

**THE  
BARNICLE**

1973



**THE MAGAZINE  
OF  
BARNES SCHOOL  
DEOLALI**

# The Bannicle

1973

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Monarchs of all they survey !

# Prize Day

20-X-73

Mr. G. Duncalf presided and Mrs. A. Duncalf gave away the prizes.



Ladies are waiting to process down the aisle



Mrs. Davis introducing Mr. Duncalf to the Staff

Standing for the Opening Prayer  
L to R : Mrs. T. Speck,  
Mr. W. Robb, Mrs. T. Davis,  
Mr. G. Duncalf, Mrs. A. Duncalf,  
Mr. J. L. Davis, Mrs. J. Robb,  
Mr. A. E. W. Speck,  
The Rev. D. A. Smith.

The Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis reading the Annual School Report



Members of the Staff and pupils.



Mr. G. Duncalf addressing the audience.  
Mrs. Duncalf to the Staff

Mr. W. Robb proposing a Vote of Thanks

# The Barnicle

1973

## THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Miss Leila Maria D'Sa	XI Science	Florence Nightingale
Miss Mamta Shah	XI Science	Florence Nightingale
Miss Indrani Roy	XI Science	Helen Keller
Miss Kokila Kapoor	XI Arts	Florence Nightingale
Miss Anna Sandra Young	XI Arts	Candy
Master Chandra Prakash Ved Prakash Narang	XI Science	Candy
Master Kripalchand Attawar	XI Science	Royal
Master Clyde Arnold	XI Arts	Greaves
Master Michael John Davis		
Mr Osman Swing		
The Rev. Donald Alfred Smith.	Deacon	

\* \* \*

## Chairman's Address

DELIVERED AT THE  
49TH ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING OF  
BARNES SCHOOL  
on 20th October, 1973 at Devlali.

Last year Mr. Davis invited me to preside and my wife to present the prizes. But unfortunately only three days before the ceremony Mrs. Duncalf had to return quickly to the U. K. for family reasons.

This year, you were good enough to invite us again and fortunately we have been able to make it. I say fortunate because if we had failed for the second year, Mr. Davis might not have invited us ever again and that would have been our loss.

Last year, when I spoke on this same occasion, I talked about Tradition and Challenge and I mentioned the happy choice of house names that represent both Tradition and Challenge. Tradition with the boys houses and the names of the School founders and the girls houses with

the names of outstanding women who have challenged the establishment of their times. Today, I would like to extend that further and talk about Change--change, whether for good or bad is always with us.

It was Alphonse Karr in 1870 or so who coined the memorable phrase--

Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose--  
The more things change, the more they are the same. What is the meaning of this paradox ?

When Karr wrote those words he had no vision of what changes there would be in a hundred years.

In his day it could take five months or so to reach India from the U. K..

Fifty years ago, it still took five weeks. Thirty years ago, it took five days. Now it takes twelve hours. In five years will it take five hours ?

Talking or five hours with supersonic aircraft makes me wonder if you have heard the story of the airliner which took off from Heathrow airport. When they

were in the air, a voice came over the intercom :

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a recording. You have just made aviation history. There are no air-crew on board, everything is taped and computerised and all the take off and landing will be controlled by that alone. The computer is the last word in efficiency and you have no need to worry, to worry, to worry ...

I don't think that that kind of efficiency is the change I am looking for.

Things are changing fast. When I was born, TV had not been invented—when my youngest daughter was born man had scarcely even thought possible going in to space at all, much less standing and walking on the moon.

So how can things be the same ?

I have so far spoken only of material things. What other things have changed ?

Have our standards of behaviour changed? We now speak of the permissive society,—we see craft and corruption all around us—not just in India—but also in the U. K. and in the United States, and in many other countries.

What is so worrying is not only that these things are happening—corruption has existed for thousands of years—but that it used to be condemned—now it seems to be accepted as a norm.

I think that it is in respect of principles that Karr talked about things being the same. The standards of behaviour, honesty, goodwill to your fellowmen, not being greedy—these are the same principles that matter, today as much as they ever did, and this brings me back to the point about Tradition.

It is in the maintenance of such standards that a School like Barnes can lead the

way. We say it is not the winning; it is the taking part which is meritorious and if we win we will win fairly.

