

# **THE BARNICLE**

**1972**



**THE MAGAZINE  
OF  
BARNES SCHOOL  
DEOLALI**



OUR NATIVITY PLAY, 1972

# The Barnicle

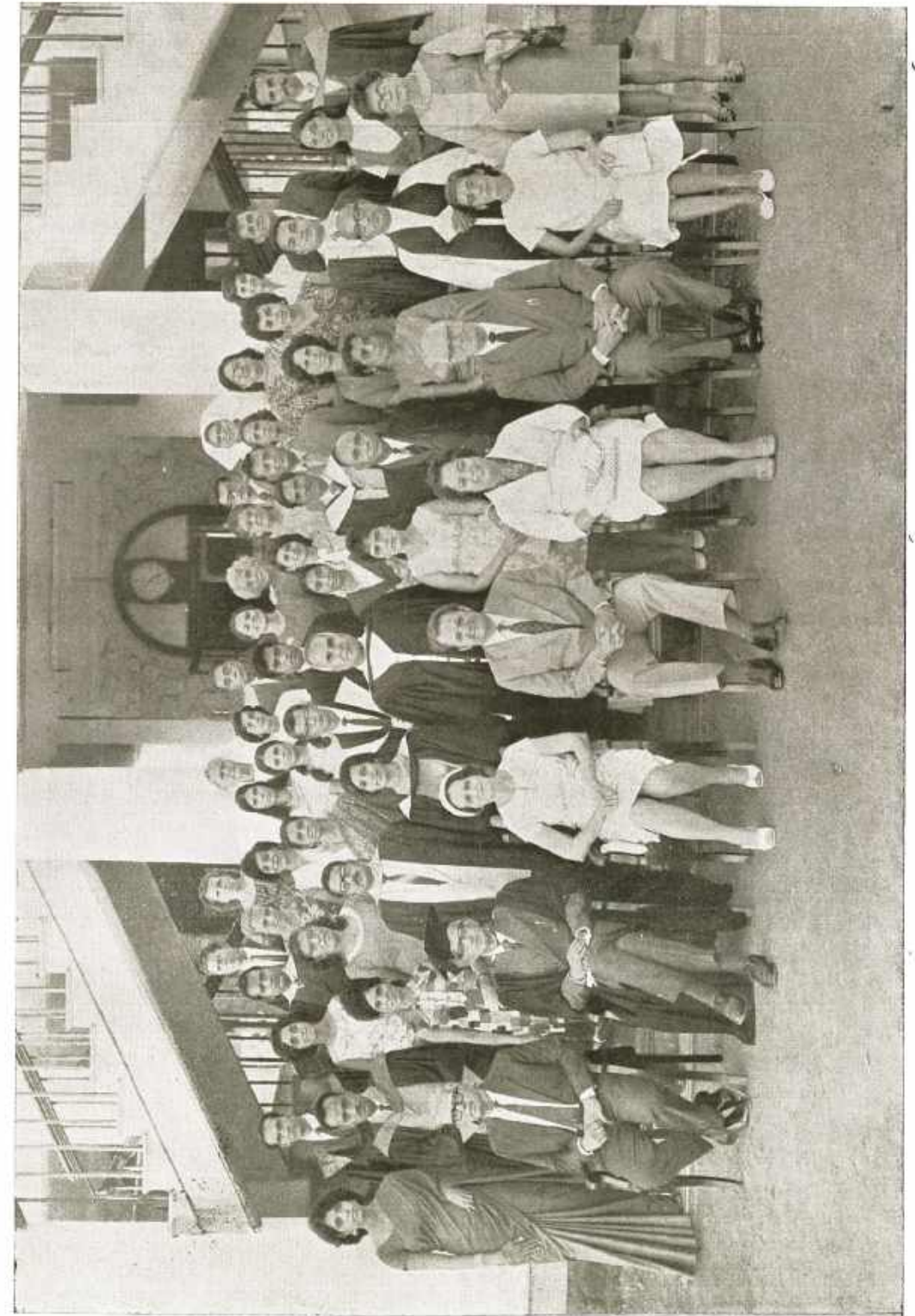
1972

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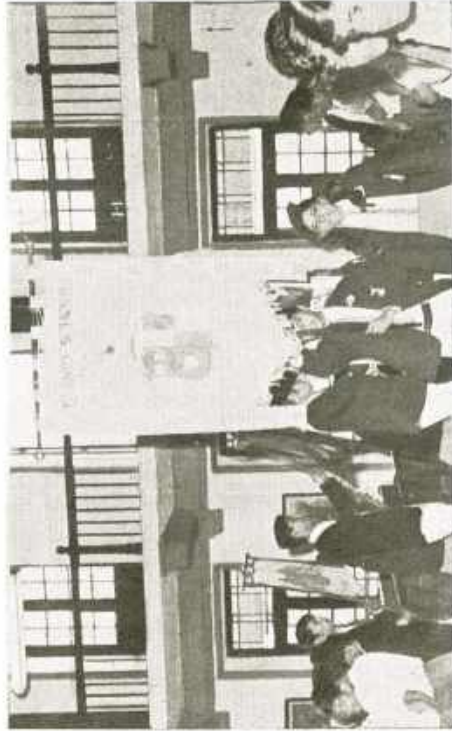


BARNES SCHOOL STAFF, 1972.

Head-boy, 1972 : Sayed Ali Hussain



The Investiture of Prefects, 1972.



Prefects of 1972 walking down the aisle

Head-Girl, 1972 : Rekha Bakshi.



# The Barnicle

1972

## THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Miss Leila Maria D'Sa	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Florence Nightingale.</i>
Miss Rekha Bakshi	<i>Eleven Science</i>	<i>Edith Cavell.</i>
Miss Madhumita Gupta	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Spence.</i>
Master Richard Vernon Stanford White	<i>Eleven Science</i>	<i>Candy.</i>
Master Umesh Vichare	<i>School Chaplain.</i>	
The Reverend Michael John Sundaram	<i>Deacon.</i>	
The Reverend Donald Alfred Smith		

## EDITORIAL

L

L U X

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The left arm of the frame of my glasses broke  
 Just after I had sorted out the various  
 Articles for this current issue—set  
 In order for due attention. I do  
 This in order to have an insight true  
 Into the composite entirety  
 Before I write the *Ed-itorial*.  
 Four in the afternoon, Sunday the fifth,  
 Of November—at five was the harvest  
 Festival Service at the Garrison  
 Church. I wished to be there for Harvest Thanks.  
 Nothing could I read! The simplicity  
 Of the service was very beautiful.  
 I did not need my glasses to see that!  
 The service over, I rushed to Camp.  
 No opticians could I see, nor any  
 Frame-repairers. At *Eesoojali's* I  
 Enquired what could be done. "Nasik, please."  
 "Is anyone-you-know going to Nasik?"  
 "Yes! Call for them on Tuesday, the seventh!"  
 Elated, I returned, sucking *coco-*  
*Colas*—almond-drops with chocolate-filling!  
 Once home, I met the squirrels that had been  
 Captured, and mused how I could work on the  
 Magazine. No eye-sight! "Put out the light!"

Good-night! Sleep tight! An idea bright - was right!  
Relax! Rest! Take life easy! Sufficient  
For the day is the *evil* thereof! No  
*Ed*-itorial at night to add to that  
Day's evil! But how I missed my light-sight!  
And I thought me of the beautiful night  
And some of the lamps at Camp and their light.

How beautiful was the night! Made so much  
More beautiful by the diwali lights  
That warmed the homes of man, his hearth, his heart!  
And I seemed to see without my glasses,  
Reflect-*Ed* in the dream before me, ere  
Sleep could close my eyelids fast, in seeming  
Death, I saw the silhouette of our round-  
*Ed* (!) hill, from such an angle as if I  
Were not in b-*Ed*, but from the air, on flight,  
Operational, with South Devlali's  
Sergeant Garton Vincent Davonpart-Jones.  
I saw the uphill road to South Devlali -  
*I* (!) - yes *I* saw the fluorescent lights  
Light the night-sky in their vertical reach  
Intersecting at ninety degrees the  
Horizontal beam of lights along the  
Southern bank of the Dharna River's flow.  
A cross did these lights form, above the brow  
Of our silent city set upon its  
Round-*Ed* slopes. There on its vertical reach  
Appeared bright Light - L for Light; L for Lux!  
There to the east, appeared another L,  
On the left of the horizontal beam.  
This L stood for Love. At the other ends,  
Extremities, appeared the letter X  
For Christ, the *Christos*, crucified for you!  
X for self-denial deleting self.  
And there, I saw it, right in the centre,  
Of the vertical LUX and the other,  
The horizontal LUX, at the crossing  
Of the mighty beams of Light and Love,  
With their basic, intrinsic foundations—  
Christ's cross of Calvary; Self-denial—  
The letter U - YOU!

How beautiful was  
Devlali's dipa-vali night and Light!

Eleven in the morning of Monday, the Sixth of  
November, 1972.

## GOLDEN JUBILEE

1925—1975

### BOMBAY EDUCATION SOCIETY

(Founded 1815)

Barnes School, Devlali.

(Founded 1925)

#### The Past

##### *Origin and Aims.*

The Bombay Education Society was founded in 1815 by Archdeacon Barnes for the maintenance and education of Protestant European and Anglo-Indian children left destitute in the city of Bombay.

The Society runs two schools: the Christ Church School, Byculla, and Barnes School, Devlali—a boarding-school, where in addition to pupils paying full fees a number of children are assisted or paid for in full by the Society out of its endowment, so carrying out the idea of Archdeacon Barnes.

It is worth noting, that the original school was founded in 1718, under the East India Company, and started with twelve children.

#### The Present

While adhering to the original purpose of the foundation, the schools are now open to children of all communities who can fit in with and benefit from the type of education and training provided.

The number of children attending Barnes School is 500 Boarders and 225 day-scholars. This is adequate testimony of the work being done by the institution.

The School, the biggest boarding-school in Western India, is situated two thousand feet above sea-level on an open plateau overlooking the River Dharna and commanding the magnificent view of the Western

Ghats. The site was once considered as suitable for the Imperial Capital of India. The School grounds are extensive, nearly 260 acres, and include several playing-fields and swimming-pools for Juniors and Seniors. The buildings are on a vast scale, and the Assembly Hall must be the biggest School Hall in the world, its over-all dimension being 175 feet by 60 feet! Twenty years ago the Government of India wanted the entire campus for the National Defence Academy.

The climate is ideal, with a short summer and about twenty-five inches of rainfall a year.

#### The Future

The School will celebrate its Golden Jubilee in 1975. To mark the occasion this appeal is being made, so that the School can improve the living and working conditions for the children and staff.

The class-rooms were never built. When funds ran out in 1925, the ground-floor dormitories were converted into class-rooms. This arrangement has resulted in a rather scattered set-up. Now, after almost fifty years, it is time to build the academic blocks. The vital needs at the moment are:

- (1) A Senior Academic Block for Stds. VII-XII, with modern Science rooms.
- (2) A Junior Academic Block for Stds. I-VI.
- (3) A modern kitchen to allow for increased accommodation in the dining-room.

All these buildings would make a more compact school and allow for a slight increase in the number of boarders, the target being 600.

This is an expensive dream, but with help from parents, friends and ex-students it can become a reality. The Bombay Education Society will make a considerable contribution but it cannot do this job alone. We appeal to all to give

The Rt. Revd. A. W. Luther	... President, B. E. S.
Mr. S. P. Whaley	... Vice-President, B. E. S.
The Rt. Revd. A. Jonathan	... Vice Chairman, Executive Committee.
Mr. W. I. Jacobs	... Treasurer, B. E. S.
Mr. R. A. Wilson	... Secretary, B. E. S.
Mr. J. L. Davis	... Principal, Barnes School.

#### THE GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND-1975.

This fund is growing very slowly. Most parents, friends and ex-students feel that nineteen seventy-five is a long way off. It is surprising how near it is! If plans are to be made to mark the occasion in a fitting way, we must have some idea of the funds available. I appeal again to ALL, and specially to YOU to act NOW.

#### GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND (upto 31st March, 1973)

Previously acknowledge	Rs. 31,315.25
The J. R. D. Tata Trust	2,000.00
Mr. N. Shirdore	101.00
The E. G. Fido Trust	2,348.58
Mrs. P. Finani	188.85
Sir Ratan Tata Trust	3,000.00
Smt. Bola Hanumanta	101.00
Mr. N. A. Hakeem	200.00
Mr. Santak Singh	500.00
Mr. H. P. Marathe	101.00
Mr. M. H. Hussain	500.00
Mrs. B. Harvey and Mrs. P. A. Thomas.	100.00
Carried Forward	40,455.68

generously for a worthy cause. The School spends twenty-five per cent. of its annual income on charitable work.

All donations should be sent to the Principal, Barnes School, Devlali, or to the Treasurer, Bombay Education Society, Christ Church, Clare Road, Byculla, Bombay and earmarked "Barnes School Golden Jubilee Fund".

Brought Forward	40,455.68
New Art Pictures.	1,500.00
Mr. K. M. Khatib.	150.00
Rugby Hotel.	80.00
Shreeji Films.	551.00
Mr. V. R. Kshatriya.	1,000.00
Sale of X'mas Cards (Mrs. Q. Samson).	117.00
Proceeds of "The Unexpected Guest" (Mrs. Davis).	3,972.00
Private Tuition Fees from the Staff	2,080.00
Credit Balance of Amenities Fund.	9,152.35
	Rs. 59,058.03

Any further contributions will be gladly accepted. It is hoped that work on the new Academic buildings will begin at the end of this year.

The above donations are gratefully acknowledged

J. L. Davis,  
Principal

## The Annual Prize-giving, 1972.

Barnes School, Devlali.  
October 14, 1972.

### THE PRINCIPAL'S ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1972.

Mr. President, Mrs. Duncalf, Directors of the Bombay Education Society, parents and friends, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to our annual prize day, and to present my fourth annual report.

The year opened with 503 boarders and 242 day-scholars. These figures now stand at 517 boarders and 261 day-scholars. A welcome development during the year has been the departure of the last two boys from the girls' block. Four years ago there were thirty small boys with the girls, because there were not enough girls to fill the four dormitories. Now the picture is very different. I have had to reduce the number of boys slightly to accommodate the additional girls.

The I.S.C. results were satisfactory. Of the 52 children who appeared 48 were successful. I am grateful to all the staff concerned for their hard work. In the Art Examination 23 of the 30 presented were successful.

At the beginning of this year the Rev. M. J. Sundaram joined the staff to take over the third division of class ten. In addition he is conducting Church services and this has solved a big problem for us. Other new arrivals are Miss Topping and Miss Webb in the Junior School and Mr. Swing and Mr. Louis in the Middle School. Mrs. Bartley took over the girls' senior dormitory from Miss D'Souza. All have settled down happily and I am sure that they will be here for many years.

The School has had its full share of activities both extracurricular and co-curricular.

On March 4th our boxing team took part in the fifth invitation tournament

organised by St. Mary's School, Bombay. We did well to win nine out of sixteen bouts. These annual tournaments are gradually becoming a contest between Barnes School and Bombay City. We provide one-third of the boxers while the other nine schools provide the rest.

Later in March we had our annual hockey fixture against the Cathedral School. This ended in a draw, each side scoring once.

On March 28th the Junior School Parents' Day was held. It included an exhibition of Craft-work and a variety concert. I was pleased to see a number of parents from Bombay present on this occasion. I have to thank Mrs. Davis and the staff of the Junior School for this success.

A week later the Senior School was open to the parents. The books were on display, and there were sections for book-binding, needlework and cooking. Parents had plenty of time to talk to teachers and to examine their children's books. Finally, the parents witnessed a pantomime "Forty Winks Beauty" and a play, "The Monkey's Paw", both ably directed by Mrs. Davis, who looks after Cultural Activities.

Early in June we were faced with an acute water-shortage and it seemed that a temporary closure was the only course open to us. We were saved from this by timely help from the Air Force Station. Thanks to Group-Captain A. K. Gupta, tankers visited the school several times a day till the monsoon, or part of the monsoon, arrived. I am extremely grateful to him, for this much-needed help. Of course, like many others, we are still waiting for the other part of the monsoon.

Late in June we were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. R. A. Wilson (an ex-student of Barnes 1926-35) and almost simultaneously we heard of the death of the Rev. N. Whittam. Both were Directors of the Society and at different times held the position of Honorary Secretary. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Whittam.

The music department is flourishing under the control of Mrs. Davis. On July 26th the Annual Eisteddfod was held. We were privileged to have Mr. E. S. Modak, Inspector-General of Police, with us for the evening.

The Debating Society has had a very successful season. For this I must thank the Rev. M. J. Sundaram. The subjects discussed were varied and at times unconventional, but the standard was of a high order. Many children who wished to speak could not do so, because the number of meetings was limited.

The school magazine has made a rather late appearance, but even so it has been well received and is certainly far superior to school magazines published by similar institutions. The Editor, the Rev. D.A. Smith has maintained the high standard set by the earlier issues, edited by him.

The Scouts, under Mr. Hoffman, the Cubs under Mr. Bhalerao, and the Bulbuls under Mrs. Michael continue to meet regularly. They have had occasional outings, but until we acquire some new tents we will not be able to carry out these activities properly.

A year ago I spoke to you about the changes in the pattern of studies. The ten-year school course has been accepted by almost all states. This means that next year the majority of class ten will appear for the new Indian Certificate of Education and complete their schooling. The others will continue with the Indian School Certificate which will be retained for the

present, but will eventually be replaced by the Higher Indian School Certificate in Class Twelve. These changes will take a few years. As I see it, most schools will not cater for the new class twelve, when it is introduced, as most parents will be happy to remove their children after the class ten examination and to send them to College or Technical Schools. In these circumstances, for a few years children are bound to be academic guinea-pigs.

Early in September the School celebrated Teachers' Day. On this day the pupils of class eleven entertained the Staff to tea and put on a variety entertainment. But this is not enough. For my part, I have rationalised the salaries of the teaching staff and up-graded them. I am sure that our staff are now better paid than the staff of most other schools in India.

During the last year salaries or wages have been improved for all categories of Staff—teachers, matrons and servants. This is an attempt to create a happier estate. However, it is impossible to please all the people all the time, and as in all institutions we have our share of carping critics and chronic grumblers. I have learnt to live with them and, provided the vast majority are happy, I ignore the rest.

We have had our share of labour trouble. The school servants, numbering seventy-three, threatened to stop work during August and September. However, with a judicious mixture of the carrot and the stick, they were persuaded to give up their idea of joining the Nasik Labour Union. As domestic servants, not covered by any Labour Laws, their working conditions are good. I feel that their advisers cooled off when they discovered all the benefits enjoyed by our servants.

The Golden Jubilee building fund is slowly increasing and now stands at over Rs. 40,000. I would particularly like to mention the effort of Mrs. M. Hawgood.

She was able to use her influence with the House of Tatas and obtain casual grants amounting to Rs. 10,000 from three Tata Trusts. I am grateful to the Trustees for their generous response to my appeal. This fund will be used to meet the cost of any further expansion scheme. Parents and friends of the school are earnestly requested to divert some of their surplus funds to Barnes School, and so avoid unnecessary income tax. **Donations to this fund are exempted for income tax.**

Four years ago the management started on certain essential projects and major repairs. These included three main heads: rewiring of the entire estate, rehabilitation of the plumbing and sanitary fittings and other improvements. The first has been completed but the other two are still going on. In addition, a pipe-line has been laid to the Air Force Station so that our water problem will soon be a trouble of the past. For this I have to thank Group-Captain Gupta for his invaluable help and Mr. Blanden for implementing the scheme. When all these works are completed I shall have spent nearly seven lakhs on improving the living conditions at Barnes. This is a fitting reply to those who feel that all schools are commercial establishments. The Society has dipped deep into its reserves to finance these projects.

As soon as adequate water is available and the Maharashtra State Electricity Board sanction the use of additional electricity, electric hot-water boilers will be in use throughout the school thus ending the coal and kerosine oil ages for bath-water. The boilers are being installed in all the bath-rooms, for staff and children.

Two useful additions on the games side have been the introduction of basket-ball, thanks to the Air Force, and three trophies presented by Mr. W. G. Blanden for new events. Thank you very much Mr. Blanden and the Air Force.

Tomorrow the school will stage Agatha Christie's *The Unexpected Guest*. I am sure Mrs. Davis and her cast will maintain the high standard set by previous performances. The play is at five-thirty in the evening. Those who have not bought tickets are advised to do so.

The following day is our Annual Athletics. This year I have introduced a few Inter-school events. I am indebted to Mr. M. Sonavala, the Managing Trustee of the Sonavala Trust, for providing the trophies for these events.

As always, we are timely helped by our neighbours, the Army and the Air Force.

Brigadier Charanjit Singh, who is very interested in all that happens in Barnes, is a regular visitor to the school. He was to have been the chief guest at the play tomorrow, but Army Headquarters willed otherwise. The Defence authorities often require his presence in some distant corner of India, just when we need him at Barnes. But might is right and we must hold our peace!

I am particularly grateful to Col. Ramchandani, the Commandant of the Artillery Centre, and the Station Commander of the Air Force Station, Group-Captain Gupta. They are always ready to assist us in any way possible. I am also indebted to Dr. Pandit and the Officer Commanding of the Military Hospital. They are constantly called upon in times of trouble, need, sickness or any other adversity. Personally I am grateful to Col. Raju and Lt. Col. Sindhi for treating me from time to time.

The health of the school has been satisfactory. A few days ago we were suddenly faced with about twenty cases of mumps. This had nuisance value and is now on its way out.

The school has supported worthy causes during the year. At the beginning of this year we collected over Rs. 2,000/- in aid of disabled jawans, and recently, at very short notice, we sent Rs. 615/- to the Air Force

for the Ex-Services Association. The children and staff also subscribe regularly to the Samaritan Fund to help servants with their medical expenses, and support a small primary school for the servants' children.

A few weeks ago, Mr. F. Benjamin, the Vice-principal, left for the United Kingdom, on a study tour, sponsored by the British Council. He is visiting several schools and will return at the end of this month, to give us the benefit of his visit abroad. During his absence the Rev. D. A. Smith and Mr. S. B. Gadre have done an excellent job in helping me to run the boys' school. Mrs. Davis is, of course, responsible for the smooth and efficient running of the girls' school and junior school. I am grateful to all the staff for their hard work and co-operation during this year. I am aware of the strain imposed by having over 500 children on your hands day and night. You will have your reward.

I must not forget to thank my arm-chair cabinet consisting of Clyde Arnold, Vasant Bhat, Jimi Parvaresh and Ravjit Khurana. They meet me every morning to discuss weighty matters of state and then bear me up on sturdy shoulders to this hall. I am very grateful to them. Only they know of our vital discussions while the rest of the school wait for assembly. You, too, will have your reward!

What of the future? A year ago the problem of Bangla Desh occupied the headlines. Today it is our own desh that is facing immense problems. The failure of the monsoon means water shortage, scarcity of food and cuts in electricity. Our tribulations have already begun and there seems little hope of any relief till the next monsoon breaks in June, 1973. Food-prices have rocketed, milk is not readily available and electric consumption has to be curtailed by eight per cent. If this is the state of affairs in October, the prospect for the next eight months is indeed bleak. If parents with families of three or four are

worried, you must understand my problems with a family of nearly six hundred to feed.

With effect from January, 1973, all children must be in new uniform. I warned you about this three years ago. Most of the girls are already wearing it, others must fall into line. For the boys there is no major change, except grey trousers for special occasions. These are available from Karachi Consumers. In addition all boys will have to wear school-belts.

A major addition to school uniform will be the school blazer for all children in classes nine, ten and eleven.

With effect from January, 1973, basic fees and standard charges will be billed quarterly, and in addition new parents will be required to deposit one month's fees at the time of admission. This will be refunded when the child leaves school.

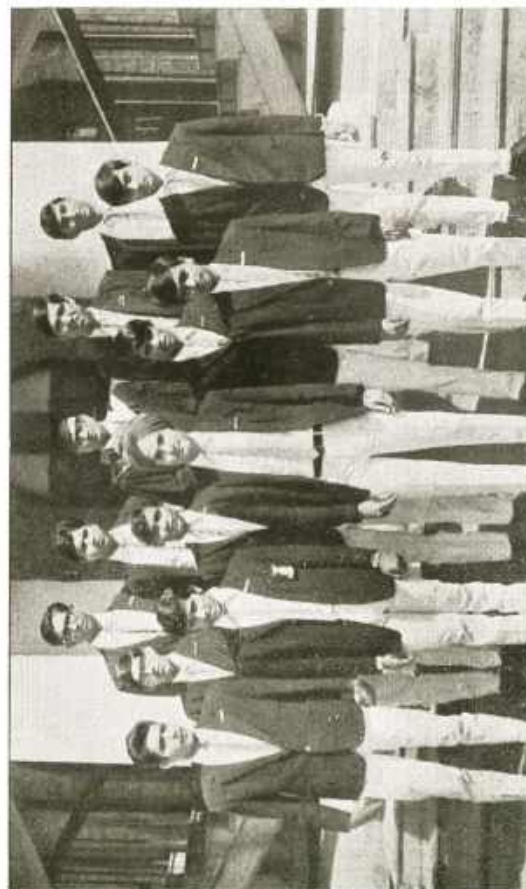
There has been the usual invasion by ex-students. We are glad to see them and I trust they will enjoy themselves during their brief visit.

Despite the prophets of gloom, let us lift up our hearts and face the difficult days ahead with fortitude. Barnes has weathered many a storm in the last fifty years; and if we—directors, parents, staff and pupils—continue to work together, and do what is expected of us, then the school once again will come through with flying colours.

I think it would be fitting to close this report by quoting Theodore Parker —

“Let us do our *duty* in our shop or our kitchen; in the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill—when we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.”

Signed : J. L. Davis  
PRINCIPAL



The Principal and Boy Prefects, 1972



The Principal and Girl Prefects, 1972



*Gentlemen to the left of him  
Smiled and shook hands.*



*Ladies to the right  
of him  
Smiled and  
Shook hands.*



*On the dais*

THE ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING, 1972

SPEECH DELIVERED BY  
Mr. G. DUNCALF  
AT  
THE ANNUAL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION  
on 14th October, 1972, at Devlali

The first challenge that I faced when I was asked to speak on the occasion of the SPEECH DAY was to find the subject to talk about, and even when I succeeded in that, in finding something to say about what perhaps has not been said a dozen times before!

I met that challenge by deciding my subject should be CHALLENGE and how this relates to TRADITIONS, because in Barnes, we have a school with great traditions, and we should see that it meets the challenge of growing in a modern India.

Before I begin to talk about Challenge and Tradition, however, I must be careful to define exactly what I mean by these terms. And this reminds me of a story of an American and an Indian and the need for a definition. An American was visiting India, and when he was here in the Punjab, he saw a farmer working in the fields. He asked the Indian, "How big is your farm?", and the Indian said, "From that telegraph pole there to that patch of sugarcane in the corner to the well in the other corner, and back to here." The American said that he himself was a farmer, and "Do you know when I get into my car at sunrise, and drive eastwards, I am still not at the boundaries of my farm by sunset!", and the Indian replied, "Yes, I know what you mean. I have a car like that!"

My definition of a challenge is a constructive questioning of facts, habits, and established procedures.

My definition of tradition is the sound base from which we can build for the future, and progress forward with confidence.

It is interesting to note that the names of the houses in Barnes themselves cover my subject extremely well. On the one hand, we have the houses Greaves, Spence, Candy and Royal, named after men associated with the founding of the school—the perpetuation of this surely represents a tradition built up from those early days.

The girls' houses, on the other hand, represent challenges—Keller, Cavell, Nightingale and Joan of Arc. Every one of these names represents a challenge, a challenge either to the establishment, to the environment, or to their own physical liabilities. I do not wish to suggest that only the girls should meet the challenge, and that the boys are so hide-bound by tradition that they are not likely to progress at all. No, it is simply that we can combine in Barnes School the elements of both with names that constantly remind us of the fact.

What can we do about it ourselves? We are not all Helen Kellers or Spences, but nonetheless we can meet challenge in our everyday life, and you will be surprised to find out how much you can do, once you make up your mind to accept a challenge. In this context, I would like to recommend to you a book called "THE HOBBIT" by J. R. Tolkien. This is a fairy story, but a fairy story for adults as well as children and is chiefly about a character who accepted the challenge, perhaps without really knowing it, and was surprised to find how much he was achieving in a series of somewhat unlikely adventures.

What are the challenges that you face? First, in training your mind to think and

use information well ; not merely to become educated by book-learning. It reminds me of the story of the educated Indian. This time, however, a Red Indian in America, who had three wives. As you know, Red Indian wives are called "squaws". The first gave birth to a son, and he rewarded her by giving her a buffalo hide; and the second one also produced a son, he presented her with the hide of a moose; and the third one who was the senior wife also had a son; he gave her the hide of a hippopotamus, and she complained bitterly, "Am I not your No. 1 wife? And you gave the other two wives beautiful hides, whereas I only get a hide of a hippopotamus," and the Indian husband replied, "Oh! Foolish woman, have not you heard of a saying of the big chief Pythagoras, that the son of the squaw on the hippopotamus is equal to the sons of the squaws on the other two hides?" I am talking about Pythagoras. Have you ever thought on how many occasions you could use Pythagoras? Let me give you a few. If you want to mark out a pitch or kabadi court, the way to find out that the angle is a right-angle, is to use the Pythagoras theorem. If you want to know that a picture frame is a square, again, you use this theorem. I am quite sure, you can think of a large number of day-to-day uses.

Your main challenge is obviously to become well-educated in its broadest sense. But not all challenges have to be in big things. They can be quite small and I suggest that you can find challenges every day in the school here. The challenge to enter sports, or other activities, which you do not necessarily think that you are immediately suited for. For example, you may not be able to act or sing, but I am quite sure that there are plenty of jobs to be done back-stage. You may not be able to run fast, but even taking part and finishing the distance is an achievement. In this respect, I would like to suggest

that a system be considered similar to that used in a school where my son received his education, whereby each entrant, whether or not he won, who finished the course was granted a point for his house. So, my definition of challenge is taking part to the full, even as in the words of Hamlet, taking "arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them."

So much then for challenge, what about tradition?

There is a tendency to think that tradition is only of the past, and the past is dead and gone, and tradition in a modern age is meaningless. I like to think of it as a firm foundation for future progress and as the firmest base from which we can make the fastest progress. It is interesting to reflect that India is called a developing country. I would like to suggest that it is only in a materialistic sense that India is behind other countries. In terms of its culture, its traditions and philosophy, it is surely ahead of many of those countries which are currently called "advanced." Given a belief in its proud traditions and an urge to meet the many challenges facing us here, I feel sure that India will become one of the great nations of the world.

But, back to Barnes School and its greatness.

What are the traditions on which we base our hope?

First, a faith, Christian faith that does not say, all men must be Christians, but says that "All Men Are Brothers". In this school, therefore, we can accommodate many religions.

That we will help those who otherwise are too poor to receive a good education.

That we believe in sportsmanship; that taking part is as important as winning.

And what is the challenge that we are facing with these traditions behind us?

It is to make Barnes School the finest in India. We can make Barnes the finest in India by utilising its capacity to the full so that we can accommodate as many as possible, not only those who can pay for good education, but also accommodating a large number of those who by force of circumstances are unable to pay totally for their education.

The Board has met these in part by obtaining a regular and assured water-supply and reference has already been made by the Principal in his report on the part that Mr. Blanden has played in this. I would like to add my thanks and tribute to his efforts. I will go further and say that on behalf of the Board I can pledge the money for building further facilities to accommodate more pupils, and we will be drawing up a plan to phase the expenditure over the next few years so that we can build class-rooms and extra accommodation facilities. I am sure that the Teaching Staff also will meet the challenge and give their whole-hearted support as they have done in the past, and are doing

at the present, to give the best standard of teaching and education that is possible.

So, it is back to you, the boys and girls of this school, to reach us to our destination. I am talking of destination. Have you heard the story of the man who wished to go from Bombay to Devlali. Unfortunately, there was no suitable train available, so he was advised to go by car, and they suggested that he drove upto Igatpuri and took the route by the lake to go into South Devlali. Unfortunately it was monsoon and was impassable. So, they suggested to him that he continued on the main road from Igatpuri to Nasik; unfortunately, they were carrying out major repairs and again the road was blocked. So, he was told that if he wished to go to Devlali from Bombay, he should start from some-where else!

To reach our destination—"Barnes"—the finest school in All-India, we are starting right here, nowhere else, here in Barnes School, Devlali.

#### THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING

October 14th, 1972, at 5-30 p. m.

Chairman : Mr. G. Duncalf, Director, Bombay Education Society.

Mrs. G. Duncalf has kindly consented to give away the prizes.

#### PROGRAMME

- |                                   |                              |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Opening Prayer                 | The Rev. M. J. Sundaram.     |
| 2. The School Song                | The School.                  |
| 3. "Poverty" ( Dr. C. Roberts )   | The School Choir.            |
| 4. The Annual Report              | The Principal.               |
| 5. Menuet in G                    | S. Hari.                     |
| 6. A Quartette                    | The Staff.                   |
| 7. Address                        | The Chairman.                |
| 8. Air with Variations ( Handel ) | B. Vinden.                   |
| 9. Distribution of Prizes         | Mrs. G. Duncalf.             |
| 10. Sheep may Graze ( Bach )      | The School Choir.            |
| 11. Vote of thanks                | The Rev. Deacon D. A. Smith. |
| 12. Jana, Gana, Mana              | The School.                  |

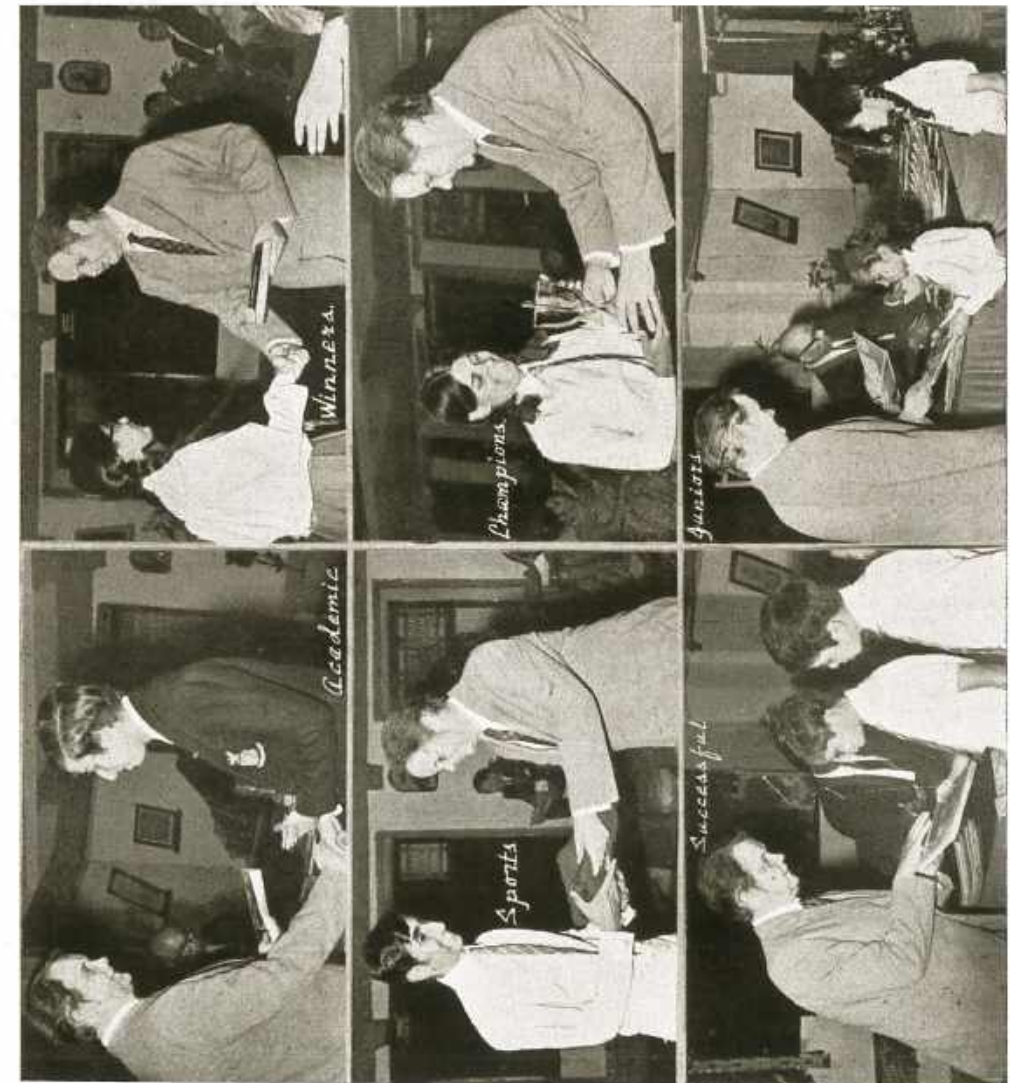
PRIZE LIST, 1972

**Class Prizes**

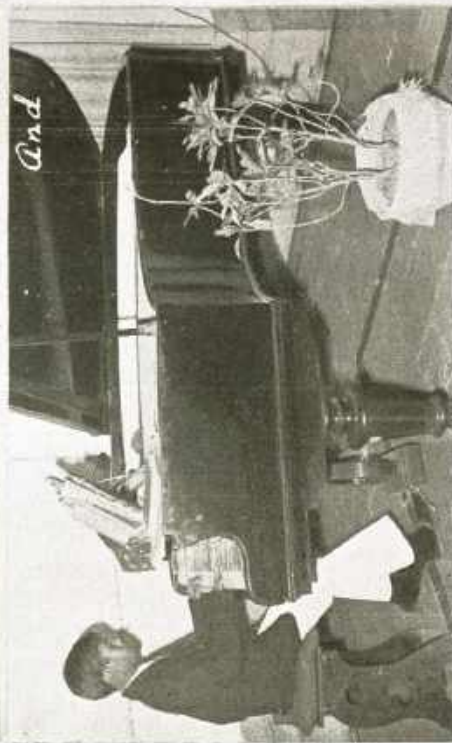
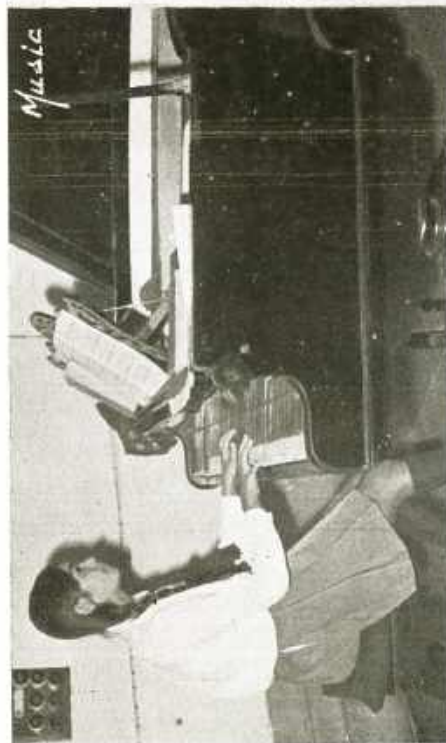
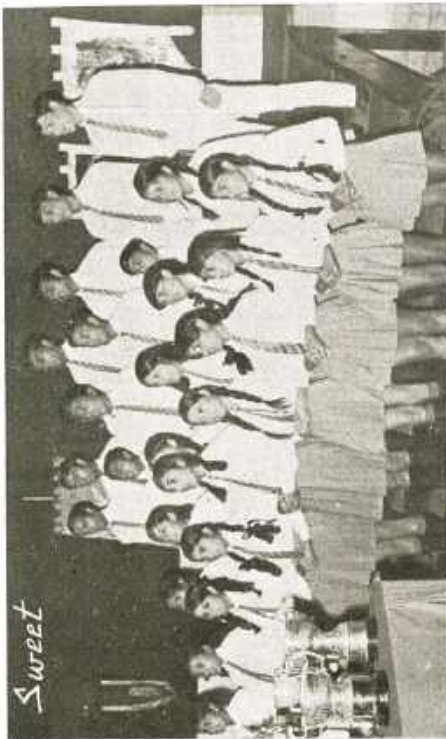
<i>Standard First</i>		<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Handwork</i>	<i>Progress</i>
I	L J. Pawar	A. Varma	C. Shroff	J. Pawar	S. Barfe
I	U V. Thayil	S. Bulsara	C. Court	A. Jalili	J. Easow
II	A G. Court	A. Vinayak	G. Godfrey	G. Court	S. Bhattacharya
II	B S. Daswani	S. Gadre	S. Menezes	R. Cantem	B. Daswani
<i>Standard First</i>		<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Languages</i>	<i>Social Studies</i>
III	A P. Kalapa	J. Joseph	S. Chowdhary	P. Kalapa	J. Joseph
III	B V. K. Rajaram	Z. Hari	R. Seeya	V. K. Rajaram	Z. Hari
IV	A G. Rajan	N. Joglekar	A. Bira	G. Rajan	N. Joglekar
IV	B C. Pai	B. Marathe	H. Pandey	B. Marathe	C. Pai
V	A C. Mascarenhas	S. Coelho	S. Aleem	S. Shaikh	C. Mascarenhas
V	B T. Mankeekar	B. Pai	P. Chavanke	B. Pai	P. Chavanke
<i>Standard First</i>		<i>Second</i>	<i>Maths and Science</i>	<i>Languages</i>	<i>Social Studies</i>
VI	A S. Pawar	M. Sathe	M. Sathe	C. Coelho	S. Pawar
VI	B A. Mehta	R. Varma	R. Varma	A. Mehta	P. Joglekar
VII	A R. Shaikh	J. Dhillon	J. Dhillon	R. Shaikh	J. Anderson
VII	B R. Thadani	M. Moosa	A. Mojawala	V. Kothari	K. Dopaishi
VIII	A A. Pai	K. Gadhave	A. Pai	K. Gadhave	S. U. Singh
VIII	B S. Bhalerao	S. Kalapa	S. Bhalerao	R. Lele	S. Kalapa
IX	A A. Talwar	K. C. Attawar	G. Nadar	{A. Talwar J. Walkay}	K. C. Attawar
IX	B P. Mallik	R. Bhambure	P. Mallik	B. Vinden	R. Bhambure
X	A M. Davis	R. Dubash	—	R. Dubash	M. Davis
X	B J. Jaggi	C. Narang	—	J. Jaggi	A. S. Faridi
X	Sc M. Gandhi	K. Attawar	M. Gandhi	R. Kaur	—
XI	A T. Kshatriya	R. White	—	T. Kshatriya	R. White
XI	Sc U. Vichare	G. Jadhav	G. Jadhav	U. Vichare	—

**Special Prizes**

<i>Prize</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Middle</i>	<i>Senior</i>
Charian Art Prize	T. Mankeekar	K. Hakeem	J. Dameron
Ferguson English Prize	S. Coelho	R. Lele	R. Bakshi
Divinity Prize	L. Ridewood	S. Bhalerao	R. White
General Knowledge	S. Aleem	A. Pai and M. Javeri	—
Elocution-Girls	E. D'Abreo	—	R. Bakshi
Elocution-Boys	S. S. Sachar	—	M. Davis and R. White
Singing-Girls	D. Dawson	—	J. Dameron
Singing-Boys	A. Flanagan	—	E. Flanagan
Needle-Work	S. Bird-Sturgeon	L. Kulkarni	L. Jadhav
Book-Binding	—	K. Irani	—
Biology	—	—	C. Karnik
Glenn-Howell Cup : Best Debator	—	—	Y. Chokhani
Rotary Shield For Maths-	—	—	U. Vichare
Kennelly Medal - Best in XI	—	—	U. Vichare



WINNERS AT THE ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING, 1972



MUSIC AT THE ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING, 1972

**General Prizes**

School Captain's Prize  
 Best Boarder Prefect  
 Best Day-scholar Prefect  
 The Thompson Award for First in I. S. C. E, 1971  
 The Lumley Medal, 1972

*Girls*  
 R. Bakshi  
 Helen Watts  
 Swarna Cyril  
 Tillotama Kshatriya

*Boys*  
 Syed Ali Hussain  
 Nerinder Kriplani  
 Ashis Chowdhury  
 Rita Cyril  
 Nerinder Kripalani

**Sports Prizes for Girls**

Hockey  
 Table-tennis  
 Softball  
 Badminton

Rosalind Phillips  
 M. Cox  
 B. Bird-Sturgeon  
 B. Zacharias  
 Netball  
 Throwball  
 Bulbuls Six  
 Sportswoman of 1972

B. Zacharias  
 B. Zacharias  
 Kingfishers  
 Brenda Zacharias

**Inter-House Trophies for Girls**

Badminton  
 Solder Cup-Netball  
 Lily Cup-Hockey  
 Marshall Cup-P. T.  
 Whaley Cup-Swimming

Edith Cavell  
 Joan of Arc  
 Florence Nightingale  
 Florence Nightingale  
 Edith Cavell

Softball  
 Hoffman Cup-Table-tennis  
 Blanden Cup-Throwball  
 Wilson Cup-Athletics  
 Tayebaly Study Cup

Florence Nightingale  
 Joan of Arc  
 Joan of Arc  
 Florence Nightingale  
 Joan of arc

**Sports Prizes for Boys**

Forward Cup-Hockey  
 Rowlandson Cup-Cricket  
 Best Junior Gymnast  
 Cubs-Six  
 Best Volleyball Player

R. Parvaresh  
 Rustom Parvaresh  
 R. Vasandani  
 Red Six  
 Musadiq Haghighi

Forward Cup-Football  
 Hoffman Cup-Table-tennis  
 Best Senior Gymnast  
 Scout Patrol  
 Easdon Cup-Sportsman of 1972

R. Parvaresh  
 R. Parvaresh  
 P. Razvi  
 Lion Patrol  
 R. Parvaresh

**Inter-House Trophies for Boys**

Moore Cup-Hockey  
 Hoffman Cup-Table-tennis  
 Spokes Cup-Cross-country  
 English Cup-Swimming  
 Cup For P. T.  
 Cup For Volleyball

Royal  
 Royal  
 Candy  
 Royal  
 Candy  
 Royal

Suptd. Down Cup-Boxing  
 Ashton Cup-Football  
 Riley Cup-Cricket  
 Besian Cup-Diving  
 Henry Down Cup-Athletics  
 Blanden Study-shield

Royal  
 Royal  
 Royal  
 Candy  
 Candy  
 Royal

**Inter-House Trophies for Boys and Girls**

Trophy for Elocution  
 Trophy for Debating  
 Keily Shield for the Best Girls' House  
 Hodge Shield for the Best Boys' House

Yellows  
 Yellows  
 Florence Nightingale  
 Royal

(Spence and Florence Nightingale)  
 (Spence and Florence Nightingale)

### Awards for Distinction in Games

Hockey	R. Parvaresh	Cricket	R. Parvaresh
Boxing	C. Watts, R. Parvaresh, R. Selvaraj, H. Gulshan		H. Gulshan
Swimming	R. Parvaresh, S. Parvaresh, Kn. Majd		N. Meredia
Football	R. Parvaresh, C. Watts	Athletics	R. Parvaresh
			M. Zope
			U. Vichare
Gymnastics	P. Razvi, R. Nair, J. Gama	Netball	Nil

### Drawing Certificates

Elementary	J. Walkey, A. Talwar, P. Mallik, M. Nathani, F. Irani, D. Dameron
	G. Gama, F. Ryder, D. Ross, T. A. Kumar
Intermediate	G. Avari, L. Middlecoat, B. Dique, T. Takate, R. Jadhav,
	C. Narang, K. Pirani, J. Heredia, F. Bhiwandiwalla, B. Chowdhary,
	S. Kshatriya, M. Davis

### I. S. C. Examination, 1971

First Division	: Ten
Second Division	: Thirteen
Third Division	: Twenty-five

### ONWARD BARNES !

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Hear Our loyal anthem, as we make it rise<br>To our school, with all our might;<br>Barnes has reared us, taught us all the<br>good we prize<br>Here we've learned what's true and right. | 3. Grown we are in stature strong we are in mind,<br>Now we see they noble live<br>That forsake vain glory, gentle are and kind.<br>Ever strive their best to give.            |
| 2. Awkward cubs we were when first we came<br>to School,<br>Often grimy, spoilt and slack,<br>Heavy was the way till we had learnt the rule,<br>Learnt to know and keep the track.          | 4. Comes the time for parting, onward we must go,<br>Face the world as men at length.<br>But we will remember all the School we owe<br>May she grow from strength to strength. |

*Chorus : Onward Barnes! Upward Barnes!  
Shall be our watchword and our aim,  
Till the echoes ring, let us sing  
To your honour, praise and fame.*

## The School Play

Sunday, 15th October, 1972

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

by

Agatha Christie

Directed by Mrs. Tess Davis

Setting by MRS. TESS DAVIS

Characters ( in order of appearance )

Richard Warwick	.. M. Kamran	Mrs. Warwick	.. T. Kshatriya
Laura Warwick	.. R. Bakshi	Henry Angell	.. H. Gulshan
Michael Starkwedder	.. M. Davis	Sergeant Cadwallader	.. K. Majd
Miss Bennett	.. B. Zachariahs	Inspector Thomas	.. S. Hussain
Jan Warwick	.. R. White	Julian Farrar	... C. Arnold

Scene : Richard Warwick's Study in South Wales, near the Bristol Channel.

