

THE BARNICLE

FEBRUARY 1962



THE MAGAZINE
OF
BARNES HIGH SCHOOL
DEOLALI

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The Binnacle

February 1962

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	1
TRIBUTES TO A GREAT MAN	2
POETRY AND PROSE FROM THE CLASSROOM...	7
BOYS SPORTS ROUND UP...FOOTBALL	MD. TAHER BADRI	19
	P. T.	S. S. CHADDA	...	
	CROSS COUNTRY	S. MALKANI	...	
	CRICKET	A. CHITNIS	...	
GIRLS' SPORTS ROUND UP...A RESUME OF GAMES FROM JUNE 1961	26
ATHLETICS	R. EASDON	27
SWIMMING	S. GADRE & J. LAL	31
DRAMATICS	T. FLIGHT	34
FROM DUCK POND TO SWIMMING POOL A PROGRESS REPORT	W. R. C.	37
VISITING PLACES OF INTEREST	JUNE FRANCIS	38
SANDWICHES AND SQUASH?	THE REV. E. E. GOODMAN	40
THE CHORAL SOCIETY	HILLARY GARRETT & RUBY MOORE	42
CHAPEL NOTES	44
THE STAFF CLUB	L. J. FERNANDES	45
THE SCHOOL DIARY	46
THE EX-STUDENTS' VISIT TO BARNES	AMRIK SINGH	48
NEWS OF EX-STUDENTS	50
BESIANS ACROSS THE SEA	51
NEW ARRIVALS	53
MARRIAGES	53
CONGRATULATIONS	53
IN MEMORIAM	53
NOTICE	55

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The Late Sir Reginald Arthur Spence, Kt.

THE BARNICLE

THE MAGAZINE OF BARNES HIGH SCHOOL, DEOLALI

FEBRUARY 1962

Editorial

Apart from contributing a valuable record of the School's activities, a School Magazine serves its most useful purpose in forming a link with the past, so that those who have passed through the portals of the School may still feel they belong to one large family, may contact each other in different parts of the world, and may help each other in extending the hand of friendship in the time of need.

Your BARNICLE hopes, in future, to form just such a link with the past. Whether it will or not depends upon you—our readers. While you are in School you will receive your copy regularly. When you leave School it is up to you to become a regular subscriber, and if you know any old students who are not subscribers, pass them on the last page or perhaps this copy when you have finished with it.

As a link with the past, we therefore dedicate this issue of the Barnicle to one of our benefactors, Sir Reginald Spence, as a token of our esteem and appreciation for the services he has rendered to humanity in general and to our School in particular. Sir Reginald Spence passed away peacefully in his home in Sussex on September 13th, 1961. Our frontispiece is a copy of the photograph which hangs in the Staff Common Room and we give you "Tributes to a Great Man" in appreciation.

Tributes to a Great Man

TRIBUTE APPEARING IN "THE TIMES OF INDIA"...of September 15th

SIR REGINALD SPENCE

The death of Sir Reginald Spence, who was active in public life in Bombay for over 30 years, was announced here yesterday.

Sir Reginald, who was 81, was elected in 1921 to the Legislative Assembly in Delhi to represent the non-official Europeans in Bombay. He resigned in 1923, but in the following year was elected a member of the Council of State, then the Upper Chamber.

In 1926 he was elected by the non-official Europeans to represent them in the Bombay Legislature.

He was Editor of the Bombay Natural History Society's Journal from 1920 to 1933.

—Reuter.

THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENTS APPEARED IN TWO LODGE NOTICES.

THE "KNIGHT" LODGE

No. 3918 E. C.

Deolali

Consecrated on 23rd November 1918

IN LOVING MEMORY OF LATE

RT. WOR. BRO. SIR REGINALD SPENCE, KT.,

Founder, Past G. M. (Bombay) P. G. D. (Eng.)

"FRIENDSHIP & HARMONY" LODGE

No. 1270, E. C.

Founded 28th August 1869.

IN MEMORIAM

Rt. W. Brother Sir R. A. Spence, Kt.,

P. G. D. (Eng.) P. Dist. G. Master (Bombay)

Died on September 13th 1961.

TRIBUTE FROM THE REV. TOM M. EVANS, 1st HEADMASTER OF BARNES SCHOOL, 1925-1934

(now eighty-four years of age and still living a very active life in Sussex).

To The Editor of the Barnicle :

"There cannot be many of you at Barnes School to-day to whom Sir Reginald Spence conjures up a real live man. Your headmaster and Mr. Fernandes remember him, but probably not many others. Of course, there is Spence House and perhaps some of you to-day say, "Why Spence House rather than Jackson House?" or any other name you may fancy. But thirty years ago—it was nearly forty years ago when Spence House got its name—there was no one at Barnes School who did not know Sir Reginald Spence and know him for what he really was, the friendliest man who used to come to the School. And it had been the same in Bombay before the School came to Deolali: when the School team came home to Byculla with the Junior Aga Khan Hockey Cup or the Under XV Cricket Shield, as it often did in those days, it was very very seldom that Sir Reginald did not come into the old playing shed to rejoice with the School. He was a man, but he had the heart of a boy. And besides this if he could recommend a boy for a job he would. There must be hundreds of middle-aged men to-day in different parts of the world who remember with pride how Sir Reginald had started them successfully on life's ladder. He worked for the B.E.S. too, to bring in friends, and indeed the fact that Barnes School stands where it does in the healthy climate of the Deccan and not in steamy Bombay is greatly due to his drive and energy.

And now this fine energetic man is no more. In the early morning of Wednesday,

September 13th, he passed away at his home, Pear Tree Cottage, Blackboys, in the County of Sussex. For two years he had been in failing health and towards the end he developed leukaemia, a disease which destroys the red corpuscles in the blood and always terminates fatally. Framfield Parish Church which can accommodate about seven hundred people was full with friends and mourners at his Memorial Service. Many who came were Masonic Brethren for Sir Reginald stood high in masonic orders; and there, as in Bombay and Deolali, were many who knew him as the friend of people in distress, an enthusiast for good education, a church warden and lesson reader in the parish church, a member of diocesan councils and committees, a chairman of the parish council and a member of the district council. I have probably omitted very many of the distinguished things Sir Reginald did in England during the thirty years after his retirement; in Bombay he edited for a time The Bombay Natural History Society Journal and he was a member of the Governor of Bombay's Council and of the Legislative Assembly of India. He was Knighted for the social work he did, especially for Anglo-Indians.

Sir Reginald Spence was a bachelor and perhaps a bit afraid of girls and their class-mistresses, but he understood and loved boys and enjoyed their pranks. He was old when he died, over eighty years, and leaves Miss Winifred and Miss Violet Spence and a multitude, a very great multitude, of friends to mourn his loss."

TRIBUTE PAID IN THE SERMON GIVEN BY THE HEADMASTER ON
REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY, 12th NOVEMBER 1961.

"I am taking as my text for to-day the words of our Lord Jesus Christ as recorded by St. Luke in his account of the Last Supper. "Do this in remembrance of me;" words which we hear every time we attend the Service of Holy Communion and which in fact are the very basis of that service.

Every Sunday is a day of remembrance for us, remembrance of a life freely given and without any compulsion for, Our Lord, before he said "Do this in remembrance of me" had said "This is my body which is given for you."

In England and in many parts of the world, after the first great world war of 1914-18, November 11th the day on which hostilities ceased—Armistice Day, as it was called—became a day of special remembrance of all those who had laid down their lives in that war. At exactly 11 o'clock in the morning all work in shops and factories and offices stopped, and for two minutes people stood still and bareheaded in silence, remembering the men of the armed forces and others, particularly of the merchant navy, who had been killed. In churches, at War Memorials, in towns and villages, special services were held. The King of England, then George V, the Royal family and the great ministers of state were always present at the Cenotaph, the great national memorial in Whitehall in the centre of London. Some of you here to-day will remember Armistice Day Services in this very Chapel and the army buglers blowing first the 'Last Post' and then the Reveille.

After the second World War of 1939—45 there were many more hundreds of thousands of the dead, this time including men and women in civilian walks of life, to be remembered. November 11th lost some of its

original significance and so the Sunday nearest to it was adopted as the Day of Remembrance and so we come to Remembrance Sunday this year on November 12th.

Just what are we asked to remember? We used to call the first World War the war to end all wars but twenty years later a new and greater war devastated the world. Now we live uneasily under the threat of a still more dreadful war which many people think would end, if it come to pass, in the destruction of the whole world. All wars are evil, the work of the devil and arise from man's selfishness, pride and greed, and in this life we must always fight for the right. That is why the Church on earth is known as the Church Militant. We remember to-day those who have made the supreme sacrifice in this fight against evil, those who have fought and endured and at the last died. Jesus said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He added: "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command ye." Those who have died to protect us, to resist evil, surely are entitled to our remembrance. They have followed humbly in the steps of our Lord who gave His body and blood for us on the cross.

It is a temptation we all often fall into, to be cynical, to think all our efforts to overcome evil are of no avail; that wars will never cease. We are impatient just as our Lord's disciples were to see the reign of peace and righteousness ushered in. They asked Jesus: "Wilt thou at this time restore again the Kingdom of Israel?" He answered them: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." He continued: "But ye shall receive power; after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be

witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea and Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

"Do this in remembrance of me." We are not only commanded to remember as the pipe dreams of old men. It is pleasant and lovely to remember friends of our youth, our parents, great men; but that is not enough. Because we remember we are called upon to act; to be witness unto the uttermost part of the world. Because of Christian witness great evils have been or are being eradicated throughout the world. Slavery has been abolished and so too, wars of religion. Inhuman conditions of labour and industry are no longer considered as meritable. Disease and malnutrition are being overcome. Not so long ago it was considered that the white races were naturally superior to the black. Now almost the whole world condemns such policies as Apartheid as practised in the Republic of South Africa.

Fifty years ago no nation felt called upon to give of its wealth to undeveloped countries but to-day it is recognised that unless backward countries are helped even the most prosperous cannot flourish for ever. It is no longer considered that a good education is only for the rich.

These are gains in our warfare against evil but there is so much still to be done. We cannot yet claim we are witnesses to our Lord to the uttermost part of the earth and I would take that to have more than a geographical meaning—to include witness in every sphere of life. That is what we as Christians must do before we can hope for the "restoration of the Kingdom of righteousness." We say daily in the Lord's prayer "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" but do we do our utmost to help forward that prayer?

All of us in our own way can help and it is right and proper that we should reme-

mber all good men and women who have helped to enlarge the frontiers of God's Kingdom. Such a one was Sir Reginald Spence without whose labours of love we would not be meeting in this Chapel to-day. He it was who was the prime mover of the building of this School here in Deolali whereby the education and training of the three hundred children of the old B. E. S. Schools in Byculla have been expanded to embrace more than a thousand to-day in Christ Church, Byculla and Barnes. He was no distant administrator though he did much office work, looking after the finances as Hon. Treasurer of the Society. Those of you who were here in the first ten years of the School's life will remember him as a warm-hearted, generous friend, a friend indeed to those in need and those in trouble. His life on earth ended on September 13 this year at the age of eighty-one. While Barnes stands, Spence House will be a memorial, but more than that he will live in our hearts.

Shakespeare put into the mouth of Mark Antony when he was making the funeral oration of his friend Julius Caesar after his assassination some words which are unhappily often true. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." How easy it is to remember a Hitler but how easy to forget a Sir Reginald Spence or the untold thousands who have given up their lives to overcome evil or to witness to the highest principles. They have, as St. Paul says, "Fought the good fight of faith, laid hold on eternal life and professed a good profession".

And listen, too, to St. Paul's glorious confidence which we should make our own.

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorry not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

And now let me invite you all to stand with me in two minutes silence on this Remembrance Sunday.

And now unto the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost be ascribed as most justly due, all honour, glory, might, dominion and power for ever and ever.

TRIBUTE PAID BY Mr. L. J. FERNANDES

"I knew Sir Reginald Spence for many years before he retired and left India. I have yet to find someone who was kinder and more generous-hearted than he. There must be hundreds of B. E. S. boys and girls who found employment through his good offices, and to whom they owe their success

in life to-day.

Sir Reginald was friend to all, but to Barnes School and Christ Church in particular, and I am grateful for this opportunity of expressing my appreciation in a few words in "Tribute to a Great Man"

TRIBUTE PAID BY SISTER SPENCER

"In the passing of Sir Reginald, Barnes High School has lost an old and true friend. The keen interest he took in every aspect of the school's life was evinced by his frequent

visits at week-ends, when he went freely among the boys and girls, talking to them and getting to know them. Old Besians will remember him with affection".

TRIBUTE TO SIR REGINALD SPENCE APPEARING IN
"THE STATESMAN"—CALCUTTA—OF 15-1-61.

"Deeply interested in politics, education and natural history, Sir Reginald Spence was a familiar and popular figure in Bombay and Delhi from the turn of the century up to the thirties, when he retired from India. He was also prominent in the business life of Bombay.

Born in Kent in 1880, Sir Reginald arrived in India in 1901 as an assistant in Phipson and Co. and then rose to be the head of the firm in Bombay. As the leader of the non-official group in Bombay, he was elected in 1921 to the Legislative Assembly in Delhi, but resigned in 1923. However, the following year he became a member of the Council of State, then the Upper Chamber. And in 1926 he was elected by the non-official Europeans to represent them in the Bombay Legislature. His contributions to natural history and education were considerable. He did much to organize and advance the

work of the Bombay Natural History Society, attached to the Bombay Museum. He was the editor of the society's journal for many years.

In the field of education, his achievements were even more remarkable. As chairman of the Bombay Education Society he was instrumental in building one of the biggest schools in India—Barnes High School, in Deolali. Had the military authorities succeeded in taking over the property of this school after independence, it would have been the Indian Military Academy, now at Khadakvasla, in Poona.

He was Sheriff of Bombay in 1929. He served in the Bombay Light Horse and retired in 1929. He was in the Home Guard from 1940-45. He was a J. P. and honorary magistrate and a leading Freemason. He was knighted in 1926. He was a bachelor."

Poetry & Prose from the Classroom

NED

I have a pony,
His name is Ned.
On sugar cubes
He is often fed.

—DAVID KING
Std. II

* * *

HOUSE ANIMALS

I am kind to dogs,
They look after the house.
Many people have cats
To keep away rats.

—ALLEN WHITER
Std. II

* * *

MY PET

My pets are two little mice. Their names are Spice and Sugar. They have lovely soft white fur. I keep them in a little cage. They like to play on a little see-saw. Sometimes I let them run about the house. They love the smell of soap. I feed them with bits of apple, biscuit, some milk and all kinds of tit-bits. They are the best pair of mice anywhere.

—S. M. H. RAZVI
Std. III A

* * *

MY FAVOURITE GAME

My favourite game is Hopscotch. I play it in my school ground. I get a piece of chalk and draw some squares, then I draw some numbers in them. I hop in them next. Three or four can play Hopscotch.

Mostly my best friends and I play. Sometimes some of my other friends come and play with us.

—NAEMONISEA FAZALBHOY
Std. III A

* * *

LITTLE FRIENDS

I have a little bunny,
Snowy is his name.
I have not had him very long
But already he is tame;
He is very sweet too
And is soft as morning dew.
I have a little mouse
With eyes pinky white
And tiny little ears.
I must not hold him very tight,
If I do he shall die.
He is very small—only I inch high.

I have a little parrot
Which is only 5 months old,
He is learning how to speak
And is very very bold.
He does a lot of tricks
On my little box of bricks.

—NIGEL GARRETT
Std. III B

* * *

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I will play all games and help my house to win many cups and shields. I will help them in other ways too.

One day, I will become House Captain of my House which is Greaves House. Then they will all be very proud of me.

—PATRICK JACKSON
Std. V A

THE FIRST OF APRIL

The leaves are rustling,
And I am bustling,
Hustling to school,
As an April Fool!

—CHERYL LAL.
Std. V A

* * *

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be a pilot, like my father, and take passengers from one place to another.

To be a pilot is very tough, and you have to go through many examinations. My father says that unless I come first in Collège I will not be selected as a pilot. I must also be good at Mathematics, so I better buck up!

In the days when my father was a pilot, it was much harder because at that time they had no radios, so when there was a storm, for instance, the pilot had to be very brave to bring his plane through successfully.

To be a pilot you must pass a medical examination. If you are not fit, you are not selected. When my father was a pilot, for seven years he enjoyed it very much, but after that time he was medically unfitted so he was quite sad. For some time he was an automobile and mechanical engineer, but most of all he was an excellent pilot.

—CYRUS MODY
Std. V A

* * *

OUR EXCURSION TO ASVALI

Some of us were going on a trip to Asvali and we were very excited waiting for the day to come. Ah! at last it arrived.

After breakfast we all got ready to go and piled into the bus with the eats and the water-bottles. First of all we went to the market and through there to Nasik. After a lovely drive we reached Asvali.

We stayed in a bungalow there, and after settling down and unpacking the lunch baskets, we went rambling and came back to a delicious lunch. We had a lovely meat curry and rice, salad, mangoes, bhajjias and sweets. After lunch we went for a swim, and then we went to play in the garden. It was full of roses. This garden was below the dam.

We returned for tea. After tea we went towards a village where we played for some time. After half an hour we came back, packed up and got ready to return to School.

Everybody was very sad that the picnic had to come to an end. We thanked Mr. and Mrs. MacInnes for the lovely time we had and went in with the rest of the School for another tea!

—ARLENE HARRIS
Std. V A

* * *

SWIMMING

Swimming is a very exciting sport. It's great fun splashing water on each other.

Our swimming finals were on the 20th and 23rd October. Our house Florence Nightingale tried very hard to get the swimming cup, but we only won the relays.

At first I didn't know how to swim but now I love it best of all because I know how to swim.

Our swimming pool has been done very nicely, with beautiful flowers around it and steps going into the pool. Most of the girls know how to swim and dive. I am only learning.

Last year and year before last Mr. Coles held fetes to get money for the new swimming pool. He also gave all the girls and boys collecting cards to take home and ask their friends for donations.

The amount was quite a lot, he said, and he was very pleased. Our swimming pool will be completed next year and I hope to be in school when it is.

—RUBY WILLIAMS
Std. V A

* * *

“JACK”

I have a dog whose name is Jack,
He is so very smart,
For everyday he carries my sack,
And he has a very kind heart.

Once an old lady fell on the street,
and Jack barked for help.
Soon a policeman came and helped her to
her feet
And Jack gave a happy yelp.

Once a man came to do some harm,
And Jack gave a growl.
So the man ran to the next-door farm
And Jack gave a happy howl.

Now he is getting very old,
But still he is really very bold.

—THOMAS JOSEPH
Std. VI B.

* * *

OBSERVING “WILD LIFE” WEEK WILD LIFE

Long, long ago the jungle was full of wild animals of all kinds. Then later people realised that some of those animals could be useful to them in many ways.

The reindeer provides milk and their skins are used for making clothes; but the reindeer is not the only animal that helps man.

There are many other animals too. Later, instead of killing them they started training them.

In some places the Governments made a rule that wild animals must not be killed unnecessarily. Many big cities have a zoo where wild animals are kept in cages. The people in charge of these animals feed them because they cannot catch their own prey.

Some animals pine for their freedom, others become fierce. To avoid this, some countries have National Parks. Here the animals live in their natural surroundings. If you go and visit some of the National Parks, you will see many kinds of animals there.

The observance of “Wild Life” week teaches us not to be cruel to animals.