Providing in our behaviour we can say that whatever we are doing will not diminish the standards of the school set by hundreds of our predecessors—then we do not need to fear change but welcome it with open arms.

And speaking of change—What have we done here at the School?—because great changes are afoot here also—In one year since the last prize—giving—

\* We now have water.

\* And we have laid the foundation stone for new buildings.

\* What of next year ?

\* We will start building the school extensions.

\* And we hope to have a Farm Project established in the school by early 1974. This will not only enable us to be self-sufficient in many of the basic supplies.

\* But eventually we hope to establish a course in Animal Husbandry.

Last year I recommended to you a book about Challenge. This year I will recommend to you a book about Change. The book is FUTURE SHOCK by Alvin Tofler. In it he explains the accelerating nature of change and how it can frighten and alarm us if we do not understand its nature.

As the intelligentsia of tomorrow, I am sure you will both understand and welcome change with open arms.

There is however one aspect of the job of the Chief Guest which I do not want to change—and that is the right to ask the Principal to grant you an extra holiday !

I feel sure that he will find that possible.

— G. DUNCALF

\* \* \*

## GOLDEN JUBILEE

BARNES SCHOOL

1925—75

*Principal's Appeal*

A few years ago an appeal was launched to expand the school and to celebrate its fiftieth birthday in a fitting manner. Much time and thought have gone into drawing up plans for this purpose. The result is that building will soon commence on the first phase of our expansion programme.

The three major projects are :

- 1 A Junior Academic Block for Classes I—VI and the School offices.
- 2 A Senior Academic Block for Classes VII—XII with Laboratories, Library, Craft-rooms and so on.
- 3 The completion of the unfinished building.

This is a tremendous Scheme, and will be carried out gradually, as funds become available. For a start, work will commence on the Junior Academic Block.

The idea is to move all the classrooms to the new buildings. At present these are scattered in seven buildings. This is very inconvenient for staff, children and administration. The existing buildings will then accommodate more boarders, which will generate additional income to continue the expansion scheme.

In previous years the excuse was that 1975 is a long way off. Now that it is around the corner, it is time to donate generously towards a worthy cause. Too much time goes on thinking.

### PAY NOW AND THINK LATER.

The following donations are gratefully acknowledged.

Previously acknowledged	Rs. 59,058.03
Mrs. A. Barnes	1,000.00
(Great, great granddaughter of Archdeacon Barnes)	
Mr. R. R. Desai	500.00
M/s. Victor Gasket	50.00
M/s. Shalimar Wires and Industries	50.00
The Indian Tools Manufacturers	50.00
M/s. Mahindra and Mahindra Ltd.	50.00
M/s. Paper Machine Wire Industries	50.00
M/s. Hindustan Fasteners	50.00
M/s. Blow Plast Private Ltd.	100.00
M/s. Gandamal and Sons	50.00
Mr. H. S. Thapper	50.00
M/s. Shreeji Films	101.00
M/s. Ramnath Jagganath	100.00
M/s. Poona Book Stores	25.00
Mrs. S. Minocha	300.00
M/s. M. Taherali and Co.	25.00
Mrs. B. Pires	2,420.00
M/s. Shreeji Films	101.00
Proceeds of "Towards-Zero"	1,751.00
(Mrs. Tess Davis)	
Director Leslie Sawhney	
Endowment Centre	200.00
Mr. and Mrs. Lasrado	200.00

66,281.03

\* \* \*

### *Historical Sketch*

BOMBAY EDUCATION SOCIETY  
Clare Road, Byculla, Bombay 400008

MR J. L. DAVIS, *Principal*

IN 1814 the Bombay Bible Society petitioned Government to give its assistance "in establishing a school in the Town of Bombay for the purpose of instructing the children of Protestant Christians, or of such others as might be disposed to avail

themselves of its benefits, in reading, writing, and accounts, and the principles of the Christian religion." Following on this, on Sunday, January 29, 1815, the Venerable Archdeacon Barnes made an appeal from the pulpit of St. Thomas's

Church, our present Cathedral, on behalf of the education of children of poor Europeans. After the service a meeting was held in the vestry, at which meeting the Bombay Education Society was formed with Sir Evan Nepean, the Governor of Bombay, as its first President. At this meeting Rs. 6,000 was subscribed and before the end of 1815 the fund had grown to Rs. 28,520.