Time : The Present

### ACT I

Scene (i) ... About 11-00 p. m.  
in November.

Scene (ii) ... The following morning  
about 11 o'clock.

INTERVAL : Ten minutes

### ACT II

Late afternoon the same day.

### A SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY

The mist swirls up from the Bristol Channel as Michael Starkwedder, lost in the fog, stumbles into Richard Warwick's study to find him dead; and Richard's attractive wife, Laura, standing near him with a gun. Starkwedder, a shrewd thinker and a man of action, is attracted and sympathetic towards Laura, and when she confesses to having killed her husband—a brutal and detestable man - he agrees to help her.

Starkwedder arranges an alibi for Laura, and suspicion is therefore thrown on to Richard's mother, the elderly, alert and commanding Mrs. Warwick; his retarded young half-brother, Jan; his sinister

man-servant, Angell; and the efficient house-keeper, Miss Bennett.

The police discover that two years previously, MacGregor, a man now believed to be in Canada, had threatened to kill Warwick, when the latter, drunk, had run over and killed his child. There is a set of finger-prints in the study belonging to no one in the house, and they are presumed to be MacGregor's. However, it is found that the urbane and soldierly Julian Farrar, a well-known politician, with whom Laura is in love, had visited the house the night before—the prints must be his! Laura believing Julian to have committed the murder, had confessed to Starkwedder that she was guilty. Julian believes that Laura has killed Richard. As police investigations proceed, news comes from Canada that MacGregor is dead! It is now evident that the killer is in the house! Doubts grow and tensions mount. Richard's mother confides in Starkwedder; Laura is horrified at Julian's attitude towards her; and the impeccable and shifty Angell tries to blackmail Julian. The unbalanced Jan, who loathed Richard, now runs amuck with a gun. Miss Bennett,

believing the demented, young Jan to be guilty, tries to get him to confess. This is Jan's one great moment of glory! He does confess, but accidentally the gun goes off and he is killed.

Inspector Thomas and his dreamy, poetical assistant, Sergeant Cadwallader, are satisfied that the crime is solved, and the family realize that this was a merciful release for Jan. Laura, now falling in love with the handsome Starkwedder, tells him this. Starkwedder thinks that Jan, to glorify himself, could have lied. He then explains to Laura how MacGregor, if he were still alive, could have planned the entire situation and actually murdered Richard. When Laura says: "You speak - as though you know just what happened!" Starkwedder replies passionately, "Of course I know. Don't you understand? *I am MacGregor.*" As Laura rises incredulously and stares at him, dazed, Starkwedder takes her hand and kisses it. He then goes quickly out of the French-window and disappears into the mist. Laura runs out on to the terrace and calls "Wait - wait! Come back! Michael, come back!" She leans back against the door as the mist swirls, and the Bristol fog signal begins to boom.

#### APPRECIATIVE EXTRACTS

\* \* \*

1. Before we came to live in Devlali, we had heard about Mrs. Davis's great flair for dramatics and musical productions. So, it was with great eagerness that we looked forward to her staging of Agatha Christie's "*The Unexpected Guest*" on Sunday, 15th October, 1972. Our expectations were fully realised.

The play is not an easy one to produce, as there are several characters, and most of them with large speaking-parts, but Mrs. Davis showed her talent in drawing out the dramatic ability of each young actor and actress.

The play started literally with a bang! - a most exciting beginning - and the atmosphere was kept up right through the First Act by Rekha Bakshi and Michael Davis. The former, we are told, is a seasoned Barnes School actress, besides being Head-girl, and this must be a fitting climax to her career. Michael Davis as the hero-cum-villain of the piece, gave a suave and competent performance far above that expected of a fifteen-year-old.

Now that we are going to live here, we look forward to more of Mrs. Davis's productions.

Cdr. N. Lobo, I. N. (Retd.)  
Guru Krupa Lane,  
23rd October, 1972. Devlali.

\* \* \*

2. Without the least exaggeration, "*The Unexpected Guest*" is the finest performance staged by students, that I have seen. The entire cast played their parts like professionals, and kept the audience engrossed for nearly three hours. The superb acting, good direction, and well-set stage, provided immense entertainment.

It would be invidious to single out performances, but Michael Davis and Rekha Bakshi were outstanding in the leading roles of Michael Starkwedder and Laura Warwick. Congratulations to Mrs. Tess Davis on her competent and confident direction of Agatha Christie's "*The Unexpected Guest*."

Wg. Cdr. R. G. Singh, VSM,  
Officer Commanding,  
9th Nov. 1972. Air Force Station, Devlali.

\* \* \*

3. In a happy mood we went to see "*The Unexpected Guest*" by Agatha Christie, at Barnes School, on Sunday, 15th October, 1972.



Michael Starkwedder: Damn it all, what we want is someone with a grudge.

Laura Warwick: There was a man whose child Richard ran over.



Starkwedder: (Facing the corpse in the wheel-chair. Speaking to Laura...) This man bursts in snatches up Richard's gun and shoots—sounds a bit far-fetched, but it'll have to do. We've got to take some risks.



Laura: Oh, don't! Don't get mixed up in this. They might suspect you.

Starkwedder: (Arranging an alibi) Oh, I am very respectable chap - quite above suspicion.

L to R: Jan; Richard (the corpse); Miss Bennett; Starkwedder; Laura.

Miss Bennett (To Mrs. Warwick who has just entered the room): Richard's been shot.

Starkwedder: Just ran my car into a ditch. I was coming up to the house for some help, when I heard a shot, and someone came rushing out and collided with me.



*Julian* : Oh well, Richard and his guns were pretty fair nuisance value, you know. People didn't like it.

*L to R* : Sergeant Cadwallader; Michael Starkwedder; Julian Farrar; Laura Warwick.



*Laura* : You've changed.

*Julian* : I can't feel the same After what's happened—I can't feel the same.



*Inspector Thomas* : About this gun. You were uncertain this morning. Can you or can you not say definitely that it belonged to Mr. Warwick ?

*Angell* : I wouldn't like to be definite Inspector. He had so many guns you see.

*L to R* : Inspector Thomas; Miss Bennett; Angell; Laura.

We expected to be entertained and we were. The play was produced by Mrs. Tess Davis, so again we expected it to be good.

Anyone could have committed the murder, and everyone, except the Unexpected Guest, came under suspicion. We were given much to think about, and were kept busy trying to help the police find out who had done the deed.

I thought Michael Davis was good in the role of Michael Starkwedder. I admired his suit. I also liked Laura Warwick's (Rekha Bakshi) outfits. Certainly we had plenty to look at. The part of Jan, the unbalanced son, was a difficult role to sustain, and was well played by Richard White.

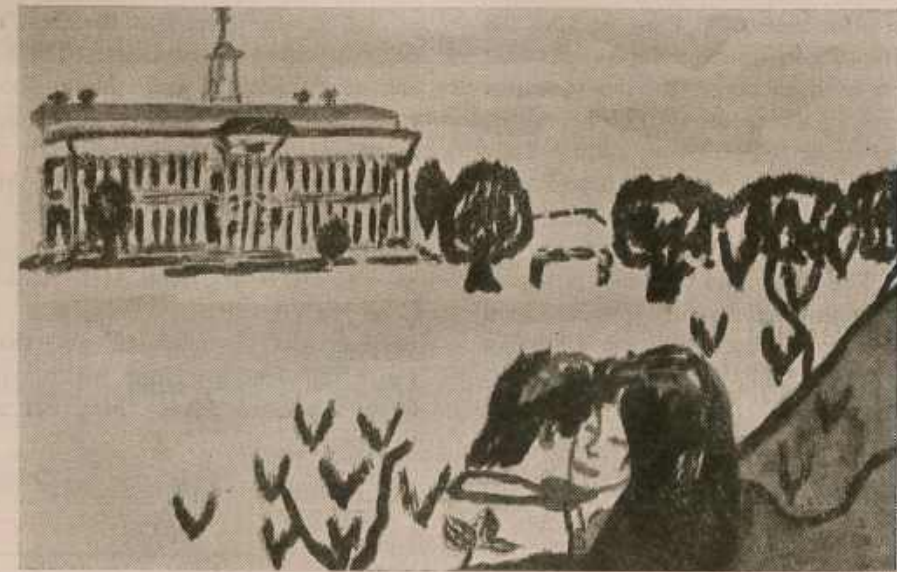
The play was well produced and well acted.

(Mrs.) Doris Coles,  
24th October, 1972. Auto-Skills, Nasik.

\* \* \*

4. My husband, Glenn, and I thoroughly enjoyed the play. It was very well put over - the acting was natural and the accents perfect. Full marks to Mrs. Davis!

(Mrs.) Trudy Speck  
Bungalow No. 4,  
Fateh Ganj Camp,  
Baroda-2. Gujarat.  
20th Nov. 1972.



"Comes the time for parting  
Onward we must go  
Face the world as men at length."

Michael Davis  
Std. X Arts Greaves  
28-11-72.

IN MEMORIAM  
ANNIE SUSHEELA ATHAVALE  
Seventy-two Years

by

THE REVEREND MICHAEL JOHN SUNDARAM

Annie married The Very Reverend Canon Athavale in nineteen twenty-two and enjoyed thirty-one years of married life.

The Reverend Canon Athavale was the *Headmaster* of the American Marathi Mission Boy's School in Ahmednagar before he was ordained as a priest in nineteen nineteen, or nineteen twenty. He had a long innings of thirty-four years as a priest.

He had been connected with Barnes School from nineteen thirty and Mrs. Athavale, also, indirectly. He became the school chaplain in nineteen forty-eight and the couple used to come to the Campus on Sundays in a nineteen twenty-three ford, driven by their eldest son, John. They took residence in the School's Lloyd Block, in nineteen fifty-three and, since then, she had been a familiar figure among the inmates. The Reverend Canon Athavale passed away in nineteen fifty-four in Lloyd Block and he was buried in the Christian Cemetery in Devlali. From nineteen fifty-five to sixty-seven, for eleven years, Mrs. Athavale worked in Barnes as a matron in

charge of food. It had always been her desire to be buried next to her husband. She gave up her work in nineteen sixty-eight, but continued to stay in Barnes with her daughter, Ruth, and Ruth's husband, Mr. S. B. Gadre. She had been associated with the school indirectly for eighteen years, directly for five years, and intimately for eighteen years—in all forty-one years of association with Barnes School, Devlali!

With warmth of affection, and displaying a friendly disposition towards all, she led an active life. She was the least nuisance or botheration to anybody. There was an air of confidence and hope about her. It is difficult to believe that she is no more in flesh and blood with us. Her countenance radiated Peace. I think this is a good and lasting impression one would like to leave behind in this world as we know it. And Mrs. Athavale has done exactly that. This was possible because Mrs. Athavale enjoyed that inner Peace and steadfast Hope which come only from the Lord Jesus. May her soul rest in Peace.

IN MEMORIAM  
MR. R. A. WILSON

"Late in June we were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. R. A. Wilson (an ex-student of Barnes 1926-35) and almost simultaneously we heard of the death of the Rev. N. Whittam. Both were Directors

IN MEMORIAM  
THE REV. N. WHITTAM

of the Society and at different times held the position of Honorary Secretary. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Whittam."

THE PRINCIPAL

## Parents' Days

by

THE REVEREND MICHAEL JOHN SUNDARAM

"Guess What — Giant Lollipops!  
Taste Good? — Just Tops!!"

"The Lollipop Tree" by Std. II A and B."

At the assembly, the *Principal* of a well-known school in Bombay announced that the next day would be their Parent's Day. A ready voice quipped. "Every dog has his day!"

The canine quality of doggedness was certainly noticeable at our Junior School Parents' Day held on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth of March, nineteen seventy-two. Many parents from Bombay arrived by noon and were doggedly waiting to see the display of their children's work and an excellent programme that was arranged for that evening. They belied the prophecies of the pessimists and filled every available seat in Evans Hall.

The teachers and pupils had put in much creative work involving hours of labour and sweat. The charts were colourful and the handwork neat. One of the visitors—a stickler for time—was impatient when the class-rooms were opened for inspection a minute later than the scheduled time. But, the trained eyes of his beloved spouse did not fail to appreciate the excellent work of the pupils and the teachers.

His annoyance vanished into the thin air of the auditorium when he was transported into the world of phantasy. The inimitable Mrs. Tess Davis and her band of Junior School teachers mesmerised the audience who became little children to enter the kingdom of delight. Each standard contributed an item to the programme of variety entertainment.



As the people descended to the plains, or stayed on the hill-top, the lilting music of *Under the Lollipop Tree* was borne in their hearts.

Friday, the seventh of April, saw the parents of the Senior School children! The exercise-books, corrected by the subject-teachers, were displayed for inspection by the parents! The exhibition included needle-work, craft and culinary art. These parents did not take as much interest in their offspring as the parents of the Junior School! However, that did not deter the enthusiasm of those who acted in *Forty Winks Beauty* (the modern version of *Sleeping Beauty*) or *The Monkey's Paw*. It is incredible how Mrs. Davis managed to stage two one-act plays with a week's practice! Well, seeing was believing! The plays were superbly produced with a touch of professionalism. *Forty Winks Beauty* evoked in us a smile, and *The Monkey's Paw*, a tear. *The Monkey's Paw* was handled sensitively as a tragedy ought to be. The characters on stage were most natural.

For the *first* time, the *Principal* had introduced the Senior School Parents' Day and it was a great success.

The Parents' Day made the parents aware of the meticulous care and nurture of the bodies, minds, and souls of their children, that goes on every single moment in Barnes.

The two Parents' Days are memories worth cherishing!

A contribution of Rs. 2,028.86 was made by Barnes School towards the Jawans-hence the following letter.

From : Mrs. Charanjit Singh, President  
Ladies' Defence Welfare Society,  
Devlali.

4th April, 1972.

Dear Mr. Davis,

Herewith please find a receipt for the contribution sent by you.

I thank you, the staff and every child of your esteemed School for your valuable contribution towards the welfare of the Jawans. It is really heartening to see the response for helping a noble cause and it indicates that our Armed Forces have a solid reason to be proud of their civilian brethren.

Mr. J. L. Davis, Principal,  
Barnes School,  
Bombay Education Society,  
Devlali.

Yours sincerely,  
Mrs. Charanjit.

#### INTER-HOUSE DEBATES, 1972

The first debate was held on Sunday, 18th June, at 7.30 p.m. in the Evans Hall. The topic was "The Indo-Pakistani Summit will not usher in enduring peace in the Sub-continent". The Greens represented by Kripal Attawar and Jawinder Jaggi from Candy House and Helen Watts and Mrunal Londhe from Joan of Arc spoke for the proposition, while the Reds represented by Jennifer Dameron and Brenda Zachariahs from Edith Cavell and Rustom Parvaresh & Yazdi Irani from Royal House opposed it. Mr. Bhutto's personal approach to the problem and China figured in prominently at the debate. The motion was rejected both by the House and the Judges. The best speaker was Brenda Zachariahs. The Judges were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis and Miss L. D'Sa.

The second debate was held on the Sunday fortnight, the venue and the time being the constant factors for all the debates. The topic was "That India should become a Nuclear Power". The Yellows represented by Rekha Bakshi and Gail Fernandes from Florence Nightingale and Syed Ali Hussain and Richard White from Spence House spoke for the proposition, while the Reds represented by the same team except for Clyde Arnold who replaced Yezdi Irani, opposed it. The Military and Economic needs of the country left no option for her but to go nuclear, whereas hazards of pollution and the lack of financial resources were the points mooted by the opposition. Both the House and the Judges voted for the motion. The best speaker was Richard White. The Judges were Lt. Col. and Mrs. Saranjame and Lt. Col. Batra.

The third debate was held on the following Sunday. The topic was "The downfall of man is WINE/WOMAN". The Blues represented by Ravindran Nair and Michael Davis from Greaves House and Shenaz Mehta and Sandhya Rughani from Helen Keller spoke for the proposition that the downfall of man was wine. The Greens represented by the same speakers from Candy House and Leena Ghosh and Jyoti Walkay from Joan of Arc opposed it saying that "the downfall of man was woman". Wine robbed man of his senses and hence he was not responsible for the various decisions, whereas the opposition cited extreme cases. There was a tie, but two of the three judges voted for the Blues, which made them, technically, the winners. The best speaker was Michael Davis. The Judges were Mr. F. Benjamin, the Rev. D. Smith and Mr. T. Walsh.

The fourth debate was held on the following Sunday. The topic was "That the world will be a happier place to live in if money is not spent on Space Programme." The Blues represented by Musadiq Haghghi and Crighton Watts



#### Parents' Days 1972





### Debating, 1972

Antony : I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;  
I am no orator as Brutus is.

—Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare.

from Greaves House and Swarna Cyril and Margaret Andrews from Helen Keller spoke for the proposition, while the Reds represented by Krishna Attawar and Rustom Parvaresh from Royal House and Jennifer Dameron & Brenda Zechariahs from Edith Cavell opposed it. The proposition contended that all that the astronauts got back to the earth was a piece of rock, while the opposition pleaded strongly for creating opportunities for employment. The motion was rejected both by the House and the Judges. The best speaker was Jennifer Dameron. The Judges were Sqn. Ldrs. S.P. Sharma & T.K. Bose, and Ft. Lt. C.M. Chowdhury.

The fifth debate was held on the following Sunday. The topic was "that the U.N.O. has failed in its aims and hence must be abolished." The Greens spoke for the proposition, while the Yellows opposed it. The changes made were : Yeshwant Chokhani replaced Jaswinder Jaggi, Mrunal Londhe stood by Jyoti Walkay whose car broke down on the way; and Indrani Roy who replaced Gail Fernandes. The opposition had a stronger case but could not put across the ideas cogently because of two speakers who were passengers. The motion was rejected both by the House and the Judges. The best speaker was Richard White, but as he was already in, the next best Yeshwant Chokhani was chosen as another speaker at the debate for the Alan Glynne-Howell Cup. The Judges were Messrs D. Hoffman, S. Gupta and Miss V. Menezes.

The sixth debate was held on the following Sunday. The topic was "That the movies and advertisements corrupt the youth". The Yellows represented by the same speakers as for the fifth debate spoke for the proposition, while the Blues represented by the speakers at the third debate except for Margaret Andrews who replaced Sandhya Rughani, opposed it. This was the best debate of the season as far as debating technique and humour went. But, examples were from the category of films that were meant for adults only. The Judges voted

for the motion, while the House rejected it. The best speaker was Richard White who made the hat-trick. But, the next best, Michael Davis having already been chosen for the final debate, Ravindran Nair was adjudged as the best speaker for the evening. The Judges were Messrs. D. Hoffman, S. Gadre and O. Swing.

The six best speakers from the six debates spoke at the seventh debate which was held on Sunday, 13th August at 7.30 p.m. in the Evans Hall, competing for the coveted Alan Glynne-Howell Cup. The topic was "That man can become rich by honest means". Michael Davis, Ravindran Nair and Jennifer Dameron spoke for the proposition, while Yeshwant Chokhani, Richard White and Brenda Zachariahs opposed it. The best speaker was Yeshwant Chokhani to whom was awarded the Glynne-Howell Cup. Mrs. Blanden kindly gave away the prize. The Judges were Rev. Frs. J. D'Abreo, L. D'Sousa and Comdr. N. Lobo.

The Yellows (Spence & Florence Nightingale) were the combined Inter-House Winners for 1972, while the Blues (Greaves) for the boys and the Reds (Edith Cavell) for the girls were the individual winners for 1972. The best debater for 1972 was Yeshwant Chokhani

A big 'Thank you' to Messrs T. Walsh, I. Misra and the Reverend Deacon D. Smith for Computation.

Sd/-The Reverend Michael John Sundaram.

#### DEBATING HOUSE RESULTS

##### GIRLS

First	Edith Cavell	Red	7.51
Second	Florence Nightingale	Yellow	7.03
Third	Helen Keller	Blue	5.45
Fourth	Joan of Arc	Green	5.40

##### BOYS

Greaves	Blue	7.15	Yellows	6.98
Candy	Green	7.11	Reds	6.75
Spence	Yellow	6.94	Blues	6.30
Royal	Red	5.98	Greens	6.28

##### COMBINED

The Alan Glynne-Howell Cup

for Debating : Yeshwant Chokhani

XI Science, Spence.

## ABILITY IS THE POOR MAN'S WEALTH

YESHWANT CHOKHANI

*XI Science*

*Candy*

According to William Shakespeare, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Those who are born great, are born great because their forefathers were great and their forefathers were great because they had the ability to achieve greatness.

Those who achieve greatness achieve it with their ability and those who have greatness thrust upon them, have it thrust upon them because of their ability!

The great are great because we are on our knees! Let us rise and advance, for it is only as we advance in life that we learn the limits of our abilities. Only ability can make us great. Ability is the wealth of a poor man!

Take for example, Robert Clive. He had the ability to write beautifully. This fetched him the job of a clerk and he thus came to India with the British East India Company. He was a poor man, this Robert Clive, but ability opened a new career for him and he finally rose to the position of Governor General!

Consider Joe Frazier. He was the son of a poor butcher! He used to cut meat while his father weighed and sold it. But, he had the ability to box! Now look at him! He is the World Heavyweight Boxing Champion! What do you think helped him? Ability of course!

What about our film stars? They own fantastic cars, fabulous homes and enough money with which to stuff a mattress! How did they get hold of it? By their ability, their ability to act! Johnny Walker was a poor bus-conductor. Mehmood was an ordinary sycophant. Dilip Kumar used to sell groundnuts on the roadside! These

stars were poor, poor until someone discovered their style, their knack, their talent, in short, their ability! And then they rose to the heights of stardom! Ability, friends, ability is all that counts as a poor man's wealth.

People, specially the blacks, are still being sold into slavery, in spite of the authorities prohibiting slavery. Do you know why? Because these poor people have the ability to do work! They are kidnapped and sold into slavery for money, their prices depending upon their various abilities. Once a slave is wounded in resisting capture, or accidentally hurt, or beaten too severely, or becomes too old to work, on the whole, once he loses his ability to work, his master just takes a gun and shoots him without even having a second thought! Imagine! To be hounded and captured like a deer! To be bought and sold in the open market like a horse! To slog like a mule for nothing at all! And finally to be butchered like a dog! All because of ability! The ability to work! Ahhh! Ability seems to be the very essence of life!

For a man who owns nothing, nothing else save ability, ability is his hope for food, his hope for clothing, his hope for life!

As long as we have ability we can have hopes for the future. Once our ability begins to fail, our hopes, too, shall dwindle!

Consider, for example, what happens when a man, living from hand to mouth, is disabled and is no longer able to do the work he originally attempted? He either dies of hunger or begs on the streets for food. Today this is a major problem in India and in many other countries. In India alone there are more than twenty-five million beggars! What more in the whole world!

Every poor man has to work for his living. His family depends upon him for food. The future of his children depends upon him. And he? He depends upon his ability, his ability to do work! Without his ability he is as good as dead! Ability, friends, ability is the wealth of a poor man!

## UNDERESTIMATION

PARMINDER SINGH GILL

*XI Science*

*Spence*

The leopard crept more and more closely towards the unwary crocodile.

The pard suddenly crouched. Its belly touched the ground and then it sprang on to the bony scutes of the crocodile's back. It caught the turning crocodile's throat with its teeth. One crunch and the powerful jaws would have ended the long lizard's life.

No! The leopard wished to play with the crocodile, as a cat plays with a mouse.

Once more with its paws it turned the horny scales over and played with it. The crocodile's yellow eyes burned with revenge. On the land it was a weakling; but in the water, omnipotent.

The gharial feigned death and the chitrakaya retreated a few feet. This was the greatest and ultimate mistake made by the paradal.

The hypocritical tear-shedder turned over in a flash and swung its twenty feet of body and powerful tail. The seven-foot-long, great cat was hit on its short legs. There was a cracking noise as its fore limbs broke, accompanied simultaneously by a rendering howl of intense pain. The tables had been completely turned.

The krokodeilos moved towards the pardalis and caught it about the trunk. There was another heart-breaking cry of pain, fear and alarm. The crocodilus then plunged in the pool and the water churned as the struggle took place. After a few moments the water was calm. Only the blood which dyed the pool sanguine told the tale.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

AENIL KESHWANI

*XI Science*

*Royal*

The House of Commons is the third and the most important estate of the Realm. It is referred to as the Lower House although the House of Commons stands on the same floor as the House of Lords in the Parliament Buildings, rebuilt in 1840-67, opened in 1843, replacing the ancient palace of Westminster, used since 1547 for meetings of both Houses and burnt by fire in 1834. The chamber used by the Commons was destroyed in an air-raid, 1941; the Commons sat in the chamber of the Lords until their new chamber was opened in 1950.

The members of the House of Commons are all elected on an almost universal franchise. Every person can exercise the vote so long as that person is a British subject who has attained the age of twenty-one and who has the necessary residence qualification.

The House of Commons consists of six hundred and thirty members: England 511; Scotland 71; Wales 36; Ireland 12. These are elected, as explained more simply before, "by direct universal manhood suffrage, in single member constituencies", in other words, these are returned to Parliament as representatives of either Boroughs or Counties.

Members of Parliament receive a salary of one thousand, seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year, unlike members of the House of Lords who receive no salary, but an attendance allowance of three-and-a-half guineas a day. The House of Commons elects its chairman, the speaker, whereas the chairman of the House of Lords is called the Lord Chancellor, who is also a member of the Cabinet and whose position is the most obvious exception to the doctrine of the Separation of Powers.

The real Government of Great Britain, however, is the party which has a majority in the House of Commons. There are two main parties in the Government; the Conservative party and the Labour party. The Government is named after the Party which gains the most seats at a General Election.

The House of Commons must be dissolved, and a General Election held within five years of the previous elections, except during a state of emergency, such as war.

As soon as the result of the General Elections has been declared, Her Majesty calls for the leader of the party which has the majority in the House of Commons and invites him to form a Government. The party-leader henceforth becomes the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister then selects about fifty or sixty persons from his own party who are members of one or other of the Houses of Parliament and appoints them as Heads of the Chief Departments of State. The Queen appoints these Ministers of State as Privy Councillors, if they are not so already, and they form what is called 'The Ministry'.

From this large body of Ministers the Prime Minister selects a small group representing the ablest and perhaps the most experienced members, and these, with himself as head, form the Cabinet. The cabinet usually consists of between twenty and twenty-two members.

Legislation may be initiated by either House, except that Money Bills are a Commons prerogative and may not be introduced, amended, or delayed by the Lords. All Bills are read three times in each House and then receive Royal Assent after which the Acts become law. The Royal Power to Refuse has not been exercised since the early eighteenth century. A Bill rejected by the Lords but passed by the Commons in two successive sessions may be sent for the Royal Assent

without further discussion in the Lords. A Bill involving taxation or public expenditure requires a Financial Resolution from the Government, which thus normally presents all Public Bills, though private Members on either side of the House of Commons may initiate Bills, as can Peers in the House of Lords. Special debating time is provided for the initiation of Bills. In the Commons a special feature is 'question time'—a period set aside weekly when Ministers are called upon to reply to any question on which any M. P. has given notice.

By virtue of tight discipline within the Parliamentary parties, the Prime Minister and Cabinet have increased control over the House of Commons. Each party maintains discipline in voting amongst M. P.s through its 'Whips'; thus a party in power is assured of its majority when the House 'divides' or votes on debates. A free vote, when the Whip is not applied, has become rare.

Parliamentary Privilege, or right, is enjoyed by each House of Parliament, both by the High Court of Parliament, and by individual Members of Parliament. Parliamentary Privilege, or right, exceeds the rights possessed by other bodies or individuals. As early as fourteen hundred and four, Members of Parliament were exempt from arrest for debt, breach of contract, or trespass. Parliamentary privilege now includes freedom of speech in debate, that is a member cannot be prosecuted for what he says in Parliament; the right of both Houses to control their own proceedings absolutely; and the right to prosecute others for 'constructive contempt', that is, reflexions verbally or in print on the character and proceedings of Parliament, or its Members, derogatory to its dignity. Breaches of privilege are dealt with by a Parliamentary Committee which can reprimand or expel members and fine or imprison non-members.

ELOCUTION AND SINGING, 1972

In charge: MRS. TESS DAVIS



7, Connaught Road, Devlali.  
27-7-1972

My dear Mrs. Davis,

I'd like to thank you on behalf of my husband and myself for a most enjoyable evening.

We thought your senior boys' rendering of Shakespeare the high-light of an extremely fine programme.

Please feel free to drop in whenever you pass by our way.

With best wishes,  
BETSY GORDON.

ELOCUTION AND SINGING COMPETITION, BARNES SCHOOL, DEVLALI  
Wednesday, 26th July, 1972.

SINGING.....JUNIORS.....UNDER 14 YEARS.

Red	E. Ambrose	O, Susanna	S. C. Foster
* Green	A. Flanagan	Clementine	Folk Song
Yellow	A. Mehta	Down in the Valley	American Air
Blue	J. Anderson	Polly Wolly Doodle	American Folk Song
Red	D. Nair	Golden Slumbers	17th Century Folk Song
Green	L. Ridewood	Chim Chim Cher-ee	R. and R. Sherman
Yellow	C. Fernandes	From Oberon in Fairyland	R. J. S. Stevens
* Blue	D. Dawson	Easter Song	Medical Mission Sisters

ELOCUTION.....JUNIORS.....UNDER 14 YEARS.

Red	A. Mortimer	The Fool's Prayer	E. R. Sill
Green	S. Bhalerao	My Familiar Friend	J. G. Saxe
* Yellow	S. S. Sachar	O Captain! My Captain!	W. Whitman
Blue	D. Vassa	It's a Pretty Good Plan to Forget It.	Anonymous
Red	A. Talwar	Funny Uncle Phil	A Dailey-Alden
Green	M. Sachdeva	Jim, Who Ran Away From His Nurse.	H. Belloc
* Yellow	E. D'Abreo	The Boy Who Laughed at Santa Claus	O. Nash
Blue	H. Mackenzie	Auction Extraordinary	L. M. Davidson

INTERVAL.....10 MINUTES.

	GIRLS.		BOYS.	
RED HOUSE	Edith Cavell	and	Royal	
GREEN HOUSE	Joan of Arc	and	Candy	
YELLOW HOUSE	Florence Nightingale	and	Spence	
BLUE HOUSE	Helen Keller	and	Greaves	

JUDGES: Mrs. K. Sindhi (Regt. of Artillery Children's School, Devlali)  
Mrs. P. Massey (St. Patrick's School, Devlali)  
Mrs. A. Pais (St. Patrick's School, Devlali)

SINGING.....SENIORS ..... ABOVE 14 YEARS

Red	C. Arnold	Drinking Song (from "The Student Prince")	D. Donnelly
* Green	E. Flanagan	Allan Water	M. G. Lewis
Yellow	S. James	Green Sleeves (English Air)	Phyllis Batchelor
Blue	C. Watts	Now is the Hour	M. Kaihan
* Red	J. Dameron	The Lost Chord	Sir A. Sullivan
Green	N. Watts	Afton Water	American Air
Yellow	A. Young	Sleep My Princess (Mozart's Cradle Song)	A Mayship
Blue	M. Andrews	Whispering Hope	A. Hawthorne

ELOCUTION.....SENIORS.....ABOVE 14 YEARS

Red	Krishan Attawar	On the Quality of Mercy (The Merchant of Venice)	} William Shakespeare
Green	Kripal Attawar	The Dagger Scene (Macbeth)	
Yellow	R. White	The Tent Scene (King Richard III)	
* Blue	M. Davis	The Post-Murder Scene (Macbeth)	
Red	B. Zachariahs	The Spirit of Contradiction	Lloyd
Green	L. Ghosh	The Well of St. Keyne	Southey
* Yellow	R. Bakshi	The One-Legged Goose	J. R. Planche
Blue	S. Mehta	The Country Squire	B. Ballads

HOUSE CHORUSES ..... JUNIORS AND SENIORS

* Red	Spirit of God	} Medical Mission Sisters
Green	Pilgrim Song	
Yellow	God Gives His People Strength	
Blue	Joy is Like the Rain	

\* Indicates the winners.

PIANOFORTE.....ITEMS

- a) The Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss ... .. M. Davis
- b) A "Piece" from the Trinity College of Music Publications ... S. Hari
- c) A Duet - Sweet Smiles from Smallwoods ... N. Watts and B. Vinden
- d) The Black Hawk Waltz by Mary E. Walsh ... .. B. Vinden

SCHOOL SONG.

Mr. E. S. Modak, Special I. G. Police, Kindly presided and gave away the prizes.

Mental pleasures never cloy. —Colton.



Michael Dnvis



Richard White



Rekha Bakshi

But when he speaks what elocution flows!  
Soft as the fleeces of the descending snows  
The copious accents fall, with easy art;  
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.  
—Alexander Pope.



Yellow House I

ELOCUTION, 1972

Red House I



'Twas music, music all the night!  
 Independence and Easter-tide!  
 With happy hearts and feet so light  
 We sing and dance on every side.

## THE GREAT ESCAPE

RAVINDRAN NAIR

*XI Science*

*Greaves*

George's knife slashed against the vine. The lana snapped. We had taken one more step towards freedom.

\* \* \*

Scott was my name. I was a convict of the French army. For three months, I had suffered in the deadliest place on earth, a scaring place for the human race. That place was known as *Death Bed*, a place about two thousand miles off the southern coast of France. It is to that place that convicts are taken and treated a little worse than brute animals.

After two months in *Death Bed*, I made up my mind to escape or die while escaping; but I would not return to my cell!

I began my work of finding trusted companions.

\* \* \*

*Big George* led the way. Peter followed, in front of me. Sholo and Stephen, *the sailor*, were helping Jimmy who had a wooden leg and who had trouble in walking.

After nine days we were still in the jungle. All of us were weary. Mosquitoes and other insects bit us. Our bodies were swollen. *Big George* had the hardest task of making a path for us.

On my back, a small haversack was tied securely. The haversack was nearly empty. A few biscuits, a tin of condensed milk, and a small .22 revolver that I had managed to rob after my having killed a guard with a crude-pointed stone. A knife was tied separately to my waist.

George slashed at another vine, but it would not break. He slashed again and again, but in vain. At last all of us crawled under the creeper. After two more hours of struggle, George suddenly stopped.

He turned to us with fear in his eyes, and then turned away. We followed his gaze. Sitting, right in front of us, with his back turned to us, was a huge lion. The wind blew from him to us—fortunately—over the semi-desert.

*Big George* made a sign for us to stop. Stealthily, with his knife in his right hand, he crept towards the lion. Inch by inch, he advanced more close. When he was about five feet from the cat, he stood up. With a war-like cry he leapt on the lion. The knife buried itself in the lion's back. *Big George* pulled it out and pushed it in again. It was a struggle between man and brute; but, in reality it was a struggle between animal and animal. After about three minutes of fighting, George moved away from the carcass. He wiped the blood from off his knife.

George was in a horrible, miserable condition. Blood oozed from his left palm. Three deep scratches yawned on his face. Apart from the blisters, his legs also were scratched and bloody. We continued our struggle.

Three days later, we came to a clearing in the thinning forest. We decided to rest. I opened the haversack, and turned it upside down. The tin of condensed milk, a dead lizard, a tortoise—fell in the mud. In a short time, Sholo, the huge negro, prepared a fire and re-roasted the flesh of the lion. After replenishing ourselves, we continued our journey.

We followed the river-bank for a day, and then began moving inland. After two hours of furious struggle, we came upon a third clearing. I called out to the others.

Peter was missing!

"Where's Peter?" shouted George.

"He was feeling unwell, and so he decided to walk slowly. He will be coming after some time," exclaimed Jimmy.

One hour passed. Two hours passed. Three hours passed,

"Peter seems to have disappeared!" exclaimed I.

"Scott, I will look for him!" Sholo arose and disappeared into the thicker jungle.

After a few hours of walking, Sholo decided to return to the opening where we awaited him. Just as he turned to return, he saw Peter.

He lay huddled on his stomach by the side of a huge tree. By the side of him lay his water-bottle. Sholo reached for the bottle and found it empty. He went to Peter and shook him. A shudder ran through him. On a sudden impulse, he arose and kicked Peter hard. Peter rolled over. On his face was a fixed grin. Sholo saw the glittering hilt of a hunting knife. The blade was buried deep in his left loin.

Sholo was used to seeing dead bodies. Sometimes he had used to roll over dead bodies in *Death Bed*. Now he felt a tight grip at his chest as he looked down at Peter. Immediately he knew who the murderer was. He returned to us in the clearing at a fast pace.

"I did not find Peter," lied Sholo. "Perhaps - he must have lost the way!"

Jimmy began crying. I stood still, with an icy look in my eyes. Sholo looked at me with hatred in his eyes. He went towards George and whipped the knife from his hand.

Stephen, Jimmy and I were standing together. Sholo advanced with his face towards me. My knees felt weak. He came closer to me and raised the knife. I kept staring fixedly at his face. I saw a flash as the blade descended. All I heard was a groan. I was still alive.

Jimmy crumbled to the ground, clutching the knife, feeling the blade deep in his heart. Sholo had a murderous look on his face. He cleaned his red hands on his beard.

"Scott! I don't think I will be able to carry on. I am dying of hunger!" said Stephen.

"Ah! I have an idea! Let's eat Jimmy!" cried Sholo. "That dumb corpse!"

Big George approached Sholo and asked, "Why did you kill Jimmy?"

The few seconds of ensuing silence were shattered when Sholo replied. "I found Peter. He was dead. While Peter was helping Jimmy, they lagged behind us. Jimmy stabbed Peter in the left loin only to drink the drops from the water-bottle! Jimmy had it coming!"

A few minutes we were roasting Jimmy's liver. Stephen was eating his raw leg. I made a handle of his wooden leg. George waited with Jimmy's brain. We were seated round Sholo's fire.

Three days later, we caught up with the sea, and began walking along its shore. After a few furlongs, I saw it!

Between sparse, tall trees and less thick vines, a sailing-boat was hidden. If the sun had not been shining, we would have missed it. The sun's rays were reflecting off a metal plate.

We ran towards the boat. After three hours we had succeeded in floating it on the water. We returned for our few belongings. Then I saw a bush move and an Indian appeared.

We left our belongings and sprinted for the boat. Three more Indians appeared. Arrows whistled past us. I saw Big George fall with an arrow in his back.

I dived into the boat. Stephen and Sholo followed close. Two minutes later, we were nosing towards an unknown destination.

The sea was rough. Stephen had great trouble in handling the boat. We dashed against a small reef. Stephen suddenly lost his nerve and shouted.

"I am not a sailor! I don't know how to handle a boat! I lied because I wished to escape with you!"

Immediately I removed my revolver. Another reef struck the boat. Water began rushing in. I aimed and pulled the trigger. I was sure I could not miss.

Stephen screamed!

A third reef struck the boat.

Amid tonant vibrations, I witnessed the crash and Sholo, unconscious, towed by the tide.

## A STARTLING DISCOVERY

ISMA L B. PIRANI

*XI Science*

*Spence*

Half an hour after the car had been driven away, the garage-owner made a startling discovery.

He rushed to the telephone.

The line was dead!

Johnny Farar was a very small businessman. He owned a filling-station and a garage on the highway. He lived with his wife and two children.

Beads of perspiration welled to his forehead and soon the bright, sunny day changed to a black, dull one for Johnny; for what he had seen in the corner of his garage had made his blood curdle!

He replaced the receiver pensively and then ran round the house to where he kept his car.