—MOLLINA ISAR
Std. VI B

* * *

WILD LIFE

Nature has its own ways of preserving the balance between various things. It is very surprising how this balance between the flora and the fauna is kept. The grazing group of animals such as deer and elephants keep the grasses and vegetation under control, while the carnivorous or the flesh-eating animals such as the lion and the tiger keep the number of the grazing group within reasonable limits by eating them for their food so that there are not so many in the grazing group, because if there are too many they will graze in the cultivated fields and destroy the food and crops which are very important for the survival of man.

Many wild animals such as lions, leopards, tigers, elephants and deer are being hunted for selfish ends. Some people have a hobby of collecting trophies by killing wild animals and some even sell their meat in the market. Herds of elephants are shot for the ivory of their tusks which is very costly.

"Wild Life Week" is held every year so as to remind people that animals also have feelings and feel pain like any other human. So, many Preserves have been kept for wild animals, where no one is allowed to shoot them. If anyone is caught shooting, he is fined heavily. One of the biggest Preserves in the world is "The Kruger National Park" in South Africa, which is the world's largest open-air zoo. Hunters have not been allowed to hunt these animals and so most of the animals in these Preserves have lost their fear of man.

I wish that I could visit one of these parks. I have seen wild animals in zoos locked up in cages, but I think it will be much more thrilling if I saw them in their natural surroundings, and observed their real way of living. I hope to visit one of these "Wild Life Parks" one day.

—DEEPAKA PADDA
Std. VI A

* * *

A SCOUT CAMP

During the first term, in March, the scouts of our school went to camp for four days. We went to a place which was a little away from the River Dharna. We pulled out tents from the bullock-cart, for all our heavy luggage was in the cart. Then all got down to cleaning the area we were due to use. Our leader set off with a group to construct a latrine, while our patrol leaders supervised the putting up of the tents. There were three patrols.

Every day we used to get up at 7.00 a. m. After washing and dressing we hoisted and saluted our flag, and then we played some games for an hour or two. Those scouts who had passed their cooking tests cooked while the others brought water from a well nearby. Each patrol took it in turns to organise the cooking like this each day. While this was going on, some sprinkled

water on the ground to keep the dust down. In the afternoons we used to go for a swim in the river. At night, after finishing all our work, we had bed-time stories, and at 9.00 p. m. we were off to bed.

On the third day there were tracking signs set by our leader. We set out on our tracking at 3.30 p. m. and enjoyed it very much.

On the last day there was a camp-fire. Each of the patrols gave us an item of entertainment. After this our leader gave a small speech and the function came to an end, and we went to bed in a jolly mood.

What we all enjoyed most of all were our night duties, which we had to take in turns. One patrol cooked, one did night duty while the third had an off to pass tests.

It was a very full and useful outing which gave us much joy and excitement. I doubt that I shall forget it in a hurry.

—GAUTAM PURI
Std. VII B

* * *

OUR CLASS PLAY

Every year each class has to stage a play. So on Saturday, 30th September at 5 p. m. my class, Std VII A, staged a play called "Nothing Ever Happens". It was staged in our School hall.

The play was directed by Mr. Flight, who selected two girls and four boys from the great number of thirty-four in our class. Of course those who were chosen were not born stars, and so they had to be made more efficient by constant practice. The two girls were Iris Playfair and Claudette Waters, who took the roles of the two sisters Elizabeth and Jean Mackenzie; Harwinder Chawla, Shankar Thakur and Glen Miranda took the roles of Alan, Michael and David Mackenzie, who were

supposed to be brothers to Elizabeth and Jean; while I played the part of a detective, and a very unfortunate one at that. I got caught by a family of lunatics!

The entire hall was packed with children, staff and guests. The play lasted for half an hour and was liked best of all others by the audience, so we were told! It was about a detective searching for a murderer who shot a policeman dead and escaped. This detective arrived at the house of the Mackenzies and was suspected of being the murderer. Doubting his innocence, David the youngest of the family, held him up with his own gun, which he found in the detective's over-coat. While the detective was being held up, Jean and Michael tied his hands and legs to a chair. Elizabeth was very frightened of him and so did not go close to him, not even with a murderous badminton racquet. Just as they finished tying him up Alan returned from a hunt for the robber and told them that the murderer was lying dead beside his car which had overturned into a ditch.

What a relief it was for me, er... I'm sorry...the detective...to get away from that family of lunatics.

—LIVINGSTONE CRAGE
Std. VIII A

* * *

MY LUCKY MASCOT

It was a dark, wet and gloomy night. The rain came down in torrents, lightning flashed in the sky and resounding peals of thunder burst forth. I hurried along, my mackintosh wet and glistening, my one intention to reach my cosy little home soon.

Just as I reached home, a flash of lightning lit up my path and shone on something sparkling near the gate. Suddenly curious, I bent and picked it up. Not being able to see clearly in the dark, I went into the light. I saw a beautifully shaped little figure

of brass. It looked from head to waist like a man but below the waist it was half a goat. In his hands he held a beautifully carved little flute which he held to his lips, as though any moment he might burst into song.

As I gazed at the figure, a few lines of poetry I had heard somewhere came into my mind: "The great God Pan, was half a goat and half a man". As I was thinking of this, the statue suddenly slipped from my grasp and fell with a thud on to the carpet. On bending to retrieve it, my eyes fell on something engraved in golden letters on the handle of his flute. It was the word "PAN". So I was right! This was really the statue of the great God Pan who was and still is considered a very lucky mascot.

Since that day, (perhaps, I am imagining or perhaps it is true) it has always brought me luck and helped me out of many a tight spot.....Like the time when it fell into the waste paper basket of a vast shop, and I, plunging my hand in among the litter of paper, found and fished up a one hundred rupee note! Of course I turned it over to the manager, who was very pleased. Another time when I was sitting trying to think of something interesting to write about, there he stood, right in front of me with his sparkling eyes and that cheeky grin on his face as if to say....."How about writing about me?" That is how this article on "My Little Mascot" came to be written.

—BEHROZE ANTIA
Std. VIIIA

* * *

THE MERMAID'S GIFT

One afternoon, we had had a swim and were walking across the 'A' team football field, when one of our number shouted: "Boys! Let's go for a swim in the new well." I was the first to agree. We turned around and headed in the direction of the well.

When I dived in I found that there was a small cave-like hole in the side of the well. I swam towards it and made my way along a sort of tunnel for some distance. My head broke clear and I was surprised to find myself in a cave.

Seated on a rock in front of me was a mermaid; I was so amazed that I pinched myself to make sure that I wasn't dreaming. I do not believe in mermaids, but here was one right before my eyes.

I was scared. Suddenly she said: "Don't be afraid. You are a lucky boy. I am a fairy mermaid. I will grant you one wish." I thought to myself for a long time. There were so many things that I could ask for. I loved to swim and I'd always longed to be able to do something big for our new swimming pool, and I decided what it was that I would ask the mermaid for.

I asked her to give me Rs. 15,000 as we needed that amount of money to complete the new swimming pool. My wish was granted. I was overjoyed and ran clutching the bag containing the money to the Headmaster. "There, sir," I said, "now you can finish your swimming pool."

Three months later the swimming pool was completed. I was shocked when it was named 'Harris Pool' in my honour. My friends crowded around me; everybody thanked me for my generous donation. However, no one would believe my story of the mermaid. But what does that matter? I believe in fairies and mermaids because I've really met one.

—NIGEL HARRIS
Std. VIII B

* * *

A FANTASTIC FLASH INTO THE PAST

For many years now it has been a habit with me to go for a nice long walk after dinner. The night in question was just

another of those nights except that it was drizzling slightly. I put on my raincoat and pushed a loaded .38 revolver into my coat pocket. Why I did this I do not know; I just did it. Something prompted me to do it...a sixth sense, perhaps.

The night was still quite young; the moon had risen early and kept peeping out from behind pieces of watery cloud. The road I took ran past a dark forest, through open field, and alongside a river. The silence that shrouded the night was broken by the patter of the rain on the road, an occasional hoot from an owl, or a startling 'chirrup' from a cricket, hiding perhaps in the shadowed bushes by the roadside. The road turned sharply to the left and the lights of the village I was staying in at the time faded from view. It began to rain hard; I pulled my coat closer around me and my cap over my ears. The rain fell harder and spent itself out in half an hour or so. The sky began to clear and a bright moon shone down on the freshly bathed countryside. Everything smelled sweetly of wet earth; the giant firs that lined the road swished gently, casting mysterious shadows across the road.

I was now some two or more miles away from home, and enjoying every minute of my walk. I was in high spirits and began whistling one of my favourite tunes, 'The Blue Danube'. I took off my raincoat, slung it across my shoulder and swung along merrily towards the river about six hundred yards away. Suddenly I became acutely aware of the quietness that at the time seemed to envelope the earth. The road led away towards a clearing amongst some firs a few yard away, and then swung right towards the river a little further on. I stood still all at once and listened. Not a leaf shook; not an owl hooted; not a cricket 'chirruped': even the river to me seemed to have stopped flowing. The silence was frightening. Everything was as still as death. It was very quiet...too quiet for my liking.

I slipped the .38 out of my pocket and thumbed off the safety catch.

It was a few minutes later that I heard the sound; a low-pitched whine, resembling the sound of a jet aircraft when at low-throttle; but softer.....much softer. The sound grew louder as it steadily approached the clearing in the firs a short distance away. I broke out into a cold sweat. Gripping my revolver more firmly I glided silently towards the dark shadows thrown by two gigantic firs a little way off. Then I saw it. My heart skipped a beat; my eyes grew wider; my whole body was now bathed in sweat.....a cold sweat. As I watched, a dark form, shaped something like two soup-plates placed one on top of the other upside down, silently descended towards the clearing. It made contact with the ground in a slight flurry of dust and leaves.....nothing more. The dark shape was a 'Flying Saucer'!

For some reason I looked at my watch; it had stopped. Everything seemed to have stopped...time itself. A strange sensation overcame me; I felt as though my mind was being controlled by something or someone; I found myself walking towards the saucer... against my will. Something moved towards me; a small object about four feet high, clad from head to toe in a shapeless rubber-like suit. I stopped. I stared at the creature; I gazed thunderstruck at what must have been its face; it was quite human-looking, but surrounded by a blue glow. A smile broke across that face; something in my head seemed to snap and I felt myself falling. Vaguely I could sense being hurtled at a tremendous speed.....far, far into outer space. Strains of 'The Blue Danube' seemed to echo from every star and planet that I flashed past.

When my mind cleared I found myself in a seemingly familiar world. A blue fog seemed to envelope it. There were people all round me. Strange people? No. They

were beings I had once known; people I had once lived with. This was my home..... my home in my past life.

Since my return to this earth my recollection is clouded; it has all faded like a dream now, but I shall try to relate what I do remember. I remember visiting my old home, built out of the same greenish metal as all the other dwellings in that part of outer space. I remember meeting old friends and recalling old incidents when I was there. Thinking back now, I know that I remembered nothing of my present life, which I sometimes wish I had never come back to. To attempt to describe the people with any degree of accuracy is hard. All I can say is that not one of them was over four and a half feet tall. Their limbs were like ours to some extent; their faces were almost like ours, but as I mentioned before they were surrounded by a bluish tinge. Any characteristic features of this world have dimmed through time, distance and the effect of my exceedingly strange experience. All that I remember clearly is that the buildings were a metallic green and very tall, and that a thick blue fog covered the whole place; and this I have already mentioned. I remember no more in this regard.

I remember walking away from this land; my land; the land to which I had belonged in the past.....a place of happiness and joy. I remember leaving it with tears in my eyes as the blue fog swirled about me and the tall green buildings faded from view.

The next thing I know was that I was stepping out of a 'Flying Saucer' and wishing someone goodbye...someone I shall never see again. Then my mind began to clear. I watched the 'Saucer' lift gently from the ground and then hurtle away towards the stars far up in the beautiful sky. It was going back to the people amongst whom I had once lived; people I shall not see again.

I turned and headed for home. I felt the weight of my .38 revolver in my pocket and on looking at it I found it to be empty; the bullets had been removed. Later this confirmed to me that I had not been dreaming for I had loaded that gun with my own hands. I glanced at my watch and found it was working once more.

A light breeze swished through the graceful branches of the firs; a cricket 'chirruped' in the bushes nearby; an owl hooted somewhere in the night. The strains of 'The Blue Danube' filled the sleeping countryside, accompanied by the babbling of the waters of the river. I strolled slowly home wrapt in deep thought.

—STEPHEN MURRAY
Std. IX B

* * *

PERFECT HEALTH

More than silver, more than gold;
More than gems of wealth untold;
More than all great kingdoms' wealth
Is the possession of 'Perfect Health'.

And how is 'Perfect Health' obtained?
How's this priceless blessing gained?
"That's very simple," say the wise,
"Good food, pure air and exercise!"

Yes, exercise.....that is an art
Which requires labour on one's part.
So to 'Physical Culture School',
Where all gain the 'Body Beautiful'.

Apparatus of many kinds
For exercise one here finds.
Activities of many sorts
Create here a love for sport.

Here a happy company
Of children drill in movements free;
They work their little limbs with ease,
They raise their arms, they bend their knees;
And there an older pupil swings
With graceful ease on Roman Rings.

Then there's scouting and games galore,
Like skating, wrestling and many more
To help every one to realise
That 'Perfect Health' is life's greatest prize!

Reader, if you too would be strong
And make sound health to you belong,
Here for you is the simple way:
Join the 'Physical Culture School' today!

—DARA AVARI
Std. X

* * *

DIVALI

Many of us who celebrate Divali do not know exactly why we do so. We send Divali Greetings to friends and relations; we make it a point to wear new apparel; we eat and distribute sweetmeats and other delicious delicacies; we explode crackers and we turn the night into day with our illuminations and fireworks. But when we are asked why we do all this, most of us vaguely answer that it is because it is Divali. When pressed for a clear explanation of what Divali commemorates, far too many of us, unfortunately, are forced to say still more vaguely that it has something to do with Rama. Perhaps in my simple fashion I can help those who do not know to understand why we celebrate Divali.

The story which explains our celebration of Divali is derived from the Ramayana. It is this. Many centuries ago there lived a powerful king in Ayodha (Oudh) named Dusharata. He had three wives. The eldest was named Kaushalya, the next Sumitra and the youngest Kaikai. Each of them had a son. Kaushalya's son was named Rama, Sumitra's was Lakshmana and Kaikai's was Bharata. These three princes, though of different mothers, were very fond of each other.

Dushrata was a very great warrior. Once when he was fighting against an enemy on the field of Kurrekshetra, it so happened that

the wheel of his chariot began to come loose and was in danger of falling off. His young wife Kaikai, who was riding with him, risked her life and limb to replace the loosening nail which was the cause of the trouble, thereby saving his life and the battle. Dushrata was so overcome with gratitude by his young wife's heroic act that he told her that he would grant her any two requests that she would like to make. At that time Kaikai could not think of anything that she desired particularly, so she told her husband that she would ask for the two things when she needed them.

When Dushrata grew old he expressed the desire to retire from the throne. He wanted his eldest son Rama to take his place. The news was received amid great rejoicing in the whole of Ayodha, as Rama was known to possess all the qualities of a good king. Kaikai was also happy at the king's choice of successor, but her maid Mumtra, who disliked Rama because she could not bear his straight-forward ways, came to Kaikai and told her that the aged king loved Rama more than he did Kaikai's son Bharata.

Thus were sown the seeds of jealousy; and though at first Kaikai paid little heed to what her maid had told her, later on she did. One day she went to her husband and told him that she had come to claim the two requests he had promised to grant her. Dushrata was pleased and asked her what it was that she desired. Kaikai's first request was that her son Bharata be made king in Rama's stead; and her second that Rama be exiled for fourteen years. The aged Dushrata was grief-stricken and very reluctant to grant the requests. But Rama would not allow him to break his word. So Dushrata granted Kaikai's requests, and shortly afterwards he died through heart-break.

Accompanied by his wife Sita and brother Lakshmana, Rama left for the forest of Banvas (said to be in the vicinity of Nasik).

The day of his departure was the saddest that the people of Ayodha had to endure. They came out in thousands to bid farewell to their beloved prince.

Meanwhile all was made ready for the accession of Bharata, who was out hunting at the time. When he returned and heard that Rama, whom he loved dearly, had been sent into exile by his mother and that he was to be king, he swore that he would never take the throne under such circumstances. Seeing that he was adamant, Kaikai sent to Rama and asked him to return. But Rama, not wishing to break his father's word, said he would only return when the fourteen years were over.

The whole of Ayodha waited impatiently for Rama's return; to them fourteen years seemed like ages, as is always the case when people are impatient for anything. But at last fourteen years passed, and the people waited expectantly for Rama to appear. It was the most heavenly and happy day in the lives of the people of Ayodha; and it is this day that we call 'Divali' which, when translated into English, means 'Festival of Lamps'.

It was on this day, when Rama's exile ended and he was due to return to his kingdom, that the people of Ayodha did most of the things we do today by way of celebration. They wore their best clothes and gave and received 'mithai'. They also cleaned their houses, as they believed that Rama would come to visit or dwell with them. When night came all the houses were lit up by mud lamps... 'deeyas'.....to light the young prince and king-to-be home. I think that on that day Ayodha must have resembled a small part of heaven.

We are all acquainted with the way Divali is celebrated today. It is not celebrated in exactly the same fashion as the happy day already described, though in the villages the celebration must be very similar to the

original one. A notable change today is the use of electric bulbs in the place of the old 'deeyas'. The use of 'deeyas' is the purer way to celebrate Divali.

And now I hope you know why it is that we do all that we do at Divali.

—PUSHPA AWATRAMANI
Std. X

* * *

"EXAMINATIONS"

Hush ! don't whisper; not a sound;
My brain is whirling round and round.
My pen is wobbling; ink won't flow,
A page to write, two minutes to go.
The hands of the clock are having a race;
There's a devilish grin on its smooth
round face.

My hand is clammy, I've a pain in my chest;
Oh, woe ! Oh, horror ! 'Tempus
clapsum est' ! ! !

—COLETTE FRIDELL
Std. XI

* * *

MY VISIT TO FLOOD-STRICKEN POONA

India is a country with long rivers, lofty snow-capped mountains, and heavy rainfall. When the snow thaws and the rains fall, the waters of the rivers rise, overflow their banks, and submerge whole villages and even cities !

Floods are, therefore, fairly common in our country. Every year one reads that a major river is in spate and in its turbulence has caused untold damage; and so it was this year.

Picking up the newspaper on July 12, I was shocked to read of the terrible destruction caused to the city of Poona by the

historic Mutha river, following torrential rain and the collapse of a dam. Poona has always meant a great deal to me and I was deeply grieved to read of the misery of my fellow citizens.

I decided to pay a visit to the flood-stricken city. I left Deolali by car. Over my journey I draw a veil. I reached the outskirts of the city at the pink of dawn on July 14; just two days after the nightmarish floods. I entered Poona over the only unaffected bridge across the Mula-Mutha rivers. The Cantonment area was unaffected; houses stood erect, hailing the oncoming day; trees looked fresh and green; traffic was normal; there was no indication whatsoever that there had been floods in the region! But as my car speeded along 'Jungli Maharaj Road' and approached 'Sambhaji Park' there was a startling and heartwrenching contrast; I cast my eyes for the first time on the trail of death and destruction left by the floods. Houses on both sides of the road had collapsed; timber, rubble and evil-smelling silt encroached on the road; here and there lay bodies of those who had succumbed to the raging waters; those who were fortunate enough not to lose their lives wandered about in despair as they had otherwise lost their all. The bright sun on this morning cast its rays on a scene of utter gloom and devastation.

I had to park my car here as the road beyond 'Sambhaji Park' was closed to vehicular traffic. I sadly walked along the desolate 'Jungli Maharaj Road', and turned off in the direction of the river. Houses on both banks of the Mutha, which flows through the heart of the city, had either been completely washed away or damaged beyond repair. The only types to resist the fury of the waters were those constructed of cement. The level to which the waters had risen was clearly visible on these buildings; a muddy streak showed clearly along the third stories!

