggle with nature by launching a man into orbit around the earth recovering him alive and "feeling quite well". The Cosmonaut who achieved the unique feat in a 4½ ton or 4,725 kilogram space ship was no other than Major Yuri Gagarin, a 27 year old pilot and father of two children. Yuri was born in 1934. He entered the Komsomol or Communist Youth Organisation in 1949 and joined the Soviet Communist Party in June 1960. Gagarin went to the Lyubertsy Artisan's School, near Moscow, graduating with distinction. He is a moulder and foundryman by trade.

"Vostok" (East) the spaceship carrying the Cosmonaut was boosted up into space from a cosmodrome at 08.27 hours local time. The Vostok with space navigated 4,725 kilograms excluding the weight of the final stage of the carrier rocket. He circled the earth, strapped into a custom built couch and surrounded by a thin wall of metal and myriad devices designed to keep him alive. The shell separating him from the radiations, meteorites and temperatureless vacuum of space was designed especially for him though similar ones were used in earlier experiments with dogs and mice. Though the flight, as formerly calculated, hardly took two hours and twenty eight minutes, he had provisions of food and water that would have lasted him for ten days at the minimum. His food included vitamin capsules and in the shell was installed an air recirculating plant. A few minutes after being boosted into space the space ship was in the orbit of the earth. The Vostok and its only occupant, Major Gagarin, maintained two way radio and telemetric contact with earth. As Major Gagarin passed over

South America and again over Africa, he reported that he was standing up to the ordeal well and feeling all right. After a flight of approximately 108 minutes during which he orbited the earth Major Gagarin landed at a predetermined place in the Soviet Union at 10.55 a. m. Moscow Time without suffering any shock or bruises.

The Soviet Premier, Mr. Krushchev, greeted him on his return to earth with a message of warm congratulations, which read "I embrace you and look forward to meeting you soon in Moscow" The news of the feat electrified the whole world. Muscovites demonstrated their joy in a manner more spontaneous and vociferous than at any time since V. E. Day. Schools and Colleges were abandoned by the students who gathered in the streets chanting the glories of the first man in space. The world press hailed the successful space flight as a triumph on all peoples to redouble their efforts for disarmament and everlasting peace.

It was disclosed after the success that Major Gagarin was only a Lieutenant until shortly before his space flight. The Soviet Defence Minister, Marshal Malinvosky had issued an order promoting Gagarin to Major "out of turn" as he was about to blaze the trail for man into the cosmos, to accomplish an unprecedented heroic feat and to glorify the Soviet Motherland.

After landing on earth Major Gagarin was not permitted to be interviewed by Press men for quite some time, until he had passed successfully the thorough medical check up to see if the flight had an effect on him. During this time top Soviet scientists and technicians gave certain statistics about the flight and Major Gagarin. They were repor-

ted to have relayed certain tape-recordings of Major Gagarin. His first words in space were occasioned by the sight of the earth below. "How beautiful it looks!" His great enthusiasm to fly can be gauged by the last words he uttered being boosted into space "Let's get cracking". After his medical check up he was reported to have said that he experienced a state of weightlessness between the altitudes of 108 to 187 miles but in spite of this he was able to write, work and admire the earth floating in a completely black sky through a meteorite proof glass window. He said that though his hands and legs weighed nothing he was able to eat and drink and be able to do everything like on earth. His script did not change but he had to hold on to the pad as otherwise it would float away from his hands. He is also said to have seen the earth's spherical shape. He said that the lighted side of the earth was clearly visible, the coasts of Continents, Islands, big rivers, big surfaces of water and structural features were clearly distinguishable. He is also said to have seen the remarkable colourful change from the light surface of the earth to the completely black sky in which one can see the stars. This dividing line was very thin. Just like a belt of film surrounding the earth's sphere.

Mrs. Gagarin was reported to have been sitting all the time beside her wireless set listening to wireless stations, reporting at brief intervals the progress of the spaceship and the audacious flier around the world and had been taking down certain details with a trembling hand. At noon when the T. V. sets opened up and Major Gagarin's picture appeared on the screen, his little daughter, Elena stopped chewing an apple and shouted "Daddy".

On April 14, an official reception was given to Major Gagarin at the airport, a civic reception in Red Square and a full scale Kremlin party followed in rapid succession. Tens of thousands of people beflagged the airport and the Red Square to

give the first Cosmonaut a hero's welcome. At the Red Square there was a parade for 5½ hours of the Army and Air Force in the presence of top Soviet officials and members of the diplomatic corps. Here Major Gagarin was awarded the title, "Hero of the Soviet Union", by Premier Krushchev. Mr. Krushchev now announced that a bust would be erected in his honour and that in future his rank would be the First Cosmonaut of U. S. S. R. Speaking here Major Gagarin said "I am an ordinary Soviet man". thus showing that he was proud of being Soviet citizen. It was here that while acknowledging the greetings of the vast crowds he said "Now I'd like to do some real flying. I love it". Mr. Krushchev has presented him with a new Chaika car, a model similar to a limousine used by the ministers of The Kremlin. He is now residing in a Moscow Mansion which, before the Revolution, belonged to Prince Gagarin, no relation to Yuri. He has also been given two stalwart body guards.