There again he received a shock!

The bonnet was open and all the four tyres of his car had been neatly slit by a sharp knife. He did not have to look at the engine to learn that all the four sparking-plugs had been removed.

He had been framed with a murder charge.

The culprit would be far away by now.

Johnny said nothing of this to his wife.

At lunch-time he ate nothing since he had lost his appetite.

"What's wrong, Johnny?" inquired his wife.

"Nothing much, Ginny. Only business is not faring very well today!" was his realistic reply.

Johnny was afraid to report to the police. He knew that he had no proof of his innocence. He decided to be rid of the body; but the Fates were not with him!

That night Johnny did not enjoy his sleep. He kept dreaming of the girl lying in the garage downstairs.

\* \* \*

Mark O'Brien was the cop who patrolled the highway in this part. He was a great friend of Johnny's and he was the *duty-first* type. He arrived at the station at eight, as he usually did, and called upwards.

"Hallo, Johnny! Have you a spanner? My brake-linings are a bit loose!"

"It's lying in the garage downstairs. Go ahead and collect it!" was Johnny's response.

Just then Johnny realised his mistake. He rushed out on the balcony.

He called: "Just a minute, Mark! It ain't there! It's lying in the office!"

It was too late. Mark had already disappeared into the garage.

Johnny ran down the flight of stairs, three steps at a time, and soon he burst into the garage. There he stopped in his tracks. Mark's snub-nosed automatic pointed towards him.

"Who did that?" asked Mark, in the voice of a tough-looking cop.

Johnny did not answer.

Both looked down at the lump of lifeless flesh lying in the corner. It was a girl of about twenty. She was blonde, and pretty! She wore costly clothes, but they were torn in certain places. This meant that she had had a struggle. There were bruises all over her body which showed that she had been worked upon; and, worst of all, her neck lay in an awkward position.

"Did you bust her neck?" queried Mark.

"No!" was the honest reply.

"Then who did?" inquired Mark.

Johnny knew he was firmly fixed in a jam.

"Wait a minute and I'll tell you all that happened," said Johnny, hoping for the best.

"Okay! Go ahead!" exclaimed Mark, pulling out his pocket note-book and replacing the gun in its holster.

"It was day before yesterday! A fat, broad-shouldered, thick-set man drove in for gas. I filled his tank, and went into the office to make the bill. He came out of his car, which was a long, slender, brown Buick, and followed me. He then asked if I had a garage for hire.

I said: "Yes!"

He gave me two pounds for the gas, and another five for the garage. He then left the car in the garage and left. At about two the next day, he returned and collected the garage keys from me. He took the car, minus this beauty, and disappeared; but before he had left, he had cut the telephone wires and removed the

sparkling-plugs of my car so that, by the time I should discover the truth, he would be miles away!"

"Why didn't you report this to the police? You can't fool me, boy! You did something to this girl that she didn't like and so she blackmailed you. You were fed up and in a struggle, you busted her neck. You must've had a pretty good time with her, but now you'll enjoy yourself in a cell!"

Mark produced a pair of handcuffs and secured them tightly around Johnny's wrists.

They moved out of the garage and into the house.

Johnny moved to kiss his wife good-bye. Instead, he received from her a tight smack.

"You think I don't know what's happened? What does that—down there have that I haven't? No! You played to have two women in your life. Well, now you'll have none. Get out of my sight!"

Ginny began to sob hysterically. The two kids, too!

Johnny turned his head in despair and walked to Mark's car. He was taken to the police-station and imprisoned. He engaged for himself a good lawyer, but that did not help him from serving six years in jail. The picture of the fat man hovered above his eyes and Johnny was determined to take just revenge.

\* \* \*

Johnny stood in front of his wife's mirror, combing his hair. Within six years he had changed considerably. His wife and two children had deserted him. He was now alone; but he still had the filling-station and the cursed garage and, of course, the same job, too!

Johnny continued running the station and soon he became rich for the highway which before had been one-way, had been but recently turned into a two-way road.

"Where is that old garage that you had had up there?" asked his clients.

The thought and mention of the garage boiled Johnny's blood. He longed to have his hands about that fat man's neck! This time the Fates were with him, for he did not have to wait long.

A few days later, a very well-kept Bentley drew up for gas. The driver remained in his car. Johnny filled the tank and, having made the bill, moved to deliver it. He next looked inside the window and there a surprise awaited him! It was the fat man! Johnny was excited. He had been waiting for just such a day! He thought it ripe time enough to do something.

He said "Howdy, pal! Remember me?"

The fat man looked up and his cigar fell, burning a hole in his expensive coat.

"Well, even if you don't, I remember you!" breathed Johnny.

Johnny opened the door; but he was too late. The fat man smashed the butt of a gun on Johnny's head. He then lifted Johnny's unconscious body and dumped it on the rear-seat. Throwing the gun with Johnny, he started the car and was soon doing a steady hundred and forty kilometres an hour.

Johnny recovered his senses after a while and, on seeing the gun besied him, he poked it behind the fat man's head.

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Suspicion is far more apt to be wrong than right; oftener unjust than just. It is no friend to virtue, and always an enemy to happiness.

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—H. Ballau.

"How about stopping, pal?" threatened Johnny.

The fat man's reply was to press the accelerator flat down.

If Johnny pulled the trigger both would perish!

Johnny then recollected how his wife had insulted him. He had lost his wife, his two children and worst of all six years of his own life. He knew that even if he found his wife, she would never forgive him. Here was his chance! He could have his just revenge, but at the cost of his own life. He then remembered how in jail he had been waiting for just this day. It was then that Johnny made up his mind—smiling.

Still smiling, he pressed the trigger—first pressure! The second pressure!

The car bounced off the road and hurtled down the mountain—like a ball of fire.

He was still smiling when the car had caught fire.

He was still smiling; still—when Johnny's good lawyer, Cop Mark O' Brien, Ginny and grown kids had identified him—when at last they had made a startling discovery!

Ginny began to cry hysterically. The kids, too! Mark and Johnny's lawyer blew their noses. Johnny was still! Smiling!

## 1st Devlali Barnes Group

BULBULS, 1972

In charge : MRS. PATSY MICHAEL

Correspondent : AUDREY MACKENZIE

VIB

Helen Keller

We started the year with twenty-four Bulbuls, but the number increased to thirty by the end of November. Of these twenty, seven are boarders and three are day-scholars. Twenty of these have passed the *Recruits Test* and are now fully fledged Bulbuls. The four sixers of the flock have passed the *Second Class Test*. The *Senior sixer* is Audrey Mackenzie. There are four sixes : *Doves, Kingfishers, Orioles and Parrots.*

We had quite a few activities during the course of the year. Nature Walks, Talent Contests and, of course, our usual Friday evening meetings which are always terminated with exciting Bulbul games. We also took part in the Independence Day Parade.

The year ended on a happy note when Mrs. Michael, our Flock Leader, took us for an outing to the Guava Tope. We bought many guavas but the thrill was in raiding the trees!

This year Miss M. Webb helped Mrs. Michael, taking us for meetings on a few Fridays each term.

The *Kingfisher Six* was adjudged the best for the year, 1972.

### OUR BULBUL FLOCK

Flock Leader : MRS. PATSY MICHAEL

Senior Sixer : AUDREY MACKENZIE

VIB

Helen Keller

DOVE SIX. *Sixer*, Deborah Nair; *Second*, Heather Pearce; Karen Rose, Dona Barnett, Lorraine Selvaraj, Bernadette Quintal, June Coelho, Perin Abraham.

KINGFISHER SIX. *Sixer*, Jean Datt; *Second*, Satysheela Pawar; Dona Guizeler, Michelle Rose, Zarina Hari, Karen Scott, Shehnaz Irani.

ORIOLE SIX. *Sixer*, Audrey Mackenzie; *Second*, Lynette Ridewood; Shushma Premji, Eunice Tully, Romona Jacob, Jatinderjitkaur Singh, Nergish Irani.

PARROT SIX. *Sixer*, Dolores Whyte; *Second*, Annie Easow; Shaheen Hussain, Pamela Cope, Sunita Kale, Jayashree Vaswani, R. Rennison, E. Coelho.

### WOLF CUBS, 1972

Akela : Mr. P. S. Bhalerao

Pack Leader : Reginald Cope

VIIIB

Candy

During the year under report we had twenty-four cubs in the pack throughout the year. The pack meetings every Friday were well attended. Our meetings are quite interesting due to the games, jungle stories, useful craftwork, walks, and cub-like activities.

The Best Six Trophy was won by R.Cope's *Red Six*.

We went to Tapovan on Sunday, the seventeenth of September, nineteen seventy two, for our annual outing. On our way we visited the newly-built Mukti Dham Temple of the Hindus and also the Shrine of Infant Jesus at Nasik Road. We prayed there for a safe and happy outing. Our prayer was answered.

Our Akela bought eatables and fruits at Nasik and then we proceeded to the famous Tapovan, an ideal picnic spot as well as a place of pilgrimage for the Hindus. It is said that Ram, Laxman and Sita lived here for some time during their exile and Laxman had disfigured Shurpanakha, the sister of Ravana at Tapo-van. To take revenge, Ravana of Lanka came and took away Sita as a prisoner from this place.

The cubs had a good swim in the clean and shallow waters of the river Godawari. At noon we sat under a tree and had our lunch of Barnes School sandwiches. After lunch we played games and a few rounds of Housie. Our Akela gave us prizes in cash and in kind. At tea-time we lit a stove and prepared tea. We cut onions, sour limes, and a lot more, and mixed bhel which we ate with our buns, bananas and monkey-nuts. Then we had one more round of sight-seeing when we saw half a dozen snakes gracefully swimming in the deep waters of the river. Now it was time for us to return. We climbed into the bus rather reluctantly and drove back to school. We stopped at Mukti Dham Temple to take a couple of photographs of the cubs as there was enough light in the sky and film in Akela's camera.

It was a very enjoyable outing, indeed!

\* \* \*

### WOLF CUB PACK, 1972

Akela : MR. PHILIP S. BHALERAO

Senior-sixer : REGINALD COPE

RED SIX : *Sixer* : 1 Reginald Cope  
*Second* : 2 Ninender Singh  
3 Jayant Bhalerao  
4 Adi Sethna  
5 Christopher Manning  
6 Rajesh Pande

GREEN SIX : *Sixer* : 1 Gulam Rajabkar  
*Second* : 2 Michael Anderson  
3 Badruddin Patel  
4 Mark O'Gleby  
5 Rajiv Basrai  
6 Eddie Lafferey

YELLOW SIX : *Sixer* : 1 Anthony Gaeizler  
*Second* : 2 Charles Edge

3 Md. Reza Amiri  
4 Abdul Rauf Fareed  
5 Anthony Bira  
6 Michael Smith

BLUE SIX : *Sixer* : 1 Sukanto Chowdhury  
*Second* : 2 Somnath Kakar  
3 Rafique Seeya  
4 Rizwan Razvi  
5 George Hilbert  
6 Neelesh Nadkarni

### OUR SCOUTS' HIKE

Baloo : Mr. D. V. HOFFMAN

Correspondent : GANPATHI A. NADAR

XI A *Second* : LIONS PATROL Spence

The day dawned, bright and clear.

A few days earlier, Baloo had decided that we would go on a hike to the Pandulena Caves in the first week of August, provided it was not raining.

Saturday the fifth had dawned and we were excited as we dressed in our uniforms. We breakfasted with the other boys. After a hurried breakfast, we collected our lunch and tea from Mrs. L. Mortimer and Mrs. J. Jones and walked down to Gate-lodge from where we caught the State Transport bus to Devlali Market. There we hired good bicycles and a good pump.

Our first halt was at Cafe Park. We reached there in good time and waited for Baloo. At Nasik Road we saw the Mukti Dham, a beautiful Hindu temple near Cafe Park. Baloo arrived and gave us directions to meet him in Nasik City. Nothing unusual occurred on the way and safely and surely we reached the Nasik bus-stand. Baloo followed up.

As we left Nasik City, it began to rain. The road from Nasik to Pandulena is mostly uphill. This acclivity along with a stiff, opposing wind and rain, made cycling very tiresome and we reached our destination, tired and hungry. Baloo brought up the rear. We left our bicycles by the side of a hedge and mounted the hill to the caves. We reached there to find that another school had also come there for a picnic.

We sat just outside the caves and had our lunch which, though usually swallowed without much interest, actually tasted delicious out on the open, green hillside. After lunch we had a little rest.

Then we explored the caves, one by one. When we came to the last one, we decided to go around the hill. After walking a little way, we found that very dangerous and, being sensible scouts, we detoured. As we were returning, we heard the scout whistle and obediently reported to Baloo. He advised us to gather our belongings and to hit the trail. We descended. As it was nearly four in the evening, we enjoyed our tea and snacks. Then Baloo declared our next rendezvous to be Devlali market. We left Pandulena caves and came to Cafe Park.

Here we spent our money on deliciously prepared chicken and mutton biryani, rice plates, cutlets, omelets and the like. After a jolly good tuck in, we left for Devlali.

On arriving there, we returned our bicycles and waited at the bus-stand for our bus. We returned safely in an overcrowded bus.

We thanked Baloo and went in for supper.

It had been a lovely day and we retired to bed, very tired but feeling extremely happy!

\* \* \*

## "Be Prepared"

1st DEOLALI BARNES SCOUT TROOP, 1972

Baloo : MR. D. V. HOFFMAN

Troop Leader : ABDUL RASHID SHAIKH

Assistant Troop Leader : JASPAL SINGH DHILLON

LION PATROL : Red and Yellow.

Patrol Leader, Deepak Vassa; Second Ganpathi Nadar; Kesar Kumar Dopaishi; On Mithaiwalla; Udayraj Pawar; Sangram Pawar; Satish Bhalerao.

EAGLES : Green and Black.

Patrol Leader, Jeevan Gama; Second, Riaz Hussain; Rajeeve Bhambhure; Nasir Mirza; Kazam Khan; Taha Khan; Ali Budaish.

FOXES : Yellow and Green.

Patrol Leader, Abdul Aziz Shaikh; Second, Shalin Basrai; Arthur Mortimer; Surinder Katyal; Nausheer Engineer.

WOLVES : Yellow and Black.

Patrol Leader, Yogendra Solanki; Second, Gurdial Singh; Yazdi Bulsara; Mukesh Tamakuwalla; Abdul Rahman Aquil.



### A YOUNG BEAUTIFUL BRIDE

XI Arts SYED ALI HUSSAIN Spence  
Head-boy

Tuesday, 15th August, 1972

This is the year of our nation's *Silver Jubilee*. 'Jubilee' means 'rejoicing'. Rejoicing is but natural and correct, but

our rejoicing should be controlled by an appreciation for our national heroes and a caution for the future.

This is the twenty-fifth of twenty-five wonderful years of progress and freedom, and we must not forget the creators of this beautiful country. We must not forget those who gave us this inheritance of freedom and also those who sacrificed their lives for it. Ever remembering them, we must think of the future and try to strengthen our country's already argent position.

Nothing in the world that is alive remains unchanging. All Nature changes from day to day, and from minute to minute. Only the deceased stop growing and are resting; so it is, with the life of man and the life of the nation. Therefore must we not be contented with merely possessing freedom with our silver jubilee. We must join hands in order to lift our motherland as high as possible to the best of our abilities.

We must not forget the heroic deeds of our late leaders and heroes of our country, like Mahatma Gandhi, the father of our nation, Bapuji; Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, India's rose-loving prince; Rajendra Prasad; Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel; Lal Bahadur Shastri; Zakir Hussain; all of whom fought to the end in order to achieve for us freedom, which we have been enjoying since the fifteenth of August, nineteen forty-seven.

We have won our freedom after long, hard years of suffering and sacrifice. Naturally our concern must be, to preserve and strengthen it and to give it vital content.

As citizens we must be *deepaks*. Just as a *deepak* gives its best glow till the end, we, too, must also try and give our best to our nation until our sacrificial oil and lighted wicks are completely used.

India is just twenty-five years old. She is a young, beautiful bride and she has many, many years before her.

To our beautiful Bharat, I say "Jai Hind"!

KEEP SILVER SHINING BRIGHTLY  
FOREVER

REKHA BAKSHI  
Head-girl

XI Arts Florence Nightingale

Tuesday, 15th August, 1972

There are certain historic events which leave a deep impress on the life of every individual. Our Independence Day is one such event. Independence Day has special significance for us, because on this day we began a new life. On this day, the first Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, unfurled the national flag from the ramparts of Delhi's Red Fort. On this day, he lit the torch of freedom and laid the foundation of independent India.

Today we are celebrating our *Silver Jubilee*. Silver is a white metal that radiates purity. During these past twenty-five years, we have managed to clean the dross of this raw silver and we should now keep this silver shining brightly forever.

We can now look back joyously, proudly, hold up our heads high, and say; "We are independent. We can stand on our own, two feet. We won the recent war without outside help. We have gained intense social and political advantage. We are in the right direction, aiming towards the zenith of perfection."

You and I are the youth of today and the future citizens of tomorrow. Remember, through our veins runs the national blood of altruistic heroes and great men. Let diffidence give way to confidence; let despair give way to hope. Build a strong nation and raise the structure of a beautiful Bharat.

I call upon YOU in my raising the great slogan. This slogan represents our strength. Your voice is the voice of a great nation. It should reach the far-off, tall mountains and every nook and corner of India. It should inspire courage and self-confidence in every Indian.

"Jai Hind!"

### INDEPENDENCE DANCE, 1972

REKHA BAKSHI

XI Arts *Florence Nightingale*

A celebration for our twenty-fifth year of independence was in full swing on the fifteenth of August, nineteen seventy-two. The sparkling lights, beautiful decorations and smiling faces all invited us to join in the mood of revelling.

As we entered, we were given little mementos, and our eyes were immediately attracted to a light, flashing our flag colours—a reminder that we were independent—and the thought inspired us the more to enjoy the air of gaiety.

Games and prizes—galore! There were Candle, Elimination, Lucky Spot Dances; Housie; and many other items, like Fancy Dress, all of which were participated in with great enthusiasm. The winners were all smiles when receiving their prizes.

There was a picturesque array of colours, as all dressed in splendour, were dancing to the beat of the *Jetliners*—feet tapping, bodies swaying, all to the rhythmic music!

As Time ticked on, the atmosphere grew warmer. There was a glow of rejoicing. All felt they could have danced all night; but that could not be! Like Cindrella, we had to end at mid-night. The chimes struck twelve and the last waltz played. Everyone was reluctant to stop; but all good things have to end, and so must the dance!

We owe our profuse thanks to Mrs. Q. Samson and Mr. P. S. Bhalerao, the two

teachers on duty, and to all who took great pains to make the dance successful—and they succeeded!

### NOCTURNAL PANIC

SHERAZALI JESSANI

XI Arts *Royal*

I saw a hand coming in from the little window.

The hand levelled a gun. I jumped from where I had been sitting and then I heard a shot. I felt something wet in my pants. The thought of blood left me stunned.

After a while I realised I had to catch the murderer. I ran to the window. I saw the man and noticed the direction in which he was moving.

I quickly changed and ran to the small, open window. I tried to jump, but I could not move. The thought of the murderer's having held me at gun-point shocked me.

Only later did I realise that, due to my size, I was stuck in the framework! I forced myself through bravely enough and jumped down.

Guess where I fell! I had fallen in the duck-pond! I had no time to go up and change. I ran as fast as I could. My clothes were very heavy. They clung to me. I could hardly run. The murderer was, in the meantime, very far so I decided to return home.

I reached home. As I opened the front-door, I realised that I was in just my underwear. I had lost not my shirt, but my pants!

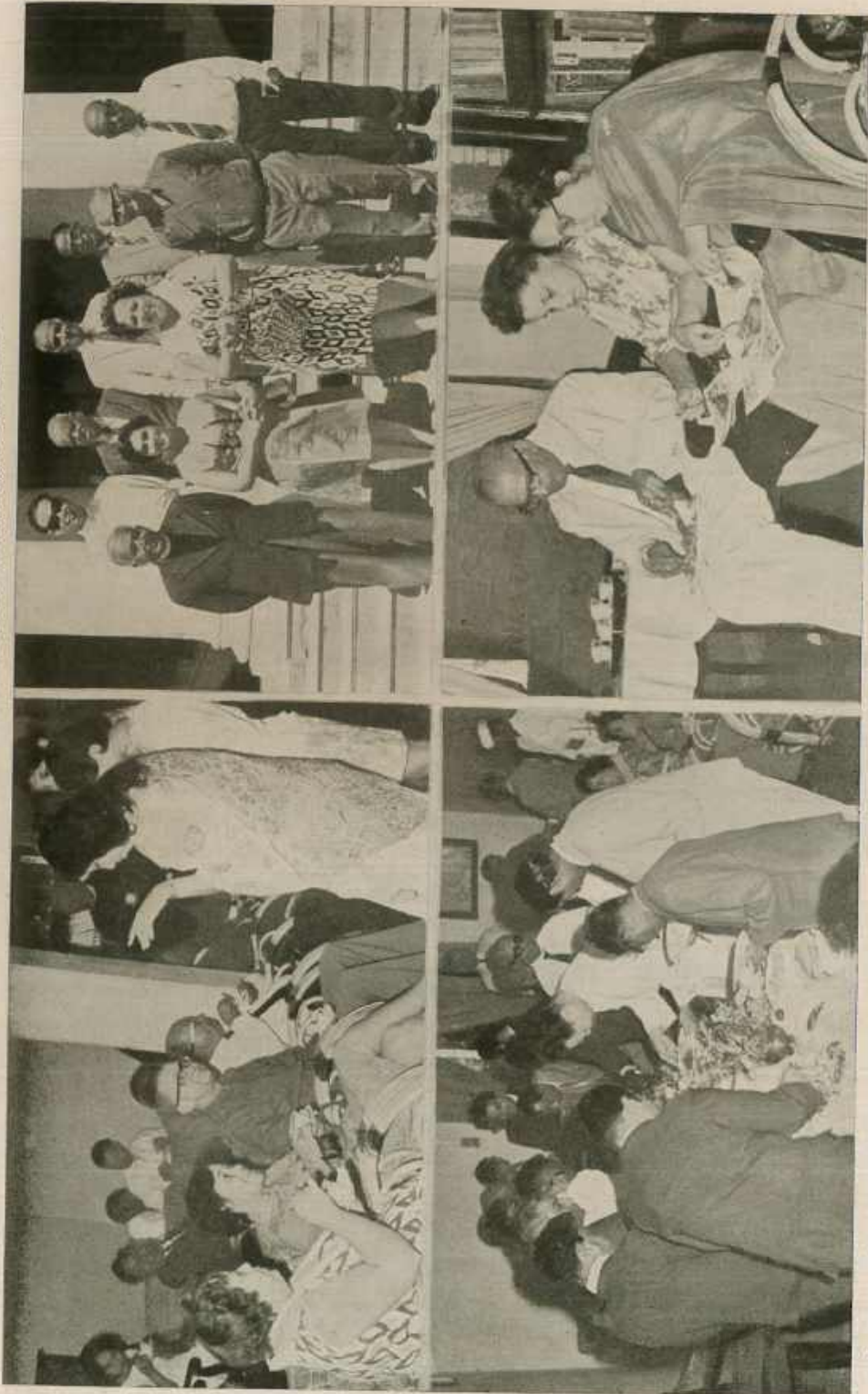
Quickly I ran upstairs.

As I opened the cupboard, I saw my pant hanging dry inside. In my nocturnal panic, as I was leaving by that fatal window, I now recollected, I had forgotten to wear my pants!

Suddenly I heard the open window slam shut.

I turned round soon to realise that all that had happened, had been but a dream!

BUFFET-LUNCH : EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEMBERS AND STAFF



Left Top : Our Junior School Teachers who trained at St. Mary's, Poona, conversing with Mrs. Y. E. Momot.  
Left Base : Executive Committee members and the Staff.

Right Top : Outside Evans Hall, L to R Second Row : The Rev. M. Welsh; Mr. L. D. Bell; Principal Mr. J. L. Davis, Mr. W. I. Jacobs;  
First Row : The Rev. J. P. Sule; Mrs. Y. E. Momot; Mrs. Tess Davis; Mr. H. I. Isaacs.  
Right Base L to R : Principal Mr. J. L. Davis; Mrs. Welsh; Mrs. Sundaram agree with Miguel de Cervantes : "There's no sauce in the world like hunger."



Michael Davis—Miss M. Webb



Jamshed Parvaresh—Miss P. Goolamier

"I was dancing with a teacher at the Independence Dance when.....!"



Gulshan Hussain—Miss S. Lawrence



Zunzar Pawar—Miss L. Topping

## BUNKING SCHOOL AT NIGHT

RAVJITPAL SINGH KHURANA

XI Arts

Greaves

It was in December, nineteen seventy, that Crighton Watts, Peter Smith and I planned to bunk school at night to see a late *movie*.

After tea we sat in a group and were joined by Shankarlal Gupta who was a Junior. We sat for about half-an-hour and planned which *movie* we would be seeing. After we had decided, we took permission from our prefects and told some boys to make dummies in our beds after we had gone.

As supper was over, we ran to our dormitories and collected our coloured clothes, money, and we went behind Evans Hall where we changed and hid our clothes in a bush. As we neared Gate Lodge, Wing Commander C. Samson's door opened and we were completely paralysed. Somehow we managed to throw ourselves behind a bush, two of us landing in the cactus. It was no one else but our friend, Alan Samson, who helped us go as he understood our boys' palpitating hearts. We walked till Bhagur from where we took a bus. We were surprised to find about twenty boys in the bus, mostly juniors. We cursed them under our breath for their bunking because we were seniors.

When we reached the market, we went to the *Adelphi Cinema* and bought our tickets. We saw a Hindi *movie*, titled *Himmat*. It was good and we enjoyed it, specially I. During the *movie*, all were normal; but when the show gave over, we started becoming nervous.

After the *movie*, we sent the juniors to school and we started walking towards the station, because some boys had gone to Nasik Road and they were supposed to return by train. It was a moonlight night and it was becoming very cold. The

temperature-drop made us shiver in our coloured clothes. Suddenly, at a corner of a street, we were approached by a cop who asked us where we were bound. We told him we were returning *home* from a *movie* and he believed us! By the time we reached the station, it was one in the morning. We were told that the train would be arriving at two; so we sat in a sheltered place, where it was comparatively warm, and started discussing the *movie*. The one hour we had to wait started crawling and seemed to pass like nineteen seventy! At last, we saw the lights of the locomotive, far away, rushing headlong on to the station. Later, as the train *chook-chooked* in, we realised it was only a goods and we cursed like mad. When we were informed that the train would be arriving at three, we celebrated the news with a cup of tea as a warming-up exercise before we set out for Barnes. On our way back, it was blowing very cold. I felt as if I was in the tundras because I was loyally freezing blue! It took us about two hours to reach our destination. Back at school, we retrieved our clothes from the bushes. Then Shankarlal persuaded us to turn in at Candy Block for it was easier to climb and we would make hot coffee. Like fools, we accompanied him.

Warmed by the coffee, we woke two boys and made them share beds with someone else. We laid their two mattresses on the floor for the three seniors. After talking for half-an-hour, we were all dead to the world.

We woke at six to return to our block but, while we were dressing our hair, Mr. D. V. Hoffman ascended, entered and caught us. We were all nervous and we felt our knees buckling. We had to confess what we had done. The house-master of Candy Block made us sign our written confession. Our handwriting was no better than that of a child of standard two. We returned

to Spence Block and informed our house-master, Mr. S. B. Gadre, who pacified us by saying he would put in a word for us. It was bad luck for us because we had been reported.

After breakfast, Crighton was summoned by Mr. F. Benjamin, who told him to see him afterwards. We soon knew that the Vice-principal had decided to cane us. We wore about four swimming-trunks and two pants. We were all set for the caning but we were a bit scared. The whole holiday we stayed in our dormitories, worried. We did not report to Mr. Benjamin and even he forgot about us. In this way we escaped from receiving the beautifully supple, sleek cane.

we had bunked only to see a *movie*. just to have an experience of what bunking is like and everything seemed to go wrong. From that one experience I told myself that "I" would never bunk again. So far I have not again bunked nor do I ever again hope to!

## VISIONS

NILUFER MEDHORA

XI Arts

*Florence Nightingale*

It was a dull, August day, just about five in the evening. It was raining sheets of glass. The streets were bare - hardly anyone else was there. The rain had come suddenly and no one had been prepared for it.

I remember passing her in my Impala. She was waiting at the bus-stop, her books tightly clenched; her dress, dripping wet. I stopped my car and the screech of brakes was heard.

"Would you like a lift?" asked I.

"Oh, thank you!" said she.

She nestled beside me. My heart began to beat more and more fast and strongly. I really thought she could have heard it.

"Where do I drop you?"

"Near Churchgate Station, please. I hope it's not too far out of your way! Where are you going?"

She had asked me softly. Her dark, doe's eyes had been looking at me questioningly. I felt a shiver run down my spine.

I then replied: "It's not out of my way. I'll drop you right home. By the way, we haven't introduced ourselves. My name is Carlton. What's yours?"

"Janetta," returned she.

"I knew a girl by that name! Seeing that you have books in your hand, I presume you attend college!"

"Yes, I do!" said she huskily.

"In which year are you?" asked I inquisitively.

"Second Year, B.A.. What's your profession?" inquired she.

"I'm the *Managing Director*, *Tata's Textile Mill*," replied I.

"I see," was her short retort.

We drove along in loving silence, my eyes, every second moment, glancing towards her. She ran her fingers through her wet hair and shook her strands lightly. It was nearing a quarter-to-six and yet the rain had not stopped. As I watched her, my pulse quickened. She darted a glance at me and smiled. Oh! That was a beautiful smile! I hoped it would last forever but she held it only for a moment; then it had disappeared.

"Turn to your left, please!" directed she. I complied and her next instruction was: "Please halt at the end of this road."

The end had come all too soon!

Before alighting, she urged: "Please come in for a cup of hot coffee!"

"No, thank you!" said I. "I must reach home in time for a party."

"Oh, please don't disappoint me. Just something to warm you. It'll be my way of thanking you!" Those doe's eyes!

How could I refuse her anything! She enchanted me with her regality. The next moment I found myself in the lift with her. Soon she was turning the key of the fourth-floor-apartment door.

"Do come in. Be comfortable. I'll change and just return. Please play a record." She indicated the record player. As she disappeared, my first choice was *Love Story*.

She returned wearing a pair of black slacks and a long-sleeved white blouse; her hair turbaned in a dawn-pink towel. Although it was a simple *start*, it meant all the perfumes of Arabia to me.

She prepared two cups of steaming-hot coffee and handed me one. In so doing, her fingers kissed mine. An electric current passed through the circuit. I nearly dropped my cup.

Our conversation touched briefly on art, literature, writers, love, *movies*. It was time for my departure. She understood. As she waved me from the door, "Thank you!"

Her very being seemed to speak: "Do come again! It's been wonderful meeting you."

My heart pounded. "Surely, I'll come!"

We took our last look at each other. "Good-bye!"

\* \* \*

I shall never forget her sweet innocence; those doe's eyes; that enchanting smile; wet strands; the music of her voice; the electric shock. "Do come again!"

Thus I mused as I sat in my car, driving off, my thoughts racing with the wind.

Little did I heed the speedometer.

Suddenly....a sharp bend....CRASH!

I found myself on the floor of my bedroom.

The wonderful dream had crash-landed all too soon! Smashed is my Impala!

## "BURGLARS IN OUR HOUSE!"

RUKSHANA DUBASH

X Arts

*Helen Keller*

Dark was the night! Not a star was to be seen. Mr. and Mrs. Smith hurried to their house.

"What's the time, dear?" shivered Mrs Smith.

"Nearly mid-night, Molly. A good night for burglars!"

"Oh! Don't! Moose! Please don't talk about burglars! You know how I feel about them!"

By then they had reached their front-door.

Moose stopped so suddenly that Molly screamed.

"What's the matter, Moo? Go on!" "Sh!"

"Sh! I hear voices in the living-room!"

"Voices! Oh! My Gosh!" Mo cried a little above a whisper.

"Y—d—don't m—mean B—B—B—B—!"

"Hush! We musn't let them know we're here!"

Moll's face was grim with fear. There was a worried look over her rather plump face which, usually, was always jolly. Her anxious face made her look very different in the dim light of their veranda.

Meanwhile Moo nervously opened the door and silently crept in.

"Creak!" was the noise of someone heavily sitting down in an arm-chair.

"Moose!" quivered Mo from outside.

"Moo? Are you all right, dear? What's happened? Why don't you answer? Moo!",

"It's all right, dear! Come in!"

Mo hurried in and switched on the light, only to find she had left the wireless running!

'M' was seated in the arm-chair, sweat pouring down his cheeks. Some of the colour was back to his face, though he still looked dreadfully pale.

'M' moved to be beside her 'M'. She gave 'M' a warm hug and a smacking kiss.

"Moose, darling! How very brave of you, my dear! Suppose they had really been burglars! You entered unarmed! Moose, my hero!"

"Okay. Make your black coffee without sugar, dear!"

'M' swept into the kitchen.

'M' thanked his lucky stars 'M' had not thought 'M' a coward!...because next morning this piece of news would be broadcast over the whole neighbourhood like lightning, the telephone being the ladies' mouthpiece for distant calls!

#### A STORY

GOSHASP P. AVARI

X Science

Edith Cavell

It was snowing outside. The snow-flakes were blown across my window-glass. I opened the book that I wished to read in my grandmother's comfortable rocking-chair. I began to read.

\* \* \*

Once upon a time, in the far land of Persia, lived a poor widow called Khurshed. She was so poor that she hardly had a dry piece of bread. She had a lovely daughter called Savu.

Savu possessed the beauty of a mermaid: beautiful, brown, long tresses; almond-shaped

eyes; lovely, long, curled eyelashes; and a beautifully tilted chin. Her skin was as white as snow and her cheeks, as red as roses.

It so happened, one afternoon, as she was collecting firewood from a wood near her house, she heard a galloping horse and beheld a tall, fair, broad-shouldered, handsome man graciously approach her.

He was saying: "Will you please tell me the way to the king's palace as I have lost my way."

She fetched water from a brook and gave him her dry crust of bread — all so modestly!

The prince, seeing the girl so sweet, instantly fell in love with her. She, too, was hopelessly in love with the stranger.

He spoke to her, softly: "You are very beautiful, girl. What is your name?"

Savu, feeling afraid, ran away.

The prince searched for her in vain. Sadly he returned to the palace, following Savu's direction.

From the palace he sent out his men to see who his love was. Days passed by and then, one of his men came puffing and panting and said: "Your Royal Highness, may it please you to know her name is Savu and she is the daughter of the poor widow, Khurshed, who lives hard by the forest."

It so happened that Savu had a very wicked cousin, a so-called-cousin, called Mirza, who was a wealthy cloth-merchant. He used to pester Savu to marry him. She flatly refused to marry him.

His wicked, dirty brain hit upon a plan. He asked his evil friends to assist him in his plan, and he would pay them handsomely.

When Savu was returning, one day, from the forest, she was captured. She fluttered like a bird to escape, but she could not as she was bundled into a sack. After some time,

she felt as if she were placed on the ground. The men had gone. Steadily she pulled at the strings. She opened the knot and started to run.

She then realised she was in the garden of the king. She screamed for help. The prince came to see who it was and lo! Behold! There she stood like a fallen leaf.

"Oh! Please! Please do help me!"

She had run to his side and he had gathered her in his arms.

Suddenly, there was a shot.

A dark patch appeared on Savu's back. She staggered. Blood gushed out. The prince supported Savu. He could not bear his anguish.

He burst out in subdued whispers: "Oh! My heart! what has happened to you?"

She whispered softly and slowly as life escaped through her lips; "I have always loved you! Please run! Please r-u-n!"

Guards had rushed to catch the murderer and her cousin. They were caught.

The prince breathed in broken whispers: "Savu, Savu, my sweet! Life must go on! I will find you again...! Sometime...! Somewhere...! I swear it!"

Then he turned his princely eyes from her to look heavenward. As he most royally searched the heavens, tears fell to mingle with Savu's.

"Oh! How can I ever live without you!"

\* \* \*

I shut the book and dried the tears from my eyes.

"Such a true story! Life-Love-Death! How unpredictable is Life!"

Thus I reflected as I vacated my grandma's comfortable rocking-chair, and as I moved silently towards the window, across the broad glass of which snow-flakes drifted increasingly over a world, white and forlorn.

On the window-glass seemed written by my warm breath the words of the book I had read.

"Oh! How can I ever live without you!"

More snow swept.

The words changed.

The window-glass and the snow both wept: "Savu!"

I could not believe my eyes! There was an old woman—was it Khurshed?—down there, in the snow, hard by the forest. Was it her voice calling: "Savu!"?

#### MONEY

NADIA DHARSSI

X Science

Edith Cavell

The hoarse, loud blast of the ship's hooter filled me with despair. I was too late. The ship was already moving. I was left on the coast.

\* \* \*

It was about seven years ago when I was in need of money. Most of the money I earned was being paid to clear debts and the rest wasted on heaven knows what. Friends deserted me on their seeing my dishevelled hair, clothes and boozed behaviour. The rent of my house was gradually increasing and this was the seventeenth and the last warning from the landlord. I had to look for money—even if it were to be obtained by unfair means.

I visited numerous cheap clubs. I found *The Red Lion* the most interesting. The members were all like me — rough and go easy. I decided to join it for I thought it was there I could have a few friends. I frequently visited the club — almost every day. After a week or so, I became acquainted with some of the other members.

There were some members of the club who were professional killers and stealers. They did not care what they undertook for they had the graceful art of always landing safely on all four cat's paws, though there had to come a time for some of them to land in the gas chamber or in the chair.

Three Killers once planned to murder a millionaire and come by hard money for they needed it for gambling. They asked me if I was interested. I agreed, though I was not at the time fully aware of the trouble to be faced later. I was excited! Never before had I gambled because it was difficult for me to bear the risk if I should ever have lost. I had to administer an oath that I would be trustworthy and that I would not reveal our secrets to anyone. That oath was rather a silly one but at the time I felt it was a serious one.

The decision was made to execute the plan ten days later.

Of the three killers, one was extremely good and quick, specially with the point forty-five automatic.

The millionaire, whose name was Alfred Smith, lived in an isolated bungalow away from town. The bungalow was guarded by a few men but that problem was not difficult for us to tackle. My job was to loot the money, and take it to an island which was far away from the mainland.

All the arrangements were made and we arranged for an alibi, too. This was done by setting on a tape-recorder in our cell at the club. The tape contained our innocent conversation. This would make the watchman, who had not the faintest idea of our intrigue, think that we were present at the club that night.

We chose the day, on which we thought Smith would be at home by one o'clock in the morning. The day was Tuesday.

Tuesday night we set out for the bungalow and parked our wagon far from the bungalow. We crept cautiously forward. There was plenty of bush all around, with swamp here and there; but we knew the area as well as we knew the back of our hands.

We could see three guards at the front-door. No guard at the back door; well, that was our luck!

Dick, the best killer, went to the front of the house to tackle the guards, while we guarded the back. Dick owned a wonderful silencer, so it did not take him long to return. No noise whatsoever had been heard.

We ventured into the bungalow, as quietly as we could through the two windows which led us into the kitchen. I knew where the safe was for we carried a plan. Harry, one of our three killers, came with me. I opened the safe with a skeleton key and took out a huge bag that appeared to be the money. I quickly locked the safe and off we ran to our parked wagon. We suddenly realised that we did not have the ignition key, so we had to wait.

Dick and Tom had entered the bungalow and scanned the whole place but Smith was not there. Did he know all the plans? They quickly joined us in the wagon and off we were to the coast.

We had hired some time back a small ship. Tom, Dick and Harry embarked. The engine was at once set.

I screamed for them to wait. They did not. I had been double-crossed!

\* \* \*

As I had screamed, someone had caught hold of my arm.

"Stop day-dreaming! Pay attention!"

It was no great relief to learn Algebra!

## DIWALI

SUDHIR GANDHI

*X Science*

*Royal*

Diwali is a Hindu festival. It is celebrated at the close of one year to usher in a new year of business. The day after Diwali is New Year's Day.

The last day of the Hindu year, known as Diwali, is the day when God Rama, the son of king Dasaratha, returned from the forest, in the fifteenth year of his exile. He had been exiled to fulfil the two boons his father, King Dasaratha, had promised to his second wife: first, that king Dasaratha should send away his son, Rama, to the forest for fourteen years and that her own son, Bharat, should ascend the throne. Bharat did not agree to his becoming king while his elder brother was still alive; so Rama became king after his return from the forest. That day was the happiest day in the lives of the people of Dasaratha's kingdom of Yahoda. So the day then was, and even now is, celebrated as Diwali.

People spend as much money as possible to be happy, just for one day, the only day, Diwali. Parents buy fire-works for their offspring so that they should be very happy. Fathers, showing their jubilation, present gifts to all the family members on New Year's Day.

On New Year's Day, all the Hindus dress grandly early in the morning. They visit and meet their friends and give each other presents. Afterwards they seek entertainment. Some attend the cinema shows, the theatres, or go on picnics; others play games and go for walks; some visit hotels and clubs.

Every Hindu child will be looking forward to the happiness and meetings of Diwali.

## EAST AFRICAN WILD LIFE AND GAME PARKS

SUDHIR GANDHI

*X Science*

*Royal*

East Africa is famous for its wild-life. It has suitable rolling plains as well as craters for animals to roam.

*The Mikumi National Park*, which has an area of fifty to seventy-five square miles and an annual rainfall of over thirty inches, has savana grasslands, which have thorny trees known as acacia, and tall grass. Giraffes, elephants, zebras and birds abound.

*Lake Manyara National Park* has an area of about forty square miles and about forty inches of rain. At its centre it has a small lake, Lake Manyara, after which the park is named. The park is mostly bush, except near the lake where there is a plain of about five square miles. The park also has tall, branched trees. It is situated quite near East Africa's highest mountain, Mount Kilimanjaro, which is nineteen thousand, three hundred and forty feet high. This park has most of the animals, and some rare ones like the buffalo, deer, rhinoceros, hippopotamus. The speciality of this park, is that lions are found on trees. They stay on a single tree for hours and hours. Common animals and familiar birds are a part of the park.

*Serengeti National Park* in former Tanganyika, a Game Reserve, is four thousand, four hundred and eighty square miles in area and it is the biggest of all the parks, but it is not so famous for its animals. The most common animals are zebras, giraffes, bush-babies, deer and the birds, of course! This park is situated near the biggest lake of Africa, Lake Victoria. Its natural vegetation is the same as that of the *Mikumi National Park*, savana.

*Saa Nane Islands Park* is the smallest of all but it is famous for its wild-life. It has nine small islands which are situated in the biggest lake of Africa, Lake Victoria. You can find present all the animals on earth, all except the kangaroo! Saa Nane Islands are famous for their monkeys, which are very playful, and they act so funnily that onlookers just cannot stop laughing at their antics.

*Ngorongoro Crater* is most beautiful. It was formed by a volcano a million years ago. It has now been turned into a Game Crater. It is small in area and has very little rainfall. It has very many kinds of animals because, while entering the crater, the animals descend; but while escaping, they have to climb the acclivity of the crater-slope which is most difficult. The animals found here are lions, zebras, deer, ant-bears, bush-babies, and many others. Giraffes and elephants, and I suppose camels, are not found here very often, for giraffes and camels are tall and elephants are fat; they cannot balance their bodies while going down the steep crater declivity. If it is difficult for animals to move down and up, then why should it not be so for human-beings? Yes! Of course! It is very difficult for human-beings to descend and to ascend. Tourists hire a four-wheel-drive jeep and an experienced driver, who drives the jeep steadily to the bottom, or top, of the crater. Two cars cannot start together, nor can a rear car follow the front car! If it be desirable that a second car should

follow, then the first car will have to have reached its destination before the pursuing car can start!