I walked on to the 'Lakdi Bridge' and gazed at the Mutha river underneath; it flowed sedately through the city. It was unbelievable that this same river was responsible for so much loss of life and property. I crossed the bridge and entered 'Narayan Peth'. What my eyes met here was even more terrible. Nearly the whole of the 'Peth' area had been washed away. There were no streets to be seen; merely layers and layers of oozy slime; there were no houses; merely heaps of bricks and tiles and rubble, and then there was the inevitable obnoxious odour. Men, women and children sat forlornly around, or searched among the debris for their belongings; it was a pathetic sight. Salvage work was being carried on by the men of the Indian Army and other voluntary workers. Home Guards stood at regular intervals to prevent the 'goonda element' from making capital of the disaster.

As I left this horrible scene I thought of Nature and her bountiful gifts. Man is proud of his conquest of Nature but now she had most cruelly humbled his pride; she had forced him to witness her might with his own eyes by the dissolution of the achievements of his hands and brain.

I entered 'Sadashiv Peth' and beheld a sorrowful section of humanity queueing up for drinking water which they collected in an assortment of vessels. A short time ago there was too much water; now there was a shortage. I engaged one of the men in conversation and learned that the level of the water in the Khadakvasla Dam, the main source of water-supply to the city for nearly a quarter of a century, was low. Water was now being brought by vans from the neighbouring lakes, and at distribution centres each individual person was given a bucket of water for a whole day !

The houses in 'Sadashiv Peth' were not greatly damaged; but the waters had entered and destroyed all household fittings and furnishings on the ground and first floors.

I went into one of the buildings and saw furniture smashed to matchwood. The tenant introduced himself to me and told me that the terrific velocity of the water had caused whirlpools to start in the rooms of these houses. He showed me a sewing machine twisted out of recognition; and I could well imagine the strength of the whirlpool that must have formed in his room.

I came out into the sunshine to meet with the now common spectacle of people digging amongst the debris.....searching, eternally searching for the remains of their possessions; perhaps for their loved ones. I beheld the unusual sight of cars being hauled out of the soft slimy mud, to the accompaniment of a great sucking sound. A lump of mud splashed on me, and then I became aware that I was caked in it; my clothes were ruined; I had on goloshoes of slime ! But there was little I could do about this state of affairs in this part of Poona; there was hardly any water to drink, leave alone for the washing of my face !

I wandered into 'Kasba Peth'. The scene was all too familiar, so I returned to my car and drove off to look at one of the 'Relief Centres' that had been set up. Here I saw people being provided with shelter, food, clothes and money. The last mentioned had come from all parts of the country in large amounts; I was glad that we in Barnes had generously contributed our little mite to help to alleviate the sufferings of the people of Poona.

Thoughts of the destruction and devastation I had seen, and of the harrowing experiences of the people in the flood-stricken area, filled my mind as I drove out of Poona City late that evening and headed back for Deolali. It will be long 'ere I forget my visit to that ill-fated city.

—AJAYYA CHITNIS
Std. XI

THE MOUNTAINS

Oh! most beautiful of nature's creations,
 Are the mountains that stand around.
 They hold a great deal of mystery,
 As they stand without a sound.

Oh! thou tall and majestic creation,
 That Nature hath formed through years.
 What are the things that thou knowest?
 Please tell us and fill our ears.

Why stand ye afar and so silent,
 And speakest to us not a word?
 Oh! tell us of things that are wondrous
 That have ever remained unheard.

Thou always lookest most beautiful,
 No matter in what thou art clothed;
 And the birds and beasts and the green trees
 Find thee a pleasant abode.

When the sun's bright rays are on thee
 Thy coat looks rich and brown.
 The soft white mists rest on thee
 And form a splendid crown.

At night thou lookest like purple,
 A kingly cloak is this.
 The night hides not thy splendour,
 It adds to thy loveliness!

—HILLARY GARRETT
 Std. XI

THE DEAF BOY

(With apologies to C. Cibber's "The Blind Boy")

Oh, say what is that thing called sound,
 Which I will ne'er enjoy,
 For I have lost my hearing sense,
 I am your poor deaf boy.

You show me wondrous things I know;
 You point to trees and flowers,
 But what's the use when I have lost
 The most important powers.

I live alone in a quiet quiet world,
 A world where no one talks;
 A world devoid of gaiety
 Of surprises and of shocks.

I stand and gaze at the sun's bright rays.
 When I turn my eyes to the East;
 I stand so still with a transfixed gaze,
 There's comfort there at least.

I ask myself when comes the time,
 When I'll know the sound of breeze;
 For I can only see its action now
 As it tears apart the trees.

HILLARY GARRETT
 Std. XI

CROSS-COUNTRY WINNERS



J. S. Kohli (Junior); A. Merchant (Inter.); J. Jacob (Senior);
 L. Kerr (Novice); Mr. D. Hoffman; D. Kerr (Midget).

CRICKET



I. Merchant; S. Chadha; A. Merchant; M. Khan; N. Pawar; A. Chitnis; V. Khanna; P. Hoogan; S. Irani;
 P. Sanker (Capt.); Mr. F. MacInnes; Mr. W. King; Mr. S. Gadre; J. Jacob;
 K. Templeton; P. Narayan.

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FOOTBALL



R. Raymer; I. Merchant; S. Malkani; D. D'Cruz; A. Merchant; S. Chadha; R. Shah; H. Makki; S. Irani; M. T. Badri (Capt.); Mr. F. MacInnes; P. Sanker; R. Ferzandi; K. Templeton; J. Joshua; D. Freese.

BEST GYMNASTS



M. Arklie; M. Laurenson; S. R. Irani; P. Bose; Mrs. M. Fernandes; Mr. A. Michael.

Boys' Sports Round up....

FOOTBALL.....THE ASHTON CUP

As the train bringing us back to school after our summer vacations wound its way up the ghats, conversation among a group of senior boys seated in their exclusive corner of the compartment turned to football..... the first major outdoor activity of the second term.

The great gaps created in the School XI by those who had left or 'passed out' the preceding year were noted with concern, as was the solace to be derived from the continued presence of three 'stars'..... Prafulla Sanker, Sarosh Irani and Joshua Jacob; proven stalwarts these; footballers who could be counted upon to perform brilliantly in the attack, deep defence and 'under the bar' respectively. But for these three and a couple of the previous year's reserves, there was plenty of room for 'new blood'; but this year there was a dearth of seniors of the necessary physique and ability for so robust a game. Rodney Eason and Kishin Malkani come under the speculative eyes of the 'brawny boys' and were chaffingly told to undertake the major part of the 'box duty' to build up the required muscles, as it was quite likely that they would be included in the School XI!

The strength and weaknesses of the four houses next come in for analysis, and avowals from House Captains that their houses would win the tournament and claim the coveted trophy if they had to strain every sinew to do so were met with cheers from their supporters and good-natured jeers from their rivals!

The football season commenced with two rounds of practice matches when each house was given the opportunity to build up its



A, B and C teams. Then followed two further rounds of practice matches when the boys played in the teams in which they had been officially placed by Mr. MacInnes, our football coach, having been graded according to weight and ability.

As usual, the Inter-House Tournament was contested with great enthusiasm and friendly rivalry. Some vigorous and thrilling battles were fought on all three fields and ultimately Candy House, inspired by the school's ace sharpshooter Prafulla Sanker, easily romped home to a well-deserved victory. The result of the tournament was as follows:

POSITION	HOUSE	POINTS
1	Candy	27
2	Greaves	18
3	Spence	16
4	Royal	11

While the inter-house matches were in progress, fifteen of those boys who had given evidence of the possession of 'footballing talent' received rigorous training from Mr. MacInnes. We used to have training sessions on holidays and 'free evenings' when we endlessly practised kicking, heading, trapping, dribbling, charging and tackling. Some of us were already proficient in these; some picked them up quickly; some were not too successful.

With the last year's players and reserves as the nucleus, the School XI was built up into a well-knit team; but the boys were very small. When we took the field for our first match against the Artillery Centre our small stature was very noticeable. With a weight of nine stones I was easily the heaviest! The hefty gunners beat us by two goals to nil.

The 'return match' was played on the Artillery Centre Ground, Nasik, where Major Lacchman Singh, a keen sportsman intimately associated with the school, was our host. We were outplayed from the start and though we fought back gamely they bombarded our goal. Joshua Jacob brought off some remarkable saves and endeared himself to the hearts of the few hundred 'jawans' who had assembled to watch the match, but he could not prevent the artillerymen from finding the net no less than six times! We were certainly being treated on equal terms; no quarter was asked for and none was given. What our slightly and even delicately built Kenneth Templeton thought of it all while he was being buffeted around on the left wing is open to conjecture. A third match was played against the Artillery Centre on our ground when we lost by four goals to nil and decided to call it a day.

We next played against a local club team which calls itself 'Bhim Stars'. They played barefoot and since it was a 'dry game' ran circles round us. The dexterity with which they controlled and moved the ball with both

foot and head was amazing. They defeated us by four goals to nil. In the 'return match' we did much better as we were at last beginning to play as a team and lost by the only goal scored.

The students of Deolali High School were keen on a friendly game against us and so we visited their ground. Playing conditions were generally extremely trying, and it was a spirited and even disgruntled School XI that trotted on to the field for the 'kick off'. We lost by a shot that trickled into goal while the goalkeeper and the defence were trying to contend with the attackers and a herd of goats that had strayed into the 'box' at the same time! As one member of our team put it: "I felt as though I had been demoted to the 'D' team playing field; and even that would seem like Wembley in comparison!"

In our first game against the Indian Air Force (South Deolali) we registered our first victory of the season. It was a match that neither players nor spectators will forget for sometime. It had rained all day and was still drizzling when the truck carrying the airmen churned a path for itself in the soggy earth as it rolled down to the field. When the airmen ran on to the field we thought we were watching ourselves in some mammoth mirror.....the colours of both teams were identical!!!!

We were determined to fight under our own colours and so were the airmen. Mr. MacInnes warned both teams to make sure of recognition before passing the ball or tackling, and started the game. The inevitable happened. We were familiar with each other, but the airmen, who had recently formed themselves into a team, were thoroughly confused. They mistook us for their own forwards and passed us the ball at crucial moments; they mistook their own players for us and tackled them.....and hard! The soggy conditions added to the fun: sprawls, skids and somersaults were

frequent, much to the hilarity of the boys and girls watching the game. It was obvious that the airmen felt more secure in the air than on this top of 'terra firma'!

At 'lemon time' Mr. MacInnes persuaded the visitors to remove their shirts and play in vests. There was less confusion but the cause for general mirth remained. We relish a 'wet game' and so won by four goals to nil. After refreshments we escorted our mud-caked rivals to the swimming pool where after performing their perfunctory ablutions they were at least able to recognise each other! Two more games were played against the Air Force. In the first of these they beat us by a solitary goal and in the second we beat them by the odd goal in three. We also defeated our old opponents 'Bhim Stars' by the odd goal in seven.

Thus on the eve of our inter-school fixture against Cathedral School, Bombay, we were more confident of being able to give a creditable display than we had been at the beginning of the season. We had lost more often than we had won; but we had begun to function well as a team, and against infinitely superior opponents.

On August 11 the Cathedral School XI arrived for their match against us. The evening of their arrival was devoted to a social with the 'Nuts and Bolts' in attendance and the Cathedral boys were able to form new friendships and renew old ones. I can't say that we were very happy to renew acquaintance with Trevor Newnes! He had foiled most of our attempts to score in our match against them at the Bombay Gymkhana last year and had terrorised our batsmen in cricket! But seriously speaking, we think him to be the best sportsman among the schools we've played against in the past few years and look forward to him making a name for himself in this sphere in the near future. Good luck, Trevor!

The next day the whole school and several visitors crowded the touchlines to watch the all important match. We were not very sure how we'd fare in this game as Rustom Ferzandi our swift and experienced outside left had suddenly gone down with typhoid, and several of us were filling comparatively strange berths, while 'Tubby' Shah was brought in from the reserves to play as left half. We trotted on to the field in an uneasy frame of mind; but we were determined to do or die.

In the early part of the first half the game was fast and furious. The attacks of both teams broke through on several occasions but were foiled by the defences. In the seventeenth minute, a 'first time' shot by inside left Roger Cloy off a lofted pass by right wing Bhogwani rocketted into the net to give Cathedral the lead. Riding on the crest of success Cathedral launched several dangerous onslaughts, particularly through their dashing left wing Eddie Patterson whose powerful shots were fortunately off the target.

Diligently, Barnes set themselves to the task of reconstruction and towards the end of the first half looked certain of obtaining the equaliser; but they were deprived of this by poor finishing on the part of the forwards; shots at goal were either too weak or ill-directed; and when the interval came Cathedral were still one up.

In the second half we were playing 'with the wind' and the Cathedral defence was soon heavily overworked. Trevor Newnes played like a trojan and broke up many dangerous moves. Our centre forward, Prafulla Sanker, picking up the ball in midfield, dribbled his way through a veritable forest of defenders and being badly positioned to shoot, passed the ball across the goalmouth. A scrimmage resulted and the ball rolled free in the direction of Ronald Raymer, our left wing, who tapped it into the net amidst thunderous cheers.

In the closing stages of the game Cathedral were all over us. Our backs, Sarosh Irani and Derek D'cruz, rose to great heights, as did our custodian Joshua Jacob. Dame Fortune, who had deserted our attack, smiled on our defence, for a beautiful 'cross-pass' from Eddie Patterson was smashed over the bar by centre forward Bellacott when he had only the goalkeeper to beat.

The match ended in a draw. It was an achievement and a proud moment for us as Cathedral were a very strong team. After the match both teams were taken to see the film 'Beloved Infidel' and the next morning the visitors left. We were glad to hear from them that they had enjoyed their visit as much as we had done.

After the match against Cathedral School, football was forgotten while we prepared for our terminal examination, and after this we played a few practice matches to get into some sort of condition for our engagement against Bishop's School, Poona.

We arrived in Poona late in the evening of August 30. As we drove to the school from the station we were given a rousing welcome from the Bishop's boys who lined the roads for quite some distance along the route we were following. After a hearty supper we were shown an interesting and informative documentary film on Germany and then we retired as we were very tired from our journey.

At 'assembly' next morning Mr. Lunn, the Head Master, formally and very warmly welcomed us, and then we set off for the ground on which the match was to be played.

In an exciting first half Bishop's scored two goals to our one. Our centre forward Prafulla Sanker broke through on many occasions but seemed to have left his shooting boots at home. Bishop's netted

two more goals in the dying moments of the game to register a decisive victory. It was a major defeat, but we took it with characteristic grace, and after bidding our hosts farewell we left Poona.

Though it had not been a very successful season for the School XI we had given a display of pluck and sportsmanship which had impressed all our opponents. Some members of the team had consistently turned in grand performances; we were just not good enough for most of our rivals.

The following is a tabulated summary of our showing in the matches played this season:

Date	Team	Score	Result	Ground
23/6	Artillery Centre	0-2	Lost	'Home'
30/6	Artillery Centre	0-6	Lost	'Away'
7/7	Artillery Centre	0-4	Lost	'Home'
9/7	Bhim Stars S. C.	0-4	Lost	'Home'
16/7	Bhim Stars S. C.	0-1	Lost	'Home'
28/7	Deolali H. School	0-1	Lost	'Away'
29/7	I. A. F. (South Deolali)	4-0	Won	'Home'
4/8	Bhim Stars S. C.	4-3	Won	'Home'
12/8	Cathedral School, Bombay	1-1	Draw	'Home'
18/8	E. M. E. S. C.	2-3	Lost	'Home'
28/8	I. A. F. (South Deolali)	0-1	Lost	'Home'
1/9	Bishop's School, Poona	1-4	Lost	'Away'
8/9	I. A. F. (South Deolali)	2-1	Won	'Home'

In conclusion, on behalf of the School XI I would like to thank Mr. MacInnes for the amount of time and interest that he gave to training us, Mr. Coles, Mr. Gunnery and Mr. Lunn for making the inter-school fixtures possible and so very enjoyable, Mr. Flight for obliging us by refereeing whenever called upon, and last but not the least, Mrs. Athavle for refreshments and catering.

—MOHAMMED TAHER BADRI
(Football Captain)

THE P. T. COMPETITION

The 16th of August dawned with the usual excitement when something special is to take place. That day was to witness keen competition amongst the four houses for the P. T. Cup.

That afternoon, after lunch, Staff, visitors, children and judges gathered in Evans Hall, and at 1.30 p. m. sharp the competition began in awed silence.

Royal House was the first to perform, starting their calisthenics with a good formation. Though there were a few mistakes, it was obvious that every boy was doing his best. Spence came next and again the performance was generally good. Candy, however, "took the cake" for they were remarkably good, so that Greaves House who followed certainly had a high standard with which to be compared. A few mistakes unfortunately marred an otherwise smart performance.

Gymnastics followed. Paul Bose, Michael Murray, Frank Suttle and H. Murarkar deserve special mention as Junior Gymnasts for their excellent performances. Paul Bose was finally adjudged the Best Junior Gymnast. As Senior Gymnasts, Sarosh Irani, Prafulla Sanker, Francis Freese and Taher Badri covered themselves in glory with neat well-executed vaults. Sarosh Irani was adjudged the Best Senior Gymnast.

Pyramids featured the last item of the Competition. Royal, Spence and Candy were all good, but Greaves House, were fortunate that theirs "clicked".

The Competition resulted in Greaves coming first with a total of 198.2 points, followed by Candy with 186.1, Royal with 182.3, and Spence with 179.1.

—SURJIT SINGH CHADHA

CROSS-COUNTRY....THE SPOKES MEMORIAL CUP

The air was filled with excitement and there was a certain tenseness in every boy. It was the 29th of June 1961, a sunny day, although it was supposed to be the monsoon season. The cross-country finals were to be held on that day. This was unusually early, as we had returned from our holidays only on the 6th of that month.

The House Captains, therefore, found it a little difficult to enter (what seemed to them a colossal figure) thirty-seven boys from each of their houses. Somehow they had got that number, and now was the time which would decide the fate of every House in this competition. Many boys did not have their lunch for fear of indigestion during the run!

The hands of the clock drew ever closer until they struck 1.30 p. m. The crucial moment had arrived, and all the boys who were taking part in the races were determined that they would not let their Houses down.

It was warm, although it was the rainy season. The sun rose high in a slightly overcast sky. It was then that the 'Under Ten' Cross-country runners lined up and were ready for the start. They were keen on it, every one of them. Their eyes rose up to the flag, watching it intently, waiting impatiently for it to fall, giving them the signal to start. Their course was the shortest, themselves being the smallest.

The first place in that group was gained by D. Kerr of Royal House. The first place in the 10 to 12 year group was taken by his brother L. Kerr. The 12 to 14 year group was led by J. S. Kohli, and the 14 to 16 year group by A. Merchant. Lastly the over 16 year group was led by J. Jacobs.

They came in with their shirts soaking wet, and the sweat pouring down their faces.

The run had been very tiring, and the blazing sun made it worse. They had found it extremely hot while running, and I'm sure would fain have given anything for a drop of water.

Thus the day ended with the boys having completed their races. Some were unfortunate, as on the way they lost their tickets, and so were placed last on the list. I felt sorry for them because, after trying so hard, they had to be disqualified. But it was due to their own carelessness.