America has acknowledged defeat where the first Cosmonaut is concerned and is full of praises for Gagarin as well as the Soviet technicians. Mr. Kennedy is reported to have told pressmen that Americans had "the greatest admiration for the Russians who participated in this feat." Compliments have poured in from the head of practically every nation. Even the United Nations has decided to felicitate Major Gagarin's feat.

Some people are of the view that much undue prominence has been bestowed on Major Gagarin, but what these people do not realise is that Major Gagarin risked his life for the development of Soviet Aeronautics and Space Research, for was anyone 100% sure of his safe return? "No" Then don't you think it is most appropriate to felicitate him? By the accomplishment of this feat Major Gagarin has not only realised his ambition of being a national hero, but has become an "International Hero"

—SATISH SAWHNEY, Std X.

A fight for fame

*Before my pen starts to write,
Let us for a topic fight,
May I know what you want?
Is it something about an aunt?
What do you think, for a change,
Isn't football within the range?
Let me tell you of a game,
In which Bikaner Railway won its fame.
Both the teams came on the field,
To try and decide for the footer shield
As the referee's whistle blew,
'Game now starts', every spectator knew.
The Railway's left inner kicked the ball,
And just before its dying fall
The Bikaner captain kicked it hard
Towards the Deccan goalie's ward.
Whack! and it went towards the goal,
But unfortunately it hit the pole.
As the ball came bounding back,
Once again there was a whack,
And then the ball was "in the sack".
So, one was Bikaner's score,
And yet they had hopes for more,
Now the ball bounced off Bikaner's pole,
Whack was the sound, and it was a goal.
Both the teams were out to score,
Probably each wanted at least four.
Once again the referee's whistle blew,
It was half time, everyone knew.
Then once again they started the game,
The game for honour and fantastic fame.
A Bikaner forward took the ball along the line,
I'm sure he was good, and he was doing fine.
He passed the ball to his inner, to let
Him bang it strongly into the net.
Before the game's end they shot one more,
Making three to one as the score.
Now, as the final whistle went,
All the Bikaner players to their captain bent.
High on their shoulders they raised him,
His face lit brightly with a boyish grin.
After all Bikaner had won that season's game.
And along with it they had won the shield of fame.*

—K. MALKANI
Std. XI

School Diary

JANUARY

- 27th : School reopens for the First Term.
There are many new faces in the school.
28th : Classes assemble.

FEBRUARY

- 1st : Practice in hockey, boxing and table tennis begins for the boys.
4th : School go to a film. Seniors social in the Hall.
11th : Prefects go to a film. Juniors social in the Hall.
13th : Public holiday.
18th : Seniors social. The Bishop of Bombay arrives.
19th : Founder's Day. Bishop tours the school.
22nd : The Bishop grants a holiday.
24th : A party of teachers and pupils go to Bombay for Queen Elizabeth's visit.
26th : A debate is, held in the Hall.

MARCH

- 1st : An away hockey match against a local team.
3rd : Holiday for Holi. School go to a film in aid of the Swimming Pool Fund.
6th : The Inter-House hockey tournament starts for the boys.
10th : A party of girls go to Nasrapur for a religious camp.
11th : School go to a film. Seniors social.

- 12th : A debate is held in the Hall.
13th : The party of girls return from Nasrapur.
14th : The girls' net-ball, hockey and badminton tournaments commence.
17th : A public holiday.
19th : Scouts and Guides go for their annual camps.
26th : School go to see the film "Ben Hur."
30th : Holy week starts. Rev. Johnstone arrives.

APRIL

- 3rd : Boys boxing tournament starts.
5th : An 'away' hockey match against a local team.
8th : Boys' hockey XI go to Bombay to play Cathedral School.
9th : A debate is held in the Hall.
12th : First Terminal examination starts.
15th : Prefects go to a film.
16th : The Choral Society meets
17th : Shivaji Jayanti.
22nd : A women's Hockey team, the Golden Hocks, plays against the the Girls' Hockey XI. The staff hold a dance at night.
24th : Boys boxing finals are held.
26th : Shakespeareana entertain the school with a performance of Twelfth Night.
28th : Final assembly is held.
29th : School closes for the summer vacation.

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