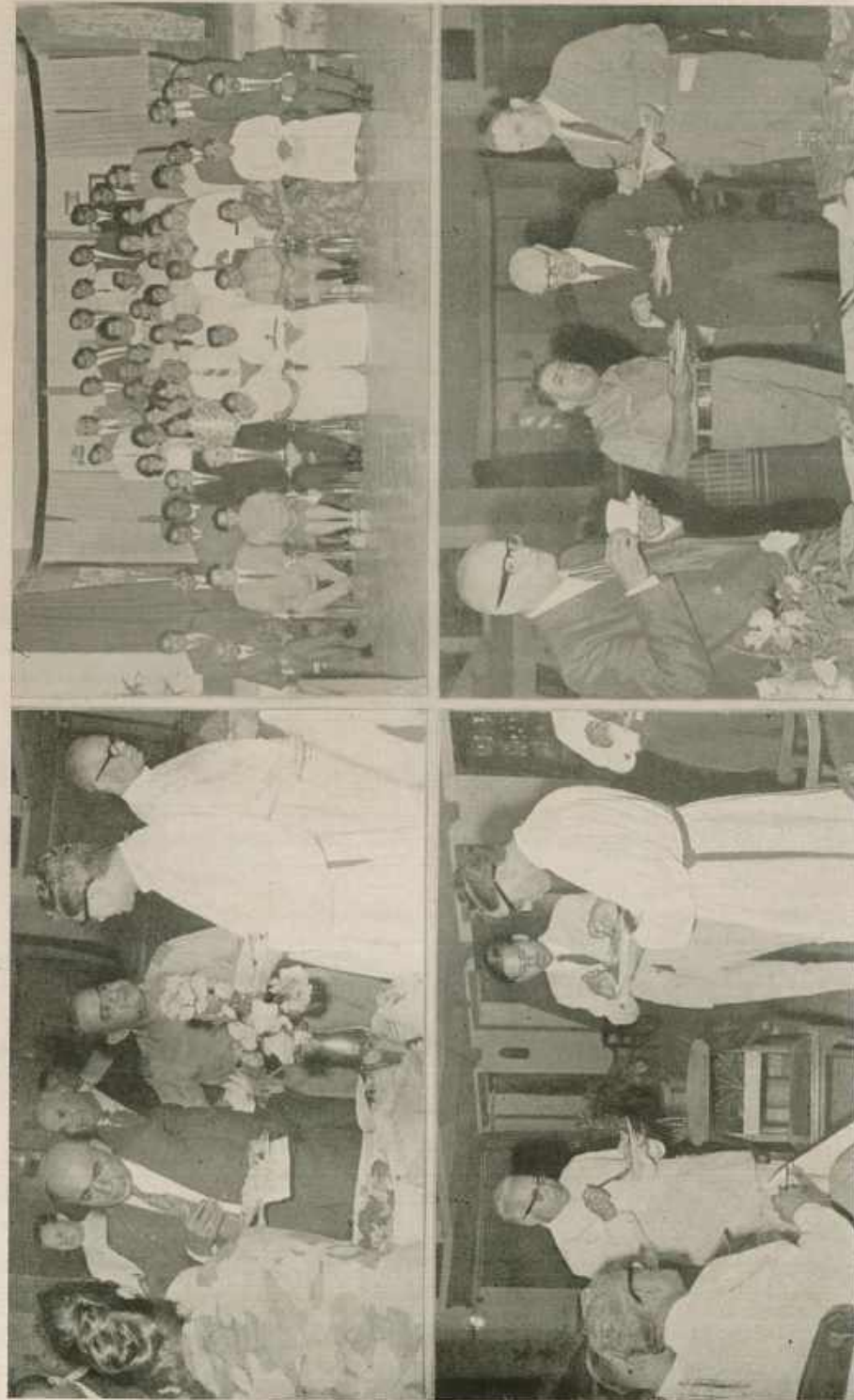
Attraction! The East African wild-life forms the basis for a thriving tourist traffic. Thousands of tourists visit the Game Parks every year and they spend much. There are excellent, comfortable, luxurious hotels built just where they are required. One is near the Ngorongoro Crater, *New Ngorongoro Hotel*; a second is *Lake Manyara Hotel*, which is situated on a hill-side very near to *Lake Manyara National Park*.

A third, excellent, comfortable, luxurious, and the most unique hotel is *Tree-top*, which is built on top of four, high, branched trees. Every morning appropriate food is kept at the bottom of the hotel so that every animal comes there in the morning. Gradually this conditioning becomes a habit so that every day the animals come and the tourists are able to see them.

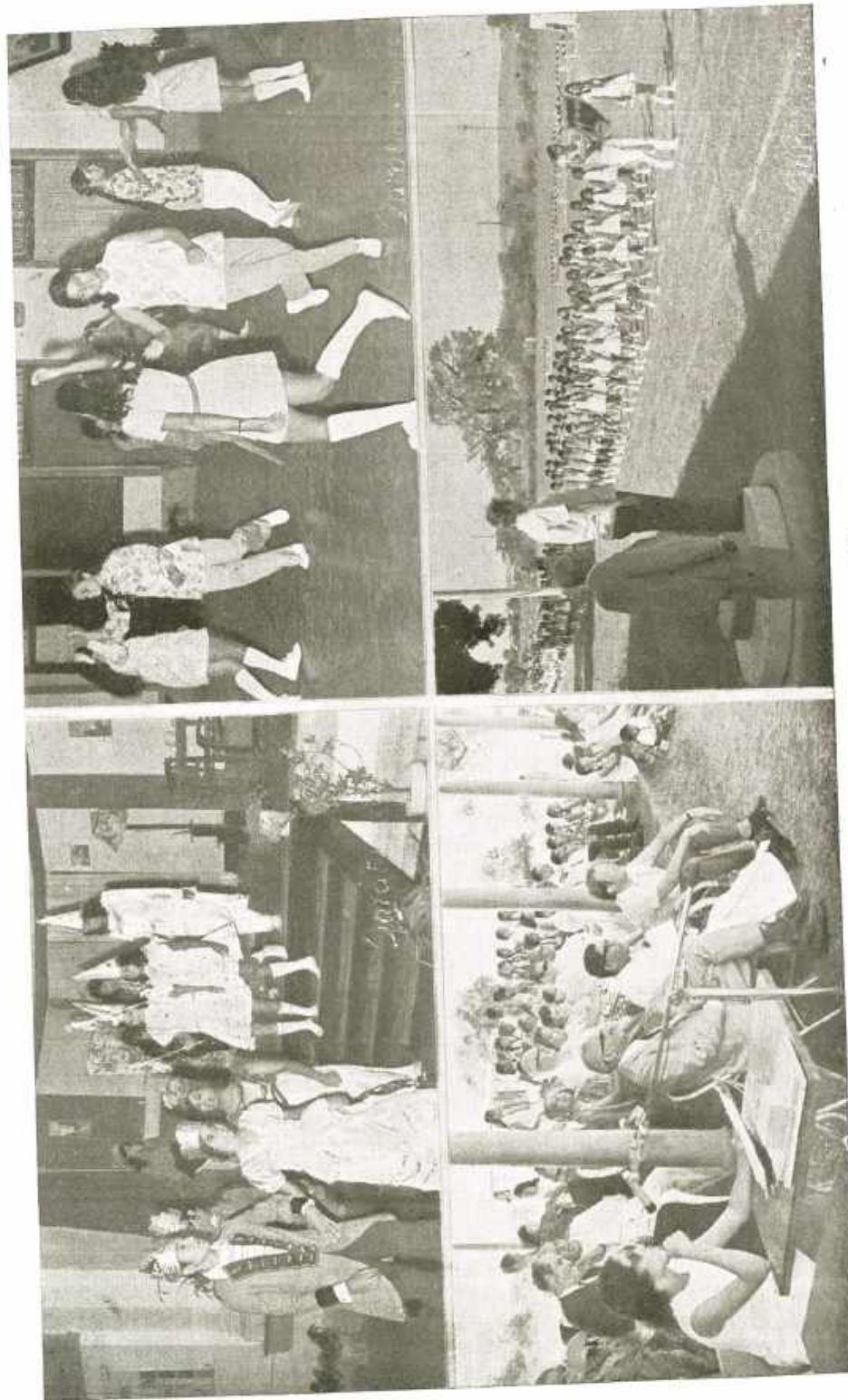
To enter all these Game Parks is not free! Entrants have to pay, of course! Four per cent. of the Government Revenue is from Game Parks. All Game Parks are nationalised—have been—a long time ago. So are the nearby hotels, so that the Government is able to earn its four per cent..

Let me wish that all of you, at some time or another, will be able to see East African Game Parks and their wild-life.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment. —Colton.



DIRECTORS' VISIT, 29-9-1972



DIRECTORS' VISIT 29-9-1972

## *The Board of Directors' Visit*

to Barnes School, Devlali

FRIDAY, 29th September, 1972.

Time	Programme
10.30 a.m.	... Arrival of Directors (Rugby Hotel)
12.00 noon	... Lunch (Rugby Hotel - those staying there)
11.00 - 12.00 noon } 1.00 - 2.00 p.m. }	... Directors will visit Class-rooms and dormitories
2.00 - 3.00 p.m.	... <i>Drive around the estate</i> - Swimming Pool area ; Medical Block ; see the water pipeline lay-out from the office
3.00 p.m.	... Tea — Directors and Staff ( Staff-room )
4.00 - 5.00 p.m.	... Athletics ( March Past and Heats )
5.15 - 7.15 p.m.	... The Directors will meet the Staff (Informally)
7.30 - 9.00 p.m.	... Cultural Programme (Evans Hall)
9.15 p.m.	... All the Directors will proceed to the Rugby Hotel for dinner

SATURDAY, 30th September, 1972

10.00 a.m.	... Annual General Meeting, followed by a meeting of the Board of Directors
1.00 p.m.	... Buffet Lunch—Directors and Staff (in the Hall)
2.30 p.m.	... Departure of Directors
3.40 p.m.	... Entrain for Bombay

CULTURAL PROGRAMME, 29th September, 1972

FOR THE B. E. S. BOARD OF DIRECTORS

1. *THE PHOENIX* An English Country Dance ... Eight Dancers
2. *FORTY WINKS BEAUTY* by Richard Tydeman ... A Potted Panto, very vaguely based on "*The Sleeping Beauty*"

CHARACTERS in order of appearance

THE COMPERE .. Jennifer Dameron	A SOLDIER .. Musadiq Haghghi
THE KING .. Narinder Kirpalani	BEAUTY, A Princess Erica D'Abreo
THE QUEEN .. Nimet Jamal	A NURSE .. Helen Watts
LEADING FAIRY ... Heather MacKenzie	CHARLEY ... Hussain Gulshan
SECOND FAIRY .. Sherry Bird-Sturgeon	A PRINCE .. Clyde Arnold
MAUD, A Wicked Fairy . Anna Young	

3. *THE LOST CHORD* Song by Sir A. Sullivan ... Jennifer Dameron
4. *POLONAISE* Pianoforte by W. A. Mozart ... Sanjay Hari
5. *THE POST MURDER SCENE* Macbeth-W. Shakespeare .. Michael Davis
6. *SPIRIT OF GOD* Medical Mission Sisters . RED HOUSE CHORUS  
Edith Cavel and Royal
7. *THE MONKEY'S PAW* by W. W. Jacobs ... A Story in Three Scenes

CAST

Mr. JOHN WHITE .. Richard White	HERBERT WHITE	Michael Davis
Mrs. JENNY WHITE ... Rekha Bakshi	Mr. SAMSON	Kripal Attawar
SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS	Syed Ali Hussain	

SCHOOL SONG ... ONWARD BARNES

TEAM BEHIND THE SCENES

- 1) The Two Plays and The Country Dance .. Mrs. TESS DAVIS
- 2) Song, Pianoforte Recital, House Chorus Items Mr. RUFUS PAUL
- 3) Extract from Shakespeare .. Mr. DONALD SMITH
- 4) Make-up Artists ... Miss PAMELA GOOLAMIER  
Miss LYNETTE TOPPING  
Mr. THEODORE WALSH and  
Mrs. KELU
- 5) Making of "Potted Panto" Costumes ... Mrs. L. KELU
- 6) "Cradle" Designer ... Mrs. Q. SAMSON
- 7) Lighting Arrangement .. Mr. KAKAD
- 8) Photographer ... Mr. KISSAN HEMRAJANE,  
Gordon Studio
- 9) Programme .. Mr. SOMAN, Office Secretary
- 10) Helping Mrs. Davis. (STAGE) .. CARPENTER LAXMAN  
(HALL) .. No. 5 WORKERS  
(FLOWER POTS) .. Mrs. M. WYTHE

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!

BHARAT JAGOOWANI

X Science

Spence

The hoarse, loud blast of the ship's hooter filled me with despair. I was too late. The ship was already moving. I felt my hopes shrinking and I groped in the

dark in a desperate attempt to catch my fading determination.

I stood there and wondered if the smugglers were in the ship. Of course I told myself, they were there; I had seen them coming. I really was in need of the reward money, to be awarded for their capture, and I thanked my lucky stars for my having

switched on the radio at the right time. At first it seemed incredible — ten thousand pounds! But facts are facts for they cannot be changed; I knew that was my chance to earn me some money; so I grabbed the opportunity without giving it a second thought. I had picked on a pretty dangerous and stiff job as I was about to face some of the most ruthless gangsters, but my body yearned for some action and excitement and so I had a try.

Now after a long and hard search, I had tracked them over here and there was nothing more I could do about it. Or could I? I made my way to the Ground Control Department and told them about the smugglers aboard the outgoing ship; but they thought me to be some crazy nut. It was useless speaking to them! I just came out.

The ship was steadily making its way out of the harbour and it had covered quite a good distance. My mind was panicky and I told myself that I, myself, I must do something about it. I glanced to my right and, all of a sudden, I seemed excited as new hope sprang in me. Just ahead of me was the motor-boat stand. I quickly made a dash for it and jumped into one mini, fast-looking motor-boat.

I yelled to the startled driver: "Cast off soon and follow that ship! I'll pay you plenty!"

The driver seemed to understand the urgency and, without a word, he pushed out fast. That would cost me quite a tidy sum, but at the time it did not matter. In about fifteen minutes' time, we were in the wake of the ship. I was really in luck as the pilot's ladder was still dangling from the stern of the ship, and no one seemed to take notice of it. I paid the boatman, stepped out of the boat, and clambered up the shaky, rope ladder. I climbed aboard and manoeuvred myself on deck. No one seemed to have noticed me. I turned and saw the boat making its way back to the shore.

The boatman was waving as if to say, "Best of luck!"

I needed it. I waved back.

I stood there for a moment deciding on what I should do. I decided to meet the captain and spill the beans about the smugglers aboard his ship.

I walked through the crowds of people, mostly tourists, and past the swimming-pool. I reached the Accomodation Deck and checked in to the see if the captain was in. He was there.

I made my way up the flight of stairs, reached the captain's door and knocked. There was no reply. I knocked again. No reply again. I pushed the door slightly and then kicked it open. My heart skipped a beat at the sight that met my eyes. I could not believe it. The captain lay on his bunk—never to rise again. He had been shot through the head.

I sensed a movement behind me and I quickly dived low. Good I did, for a bullet whisked past over my head.

I put my hand into my coat and pulled out my point-four-five. Two could play at that game!

I was surprised how fast the gangsters had located me. I looked around to see from where the bullet had come. Yes, there it was. I could just see the hand holding the gun, as if searching for its quarry.

I raised my gun, took aim, and fired. I heard a painful groan and I knew I was on target. I quickly made my way out of the cabin hoping to catch that person; but I was too late. He had escaped!

The sun was setting. Night was fast approaching. I stood on deck contemplating my next move. I told myself that I would finish the whole matter that very night. I began walking down the deck in the hope of finding some clue. My one guess

was that at night the gangsters would be down in the hold. So I decided to check in; but at that time I was hungry and so I went to find myself some supper.

It was around eleven-thirty at night. I walked down to the lower deck and made my way to the inner-door of the hold. My instinct was screaming at me that something unusual was bound to happen. My heart began to beat at a greater speed. I could feel my body run hot.

I reached the door and peeped in through the key-hole. Yes, they were there, alright. I pulled out my gun and banged the door open. I was greeted by a giant of a man. I saw his fist coming to my face, but too late! I fell to the ground from the impact of the blow and my heart burned for revenge. I shot the man in the arm and he fell to the floor, groaning in pain.

There were three more of them and they seemed dazed at my sudden re-appearance. One of them shot at me but I dived and the bullet just about missed me by inches. My luck was holding out, thanks to the boatman's waving, I told myself.

The men turned panicky and started firing without any cause. This was a mistake on their part for in a moment the entire crew of the ship was down in the hold. The alarm had been sounded. I came out of my hiding place and aimed my gun at the smugglers.

They realised the hopelessness of the situation as there were too many of us, and they raised their hands in complete surrender.

The next day, or actually that very day, the cost-guard caught up with the ship and the smugglers were handed over to the police.

I was not a little happy at and excited over my victory and I waited as patiently as I could to return to the shore. My reward awaited me there and I looked forward to my enjoying every bit of it.

## A VISIT TO MARATHA MANDIR

KOKILA KAPUR

X Science

Helen Keller

There was a saint in Banaras. He had visited all the places of pilgrimage in India. He was a devotee of the Lord Shiva.

One day another sadhu came to him, a sadhu who had also been to many holy centres. Both of them began discussing their various pilgrimages.

During the conversation, the second saint just remembered about *Maratha Mandir*, which he himself had never seen but had only heard about.

He said to the first sadhu, "You may have been to all the temples in India, but have you ever been to *Maratha Mandir*?"

On his hearing mention of this temple, the first sadhu was astonished. He thought: "In my pilgrimages I have been to all the temples in India. How come this *Maratha Mandir* has been left out?"

He asked, "All said and done, where is this *Maratha Mandir*?"

"It is in Bombay, O' Holy One, and it is crowded everyday!"

"I had promised my guruji I would visit all the mandirs in India. I have to keep my promise. If I do not visit *Maratha Mandir*, my promise to my guruji will not be duly fulfilled. My guru's soul will not be at peace."

Preparations for the journey were made and, after three days, the first sadhu was completing his final pilgrimage. In Bombay he hired a taxi and instructed the respectful driver to take him to *Maratha Mandir*. At the time it was about half-past-two in the afternoon. On reaching there, he bowed down his head, took the mud lying on the staircase, and put it on his forehead.

When he went inside, he saw a door where a man in clean clothes was standing.

When the sadhu had stepped inside, the man asked him: "Sahib, your ticket, please!"

The sadhu was once again astonished. "Very strange! To visit God's house we have to give money!"

That man replied: "I don't care. You first buy your ticket; otherwise I will not let you inside!"

The sadhu said to himself: "Whatever it costs, I must make sure I get inside!"

He spent three rupees and bought a ticket.

Inside the hall he found the decoration very attractive. Coloured lights, and a huge, clean curtain, gleamed before his holy eyes. He did not understand anything, so he humbly occupied the seat indicated to him.

After some time the lights were switched off and advertisement slides started coming on the screen. The first slide advertised agarbatis, in which a lady was praying before Lord Shiva's statue, with agarbatis in her hand. In no time the sadhuji rushed off to the screen. Bowing prostrate, he started crying out: "Har, Har Mahadev!"

The gate-keeper came running up and tried to chase out the sadhu. He said: "Nobody can stop me from praying. I have sacrificed three rupees!"

As he again raised his head in prayer, the scene changed to a girl in a romantic pose. Flabbergasted, he wondered: "Into how many forms do you change?"

When he had finished his prayers, the lights came on. He then realised he was inside a cinema hall.

As he ran out of the hall, cursing himself for having committed such a sin, the hall was roaring with amused laughter!

## MY DIAMOND RING

RAJINDER KAUR

X Science

Joan of Arc

It was my thirteenth birthday. I had just completed my first 'teen' year. I was so happy. Oh! What a lovely evening it was! All my relatives and friends had come to attend my birthday party.

The cake was cut. Everybody kissed me and hugged me and wished me long life. Then all of us enjoyed the sweets and eats. Music was playing. Every one was happy.

Soon the tables were empty. It was now time for me to unwrap my presents. What lovely presents! A transistor from my uncle. A lovely frock from Granny. My friends gave me jewelry and books. All was wonderful! Beautiful!

I had in my hand the last present to be opened, a small box wrapped in green paper. Excitedly, I opened it. Lo! Behold! A gold ring with a sparkling diamond! My favourite, lucky stone! I stared in great amazement, Beautiful! Sparkling in its blue, velvet case!

"To our loving daughter. With love, Mum, and Dad."

I ran to them and hugged them. I thanked them and everybody else for their love for me.

The ring was soon on my finger, never to be taken off!

Next day I attended school with the ring on my finger. We were not allowed to wear rings, but I did not seem to care. I displayed my ring to all my friends who had not been at the party. How they envied my diamond ring! Somehow the ring escaped the notice of my teachers. My mother told me I was too small to wear such a costly ring all the time and, moreover, it was loose. I would not listen.

Then one day, Mummy asked me to tidy my study and bedroom, to arrange my books and clothes.

I started in the morning. In the afternoon I visited the library. In the evening I went to the market and to many other places. It proved such an unlucky day for me. I realised this at dinner. My ring! My precious diamond ring! I noticed it was missing! It was not on my finger!

I cried. You should have heard how my mother scolded me! I retired to bed most miserable. My unhappiness centred about my lost ring.

Next morning I awoke early and hunted along the way to and from the library, thinking I might thus retrieve my loose ring. Twice I escaped meeting with serious accidents. Small kids teased me and said I had lost a pin or a small rubber. How miserable I felt!

Then I searched the way to and from the market and everywhere I had been the previous evening. The shop-keepers sympathised but had not noticed the ring anywhere. The search was in vain; of no use; nobody knew anything. The ring was lost for good. However, I kept searching for it; I could not find it.

After a month of sorrow, my mother asked me again to tidy my bedroom and my study, just to keep me occupied. I began the day early, like the last time and I remembered that unfortunate day of loss. With tears in my eyes, I did my work. Having finished with the books, I started taking out my clothes. The cupboard was almost empty, when suddenly I saw something sparkle. I stood staring! I just could not believe my eyes! It was my gold, diamond ring! It seemed as if it were smiling at me! As if it were asking me to pick it up! Clutching it, I ran to Mummy.

"Mummy! Mummy! Where are you? Mummy, see here!"

My mother, too, stood staring at it. "Yes! It is the same ring!"

What a lovely day it was! I thanked God for having kept so safely my precious gold and diamond ring!



VIII A "VILLAGE PEACE" Kaiser Hakeem Candy

### THE COUNTRYSIDE AT NIGHT

VARADHA KHAGENDRA

X Science Candy

The sun descended—a fiery, red ball—behind the thatched roofs, setting aflame the countryside in a golden conflagration. The once-azure sky blushed crimson, then turned purple like an inky octopus, scared by the nigrescence.

The weary farmer, dust-covered, made his way leisurely to his dear ones. The cattle raised a dust-storm on their homeward journey. The black and silent bats winged their way in never-ending flight. Slowly but surely, the stars twinkled one by one, seeing their rival, the sun, had departed.

The darkness crept between objects, like a gigantic caterpillar, until the countryside's eye closed its eyelid in blindness. The chain of distant mountains looked like bronze-blue blotches that served as a hazy boundary for the vault of heaven that framed tiny diamonds. The hollow hoot of an owl frightened the mice to their burrows, warm and safe. Tall trees pierced the sky which no longer seemed to have any shape. Canine barking

shattered the otherwise still silence of night, warning the unwelcome to stay away. The cattle made musical lowing, deepening night's slumber. Otherwise the night-cover over the countryside stretched silent and peaceful.

Then rose Coleridge's moon, wrapped in her gauzy veil, like a lady lean and pale. The lonely darkness was soon dispelled. Moonlight bathed the countryside in silver romance. Various forms now took shape. New life awaked every shadow. Distant villages became quietly visible. Thatched roofs looked like inverted saucers. The watchman in the fields thanked the moon and continued in his night-long duty of throwing stones and shouting to discourage pests that, and thieves who, threaten the ripening grain. The sly and wearying foxes scoured the fields for food; guided by scent, they stole chickens from an unwary farm. Their volpine howls would turn any sane man crazy!

The moonlight that filtered through the clouds was enough to notice the beauty of the countryside that sound sleepers miss: the yellow grass that looked ghostly and could be often mistaken for a blanket of snow. The pond reflected the lively scene above: the moon behind the passing clouds, and the twinkling stars garlanding the high heavens. So real was the reflection that the pond could be mistaken for the sky! The expanding, concentric ripples made by diving frogs, set the entire sky in motion and you felt yourself riding, with the moon, the quivering waves. You looked above to make sure and there you found the moon as still as a marble bust, smiling upon you. The moon, having done her duty, again sank beneath the horizon, leaving the countryside in the same, old state as the sun had. Crickets and other nightly insects again commenced their varied, shrill crying, giving the night, without light, an eerie weirdness that tingled down human backs.

There is always fresh comfort! The sun rises again to bring to an end the night and the sky returns to its azure and shows no livid fear till the commencing of another night, when again it behaves like a frightened octopus.



IX A A. Talwar

### FAILURES ARE BUT THE PILLARS OF SUCCESS!

INDRANI ROY

X Science Florence Nightingale

When I first heard about sports, I was overjoyed and confident that I would do well. After school, I changed into my P. T. kit and came down to the sports-field.

Never in my life before had I handled the *shot*. I watched silently as instructions were given for *Putting the Shot*. Then before anyone else could have a try, I picked up the heavy shot and heaved it with all my might. It landed only about two feet away, but I was delighted! I felt that no one would be able to beat me. That was what *I thought!*

The *javelin* I threw headed quite well in the opposite direction. The *discus* soared into the air at right angles and landed near our P. T. Instructor who was about five feet away from me. I felt rather discouraged at these performances. My friends comforted me by saying that there were still the other events to try.

So I went on to the other items.

Long jump; high jump; triple jump. Jump, jump, jump! I landed on my face for *long jump*. I quarrelled with all the participants of the *high jump* and upset the two supporting posts. For *triple jump* I did three jumps. But alas! Instead of doing a hop, step and a jump, I did a marvellous jump, a step and a hop! Everything seemed to go wrong! I was feeling disheartened. Then suddenly it struck me that failures are the pillars of success!

The next item was hurdles and I had put my name down for this event. I promised myself that I would do well. The only trouble was that I tried too hard. I staggered over the first hurdle, stumbled over the next, and tripped over on the third. I could have easily started running again—I was not hurt. My pride was bruised and my dignity wounded. I got up and gracefully walked down the field to join my friends.

Now we had only the *runs* and the relay left. I swallowed some glucose and prayed hard that I should do well.

Then I was running. I ran and I ran, as if I was to catch a train. Unfortunately

the train that I seemed to wish to catch seemed to be an hour late. Later I was expressly told that I ran expressly like the *Bhussawal Passenger*.

In the *relay*, I do not quite know how I came by it, but I had the wrong baton in my hand. I was sure I was given the wrong one; but others were even more sure that I had snatched the baton from a wrong participant's hand.

Nothing seemed to go right!

"Never mind," explained I to my House-captain who was in the eleventh standard. "I'll do even better next year!"

"Thank *Florence Nightingale*," said she, "I won't be here next year!"



"NEWSPAPER!"  
VIII B Noshir Photographer

### WAYS OF EARNING POCKET-MONEY INDRANI ROY

X Science *Florence Nightingale*

"Oh! Daddy! Mummy! It is such a pleasant day! The birds are singing! The sun is shining! The fair breeze is blowing and to-day is Pocket-money Day!"

How many times have you heard your play-fellows saying that! How many times have you, yourself, said it? Every tiny-tot, child, teen-ager, and college student own specialised skill in performing this pre-eminent task. Earning pocket-money!

Just suppose your father is very fond of gardening. You have a big lawn in front of your house and hundreds of flowers blooming all around. Your father takes special pride in watering and weeding the plants. All you have to do, on a Sunday, is to volunteer to weed and water the garden and to take a keen interest in all you do throughout the morning. Your father will be very pleased and at once he will reward you handsomely. On the other hand, if after cleaning up the whole garden, at his harsh bidding, you mumble and grumble: "Oh! Dad! I have spent the whole morning wallowing in mud and trying to weed your flower-beds! I have wasted the whole afternoon, which I could have better spent in reading a Chase book, watering your flowers! Now how about giving me a ten-rupee note?" Now that sort of approach just will not work. You see, earning pocket-money requires specialised skill.

Children naturally come by the knack!

On your mother's birthday, go out into the field and pluck a big bunch of flowers and make your own birthday card at home, wishing her a happy birthday. Hand both flowers and card to her, with a: "Happy birthday, darling Mummy. I really feel you grow sweeter with every birthday! I wished to have bought you something very splendid, but my pocket-money could afford only a cheap trifle." Your mother will bestow on you one of her most loving smiles and increase your pocket-money. These delicate matters, you know, need most careful handling.

Small jobs! A helping hand and a smiling face often help you in difficulties.

Note, I have said "difficulties". A case in question is when your friends demand a sudden treat, just when you have spent all your hard-earned pocket-money. You try to back out; you try to explain, but they will not listen. You should then look out for some work, work that will help you earn some extra pocket-money, the amount you need. Your mother is going to the market. Go along and help her carry the vegetable basket. Your father is cleaning the garage; assist in fetching the buckets of water. Your sister is making a loud nuisance of herself as the guests arrive at your house. Comfort her and engage her attention elsewhere. Such small, little deeds add up and then you soon have your pocket-money increasing. Only a little patience; a pinch of common sense; a small morsel of consideration; quite a considerable amount of hard work; and immense, tactful co-ordination!

When your Mummy or Daddy wish to buy you a coca-cola or some toffees, just say you prefer to be economical and save their money! Or just say you would prefer hard cash! There is always one signal you have to be on the watch out for. The mood of your parents. If your parents are in an angry mood, never ask for your pocket-money. Ignore the fact completely that that-day you should receive your pocket-money. Remember to keep right out of the way. The best course to follow on such occasions, is to keep yourself locked in your study-room with all your brothers and sisters and try hard to study. If, however, your parents are in a good mood, do not be hesitant to ask for your pocket-money. Make hay while the sun shines!

There are also dishonest means of earning pocket-money. By lying, saying that you lost your money at school, and by stealing out of your parents' purses. By not paying your contribution to the *Samaritan Fund!* By not contributing to the *Recreation-room!* By so many

deceitful ways.....but take my candid advice : "Deceit does not pay!" You are so much weighed down by the sense of guilt that you cannot spend ill-earned pocket-money enjoyably. So let us forget about this method.

You can coax that the value of the rupee is fast decreasing; the rates are increasing; chewing gum costs twice as much and ice-cream thrice as much. If the rate of everything is increasing, so should that of pocket-money. Expound this piece of logic to your parents with great care. Your pocket-money will definitely be increased.

Take my candid advice and try these tactics. You will really be earning much more than Midas did in the way of pocket-money! You will soon be a rich person. Then perhaps you can give me a treat! Or increase the amount of my pocket-money!

#### LOUIS VANTELLA'S HOODS

RAJ UNNY

*X Science*

*Candy*

The hoarse, loud blast of the ship's hooter filled me with despair. I was too late. The ship was already moving, moving away without me. Now I was in a fix. As it was, Louis Vantella's hoods were after my blood. My only chance to get away from this crummy town was lost!

I swore at myself for oversleeping and at the hotel management.

I was fresh out of the pen and aiming to go straight. I brought myself a brand-new Buick Wild-cat convertible. It was one heck of a car, all chrome and gilt, and it looked as new and as expensive as it really was.

I was travelling West and looking for some quiet town in which to settle down,

where no one would recognise me. I hit upon *Paradise City* as I was travelling along *Highway 64*. It was one of those new towns which had come up just after the war.

I cut off the engine and coasted down the steep gradient which led to the city. All I could hear was the quiet hush of the air rushing past and silence. The car stopped. I climbed out and looked at it proudly and noticed that, even after the thousand odd miles I had travelled, only a very thin film of dust marred that mirror-like finish. I found I had halted in front of a bar named *The Square Deal*. I did not have to twist my arm to know that I was thirsty and so I entered. The upholstered stools near the bar looked more comfortable than the tables and so towards them I moved. The bar-keep' was at the other end of the bar. He ambled over as though he had all the time in the world. This riled me.

On reaching me, he asked : "What will it be, Sir?"

I did not like the tone of his voice so I reached out, caught him by his lapels, and pulled him half-across the bar and, poking my nose into his face, said the following.

"A little civility, for instance!" Pause. "Next time I come here, I shall require a double Scotch ready for me before I sit down. Got it?"

He nodded.

I sat there sipping my drink. A cute kitten of a girl slid up to me. "Get out of here, mister. I like you! That was one of Vantella's hoods you have roughed up."

"Quit it, sister! I'm big enough to look after myself."

She looked over her shoulder and gasped. I continued to sip my drink without turning around.

"Get lost, sister! Or you'll have blood on your dress!"

I swung around. He was standing near me, his near legs apart. He was a professional gunman. He swung a right. I blocked. He swung a left. I blocked. I swung a lead and he took it in the solar plexus and jerked forward, his face all contorted with pain, and he ran right into one of my pet, left hooks. He went lousy. I held him up by his lapels, and planted my right smack in the centre of his face. I hit him, but hard. He went careering backward and fell through the swing-doors into the street. The doors closed and he was lost from sight. I swung around just in time to see the bar-keep' go for his gun. I went for mine and whipped it out just a shade faster than he. The cannon in my hand bucked and roared. The bar-keep' fell to the ground with half his head blown off. He was dead before he hit the ground. The girl screamed and I got the hell out of there, with the kitten closely clinging to me.

#### TRAVELLING

SHAMSUNDER ZANVAR

*X Science*

*Greaves*

Some people can speak more than thirty languages without their making a single mistake in any one of them! How is it possible? Travelling makes it possible. These people have not wasted their time and money in only studying or visiting luxurious cities. They have visited villages and

studied all the details of humanity - housing, living, the family system, society, rites and rituals - thereby being influenced by the language and thus having learnt it without having forgotten a word of it. These people rightly believe that travelling plays an essential part in gaining knowledge and that the majority of experts have gained special knowledge through travelling and not only through studying.

Experts, besides studying conditions of living, housing, societies, the family system, rites and rituals, have also studied art, literature, the architecture of ancient buildings and monuments, not only for their beauty but also for knowledge. They study history through observing such buildings and not only by studying books of history.

Good and able administrators have travelled the whole world, thereby understanding the problems of the common man and winning their seats by showering promises to remove their difficulties. There are some travellers who have been seized by a zeal to remove the common man's difficulties - thereby becoming sound politicians, shining in history for ever.

Travellers are influenced so much by the culture of the countries of their visit, that they make matrimonial alliances, thereby cementing firmly relations between races.

Travelling leads to the setting up of a world government and to gaining first-hand experience.

With so many benefits and advantages to be derived from travelling, who will not desire to travel?



PICNIC TIME...FEB., '72

by the Four House Prefects

REKHA BAKSHI, FN; HELEN WATTS, JA;  
JENNIFER DAMERON, EC;  
SANDHYA RUGHANI, HK.

"Picnic time  
For Barnes School Girls!  
The Barnes School Girls,  
All did have  
A lovely time  
In Feb.!"

\* \* \*

Early in nineteen seventy-one, we were given a pleasant surprise when we were told Mrs. Tess Davis had organised House Picnics at Beale Lake on four consecutive Sundays in March. All the Houses had an enjoyable time: the drive was long and interesting; we had fun and games galore at the picnic spot near the dam; and, above all, the food was excellent!

\* \* \*

This year, we were wondering whether the House Picnics would be an annual affair, when, lo! Wonders never ease! At

the close of January, Mrs. Davis displayed a very attractive poster-invitation stating that the House Picnics would be held at the Air Force Station River Club in February. To write that we were excited would be an understatement! We were absolutely thrilled!!!

The four Sundays in February seemed brighter than the other days in the month! We were thankful for the sun's co-operation, for we succeeded in clicking some very good photographs near the Darna river. Soon after Church Service on the sixth, thirteenth, twentieth, and the twenty-seventh, the Cavells, Kellers, Joans and Nights respectively, in gay and colourful garments, boarded the school-bus and set off for the Club which Group Capt. A. K. Gupta had very kindly allowed us to use.

The setting was ideal. In the Club itself, we used the hall for badminton, and dancing. On the long, cool verandah we relaxed on wicker-chairs, and played Housie or Card games. On the banks of the river we reclined in the shade of the numerous trees, and sang or read or posed for our amateur photographers!

No picnic is complete without a picnic hamper and, once again, our dear Mrs. Mortimer turned up trumps. For lunch we had vegetable pilau, mutton fry, with plenty of salad, chutney, and pickle. This was followed by fruit and coca-colas. Three hours after this delicious meal we had a *scrumptious* tea: buns with butter and jam, sweetmeats, hot stuff and, of course, cups of refreshing, hot tea.

A good time was enjoyed by all: the girls; the House-teachers in charge; and the other lady-teacher *invitees*.

Alas! All good things come to an end! Before we realised it, each Sunday soon reached five in the evening when Vasant,

the school-driver, was busy honking! The drive back to school was a bit of a noisy affair, but then 'empty vessels make the most sound'. This applied to the empty *grub* utensils; the cold drink bottles that rattled empty in their crates; and the Barnes girls who sang lustily all the way back!

On behalf of all the picnickers, we, the four House Prefects, thank Mrs. Tess Davis who thinks of all these ideas of keeping us busy and happy, and our Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis, who very kindly gives these ideas the *go-ahead* signal, and, where these picnics are concerned, we also thank Group Capt. A. K. Gupta for his co-operating with this idea, and Wg. Cdr. C. Samson, Barnes School Bursar, and Mrs. L. Mortimer, our House-keeper, for putting this idea into operation.

OUR CAVELL HOUSE PICNIC, 1972

In charge: MISS VIOLET MENEZES

Correspondent: JENNIFER DAMERON

XI Arts

Edith Cavell

Starting off on our Red House Picnic was fun! There we were, seated in the bus, ready for the signal from headquarters.

We started off on our picnic in splits of laughter. Everyone was hale and hearty on our happy way to *Darna Club*.

*Darna Club* at last! "Where's the *grub*?" was everyone's question. Yes! *Grub* on a picnic was the main source of interest. The carrying of the *grub* was a nuisance but, however annoying that might have been, the *grub* itself was a treat! The savoury smell alone whetted our appetites.

We played some games and went sight-seeing. It was real *fab* visiting the sugar-cane fields, and seeing the juicy canes. We remembered our teacher's advice: "Look! But don't touch!"

Lunch was what we looked forward to. After a good meal, we decided to lie down in the restful shade of the beautiful trees. That was only for a few minutes, for we were again up, investigating the vicinity of the Club.

Tea was meant to have been a snack, but we made a meal of it! It was more enjoyable eating on a picnic!

Four-thirty and there we were, back in the bus, ready to return to school, with a 'Hey-ho and a heh-merry-mo'!

More picnics are what we most relish!



THE HAUNTED MANSION

DEBRA DAMERON

IX Arts

Edith Cavell

As Meera and I sat in the cafe, sipping coffee, we stared at each other. Both of us were feeling bored.

Suddenly a thought struck my mind. I pulled my chair closer, put my arm around Myra's shoulder, and said: "Myra, I must tell you an interesting story which lately involved me.

\* \* \*

One day, as Glenn and I were out for our usual evening stroll, he told me there was a haunted mansion a mile away. I

did not believe in ghosts just because I had never before seen one. I decided to take a trip there.

The next afternoon I caught a bus that dropped me a long distance from the mansion. I walked the rest of the way. It had turned very dark. It suddenly began to rain very heavily—at ten-to-seven.

I dashed into the mansion which was close by and I opened the door. I removed a torch from my bag and shone it inside the house. It looked as if it had not been used for years. It had cobwebs in every corner. It was dusty and dirty. There were rooms on either side and at the end of the passageway, was a staircase. I hurried to the room to my left and shone the torch over the door. On the top was labelled in big, blue, block letters: "The Blue Room."

I entered. It was so dark that I could not see anything. With the little light from the torch, I found my way towards the bed. I was so tired after the long journey that I had hardly placed my head on the pillow, when I must have fallen asleep.

I had hardly slept for long, when I was disturbed by a sound which I thought came from the passageway. I hurried out of bed and opened my door. At the top of the staircase stood a man who was dressed in a black cloak. He did not have his head in its usual place. It was under his right arm. In his left hand he was holding a lighted candle. His eyes kept rolling as he stared at me. The longer I stared at him, the longer his tongue became. From his head, drops of blood were dripping. He began to walk towards me. He was just a few feet away from me when a chill ran through me.

\* \* \*

My conscience told me: "Debby, go! If you don't listen, it means trouble!"

I just ran into the room, caught my bag, and ran towards home as fast as my legs could carry me. The time must have been one-thirty the following morning.

I was so tired on my return journey home, that I must have dropped down and fallen asleep. I was awaked at six by the noise of an approaching bus. I arose, ran and jumped in. I was still shivering and I could not recover from the shock.

As I reached home, I was so shocked that I developed high temperature that night. I kept dreaming of the man of whom never before had I dreamt.

\* \* \*

Myra stared at me and asked: "Debby, do you now believe there are ghosts?"

My answer was—most naturally—"Yes!"

### THE MIDNIGHT FEAST

ROSANNA VINDEN

IX B

Helen Keller

"Trrrr-rrr-rr-ing!" yawned the alarm clock under my pillow.

I awoke with a start and looked around at the dimly lit and silent dormitory. I pulled out the clock, stopped the alarm, and exclaimed in whispered horror: "It's twelve! Mid-night by the witches! So, these girls like to play a trick on me by waking me up in the-----!"

I stopped my alarm there. "The mid-night feast! Oh! How could I have forgotten it?" thought I with mounting excitement.

Out of bed I crept, as stealthily as a dun mouse and tip-toed down the aisle of the dormitory, not daring to make the slightest noise in case one of those light sleepers should hear me.

We had been planning and discussing the feast for weeks. It was my birthday





and I planned to do something unusual for a birthday: I planned to have a mid-night feast! We had ordered our eats from the tuck-shop and we had just to sleep and wait till the hour had come.

The time had arrived and we were really about to feast. I had woken up my friends whom I had invited. We opened our lockers. Out came the cakes, toast, sauces, pickles, soft drinks, sardines, baked beans, sausages, patties, *bondas*, chura, nuts, goolabjamoons, and all sorts of the most delicious food.

Our mouths watered hungrily as we carried all our food onto the table on the landing. We lit a candle and spread out our delicious food. We took out the tin-openers, knives and spoons and soon served the food on the many plates we had brought.

Then came the cutting of the large, square, marzipan cake on which were fourteen, snowy candles—my birthday cake! It looked so lovely with its pink icing and silver balls, that I did not even feel like cutting it.

“Happy birthday to you!” sang the girls in whispers. The knife sank into the cake and the girls clapped with two fingers. Then we gathered round the table and served ourselves with plenty of all the assortment we liked most.

“We forgot to say grace!” said the pious Michlene Cox.

“The cake is really delicious,” cried the greedy Margaret Andrews, “so I don’t mind having another piece!”

We enjoyed our feasting while the uninvited slept. The cake was more than enough so everyone had two generous pieces each. What a spread we had! We were holding our sides and overloaded stomachs.

Suddenly there came a creaking sound from inside the dormitory. Someone was getting out of bed, coming towards the landing. We sat as silently as mice. I arose and quietly opened the dormitory door inch by inch. Coming towards us was the greatest tale-carrier in the school.

“Wow!” thought I, “We have had it!”

The girls were sitting down, their large eyes gaping at me, their ears straining to hear what was happening inside. At the height of the crescendo of silence and drum-pounding of our hearts, she made her dramatic entry, the greatest tale-carrier!

“So! You all are having a feast, eh?” cried she as she looked at the rows of empty plates on the table.

“I feel like the un-invited fairy in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Since you all had not invited me, I’m going down tomorrow, I mean today, and I’m informing the House-mistress!”

“Please, oh, please don’t!” wailed the girls in a mournful chorus, as they anticipated what would be in store for them. There were some left-over pieces of cake and other eats. We finally persuaded the greatest tale-carrier to partake of the feast in exchange for not tale-carrying on us.

“How extremely lucky we were!” thought I afterwards, as we strolled up and washed the dishes silently in the bathroom.

We all retired to bed and, one by one, we were soon fast asleep. That is how had ended our great mid-night feast.

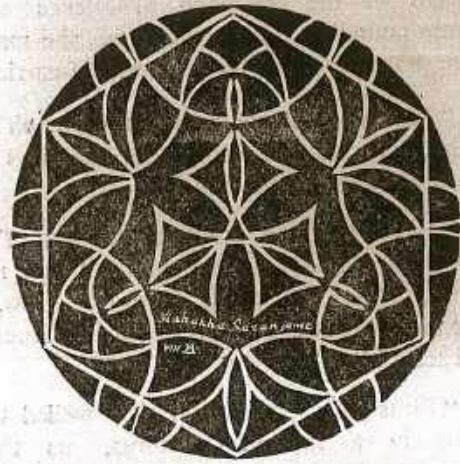
That same morning, or the next morning, not one of us was ill; not one of us complained about a sore tummy. We were beaming all around and could not help talking among ourselves about our great feast. Everyone else was puzzled.