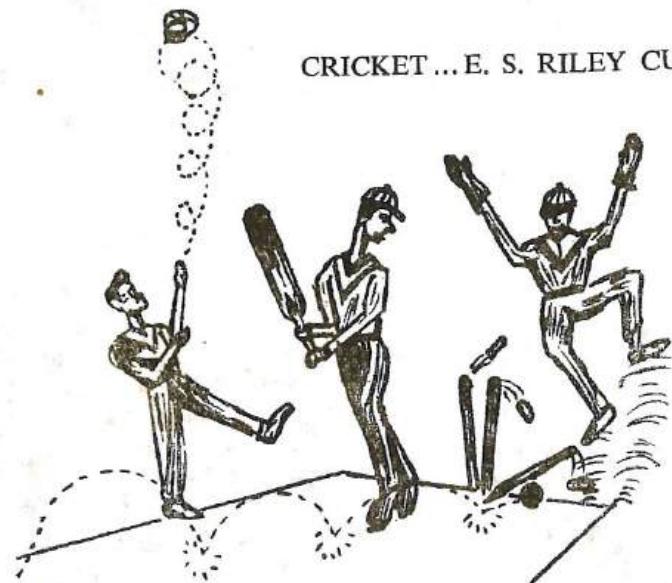
This year there was only one record broken and it was in the 14 to 16 year

group. A. Merchant was the one who shattered the previous record by 1 minute and 8 seconds.

All this was over in two hours' time but excitement did not die away as the result of the competition was yet to be declared. They were not, however, announced till the next day, and were as follows:—

- 1st Royal House with 419 points.
- 2nd Greaves with 662 points.
- 3rd Candy with 675 points.
- 4th Spence with 718 points.

—SURESH MALKANI



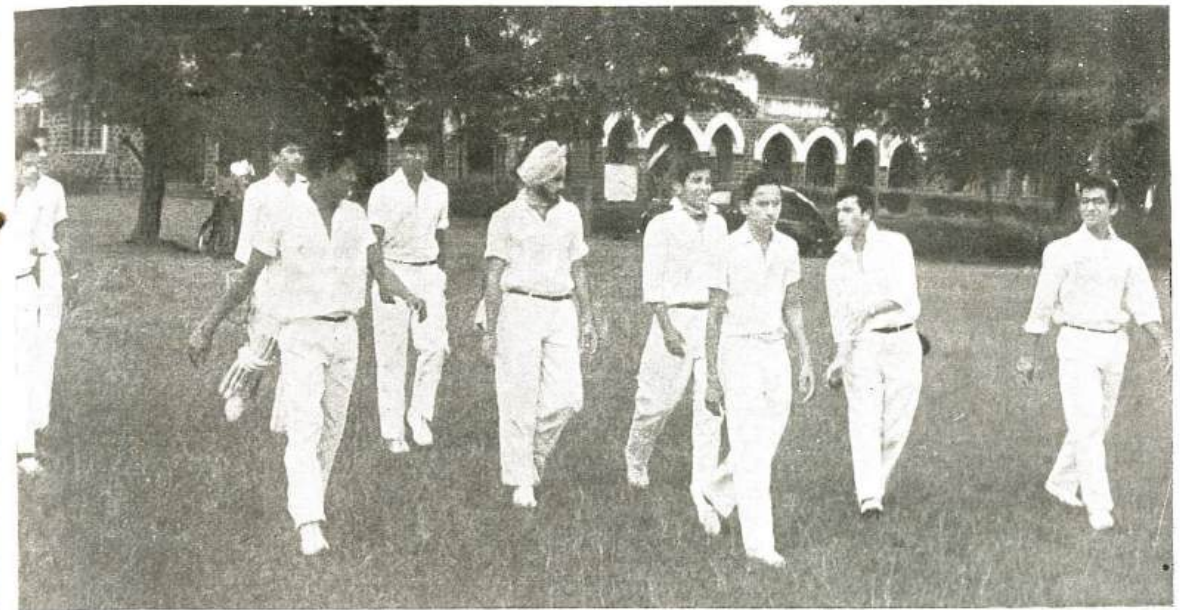
CRICKET ... E. S. RILEY CUP

The game of Cricket, like all other games, is full of fun and excitement, but more than any other game cricket creates a special atmosphere which arouses interest the world over.

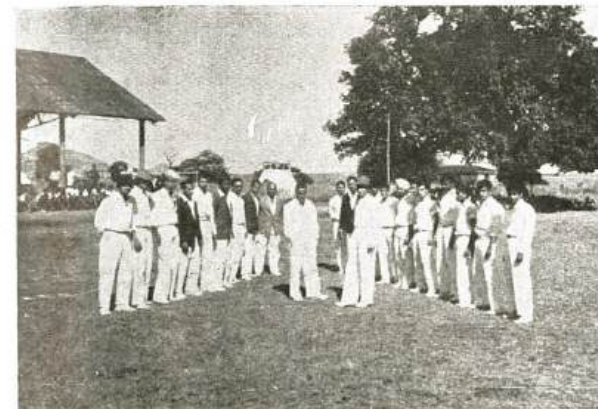
True to form, cricket had its share of excitement for us this season. We had two ties and a great many other very close matches.

Due to the unpredictable weather we were only able to get in one preliminary

round of practices before the Inter-House Tournament began, but this did not affect our standard of cricket in any way. The Tournament began on September 25th and the matches were keenly contested. Unfortunately, as time was running out and we had to fit in the Swimming and Athletic competitions, we could only fit in one round of matches. Helped greatly by their A and C teams, Candy House, starting favourites, emerged the champions, followed closely by Greaves, Royal and Spence.



THE SCHOOL TAKING THE FIELD AGAINST THE CHIEF OF SURGANA'S XI.



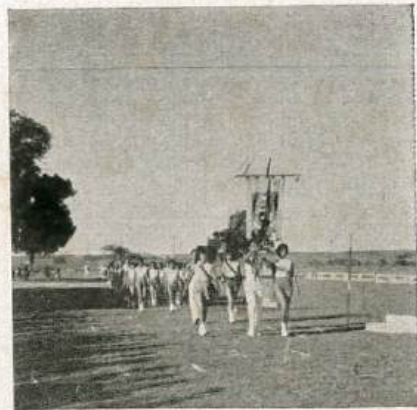
"THE TOSS"—PAST VS PRESENT



CATHEDRAL VS BARNES



Visit of Mr. Wythers, 2nd Secretary U. K. High Commission, Bombay.



THE MARCH PAST



THE BANNER PARTY



THE OATH-TAKING

100 Yds. (Seniors)
Y. Dennis; H. Garrett; M. Arklie.

220 Yds. (Inter)
A. Merchant; M. Murray; E. Suttle.



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PREP. HOUSE SACK RACE

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VICTOR LUDORUM (Inter)
A. Merchant.

Meanwhile the School XI was at practice at the nets, and under the able guidance and leadership of Mr. King they emerged a fairly respectable side, and looked forward to a successful season, which opened with the Probable XI playing the Staff XI. Throughout the game the Probables held the upper hand. Batting first, they made 98 runs, dismissed the Staff XI for 36 runs and, enforcing the follow on, got them out a second time for 71 runs. This match was a shot in the arm for many of us, and helped to boost our morale to face many strong teams during the season.

Our first outside match was against the Nasik Cricket Club. By no means were they as formidable as in previous years, and we were able to rout them for a meagre 33 runs, Mr. MacInnes taking 7 wickets. We went on to score 112 runs, Mr. Gadre and Mr. MacInnes scoring 29 and 28 runs respectively, and dismissed them for 36 runs in the second innings. Thus we began our season with an innings victory. What more could one ask for?

We next played against the Chief of Surgana's XI, which included many renowned players of Nasik. We therefore took the field with respect for them. It was a close match and we were able to beat them by 36 runs. They scored 54 runs, and we replied with 80, Sarosh Irani scoring a flawless 26 not out. They were ready to avenge their defeat and this time the Chief invited us to Nasik, thus drawing us away from our home ground. But this made little difference to us. We went on to record another close victory. Batting first, they made a hard-hit 93, and as if in gratification for the lovely lunch given us by the Chief we scored 110 runs after the lunch interval! Prafulla Sanker played a captain's knock of 33 not out and Aslam Merchant contributed a valuable 30 runs.

The following day we tasted our first defeat at the hands of the H. P. T. College, Nasik, one of the most formidable sides of the district. We put up a creditable perfor-

mance, and were able to skittle them out for 130 runs, Ajayya Chitnis taking seven valuable wickets. Our batsmen faced up to their pace attack very well, though we were bundled out for a meagre 64 runs.

A worse defeat was yet to follow. The following Sunday, the Nasik Cricket Club, burning with revenge, well and truly sent us for a leather hunt! Helped by Mr. Patil their opening bat who scored 97 runs, they declared their innings at 201 for 8 wickets. We replied with a score of 93 runs.

Our next match was our annual fixture against the Ex-Students during the Divali vacations. Our hopes of victory were reduced to ashes by the presence of Mr. Wilson, a wizard with the bat and the ball. We took the field expecting strong opposition but ended the day with an overwhelming victory. The Ex-Students, batting first, were all out for 41 runs, Ajayya Chitnis taking 5 of their wickets, and we replied with 200 for 7 declared. Mr. Gadre was in full command of the situation, and ended with a well-made 70 runs. For his good performance with the ball, Ajayya Chitnis was awarded the "Ex-Students' Cup".

This proved to be the last match before the Senior Cambridge examinations, but we were happy to hear that we would be playing Cathedral High School in Bombay on the 9th December. We therefore looked forward to a good match.

The much feared Cambridge examination ended, and on the 8th of December we boarded the train for Bombay, to play against the Cathedral High School on the 9th. The match was played on the beautiful Navy ground in Colaba on a bright and sunny morning. What more could we ask for in such surroundings but to win the toss, which fortunately our captain did. We put our opponents in to bat and toiled hard to dismiss them for 175 runs.

(Continued on Page 26)

Girls' Sports Round Up

A RESUMÉ OF GAMES From JUNE, 1961

With Badminton, Net-ball and Hockey having been played in the first term, we were left with Table-Tennis and Base-ball as the two games in the latter half of the year; but with three major activities, the P. T. Competition, Athletics and Swimming still to be coped with.

The Table-Tennis Matches were closely contested, resulting in a tie between Edith Cavell and Florence Nightingale Houses with 32 points each. Norma Rhubottom did much to bring her house total points to 20, thus placing them 3rd for the cup, and shared the individual championship with Hillary Garrett of Cavell House.

The Base-ball matches were less exciting. Due to lack of time only one round of matches was played. Florence Nightingale placed 1st, winning all their matches, Helen Keller 2nd, Edith Cavell 3rd and Joan of Arc last.

The P. T. Competition, as always, caused much enthusiasm and intensive practice as the time approached. It took place on

September 29th at 1 p. m. in Evans Hall with Major Lacchman Singh and two P. T. Instructors from the Artillery Centre judging.

Marching, Calisthenics and Gymnastics was the order of the programme and there was both precision and smartness in the movements of the participants. The following was the result:

1. Joan of Arc ... 333 points.
2. Edith Cavell ... 321 points.
3. Hellen Keller ... 312.25 points.
4. Florence Nightingale ... 305 points.

The Best Senior Gymnast was Muriel Laurenson. Jennifer Peacock was the Best Junior Gymnast.

The Athletics and the Swimming have been reported elsewhere in this issue, and need no further comment.

The results of the points for the Tyebally Study Cup are now awaited before we can declare the winner of the Keilly All Round Shield for 1961.

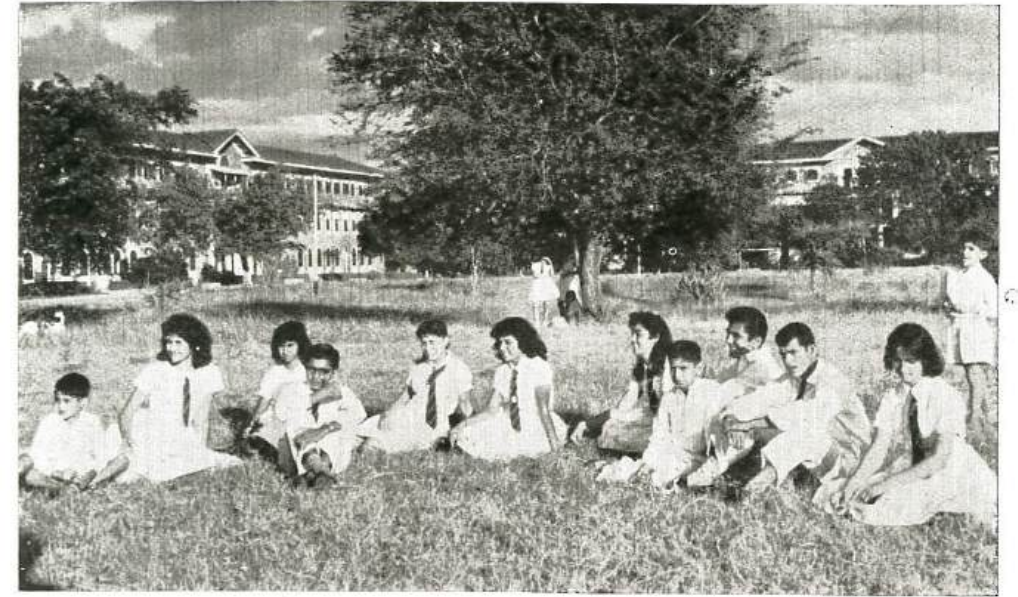
—M. C. F.

(Continued from Page 25)

With the inexplicable collapse of some of our good batsmen, to overtake their total soon became an herculean task. When the last wicket fell we had collected a meagre 65 runs, of which our skipper P. Sanker had scored an aggressive 23.

Though we had lost, we thoroughly enjoyed our visit. We would like to thank the boys of Cathedral School, the Headmaster, Mr. Gunnery, and other members of the staff for the hospitality shown to us and for making the fixture possible.

—AJAYYA CHITNIS



"BROTHERS' HOUR"

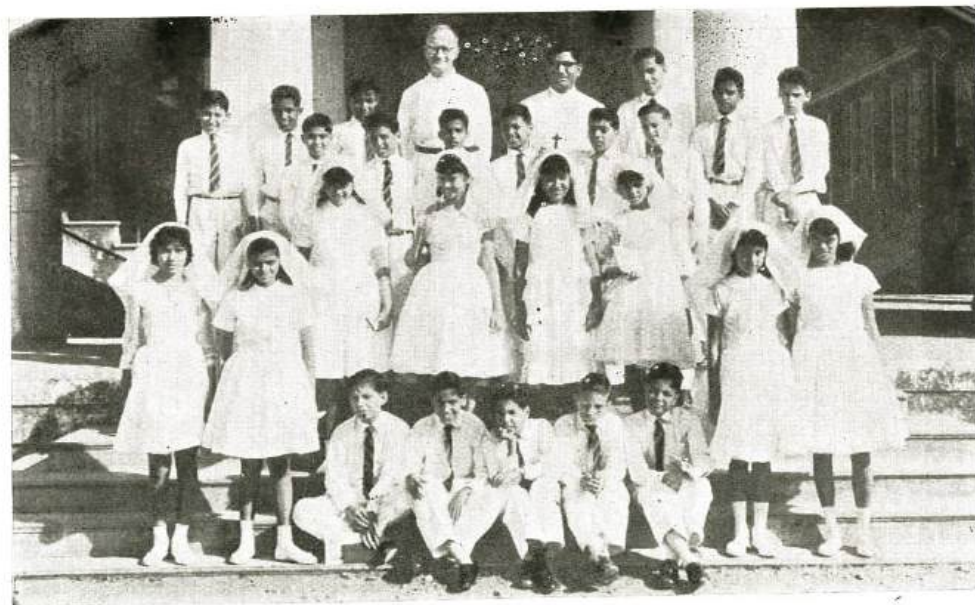


Mrs. Chapman; Mr. Hoffman; Mrs. King; Mr. Frank
with
Bulbul, Scout, Guide and Cub Leaders.



CHOIR & CHORAL SOCIETY

with
 Mr. S. Gadre; Mr. W. R. King; Mrs. D. King; The Rev. Goodman;
 Mrs. M. Gonsalves; Mr. C. Paul & Mr. Frank.



CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES

with
 The Rt. Rev. Arthur Luther, Bishop of Nasik
 and
 The Rt. Rev. E. E. Goodman-Chaplain.

Athletics THE HENRY DOWN CUP

Athletics constitutes one of the major features of our School activities. Practice and training began this year from June, each house getting its share during 'Games Time' once or twice a week.

Divali was later this year and so immediately after the Aquatic Sports held on the 20th and 23rd of October we went straight into our sports heats and practices for the March Past. This was to be extra special because we were to have the majestic martial music of the Artillery Centre Bagpipe Band, and Lt-Col. J. W. Fridell, Dy. Commandant of the School of Artillery, to preside.

The date of the Grand Finale approached; sports out-fits were smartened up, relay teams were practised and we were ready "to the last button".

November 8th dawned in an atmosphere of excitement and expectation for the Old Students were also due to arrive that day for a four day visit, and the Athletics was to be the first "go off" of the visit.

As the sun rose higher, so did our spirits; but then strangely enough clouds began to gather; then a chill wind blew up, chilling

our spirits more and more as we began to see the storm approaching. At 11.30 the deluge began. The rain lashed down in a fury we had not witnessed before at this part of the year.

At 12.45 p. m. the Headmaster announced the necessity of a postponement. It was a decision he had to take because the field was a soggy mess and the jumping pits miniature swimming pools.

It was a sad and disappointed school of dampened spirits that wended its way to lunch that day, and even though the sun in mocking splendour laughed us to scorn for the rest of the day, our dampened spirits refused to cheer to its warmth, even though we were told that the postponement would not affect the departure of those boys and girls due to go home next morning for the Divali week-end.

The Sports were finally held on the following Monday and Tuesday during our 'games sessions' as a quiet internal affair. Nevertheless, we did it in style, with a smart March Past and the taking of the oath to commence the meet, so that we kept to our standard of smartness and keen sportsmanship.

RESULTS OF THE BOYS INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS COMPETITION

SENIOR DIVISION

Event	Result	Time/Dist. Height	Record
100 Yds.	... 1. S. S. Chadha	... 10.9"	1944 ... J. Pettingell ... 10.2"
	2. S. R. Irani		
220 Yds.	... 1. P. Sankar	... 25.5"	1958 ... R. Dawes ... 23.6"
	2. M. Khan		
440 Yds.	... 1. P. Sankar	... 57"	1953 ... F. MacInnes } ... 53.8"
	2. M. Khan		1958 ... G. Brackstone }
880 Yds.	... 1. J. Jacobs	... 2' 22.2"	1938 ... T. Bownes ... 2' 7.2"
	2. A. R. Khan		

SENIOR DIVISION—Contd.

Event	Result	Time/Dist. Height	Record
High Jump	1. M. Khan 2. P. Sankar	5' 2½"	1958 ... A. Roberts ... 5' 3¼"
Long Jump	1. M. Khan 2. P. Sankar	13' 7½"	1944 ... J. MacMarquis ... 17' 1¼"
Discus Throw	1. S. R. Irani 2. M. T. Badri	72' 3"	1959 ... R. Dawes ... 94' 3"
Shot Putt	1. S. R. Irani 2. R. K. Ferzundi	30' 4½"	1940 ... J. Vickers ... 35' 4"
Javelin Throw...	1. S. R. Irani 2. M. Khan.	135' 6½" (Rec.)	1959 ... R. Dawes ... 132'
110 Yds. High ... Hurdles	1. M. T. Badri 2. M. Khan	15.3"	1958 ... R. Dawes ... 15"

VICTOR LUDORUM....M. Khan.