"What's the great secret about?" sensed they.

No one would tell.

No one except us, who had feasted, and the greatest tale-carrier knew about our feast.

Oh! No! Now even *you* know because you have been reading about our secret mid-night feast!



### MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

ANIL LOBO

III B

*Greaves*

As soon as our summer holidays had begun, we came to Devlali.

We had packed everything. All our luggage went in two trucks. The trucks first, then we drove along. It was two hundred kilometres from Bombay to Devlali.

When we arrived, we unloaded the trucks, after which we lunched at the *Rugby*.

I was very happy because I would no more live in a city.

Our house has a hall, a sitting-room, a kitchen, two bedrooms and one bathroom.

At night we can hear the music of the bells ringing about the necks of the grazing cattle.

Behind our house are fields where the villagers are digging a deep well.

### MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL

ZARIN HARI

III B

*Florence Nightingale*

My favourite animal is a dog. It is a pet of mine.

The dog is a very faithful animal. When robbers come, it barks at them. It bites them very badly.

I had a dog; but it died. My dog's name was Brownie. It was white with brown spots. It played with us but it never bit us. It was tame.

I miss Brownie!

### AN ELEPHANT

V. K. RAJARAM

III B

*Spence*

An elephant is the biggest animal in the world.

It breathes through its trunk. The trunk even helps it to put food in its mouth. The elephant eats coconuts, leaves, and fronds. The elephant lives in jungles and forests.

It is a useful animal to us because it pulls heavy loads. The tamed elephant has iron chains on its feet when it is not at work. It is very dangerous when it becomes angry. If an ant crawls inside its ear, the elephant can die.

The elephant is a wild animal that can be tamed.

### THE COW RIZWAN RAZVI

III B

*Candy*

The cow gives us milk. From that milk we make cream, butter, curds and cheese.

The cow eats grass, hay and paper. The cow chews its cud. It likes to go in the water on warm days.

Glue is made from its hoofs. The dried skin is called hide. The hide is tanned into leather. Leather is used to make bags, belts and shoes.

The cow is considered a holy animal by the Hindus.

### AN ELEPHANT

RAFIQUE SEEYA

III B

*Candy*

An elephant is a large animal. We see him at the zoo. He has a long trunk, two big ears like fans, and two tusks of ivory which is costly.

We can tame an elephant and train him to work. He lets us sit on his back and have a ride. He helps to carry big logs of wood.

When he becomes mad, he can kill people.

### MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL

EUNICE TULLY

III B

*Joan of Arc*

My favourite animal is a rabbit.

It likes a lot of carrots, cabbage and lettuce. The hind legs are longer than the fore legs. Rabbits are black, brown or white with pink eyes. Rabbits look after their babies in a burrow in the ground.

Rabbits have long, pointed ears and a short, bob-tail. When the babies are in danger, mother rabbit puts her tail up as a signal. The rabbit is quite a small animal. It loves to play in the open and nibble at fresh grass.

The rabbit is a timid, little animal.

### A Letter to the Editor

Don Bosco High School,  
Matunga, Bombay, 19-DD.

17th August 1972.

My dearest Sir,

This humble poem which I have written on "*My Mother and I*" is the work that has been done by me during the holidays. Before I could submit it to my school here, I decided it would be better to send it to you first. You are the only master in my academic career so far who has encouraged my affinity to poetry.

Although it is not worthy of being called a "*great*" poem, it is my best so far. In it I have avoided all the possible usage of slang which has been the hall-mark of my previous poems. I do hope you will further encourage my talent by kindly publishing this humble poem of mine in *The Barnicle*. I would be greatly obliged. There are two other short poems that I have written. They will follow if I receive encouragement in this one. I do hope you will read it out to "*my*" class, Standard Eleven Science, during your language period. Once again I will be indebted to you.

Regarding the debate about which I had written you, I was disqualified as a result of failure to produce points for which I was depending on you! My few points were very feeble ones.

I do not think I need ruin any more of your precious time which you will be valuably using in coaching my colleagues for the I.S.C. Examination. If some of your precious time permits, please drop a line to a worthless boy like me.

I end now with a final request to publish my poem in *The Barnicle*.

Thanking you,  
Your "*dis-obedient*" pupil,  
Sudhakar Krishnamoorthi.

## The Poet's Corner

### AN INVITATION

TO

### A HALF-POUND Housie PARTY

by

MRS. TESS DAVIS

'Id Mubarak Ho!' to our Muslim friends,  
And a happy holiday to you all!  
Let's get together for Housie and fun  
At Six, Thursday even, in Evans Hall.

The Staff and Prefects are all asked to bring  
Light refreshment, eats, half-a-pound  
in weight.

The Boss has okayed - coffee on the House,  
Fresh Nescafe 'twill be Milkmaid au lait!

Sugar and spice, cakes, light pastries so nice,  
Beautiful ladies, you're asked to  
bring these!

From the brave men, we would like  
salted snacks,  
Some hot stuff, masala, and straws of  
cheese!

Fifty paise a card - six Housie games -  
Should see us through till eight,  
that's not so late!

Don your 'Id-day' best, and  
try your good luck -  
January, twenty-seventh's the date!

### FEAST ON!

Feast on and on,  
To the glory of this  
Memorable occasion!  
Feast on!

-Chitra Karnik.

### MAN'S DESTINY

DR. MISS RITA CYRIL

Ex-student Helen Keller  
First Year M.B., B.S. Christian Medical  
College, Vellore-2. North Arcot.  
South India.

How people dry unyielding tears  
and swollen eyes in vain!

Dear Father! Was it yesterday,  
he lay writhing in pain?

Inaudible are straining thoughts,  
detained within the mind!

Unspoken, inaccessible,  
are frozen words behind

A lovely veil that shades the lips  
and dims the haunting smile!

The efforts dear to break the law  
of Nature is futile!

In tranquil rest and permanence  
the blinded eyes are closed!

The glorious poem of his toiling  
life, that he composed,

Has sharply ended and my  
unexpected heart now weeps!

Disturbed by Nature's force alone,  
a soul-less frame-work sleeps!

Cathartic, cruel, parasitic,  
creeping Vines of Death

Twined firmly, mercilessly 'bout  
his helpless, gasping breath

And, even as he groaned and moaned  
and wailed in agony,

They tore his ebbing soul away!  
It was Man's Destiny!

And far away I saw a flame,  
afflickering, soon ablaze.

I knew my form, too, had dissolved  
into an airy haze,

From which evolved a presence,  
floating faintly as a dream,

Now tinkling with the rustling leaves  
or gliding o'er a stream.

Deceptive Nature plunged the  
eager dagger through my brain.

And killed my joy; the sceptre snatched;  
grim grief will ever reign!

I cannot see a lucid,  
coruscating king of hearts!  
A spider's veil, intricate art!  
From me this vision parts!

Dull fragrance of the fainting flowers  
do gently kiss his frame!

The tender tears roll down the years,  
their growing strife to maim!

I see the face aglowing with  
effulgence more divine!

The brimming warmth now melts the frost  
and flows a stream pristine!

I see the lips so sweetly smiling,  
laughing with the flowers!

The captive in my soul constrains  
to break the leaden bars!

### THOUGHTS OF THE DEEP

DR. MISS RITA CYRIL

Ex-student Helen Keller  
First Year M.B., B.S., Christian Medical  
College, Vellore-2. North Arcot.  
South India.

The palm trees loom tall and erect  
Beside magnificent ruins  
Of an ancient stone monument  
Silhouetted in the moonlight.

A rustle breaks the harmony;  
The lacerated hours quiver;  
The growing weirdness of a knell  
Diffuses sovereign silence.

There kneels the bent-boned, crackling crone,  
Incessantly maundering thoughts  
Bitter-sweet, of the bleak day gone.  
She lights a green, crooked candle.

The dusty blast deflects the flame.  
The warm, vaporising vision  
Of her face gapes blankly at me,  
The fuel for the fading wicks.

There in the pale, fore-boding pool,  
The dark, distorting skeletons  
Of the quiet-plumed, preening trees  
Are etched against the silver moon.

So this world of misery moves  
Imperceptibly, host to host,  
Leaving raised, indelible scars  
For new humanity to read.

Only the lantern of the sky  
Guides me faithfully to the brink,  
Emptying my heart of feelings  
With which my soul's heavily cloyed!

### DROUGHT

FIROZE RUSTOM DARUWALLA

XI Science Candy

Rain! Summer rain! Failed Monsoon!  
Where thou art  
Tell me, that I might plead with thy hard heart  
To fall on our land and show us the smart  
Playing of thy wet hand, monsoonal start!

Thy monsoonal music breaking-in storms;  
Building nimbus-castles of various forms;  
Whistling wildly through all-shuttered dorms  
And low-lying class-rooms; moist'ning;  
wet norms!

Rain! Rain! Heavy, enchanting, non-stop  
rain!

Play thy usual, ear-welcoming refrain  
Of pitter-patter; cats and dogs! Flood drain  
And gutter, hill-slope, plateau, valley, plain!

"Oh, Rain! Where art thou in hiding?  
O'er land,  
O'er water of this extensive, old strand,  
Or elsewhere in the southern monsoon band  
Of thy great birth's origin?" I demand.

Every cloud has its bright-silver lining -  
Especially when the hot sun is shining  
And our Bharat Mata's earth is drying  
With Monsoon's failure—dear life all dying!

The birds yet cheerily sing God's sweet songs,  
Whose melodious charm knows no mean  
wrongs  
Beneath hot, dry, sunny, blistering prongs,  
Which kill us with their strong, fierce,  
mid-day dong.



Footsteps! The third man had entered  
th'alley.  
Th' gangster's gun close-covered Norman's  
belly.

Just then I kicked. The gun from his hand  
flew.

Quick! Fast! 'Picked it up. 'Shot  
someone: heart-through!

A dark figure approached. 'Recognised him!  
Barely discerned him—'cause the light was  
dim!

His name I recalled: Norman Cox-Linner!  
The same, I had invited to dinner!

He had saved my life! Now I had saved  
his!

Good for good, it was! Dear life knows  
its bliss!

#### HECTOR'S WAIT

CHITRA KARNIK

*XI Science*

*Edith Cavell*

In a country far, far away,  
Down by a twinkling, deep-blue bay,  
Two children played all day,  
Both so happy and gay—  
Scanning dusty streets together,  
Hunting for crow's nest or feather,  
Sharing treats: chocolates, sweets!  
They really loved one another!

Time flew and long years rolled along.  
Those happy, childhood days were gone!  
Most unfortunate, through the throng,  
Cruel Fate had separated  
Hearts that never hated.

Far from the country,  
Over vale, hill and lee,  
Far from the blue bay,  
Surrounding grass and hay,  
He had to leave and go away,  
Promising to return some day.  
A reluctant farewell, 'bade him;  
Gave her word ne'er to forget him!

Along his unknown way, lonely;  
Far from fires burning, once homely;  
Filled with each other's love comely;  
Reluctant farewell's glance he turned;  
Love in their bosoms burned!

Time flew and more years rolled along.  
She never sang another song!  
Then one day he returned,  
To the far, far country  
Down by a deep-dull bay,  
Scanning dusty streets, all alone,  
Not for nests or feather,  
Just for his Heather—her alone!

Sweet-calling to his childhood-mate  
Was she impatient? Couldn't she wait?  
No, not she! She was deep in  
Eternal slumber, e'er closed in  
By the cemetery gate!

#### A RAINY DAY

SUDHAKAR KRISHNAMOORTHY

*XI Science*

*Royal*

(*Left Barnes: Loves Barnes!*)

The windy street is lashed with rain;  
The passers-by are few:  
They forge their way against the rain,  
A cold, bedraggled crew.

The sodden leaves are falling thick.  
From slab-thin-bark-peeled planes.  
The rain beats hard upon the house  
And blurs the window-panes.

What can a restless, Bombay laddie  
Do on a day like this?  
How can his prison-house be made  
To yield one drop of bliss?

Some little kids would play with toys  
And some would read from books!  
Cute, pretty maids display drenched curls.  
To spoil their dainty looks!

Oh, what I need to please my mind  
And silence my complaints,  
Is drawing-paper, just a sheet,  
And one, small box of paints!

*Bombay, Friday,  
the twenty-first of July, nineteen seventy-two.*

#### MY MOTHER AND I

SUDHAKAR KRISHNAMOORTHY

*XI Science*

*Royal*

(*Left Barnes: Loves Barnes!*)

When mother is sad and full of care,  
And her face has lost its cheery air,  
Her sadness all things seem to share;  
For there is no solace anywhere  
And nought seems good and all seems bad  
When mother is sad!

When mother is glad and full of grace,  
With 'happy look on her pleasant face.  
O' th't rad'ant joy I can find a trace  
In every person and every place,  
And I'm a joyous, careless lad  
When mother is glad!

When mother's away, we all agree  
That the home is quite devoid of glee,  
Joy's gone out of the world for me,  
And life is as drab as drab can be!  
I find no comfort night or day  
When mother's away!

When mother's home, there is 'high demand  
For th' ready help of her gentle hand;  
You could not find, in all the land,  
A bonnier home; or 'jollir band!  
I don't even envy th' wealth 'f Rome  
When mother is home!

When mother is ill; 'takes to bed:  
I suffer alike with 'n aching head,  
Aching heart as heavy as lead!  
The very sunshine is cold and dead,  
And life itself is dark and chill  
When mother is ill!

When mother is well and going strong,  
With a cheery smile and lively song,  
My heart keeps singing all day long,  
And all goes right; nothing goes wrong—  
For life comes under her magic spell  
When mother is well!

*Bombay, Thursday,  
the seventeenth of August, nineteen seventy-two.*

A Sonnet  
dedicated to

Mrs. Annie Shusheela Athavle  
in my remembrance of her  
during the silence leading to  
the Prayer of Humble Access, all kneeling,  
at nine-five in the morning of Sunday the  
fifth of November, nineteen seventy-two,  
in the Chapel of Barnes School,

ON

SHE'D HEARD GOD'S CALL!

by

DONALD ALFRED SMITH

She was a cheerful soul i'th' pink of health!  
She'd always tell me that the rose upon  
Her cheek was false, not 'cause of  
paint that shone,  
But because of her high blood pressure's  
stealth!

So she would jest, in quiet humour's wealth,  
About her healthy rose, hypertension!  
While I would note her kindly attention  
To speak fit words: few brief—experienced  
wealth!

She loved the children—Sunil, Savita!  
She loved Sheshi, Ruth and looked after  
them!  
She'd pay her friendly compliments to all!

She lived her Christ in daily rounds. Oh, far  
I'll remember her because she loved them—  
And Jesse, Peter, John! She'd heard  
God's call!

*An Innocent Boy's Plea,  
in the Absence of the Vice-principal*

"SPARE THE ROD"

by

DONALD ALFRED SMITH

I recollect four incidents to prove  
The necessity for not sparing the  
Rod in one event, but for sparing it  
In just three!

I would not listen. Cry loud,  
Cry soft, gurgle and mutter, I'd have  
My way! I just would cry to have my way  
And be assured the limit of my sway,  
Spoilt child! Daddy's darling! Mummy's  
sweet pet!

Being chided and threatened but never  
Beaten, I knew I could defy the world  
Of love about me. Even when I was  
Sent into a lonely corner to stop  
My wailing, I cried more loudly and shrill.  
With no-one taking any more notice  
Of my defiant efforts, I wet my pants,  
Lovely surge trousers, and *THEN I had it!*

I remember how I was told not once,  
Not twice, not thrice, but always, all the time,  
Never to rush about creating a noise.  
Do you think I would listen? No!

Never! Once,  
It so happened, once, the wasps were busy  
Building in the verandah through which I  
Always rushed. I saw them at their work.  
They  
Saw me watching them. But when I  
raised my  
War-cry and rushed my red men on  
horseback,  
The wasps were warring, warning me to stop

LIKE ROSES

Never wound a heart that loves you,  
Never cause it pain;  
For wounded hearts, like roses, may  
Never bloom again.

My rushing racket and I surrendered,  
Completely - swollen, wounded as no war-  
Chief had ever before and since suffered!  
My Aunt, did not have the heart to beat me!

On a third occasion I had not had  
My way. I was sent to bed, into long  
Dark, solitary exile in my far  
Away, lonely, gruesome room. I stood out  
Of my bed, before my mosquito-net,  
And I cried my heart out in childish plea.  
My pleading was heard and I was rescued  
Just at that very moment I had held  
My peace, and I had run as I had been  
Recalled from my punishment - silent, still,  
Full of fear and fully repentant  
Not because I had wailed most stubbornly  
But because, in my loud, long wailing my  
Wide-open mouth had caught, trapped  
and swallowed

A mosquito buzzing outside my net!  
The threat of punishment had ended in  
An outburst of surprised hilarity!

The fourth occasion, shh! speaks for  
itself!

I had been teasing, teasingly teasing,  
And, in turn, I had been chased around and  
About. So rhythmically did I run  
In complete circles, that my pursuer,  
When she perceived I so ran, she turned her  
Around and I could not help it, I ran  
Right into her, caught red-handed and so  
Surprised did I look, that I smiled and she,  
As angry as she had been, determined  
Not to spare the rod, she smiled and she  
spared!

Barnes School, Devlall.  
Sunday, the fifth of November, nineteen seventy-two.





ELEVEN	TIME	ITEM	TITLE	DETAIL	Class	DIRECTORS
P	5.30	1	Recital	Sanskrit	Sc	Gangadhar Jadhav
	5.32	2	Chandan ka Badan	Hindi Song	Sc	Madhumati Gupta
R	5.35	3	Doctor !	English Skit	Sc	Kamran Majd and Cast
	5.38	4	Sound of Silence	English Song to Guitar Accompaniment	A	Jennifer Dameron Miss Suzan Lawrence
O	5.41	5	Sangam	Hindi Song	A	Mussadiq Haghgihi
	5.45	6	Forgetfulness !	English Skit	Sc	Kamran Majd and Cast
G	5.48	7	My Homely, Ideal Woman	Malayalam Song	Sc	Ravindran Nair
	5.51	8	Snow-white	English Play : Adapted	A	Rekha Bakshi and Cast
R	6.06	9	Do Raste	Hindi Song	A	Sayed Ali Hussain
	6.09	10	Cuttackali	Classical Dance	A	Gulshan Hussain Sayed Ali Hussain
A	6.13	11	Jane Jaan	Hindi Song	A	Sandhya Rughani Sayed Ali Hussain
	6.16	12	The Beggar	English Skit	Sc	Kamran Majd and Cast
M	6.19	13	Mausum he Ashikana	Hindi Song	A	Anjali Singh
	6.24	14	Learnt English !	English Skit	A	Rekha Bakshi and Girls
M	6.27	15	Kishore Kumar	Hindi Song	A	XI Art Class XI Science Class
	6.34	16	Pasant Apni Apni	A Short Hindi Play	Sc	Richard White Satish James
E	6.41	17	Three Men Went A Hunting	English Song	A	XI Science Class
	6.43	18	Lay Your Pistol Down, Freedom	Hindi Song	Sc	Rustom Parvaresh and his Crazy/Guys
E	6.46	19	A Few Dollars More	Hindi Song to Band Accompaniment	A	Richard White Gulshan Hussain
	6.51	20	Two Wise Men of Gotham	Skit	A	Richard White Satish James
	6.56	21	A Mad Operation	A Shadow Play	Sc	Kamran Majd and Cast
	7.01	22	Appreciation	Recital	A	Rekha Bakshi and Girls



## APPRECIATION

Teachers' Day

REKHA BAKSHI

*XI Arts. Florence Nightingale.*

We gather here today with much anticipation  
To extend to our staff our deep appreciation.

For their diligent efforts we wish to give  
great thanks  
And for their patience and help—as we've  
come through the ranks—

We offer our greetings in a remembrance  
bouquet  
And convey to them our thanks for their  
help on the way.

**A** is for **A**ffection that we feel deep in  
our heart  
And with this beautiful *orchid*  
the bouquet I'll start.

**P**ersonality and **P**atience our Staff have had.  
These sweet-scented *roses*, we'er sure, will  
make their hearts glad.

**R** means **R**eliable and **R**esolved, willing  
workers.  
Here's a *carnation* for those who are far  
from shirkers!

**E** is for **E**ffort for all those who are not  
lazy.  
I shall add to the flowers by placing this  
*daisy*.

**C** means they're sweetly **C**heerful—the best  
way to be ;  
So in tribute I add this bright,  
delicate *sweetpea*.

**I** is for the **I**ndustrious : they are the most,  
yet!  
So here **I**s my token—this shy, deep-blue  
*violet*.

**A** is for **A**ttention to **A**ll of our sep'rate  
needs.  
Let me **A**dd **A** fresh *tulip* to say thanks  
for kind deeds.

**T** is for **T**ender **T**houghtfulness **T**hey have  
for us all.  
My flower is a *pansy*, so purple, so small!

**I** is for **I**nterest **I**n people and Barnes City!  
Here are *lilies-of-the-valley* so white, so  
pretty!

**O** is for **O**thers **O**f whom Staff are ever  
aware.  
**I** offer these *lilacs* to show we certainly care.

**N** stands for our **N**oble Staff whom we  
honour today  
Let me add an *iris* to complete our  
beauteous bouquet.

*(Editor : The Poem was read by Rekha  
at the conclusion of the programme.  
With the mention of each flower, one  
class-eleven girl presented her appropriate  
bloom to the remembrance bouquet. Those  
at the party wore flowery home-clothes.  
Nostalgia perfumed Rekha's intonation!)*

'DAWDLING'

SWARNA CYRIL

*IX Arts Helen Keller*

The bell rang. We went to drink water.  
We came to class just a minute later.  
According to Miss, we were five minutes late!  
And to be punished that day, it was our  
fate.

We were supposed to have a Literature Test.  
When we'd come, the class was still, and  
at its best.

"And why are you late?" asked Miss D'Sa  
in wrath.  
"We went to drink water," was our quick  
retort.

"Then you may stay out o' class," said  
she angrily.  
Staying out of class we did ; but jumping  
with glee,

Because writing the Literature Test we'd  
missed!  
But we found ourselves on Miss D'Sa's  
black list!

Round the bend, came our class-teacher,  
Mister Smith.  
Oh !' just looking at him, I had a cold fit!

But that day he was serene, for a wonder!  
Which sent my fright and fears flying asunder.

Rather alarmed, he asked : "Miss D'Sa,  
what's wrong?"  
She first began with the boys in a sing-song.

After her complaining about our class-boys,  
And Mister Smith looking at them—all  
annoyed,

He glanced at us and asked, "Why are  
these two out?"  
She said, "These girls were dilly-dallying  
about."

Having heard that, Jenny began to giggle  
And, with her laughter, mine began to  
mingle.

With Vasanth and Noor, Miss D'Sa  
marched out ;  
She glared at them as if she'd give them  
a clout!

Then Mister Smith said : "Girls, now  
you may come in."  
Nilu and I entered, giving a broad grin.

I was requested to write this rhyme :  
"Dawdling"!  
If I carry on ... why! Time's ink's  
dwindling!

"DAWDLING! IT'S HEAVEN!"

NILUFER MEDHORA

*XI Arts Florence Nightingale*

Dawdling! You bet, I'll never again do  
Because you might not know how I came  
through!

Swarna and I, we had come late to class  
And into trouble we found ourselves pass.

For our own good Miss D'Sa punished us  
And we took our punishment without fuss.

No one caring for us tuppence or more,  
We roasted in the sun near the front door.

The day went bad and made me very sad  
And just everything about me went mad.

We stood and grumbled to silent extent  
And silently with a complaint we bent.

Office-wards marched Miss personally  
And we sat in our seats quite peacefully.

We told fat Sir our pitiful story  
And he shook his head most sorrowfully.

A meet punishment was ne'er more given!  
Please write a poem: 'Dawdling! It's  
Heaven!'

## THE SAGA OF ELEVEN ARTS

SWARNA CYRIL

*XI Arts Helen Keller*  
and

NILUFER MEDHORA

*XI Arts Florence Nightingale*

Folks, let's begin to tell you a story  
Of Eleven Arts' wonderful glory.

The comical characters portrayed here,  
We feel you'll think they are very queer!

Most of them should be called  
"Slow-sleepy-Joes"  
And most of the strict teachers are their foes!

We sing our saga, not to tease or blame;  
But to cheer and charm is our only aim.

We'll begin by giving a description  
Of each Sleepy-Joe in our Arts' Section.

Laughter, agreed, is the best medicine;  
But to our stiff Staff: "It creates a din!"

A disease in our class—which is contagious  
Is always talking—being mischievous!

Swarna, Jenny, Nilu are stooges three!  
Last-first! 'Always giggle and laugh with glee!

Sighing, like furnace is tall Daddy,  
Waiting his true love very patiently!

'Down-in-the-Dumps'—Khuranna, Kashani—  
And off to the tuck-shop scampers Pompel!

Tom Jones of our class is Gulshan Hussain!  
He tries his best to sing, but croaks in vain!

There, right 'n the corner, sits Baljit Puri,  
His dazed world rotating topsy-turvy!

Noor is the quietest in our whole class!  
At serious studies he is very fast!

Rekha, our Head-girl, is full of laughter  
And always acting 'though she's a Master!

Satish James, 'Garam Masala', o' 'r class!  
Vasanti—Bhai Bhut his fast friend, alas!

"Perfect Gentleman!" is good Crighton  
Watts!  
Not *other* girls' paths does he ever cross!

"Tomato!", "Angela!" are scholars, *right!*  
They gaze all fair-day, to study at night!

Sayed Ali Hussain, Head-boy, sings best—  
Mugging *A.C.'s*. "The Unexpected Guest!"

Among boys, *right*—Richard's the wittiest;  
At deep studies, *right*, he's *right brightest!*

Helen-Mrunal are always together,  
As winter is to wind and foul weather!  
Sandya-Armin no cross shall ever part!  
Great girls are they for jabbering in class!

Richard Francis Selvaraj's always on guard  
And is always working ever so hard!

The b(u)oy of our class: Rustom Parvarish!  
At swimming and diving, he's 'fishy fish'!

Sheraz Ali Jessani sleeps all the time  
But in Geography Jessore's a rich mine!

Prakash Chandak *sometimes* comes in his car!  
In studies his star shines not very far!

Fat *Ad libitum!* Our bounciest, round Sir!  
*Age quod agis*, when he's quoting soul  
doth stir!

We think it's time, folks, to leave you to sigh  
For it is now our turn to bid: "Bye-bye!"

"YOU, GO TEACH.....!!"

(A typical Geography class)

SWARNA CYRIL

*XI Arts* Helen Keller

It was a warm and rather sultry day!

And all our moods were anything but gay  
Learning was becoming fraught with tension  
Though all was simple, clear comprehension  
Vice-principal's cane or class detention!

It was difficult to pay attention,  
But taking a look at Smithy's dark looks,  
I knew we would fall into his bad books  
If we tried any of our playful tricks  
Which would surely lead us into a fix.

But the lesson became just too *cheesing*,  
And was anything, but far from pleasing.  
Not only so! I am really teasing!  
Let it blow hot! Let it blow cold! Freezing!  
Nilu whispered something into my ear  
Which I could not very audibly hear.  
I replied, saying, "I can't hear! Once  
more!"

She whispered a bit louder than before.  
I said I just could not hear her—again.  
She began once more but 'twas all in vain.

Suddenly Smithy heard our discussion.  
To it he offered an interruption.  
"Bhrrh! Pespicious perspicuity!"  
Deep breath intake! "Bhrrh!" Breath!  
Hilarity!

"Bhrrh! Wise specimen of sagacity!"  
And he shook just like a mould of jelly!  
"You go teach!" said he, showing chalk  
my way  
As a string of long words he 'gan to say.  
I was half-determined to go and teach.  
But knew his wrath to a climax would reach.

You see, if I tried anything like that,  
I'm sure, I'll guarantee to eat my hat,  
He'd haul me o'er the coals.

Have m' on the mat!  
He would flap his black flippers like a bat.  
He knew we were upto one of our tricks,  
And he fell on us like a ton of bricks.  
He boomed like thunder till his voice was  
hoarse.

And wept: "You haven't yet finished your  
course,  
And you children dare whisper, laugh and talk!  
Should you fail—my size and shape'll take  
the shock!

Please to vacate my class!"  
boomed he, at me,  
And clapped his hands  
near my ears, thund'rously.

Full of laughter, I jumped up and ran out,  
As geoid Smith re-echoed his raised shout!  
Says he "India needs more would-be teachers!  
You, go teach! It's wonderful!  
(DEEP BREATH!) Bhrrh! Teachers!"

TO SIR, WITH LOVE

NILUFER MEDHORA

*XI Arts* Florence Nightingale

By ourselves is evil done;  
By ourselves we pain endure;  
By ourselves we cease from wrong;  
By ourselves become we pure.

No one saves us but ourselves;  
None else can and no one may;  
We must tread the path, ourselves.  
Angels only show the way!

WE LIVE TO LOVE

HUSSAIN GULSHAN

*XI Arts*

Royal

"Let bygones be bygones!  
Let's show this naughty world!  
Let's fall in love once again!"  
The Younger Generations  
Are Fab'lous, True Lovers,  
No matter what their colour,  
Grand culture, caste or creed.

We Live to Love Peace born  
Of Open-hearted Frankness!  
True, solid Living, shorn  
Of falsehood! Joy's Happiness!

MY MOTHER

GOSHASP AVARI

*X Science*

Edith Cavell

She's full of kindness  
She is full of joy,  
She's Sincerity  
And she smiles on me.

So gentle her looks!  
So calm is her face!  
As mild as a fawn  
And as pure as snow!

Whenever I'm sad,  
Her heart, it just melts,  
She is sacrifice,  
Self-offered for me!

I'll not exchange her  
For all the treasures  
Of vast lands and seas;  
Of all rich Egypt!

For she is all mine  
And all mine alone!  
When her holy hand  
She soft lays on me—

My head humbly bowed  
My knees courtesying,  
I find the pleasure  
O' the entire world!

"Oh! Who can she be,  
So gentle, docile?"  
Do you so wonder!  
"She's my dear mother!"

### LIFE

GOSHASP AVARI

X Science

Edith Cavell

Oh! What is this life?  
Oh! What is this life?  
No bed of roses!  
No bush of sharp thorns!

Life is but a shadow of the evening,  
That disappears with the first light of morn.  
Then let's go on, despite roses or thorns,  
And tread life's path truthfully, honestly.

Life is a cigar;  
When lighted, man's born;  
When it is crushed out,  
That same man is dead.

Life is an uncertain, short span of time  
That may be wasted or full-occupied.  
It's first a bud, then a flower in bloom;  
Then its wondrous beauty withers and dries.

Life is a sweet dream!  
But let us not sleep!  
When life's dream's over,  
How swift is short life!

If mysterious life is a drop of dew,  
Which, when 't drops in the ground,  
is seen no more,  
Come, then, why all this hypocrisy's guilt?  
Let's face life's battles with noble courage.

Life is a candle,  
Soft-glowing and warm!  
Wax once all melted,  
Life's flame is snuffed out.

### TEN SCIENCE!

KOKILA KAPOOR

X Science

Helen Keller

No one should mind what I've begun  
To write in all good-humoured fun!

We're pupils of Ten Science Class:  
All clubbed together in a mass.

A. Manning's our clown, small giraffe:  
He never fails to make us laugh!

Both Clyde and Bharat are good shots:  
Jokes they're full of are lots and lots!

Nimet's running's been her habit:  
She'd defeat the swiftest rabbit!

Two new Shahs are very clever:  
Sweet sister outstrips her brother!

Piyush-Kripal's brains out-measure:  
Science-Mathis, for them's a pleasure!

Sangeeta-Nad'a good, at heart:  
Ne'er seen alone, nor seen apart!

The Ravis, learn they together:  
Be't stormy or sunny weather!

Antia-Daulat play tricks well:  
Their playful, bright eyes clearly tell!

Shehnaz is a delicate lass:  
She pull's Sir's gown as he doth pass!

Great Gandhi's, coupled, are not rare:  
Sudhir and Mangesh make a pair!

K. Varda has a longish name!  
Shusheela Nair has more fame!

Of all, Wu is serious the most:  
Says "Yes!" or "No!" but ne'er to boast!

Suhas, Unny: both are skinny:  
One is maxi; t' other Mini!

How Goshasp's grown round, she knows not,  
But says: "I like apples a lot!"

Pichi and Zanwar are both neat:  
They remain so glued to the seat!

Bakri Javeri's a small sight:  
Of some teachers he demands his right!

Firdosh *Bhendi* looks very strong:  
'Whistles a tune when things go wrong!

Deepak's the cupboard-monitor:  
'Handsome'ly keeps all in order!

Rajinder's forever thinking:  
You find her keen humour winking!

Farida Leela's left our class: (*Ten Arts!*)  
It's right, she's a sweet-smiling lass!

For Chagan Dukre, in the main,  
All windows opening is real pain!

Koki-Indrani, laughing twins:  
One grows fat while the other thins!

Shhh! We've forgotten Rubina dear:  
If she knows, she will shed a tear!

Our Hindi-teacher's class-master;  
We learn our Hindi much faster!

Teachers outwardly never praise:  
Though in their hearts they like our ways!!

Don't you like our jolly, good crowd?  
Rest quite assured, of them I'm proud!

### PERSISTENCE AND DESPAIR

INDRANI ROY

X Science

Florence Nightingale

I'm going to give up!  
No more will I hear  
Such discouraging words,  
Or see unspoken sneer!

I will soon forget  
All that horrible  
Frustration's net,  
Most unbearable!

Oh, what a bad start!  
Sad disappointment!  
No more will my heart  
Make mournful lament!

When I have not tried  
I can e'er console  
Myself, sighing: "If  
I had' strong pole

"I could have climbed th' cliff!  
Crossed any wide gulf!  
Not uselessly spent  
My energy tough!"

There won't be any  
'Great Expectations'  
After hard, trying  
Examinations!

Any good report?

There are some thousands,  
Oh! Much worse than I!  
There are just thousands!

Then why should I try  
In vain to better  
What now I must be?  
The Law's the letter!

When everyone tries  
With all muscles' might,  
I'll just watch and find  
I'm cent. per cent. right!

That's my assumption!  
Those that fail, or lose,  
Will be disheartened!  
Like a flat, snubbed nose!

But they'll try again!  
Feel ever so sad!  
But wish they were glad!  
Again fail! Feel bad!

While at them who had  
Mocked, mere fun to gain,  
I will laugh and cry:  
"Do you know might's main?"

"The meaning of dry  
Failure, misery?"  
Yes! I'll call them fry!  
Giving up's not sly!

Giving up requires  
Character; Courage;  
Wisdom; Politic,  
Good Time-sense to budge!

But, persisting in  
Vain, is true folly!  
When y' know y' cannot win  
Why not just humbly

Submit gracefully  
Rather than be made  
Fun of?

.....

"I give up!  
This poem! It's bad!"

## GHOSTS IN OUR CLASS-ROOM !

INDRANI ROY

X Science Florence Nightingale

One day, after Assembly,  
The boys were detained, behind.  
We girls came to class early  
To make most eerie find.

The front, class-room door was shut !  
None of us could open it !  
Clyde, our Royal Prince Charming,  
Crowned prince, indeed, was not there !  
Nor Kripalchand Attawar !  
Nor Bharat Jagoowani !  
No boy around, scared girls to help !  
None of us could open it !  
Both Koki and Goshasp pushed;  
But it would not budge a bit.  
Then suddenly from inside  
We heard a queer, wailing—  
It must have been the class-ghosts.  
Even Shehnaz lost her poise !  
Something would have to be done !  
Brilliant Mamta Shah helped us  
With Maths-Physics formulas  
And a jolly lot of fuss !  
She said we could look inside  
From any open window !  
Sangeeta Rugh., the bravest,  
And I, we two had to go.

We peeped in through a window  
That had been left open wide,  
And saw some shadowy shapes  
Standing still and stiff inside !  
Soon we informed the others  
And they were all terrified—  
'Cept Rubina, Nadia,  
Who 're on the practical side.  
Rajinder then angrily  
Said Hindi 'A' Level was  
The only true solution !  
Shusheela said : "It's the bugs,  
Holding a revolution !"  
Suddenly the door flew open.  
Gita, with courage, went in.  
The ghosts were still standing there !  
Standing near the old dust-bin !  
But when Queen Nimet entered,  
Class-heroine of the day,  
'Don't know how she managed it,  
She frightened the ghosts away !!!  
Q. E. D. ! Quite Eas'ly Done !  
Attention, Please ! *Continued !*

Now she has a Vir Chakra  
Which she handles with King's care !  
About ghosts coming again,  
Rest assured—they just won't DARE !!

\* \* \*

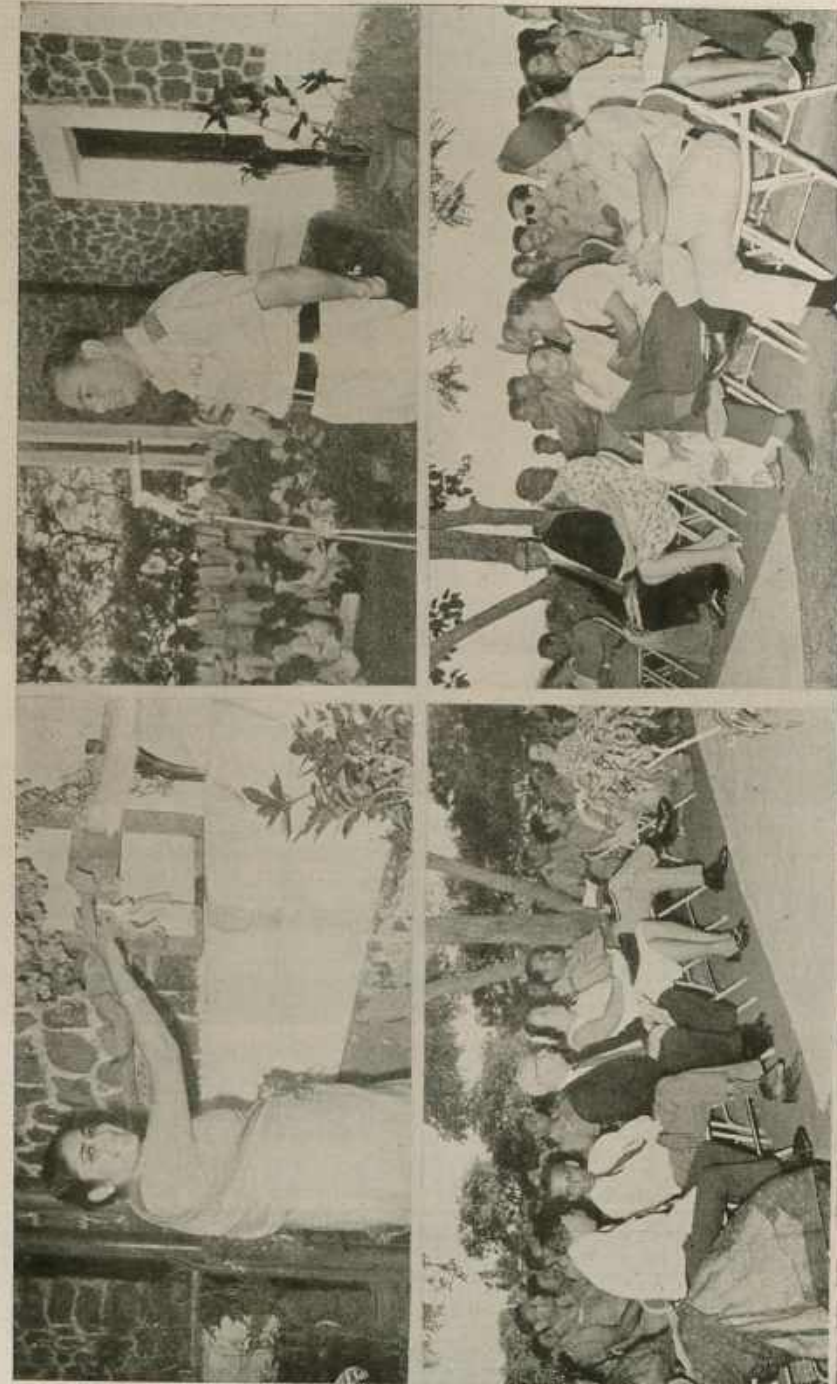
### BARNES SCHOOL, DEVLALI PROGRAMME OF

#### THE COMMISSIONING OF THE WATER SUPPLY FROM THE AIR FORCE STATION, SOUTH DEVLALI.

Friday, November 10th, 1972 at 4.30 p.m.

- |   |     |  |
|---|-----|--|
| 1) Opening Hymn . "O God Our Help<br>in Ages Past." | }   | ... The School.  |
| 2) A Prayer of Praise                               |     | ... The Revd. M. J. Sundaram.  |
| 3) "Nor Any Drop To Drink"                          | ... | Mr. J. L. Davis, ( <i>Principal</i> , Barnes School)                           |
| 4) Commissioning of Water Supply                    | ... | Mrs. A. K. Gupta.  |
| 5) "A Vision Fulfilled"                             | ... | Mr. W. G. Blanden ( <i>Vice-President</i> of the<br>Bombay Education Society.) |
| 6) Address by "Our Friend in Need"                  | ... | Group Capt. A. K. Gupta<br><i>Station Commander</i> Air Force Station          |
| 7) Prayer of Thanksgiving                           | ... | The Rev. M. J. Sundaram.   |
| 8) "Onward Barnes" (School Song)                    | ... | The School.  |

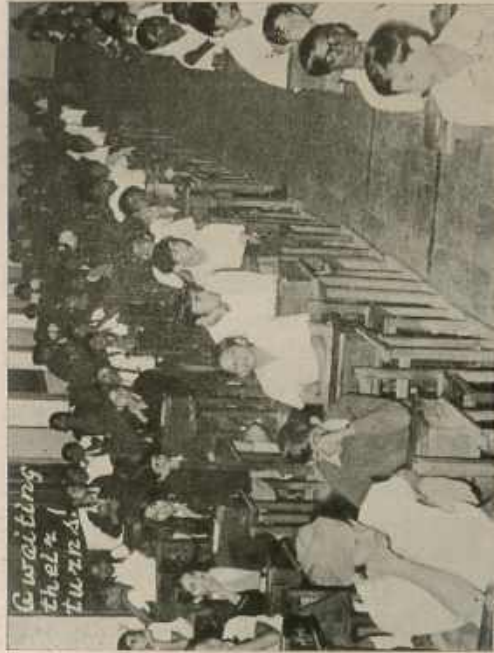
TEA : GUESTS AND STAFF IN EVANS HALL.



#### OUR WATER SUPPLY

*Left Top* : Mrs. M. Gupta opening the valve to supply Barnes with water.  
*Right Top* : Group Captain A. K. Gupta speaking to the gathering.  
*Left Base and Right Base* : Some of the guests at the opening ceremony.

"Care-Taking  
of the future Citizens!"



ELECTIONS 1972



The Lumley  
Medal



A Sonnet  
to  
The Air Force Station,  
South Devlali,  
on  
Group Capt. A. K. Gupta,  
Station Commander:

"RARE GEM!"  
by  
DONALD ALFRED SMITH.

A friendly man, a gentleman, concerned  
About the business of living, doing,  
To all Eternity establishing  
Permanent structure of materials turned.

Effective command, great speed, good name  
earned,  
In humility all aspects viewing,  
His every promise faithfully keeping,  
Supplying timely every need discerned.

What I liked most about his speech-making,  
Was his impromptu frankness, his deep  
love for his men, "Our men!"  
as he would call them,

I appreciated, too his care-taking  
Of the future citizens and above  
All else, his dignified radiance—  
"Rare Gem!"

—At the Commissioning of the Water-Supply from  
the Air Force Station, South Deolali, at 4.30 p.m.  
on Friday, 10th November, 1972.

A Sonnet  
to  
The Raindrops  
in  
The Time of Famine  
by

DONALD ALFRED SMITH

Fall! Raindrops! Fall from some stray-  
passing cloud  
And cool this sandy, arid wilderness  
That land may don of green a velvet dress  
With which to cover some poor peasant's  
shroud!

Remember last when you ne'er came, the  
crowd  
Of ryots seeking you in vain to bless  
Their shrivelling crops and dying herds,  
to bless!  
In vain! for they themselves to death had  
bow'd!

Of, soft and gentle raindrops, yet so hard!  
Come, melt, and shed a tear on those  
now dead  
And, in forgiveness, pour forth drops  
of glee.

Canals, snow-fed, shall reach each part and  
guard  
Our fertile land for evermore. Hence,  
take heed,  
Lest, when the future is, forgot you'll  
be!

GOLD, GLINTING GREEN!

MARGARET ANDREWS

IX Arts Helen Keller

Beside the sacred River Nile,  
There lived a lazy, long reptile.  
His eyes were round and had a gleam.  
His coat was gold and had a sheen.  
And every night, his favourite sup  
Was gobbling little children up!

One day, small Eva came to play  
Close near the Nile, to disobey  
Her sister, who'd told her not to!  
"That nasty reptile sure'll eat you!"

But to her sister's dread warning,  
 Dear Eva paid no heed at all.  
 She just ran off with her play-ball.  
 Bouncing, bouncing — higher, higher,  
 The ball bounced right up to the sky.  
 Oh when it came down, it went: "Splash!"

Beside the sacred River Nile,  
 There lived that lazy, long reptile!  
 His eyes so round, they had a gleam!  
 His scales so gold, they had a sheen!

The reptile caught it with one: "Gnash!"  
 In his nasty jaws of great fear,  
 Then slowly turned to disappear.  
 Eva stood still and watched the last  
 Golden hue vanish from her view.  
 She slowly turned — then made a dash.

Oh! Blindly stumbling, panting, mind!  
 She ran home to her sister kind.  
 Only one thought she had in mind  
 T'avoid the horror of mankind.

Eva's sister hard was baking —  
 Glor'ous fruit-cake she was making.  
 Quite suddenly, the door crashed wide.  
 A ragged figure stood outside.  
 It was Eva! Was it Eva?  
 Sister could not recognise her!

Her pretty face was smeared with smut  
 And on her leg, a horrid cut!  
 Her little sister was all pale!  
 Eva was trembling! She looked frail.

Sister her sad tale coaxed from her.  
 Bathed her, fed her, pacified her.  
 Gently tucked her into bed.  
 Sweetly kissed her fevered forehead.  
 Eva slept right through the night,  
 A-dreaming dreadful dreams in fright.

In fearful dreams appeared a sheen,  
 Of horrid, round eyes, glinting green.  
 First it slowly turned. Then swift-charged!  
 Oh, blinding, drifting, wriggling hard!

When she awoke in the morning,  
 'Jumped out of bed; 'started yawning.  
 Just then a chill swept down her spine!  
 She saw the clock was showing nine!  
 And there on the table, near the wall —  
 She gave her sister 'rapt'rous call —

To behold—a shining-new ball!  
 All hers! Only hers! A new ball!  
 Bounced back from Heav'n!  
 Gold, glinting green!  
 A round-eyed reptile's gleam and sheen!  
 Beside the sacred River Nile  
 That looks like a lazy, long reptile,  
 With waves so curled they have a gleam,  
 And sand so gold it has a sheen!  
 On some nights, in silver moonshine,  
 Andromeda's nuptial guests dine! ..

Born of Cepheus, Iopa  
 Its King, and Cassiopoeia  
 Of the beautiful, black tresses,  
 Boasting againt Atergatis,  
 Whose Sea-reptile Perseus slew  
 In gold, glinting green, of Dawn's hue!

A Sonnet to King David on  
 HIS FAITHFUL FRIENDS

by

DONALD ALFRED SMITH

You see him in tattered clothes; rags  
 he doth wear!  
 A coat to house five Davids, elbows torn;  
 A shirt tucked in, most dignified—sleeves  
 shorn;  
 Blue longs, gaped knees; brown cap, without  
 compare!

He's busy mutt'ring to himself his care  
 Or talking sociably with canines born  
 Of parents he has talked and walked  
 with —morn,  
 Noon ev'ning, night — of watchers, unaware!

So wrapped is he in majestic musing  
 Of his happy Hymaenal hymn, hummed  
 To the swaying grass and wagging  
 tail-ends!

His hoary hands hold a much-loved 'can-ling'  
 Poor contents whereof, much handled,  
 thumbbed,  
 He distributes among his faithful friends!

Barnes School, Devlali.  
 Friday, the tenth of November, nineteen seventy-two.

MY OWN POEMS

VA Class-teacher: MISS VIOLET MENEZES

Dated: 14-9-1972

SUKANTO CHOWDHURY

VA Eleven years, eight months. Greaves

STAR! OH, STAR!

Star! Oh, Star! Oh, Star!

You're ever so far!

For years you twinkle;

Long Light Years you shine!

My only desire's

For you to be mine!

TESTS

A Pupil's always terribly bothered  
 Because a hard test is coming forward.  
 He sits and studies without enjoying  
 What others —free— are laughingly playing!

Gay birds are merrily flying away  
 And it's a very happy, sunny day!  
 But he who has an awfully hard test  
 Has to study and do his very best!

But the day for the test, it comes to sting  
 When he's forgotten almost everything,  
 Everything he had diligently set  
 So well to learn and learn, and ne'er forget!

He tries his level best to sit and think,  
 But his sleep-weary-tir'd eyes only blink!  
 So I think 'tis much better to be gay  
 E'en when I sit to study every day!

THE PLANT AND THE GROUND

The luxurious plant and the humble ground  
 Are related each to one another!  
 The living plant won't leave its earthy bound!  
 The lowly soil won't leave h's living brother!

THE SKY

The Sky is sky-blue,  
 Oft with woolly clouds—  
 So happy, they laugh  
 And laugh till they cry!

THE BEE

I'm a busy bee.  
 Oh, can you not see  
 I bring you honey  
 For no hard money?  
 All day I'm buzzing,  
 And without fussing,  
 Just buzzing around,  
 Making a bee sound!  
 We have a mother.  
 A drone's our father.  
 Mother reigns our queen  
 And she's a dream!  
 We live together  
 And help each other!

Three Limericks

THE MURDERER

There was an old drunkard that went  
 In front of the Law and he bent.  
 He said, "Judge, my dear,  
 I greatly do fear —  
 My own wife to Heav'n I have sent!

AN ENGINE-DRIVER

A man who worked hard on the train  
 Did never make use of his brain!  
 He drove it so fast  
 Oh, he soon saw his last!  
 That's what worked, the man's brain and  
 train!

THE LITTLE DOG

There was a little, puppy dog.  
 He sat upon a rough-hewn log.  
 He used to bark: "Bark!"  
 Till it was quite dark.  
 He didn't bother t' see his mother!

VB Class-teacher: MRS. PATSY MICHAEL

OH! LOVELY DAWN!

VB NILADRI BHATTACHARYA Candy

Lo! The red sky!  
 The east is shy!  
 Cheeks are rosy!  
 Nests are cosy!  
 Oh! Lovely Morn!  
 Born from the Dawn!

Birdies flitter !  
 "Twitter ! Twitter !"  
 Dew-drops sparkle !  
 "Glitter ! Glitter !"  
 New Joy is born  
 From lovely Dawn !

EVENING

NILADRI BHATTACHARYA

*VB Candy*  
 Red Sun Is Setting 'hind old Hills  
 And now It's Growing Dark !  
 Strong Day his Mighty Work Has Done !  
 Bright Evening Star Does Spark !

No more Do People Labour hard !  
 Folk Retire to Rest !  
 No more Do Birds Chant sweet Lullabies !  
 Each Sleeps fast in Home's Nest !

Crimson Sun's Finished Sinking down !  
 Evening now Is very Dark !  
 Cheese-Moon and Twinkling Stars Do Shine!  
 Oh, Hark ! List ! Night-dogs Bark !

DOCTOR

KEITH D'SOUZA

*VB Greaves*  
 When I do grow up I wish to become  
 A doctor. There are many doctors, true !  
 Patients, unfortunately, number more !  
 I would like more specially to help the sick.  
 I would try to alleviate their pain.  
 Very much would 'like to give medicines  
 Absolutely free to the poorest poor.

MY GARDEN

TUSHAR MANKEEKAR

*VB Royal*  
 I have such a pretty, little garden !  
 It contains beautiful, little flowers.  
 All around, deep, rich, velvet lawns so green  
 That make a colourful, domestic scene !

In dewy freshness, beneath the mountain,  
 My multicoloured flow'rs smell fresh,  
 look gay.  
 Off right-centre o' th' garden is a fountain  
 That rains on flow'rs rainbow-spangled  
 spray.

My dear, feathered friends, hopping,  
 twitt'ring birds,  
 To me they sing : before me gently play.  
 They flock around the froth-singing fountain  
 To make me cosy, warm and bright as day.

The golden rose and stately dahlia !  
 White, pink, deep-red and purple zinnia !  
 A riot of colour pleasing the eye !  
 At night soft flowers sway and nod :  
 "Good-bye !"

MY NOBLE FATHER

HEATHER PEARCE

*VB Edith Cavell*  
 God why, did you take my father away ?  
 God why, did you take my father away ?  
 I had a dear father, so kind to me!  
 He was the best father, ever could be !  
 One sad day God took my father away !  
 Without him now—oh ! I can never stay !  
 No one now sits in his favourite chair !  
 Oh ! Right now ! The house is so very bare !  
 Dear God must have done this for a reason ;  
 Not because it was the dying season.  
 Now my life is just ruined, gone to waste !  
 I don't know why God took him in such  
 haste !  
 This sad, sorrowful day should not have  
 come  
 T' bring anguish to my sisters, brothers,  
 mum !

THE CIRCUS

VANDANA PRABHU

*VB Joan of Arc*  
 In the summer-holidays, I went t' see  
 Prem Circus with my father and mother.  
 We saw a clown making funny faces.  
 We also saw some pretty girls riding,

Balanced on one-wheeled cycles. Some other  
 Girls were swinging on moving trapezes,  
 Bars on which monkeys swing, tails  
 curling round !

A clown was giving tea-cups and saucers  
 To a girl who was riding on  
 A one-wheeled cycle, catching each tea-cup  
 And saucer in her mouth with a pipe's help !  
 We also saw some other animals  
 Which were doing wonderful, clever tricks.  
 I love to be seated at the circus !

*IVA Class-teacher: MRS. JENNIFER SWAIN*

MY BIRTHDAY

MARK O'GLEBY

*IVA Royal*  
 Early this morning  
 I heard : "Rat-a-tat !"  
 Then came the letters  
 Falling on the mat !  
 Two from my sister,  
 Smiling, little Gail !  
 With pictures of new  
 Boats ready to sail !

Oh ! A wee parcel  
 With small lock and key !  
 It's my twelfth birthday !  
 Just you wait and see !

*IIIA Class-teacher: MISS MARJORIE WEBB*

BIRDS

SANJOY CHOWDHURY

*IIIA Greaves*  
 Oh ! Look at those pretty birds in the sky !  
 How they sail, soar, dive, somersault,  
 wheel—my !  
 How I wish, like them, I could fly so high !  
 I would fill my pockets with grains  
 of rye !

Somehow I'm contented living on ground !  
 Eating X'mas puddings and apple-pie !  
 For I would not, with all that rich load—round—  
 At all be able to fly quite so high !

MY CLASS-ROOM

JULIANA JOSEPH

*IIIA Florence Nightingale*

A lovely class-room !  
 Brown, old, sweeping-broom !  
 Such beautiful charts !  
 Rolling bullock-carts !  
 We keep our class clean !  
 Clean it's always been !  
 My teacher's so kind !  
 Sweet ! Guiding each mind !

SOFT RAIN

PRAMOD KALAPA

*IIIA Spence*

Down come soft rain-drops,  
 One by one,  
 Sliding, gliding,  
 With such fun !  
 Dancing on the sill,  
 Two, three, four !  
 Dashing, splashing !  
 Some bounce more !

*IIIB Class-teacher: MRS. QUEENIE SAMSON*

SUNNY HOURS

ASIF DAGINAVALLA

*IIIB Royal*

Just count : "One, two, three !"  
 Up grow green, shady  
 Trees, where bloom flowers  
 In sunny hours !

MY PET

GHARISHAMDAS GUPTA

*IIIB Royal*

I had a pet hen  
 Who lived in a pen !  
 Her comb was bright red !  
 On dry grain she fed !

A CLOWN  
AZAD HAGHIGHI

IIIB

Royal

My brothers say I am a clown !  
Oil-paint my face and wear a gown !  
Quick-sharpen pencils all day long !  
Swift-dash to ring the bell, "Ding-dong!"

THE SONG-THRUSH  
ANIL LOBO

IIIB

Greaves

My favourite bird is the  
brown-spotted thrush.  
The thrush sings a lovely song of its own.  
It is much smaller than an Indian quail.  
It has a speckled breast.  
A voice that's sweet.  
It's mud-brown in colour. It likes to live  
In woody places near water and reeds.  
A thrush eats worms and snails.  
It builds its nest,  
A mud-lined nest for four or five blue-green  
Eggs. The song-thrush builds  
early in the year.  
The snails' shells are broken  
on 'anvil' stones !

BALOO  
V. K. RAJARAM

IIIB

Spence

Baloo, big hungry, brown bear,  
was found sitting on my chair,  
Eating his food, over there !  
Let's now catch him, if we dare !  
Matters not how hard he stare—  
Hungry, sitting, eating there !

MY LITTLE DOG  
V. K. RAJARAM

IIIB

Spence

I had a little dog.  
Who was lost in a fog !  
He was white and fluffy !  
So I'd call him : "Duffy !"

LOVE ME !  
RIZWAN RAZVI

Candy

Love me little;  
Love me more;  
Love me till  
I am - no more !

MY STORY  
RIZWAN RAZVI

Candy

I went for a picnic.  
I saw a little dog.  
His name was Joe Rover.  
My story's now over !

LIKE !  
EUNICE TULLY

Joan of Arc

Some like one !  
Some like two !  
I like one !  
That one's-you !

IIA Class-teacher: MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE

TEACHER

ARCHANA SHARMA

IIA

Edith Cavell

My teacher's name is Miss Susan Lawrence !  
She is very nice and ever so sweet !  
She jokes, plays, and takes us for  
nature-walks !  
She sometimes trusts us with the class-room  
key  
To open the class. In her house she makes  
Many charts ! She gives us exciting craft !  
She gives us pleasant work to do ! She lets  
Us draw on the board ! She's my best  
teacher !  
She brings her guitar to class and we sing !

THE NAUGHTIEST !  
GLENN COURT

IIA

Candy

I knew a very naughty boy —  
The naughtiest of boys !  
His name ? It was Edward Laffrey !  
He'd always break his toys !  
His father used to beat him, then !  
But never would he cry !  
In Marathi, score one on ten !  
Poor Edward ! He must try !

THE SOLDIER  
GURMOHAN JIT SINGH BEVLI

IIA

Greaves



The soldier wears green.  
He has a new gun.  
He wears a peaked cap.  
The soldier is smart.  
He looks his own height.  
He holds himself straight.  
He marches to war !  
He has a sharp knife.  
He has a pito  
And water-bottle.  
He shoots : "Ta-ta-ta !"  
He wears big, black boots  
And green, woollen socks.  
A soldier wears his  
Country's special sign.  
Sometimes the soldiers  
Start the war from the  
Sea-side and then they  
Sail in boats to fight.  
Those boats are sea-green.  
I'd be a soldier !  
Shooting : "Ta-ta-ta !"

UNTO THE LORD

by

DONALD ALFRED SMITH

Dear ladies fair,  
Do have a car —  
Sweet music share  
At 'morrow's fare —  
Children's Service !

A hymn or two  
By both of you,  
Whate'er you know,  
That fine will do !  
A hymn so nice !

Barnes School, Devlali. Saturday, the eleventh of November, nineteen seventy-two.

MY DOG  
31-10-1972  
NITYA VIJAYRAGHAVAN

Joan of Arc

I have a dog.  
She plays with me.  
Her name's Sherry.  
She barks ! 'Bites me !  
I play with her.  
She buries bones.  
'Drinks all my mik !  
Each time I leave  
My home, she spoils  
The front garden !  
She has a big,  
White, fluffy tail !



MY FAVOURITE TOY  
SAMEER SINGH

II A

Candy

The plane is my favourite toy.  
The plane I like has two moth wings.  
Each wing has just one, neat engine.  
There are three wheels the plane rolls on.  
It has a tail. An aerial.  
My favourite plane, "The Gnat", has guns !  
R-t-t-t—R-t-t-t—R-t-t-t—R-t-t-t !



A Sonnet

to  
Daddy  
on

FIFTEEN: SIXTEEN

*I returned in deep gratitude, to give  
great praise*

by  
DONALD ALFRED SMITH

"Ye have not chosen me ; but I have chos'n  
You ; ordained you, that ye should go  
and bring  
Forth fruit, and *that* your fruit should  
remain." Sing,  
My soul, this blessed truth found in Saint  
John !

"That whatsoever ye shall ask," soul-won  
Disciple, guided by God's inspiring,  
"Of my father in my name," not doubting,  
"He shall give it you." Saith the Three-in-one!

My need was great! My way not known  
before!  
I knelt in all humility! Christ's cross,  
Saw I, arms stretched to bless and me  
to save!

I felt my loving God's almighty pow'r  
Descend to hear my prayer, retrieve my  
loss,  
And grant me whatsoever I did crave!

*Barnes School, Devlali. Saturday, the eleventh of  
November, nineteen seventy-two.*

#### CHAPEL ACTIVITIES

MR. and MRS. D. V. HOFFMAN

This year we were fortunate to have with us the Reverend Michael John Sundaram. He joined our teaching staff at the beginning of the year and so we did not have to depend upon any visiting priest to look after spiritual welfare here. In conducting the church services and other chapel activities he was very ably assisted by the

Reverend Donald Alfred Smith who was ordained a Deacon on the twenty-ninth August, nineteen seventy-one, and we are looking forward to the happy occasion of his ordination to the Priesthood in the near future.

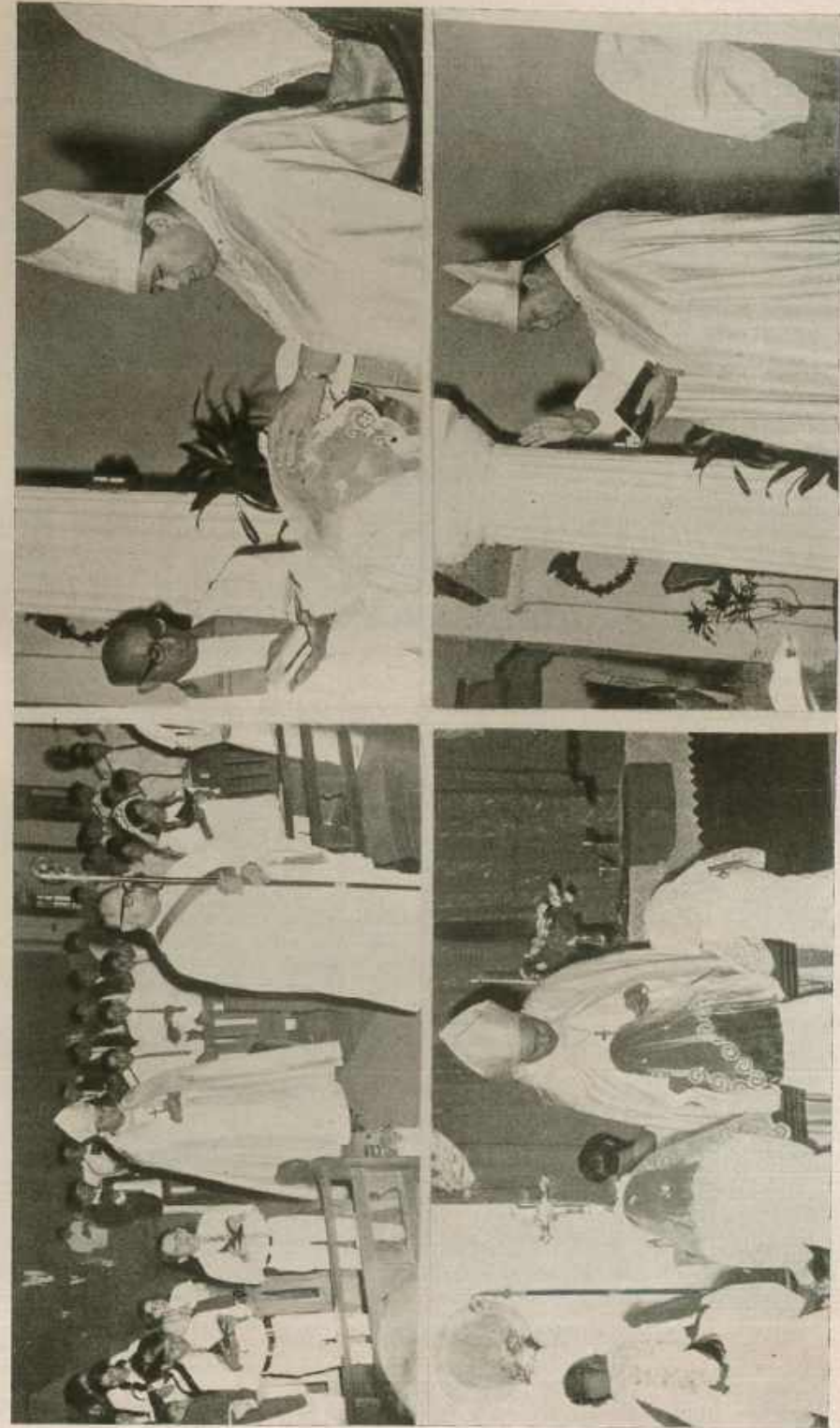
Services here are regularly held in English and Marathi on Sundays, and the Roman Catholic members of our Staff and Children also have their regular Sunday Services under the Reverend Father Marti, who punctually comes on his little scooter at about ten on Sunday mornings.

Other activities, namely the Scripture Union Meetings and Sunday School and Torch Bearer Classes are also held regularly and teachers take quite an active part in them, although the 'SUM's for the christian and non-christian Junior Boys are conducted by Mr. D. V. Hoffman alone. After the Sunday Services coffee is served to the Staff. 'Coffee' is looked after by Mrs. G. Hoffman.

A novel feature this year, was the introduction of the Children's Service held monthly and taken charge of and conducted by the children themselves, who are given all possible guidance by our priest and deacon. Miss S. Lawrence and Miss P. Goolamier need special mention here because they give colour to the occasion by their lovely instrumental and vocal solos and duets.

Mr. John Jacob of the C. S. S. M. paid us a visit during the third week of September and conducted meetings for both the Junior and Senior children.

The School Choir carries on with unabated zeal under the inspiring guidance of Mr. C. Paul. All choir members and members of the Chapel Committee are invited to an annual dinner towards the close of the year. This year the Choir Dinner was at the Coronation Hotel. The Coleses attended. The twelve-girl choir



CONFIRMATION, 1972. THE BISHOP OF NASIK, ARIEL JOHNSON.



OUR CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES, 1972



OUR CHAPEL CHOIR, 1972

members are Judith Samuel, Natalie Watts, Linda Middlecoat, Margaret Moore, Margaret Andrews, Brenda Zachariahs, Heather Mackenzie, Debra Dameron, Jennifer Dameron, Helen Watts, Marie Moore and Anna Young. The eight-boy choir members are Satish Bhalerao, Trevor Ryder, Frank Ryder, Stanley Connell, Clyde Arnold, George Thomas, Kenneth Ridewood and Ashlyn Manning.

There is a duly elected Chapel Committee which looks after the Chapel affairs. Mrs. U. Bhalerao and Mrs. G. Hoffman continue to work untiringly and look after the Chapel. They take special pains to decorate the Chapel on special occasions. Of course, Mrs. Tess Davis, the main inspiring force, is always encouraging and guiding them.

This year the following nine children were confirmed by our Right Reverend Bishop Ariel of Nasik on the twenty-sixth of November in the morning, and after their Confirmation they had a hearty breakfast with the Bishop. Ivan Douglas

Gaye, Roger Linsdail Selvaraj, Terence Mark Tully, Lorraine Debohra Norah Ryder, Evelyn Violet Saunders, Gloria Jean Smith, Bernadette Clementine Vinden, Debra Magdalene Vinden, and Rosanna Noella Vinden.

Our chapel Treasurer, Mr. P. S. Bhalerao, is outstanding in his work. He is not only efficient but he also knows the knack of collecting funds for the Chapel and he is giving a sound training to his son, Satish, in collecting them.

Our Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis, assisted by his able and talented wife, is always ready to give all possible help and guidance in chapel matters and at his instance and by his inspiration the Chapel funds are now looking up.

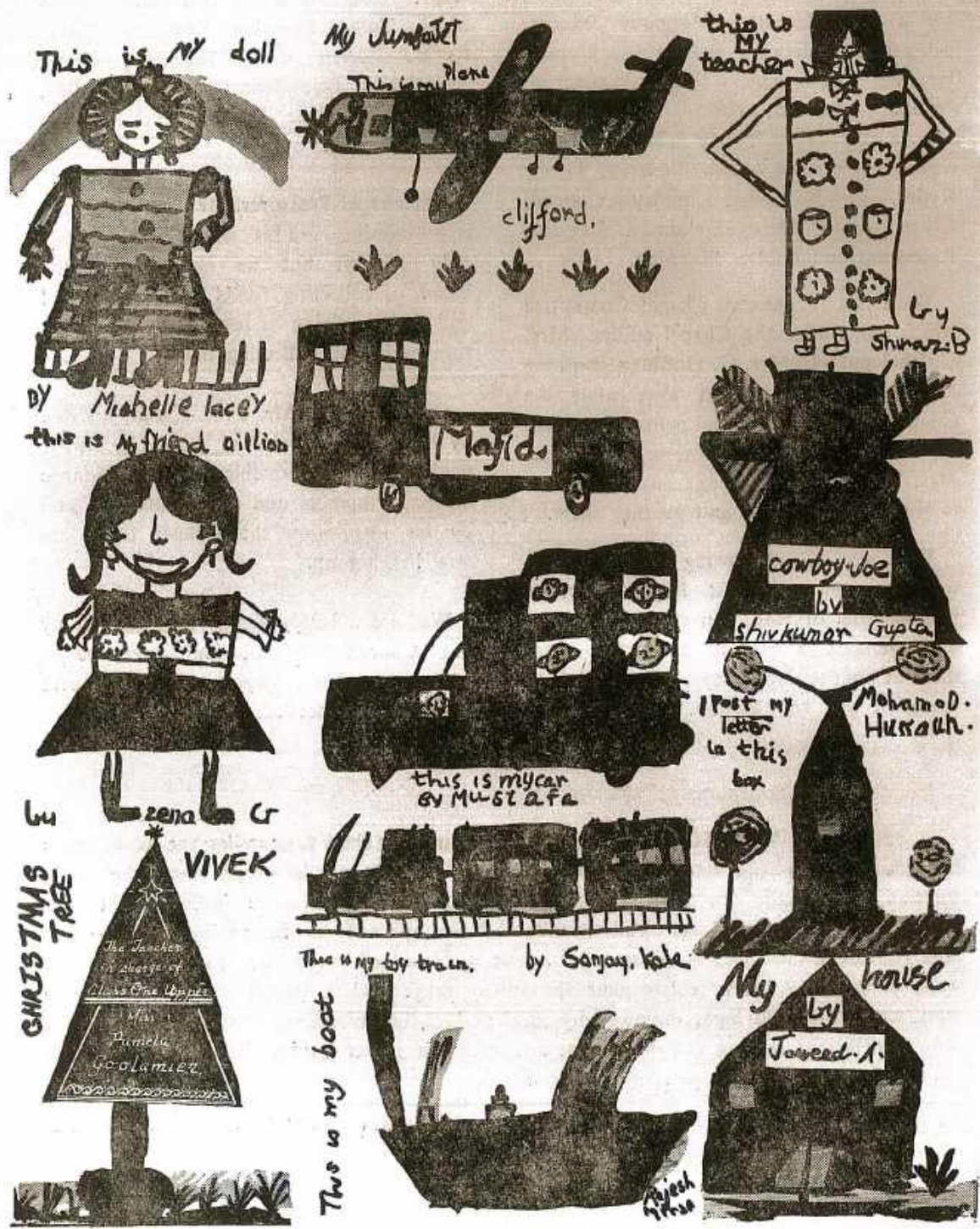
We are a happy family here and enjoy our Church Services, and everyone is willing to give a helping hand whenever and wherever needed.

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HOW TO LIVE TO LOIN! Hide your tears, but show your smiles; the world needs happiness. Keep your fears but share your joys—and do not let others guess the secret sorrows of the heart, for these possessions are your own. All have individual burdens which they must bear alone. Veil the altars of the spirit from the prying eye: do not give yourself away to every passer by. Speak the word of hope but do not voice the weak complaint. Learn to live your life with courage and a proud restraint: learn to walk with head held high, unbowed by grief or loss, never seeking sympathy but carrying your own cross; leaning not on others, but upon the power within. Then no matter what may be in store for you, you will surely win!

—RUKSHANA DUBASH, XIA, *Helen Keller*.

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FREE EXPRESSION

(Class Teacher 1 upper : MISS PAMELA GOOLAMIER)

## "Play the Game!"

### ATHLETICS



The Significance of Modern Records  
by  
P. S. GAMA, P.T.I.

Coaching is the science of bringing human beings to the optimum of their physical perfection for the achievement of athletic performance. Coaching also includes the care of athletes.

Today the world's records in every form of athletic competition have reached a level quite undreamed of even as recently as the immediate period.

Let us, for the moment, examine the world records as established at the Munich Olympics, 1972. In the sprints, let us consider the difference between the past and present records. Velary Borzov of the Soviet Union became the fastest human being in the world, as was said by Jesse Owens, the great sprinter of his day.

After his victory in the 200-m., which he clocked in twenty seconds, Owens declared that he was certain he was not capable of running faster.

Borzov is the fourth man in history to win both the events in the Olympics, and the first to win this sprint double since Bobby Morrow of the U.S.A. in 1956.

Archie Hanh of the U.S.A. did it in 1904.

Owens did it in 1936 in Berlin, and recorded 20.7 seconds.

Borzov did it in 20 flat.

We can say the athlete, like the musician, must be a virtuoso. The instrument by which he expresses himself is his own body, and he must learn to develop its possibilities for action by constant practice, just as the pianist must gain facility by the reiteration of scales and exercises on the keyboard.

Once upon a time, among the Greeks, athletics were a monopolised competition. This was when Greek civilisation was at its best. Now athletics are popularly practised all over the world.

We are posing the same record-breaking by our great shot-putters, javelin-casters, discus-throwers, jumpers, hurdlers, and long-distance runners—all show wonders in their performance down the line. All this specialisation is based on a wide pedestal of general knowledge, and it is this pedestal that is supplied by athletic exercises.

We remember how, in the 1960 Rome Olympics, there was the Flying Sikh, Milkha, who fell short by one-tenth of a second to win the Bronze for the 400-m. (45.6 seconds). After twelve years of hard training and exercise, we are at a stand-still to know more about body conditioning. We can say hardly anything, but pose interesting questions that involve more than simple answers.

Consider the peremeter, medical science, technology, hygiene, diet, equipment, training, and, above everything else physical fitness!

Physical fitness is more than just possessing a sound body, and in it a sound mind. I am reminded of Juvenal's *mens sana in corpore sano*! It is also to handle the body well, under conditions of stress and strain.

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS, 1972



The Wilson Cup

In Charge : MRS. P. MICHAEL

Correspondent : SWARNA CYRIL

### XI Arts

Helen Keller

This year our athletics were held on the sixteenth of October. Although the afternoon was extremely hot, we were all too excited to feel the heat of the glaring sun.

The programme for the afternoon began with the March-past, each house marching their very best, so that it was practically impossible to judge the best house.

The March-past was followed by a number of Inter-school events between St. Xaviers and Barnes. Although St. Xaviers sponsored good athletes, none could outdo our Barnes boys!

The afternoon went off well with Heather Mackenzie and Debra Dameron, in the Intermediate and Senior Divisions respectively, giving a big lead in the running events.

The funniest and most interesting of all the events was the Ex-students' Race. All were laughing, fit to kill themselves, watching the Ex-students in action! It would have been a funnier sight if the old-girls also had joined them!!

Everyone was eagerly awaiting the interval, when all the children were offered refreshments and cool drinks.

The afternoon flashed past all too soon and eventually it was time for distributing prizes. Amongst the girls, the lucky ones who won their Rex Ludorums were Karen Scott, *Novices*; Gloria Smith, *Juniors*; Heather Mackenzie, *Intermediates*; Micheline Cox and Rosemary Phillips, *Seniors*.

With bated breath, the whole crowd which was assembled on the field, waited to hear the result for the Best Marching. We jumped for joy and excitement when it was announced that Blues — Helen Keller and Greaves—had once again won the Marching cup for the year, 1972.

We owe our thanks to Mrs. P. Michael and a number of our Staff. It was due to them that the afternoon went off so smoothly.

The long-awaited Athletics finally over, we trudged along slowly up the hill.

A second excitement was yet to come—the Dassera Dance!



## RESULTS OF THE GIRLS' ATHLETICS

### PREVIOUSLY CONTESTED EVENTS

Thursday, 12th October, 1972,

#### NOVICE DIVISION.

100-m.	1965. H. Dhillon	16.2"
1	Karen Scott. J. A.	17.6"
2	Lorraine Selvaraj J. A.	
3	Michelle Rose J. A.	

50-m. *Skipping*. 1962. S. Mody 9.8"

1	Pamela Cope	F. N.	10.4"
2	Sanita Kale	E. C.	
3	Shenaz Irani	F. N.	

*Long Jump*. 1957. M. Arklie 11' 4" [3.54m]

1	Lorraine Selvaraj	J. A.	9' 6" [2.89m]
2	Karen Scott	J. A.	
3	Pamela Cope	F. N.	

*High Jump*. 1955 J. Peacock

1957 M. Arklie

1965 A. Sinha 3' 1" [0.94m]

1	Karen Scott	J. A.	* 3' 1½"
			[0.95m] New Record

2 Lorraine Selvaraj J. A.

3 Sanita Kale E. C.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION.

50-m. *Skipping*. 1964. G. King. 8.8"

1	Gloria Smith	F. N.	* 8.8"
			Equals the Record.
2	Nargish Irani	H. K.	
3	Karen Rose	J. A.	

100-m. *Skipping*. 1971. G. Smith.

		H. Pearce.	18.0"
1	Nargish Irani	H. K.	* 17.9"
			New Record
2	Karen Rose	J. A.	
3	Gloria Smith	F. N.	

*Long Jump*. 1959. M. Arklie 12' 7" [3.84m]

1	Gloria Smith	F. N.	10' 3½"
			[3.14m]
2	Karen Rose	J. A.	
3	Nargish Irani	H. K.	

*High Jump*. 1945. S. Pawle 3' 10" [1.17m]

1	Gloria Smith	F. N.	3' ½"
			[0.95m]
2	Nargish Irani	H. K.	
3	Lynette Ridewood	J. A.	

#### INTERMEDIATE DIVISION.

200-m. 1963. C. Cox. 31.5"

1	Heather Mackenzie	H. K.	31.6"
2	Beenapani Mahanty	F. N.	
3	Mumta Suri	F. N.	

*Long Jump*. 1959. Y. Dennis. 13' 5" [4.09m]

1	Heather Mackenzie	H. K.	13' [3.99m]
2	Dolly Irani	H. K.	
3	Beenapani Mahanty	F. N.	

*High Jump*. 1943. C. Palmer Wilson. 4' 4" [1.32m]

1	Beenapani Mahanty	F. N.	3' 9"
			[1m 14.3 cm]
2	Mumta Suri	F. N.	
3	Corrine Fernandes	F. N.	

*Shot-put (8 lbs)* 1957. B. Peters. 23' 5" [7.12m]

1	Heather Mackenzie	H. K.	18' 5½"
			[5.62m]
2	Mumta Suri	F. N.	
3	Deepa Mirchandani	E. C.	

*Javelin-throw*. 1968. B. Dique. 62' [18.81m]

1	Mumta Suri	F. N.	52' 8"
			[16.06m]
2	Deepa Mirchandani	E. C.	
3	Nalini Raghwan	E. C.	

*Discus-throw*. 1972. A. Harris. 60' 10" [18.54m]

1	Heather Mackenzie	H. K.	47' 3½"
			[14.42m]
2	Mumta Suri	F. N.	
3	Deepa Mirchandani	E. C.	

#### SENIOR DIVISION.

200-m. 1964. C. Cox. 29.6"

1	Debra Dameron	E. C.	31.4"
2	Rosemary Phillips	F. N.	
3	Bernadette Brown	E. C.	

*Long Jump.* 1959. M. Dawes. 14' 1" [4.51m]

- |                     |       |         |         |
|---------------------|-------|---------|---------|
| 1 Bernadette Brown  | E. C. | 13' 2½" | [4.02m] |
| 2 Brenda Zachariahs | E. C. |         |         |
| 3 Azmina Jamal      | H. K. |         |         |

*High Jump.* 1946. C. Palmer Wilson. 4' 5" [1.35m]

- |                  |       |        |         |
|------------------|-------|--------|---------|
| 1 Heather Foster | H. K. | 4' 2½" | [1.28m] |
|------------------|-------|--------|---------|

- |                 |       |  |  |
|-----------------|-------|--|--|
| 2 Bambi Dique   | E. C. |  |  |
| 3 Mrunal Londhe | J. A. |  |  |

*Triple Jump.* 1970. B. Dique. 26' 9" [8.15m]

- |                     |       |         |         |
|---------------------|-------|---------|---------|
| 1 Rosalind Phillips | F. N. | 25' 5½" | [7.77m] |
|---------------------|-------|---------|---------|

- |                |       |  |  |
|----------------|-------|--|--|
| 2 Azmina Jamal | H. K. |  |  |
| 3 Indrani Roy  | F. N. |  |  |

*Shot-put.* 1950. E. Hill. 30' [9.14m]

- |                   |       |        |         |
|-------------------|-------|--------|---------|
| 1 Brenda Sturgeon | J. A. | 24' 3" | [7.39m] |
|-------------------|-------|--------|---------|

- |                      |       |  |  |
|----------------------|-------|--|--|
| 2 Micheline Cox      | J. A. |  |  |
| 3. Rosemary Phillips | F. N. |  |  |

*Javelin-throw.* 1967. I. Garrett. 91' 8" [27.94m]

- |                 |       |         |          |
|-----------------|-------|---------|----------|
| 1 Micheline Cox | J. A. | 70' 8½" | [21.55m] |
|-----------------|-------|---------|----------|

- |                     |       |  |  |
|---------------------|-------|--|--|
| 2 Rosemary Phillips | F. N. |  |  |
| 3 Linda Middlecoat  | F. N. |  |  |

**PREP HOUSE.**

*Potato and Spoon Race. Boys. 5-6 years.*

- |                         |
|-------------------------|
| 1 Rahul Monie           |
| 2 Husain Dashti         |
| 3 Mustafa D' Jabutiwala |

*Flat Race. Boys. 8-9 years.*

- |                    |
|--------------------|
| 1 Mohd. Reza Amiri |
| 2 Sanjay Chowdhury |
| 3 Flavio Anderson  |

*Potato and Spoon Race. Girls 7-9 years.*

- |                    |
|--------------------|
| 1 Geeta Misra.     |
| 2 Chanda Hemrajani |
| 3 Chandri Bose     |

*Flat Race. Girls. 5-7 years.*

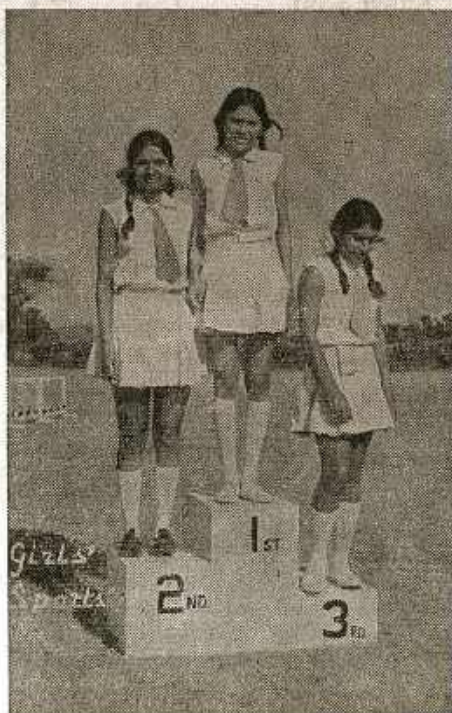
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|---------------------|
| 1 Vaishali Kulkarni |
| 2 Jugnoo Nirapjeet  |
| 3 Kavita Bankar     |

*Obstacle Race. Boys. 7-10 years.*

- |                       |
|-----------------------|
| 1 Christopher Manning |
| 2 David Gaye          |
| 3 Vinay Prabhu        |

*Step-on-stone Race. Boys. Above 10 years.*

- |                                    |
|------------------------------------|
| 1 Harish Pandey and Jaspal Narang  |
| 2 Glenn Court and Glenford Gadfrey |
| 3 Abbas Shroff and Rausaheb Hon.   |



**GIRLS' SPORTS DAY FINALS.**

*Monday, 16th October, 1972.*

**NOVICE DIVISION**

50-m. 1964. H. Dhillon. 8.5 sec.

- |                   |       |          |
|-------------------|-------|----------|
| 1 Karen Scott     | J. A. | 9.1 sec. |
| 2 Zarine Hari     | F. N. |          |
| Lorraine Selvaraj | J. A. |          |

*Rex Ludorum :* Karen Scott J. A.

**JUNIOR DIVISION.**

100-m. 1964 G. King. 15.3 sec.

- |                    |       |           |
|--------------------|-------|-----------|
| 1 Gloria Smith     | F. N. | 16.0 sec. |
| 2 Audrey Mackenzie | H. K. |           |
| 3 Karen Rose       | J. A. |           |

50-m. 1964. G. King. 8.0 sec.

- |                 |       |          |
|-----------------|-------|----------|
| 1966. N. Vakil. |       |          |
| 1 Gloria Smith  | F. N. | 8.3 sec. |
| 2 Cheryl Vaze   | E. C. |          |
| 3 Nargish Irani | H. K. |          |

*Rex Ludorum. :* Gloria Smith. F. N.

**INTERMEDIATE DIVISION.**

100-m. 1966. S. K. Maini 14.2 sec.

- |                     |       |           |             |
|---------------------|-------|-----------|-------------|
| 1 Heather Mackenzie | H. K. | 14.1 sec. | New Record. |
| 2 Beenapani Mahanty | F. N. |           |             |
| 3 Colleen Edge      | F. N. |           |             |

80-m. Hurdles. 1965. B. Kripalani 16.2 sec.

- |                     |       |           |
|---------------------|-------|-----------|
| 1 Mumta Suri        | F. F. | 17.6 sec. |
| 2 Beenapani Mahanty | F. N. |           |
| 3 Corrine Fernandes | F. N. |           |

*Rex Ludorum :* Heather Mackenzie. H. K.

**SENIOR DIVISION.**

100-m. 1950. E. Hill. 13.2 sec.

- |                     |       |           |
|---------------------|-------|-----------|
| 1 Debra Dameron     | E. C. | 14.2 sec. |
| 2 Bernadette Brown  | E. C. |           |
| 3 Rosemary Phillips | F. N. |           |

80-m. Hurdles. 1964. C. Cox. 15.5 sec.

- |                     |       |           |
|---------------------|-------|-----------|
| 1 Rosemary Phillips | F. N. | 16.0 sec. |
| 2 Gail Fernandes    | F. N. |           |
| 3 Brenda Sturgeon   | J. A. |           |

**FLOATING CUPS.**

- |  |     |     |     |     |                       |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------------------|
| <i>Junior Relay Cup :</i>                    | ... | ... | ... | ... | Florence Nightingale, |
| <i>The Wilshaw Senior Relay Cup :</i>        | ... | ... | ... | ... | Edith Cavell.         |
| <i>Barrow Hardlines Cup for Runner up :</i>  | ... | ... | ... | ... | Helen Keller.         |
| <i>Wilson Cup for the Champion House :</i>   | ... | ... | ... | ... | Florence Nightingale. |
| <i>Squadron Leader Liddle Cup-Marching :</i> | ... | ... | ... | ... | Helen Keller.         |

**HOUSE POINTS.**

First.	F. Nightingale House.	Yellow.	129
Second.	Helen Keller House.	Blue.	83
Third.	Joan of Arc House.	Green.	73
Fourth.	Edith Cavell House.	Red.	57

*Recorder :* Mrs. Q. Samson.