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

100 Yds.	1. A. Merchant 2. M. Murray	11.9"	1941 ... A. Whittle ... 11"
200 Yds.	1. A. Merchant 2. M. Murray	27.8"	1957 ... G. Brackstone ... 25.1"
440 Yds.	1. A. Merchant 2. G. Raft	1' 1.1"	1957 ... G. Brackstone ... 55.8"
880 Yds.	1. A. Merchant 2. W. Roberts	2' 26.56"	1957 ... G. Brackstone ... 2' 14.3"
High Jump	1. A. Merchant 2. H. Murarkar		1938 ... J. Vickers ... 5'
Long Jump	1. A. Merchant 2. G. Rezapoor	16' 1"	1957 ... G. Brackstone ... 18' 4"
Discus Throw	1. E. Suttle 2. A. Merchant	95' 6"	1960 ... Md. Khan ... 96' 4"
Shot Putt	1. E. Suttle 2. M. Murray	25' 10"	1957 ... G. Brackstone ... 31' 2"
Javelin Throw...	1. A. Templeton 2. E. Suttle	11' 6¼"	1960 ... Md. Khan ... 126' 4"
110 Yds. Low ... Hurdles	1. A. Merchant 2. H. Murarkar		1960 ... M. T. Badri ... 15"

VICTOR LUDORUM....A. Merchant.

JUNIOR DIVISION

100 Yds.	1. F. Suttle 2. K. Momin	12.5"	1941 ... C. Stewart ... 12"
220 Yds.	1. F. Suttle 2. D. Singh	28.3"	1958 ... S. Murray ... 27.4"
440 Yds.	1. F. Suttle 2. K. Momin	1' 6.3"	1959 ... M. T. Badri ... 1' 5.5"
High Jump	1. P. Bose 2. L. Kerr	4' ¼"	1954 ... V. Baherwani ... 4' 4¼"
Long Jump	1. F. Suttle 2. P. Bose	14' 7½"	1958 ... Md. Khan ... 15' 10"
Discus Throw	1. S. K. Irani 2. J. Kholi	63' 7½"	1959 ... Md. T. Badri ... 91' 6¼"
80 Yds. Low ... Hurdles	1. F. Suttle 2. D. Dalal	13.5"	1959 ... Md. T. Badri ... 11.8"

VICTOR LUDORUM....F. Suttle.

NOVICE DIVISION

Event	Result	Time/Dist. Height	Record
100 Yds.	1. S. Dalal 2. R. Baker	13.8"	1938 ... J. Pettingell ... 13.2"
220 Yds.	1. S. Dalal 2. R. Baker	33.5"	1953 ... G. Brackstone } 1956 ... P. Jackson } ... 31"
High Jump	1. S. Dalal 2. R. Baker	3' 10½"	1953 ... G. Brackstone ... 3' 11½"
Long Jump	1. S. Dalal 2. S. Kwatra	11' 9½"	1953 ... G. Brackstone ... 13.6"

VICTOR LUDORUM....S. Dalal.

MIDGET DIVISION

50 Yds.	1. D. Kerr 2. M. Razvi	7.8"	1956 ... F. Suttle ... 7.5"
100 Yds.	1. S. Fong 2. D. Kerr	14.5"	1954 ... P. Jackson ... 14.2"
High Jump	1. S. Fong 2. J. Chaugle	3' 10" (Rec.)	1954 ... P. Jackson ... 3' 5½"
Long Jump	1. D. Kerr 2. J. Chaugle	10' 10"	1957 ... B. Jhangiani ... 11' 4"

VICTOR LUDORUM....D. Kerr.

Senior Inter-House Relay 220, 440, 220, 440.	1. Candy 2. Spence	2' 53.5"	1958 ... Greaves ... 2' 44.1"
Junior Inter-House Relay 220, 110, 220, 110.	1. Candy 2. Spence	1' 30.4"	1955 ... Royal ... 1' 25.3"

WINNERS OF THE HENRY DOWN CUP Spence House.

WINNERS OF THE BARROW HARD LINES CUP....Candy House.

**RESULTS OF THE GIRLS' INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS COMPETITION.....
THE WILSON CUP**

SENIOR DIVISION

Event	Result	Time/Dist. Height	Record
100 Yds.	1. Y. Dennis 2. H. Garrett	12.6"	1944 ... C. Bailey ... 12.2"
220 Yds.	1. H. Garrett 2. M. Arklie	29.7"	1947 ... D. Stewart ... 28.6"
80 Yds. Low Hurdles	1. H. Garrett 2. M. Arklie	13.8"	1958 ... S. Taylor ... 12.2"
High Jump	1. H. Garrett 2. N. Rhubottom	4' ¼"	1946 ... C. Palmer-Wilson ... 4' 5"
Long Jump	1. Y. Dennis 2. M. Arklie	13' 9"	1959 ... M. Dawes ... 14' 11"
Discus Throw	1. Y. Dennis 2. I. Williams	73' 8¼" (Rec.)	1960 ... B. Peters ... 73' 1"
Javelin Throw...	1. I. Williams 2. A. Johnstone	75' 1"	1960 ... I. Williams ... 75' 1"
Shot Putt	1. H. Garrett 2. I. Williams	27' 6"	1950 ... B. Hill ... 30'

VICTOR LUDORUM....Hillary Garrett.

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

Event	Result	Time/Dist. Height	Record
100 Yds.	1. V. Kulkarni 2. S. Awatramani	14.5"	1943 ... C. Palmer-Wilson ... 12.6"
220 Yds.	1. S. Bhadbade 2. V. Goulden	33.6"	1959 ... Y. Dennis ... 31.2"
80 Yds. Low Hurdles	1. M. Johnstone 2. R. Williams	17.2"	1957 ... J. White ... 15"
High Jump	1. S. Bhadbade 2. S. Awatramani	3' 7"	1943 ... C. Palmer-Wilson ... 4' 4"
Long Jump	1. R. Williams 2. B. Watts	10' 10"	1959 ... Y. Dennis ... 13' 5"
Discus Throw	1. R. Williams 2. B. Watts	46' 0"	1959 ... Y. Dennis ... 58' 11½"
Javelin Throw	1. R. Williams 2. M. Johnstone	48' 6½"	1960 ... M. Arklie ... 61' 8½"
Shot Putt	1. S. Awatramani 2. M. Johnstone	16' 10½"	1957 ... B. Peters ... 23' 5"

VICTOR LUDORUM...Ruby Williams.

JUNIOR DIVISION

100 Yds.	1. C. Cox 2. M. Raza	14.5"	1944 ... May Whittle ... 13.8"
50 Yds.	1. C. Cox 2. M. Murray	7.5"	1953 ... N. Baden ... 7.4"
50 Yds. Skipping	1. J. Roberts 2. I. Garrett	8.6"	1957 ... D. Sydney ... 8.1" 1959 ... M. Arklie ...
High Jump	1. I. Garrett 2. J. Roberts	3' ½"	1945 ... S. Pawle ... 3' 10"
Long Jump	1. J. Roberts 2. I. Garrett	10' 2"	1959 ... M. Arklie ... 12' 7"

VICTOR LUDORUM...Jean Roberts.

NOVICE DIVISION

100 Yds.	1. G. King 2. A. Joowekar	16"	1957 ... M. Arklie ... 15.2"
50 Yds.	1. A. Joowekar 2. T. Dalal	8.8"	1954 ... A. Fernandes ... 7.8"
50 Yds. Skipping	1. K. Shah 2. D. Dias	9.5"	1954 ... D. Sydney ... 8.4"
High Jump	1. T. Dalal 2. Y. Furniturewalla S. Arklie	2' 5"	1955 ... J. Peacock ... 3' 1" 1957 ... M. Arklie ...
Long Jump	1. D. Dias 2. T. Dalal	7' 11"	1957 ... M. Arklie ... 11' 4"

VICTOR LUDORUM...Thrity Dalal.

RESULTS OF THE JUNIOR RELAY..4X110	... 1st Joan of Arc
	... 2nd Edith Cavell
RESULTS OF THE SENIOR RELAY..4X110	... 1st Edith Cavell
	... 2nd Hellen Keller
WINNERS OF THE WILSON CUP	... Florence Nightingale
WINNERS OF THE BARROW HARD LINES CUP	... Edith Cavell

(Continued on Page 33)



"THE DUMB WIFE OF CHEAPSIDE"—Std. IX B



Std. X VISITS WILSON DAM (BHANDADARA)



Deanna Sydney & Marjorie Drake make friends with an ape at Trimbak.



M. Dawes



Y. Dennis

Representatives of the Central Rly. at the Inter-Rly-Athletic meet at Delhi.



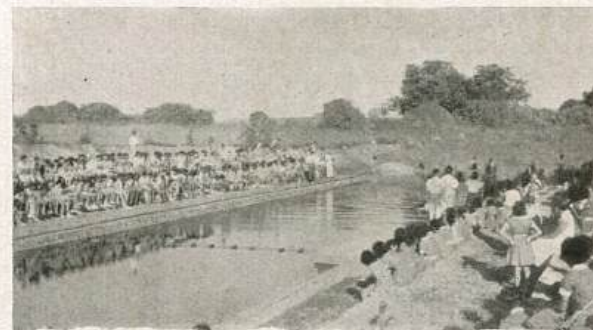
THE FOOT-BALLERS at Bishop's School, Poona.



LAKE BEALE DAM



A DIP IN LAKE BEALE



THE SCHOOL AT THE SWIMMING POOL



THE CRICKETERS at H. P. T. College, Nasik.

Swimming

This sport reached the height of its popularity this term, for never in the history of Barnes have so many of us done so much swimming and for so many months of the year as we did this year. Reason? The "cinderella-ish" conversion of the Duck Pond to Swimming Pool.

For two years plans had been afoot for a new Swimming Pool and we had worked feverishly at fetes and collecting cards to get in as much money as possible for this big project. We wondered, at times, whether we would ever see it even started. Then we went away for the summer vacation this year.

Imagine our surprise when we returned a month later to find a bath full of water and the jungled slopes cut into neat terraces and already a riot of colour with beds full of the most beautiful flowers.

We were warned to respect the garden beds and the flowers, and there was never a spare moment when the boys were not down at the pool having a quick dip even before roll call and during the lunch break. That is where we were luckier than the girls, who were only allowed down at stipulated times, and accompanied by a teacher.



A wall spanned the middle of the Old Duck Pond making the Pool a 25 metre one. All the events for the Inter-House competition were doubled in length this year to bring them on a par with the events held in the old Duck Pond.

The Aquatic Sports took place on October 20th and 23rd with the following results:—

BOYS' SENIOR DIVISION

4 Lengths Free Style ...	1. Raymer ... 1' 58"	3 Lengths Free Style ...	1. S. Irani ... 1' 17.5"
	2. A. Harris		2. R. Raymer
2 Lengths Free Style ...	1. S. Irani ... 46.5"	2 Lengths Back Stroke	1. D. D'Cruz ... 1' 6.2"
	2. R. Raymer		2. R. Rohra

VICTOR LUDORUM...R. Raymer.

BOYS' INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

4 Lengths Free Style ...	1. C. Frederick ... 2' 4.2"	3 Lengths Free Style ...	1. C. Frederick... 1' 24.4"
	2. S. Joowekar		2. S. Joowekar
2 Lengths Free Style ...	1. S. Joowekar ... 53.4"	2 Lengths Back Stroke	1. G. Raft ... 1' 12"
	2. C. Frederick		2. W. Roberts

VICTOR LUDORUM...C. Frederick.

BOYS' JUNIOR DIVISION

3 Lengths Free Style ...	1. G. Padda ... 1' 30.6"	2 Lengths Free Style ...	1. G. Padda ... 54.4"
	2. K. Irani		2. P. Bose
1 Length Free Style ...	1. G. Padda ... 23"	1 Length Back Stroke	1. G. Nair ... 30.7"
	2. P. Bose		2. G. Padda

VICTOR LUDORUM...G. Padda.

BOYS' NOVICE DIVISION

3 Lengths Free Style...	1. N. Kishore ... 1' 50"	2 Lengths Free Style...	1. R. Baker ... 1' 4.9"
	2. S. Khosla		2. N. Kishore
1 Length Free Style ...	1. R. Baker ... 25.8"	1 Length Back Stroke...	1. R. Baker ... 34.5"
	2. S. Khosla		2. S. Khosla

VICTOR LUDORUM..R. Baker.

BOYS' MIDGET DIVISION

1½ Length Free Style...	1. V. Kapoor ... 55.7"	1 Length Free Style ...	1. V. Kapoor ... 34.5"
	2. S. Chang		2. D. Kerr
¾ Length Free Style ...	1. V. Kapoor ... 20.5"		
	2. D. Kerr		

VICTOR LUDORUM..V. Kapoor.

OPEN EVENTS (Over 14 Yrs.)

16 Lengths Free Style	1. A. Harris ... 9' 31.8"
	2. R. Raymer

OPEN EVENTS (Under 14 Yrs.)

8 Lengths Free Style...	1. G. Padda ... 5' 22.1"
	2. K. Momin

JUNIOR RELAY-2x1x1x2

1. Spence 2' 47.7"
2. Candy
3. Royal

SENIOR RELAY 2x1x1x2

1. Spence 2' 32.2"
2. Candy
3. Royal

FINAL RESULT

1. Spence House	84 points
2. Candy House	67 points
3. Royal House	42 points
4. Greaves House	36 points

GIRLS' SENIOR DIVISION

1 Length Over Arm ...	1. H. Garrett ... 26.3"	1 Length Breast Stroke...	1. R. Moore ... 39.3"
	2. Y. Dennis		2. N. Rhubottom
2 Lengths Back Stroke...	1. H. Garrett ... 1' 18"	2 Lengths Free Style...	1. M. MacDonald 1' 6.7"
	2. C. Johnstone		2. Y. Dennis

VICTOR LUDORUM..H. Garrett.

GIRLS' INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

2 Lengths Back Stroke...	1. P. Khosla ... 1' 33.2"	1 Length Over Arm ...	1. M. Arklie ... 37.2"
	2. M. Arklie		2. M. Johnstone
1 Length Free Style ...	1. M. Arklie ... 35.3"		
	2. P. Khosla		

VICTOR LUDORUM..M. Arklie.

GIRLS' JUNIOR DIVISION

1 Length Over Arm ...	1. L. Maini ... 45.8"	1 Length Back Stroke...	1. L. Maini ... 1' 5.8"
	2. P. Maini		2. J. Roberts
1 Length Free Style ...	1. P. Maini ... 47"		
	2. D. Padda		

VICTOR LUDORUM...L. Maini.

NET-BALL



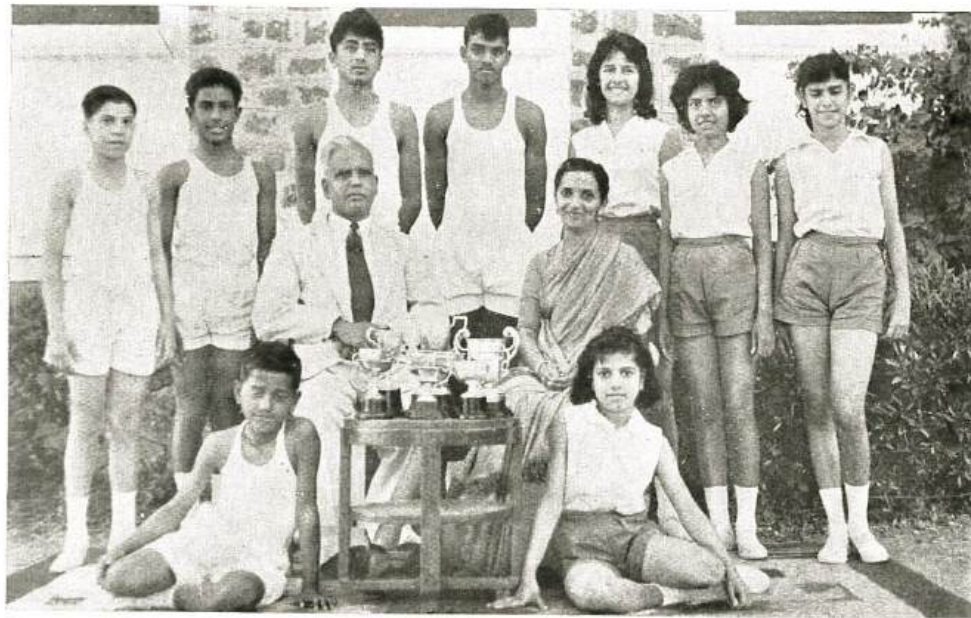
A. Peacock; R. Moore; J. Peacock; G. Watts;
H. Garrett; Mrs. D. MacInnes; N. Rhubottom;
C. Collins.

BADMINTON AND TABLE-TENNIS



G. Watts; J. Peacock; Mrs. D. King; Mrs. Bissett; H. Garrett; D. Sydney.

ATHLETICS—VICTORS LUDORUM



Sharukh Dalal (Novice); F. Suttle (Junior); A. Merchant (Inter.); M. Khan (Senior); H. Garrett (Senior); R. Williams (Inter.); J. Roberts (Junior); Mr. A. Michael; Mrs. D. King; D. Kerr (Midget); T. Dalal (Novice).



Standing :—G. Padda (Jun.); C. Frederick (Inter.); R. Raymer (Sen.); H. Garrett (Sen.); M. Arklie (Inter.).
Sitting :—V. Kapoor (Midget); R. Baker (Novice); L. Maini (Jun.); D. Dias (Novice).

VICTORS LUDORUM

— SWIMMING



with Organisers
Mr. S. Gadre; Mrs. J. Lal.

GIRLS' NOVICE DIVISION

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Length Over Arm ... | 1. D. Dias ... 57" | 1 Length Free Style ... | 1. D. Dias ... 53.4" |
| | 2. V. Gadkari | | 2. V. Gadkari |
| 1 Length Back Stroke... | 1. V. Gadkari ... 1'6.8" | | |
| | 2. D. Dias | | |

VICTOR LUDORUM...D. Dias.

GIRLS' OPEN DIVISION

- 8 Lengths Free Style ... 1. M. MacDonald 6'17.9"

SENIOR RELAY 1 x 1 x 1 x 1

1. F. Nightingale 2' 3.7"
2. Edith Cavell

JUNIOR RELAY ½ x ½ x ½ x ½

1. F. Nightingale 1' 10.2"
2. Joan Of Arc

CHAMPION HOUSE...Joan Of Arc.

—S. GADRE & J. LAL

(Continued from Page 30)

A SPECIAL MENTION.....

In the Central Railway Inter-Divisional Athletic Meet for the Horsfield Shield held on the 18th and 19th November 1961 our Yvonne Dennis covered herself with glory competing with seasoned athletes like Cecelia Pais and Stephine D'Souza. In the 100 metre dash she came third, beaten by Stephine D'Souza and C. Pais who are National champions! In the 200 metre race, the Discus Throw and Javelin Throw she placed third again. She placed second in the Shot Putt and then surprised everyone by beating the Central Railway record in High Jump by jumping 4' 4", thus bettering the previous record by 1½ inches. The relay team of which she was a member stood second. With all these victories to her credit she placed third for the individual championship. We are indeed very proud of Yvonne.

Maxine Dawes who left us a few years ago also flew the victory flag, placing 1st in the Javelin Throw, 2nd in the Discus throw and 3rd in the Hurdles and Long Jump.

Both Yvonne and Maxine have been selected for the Central Railway Relay Team which will be competing at Delhi in December. We hope they will bring the team home to victory.

STOP PRESS.....

As this goes to press we hear that the Central Railway Relay Team broke the All India Railways' record with a timing of 53.3 seconds. Well done Yvonne and Maxine!

—RODNEY EASDON

Dramatics

The histrionic talent of the school was amply explored in the Class Plays which took place during the second and third terms. There was a good deal of scope for children to display their talent, and there were opportunities for quite a number of children to take part.

On July 22nd the first set of plays were produced by Stds. II, IIIA, IIIB, IVA and IVB. The plays were charming in their simplicity and the little 'stars' enjoyed performing as much as the audience enjoyed watching them.

Due to their form teacher Mrs. Frederick being ill at the time, Std. I, though ready for theirs, was unable to put on "The Sad Little House." Std. II did two charming little plays, produced by Miss Brown. In "The Visitors" Evelyn Smith took the part of mother to Joan and Arthur played by Helen Watts and Terence Freese, while Malik Mohamed made a very professional-looking Doctor. "Cindy" MacInnes stole the show in "I'm Lost" as the little lost puppy of Harry (David King) and Harry's mother (Aruna Sayal). All ended well when a little friend (Jennifer Dameron) brought Cindy to the police station and the two burly policemen (Alan Whiter and Nabil Ahmed) handed her back to Harry.

Std. IIIA wafted us to far away China in "Ching, Chang and the Nugget of Gold". The two brothers, Ching and Chang, were played by Md. Amin Merchant and Syed Mansur Razvi, with Richard Cox as the "Beggar". Naemonisa Fazalbhoj enjoyed herself as the "Fairy Queen" with Perver Patel, Renu Kapur and Zahid Khatib as her fairy attendants, while Abdul Faridooni, Deepak Tripathi, Michael Bardey, Gillian

King, Purnima Pathak, Audrey Smith and Beroze Cama made very hard-working workers! Produced by Mrs. Lal, Gillian King unfolded the story as the story-teller.

Std. IIIB had a different dish to offer in "The King's Cobbler," produced by Mrs. Gonsalves. Hussein Subedar 'cobbled' his way very successfully into riches, assisted by the Fairy Queen, Sidhonia Arklie, and her seven pixies, Gitikar Ghandi, Yasmin Furniturewalla, Hazel Arnold, Iqbal Hakeem, Khodaram Minocheri, Ashok Tejpaal, Nigel Garrett, Mervyn Goulden and Chandra Mudliar. Then followed Std. IVA's "In the Street" produced by Mrs. Chapman with Gavin Barnett playing the part of the policeman who completely confused a little old lady (Debra Dias) in finding her way to Buckingham Palace. The plot was made even more complicated by the Milk-man (Glen Arnold), the Post-man (Neville Jacobs) and the Dust-man (Peter Morris), ending in a dilemma for everyone!

Std. IVB rounded off the evening with "The Second Wish", produced by their form teacher, Miss D. Mendonca. Anees Ahmed played the part of the Prime Minister to the King (Suresh Gadkari). Attendants Big Butler (Robert Goulden), Small Butler (Noshir Ccooper), and Footmen Shapoor Parvaresh, Navroze Khambatta and Mohammed Makki would have quite gladly seen the end of the Prince (Satish Jaywant), had it not been for the ingenuity of the Princess (Stephine Hughes) who saved his life to become his bride.

* * *

MORE JUNIOR PLAYS

Our Independence Day celebrations ended with more plays produced by the Junior School. These were varied, interesting and well-performed. We were entertained with the old familiar favourite "Cinderella", performed by Std. VA and produced by Mrs. D. MacInnes, with Surrinder Sidhoo as a charming little Cinderella bullied by her two step-sisters, Hortensia (Arlene Harris) and Wistaria (Violet Goulden). The Step-mother (Ruby Williams) was powerless to counteract the charm of Cinderella's Fairy God-mother (Zarin Kavina), and assisted by Bopo, the kitchen-boy (perky little Robin Shortlands), the young Prince (Cyrus Mody) finally found his Princess, much to the joy of the King, played by Patrick Jackson and the Queen (Maureen Murray). The court scene presented a colourful spectacle with most of the class as courtiers and court ladies while Keith Pye heralded in the guests and Christopher Coutinho announced.

"The Missus' Hat", performed by Std. VB and produced by Mrs. Bissett, was a riot of fun, with Errol Kerr as Mr. Garnett, the confused husband, left with his wife's hat to re-decorate while she was out shopping because it had been ruined by his carelessness.

Able assisting him to do this were his three burly farm-hands, Ted Coombes (Kevin Nock), Dick Dulley (Clifford Moore and Robin (Eric Williams). After almost completely ruining the hat, much to the discomfort of Mr. Garnett who feared the worst, Mrs. Garnett (Beryl Jacobs) returned from her shopping spree and was delighted by the new creation presented to her by her husband. Such are the ways of women!!

Std. VI A spirited the audience into another world in "Paradise Enow", when Ali (Gerald Raft) spurned the advice of the Angel (Christopher Whiter) and Miss Wilson (Joan Gardener) a missionary, and followed the Dark Angel (Rees Phillips) into Paradise,

to be entertained by a troupe of dancing girls (P. Mountenay, D. Padda, P. Khanna, C. Cox, S. Furniturewalla and Jean Roberts). He realised too late that none could compare with his wife played by Fay Arnold and the play, produced by Mr. Michael, ended in Ali's repentance of his choice.

"The Death Trap", performed by Std. VI B and produced by Mrs. D. King, kept the audience's interest going with the plot of three officers of the Prince's Guard, Gideon (Faisal Abbas), Shaw (Naval Hassan) and Victor (Mahmood Razvi), to kill the Prince (Walter Smith). Dr. Jones (Keith Roberts) rounded off the tragedy by cleverly concealing a phial of poison, which he handed over to the Prince who ended the play dramatically by poisoning the guards and himself in a drink with which he toasted "Death".

* * *

MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYS

On September 30th the Middle School presented a delightful variety of plays, with Std. VII A romping through "Nothing Ever Happens", produced by Mr. T. Flight and introduced by Harwinder Chawla to the strains of soft music and a novel introduction. The Mackenzie children, Alan (Harwinder Chawla), Jean (C. Waters), Michael (S. Thakur), Elizabeth (I. Playfair) and David (Glen Miranda) had their boredom relieved by the entrance of a detective (L. Crage) whom they mistook for the Bank Robber, just announced over the radio as being at large. A succession of unhappy incidents occurred for the detective as he was bound and gagged, and only finally released when Alan went out to inform the police of their excellent work and discovered that the criminal had been apprehended already by the police and that theirs was just a ghastly mistake! In contrast to this was Std. VII B's "Abu Hassan Pays His Debts", produced by Mr. S. Gadre, with a cast including Kersi

Sumondy as Abu Hassan, Thelma Newnes as Fatima, A. Gulati as Ali Wali, T. Chainani as Rabaj, R. C. Williams as Massoor, B. Watts as Razia, E. Suttle as the Caliph, P. Taylor as Zubeida, his wife, and M. Arklie and M. Furniturewalla as court attendants.

In different vein again was Std. VIII A's sketch "Cream of Tartar", produced by Mr. A. Frank, with Aunt Rebecca (Deanna Sydney), M. Laurenson as Mrs. Sparks, P. Bose as Mr. Sparks and M. Berry as the chemist, Mr. Sharp. Then Std. VIII B carried us back to the land of princes and woodcutters in their play "The Prince and the Woodcutter", produced by Mr. D. Hoffman. S. Joowekar took the part of the King with Carol Roberts as the Queen, R. Freese as the Red Prince, Khodi Irani as the Yellow Prince and Mark Gonsalves as the Blue Prince. It was the Woodcutter (T. Willams), however, who finally won the hand of the Princess, D. Blunt. Jacqueline Gardener, Carol Johnstone, Darius Dalal and M. Shorey were court attendants.

* * *

SENIOR SCHOOL PLAYS

In a more serious strain, the Senior School followed on October 28th with their series. "Kidnapped", produced by Mr. B. Soares and ably performed by Std. IX A, featured Michaeljohn Fernandes as David Balfour, Alan Templeton as Alan Breck, Yazdi Jasoomani as Uncle Ebenezer, and Faizal Al Fazli as Captain Hoseason. His "drunken and murderous crew" of sailors, F. A. Khan, C. Frederick, D. Freese and D. Arklie, led by Faud Al Fazli as Riach and Ahmed Razvi as Shaun, kept the audience on tenter-hooks during one scene as they fought their way into the "Round House" and were slain by the superior swordsmanship of Alan Breck, assisted by his friend David Balfour. Ramesh Murarkar played Ransome, the simple cabin-boy, while Vinod Issar was the Minister of Essendean and Tehmasp Engineer, Mr. Rankeillor.

Std. IXB's "The Dumb Wife of Cheap-side", produced by Mr. Gupta, proved to be quite amusing with Sherali Fazal as the Alderman who found respite only when he caused himself to become deaf to rid himself of the persistent chatter of a virago of a wife, Audrey Johnstone, whose dumbness he had mistakenly caused to be cured by Dr. Julep (Derrick D'Cruz), with the help of assistants Master Sunder (S. Nanjundayya) and Master Ounce (Sudhir Waje) because he felt so sorry for her sad plight. Neither the lawyer (Ian Mascarenhas) nor his man-servant (Arun Athavle) could help him out of his dilemma. The maid-servants of Mistress Ann were Kusum Masand and Premlata Khosla.

Std. X put on a unique performance in staging "The Poetasters of Ispahan", produced by Mr. F. MacInnes. In an extravagant and ingenious introduction to strains of Persian music, the characters passed before the audience as if on a movie screen. Excellent costumes and a versatile cast brought humour to scenes that might otherwise have been dull to a young audience, and the play was therefore a great success. Mohammed Pirani as Nejrihal, the rotund pastry-cook, Aslam Merchant as Ala 'd' din, the seller of exotic perfumes of the East, Behram Avari as Suleiman, the barber and Sharukh Minocheri as Guleesh, the miserly silk-merchant, provided most of the mirth, contrasting the winsome public letter-writer, Hallaj, played by Vinod Khanna. His talent in writing verse finally won him the hand of the beautiful Silver Moon, played by Homai Irani, on whom her father Ibn Hasim (Aspy Dalal), the wealthy jeweller, gladly bestowed a fortune as he blessed the happy pair. The charming little slave girl, Shakuntala Awatramani, and the two negro slaves, Habib Makki and Iqbal Merchant, gave a clever touch in creating just the correct atmosphere. This was certainly a fitting conclusion to Std. X's efforts in dramatics for as Cambridge candidates (we hope!) next year they will be too hard at work to play-act. —T. FLIGHT

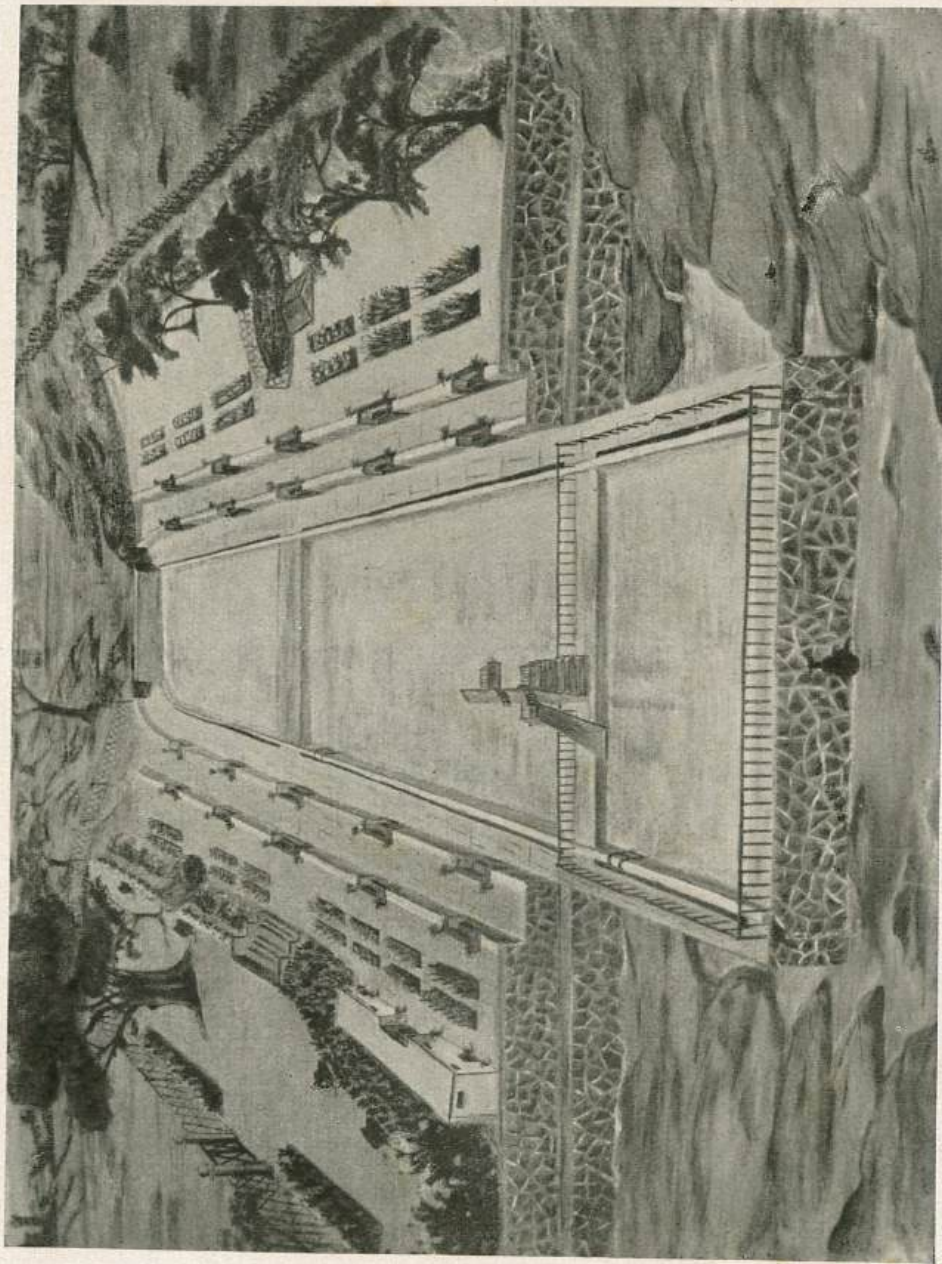


"KIDNAPPED" . . . Std. IX A



A Scene from "The Poetasters of Ispahan" . . . Std. X

"FROM DUCK POND TO SWIMMING POOL"



— AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION —

From Duck Pond to Swimming Pool

A PROGRESS REPORT

In the last issue of the Barnicle (August 1961) we set out our plans for the new school swimming pool. Now we have to report the progress made from the time we began in May last to the end of the School year on December 9th.

First of all we have completed the new well on the North Bank. There was a long irritating delay before the pump could be installed but it is in position now. It is a Rustom Hornsby centrifugal pump, driven by a Crompton Parkinson 3 H. P. electric Motor. We had to tap the electric mains near the Power House and erect two 30' pylons to carry the wires across the Pool to the North Bank and then to the well. A good workman-like job was made of the erection. The pump is housed in a concrete pit 3 feet deep on the east side of the well. A small 3 feet hollow pillar contains the switch gear which is compact and simple to operate. First, the main switch, a small lever, has to be pulled down. Then there are two press buttons, one red, the other green. Push the green and the pump starts, the red, and it stops. From the pump a 2" suction pipe goes 23' down into the well, while a 1½" delivery pipe takes the water underground to the edge of the Bank. Here are two connections both controlled by separate stop valves so that the water can be led separately into one half or the other or directed into both simultaneously. Four thousand five hundred gallons of fresh water are delivered each hour. Just 3 hours pumping per day will give us 13,500 gallons and at that rate we can fill half the bath in four days allowing for the well to recover in the remaining 21 hours. To fill the whole bath and the diving pool will take about 10 days. This will be done during

the holidays before the children return. Once the bath is full we shall pump in and let out some 13,000 gallons a day so that there is a constant refreshing of the water. On December 2nd the pump was in working order for the first time.

What we referred to as stage two in the last issue of the Barnicle has been completed. The terraces are finished, gardens laid out, trees planted and a rockery built, and the whole area has been wired in. Mr. Fernandes has been gardener-in-chief and under his direction the flower-beds have been and are still blooming with pinks, chrysanthemums, gaillardias, Michaelmas daisies, cannas, dahlias and other plants. The rockery is stocked with portulaca and various types of cactus. The banks have been studded with bougainvilleas, poinsettia, oleander and allamanda. These are all growing well, the bougainvilleas and poinsettias giving vivid splashes of colour. Where steps have been cut through the terraces, copper coloured coleus have been planted and the terraces themselves are almost covered with grass. Already it is a show place where children take their parents for picnics when they come to visit them. By this time next year when every thing is more developed it will really be a wonderful sight.

Instead of waiting till next May to construct the diving pool we planned to finish it during the Christmas holidays. The day after the children left, blasting started. The stone removed in that way will be used to build the side walls and end dam. Whether we shall have enough time to erect the diving platforms before the new term starts

(Continued on Page 45)

Visiting Places of Interest

Though school excursions have taken us to places as wide apart as Kashmir and South India, we have never failed to take advantage of the ample scope offered to us in almost the neighbourhood of Barnes for this popular and immensely valuable educational activity.

It is common practice for a group of senior boys to obtain a 'full day permit' on a sunny Saturday, and ride off on bicycles to visit fairly distant places. Their merry whistling as they've passed through 'Girls' School' has often caused us to gaze after them with envy, as such trips are beyond the reach of us girls. We don't have the 'full day permit', as the boys know it, for it would be imprudent for us to go off anywhere far on our own. Besides, cycling 30 to 40 odd miles a day would take the pleasure out of the trip for most of us..... After all, we are the weaker sex! So our journeys into the blue and hilly beyond have hitherto been restricted to 'class excursions', 'guide camps' or an annual 'choir picnic.'

But this year the Girls' School came into its own. Armed with the 'Gazeteer of The Bombay Presidency, NASIK', Mrs. MacInnes set out to help us to 'know the neighbourhood' and enjoy an outing at the same time. Once every month she took 30 senior and intermediate girls out on an excursion. We used the school bus, subscribing towards the cost of the petrol. Mrs. Athavle, our very co-operative catering matron, used to have special lunches and teas ready almost at daybreak, so that we might make an early start; and Mr. MacInnes was kind enough to accompany us on our trips to give us any masculine protection we might need.

At a meeting of a group of senior girls, over which Mrs. MacInnes presided, we

decided to visit two places of historical interest and one technical achievement in the neighbourhood, in the three months that remained of the scholastic year. We selected Pandu-Lena and Trimbak as the historically interesting places we would like to see, and Lake Beale Dam as the technical achievement. These possessed the additional advantages of being ideal picnic spots!

Our first excursion was to Pandu-Lena Caves.....a group of old Buddhist ones cut into the side of a hill about five miles south of Nasik. Ready reference is made to them by our history teachers when teaching us about Buddhism; and a learned description of them has appeared in an early issue of 'The Barnicle', as also of Ajanta and Ellora. But we were glad to see them for ourselves. After inspecting the caves, we relaxed on the broad terrace which runs in front of them and admired the beautiful and extensive view that it commanded. We had to get back to school early that day as there were 'Class Plays' that evening, so after devouring a delicious lunch 'neath the shade of some mango trees on the Bombay-Agra road, and paying a fleeting visit to Jackie Yardley's house, we brought our first excursion to an end.

We next visited Trimbak, famous throughout the country as a place of pilgrimage. Before we could get out of the bus in the small town at the foot of the hill, we were surrounded by 'guides'. We engaged one and were taken off to see the 'source of the Godavari', which is the chief item of interest at Trimbak. Our guide led us through a maze of lanes and then to a flight of stone steps leading to the top of the hill. At first we climbed easily, but as time went on we began to feel the strain. We halted at regular intervals and then resumed our ascent with renewed

vigour. A steady stream of pilgrims and sight-seers like ourselves flowed up or down the stairway. The more elderly were borne along on litters. We were much amused by a pair of litter-bearers who dogged our footsteps in the hope that a member of our party would collapse and give them the opportunity of earning an exorbitant fee for their services. They did not know that even the girls of Barnes are made of sterner stuff!