*Discus throw.* 1961. Y. Dennis. 75' 1" [22.89m]

- |                    |       |        |          |
|--------------------|-------|--------|----------|
| 1 Micheline Cox    | J. A. | 62' 3" | [18.97m] |
| 2 Brenda Sturgeon  | J. A. |        |          |
| 3 Bernadette Brown | E. C. |        |          |

*Rex Ludorum :* Micheline Cox J. A.  
Rosemary Phillips F. N.

*Junior Relay. 4 x 100-m.* 1966. Edith Cavell. 62.1 sec.

- |                         |           |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| 1 Florence Nightingale. | 66.8 sec. |
| 2 Helen Keller          |           |
| 3 Edith Cavell          |           |

*Senior Relay. 4 x 100-m.* 1963. Edith Cavell. 59.9 sec.

- |                        |           |
|------------------------|-----------|
| 1 Edith Cavell         | 62.0 sec. |
| 2 Florence Nightingale |           |
| 3 Helen Keller         |           |

**PREP HOUSE.**

*Tiny Tots. Flat Race.*

- |               |
|---------------|
| 1 B. Benjamin |
| 2 A. Khutal   |
| 3 S. Agarwal  |

*Sack Race. Boys.*

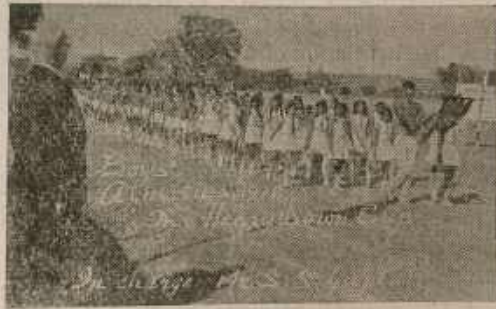
- |               |
|---------------|
| 1 S. D'Silva  |
| 2 R. Mukandak |
| 3 B. Ahmad    |

*Flat Race. Boys*

- |                 |
|-----------------|
| 1 M. Shamsuddin |
| 2 S. Singh      |
| 3 J. Dashti     |

*Three-Legged Race. Girls.*

- |      |                          |
|------|--------------------------|
| 1st. | K. Mirza and J. Fallah.  |
| 2nd. | G. Rose and M. Lacey.    |
| 3rd. | F. D'Abreo and Z. Gomes. |



### THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

MR. W. G. BLANDEN

(*Mr. Blenden is Chairman of the Managing Committee*)

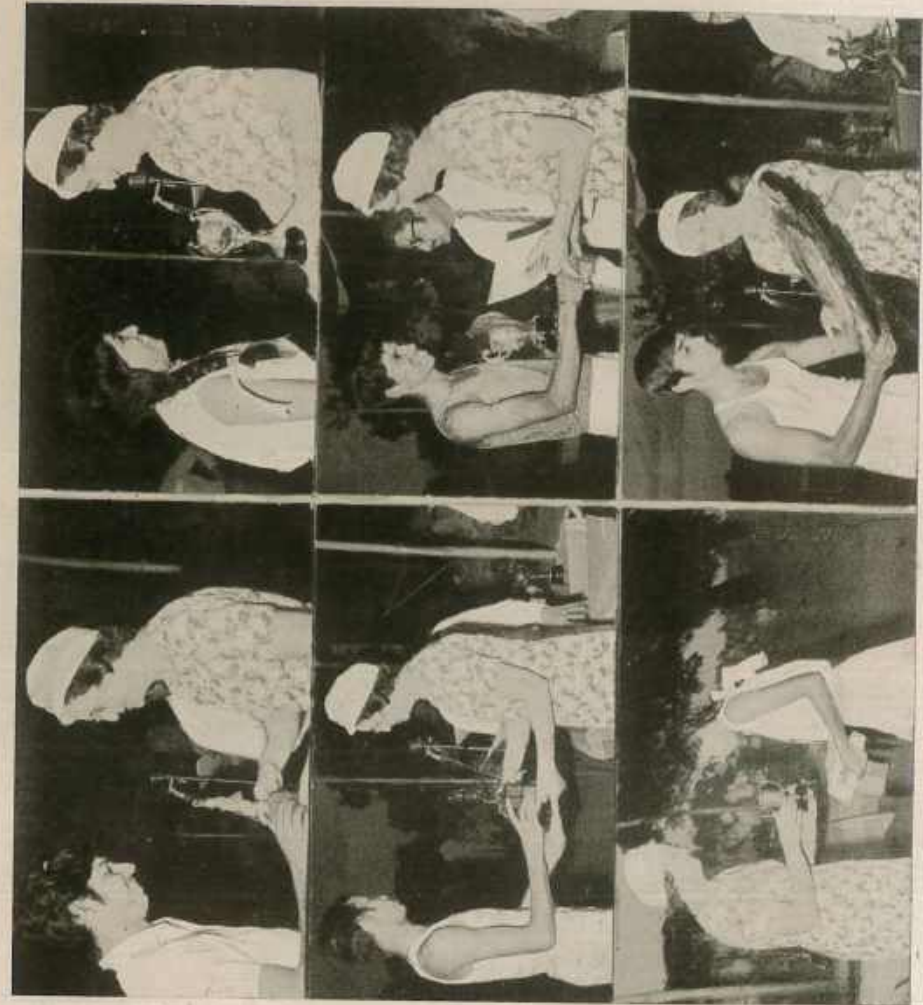
Very soon now Barnes will celebrate its Golden Jubilee.

The founding of Barnes School with a plan to accommodate a thousand boarders indicated great imagination in the minds of the founders. Over the past forty-eight years, however, for one reason or the other (most serious of which was the 1939-45 war) these ideas could not be implemented and so a general deterioration of the standard resulted. Under the active guidance of Bishop Robinson, however, plans were set afoot to bring Barnes to a level consistent to what the Founders had had in mind. The planned capacity of existing dormitories is 720 boarders and 360 day-scholars but since one-third of the dormitory accommodation has been misappropriated for class-rooms, the boarding capacity has been limited to 480, but another 40 pupils have somehow or other been squeezed in. To accommodate this increase in the number of pupils, class-rooms and teachers' accommodation have to be built, which may involve spending now twelve lakhs of rupees.

Over the past four years we have spent close on five lakhs of rupees in repairs, renovations and the establishment of street lighting and permanent water-supply system. This latter has been a bogey with which the school has had to live since its inception, to the extent that invariably the closing of the School for the summer holidays was influenced by the availability or otherwise of water. With this situation no plans for expansion could be considered as, with insufficient water for normal needs, nothing could be spared for construction purposes. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Davis and the good offices of Group Captain A. K. Gupta, Barnes now has an adequate water-supply and I hope, never again, will the pupils of Barnes be denied the normal comfort of a daily bath. This means that the existing source of supply can be devoted wholly to gardens and sports facilities, not the least of which will be a turfed cricket pitch and, perhaps, some tennis-courts. Here we can allow our imagination to run wild.....in this beautiful setting a real sports stadium with changing rooms and showers attached is not beyond the bounds of possibility and would certainly result in Barnes becoming a Mecca of Sports in this part of India. So, ladies and gentlemen, I hope that what we have seen today is a foundation of what to expect in the future.

A very big vote of thanks goes to all who have taken part in the organisation of today's programme, not of course forgetting the competitors themselves. On their behalf, therefore, I am asking Mr. Davis that the School be given a holiday.

This will be the last time that I shall have the pleasure of presiding at any function here at Barnes and so I wish you to remember the past with pride, consider the present with confidence and look forward to the future with hope and fortitude.



1972, ATHLETICS—“TO HAVE FOUGHT WELL!”



BOXING  
1972

Col. Ramchandani,  
our Chief Guest.



THE ART OF

Mrs. Ramchandani  
who graciously gave away  
the trophies.



SELF—DEFENCE

BOYS' ATHLETICS, 1972

The Henry Down Cup

In charge : MR. S. S. GUPTA, *Organiser*

Correspondent : RUSTOM PARVARESH

Royal

This year, the Athletics season, full of gaiety and gusto, enthusiasm and excitement, began as a great event of our school life. The practice commenced fairly early and it was completed in time. There was greater participation this year due to the increase in the number of students. The pre-contested finals were held on Thursday, the twelfth of October, nineteen seventy-two.

On the afternoon of Monday, the sixteenth, began an impressive and colourful March-past of all the athletes led by the Artillery Pipe Band. Mr. W. G. Blanden, Chairman of the School's Managing Committee, presided and took the salute, declaring the meet open, after Joaquim Heredia, the best athlete of 'seventy-one, had taken the oath. These final events will be found with asterisks. "N. R." means a new record has been set.

The programme, this year, had an added significance as Inter-school competitors were included for the first time. This was possible because of the interest and initiative of our *Principal*, Mr. J. L. Davis, and the credit is entirely his. The Inter-school events covered 100-m, 200-m, 400-m, 1500-m, 4 x 100-m Relay, Long Jump, High Jump and Triple Jump.

The programme went through with characteristic ease and co-operation from all. Sports had brought us harmonious blending of labour and fun.

Towards the end our *Principal* introduced the Chief Guest, Mr. W. G. Blanden, and enlightened the people about his various

fields of activity. Mr. Blanden, in his speech, had a kind word of appreciation for the Athletics Organisation. He managed to take a colour film of some events in action and of the March-past earlier.

Finally followed a happy termination in prize-giving by Mr. W. G. Blanden amidst joyous cheers and clapping in a sublime ideal of the best having been achieved. Special thanks go to Mr. J. Scott for presenting a cup for the Midget group; and the *Organiser*, Mr. S. S. Gupta, without whose valuable guidance and planning our Annual Athletics Sports could not have been so successful; and Mr. S. B. Gadre, the *Referee*, for his sincere co-operation and help throughout; Wg. Cdr. C. Samson's excellent shamiana and tea arrangements; Mr. D. V. Hoffman and Mr. Louis for good seating arrangements; the entire School Staff, visitors, the band, pupils and all workers for making the occasion grand.

RESULTS OF THE ATHLETICS

PREVIOUSLY CONTESTED EVENTS

Thursday, 12th October 1972



MIDGETS

*50-m. 1964.	Vip Chand	S.	8"
1	H. Bhai Patel	S.	8.6
2	K. Hayward	C.	
3	R. Mehta	S.	

100-m. 1971. Mehmood Patni	R.	15.5"
1 K. Hayward	C.	16.8"
2 B. Kolpe	S.	
3 A. Daginawalla	R.	

Long Jump. 1962. Nabil Ahmed	R.	11'-7½"
1 A. Daginawalla	R.	9'-11½"
2 B. Kolpe	S.	
3 L. Hayward	C.	

High Jump. 1971. Mehmood Patni	R.	3'-8½"
1 B. Kolpe	S.	3'-1"
2 A. Chaurasia	S.	
3 A. Daginawalla	R.	

Rex Ludorum : B. Kolpe S.

#### NOVICES

*100-m. 1964. Vip Chand	S.	14.3"
1 Mehmood Patni	R.	14.0"
		[N.R.]
2 R. Cope	C.	
3 S. Pawar	C.	

200-m. 1965. K. Siyan	S.	30.2"
1 Mehmood Patni	R.	30.5"
2 R. Cope	C.	
3 S. Pawar	C.	

Long Jump. 1953. G. Brackstone	G.	13'-6"
1 R. Cope	C.	12'-0"
2 Mehmood Patni	R.	
3 S. Pawar	C.	

High Jump. 1953. G. Brackstone	G.	3'-11½"
1 Mehmood Patni	R.	3'-8½"
2 Salim Khan	S.	
3 R. Cope	C.	

Rex Ludorum: Mehmood Patni R.

#### JUNIORS

*100-m. 1966, 1968. K. Siyan	S.	13.5"
1 G. Kakar	R.	13.9"
2 P. Kale	G.	
3 M. Cope	C.	

200-m. 1969. Mohd. S. Shaikh	R.	27.6"
1 Malay De	G.	29"
2 G. Kakar	R.	
3 P. Kale	C.	

400-m. 1964. Husain Subedar	C.	56"
1 Malay De	G.	64.1"
2 G. Kakar	R.	
3 P. Kale	G.	

*80-m. Hurdles. 1967 D. Roberts	S.	15"
1 G. Kakar	R.	14' 6"
2 A. Ansari	G.	N. R.
3 S. Yezdigarhi	C.	

Long Jump. 1958. Mohd. Khan	S.	15'-10"
1 G. Kakar	R.	14'-6"
2 A. Ansari	G.	
3 K. Cox	G.	

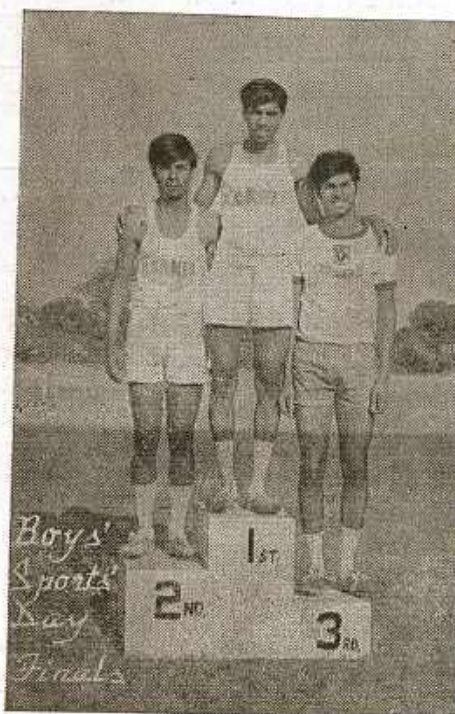
High Jump. 1954. V. Baharwani	R.	4'-4½"
1 A. Ansari	G.	4'-3"
2 G. Kakar	R.	
3 K. Majd	G.	

Shot-Put (8 lbs.). 1959.		
M. T. Badri	R.	1'-2½"
1 Malay De	G.	25'-1"
2 P. Kale	G.	
3 K. Cox	G.	

Discus-Throw. 1959. M. T. Badri	R.	9'-6½"
1 P. Kale	G.	54'-6"
2 Malay De	G.	
3 A. Ansari	G.	

*4 x 100 m. Relay.		
1 Greaves	G.	
2 Candy		
3 Spence		

Rex Ludorum : G. Kakar R.



\*Events on the programme for Sports Day

N. R. New Record

#### INTERMEDIATES

100-m. 1963. D. Singh	C.	12.2"
1 J. Dhillon	G.	12.5"
2 S. Keer	C.	
3 K. Varada	S.	

200-m. 1969. Peter Smith	G.	25.4"
1 S. Keer	C.	26.2"
2 J. Dhillon	G.	
3 K. Varada	S.	

400-m. 1966. N. Saigal	S.	57.5"
1 S. Keer	C.	56.8"
		[N.R.]
2 J. Dhillon	G.	
3 R. Chokhani	S.	

800-m. 1971. Surjit Keer	C.	2'-20"
1 Surjit Keer	C.	2'-17.6"
2 J. Dhillon	G.	N. R.
3 J. Gomes	G.	

1500-m. 1971. S. Keer	C.	4'-58.4"
1 S. Keer	C.	5'-24"
2 J. Dhillon	G.	
3 J. Gomes	G.	

110-m. Hurdles. 1968. A. Puri	C.	17.9"
1 J. Dhillon	G.	17'-1"
		[N.R.]
2 S. Keer	C.	
3 K. Irani	C.	

Long Jump. 1957. G. Brackstone	G.	18'-4"
1 J. Dhillon	G.	16'-6½"
2 S. Keer	C.	
3 R. Chokhani	C.	

High Jump. 1960. Mohd. Khan	S.	5'-2½"
1 S. Kshatriya	S.	4'-11½"
2 S. Keer	C.	
3 J. Dhillon	G.	

Triple Jump. 1971. M. Zope	R.	34'-1"
1 J. Dhillon	G.	10.033 m.
2 S. Keer	C.	
3 R. Chokhani	S.	

Shot-put. 1957. G. Brackstone	G.	31'-2"
1 S. Kshatriya	S.	26'-1"
2 J. Dhillon	G.	
3 B. Puri	G.	

Discus-Throw. 1964. R. Vyas	R.	112'-6"
1 S. Kshatriya	S.	75'-4"
2 J. Dhillon	G.	
3 K. Irani	C.	

Javelin-Throw. 1964. R. Vyas	R.	143'-8"
1 D. Ross	C.	33.012 m.
2 J. Dhillon	G.	
3 S. Khutal	C.	

*4 x 100 m. Relay.		
1 Spence		52.0"
2 Greaves		
3 Candy		

Rex Ludorum : Jaspal Dhillon



For Badminton we have doubles and singles matches. This year the doubles matches were really exciting. Sometimes the game became so exciting that they had to play a third game. For instance when the *Joans* and *Kellers* played, the first game the *Kellers* won, but the second game was won by the *Joans*. This was only because Heather Foster clowned and giggled for which she was rightly reprimanded.

After the doubles, the singles matches were played. Only the 'A' teams competed. All played their best, but the most exciting and interesting game was played by Micheline Cox and Brenda Zachariahs. Both are good players, but this time Brenda proved the better and was awarded the Best Player prize for 1972.

The results were as follows :

DOUBLES				
	J.A.	H.K.	E.C.	F.N.
<b>'A' TEAM</b>				
1st Round	4	4	2	2
2nd Round	2	6	0	4
<b>'B' TEAM</b>				
1st Round	4	4	4	0
2nd Round	2	4	2	4
TOTAL	12	18	8	10
Position	Second	First	Fourth	Third



### BOXING, 1972.

The Peak Memorial

and the Superintendent Down Cups

In Charge : MR. P. S. GAMA, P. T. I.

Correspondent : CLYDE ARNOLD

X Science The Best Senior Boxer Royal

The Boxing Finals proved to be a stepping-stone towards an aim for a really good standard of boxing in our school.

Technically speaking there is much improvement, because an early training has been given to most of the boxers, in order to select the school team.

Our team visited St Mary's, Bombay, for an Invitation Boxing Tournament in the first week of March, and we have done well.

The fitness of our boxers showed a high standard of skill during the bouts.

Only the case of C. Watts gave everyone of us a surprise when the referee declared him Technically Knocked Out. However our Boxers have done very well. "Well done, Boys!" says the Principal.

The result was as below :

Winners		Runners-up	
1 G. Kakar	R	M. Anderson	G
2 C. Arnold	R	D. Sharma	G
3 M. A. Khan	R	N. Edge	G
4 H. Gulshan	R	P. Smith	G
5 R. Parvaresh	R	C. Watts (T.K.O.)	G
6 R. Selvaraj	R	A. Flanagan	C
7 K. Phillips	G	E. Flanagan	C
8 R. Mahanty	G	R. White	S
9 B. Jagoowany	S		

The Inter-house Competition was started on the second of March and the Finals fell on Saturday, the eighteenth, at seven-thirty. The Chief Guest was Colonel A.V. Ramchandani. Mrs. Ramchandani kindly consented to give away the prizes. The Referee and the Judges were from the Artillery Centre.

### RESULTS

Winners Runners-up

#### JUNIOR WEIGHTS

1 R. Mehta	S	R. Razvi	C
2 E. Ambrose	R	G. Gupta	R
3 B. D. Phillips	S	J. Daulat	R
4 B. Phillips	G	R. Selvaraj	R
5 G. Archer	R	B. Javeri	C
6 A. Razvi	C	R. Mahanty	G
7 A. A. Shaikh	R	D. Sharma	G
8 K. Phillips	G	Y. Bhatt	R

### SENIOR WEIGHTS

9 N. Edge	G	O. Keenan	G
10 A. R. Shaikh	R	T. Takate	C
11 H. Gulshan	R	R. Selvaraj	R
12 C. Arnold	R	F. Ryder	C
13 R. White	S	R. Khurana	G
14 R. Parvaresh	R	K. Irani	C
15 S. A. Hussain	S	B. Chowdhury	S
16 M. Haghighi	G	N. Kripalani	C

### HOUSE POINTS

First	Royal	208
Second	Greaves	186
Third	Candy	184
Fourth	Spence	162

### SCHOOL COLOURS

1	R. Parvaresh
2	R. Selvaraj
3	H. Gulshan
4	C. Watts

### TROPHIES AND CUPS

1 Cup : The Best Loser, Juniors :	V. Bhatt	R
2 The Darna Trophy : The Best Loser, Seniors :	K. Irani	C
3 The P. S. Collins Statuette : The Best Junior Boxer :	K. Phillips	G
4 The Maharaj Senior Cup : The Best Senior Boxer :	C. Arnold	R
5 The Peak Memorial Hardlines Cup : Runner-up House :	Greaves	Blue
6 The Superintendent Down Inter-house Championship Cup :	Royal	Red

### SOFTBALL, 1972

In charge : MISS L. M. D'SA

Correspondent : MARGARET ANDREWS

IX A

Helen Keller

Our softball went off with a bang this year. This most intriguing game held keenness, excitement and competition for all its competitors.

This year, *Florence Nightingale* stood first in softball, with five points. *Joan of Arc* followed up with four. *Edith Cavell* came third with three points, and alas! *Helen Keller* came last with but two noble points. Anyway, someone *has* to stand last and I think it jolly decent of *us* to have volunteered so cheerfully!

The best softball player for seventy-two was Brenda Sturgeon. She is extremely good both in scoring and in fielding. A "sixer" was quite a common occurrence with her. Indeed, her sixers were so swift and powerful that they were easily capable of overtaking any sturgeon! Besides,

Brenda did not lack any sporting spirit. These qualities definitely won her the trophy.

Barnes School softball matches are extremely exciting to witness. In the last one, in which my house played, continuous shouts of "Faster! well done!" resounded with the congratulations and back-slapping to accompany the great thrill of coming 'home'.

All good softball players need skill in batting or fielding. Softball players have speed in running and a good spirit throughout the game. This last is the only good quality the poor *Kellers* possessed. Oh, yes! I forgot that "Little bit of Luck!" That, too, is very important. I think the *Kellers* had their fair share of it, during the last match.

I conclude by saying: "Good luck to all skilled softball players, and better luck to the *Kellers* next year!"



THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE, 1972  
The Spokes Memorial Cup

In charge : MR. D. V. HOFFMAN  
Correspondent : DEEPAK SHARMA

X Science Greaves

The Cross-country race is a spectacular event in our school and more so are the finals which carry with them much thrill and excitement. Some people look forward to this annual event with great eagerness. Great importance is attached to the over-16 course which is most gruelling and the spectators watch it with great excitement and keenness.

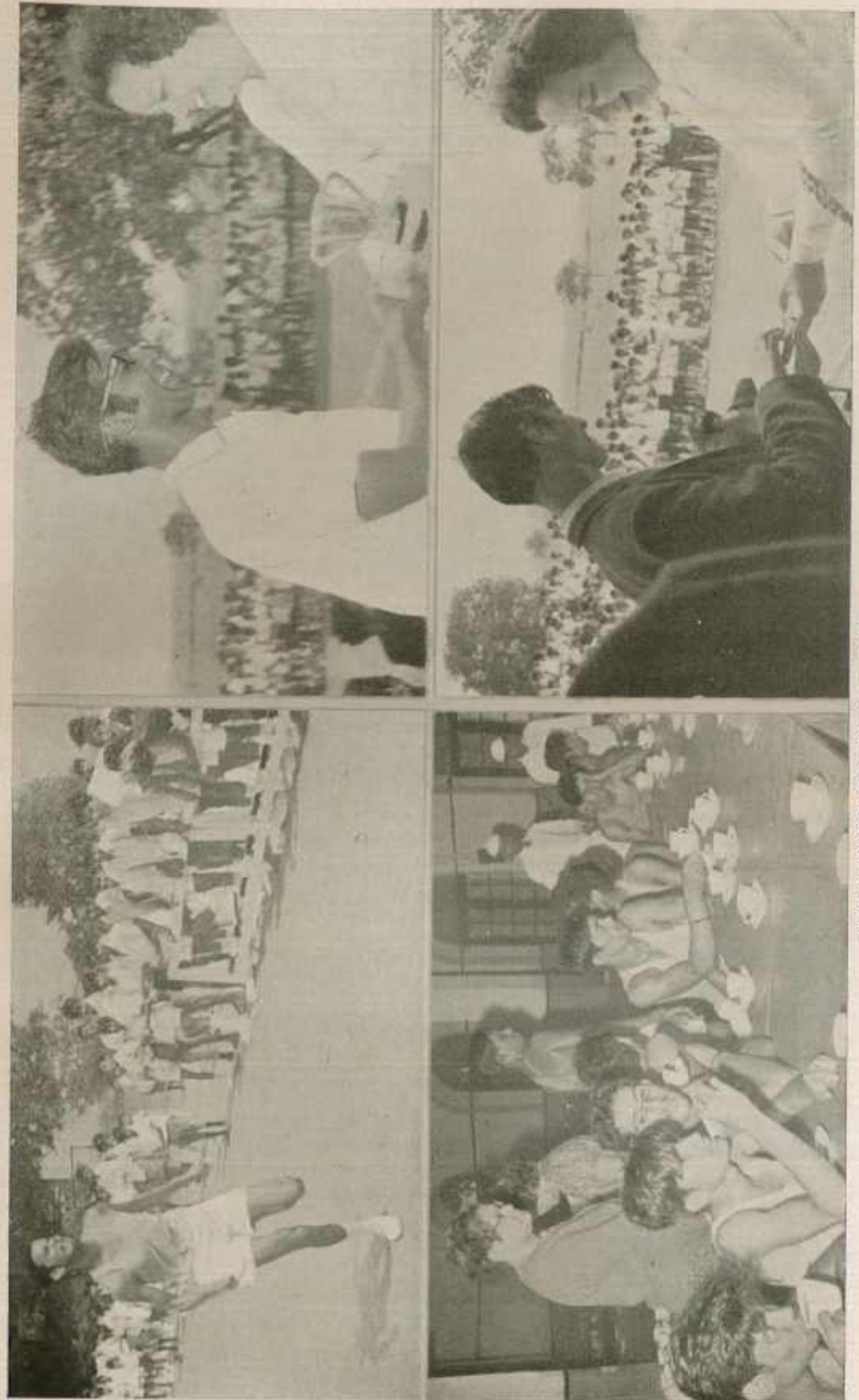
This year the cross-country finals were run off on Friday, the twenty-eighth of July, at 1-00 p.m.. All competitors, except two, for whom coloured vests of proper size could not be procured, wore their coloured vests according to their houses and white shorts, white shoes and socks and looked very smart.

The day was quite clear except for a very mild drizzle towards the end. There was appreciable cheering as the Under-10 division took their places along the starting line. The order of the races was as usual, that is, first the Under 10's, then the 10-12, then 12-14, then 14-16 and finally the Over-16 years.

Mr. F. Benjamin, our Vice-principal, was the referee and Mr. Davis, our Principal, presided over the function.

All the participants ran very well and this year was the record shattering year for four out of five records were broken.

In the Under-10 group Charles Edge of *Greaves House* came first and established a new record of 8 minutes 57 seconds as against 9 minutes 3 seconds. Second was E. Laffrey of the same House, *Greaves*, and third was Sanjay Chowdhary also of the same House. In the 10-12 group Michael Anderson of *Greaves House* came first followed by Brian D. Phillips of *Spence House* and Pradeep Chavanke of *Candy House*. In the 12-14 group Sharookh Yazdagarde of *Candy House* again came first this year and shattered the previous record of 16 minutes 44.4 seconds by 5.4 seconds and created a new record of 16 minutes 39 seconds. The second place was taken by Brian V. Phillips of *Greaves House* and the third place by Malay De of the same House. In the 14-16 age group S. S. Keer of *Candy House* came first, breaking the previous record of 21 minutes. His new record was 20 minutes 38 seconds. Second was Jamshed Parvaresh of *Royal House* and the third was Bharat Jagoowani of *Spence House*. In the over-16 group there was great excitement and to the surprise of many Joaquim Heredia of *Candy House* came first and set up a new record of 25 minutes 7 seconds as against 25 minutes 34 seconds. He was followed by Pervez Razvi of his own House, *Candy*, and third was Ravindran Nair of *Greaves House*.



THE CROSS-COUNTRY, 1972



SWIMMING, 1972

Mrs. Tess Davis very kindly graced the occasion with her presence and graciously gave away the prizes.

This year the number of competitors increased from fifty to sixty and a new practice was introduced that those coming third were also presented with Bronze medals. The first and second were awarded gold and silver medals respectively. The maximum number of entries in the 8-10 age group was ten.

#### INDIVIDUAL POSITIONS

8-10	New Record : 8 min. 57 secs.	
<i>First</i>	Charles Edge	G
<i>Second</i>	E. Laffrey	G
<i>Third</i>	Sanjay Chaudhary	G
10-12	Record: 13 minutes 23.8 Secs.	
<i>First</i>	Michael Anderson	G
	(Time : 13 minutes 45seconds)	
<i>Second</i>	Brian D. Phillips	S
<i>Third</i>	Pradeep Chavanke	C
1-14	New Record : 16 min. 39 secs.	
<i>First</i>	Sharookh Yazdagarde	C
<i>Second</i>	Brian V. Phillips	G
<i>Third</i>	Malay De	G
14-16	New Record : 20 min. 38 secs.	
<i>First</i>	S. S. Keer	C
<i>Second</i>	Jamshed Parvaresh	R
<i>Third</i>	Bharat Jagoowani	S
OVER 16	New Record 25 min. 7 secs.	
<i>First</i>	Joaquim Heredia	C
<i>Second</i>	Pervez Razvi	C
<i>Third</i>	Ravindran Nair	G

Our programme concluded at about three forty-five, all having gone well.

The House Positions were as under :

Champion House for the year 1972: Candy

<i>First</i>	Candy	1682	4 points
<i>Second</i>	Greaves	1622	3 points
<i>Third</i>	Spence	1522	2 points
<i>Fourth</i>	Royal	1487	1 points



GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS, 1972

In Charge : MR. L. MAINGUY, P.T.I.

Correspondent : BAMBIE DIQUE

X B

Edith Cavell

Physical training has been known from ancient times to help to build up the body, not only physically, but also mentally. For its great importance, it is also a very special feature in Barnes School.

Our long-awaited P.T. display was held on the eleventh of August. Mr. L. Mainguy trained the girls. From start to finish, our grand display was indeed well presented.

It started with the girls' mat-work and box-work, and the performance was excellent. The display ended with a pretty, attractive country dance, which as usual was organised by Mrs. Tess Davis.

The Swedish Drill was also excellent. In fact, a guest remarked that all the houses were so neat and smart that, indeed, it must have been very hard for the judges to choose the best!

The Boys' pyramids were worth witnessing.

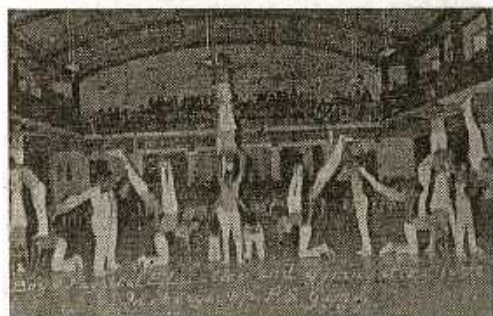
The Girls' House Positions and Results:

First:	Florence Nightingale	227 points
Second:	Helen Keller	211 points
Third:	Joan of Arc	209 points
Fourth:	Edith Cavell	205 points
Junior Matwork:	D. Mirchandani	
Senior Matwork:	Rosemary Phillips	
Junior Box-work:	Nargesh Irani	
Senior Box-work:	Rosalind Phillips	

The Best Junior All-round Gymnast:  
B. Mohanty

The Best Senior All-round Gymnast:  
Bambie Dique

Mr. L. Mainguy deserves our thanks!



BOYS' P. T. AND GYMNASTICS, 1972

In charge: MR. P. S. GAMA, P. T. I.

Correspondent: JEEVAN GAMA

IX A The Fire-ring Diver Spence

In every gymnastic exercise there is some strategic novelty—a particular body move-

ment, a means of securing correct timing, or merely a necessary but peculiar grasp—that spells the difference between success and failure. These I have pointed out as *hints to the gymnast*.

We are on our toes throughout the year with regard to physical training, so the training period has passed and the time and date for the precontested final has come.

On the seventh of August we took for the first event the Horizontal Bar, followed by the Parallel Bars, Broad Horse and Mat-work for the Juniors. Finally, we had only to select the Best Gymnast of the year.

For the few events for the final day we took Swedish Drill, Pyramids and Horse-work for Seniors and Juniors, also some Mat-work for Juniors only.

General A. S. Naravane was so highly impressed that he congratulated our boys on their fine standard.

My personal thanks are due to the Principal and Mrs. Tess Davis for all the arrangements they made and also to Mr. Benjamin for all his help, and to other Staff members for presenting so successful a show.

To appreciate the exercises and the tricks we must enjoy them, specially if we wish to derive the fullest benefit from them—and we have to be reasonably healthy and alert.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, 1972

### JUNIORS

Long-box	First	Ravi Vasandani	R	Pervez Razvi	C
	Second	Yousuf Razvi	C	Jaspal S. Dhillon	G
Broad-box	First	Ravi Vasandani	R	Pervez Razvi	C
	Second	Yousuf Razvi	C	Jeevan Gama	S
The Parallel Bars	First	P. Chavanke		Pervez Razvi	C
	Second	Ravi Vasandani	R	Ravindran Nair	G
The Horizontal Bar	First	Ravi Vasandani	R	Pervez Razvi	C
	Second	Yousuf Razvi	C	Ravindran Nair	G
Mat-work	First	Ravi Vasandani	R		
	Second	Yousuf Razvi	C		
The Fire ring Diver:				Jeevan Gama	S
The Best Gymnast:		Ravi Vasandani	R	Pervez Razvi	C
The Best Boy in Swedish Drill:				Nerinder Kripalani	C

### SENIORS

### THE INTER-HOUSE RESULTS

First:	Candy
Second:	Greaves
Third:	Royal
Fourth:	Spence

### COLOURS WERE AWARDED TO

Pervez Razvi	C
Ravindran Nair	G
Jeevan Gama	S

### PROGRAMME

at 5.00 p.m. on Thursday, 10th August, 1972

- Girls' Mat-work (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.
- Boys' Mat-work (Juniors) Exhibition.
- Girls' Skipping (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.
- Girls' Horse-work (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.
- Boys' Horse-work (Juniors and Seniors) Exhibition.
- Girls' Marching and Swedish Drill (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. followed by a Tableau Exhibition.
- Boys' Marching and Swedish Drill (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.
- Boys' Pyramids (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house
- An English Country Dance (The Phoenix) Exhibition.

### PRIZE DISTRIBUTION AND SCHOOL SONG

General A. S. Naravane has kindly consented to preside and Mrs. V. Naravane to give away the prizes.

*"I take the true definition of exercise to be, labour without weariness."*—Johnson

### THROWBALL, 1972

In charge: MISS S. LAWRENCE

Correspondent: ANNA S. YOUNG

XI Arts Florence Nightingale

Cheers of triumph rent the air! "Come on Nights! Unity is strength! Never give in! Come on! Give us another one! Oh! You slop!"

Yes, throwball can be a truly interesting game, if players really take interest in it. It refreshes the mind, gives the body subtlety and a freshness that has its own charm.

Throwball is extremely exciting and once a player scores a point, she wishes to keep on scoring more and more till the match is won. This year specially, the throwball tournament was interesting to witness. So far *Joan of Arc* is coming first, *Edith Cavell* is running a close second, *Florence Nightingale* third, while Helen Keller is fourth.

To watchers throwball may seem quite uninteresting and monotonous but players feel as though they simply cannot give up, but continue to gain points for their Houses.

Sometimes play reaches such a climax that even our throwball coach, Miss Lawrence, feels like leaping in the court and giving just as hard a shot as anyone else. It really is fun!

At times the ball is thrown with such force over the net that some of our 'Mary Poppins' hop it and then sit down rapidly to receive a breathless bump. I cannot recall the number of times this has happened to me!

Yes, throwball is truly a thrilling game. It has its own appeal and, as for me, I think I shall never tire of playing throwball!

#### BOYS' INTER-HOUSE DIVING, 1972

The Besian Cup

In charge: MR. L. MAINGUY, P.T.I.

Correspondent: ZUNZAR PAWAR

IX B Candy

This year's diving was high-lighted by the outstanding performance of a few talented divers.

The groups are novices under twelve, juniors twelve to fourteen, intermediates fourteen to sixteen, and seniors over sixteen. In each of these groups are four entrants from each House. The best two in each group are awarded silver and bronze medals.

The competition this year seemed to be only between the magnificent few: Pervez Razvi of Candy; Clyde Arnold of Royal;

and seeing I beat them both, I guess I too deserve being mentioned! Pervez impressed most with a superb hand-stand dive. Clyde excelled in all dives and held us spell-bound and ogle-eyed. The juniors and novices were reasonably good. They will turn out excellent divers — if well coached and given sufficient practice. Among these small and plucky divers, competition was stiff.

Mr. Mainguy, our diving-coach, did his best in the little time he had but, unfortunately, neither he nor we could find enough time to concentrate on diving. We have a set of plucky divers, thirsting to learn, the pride of our school if properly coached. Their enthusiasm deserves encouragement for spectacular display.



#### GIRLS' INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING, 1972

The S. P. Whaley Cup

In charge: Miss L. M. D'Sa

Correspondent: BRENDA ZACHARIAHS

XA Edith Cavell

"To be or not to be!" That was the question, regarding our swimming. (Sorry, Shakespeare!)

Water, the once eternal problem of Barnes, was our swimmers' problem too. Swimming was all but settled for the third term, when Fortune favoured us. There *was* water and we, *Cavells*, won the finals!

After rushed heats, on the thirtieth of March, the girls assembled at the pool, all ready for Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

Our starter, summoning silence, received an immediate response. No sooner were the words uttered: "On your marks, get set, go!" than "Splash!" our bathing-beauties skimmed over the clear, inviting water of our pool—the senior girls' fifty-metres free style.

During the ten-minute interval the competitors received a strong, refreshing cup of coffee.

The highlight of the day was the relay! After a close struggle with the *Joans, Nights* won. Tense and spellbound moments lapped the water when the senior relay teams took their respective tracks. In no time the race started and we found ourselves at the edge of the pool. One more step and oh! we might have joined the competitors, when we were driven back to our respective places. Viewers can never control themselves on such an exciting occasion. On tip-toes, and screaming encouragement, we tried to inspire our competitors. The *Cavells* were victorious.

Let me make special mention of Rupa Jayaram who proved her worth in winning the Rex Ludorum in the Intermediate Group.

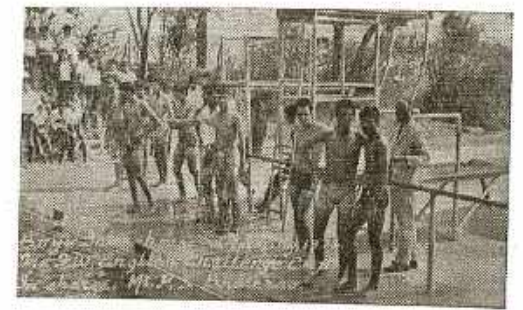
To conclude there was a short speech by the *Principal*, Mr. J. L. Davis, and the heavenly prize distribution — *Heavenly* because we, *Cavells*, had carried the day! Thanks to the *Principal* and Mrs. Davis for presiding and giving away the prizes.

#### HOUSE POSITIONS AND POINTS

First	Edith Cavell	55
Second	Florence Nightingale	40
Third	Joan of Arc	34
Fourth	Helen Keller	20

#### REX LUDORUM

Seniors	Marie Moore
Intermediates	Rupa Jayaram
Juniors	Audrey Mackenzie



#### BOYS' INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING, 1972

The F. W. English Challenge Cup

In Charge: MR. P. S. BHALERAO

Correspondent: MICHAEL SCOTT

XI A Royal

The Inter-house Swimming Competition this year, was held in the last week of March. Owing to water shortage we had very little water in the pool for quite some time during the swimming season. However we managed to have the pool filled up three days before the swimming finals. The six-day heats were to be completed in three days. It was a difficult job but we managed it successfully. The Finals were held on Thursday, 30th March, 1972, at 8-30 a.m..

About 154 boys of various age-groups took part in the competition. Three new records were created by Sharookh Paravaresh in the 50-metres, 75-metres and 100-metres Free-style-swimming in the Intermediate division. He beat his elder brother Rustom in the 400-metres free style open event and also snatched from him the Best Swimmer's medal this year.

The Parvaresh family consisting of Rustom, Sharookh and Jamshed took away the lion's share of the trophies. Suresh Gama and Myron D'Abreo also exhibited a great deal of perseverance and aquatic skill to win the Victor Ludorum in the Novice and Junior divisions respectively.

In the past we had only free style and back stroke events. This year the introduction of the Breast-stroke and Butterfly-stroke events brought about a

variety in the programme and much keen competition among the competitors.

Mrs. C. T. Davis kindly gave away the trophies.

### PRIZE-WINNERS

	First		Second	Time
<b>Novices</b>				
25-m. Free style	S. Gama	S	J. Anderson	G 21.9"
50-m. " "	S. Gama	S	J. Anderson	G 50.4"
75-m. " "	S. Gama	S	R. Cope	C 84.8"
25-m. Back stroke	M. Anderson	G	S. Gama	S 27.4"
<b>Victor Ludorum</b>	S. Gama	S		
<b>Juniors</b>				
25-m. Free style	K. Jagoowani	S	K. Foster	S 20.9"
50-m. " "	K. Foster	S	M. Wadhvani	R 55.0"
75-m. " "	R. Ramchandani	C	M. D'Abreo	G 73.9"
200-m. " " (Open)	M. D'Abreo	G	K. Majd	G 4'59.2"
25-m. Back stroke	M. D'Abreo	G	K. Majd	G 27.4"
25-m. Breast stroke	M. D'Abreo	G	B. Phillips	G 28.0"
<b>Victor Ludorum</b>	M. D'Abreo	G		
<b>Intermediates</b>				
50-m. Free style	S. Parvaresh	R	K. Majd	G 36.6" N.R.
75-m. " "	S. Parvaresh	R	J. Parvaresh	R 62.3" N.R.
100-m. " "	S. Parvaresh	R	J. Parvaresh	R 88.0" N.R.
50-m. Back stroke	S. Parvaresh	R	K. Majd	G 50.5"
25-m. Breast stroke	S. Parvaresh	R	S. Mohibi	S 20.5" R.
25-m. Butterfly stroke	S. Parvaresh	R	K. Majd	G 18.2" R.
<b>Victor Ludorum</b>	S. Parvaresh	R		
<b>Seniors</b>				
50-m. Free style	R. Parvaresh	R	K. Majd	G 37.0"
75-m. " "	R. Parvaresh	R	K. Majd	G 62.0"
100-m. " "	R. Parvaresh	R	K. Majd	G 89.5"
400-m. " " (Open)	S. Parvaresh	R	R. Parvaresh	R 8'12"
50-m. Back stroke	R. Parvaresh	R	Z. Pawar	C 50.5"
26-m. Breast stroke	M. Scott	R	K. Majd	G 18.5"
25-m. Butterfly stroke	M. Scott	R	K. Majd	G 19.6"
<b>Rex Ludorum</b>	R. Parvaresh	R		
Junior Relay	Spence		Candy	2'34"
Senior Relay	Royal		Spence	1'54.6"
Best Swimmer	S. Parvaresh	R		
Combined Relay Cup		Spence		
F.W. English Challenge Cup		Royal		
<b>House Points :-</b>	<b>First, Royal</b>	<b>99;</b>	<b>Second, Greaves</b>	<b>73;</b>
	<b>Third, Spence</b>	<b>53;</b>	<b>Fourth, Candy</b>	<b>25.</b>

### GIRLS' TABLE-TENNIS, 1972

In Charge : MRS. R. GADRE

Correspondent : SHEHNAZ MEHTA

X Science

Helen Keller

The table-tennis this year was a great success. It is one of the best indoor games. Many youngsters in this school have picked up table-tennis by merely watching their seniors.

This year the Hoffman Trophy was carried away by *Joan of Arc*. No doubt, they had a very good team and they all played well. Micheline Cox was adjudged the best player.