As we approached the top of the hill we were welcomed by a reception committee of monkeys! They were quite tame and took offerings of sweets and fruits from our very hands without biting off our fingers. Some of the girls took the opportunity of posing for photographs with their ancestors! At last the 'source of the Godavari' was reached. In a niche in the cliff, under a small canopy constructed in stone and wood, was a small stone image of a goddess, and under it was a rock formation which resembled the mouth of a cow, from which flowed a trickle of water. This is held by the people to be the source of the Godavari and is the chief object of worship. The water from the cow's mouth disappears mysteriously on the hill and re-appears in a 'holy pool' at the bottom of the hill. We were too tired to visit Trimbak Fort or the other shrines nearby. We rested a while and took in the breath-taking view. Below us lay the town of Trimbak with its temples and sacred bathing places. Across the plain wound the thin silvery streak of the Godavari and against the horizon stood a number of high hills. Close at hand we could see the hill of Anjaneri, frequented in the past by both staff and students.

On the way down we were stopped by an old man who spoke flawless English with an Oxford accent! We gathered that he had been living in a house on the hill for a very long time. We were surprised to receive a 'long lecture' from him on the 'superstition

and ignorance' of the people for believing that the water that emerged from the cow's mouth was the source of the Godavari. According to him the real source was about five miles away. We listened politely, accompanied him to see an unusually designed well, and made our way to the bottom of the hill. We spent a little time looking at the temples and the sacred bathing places in the town and then drove off in the bus to a Dak Bungalow a short distance away. Here we had lunch and spent the rest of the day dancing and listening to music from a record player or romping about the gardens, returning to school late in the evening.

Our last excursion was to Lake Beale Dam. We drove to Asvali through very picturesque country. The dam was a very narrow one and a certain official whom we met, no doubt nervous because of what had happened to the dams in Poona, refused to let our 'heavy vehicle' cross it. The Dak Bungalow was a couple of miles distant and we did not relish the idea of trekking all the way. Fortunately he could not resist Mr. MacInnes' persuasive powers and eventually the bus was allowed to crawl across the dam. We spent the day in picnic fashion. We played games, swam in the waters of Lake Beale and visited the well-kept garden at the foot of the dam. The sluice gates were open and so we delighted in the roar of the water and the fine cool spray that showered upon us. We were sorry when the day ended.

These excursions for the girls alone were very successful and very popular. There wasn't a single girl who had not enjoyed herself tremendously on these trips. We had seen three interesting places and had a great deal of fun while doing so.

—JUNE FRANCIS
Std. XI

Sandwiches and Squash?

OR, THE INNOCENT AT HIS FIRST PICNIC ABROAD

Some years ago, in an endeavour to stretch the imagination of a class of 'just past 11 -' (B stream) in a Secondary Modern School, I asked them to write, as a play, the account of the Holy Family's journey to Jerusalem for the Passover. In my own humble way I had tried to tell them what an eastern caravan on the road was like and somewhere the word "caravan" must have rung a bell in the mind of Billy Smith. At any rate, his caravan paused by the wayside for a picnic in the second scene: "Mum," said one member of the party, "get out the sandwiches and squash."

I have only just come to realise how very far from the truth the "sandwiches" mentality of the average English pic-nic-goer is from a pic-nic in India. I ought to have known from my previous experience. Once, in 1943, I was invited to go out camping with a Political Officer in Baluchistan. Camping to me meant hopefully rubbing damp twigs together and upsetting lukewarm custard, while crouched under an inadequate triangular piece of dripping canvas, in an English woodland. Camping by Indian standards is different. It meant for three men:—

- 13 baggage camels at Rs. 3 per day per camel and driver (not all of them had visited the U.S.A. in those days).
- 3 Roorkee chairs.
- 3 Camp beds (comfortable).
- 1 Complete camp kitchen plus Goanese cook (not yet liberated).
- 3 Bearers (one now behind the iron curtain in Poonch).
- 3 Bedroom tents.
- 1 Drawing room tent (to be used as a dining room at a pinch).

1 Wireless set (there was no television in those days).

3 Bathrooms with mod. con. but without septic tanks (there was as yet no Government Five Year Plan).

Now camping, to me, had always meant mucking about in tents and doing your own chores. For instance, opening the fruit salad tin with a penknife after you have dropped the tin-opener in the long grass after nightfall. In India it is different because your bearer always has an extra tin-opener, acquired from a previous master, and is there to open the tin for you anyway.

Had I borne some of this in mind, I might have known, when Standard X invited me to share in their picnic at Bhandadara, that it would not be any half-hearted business of 'sandwiches and squash'. At the same time, I asked myself, as I hastily withdrew my feet from beside a bubbling tea urn which suddenly appeared as my travelling companion in the bus, and gazed upon the Athavale stores with which we were surrounded — were we bound for Bhandadara or Baghdad?

The young ladies of the party were particularly solicitous for my welfare and plied me with breakfast sandwiches of tomato. Did I say, tomato? There was a hint of green concealed between the layers. Cucumber? I bit through it and it wasn't. However, the bus carried a first aid supply of bananas.

The breakfast stop enabled the 'shikari' party to go off on a minor expedition. Someone nonchalantly mentioned panther but my previous training with the Wolf Cubs enabled me to take this information with

'sang froid.' In any case Michael Fernandes had brought his air gun. The Church, I decided, had best stay behind and look after the womenfolk, who in any case were guarding the tea urn and had seen a snake in the wishing well. The hunters returned. There was no panther.

I should explain that the route we followed to Bhandadara was not the conventional one. Nowadays, as you emerge from chapel on Sunday evenings and gaze out across the countryside you see a long line of bright fluorescent lights more suggestive of the front at Brighton than Kipling's "Jungle Book". We set off hopefully in that direction, but instead of jive dens, juke boxes, the Prince Regent, and the promenade, we found only a somewhat chilled military sentry who, having satisfied himself that we were not a bus load of Portuguese spies, allowed us to proceed. I always feel a warm glow of benevolence on passing the scrutiny of a sentry. Were I a smoker I expect I should say "Here, have a cigarette, old chap, and take one for Mr. Menon."

I must not spike the guns of next term's essay writers by telling you about the Wilson Dam. I am sure that Standard X will rise to dizzy descriptive heights so let me play my cards as Standard III might play them and merely say that there is a lot of water and it goes somewhere. There, now Standard

X cannot claim that I have left them no scope, even if I add that Pop singers at full blast on the record player could not really make themselves heard above the voice of many waters, so it was obvious to me that we should be saved from Bingo as a picnic entertainment.

The Guides obviously come into their own at picnics. By carefully leaving my bathing costume behind (I thought there might be a risk of having to gambol in cold water) I was able to stay around while the food was being opened and was plied with many choice tit-bits before the others got back from their swim. 'Flying fox kabab' might have been added to our meal had the shikar met with an earlier success. How did folk still manage to eat on the way home? There's something big about a picnic in India which makes "sandwiches and squash" look a bit small, and even if it did not rain to make things more homely the girls made up for it by getting themselves thoroughly wet through washing up in the river. We travelled home in an aura of dust and contentment and, as a small boy said to me as he licked an ice cream outside the portico of the Science Museum, South Kensington: "I think these educational projects are a jolly good idea."

—E. E. GOODMAN

The Choral Society

Sing out, my Soul, thy songs of joy;
Such as a happy bird will sing
Beneath a Rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring.

Sing, happy Soul, thy songs of joy;
Such as a brook sings in the wood,
That all night has been strengthened by
Heaven's purer flood.

The above passage is an excerpt from the poem called "The Songs of Joy" by W. H. Davies. Wouldn't you say that the author was under the spell of music at the time he wrote this poem? What kind of music do you suppose it would take to inspire a person to express emotions so beautifully? It takes great and immortal music to evoke such poetry. Such are the joys good music creates in you.

The Choral Society of our school is formed with a view to bring such joys to those who hear us sing and to this end are dedicated our talents and voices. We always bear with us the true value of this art, the principles that bind us to it and our responsibilities as a unified group in bringing to the masses the essence of the works we tackle.

It is curious to note that during the golden age of Elizabeth I, when the arts were patronized as never before, it was considered ill-bred if one could not take part in singing. Thomas Morley in his collection of Madrigals tells us how the hostess would pass out the music books earnestly requesting the guests to sing. William Byrd, the central figure among the great musicians of Elizabethan England, knew the great value of this musical exercise. Among his quaint reasons for persuading everyone to sing, he gives 'The exercise of singing is

delightful to Nature, and good to preserve the health of Man.' Then, after enumerating other excellent results, he says in conclusion:—

'Since Singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.'

Singing, through the cycle of years, has undergone a revival. One of the delights of singing in chorus is the friendliness which it promotes among the singers. Trying to explain the joy of singing is like explaining a freak of nature. The five human senses are capable of measuring objects up to a certain point. The eye can decide that "X" is twice as long as "Y"; the ear can guess that one trombone is playing twice as loud as the other; but can the senses' own aesthetic responses be measured? How far is the smell of chicken from the smell of beans? What beans? Cooked how? In what climate? It is impossible to evolve a mathematical system whereby any object of art could be awarded a beauty-rating.

The answer to some of the questions lies in the fact that the reactions of boys and girls who are members of the Choral Society are obviously enthusiastic. This is true because we are able to build our repertoire with considerable speed, which otherwise would have been rather slow. We are making rapid progress, learning different types of works and singing in harmony.

Some of the children are gifted with musical talents, though they did not have the chance to prove themselves until the formation of the choral society. It began with the Chapel Choir and gradually this musical influence spread itself among other children. The steady growing of the choir which is also basically a chorus group is very noticeable.

The progress we have made is largely due to the fact that we have an able conductor and pianist in Mr. Christopher Paul, who has come to this school very recently. Clear enunciation, fine tonal values, and clean entries and pauses all bear ample testimony to his musical sensibilities and the group's response to them.

On being asked to put forward our personal opinion on the group we find it a good opportunity wherein we might justly sing its praises. Its remarkable progress gives us great hopes for the future. It has in it what is most needed in a group of its kind—the friendliness, enthusiasm and the spirit of blend and balance.

Why do we need a choral society? What are its contributions to the life of the school, the society, and the nation at large? The nation with a love of music and an appreciative understanding of it probably possesses the greatest single resource for happy and wholesome living. Because of this most rational minds in history have always insisted upon music as part of a child's education. Plato and Socrates knew that the study of music is one of the finest disciplines for the adolescent mind, just for the reason of its combined and scientific and "spiritual" qualities.

Under the various five-year plans labour in our country, both physical and manual,

is becoming more dignified and respected and better paid. We know that the working hours are becoming shorter and that people are finding themselves with leisure and with money to spend on recreation for that leisure. How this time and money will be spent depends upon the tastes of the people. What the tastes of the people shall be depends greatly upon the habits formed in their impressionable days—their school days. Satisfaction in trivial or sordid things is usually most effectively replaced by intimate and loving acquaintance with things of true worth. Eminent educationists are so keenly aware of this principle that the schools are becoming centres of many influences which are reaching out and enriching home and civic life. Prominent among these influences is music.

We therefore have every reason to look upon our Choral Society with pride and consider it our noble achievement. Sooner or later we shall familiarize ourselves with some of the great music of all ages, thus affording our vast country a fuller, and a more joyous life. Experimentation in music as in other areas of man's activity is the rule today. This is not a matter for despair. The mind that can look back to the distant past can look forward to the future with faith and tolerance.

HILLARY GARRETT & RUBY MOORE

Chapel Notes

From the beginning of June until October we were without a resident School Chaplain, but through the kindness of the Bishop of Nasik, Canon Batty, Canon Stevens, Canon David, the Rev. B. Ringrose, the Rev. C. Hall, the Rev. V. Salve and the Rev. A. Morris, we have not missed any Sunday Services. We are most grateful for this help.

Besides the regular Sunday Services there have been weekly meetings of the girls' Torch Bearer group led in rotation by Mrs. Fernandes, Mrs. King, Mrs. MacInnes and Mrs. Lal. Mr. Hoffman has conducted the senior boys' Scripture Union group and the junior Sunday School while the Lloyd House Sunday School for the small children has been looked after by Miss Brown, Miss Athavle, Mrs. Bissett, Mrs. Eastwood and Mrs. Johnstone.

Sacristan work has been in the hands of Mrs. Fernandes, Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Sidney, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Smith, assisted by a group of girls. Rodney Easdon has been the Chapel Prefect and has been responsible for Services and providing servers for Holy Communion. We owe a great deal to all these willing helpers, both staff and children, and take this opportunity of thanking them for all they have done.

Mr. & Mrs. Fernandes met the Rev. E. E. Goodman, our new resident School Chaplain, as he arrived in Bombay by the P. & O. "Canton" on October 2nd and brought him up to Deolali. To start with he lived with the Headmaster but now he is installed in his own quarters on the ground floor of Lloyd House. Mr. Goodman was born and brought up at Wellingborough in Northamptonshire. He went to Wellingborough School. After leaving school he took up Librarianship and between 1932

and 1940 served on the staffs of the County Libraries in Northants, Lancashire and Hereford. He was called up for war service in the Royal Signals, but transferred to the Infantry and volunteered for the Indian Army where he was for a time in the 6/7 Rajputs on the N. W. Frontier in Baluchistan. Then he joined the Brigade Staff as Intelligence Officer, spent some time in General Headquarters at Delhi as G. S. O. III and later served at Quetta, Peshawar and Waziristan in the Frontier Intelligence Bureau. He returned to England in 1946 and went up to Oxford to read Modern History at Brasenose College. After obtaining his degree in 1949 he was appointed the first Librarian of the new Institute of Education at Leeds University. After four years there he resigned and went farming for a year in Sussex in 1953. Feeling a call to join the Church, he studied for a year at Chichester Theological College. After ordination he served as a curate in Kettering for three years. In 1957 he was offered and accepted the United benefice of Stoke Bruerne and Grafton Regis in Northamptonshire. In 1960 he offered himself for church work overseas and has been sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to Nasik Diocese to be Chaplain of Barnes.

Mr. Goodman has been very busy since he arrived. He took over all the Scripture teaching and has prepared 17 boys and 8 girls for Confirmation. The Bishop of Nasik confirmed them on December 2nd, Advent Sunday. We would like to take the opportunity of welcoming Mr. Goodman and hoping he will stay with us a long time. Already he has got to know all the staff and many of the children and has been taking an active part in all our functions. He is very interested in photography, scouting & hiking.

(Continued on Page 47)

The Staff Club

Opening the year with a membership of 27, we closed with 30 members on our rolls.

The Club held entertainments regularly. Badminton, Whist and Billiards provided several evenings of fun and there were two Tennis-at-Homes.

The picnic to the Dharna River Club in March was very much enjoyed as was the dinner we had in June in the beautiful precincts of our new Swimming Pool, ingeniously lit up for the occasion.

Two dances were organised by us, very successfully too. The one held on April 22nd, in aid of the Swimming Pool Fund brought in a profit of Rs. 101.17 nP. while the second, held on November 10th at Divali, in aid of the Prime Minister's Relief Fund, gave us a profit of Rs. 100/- to send away to Delhi.

We had no Xmas dinner and party this year because on December 2nd the Staff met Mr. J. R. G. Wythers, 2nd Secretary to the U. K. High Commissioner at a buffet dinner, followed by an exhilarating evening of 'Billiard Bowls'. Mr. Wythers was

(Continued from Page 37)

remains to be seen. Anyway, whatever happens, the bath will be full of water and the children will be able to swim right through the hot weather. That is something that has never been possible before.

Money! By December we had collected Rs. 14,500 and to that the School Managing Committee is adding Rs. 6,500 from the Society's funds. The children have taken home collecting cards and promised to raise as much money as possible before they return. We can, I think, expect about Rs. 3000 to come this way. That will bring the total to Rs. 24,000. We must go on, for that still is not enough. We need Rs. 30,000 altogether, and the more we collect ourselves the more we can expect from the Society's Fund. It is a big task but it is still possible to keep to June 10th,

visiting the district at the time and was a guest of the Headmaster. With the other end-of-activities to get through, there was no time to fit in an Xmas party after this.

Talking about 'Billiard Bowls' reminds me to mention a tragedy that overtook our billiard table this year. Some time in August, Ganpat, the Staff bearer, reported a three-corner tear. We got our 'Holmlock Sheres' on the job to try and discover how and when the crime might have been perpetrated, and who the criminal might be, but it remains an unsolved mystery and an unrepaired tear. The cloth is very old; any attempt at repair would widen the breach. The answer is a new cloth. The question is, "Have we enough money?" That is something we still have to tackle.

It has been suggested that the Staff do another play early next year. The others have been successful and have given so much joy in their preparation that we look forward to the next.

—L. J. FERNANDES, *Hony. Secretary.*

1962 as the date of completion. That will be a gala day when we hope all our friends and supporters will join us in the inauguration of the Pool.

We hear of the Mahathma Gandhi Swimming Pool at Dadar, Breach Candy, the Olympic Pool at Wembley in London and others. We too should have a name for ours and what better or more appropriate name than "Ferry's Pool". Mr. Fernandes has served the School for nearly 45 years and Mrs. Fernandes for over 25 years. What a record—70 years between them! And they, more than anyone, have worked to make the Pool possible. No more Duck Pond, no more new swimming Pool. Just simply, with gratitude, "Ferry's Pool."

—W. R. C.

School Diary JUNE TO DECEMBER 1961

- June 6th: Return to School after holidays.
 8th: Bishop Reed, formerly Bishop of Nasik, visited the School.
 „ 10th: School Picture at Cathay Cinema. Seniors' Social.
 „ 11th: Canon Batty from Ahmednagar for Sunday Services.
 „ 17th: Girls' Excursion by bus to Trimbak. Juniors' Social.
 „ 18th: Revd. B. Ringrose for Sunday Services. Headmaster's talk to children about new Swimming Pool work on which started in May.
 „ 25th: Canon Stevens for Sunday Services. Scouts' outing to Sinnar.
 „ 29th: Boys' Inter-House Cross-Country Runs.
- July 1st: Mr. N. R. Ferguson visited School and attended the annual general meeting of Deolali Branch of All-India Anglo-Indian Association. School Picture at Cathay Cinema. Seniors' Social.
 „ 2nd: Revd. B. Ringrose for Sunday Services.
 „ 8th: Juniors' Social.
 „ 9th: Revd. V. Salve for Sunday Services.
 „ 10th: Girls Inter-House Table Tennis Tournament begins.
 „ 15th: Meeting of Art Club. Canon Stevens for Sunday Services.
 „ 22nd: Class plays by Standards II, IIIa, IIIb, IVa, & IVb. Girls' Excursion by bus to Lake Beale.
 „ 23rd: Revd. B. Ringrose for Sunday Services.
- July 24th: Boys' Inter-House Football Tournament begins.
 „ 26th: Poona Relief. Donation of Rs. 567.00 to the Times of India Fund.
 „ 29th: Scouts' outing to Igatpuri. Meeting of Art Club.
 „ 30th: Rev. V. Salve for Sunday Services. Debate.
- Aug. 5th: School Picture at Cathay Cinema.
 „ 6th: Rev. B. Ringrose for Sunday Services. Debate.
 „ 10th: Boys' Inter-House Football Tournament ends.
 „ 12th: Football match against Cathedral School at Deolali. Seniors' Social.
 „ 13th: Rev. V. Salve for Sunday Services. Debate.
 „ 15th: Independence Day. Special Assembly. Class plays by Standards Va, Vb, VIa & VIb. School Magazine published.
 „ 16th: Boys' Inter-House P. T. Competition.
 „ 18th: Terminal Examinations begin
 „ 19th: Juniors' Social. Rev. C. Hall for Sunday Services.
 „ 26th: School Committee meeting.
 „ 27th: Bishop of Nasik for Sunday Services.
 „ 30th: Terminal Examinations finish. End of term.
 „ 31st: Michaelmas holidays begin.
- Sept. 1st: Football match against Bishop's School at Poona.
 „ 3rd: Revd. V. Salve for Sunday Services.
 „ 10th: Michaelmas holidays end. Cannon David for Sunday Services.