*Edith Cavell* stood Second with *Florence Nightingale* at their heels. *Helen Keller* stood fourth, but they did not give in.

The teams were as follows :

*Joan of Arc.*

A team	Micheline Cox Helen Watts
B team	Mrunal Londhe Nilu Sharma

*Florence Nightingale.*

A team	Rosemary Phillips Rosalind Phillips
B team	Linda Middlecoat Anna Young.

*Edith Cavell.*

A team	Brenda Zaccharias Bernadette Brown
B team	Jennifer Dameron Rubina Merchant.

*Helen Keller.*

A team	Shehnaz Mehta Sandhya Rughani
B team	Margaret Andrews Azmina Jamal.

On behalf of all the girls I must thank Mrs. Gadre and Mrs. Hoffman for their excellent supervision and their good coaching.

### BOYS' TABLE-TENNIS, 1972

The Hoffman Cup

In Charge : MR. K. EMMANUEL

Correspondent : MICHAEL SCOTT

XI A

Royal

The table-tennis tournaments began on the eighth of April. At first the tournaments

were held in the hall. Owing to the Examinations, the tables were shifted into the class-room, for the desks now occupied the hall.

The tables which were used were not up to much. But as the saying goes 'Bad carpenters always blame their tools', we were compelled to play on them, ever forgetting the old saying !

The tournaments were played day after day. The competition was mainly between *Candy, Greaves* and *Spence*. *Royal* seemed far superior to the other three houses and retained the championship for the fourth year in succession.

Rustom Parvaresh and Michael Scott represented the *Royal House 'A'* team and Kwa Chee Wee and Hussain Gulshan the 'B' team.

Rustom Parvaresh was the outstanding player among all the contestants, and played extremely well to be adjudged the Best Table-tennis Player for the Year 1972.

As all good things come to an end, the table-tennis tournament concluded on the eighteenth of April. *Royal* were 'tops' once again, aggregating 70 points with *Candy* trailing far behind with 30 points ; *Greaves* and *Spence* followed.

The tournaments were well organised by Mr. K. Emmanuel and everything went off as expected.

### CRICKET, 1972

The E. S. Riley Cup

In Charge : MR. S. B. GADRE

Correspondent : HUSSAIN GULSHAN

XI A

Captain

Royal

This year, owing to insufficient time we had one practice round and one tournament round. The practice round started in the Third Term on the fourth of August and the tournament round on the twelfth of August. We played some matches from four to six in the evening. The standard of cricket was not up to expectation due to the lack of proper practice and coaching but there was keen competition.

The results are as follows :

THESE HOUSES ARE PLAYING AGAINST THESE	CANDY				GREAVES				ROYAL				SPENCE			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
CANDY	X	X	X	X	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	0	0
GREAVES	2	2	2	2	X	X	X	X	2	0	2	0	0	2	0	0
ROYAL	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	X	X	X	X	0	0	0	0
SPENCE	0	0	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	X	X	X	X
TOTAL POINTS	14				10				18				6			
POSITIONS	SECOND				THIRD				FIRST				FOURTH			

The RILEY CUP for the champion house was awarded to *Royal House*

The following represented the School.

- |                                      |                                     |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. H. Gulshan. <i>Captain</i>        | 9. R. Khurana.                      |
| 2. R. Parvaresh. <i>Vice-captain</i> | 10. R. White.                       |
| 3. C. Arnold. <i>Wicket-keeper</i>   | 11. S. Parvaresh.                   |
| 4. M. Haghighi.                      | <i>Substitutes</i> 1. K. Attawar.   |
| 5. N. Kripalani.                     | 2. A. Faridi.                       |
| 6. C. Watts.                         | 3. Z. Pawar.                        |
| 7. U. Vichare.                       | <i>Scorer</i> D. Sharma.            |
| 8. N. Meredia.                       | <i>Refreshments</i> 1. A. Charania. |
|                                      | 2. St. Awatramani.                  |

The First XI matches we played are as follows :

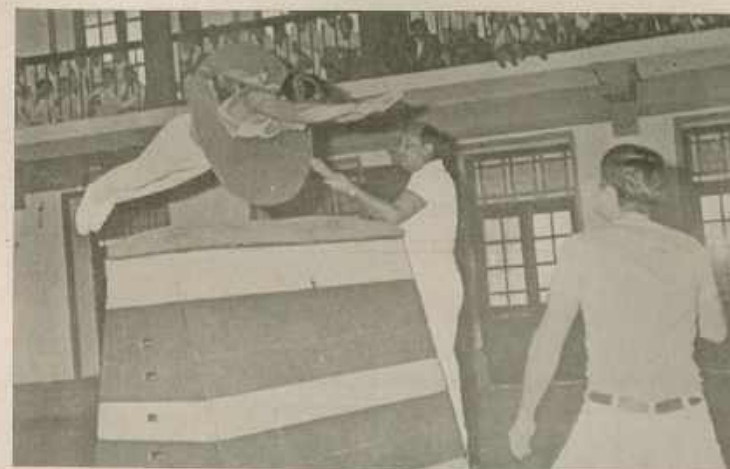
- |                                   |            |              |
|-----------------------------------|------------|--------------|
| 1. 10- 9-72. VS The Rest.         | At Barnes. | Barnes Won.  |
| 2. 17- 9-72. VS B. Y. K. College. | -do-       | Barnes Lost. |
| 3. 24- 9-72. VS Nasik Rd. Press.  | -do-       | Barnes Won.  |
| 4. 17-10-72. VS The Old Boys.     | -do-       | Barnes Won.  |
| 5. 28-10-72. VS Cathedral School. | Bombay.    | Barnes Lost. |

The Old Boys' match was very exciting. They needed one run to equal our score and their last man, M. Bardey, was run-out ! They adjudged N. Meredia as the 'man of the day' and awarded their trophy to him. We lost the traditional match with the Cathedral School by a very narrow margin. We scored 77 runs and they were 66 for 9 wickets. Slowly their last pair brought the score to 76. In between, many maiden overs were bowled. In the end they managed to score the winning run. R. Parvaresh took 6 wickets. We are indeed very grateful to all the Ex-students, (and there were

about 30 of them !), for coming to cheer us and to Mr. Scott and Mr. M. Hussain for umpiring. We lost this match—after about eight years !

The Nasik District Cricket Association selected H. Gulshan, R. Parvaresh, C. Arnold and N. Meredia to represent the Nasik District School Boys' Team, but as we had heavy programmes in the school, they could not go to Aurangabad to play. We may play the Christ Church School after our school closes on the second of December.

PHYSICAL  
EDUCATION  
AND  
GYMNASTICS



"HEALTH IS THE VITAL  
PRINCIPLE OF BLISS;  
AND EXERCISE,  
OF HEALTH."

—Thompson

1972





*Barnes and Cathedral*



FOOTBALL, 1972 — "PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD!"

The ROWLANDSON CUP for the best cricket player was awarded to Rustom Parvaresh. The colours for distinction were awarded to R. Parvaresh, H. Gulshan and N. Meredia. The Bowling and the Batting Averages for the Inter-House Tournaments and the First XI matches are to be found below.

INTER HOUSE	BATTING AVERAGE						BOWLING AVERAGE				
	INNINGS	NOT OUT	CATCHES	HIGHEST	RUNS	AVERAGE	OVERS	MAIDENS	RUNS	WICKETS	AVERAGE
H. GULSHAN.	3	—	1	19	36	12	13	3	36	4	9.0
R. PARVARESH.	3	—	2	24	26	8.6	33	8	72	12	6.0
C. ARNOLD.	3	—	2	43	72	24	—	Stumping - 1		—	—
M. HAGHIGHI.	3	1	—	28 not out	49	24.5	—	—	—	—	—
C. WATTS.	2	1	—	40 not out	41	41	15.2	1	58	5	11.6
N. KIRPALANI.	3	—	2	27	42	14	—	—	—	—	—
U. VICHARE.	3	—	—	2	3	1	—	—	—	—	—
N. MEREDIA.	3	—	2	11	12	4	21.5	1	86	9	9.6
R. WHITE.	3	—	—	26	41	13.7	21	4	50	8	6.3
R. KHURANA.	3	—	—	3	4	1.3	17	2	52	3	17.3
S. PARVARESH.	3	1	1	10 not out	17	8.5	24	10	33	6	5.55
A. FARIDI.	3	1	1	60 not out	64	32	4	0	15	1	15
K. ATTAWAR.	3	—	—	13	16	5.3	3	2	6	2	3

**FIRST XI**

H. GULSHAN.	5	—	3	12	33	6.67	18.3	6	36	4	9.0
R. PARVARESH.	5	—	2	11	23	4.6	65.2	16	129	20	6.45
C. ARNOLD.	6	1	4	60	106	21.2	—	Stumpings - 4		—	—
M. HAGHIGHI.	5	—	1	19	42	8.4	—	—	—	—	—
C. WATTS.	5	—	1	7	17	3.4	21	9	56	7	8.0
N. KIRPALANI.	5	—	1	13	26	5.2	—	—	—	—	—
U. VICHARE.	4	1	1	12	20	6.67	—	—	—	—	—
N. MEREDIA.	5	—	—	64	114	22.8	15	2	46	3	15.3
R. WHITE.	6	—	1	66	112	18.67	21	1	49	2	24.5
R. KHURANA.	5	2	2	10	19	6.33	—	—	—	—	—
S. PARVARESH.	6	1	1	11	44	8.8	40	12	85	7	12.1
A. FARIDI.	3	—	1	10	10	3.3	—	—	—	—	—
K. ATTAWAR.	3	2	1	50	60	60	—	—	—	—	—

## FOOTBALL, 1972

*In Charge* : F. BENJAMIN

Immediately the summer vacation was over the house-captains got down to selecting their teams for football. After the usual practice rounds, we held the Inter-house Tournament from 10th to 27th July 1972. The tournaments were interesting and provided some thrilling moments.

Selecting a team to represent the school against outside teams was a difficult task for most of the good players of the last team had left. However, when the team was finally chosen, we got down to serious training. Though well knit and full of spirit, the School XI this year was not very strong. The presence of two or three excellent footballers helped the school to secure its few victories and to "go down fighting" in defeat.

C. Watts captained the team and did an excellent job. R. Parvaresh assisted him in every possible way as the vice-captain of the team. A few outside matches were arranged as we had very little time on our hands and so were busy training for the big event of the season, a friendly fixture against the Cathedral School, Bombay. This important match was played this year on our school ground on Twelfth August 1972. I am happy to report that we won the match, the score being 1:0. Well done Barnes!

## GIRLS' HOCKEY, 1972

*In Charge* : MRS. R. GADRE

*Correspondent* : HELEN WATTS

XI A

*Helen Keller*

Hockey played by the girls is not so rough as compared with that played by the boys but, all the same, the excitement is tense.

For a good game of hockey, the whole team should be co-operative; and this applies to all games. Where there is co-operation there is always a good game. Hockey is a very strenuous game. It requires an alert mind and flying feet.

All the four houses—Joans, Nights, Cavells and Kellers take part. The matches are very exciting. So much so that, sometimes during the game instead of hitting the ball we hit the legs—Ouch! There goes one of the players with a bruise. Some come off without a scratch. Some become hurt owing to their own folly. For instance a girl tackling from the wrong side, lost her two front teeth. Well, it was a sight and a sad one too! So do be careful the next time you are playing hockey—it can cause pain!

Mrs. Gadre who referees our matches, takes a keen interest in our practices. Often she is helped by her better-half, Mr. Gadre. Between you and me I think he enjoys it, for our painful methods is a source of amusement to him, because our girls are just beginners at hockey and cannot hold the hockey-stick properly.

The results of the hockey tournaments were as follows: first, *Florence Nightingale*; second, *Joan of Arc*; third, *Edith Cavell*; and fourth, *Helen Keller*.

## HOCKEY, 1972

*In Charge* : MR. V. RUSSELL

*Correspondent* : RUSTOM PARVARESH

XI A

*Royal*

One of the outdoor games the school is very fond of playing is Hockey. They not only play hockey among themselves, but also compete against outsiders. When they win, they obviously rejoice; when they lose, they acknowledge defeat with a good spirit, for the better team often wins.

Every year we have an Inter-house Hockey Tournament. The Houses participating in the tournament are *Royal*, *Greaves*, *Candy* and *Spence*. We first have two rounds of practice games and then two rounds of tournament matches. These matches last for three weeks.

To enjoy the thrill of a game of hockey the teams should be evenly balanced. Most of the matches were exciting and spectacular. The Spectators admired the quick stick-work; the man to man passing; the hit without a miss or sticks and the final placing of the ball into the goal with a scoop or a "Flying Rocket" shot. Each House put up a good show.

*Royal* House, which stood first in Hockey, had keen competition from the other Houses. They knew the method of passing the ball swiftly and with discretion and, by playing as a team, managed to win the tournament. They had great support from their centre-half R. Parvaresh, who seldom allowed the ball to get past him. M. Scott, their right extreme, did very well by scoring most of the goals for his team as well as for the school team. They were also fortunate to have C. Arnold, who plays centre forward for the school team. H. Gulshan as the custodian needs more experience.

*Greaves* House had a good team with three first-eleven players. Their C and D teams were somewhat weak. S. Dalal in the deep defence played a very good game, for his house team and also for the school team. He is fast with the stick and plays a hard game. C. Watts, as the left-inner usually plays a brisk game. Sometimes he is inclined to fumble especially in the goal mouth, when he really ought to shoot. P. Smith plays at left half-back and he is a tenacious player. He combines well with the forwards.

*Candy* House were rather unfortunate this year for their teams were not very strong yet they put up a good resistance against

the other houses. N. Kriplani, the right back, played a sturdy game, shows a considerable amount of anticipation and is sure with the stick. J. Heredia is quick and clever with his stick but not always effective. He can improve with effort.

*Spence* House deserves the title of "The Most Sporting House", given to them by their house president.

The positions in the tournament are as follows:

- 1) *Royal* House.
- 2) *Greaves* House.
- 3) *Candy* House.
- 4) *Spence* House.

## *School Eleven.*

R. Parvaresh (*Captain*), C. Watts, M. Scott, C. Arnold, S. Dalal, P. Smith, N. Kriplani, J. Heredia, K. Pawar, H. Gulshan, R. White, S. James, K. C. Wu, S. A. Hussain, M. Haghghi.

Apart from the house-matches our first eleven had a very busy season. The school team played a few outside games against the Air Force, and the Police Tr. College but were not very successful. Twice we lost to the Air force, and once we won against the P. T. College and Boys' Town School.

On the 25th March the School team went down to Bombay, to play their annual fixture against the Cathedral School. After a thrilling game the match ended in a draw (1-1). R. Parvaresh played a wonderful "Captain's" game in mid-field. The School team had an edge over their opponents but the finishing was very poor.

School colours were awarded to R. Parvaresh, S. Dalal and M. Scott. The Best Hockey Player for 1972 is R. Parvaresh.

## NET-BALL, 1972

*In Charge* : MISS V. MENEZES

Our Net-ball this year was filled with excitement. Even though it was a rush, every house enjoyed its matches thoroughly.

Net-ball is our favourite game. Every year before our matches start we already know which house will stand first and which house second. This year it was a surprise. Each house was better than the other. Each game was filled with more excitement than the last. "Try, Try, and we shall succeed" was a motto which played in every girls' mind, and so we put forth our best.

It was a well fought tournament, well started and well ended.

The house positions were as follows :

<i>First</i>	Joan of Arc	12	points
<i>Second</i>	Florence Nightingale	7	"
<i>Third</i>	Edith Cavell	3	"
<i>Fourth</i>	Hellen Keller	2	"

KEILY SHIELD.

SPORTS/ACTIVITY	Joan of Arc	Hellen Keller	Edith Cavell	Florence Nightingale
SWIMMING	2	1	4	3
BADMINTON	2	1	4	3
HOCKEY	3	1	2	4
NETBALL	4	1	2	3
THROWBALL	4	1	3	2
ELOCUTION AND SINGING	1	3	2	4
DEBATE	1	2	4	3
P.T./GYMNASTICS	3	2	1	4
TABLE-TENNIS	4	1	3	2
SOFTBALL	3	1	2	4
ATHLETICS	2	3	1	4
STUDY	8	6	4	2
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>32</b>	<b>38</b>

HODGE SHIELD.

SPORTS/ACTIVITY	Candy	Greaves	Royal	Spence
HOCKEY	2	3	4	1
BOXING	2	3	4	1
SWIMMING	1	3	4	2
DIVING	4	3	2	1
TABLE-TENNIS	3	2	4	1
ELOCUTION AND SINGING	4		1	3
CROSS-COUNTRY	4	3	1	2
DEBATE	3	4	1	2
FOOTBALL	2	1	4	3
P.T./GYMNASTICS	4	3	2	1
ATHLETICS	4	3	1	2
CRICKET	3	2	4	1
VOLLEYBALL	2	1	4	3
STUDY	2	4	8	6
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>40</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>44</b>	<b>29</b>

SCHOOL CALENDAR - FIRST TERM, 1972

JANUARY

Thursday, 13th	}	New Boarders arrive.
Friday, 14th		
Monday, 17th	:	Old Boarders arrive.
Wednesday, 19th	:	Organised games begin. (Detailed programme in games Time-table).
Friday, 21st	:	Hockey Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Sunday, 23rd	:	Church Service - 8.30 a.m.
Wednesday, 26th	:	REPUBLIC DAY—Flag ceremony.
Thursday, 27th	:	Bakra Id.
Friday, 28th	:	Hockey XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Sunday, 30th	:	Church Service—8.30 a.m.

FEBRUARY

Wednesday, 2nd	:	Second Practice Round begins (Hockey)
Friday, 4th	:	School XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday, 5th	:	Market Permit for Girls.
Sunday, 6th	:	Church Service—8.30 a.m.
Monday, 7th	:	Founder's Day.
Tuesday, 8th	:	Inter-house Tournament begins (Hockey)
Friday, 11th	:	Swimming entries in. Hockey XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday, 12th	:	School Picture.
Sunday, 13th	:	Church Service—8.30 a.m.
Thursday, 17th	:	Tournament Second Round begins (Hockey)
Friday, 18th	:	School XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday, 19th	:	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday, 20th	:	Church Service—8.30 a.m.
Monday, 21st	:	Tournament Second Round begins (Hockey).
Friday, 25th	:	School XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday, 26th	:	General Market Permit. Seniors' Privilege. Week-end Leave.
Monday, 28th	:	Hockey tournament ends.
Tuesday, 29th	:	Holi

MARCH

Wednesday, 1st	:	Hockey XI coaching continues. Boxing tournament begins. Practice for entrants in swimming and Diving begins.
Friday, 3rd	:	Girls' Camp, Nasrapur, begins. School XI Match (Hockey).
Saturday, 4th	:	Market Permit (Girls).
Sunday, 5th	:	Church Service—8.30 a.m.
Friday, 10th	:	Boys' Camp, Nasrapur, begins. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday, 11th	:	Hockey Match vs. Cathedral? School Picture.
Sunday, 12th	:	Church Service—8.30 a.m.
Thursday, 16th	:	Semi-finals (Boxing). Diving entries in.
Friday, 17th	:	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday, 18th	:	BOXING FINALS.

Sunday, 19th : Church Service—8.30 a.m.  
 Prefects' Privilege.  
 Wednesday, 22nd : Swimming Heats begin.  
 Friday, 24th : Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.

**MARCH**

Saturday, 25th : Week-end Leave.  
 General Market Permit.  
 Seniors' Privilege.  
 Monday, 26th : Diving entries in.  
 Thursday, 30th : Swimming Finals.  
 Friday, 31st : GOOD FRIDAY.

**APRIL**

Saturday, 1st : Market Permit Girls.  
 Sunday, 2nd : Easter Sunday.  
 Monday, 3rd : Traditional Holiday. Easter Dance.  
 Tuesday, 4th : Table-tennis tournament begins.  
 Volley-ball begins.  
 Friday, 7th : Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.  
 Saturday, 8th : School Picture.  
 Sunday, 9th : Church Service—8.30 a.m.  
 Monday, 10th : Examination begins.  
 Friday, 14th : Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.  
 Saturday, 15th : Prefects' Privilege.  
 Sunday, 16th : Church Service—8.30 a.m.  
 Wednesday, 19th : Diving Competition I.  
 Thursday, 20th : " " II.  
 Friday, 21st : Boarders go home.

**SECOND TERM, 1972**

*Subject to change*

**JUNE**

Thursday, 1st : Boarders arrive.  
 Friday, 2nd : First day of school. Domestic work, with House-Masters/  
 House Mistresses during games' time.  
 Saturday, 3rd : Market Permit for girls.  
 Sunday, 4th : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m. (First Sunday after Trinity).  
 Monday, 5th : Organised games begin.  
**BOYS** : Football/P. T. GYM/Cross-country practice.  
**GIRLS** : P. T. GYM/Table-tennis/Soft-ball.  
 Friday, 9th : Free games, Scouts, Cubs, Choir Practice.  
 Saturday, 10th : School Picture.  
 Sunday, 11th : Children's Service.

Saturday, 17th : Prefects' Privilege.  
 Sunday, 18th : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m. Debate.....I.  
 Saturday, 24th : Market Permit, Seniors' Privilege, week-end leave.  
 Sunday, 25th : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m.  
 Friday, 30th : Free Games, Scouts, Cubs, Choir Practice.  
 House-teams for Football in.

**JULY**

Saturday, 1st : Market Permit for Girls.  
 Sunday, 2nd : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m. Debate.....II.  
 Friday, 7th : Free Games, Scouts, Cubs, Choir Practice.  
 Saturday, 8th : School Picture.  
 Sunday, 9th : Children's Service 8.30 a.m. Debate.....III.  
 Monday, 10th : Football Tournament. First Round begins.  
 Friday, 14th : Free Games, Scouts, Cubs, Choir Practice.  
 Saturday, 15th : Prefects' Privilege.  
 Sunday, 16th : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m. Debate.....IV.  
 Monday, 17th :  
 Tuesday, 18th : } Core Subjects Internal Examination.  
 Friday, 21st : Cross-country entries in.  
 Free games, Scouts, Cubs, Choir Practice.  
 Sunday, 23rd : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m. Debate.....V.  
 Wednesday, 26th : Elocution and Singing. Cross-country Finals.  
 Friday, 28th : Free Games, Choir Practice.  
 Saturday, 29th : Market Permit, Seniors' Privilege, Week-end Leave.  
 Sunday, 30th : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m. Debate.....VI.  
 Monday, 31st : Core Subjects Examination begins.

**AUGUST**

Tuesday, 1st :  
 Wednesday, 2nd : } Core Subjects Examination.  
 Thursday, 3rd :  
 Friday, 4th : Free Games, Scouts, Cubs, Choir-practice.  
 Saturday, 5th : Market Permit for Girls.  
 Football match vs. Cathedral ?  
 Sunday, 6th : H. C. Service 8.30 a.m.  
 Monday, 7th : GYM. Prelims.  
 Tuesday, 8th : " "  
 Wednesday, 9th : " "  
 Thursday, 10th : " "  
 Friday, 11th : P. T./GYM. FINALS (Boys and Girls).  
 Saturday, 12th : School Picture.  
 Sunday, 13th : Childrens' Service.  
 Monday, 14th : INDEPENDENCE EVE DANCE.  
 Tuesday, 15th : " DAY ASSEMBLY. 10.00 a.m.

Wednesday, 16th : SECOND TERM EXAMINATION BEGINS.  
 Friday, 18th : Free Games, Scouts, Cubs, Choir-Practice.  
 Saturday, 19th : Prefects' Privilege.  
 Sunday, 20th : H. C. Service. 8.30 a.m.  
 Friday, 25th : SECOND TERM EXAMINATION ENDS.  
 Michaelmas Holidays begin.

THIRD TERM, 1972

SEPTEMBER

Sunday, 3rd : Boarders return (6.00 p.m.).  
 Monday, 4th : School re-opens.  
 Organised Games.  
*Boys* : Cricket and Athletics.  
*Girls* : Net-ball and Athletics.  
 Friday, 8th : Teachers' Day (The Staff and Std. XI celebrate).  
 Names of Cricket House Teams.  
 Free Games, Bulbuls, Cubs, Scouts, Choir.  
 Saturday, 9th : SCHOOL PICTURE.  
 Sunday, 10th : Service 8-30 a. m.; Mass 10-15 a. m.  
 Monday, 11th : HOLIDAY ( Ganesh Chaturthi ).  
 Tuesday, 12th to }  
 Friday, 15th } Inter-house Cricket.  
 Saturday, 16th : Prefects' Privilege.  
 Sunday, 17th } Service 8-30 a. m.; Mass 10-15 a. m.  
 Monday, 18th : Names for House Athletics.  
 Mon. 18th-Fri. 22nd : Inter-house Cricket.  
 Saturday, 23rd : Senior Privilege; Market Permit ( Boys ).  
 Sunday, 24th } Service 8-30 a. m. Mass 10-15 a. m.  
 Monday, 25th : Athletics Heats.  
 Friday, 29th to }  
 Saturday, 30th } B. E. S. Directors' Visit.  
 Friday, 29th : Programme for the Visitors.  
 Saturday, 30th : NO WEEK-END LEAVE; Special Market Permit.  
*Girls* : Std. IV to VI.  
*Boys* : Std. VIII downwards from Candy and Spence Blocks

OCTOBER

Sunday, 1st : Children's Service 8.30 a. m.  
 Cricket Match.  
 Tues. 3rd; Wed. 4th : Elementary Drawing Examination.  
 Thurs. 5th-Sat. 7th : Intermediate Drawing Examination.

Saturday, 7th : Market Permit (Girls).  
 Special Privilege (Boys X and XI).  
 Sunday, 8th : Matins 8.30 a. m.; Mass 10.15 a. m.  
 Cricket Match.  
 Mon. 9th-Thurs. 12th : Athletics Heats.  
 Friday, 13th : Dress Rehearsal (School Play) 5.30 p. m.  
 Saturday, 14th : PRIZE DAY AND CRAFT DISPLAY (No School Picture).  
 Service 8.30 a. m.; Mass 10.15 a. m.  
 Sunday, 15th } Prep. House Party 10.30 a. m.  
 Monday, 16th } SCHOOL PLAY (PUBLIC) 5.30 p. m.  
 Net-ball 10.30 a. m. (Ex-Students vs. the Present)  
 ANNUAL ATHLETICS 5.30 p. m.  
 DASSARA-EVE DANCE 8.30 p. m.  
 Tuesday, 17th } CRICKET (Ex-Students vs. the Present)  
 (Dassara) } 10.00-12.00 noon; 2.00-4.00 p. m.  
 Special Senior Privilege (Afternoon).  
 High Tea 4.30 p. m. (Ex-Students and Cricketers)  
 Thursday, 19th : Dinner (Cast of School Play).  
 Friday, 20th : Badminton and Net-ball Teams leave for Bombay  
 (Bombay vs. Christ Church).  
 Saturday, 21st : Prefects' Privilege.  
 Sunday, 22nd : Service 8.30 a. m., Mass 10.15 a. m.  
 Monday, 23rd } Organised Games : (Std. XI Study).  
 Volley Ball, Basket Ball, Base Ball.  
 Saturday, 28th } Cricket (Barnes vs. Cathedral).  
 Seniors' Privilege.  
 NO WEEK-END LEAVE.  
 Sunday, 29th : Service 8.30 a. m.; Mass 10.15 a. m.

NOVEMBER

: Music Examinations.  
 Monday, 30th Oct. to }  
 Thurs. 2nd Nov. } Organized Games (Std. XI-Study)  
 Wed. 1st and Fri. 3rd : Hindi Orals (I. S. C. E.)  
 Friday, 3rd : Free Games, Bulbuls, Cubs, Scouts, Choir.  
 Saturday, 4th to }  
 Wednesday, 8th } HOLIDAYS (five days) for  
 DIWALI AND RAMZAN-ID  
 Sunday, 5th : (NO LEAVE PERMIT FOR STD. XI)  
 CONFIRMATION SERVICE  
 Thursday, 9th : Organised Games (Std. XI Study).  
 Friday, 10th } I. S. C. Exams. begin.  
 Saturday, 11th : Free Games, Bulbuls, Cubs, Scouts, Choir.  
 SCHOOL PICTURE.

Sunday,	12th	:	Service 8.30 a. m. ; Mass 10.15 a. m.
Mon.	13th-Thurs. 16th	:	Organised Games (Std. X and XI).
Friday,	16th-Wed. 29th	:	PROMOTION EXAMS. begin.
Friday,	17th	:	Free Games, Bulbuls, Cubs, Scouts, Choir.
Saturday,	18th	:	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	19th	:	Service 8.30 a. m. ; Mass 10.15 a. m.
Mon.	20th-Thurs. 23rd	:	Organised Games (Std. IX, X and XI).
Friday,	24th	:	Free Games, Bulbuls, Cubs, Scouts, Choir.
Saturday,	25th	:	Seniors' Privilege.
			Market Permit (Boys); NO WEEK-END LEAVE.
Sunday,	26th	{	Service 8.30 a. m. ; Mass 10.15 a. m.
			Carol Service 5.30 p. m.; Choir Dinner 7.30 p. m.
			Staff Meeting; Break-up Social.
Wednesday,	28th	{	Prep House and Candy Block Parties.
Thursday,	29th	:	Cambridge Dinner.
	30th	:	XI Staff Farewell.

#### DECEMBER

Friday,	1st	{	BOYS' SCHOOL.....HOUSE DINNER.
			H-B. AND L. B.....NATIVITY PLAY AND BONFIRE.
Saturday,	2nd	:	School Party.....Departure.
Monday,	4th	:	I-V Promotions 9.00 a. m.—12.00 noon.
Tuesday,	5th	:	VI-X Promotions 9.00 a. m.; TEA 11.00 a. m.
			THIRD TERM ENDS.

#### NO MEAN ACHIEVEMENT!

A BOON TO BARNES!

BY

David V. Hoffman

When Barnes was founded at Devlali in nineteen twenty-five, it had only a handful of students on the rolls and, with five wells on the estate, the supply of water was sufficient for them.

As the years slipped by and more and more students were admitted, the water-supply proved quite insufficient. With about thirty inches of rainfall annually, and an erratic monsoon, the water-situation became a problem and, at times, it became very acute.

On account of the delayed monsoon, the reopening of school for the second term

in June every year, could not be fixed to a particular date. Once it so happened that the reopening was postponed by about two weeks.

The lack of water gave rise to many problems and everyone was affected. The children did not have enough water to bathe. Sometimes they had to go down to the River Darna for their baths! Sometimes there was no water in the mess for cooking. Haig-Brown, Lloyd, and Candy Blocks were badly affected, and the cry for water was loud and persistent. There was very little water for the servants and the dhobis complained that they could not wash the clothes. To ease the situation, the school authorities decided to dig a new well; but, unfortunately, this proved a failure.

With numbers on the rolls steadily increasing, the water-situation, every year,

became more and more acute. Sometimes the water was brought from outside by bullock-carts. Swimming had to be cancelled for lack of water. The B.E.S. authorities thought of laying a pipe-line from the military tanks but that project never materialised; and the situation turned from bad to worse. The school authorities *dreamt* of expanding the school, laying lawns, growing gardens and also erecting new buildings; but the intriguing question, "Where is the water?", always faced them.

At one stage the Directors of the B.E.S. seriously considered closing the school! What a tragedy that would have been! All because of the lack of water!

The situation was similar to the one the great Moghul Emperor Akbar must have faced when he started building the beautiful city of Fatehpur Sikri. Eventually the work was abandoned because there was no water!

One year the water situation was so desperate that water, left over at one meal, was collected and kept for the next!

When, in nineteen sixty-nine, Mr. J. L. Davis took over the Headship of Barnes, he soon discovered that at the Air Force Station, there was "Water, water everywhere"; but only three miles away, here, in Barnes, there was "Nor any drop to drink"! The new principal, with his progressive nature and winning personality, soon came to know all the Military and Air Force Station Commanders and Garrison Engineers.

In nineteen seventy-two, the mid-term reopened on the first of June. On the fifteenth of June, the workers informed the Principal that there was no water! The monsoon which had been expected by the tenth of June, had failed. But for our Principal's good contacts, we would have had to send our five hundred boarders home! The principal put in a telephone call to his good friend, Group Captain

A. K. Gupta, *Station Commander*, Air Force Station, who readily came to our rescue, by sending three tankers of water daily. The two friends then discussed the possibility of laying a pipe-line from the Air Force Station to the School. Group Captain A. K. Gupta immediately contacted higher Air Force authorities in connection with a permanent supply of water to Barnes. Mr. Davis, with his indefatigable efforts, pursued the matter and approached the Chairman of the B.E.S. Executive Committee, Mr. W. G. Blanden, to sanction the project and bring it to completion. Thus Barnes, which had been founded by men of vision of the past, was saved from being closed down by the present man of vision, Mr. J. L. Davis.

Soil, air, light and water are essential to life. Mr. J. L. Davis brought life to Barnes by giving it more light and plenty of water. Within two years of his having come to Barnes, the Principal brought many improvements. He had installed on Barnes School Estate electric lights which have dispelled the gloom and depression which came with the hours of darkness! Then came the tenth of November, nineteen seventy-two — a red-letter day in the history of Barnes, when Mrs. M. Gupta turned on the tap and water flowed directly from the Air Force Station. It was, as the Chairman, Mr. Blanden, put it: "*The fulfilment of a dream of the last ten or twelve years.*" He testified that "Mr. Davis has done a good job here in Barnes!" but the crowning of it all was the bringing of water from the Air Force Station. For this, generations to come, in Barnes, will remember and bless Mr. Davis, to whom Group Captain A. K. Gupta referred as "Barnes School's water-diviner".

Now there will be no uncertainty or trouble about water. Now will materialise many dreams, among which are the expansion of the school, and laying out

of lawns and gardens around the Blocks. The water-supply project has also saved on consumption of electricity required to pump water from our five wells.

For this life-giving essential, our hearty thanks are due to our Principal, Mr. Davis, who initiated the project; to Group Captain A. K. Gupta who moved the Air Force authorities to sanction the supply; and to our Director and Chairman, Mr. W. G. Blanden, who brought the water-supply to completion.

With the water problem solved once and for all, other projects of expanding and improving the school can be undertaken without any hesitation.

If Barnes had not received this water-supply from the Air Force Station, it would have been well nigh impossible to keep the school going through March-April and for more than two weeks in June this year, and we would have had to close till the next monsoon!

I am certain that all Government officials, the Directors of the Bombay Education Society; Parents, Staff, pupils; and all well-wishers of the School, will agree with me that our Principal Mr. J. L. Davis, deserves full credit for this no mean achievement! This boon to Barnes!

#### THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

*In charge* : MRS. TESS DAVIS

*Music-master* : MR. RUFUS PAUL

*Correspondent* : ERICA D'ABREO

IX B

*Florence Nightingale*

In the beginning of nineteen-seventy, a new class had opened for pupils interested in music. The instruments were the piano and violin. This was arranged and organised by Mrs. Tess Davis.

Mr. Bernard D'Souza was our music-master. At the beginning, there were about

thirty students. The numbers are now increasing. All of us had taken a very keen interest. It was a rare opportunity for us to learn how to play musical instruments! At the end of the year, we had an examination which was conducted by the Reverend D. A. Smith. All the students were successful.

In the middle of nineteen seventy-one, Mr. D'Souza left and Mr. Rufus Paul took his place. He taught us well and in October we entertained our teachers and guests at a *Musical Evening* which was very enjoyable. This again was arranged and organised by Mrs. Tess Davis.

Our music-master had encouraged and taught us well. On the third of December, nineteen seventy-two, sixteen out of twenty-two pupils did the Trinity College Examination: two boys did Grade I; one girl did Grade IV; thirteen did Initial Grade. All sixteen examinees were successful.

We all owe our thanks to Mr. Rufus Paul for his teaching and guidance throughout the year. We also owe many thanks to Mrs. Tess Davis for supervising and encouraging us to build a stronger foundation to our musical career.

#### MY VISIT TO THE UNITED KINGDOM

MR. FRANK BENJAMIN, M.A., DIP. T.

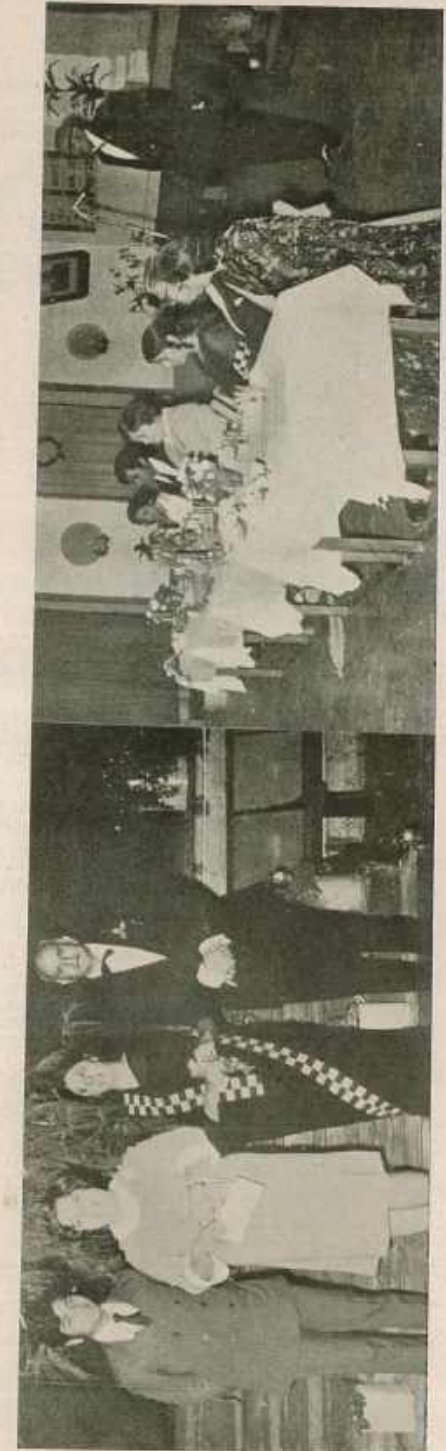
*Vice-principal*

The season of 1972 brought mixed fortunes and misfortunes to me. In spite of obstacles, I could make my trip to the United Kingdom; which was very pleasant and useful.

I am indeed grateful to my Board of Directors, specially to the Chairman Right Revd. A. W. Luther, Bishop of Bombay; and to the British Council in India, who with their unbiased minds, could make my trip abroad, a real success.



*"Accepto  
Robore  
Surgam!"*



THE CAMBRIDGE DINNER, 1972



THE CAMBRIDGE DINNER, 1972.

The primary aim of education is that we must be ready to suggest ideas and improvements so that both teacher and child find satisfaction in work produced. During my visit to Schools in different parts of Britain (London, Oxfordshire, Sussex, Wales and Yorkshire) I had valuable suggestions from the heads and authorities. I only look forward to implement them in Barnes.

For an educational society, children mean more than the parents and for this conception the Bombay Education Society has always stood. It was with this aim that the B. E. S. sponsored my visit for the observation of the practical direction of the work done in the field of education. In the United Kingdom I found that properly conducted boarding-schools, best meet the exigencies of the case and in schools a considerable portion of time is devoted to character building.

Educationists in the United Kingdom take a lively interest in the education of children and have claims upon the care of the Society. This does not mean that we lack in this motto of education. The efforts of the Bombay Education Society are unquestionable in this respect. The Society wants that the children be properly trained and taught, "not only would they themselves benefit but they would arise."

In the United Kingdom, they have a very dynamic association "The Parent-Teachers' Association". It is a very flourishing Association, which holds regular meetings. Co-operation between parents and staff is encouraged and regarded as an essential part of education. Such Associations can promote a very healthy and lively atmosphere on the campus of schools. Schools which have been turned into battlegrounds by the inefficient handling of heads, can be turned into a place where teachers and pupils learn together the art of changing human nature, and discover more about the discipline all of us need,

if we are to tackle the wrongs in society and not just be conditioned to fit into the status quo.

There opportunity to find out about things is in abundance. Educationists in the U.K. believe that education should teach us to find out things we need to know and give us opportunities of developing particular talents and interests to the full.

All children whatever their ability, acquire knowledge in all these ways, by all the approaches. There are two poles. At the one pole there is the pursuit of knowledge for its own intrinsic interest, the ability to inter-relate ideas, the capacity for analysis and abstraction; at the other, the knowledge in use, relevant to present experience and applicable to a job in hand. In one case the stress is upon theory, in the other, upon practice. All the children whatever their ability, acquire knowledge in all these ways, by all these approaches.

No pupils' education revolves entirely round one pole. It is a matter of adjusting the approaches for each pupil in his various studies between the two polarities.

I am of the strong opinion and a firm believer that this should be encouraged. Our job as teachers is to discover these and make the adjustments as the pupils develop.

#### HEAD GIRL'S SPEECH

NIMET JAMAL

*XI Sc*

*Helen Keller*

Dear Staff and Students,

We are gathered round this bonfire tonight, for the very last time in 1972. In the very flames of the fire, different memories of the past are reflected back to me right now. Memories of sadness, joy, sorrow, laughter, adventure and apprehension. Tonight, as I gaze into the flames, I see these past memories reflected as real! As our Cambridge students also gaze into the flames, may they see visions of the future, yet to come.

Now, I take the opportunity to bid them a fond farewell. May their days be always filled with gladness and may there never be a single thought of sadness. May they always prosper in life and may they always think of Barnes as their school, to whom each one of them owe a great deal of loyalty and respect.

Now, I, as the new head-girl of 1973, also promise firmly to prove myself worthy of this great honour which has recently

been bestowed on me. I will try my best to raise the standard of Barnes as high in estimation as I possibly can. As our principal mentioned, minor mistakes are overlooked, but major ones are never forgiven. I will try my best to avoid the the minor ones, too. Once again, I wish Standard Eleven a fond farewell. May their days always be brighter, may their hopes always be lighter, may their courage always be mightier, until the road of life comes to its end.

### STARS AT CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the time when peace and goodwill prevail; families get together; and one thinks of, and thanks the Lord for good friends.

The three stars that brightened Barnes School Estate, over the festive season, were Vinod Khanna, Tanuja, and Bindu. All roads led to Barnes during Christmas week and film fans, ex-pupils and the curious, came in their hundreds from Devlali and Nasik, and "followed the Stars" from nine in the morning to five in the evening daily! The friendliness and generosity shown by these well-known film personalities and other members of the film-company, towards the Staff and servants on the estate, added to the warmth and joy of this hoilday period.

Unlike other stars that are well out of our reach, these were "down-to-earth" and Vinod Khanna, an ex-pupil of Barnes, Vice Head-boy 1962-Greaves House, and Tanuja, whom Mrs. T. Davis taught in St. Joseph's Convent, Panchgani, spent quite some time going over old familiar places,

and talking to the Principal Mr. J. L. Davis, and his wife of the "good ol' days".

It was Vinod Khanna who suggested to the Producer Mr. Chandiramani, and the Director Sinha, that his old school-Barnes, and its vast campus-world provide an ideal setting for the film called "Imthahan" (Examination). The Director visited the School at the end of November, nineteen seventy-two, and was most impressed with the set up at Barnes, especially the imposing structure of Evans Hall, which the Principal proudly calls "The White House"!

The Principal readily granted permission for scenes to be shot on the estate, not only because it would be good publicity for Barnes, but because the leading actor-the New College Professor-is an ex-pupil, who is still very attached to and very interested in the welfare of his *Alma Mater*. Before Vinod Khanna returned to Bombay, the thirty-first December, seventy-two, he assured the Principal that he would do his bit for Barnes School's Golden Jubilee Fund.



L to R : Mr. J. L. Davis; Vinod Khanna; Tanuja; Mrs. T. Davis, ( off the Sets! )

A M O N G T H E S T A R S



Bindu with Mr. & Mrs. Davis.  
( after lunch, on New Year's Day )



Vinod Khanna with Mr. & Mrs. Davis.  
( just before he returned to Bombay )

"STAR-DUST" IN THE VISITORS' BOOK, DECEMBER 1972

*Vinod Khanna* : I was very excited coming to Barnes after ten years. It was great being here and I felt like going over school all over again! I missed my old teachers, and was delighted to meet Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

*Tanuja* : It was wonderful meeting Old Friends.

*Bindu* : Barnes School is a very delightful place.

*Abhi Bhattacharya*: Worth Visiting.

*Agit Sen* : I am glad that I visited this place.

*B. Chandaramani* : I am grateful to the management of the school for looking after our film group.  
(Producer)

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