- Sept. 11th: Third term begins.
 „ 16th: School Picture at Cathay Cinema. Seniors' Social.
 „ 17th: Rev. A. Morris for Sunday Services.
 „ 18th: Rev. B. Ringrose for Sunday Services. Juniors' Social.
 „ 24th: School Bus Driver, Khansaheb Ahmed Khand, died.
 „ 25th: Boys' Inter-House Cricket Tournament begins.
 „ 29th: Girls' Inter-House P. T. Competition.
 „ 30th: Class Plays by Standards VIIa, VIIb, VIIIa & VIIIb.
- Oct. 1st: Revd. C. Hall for Sunday Services.
 „ 2nd: New School Chaplain, Revd. E. E. Goodman, arrived from England.
 „ 3rd-7th: Bombay School of Art Elementary Grade Drawing Examination.
 „ 7th: School Picture at Cathay Cinema. Seniors' Social.
 „ 9th-11th: Bombay School of Art Intermediate Grade Drawing Examination.
 „ 14th: Juniors' Social.
 „ 19th: Scouts' outing to Manmad.
 „ 20th: Boys' and girls' Inter-House Swimming Finals—First half.
 „ 23rd: Boys' and girls' Inter-House Swimming Finals—Second half.
- Oct. 28th: Class Plays by Standard IXa, IXb & X.
 Nov. 8th-12th: Annual Visit of Old students.
 „ 8th: Annual Athletic Sports. —Postponed because of thunderstorm.
 „ 9th: Cinema Show at Cathay Cinema. Juniors' Social.
 „ 10th: Swimming Gala. Tea & Games for Lloyd House children. Dance for Seniors.
 „ 11th: Cricket Match: School XI vs Old Boys.
 „ 12th: Special Service of Remembrance.
 „ 13th-15th: Athletic Sports.
 „ 22nd: Cambridge Examinations begin.
 „ 24th: Final Class Examinations begin.
- Dec. 2nd: Visit of Mr. Wythers of the U. K. High Commission.
 „ 2nd: Confirmation Service: The Bishop of Nasik.
 „ 5th: Cambridge and final class examinations finish.
 „ 6th: Lumley Medal Election for Best Boy and Best Girl.
 „ 7th: Standard X outing to Bhandar-dara. Seniors' end of term Social.
 „ 8th: Juniors' and Lloyd House Children's end of term parties.
 „ 9th: Holidays begin.

(Continued from Page 44)

Mr. Paul has been our organist and choir master since June and has done much to improve our singing. He has taught the choir several Anthems and on December

3rd arranged for a service of Carols. We have had this taperecorded and have sent it to England for the Besians to hear.

The Ex-students' Visit to Barnes—Divali 1961

Early in the month of October, we were sitting in the badminton shed of the Ex-Student' Club, talking of one thing or another, when in popped a few strange characters whose faces were vaguely familiar. After a moment of puzzled hesitation, it suddenly dawned on someone that these were the same faces we had seen last year immediately before the 'Barnes School Diwali Trip'. Well, what do you know? Diwali was here again! Another 'Barnes School Trip' was about to get under way. A fever of excitement rippled through the small group; and then there was a mad scramble for names to be put on the list of students making the trip.

At 6.15 a. m. on Wednesday, November 8, we steamed out of Victoria Terminus in the Varanasi Express. The journey was not all fun, what with Naidu, Edwards and yours truly travelling on the footboard and clinging on for dear life! In spite of this unavoidable flirtation with danger we eventually made a safe arrival at Deolali Railway Station. Before we had time to remove the luggage, good 'ole' Mr. Fernie was at our side, welcoming us with the traditional Barnes School hospitality.

We piled our luggage into the School Bus and were soon being driven through familiar areas to 'the school we love the best'. On reaching Barnes we were shown to our quarters, and were just about to rest our tired bodies after the enervating journey when the place was drenched by a sudden shower. The downpour was so heavy that it was found impossible to hold the athletic meet which was scheduled for that afternoon. Thus the day was quite uneventful where entertaining activity was concerned, though we did enjoy playing a little badminton against the present boys and girls in the evening.

The next day some of the 'guys and dolls' went to see a movie at the local movie-house with some of the school children, while those who stayed behind kept themselves occupied with badminton and table-tennis. A hearty lunch was followed by some more badminton and table-tennis, and this time matches were organised between the present and the past. Amongst the present, I must make special mention of young Pramode Ullal, for his fine performance against us in badminton; the youngster obviously has a special talent for the game. In the evening of the same day the Ex-Students organised a 'social' for the Juniors. Although there was the usual pandemonium, it was quite evident they were enjoying themselves tremendously. If there is one thing that Mr. Jack Dennis enjoys immensely, it is entertaining the younger children, and one cannot deny that he did a very good job this year. The evening was made complete by some fine vocalising by the 'Cole Brothers'. After dinner there was some 'Housie', when Mr. Fernie bagged quite a few 'bingoes'.

Friday was ushered in by a 'Swimming Gala' organised by the Ex-Students, who were very taken up with the renovation of the old 'duck pond' and were determined to christen the new swimming pool though it was far from complete. There were items that afforded the maximum entertainment and enjoyment for both participants and on-lookers, born of the fertile brains of Messrs Jack Dennis and Jervyn Dias. In one item aluminium plates, borrowed from a co-operative catering matron, were scattered into the pool and the 'divers' of the school were invited to retrieve them. The salvaging operation was carried on enthusiastically as we were offering a rupee for the recovery of each plate. Every single plate made its



Mr. Ferguson & other spectators.



Ice-Cream Time!

Swimming

Gala

Old Students' Visit



The Grand March



J. Dias & W. Turner.



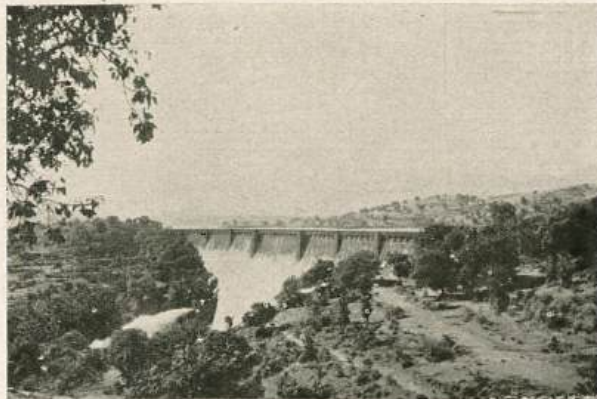
K. Naidu & G. Dennis.



The Tub Race



Excursion to Trimbuk
(Girls)



Excursion to Bhandadara
(Std. X)



The reputed source of the River Godavari.



Prep. House Xmas. Tree
Santa Claus arrives.



Mrs. Athavle (Catering Matron)
with her Staff.

reappearance.....to the relief of the catering matron! A young Chinese student, Samuel Fong, fished out four plates and so unexpectedly came in for a small fortune! Another enjoyable item was the 'Tub Race'. On the word "Go", each tub with a senior girl seated in it was ferried across the length of the swimming pool by a pair of senior boys. Almost at the point of exhaustion when they reached the end of the pool, they entrusted their charge to their team mates and the tub with its human cargo was ferried back the length of the pool to the finish. Competition was keen and stiff, and the race was won by Miss Hillary Garrett and her hefty crew. The climax was reached when some of our guys, dressed in antediluvian costumes obtained from the 'Costume Cupboard,' came out in pairs to entertain the school. While they 'tripped the light fantastic' down the imposing stair, the kids burst into screams of delight. The last pair, Mr. Wilfrid Turner and Mr. Jervyn Dias, brought the house down when they started doing the ballet! After a 'Grand March' around the pool our 'bathing beauties' plunged into the water where they made an attempt at an aquatic display which was even more hilarious than their entry! The last item was a relay race against the school. Although the Ex-Students lost, they did so by a very narrow margin. The supreme efforts made for victory by Messrs Ken Layzelle, Krishna Naidu, Jack Dennis and Jervyn Dias need special mention; they almost brought us victory. It had been a morning of fun and frolic.

In the afternoon there was a highly successful tea party for the Prep House, and that night was the 'Diwali Dance', with the 'Nuts & Bolts' in attendance. There was plenty of 'life' in the dance this year. The soft and mellow strains of the music had a

magical influence on Mr. Coles, who joined in the fun by 'fixing' couples for the dance. He had just about 'fixed' everyone present and was quite happy with himself when his eyes lighted on yours truly, sitting in a corner and conversing with the sundry. "Well Amrik, you're not 'fixed'", he said and after that I was! I am not so fond of the graceful art of ballroom dancing, but at the insistence of the crowd I reluctantly got up. The dance was thoroughly enjoyable, more so because Mr. Coles was kind enough to extend the closing time to 11-45 p. m.

The next day found the Ex-Students out on the cricket field for their annual fixture against the present. The match was very unevenly contested, and the present students easily emerged victors. Ajayya Chitnis was presented with the Ex-Students' Cricket Cup for his fine performance against us.

All good things must come to an end, and Sunday brought to an end our pleasant visit to Barnes. It was quite evident that some of the 'guys and dolls' were very sad; a lump had formed in Gordon Coles' throat, and a 'doll' by the name of Dawn began to look more like 'dusk'! But the 'Gay Cavalier', Wilfrid Turner, helped to brighten our thoughts with his wise-cracks. After a 'tender' farewell we got into a crowded train bound for Bombay. As the train pulled out of Deolali and began to puff its way through the countryside, the old school was clearly visible, standing majestically against the skyline in the distance. I'll wager ten to one that there were many among us who were saying to ourselves: "We'll be back again next year."

—AMRIK SINGH
Hony. Treasurer.
Ex-Students Assoc.

News of Ex-students

We were glad to be able to welcome to Barnes for the Ex-Students' Visit at Divali this year, Dicky Wilson who has not been up for two or three years; Jervyn and June Dias; Jack and Nora Dennis; Beryl Mascarenhas; Esme Peters; Wilfred Turner; Nissim Moses, the three Cole brothers; Amrik Singh & Kenneth Layzelle.

Among the younger set were Cynthia Watts; Krishnan Naidu; Dawn Kurtikar; Blossom Peters; Glen Dennis; Dennis Edwards; Abdul Zarawani, Md. Sharif Badri; Jehangir Irani; Kushru Irani; Leonard Williams; Gordon Branche; Avi Marcini and Yvette Monte.

We understand that Jervyn and June Dias are leaving for the U. K. with Debra early in 1962. We shall miss them, particularly at Re-union time. With their movie camera and Jervyn's flare for making things "go", there was never a dull moment. We wish them "Bon Voyage" and a happy future across the seas.

Blossom Peters has now decided to give up a very successful career as a stenographer to take up teaching which she feels is her special "calling". She will be joined at St. Mary's Training College by Norma Rhubottom, Hillary Garrett and June Francis all of whom have just sat for the School

Leaving Certificate Examination in December and hope to get through. Barnes can look forward to a glorious future with our own products coming on!

Mehru Sidhwa, now Mr. Mehta, paid us a visit at Divali time too, with her father Mr. R. K. Sidhwa, her mother and her two children, Nausad and Yasmin. They were enthusiastic about the Swimming Pool and Mr. Sidhwa has very generously offered to give us the tiles to tessellate the floor of the pool. We are most grateful to him for this gift, and also for this offer to help us get the floor done with the least possible expense.

Bichoo is married to an architect and settled in London. Sister Spencer, we are told, represented Barnes at the wedding, and wept tears of joy. Dear old Sister!

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Sidhwa also visited us early in December. They never fail to contact us when they come to Deolali and we do so enjoy meeting them. They are very happy about the forthcoming marriage of Almitra, early in February. She will, however, continue her work at the Ceramics factory at Uran. Almitra is very much a career girl, and with her husband-to-be in the same line, they will find lots in common. We wish them a long and happy married life.

THE CHRIST CHURCH AND BARNES EX-STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The new Committee of this Association is trying very hard to get as many Old Students of both Schools, living in Bombay, to join the Association. The membership is only eight annas a month, and functions are arranged every now and then to get people together, so do please write to :

The Honorary Secretary,
Christ Church and Barnes Ex-
Students' Association,
C/o Christ Church High School,
Clare Road, Byculla, Bombay,
and strengthen the Association with your
membership.

Besians Across the Seas

We are glad to be able to report that on September 30th, 1961, the Besians had a very successful "Get-together" at the Y. W. C. A. in London. Here is a racy account of it written by Lilian Hughes (nee Harper):-

"Mother and I just made it to the coach with me holding my tight skirts above my knees! I met a sleepy Ethel Keenan in Ilford and after shopping and a scrumptious chicken lunch we were joined by Connie and her husband Mick and we made our way by various trains and tubes to the Y. W. C. A.

"I pushed open the door and a sea of faces turned expectantly towards us. We managed to squash ourselves in and were soon enveloped in a humid hubub of reminiscences. Very soon there gravitated to our table a group from the 1950 to 1954 set I had known. There was Jem Smith, swathed in a smart knitted suit with her hair piled high in the latest style; Marina Wainwright, glowing and full of holiday talk after a fortnight in the Isle of Man; Sylvia, sitting very quietly and speaking only when spoken to. Most queer for a Barnesite!! Zenita was unable to come as she was not well. We heard later that it was because of the expected arrival of an Heir-on: Aaron!

"Connie Keenan was the envy of all and sundry with her beautiful golden tan acquired on her honeymoon in Seville and Cadiz. She was also in Malagar for the Wine Festival. the lucky wench! Mick, her husband, is a tall, good-looker with a beautiful rolling Wiltshire accent and a friendly manner. He is in the R. A. F. and they are now settled in Doncaster, Yorks for about two years. Ethel with her hair bouffant and lacquered, is a girl-about-town, with a horde of boy-friends. She knows her way about London better than the average Londoner.

"There was John Harper tied up in earnest conversation with Norman Hanson, leaving their wives to baby-talk as Norman and wife are expecting their first baby fairly soon. Johnny and wife will also be boosting the population in July 1962! Ronnie Hanson sat placidly, and patiently explained to us why it was he was not wearing a "dog collar". Howard Cox soon joined us, and said that he had met Wilbur Page on the tube. Howard looked well and was not as shy as he used to be and so we had a long gabbering session as both of us, along with Saidula Khan, had come over on the 'Tberia' together.

"While I gulped down some cold tea to soothen my own now-hoarse throat, in stepped two young ladies, in typical London dress-husky sweaters and straight skirts—Gladys and Angela Fernandes. One look and I dismissed the last picture I'd had of them in 1954—uniform-clad and draped with squirrels and dhal-beaked sparrows! Mr. Newbold, who accompanied them, amused us all with tales of his term as a Master in Barnes in 1960, and it was an exhilarating change to listen to news from 'down yonder'.

"There was also a big crowd who belonged to the Christ Church set and we no longer gave each other looks of amused tolerance, almost saying aloud, 'You wait till we get you on the field, we'll tan you'.

"Among the Ex-Staff present was Mr. Baillie, President of the Besian Association; Sister Spencer; Mr. Sparks and Mr. Walter Boston; Mr. Vieyra and Mrs. Smith, Jem's mother.

"We were entertained by a very witty speech by Mr. Baillie and all enthusiastically voted for an Xmas Tea-Dance. This was

later postponed to a warmer time of the year and looking out on to the ice-bound world now, I am glad!

"Mr. Baillie was voted in as President again with Mr. C. Sparks and Mr. H. Jepson as Joint Honorary Secretaries.

"After more tea and cakes I left the Y. W. C. A., buoyant with memories and looking forward to the next meeting.

"I take this opportunity of wishing all the Staff and the pupils of Barnes a very happy New Year. May you all be blessed with the happiness I knew when I was in School."

BESIAN ADDRESSES WORTH REMEMBERING

President of the Besian Association, London

Mr. G. F. Baillie,
22, Wellington Street,
Enfield,
London N.

*Joint Honorary Secretaries of the
Besian Association, London.*

Mr. C. Sparks,
1, Eastleigh Avenue,
South Harrow,
Middlesex,
London.

Mr. H. Jepson,
37, A. Drayton Road,
London. N. W. 10.

*Joint Honorary Secretaries of the Besian
Association, Bombay.*

Mr. R. Fox, (Rudy)
General Manager's Office,
Burmah Shell Company,
Ballard Estate,
Bombay.

Miss C. Watts,
Nazim Khan Building,
Agra Road,
Ghatkopar,
Bombay.

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New Arrivals

Hanson —To Jackie and Norman on November 6th, 1961 in London, a daughter, Corinne Joyce.

Barjorji —To Beroze and Sam on Thursday, 4th January, 1962 at the Parsee General Nursing Home, a daughter, sister to Freny.

Marriages

In Bombay :

Tehmina Ferzandi to Sheriar F. Irani on the 12th November, 1961.

Dinaz Mistry to Ronny Dinshaw Mistry on Thursday, 23rd November, 1961.

In London :

Joan Rosemary Coles to Gabriel John Buist on Saturday, September 9th, 1961.

Congratulations

Our heartiest congratulations to the Rev. Robert Barlow on being awarded the M. B. E. by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in the New Year's honours of 1962.

The Rev. Barlow is a member of the Managing Committee of the Bombay Education Society and a good friend of the School.

In Memoriam

MRS. E. V. SMITH
died, 17th December, 1961
in London.

Mrs. Smith worked as Matron here from 1947 to 1950, first in Haig Brown, then Spence Block and lastly in Lloyd House.

We extend our heartfelt sympathies to Jem and her two brothers, Billy and Michael and to Mr. Smith in their sad bereavement.

E. ESOFALLY

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ARTICLES AND COLD STORAGE.

NOTICE

We had intended publishing the names and addresses of old students but we are reserving this for the next issue.

In the meantime the Editor will be glad of letters from Old Boys and Girls with news of themselves, or of other Old Students, which will be of interest for the next issue.

If you wish us to send copies of the Barnicle please write and let us know.

It is issued twice a year.

Editor.

Swimming Pool

Appeal for funds.

Target Rs. 3000/-

This School Magazine carries a photograph and an article explaining the progress in the improvement of the old Duck Pond. The new Pool will be something to be proud of. Not many schools in India will have better facilities for swimming.

It is reckoned that the final cost will be Rs. 30,000/-. So far we have collected somewhat over Rs. 17,000/- and it is hoped that the School Managers will allow us to use school funds perhaps up to Rs. 10,000/- If that materialises we shall need another Rs. 3000/- That is our target. At the end of 1959 I appealed to parents for donations. Since then, however, many new children have joined and it is to their parents especially I am making this fresh appeal. It also goes to other children's parents, old students and friends of the school, who were not able to respond to my first appeal.

Please help us to complete the work. I am sure you will think it is a worthwhile object of your generosity after reading the Magazine. Your children I am sure will give you glowing accounts of what we have achieved so far.

Please tear off the slip below and post it to us with whatever you can afford, no matter how small. We will issue receipts for all money received.

—W. R. COLES
Headmaster

*The Headmaster,
Barnes High School,
Deolali*

Please accept my donation of Rs. sent by cheque / M. O.
for the School Swimming Pool Fund.

Address

Yours helpfully,