From its foundation until 1925, the Society's chief school was in the Fort, but on May 5th, 1825, Lord Mountstuart Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, laid the foundation-stone of the boarding-school for boys, and Lady Chambers and Lady West that of the boarding-school for girls, at Byculla. The sites, which were described as "central, airy, healthy, and not ever likely to be incommoded by houses being built in their immediate neighbourhood" were presented by Government. Bishop Heber of Calcutta was present at the laying of the foundation-stone. The cost of the School was Rs. 1,71,238-1-6.

The Boarding-schools at Byculla closed at the end of 1924 and the new Boarding-schools at Devlali opened at the beginning of 1925.

A few prominent dates in the history of the schools are :

#### THE BOMBAY EDUCATION SOCIETY HISTORICAL SKETCH

1718 A Charity School for 12 poor boys and a master was founded by the Rev. Richard Cobbe, Chaplain of the Honourable East India Company. It was situated near the present St. Thomas's Cathedral, Bombay. This School was supported by the E. I. Co ; and in 1815 it was taken over by the Bombay Education Society.

1815 Foundation of Bombay Education Society.

- 1825 Foundation-stone of Schools at Byculla laid.
- 1836 Indo-British Institution founded by the S. P. G..
- 1839 Afghan Memorial Fund in aid of the school finances raised to commemorate the close of the First Afghan War.
- 1846 School Hospital at Byculla built.
- 1848 Government Printing Press and monopoly of Government printing for five years purchased.
- 1855 Boys' Play Shed at Byculla built at a cost of Rs. 11,500; Rs. 5,000 being given by Sir James Outram from his Sind Prize money. Grant of Rs. 2,872 made by the Society to Sir Henry Lawrence for his school at Mount Abu.
- 1868 Apprentices' Home at Mazagon built.
- 1883 Foundation-stone of the Indo-British School at Hornby Road, Bombay, laid by H. E. The Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India. Cadet corps started.
- 1907 Sale of the Bombay Education Society's Printing Press.
- 1919 Foundation-stone of new Day-school at Byculla laid by H. E. Sir George Lloyd.
- 1921 Amalgamation of the Indo-British Institution with the Bombay Education Society. New Day-school at Byculla opened.
- 1923 Foundation-stone of the School Hall of the Barnes Schools at Devlali laid by H. E. Sir George Lloyd on November 17.
- 1925 Opening of the Barnes Boarding-schools at Devlali on January 29.
- 1934 The Revd. T. E. Evans retired. Mr. W. R. Coles appointed Headmaster.
- 1950 The School celebrated its Silver Jubilee.

- 1954 Barnes School won its case against the Government of Bombay on the right to admit children of all communities.
- 1962 April 16th the Rev. T. Evans died (First Headmaster of Barnes School).
- 1968 Mr. W. R. Coles retired.
- 1969 Mr. J. L. Davis appointed Principal.
- 1972 Water-supply from the Air Force Station was commissioned, on November 10th.
- 1973 Foundation-stone of Junior Academic Block laid by Prof. A. N. Namjoshi on March 3rd.
- 1973 June 4th. A severe storm damaged the school buildings.
- 1975 The Golden Jubilee of Barnes School.

#### HEADMASTERS

(B. E. S. Schools Byculla)

Mr. Mac Veigh	1815—1818
Mr. Cooper	1818—1820
Mr. Morgan	1820—1829
Mr. J. Newell	1830—1831
Mr. Harrington	1832—1839
Mr. Hatteroth	1840—1842
Mr. Lodge	1843—1845
Rev. G. Watson	1846—1851

\* \* \*

#### CYCLONE RELIEF FUND

##### *An Appeal*

"Worm or beetle - drought or tempest  
- On a farmer's land may fall !  
Each is loaded full o' ruin,  
But a mortgage beats 'em all."

Gale or hailstorm - rain or cyclone  
- On a Boarding-school may break !  
Each is loaded full o' fury,  
Leaving misery in its wake.

\* \* \*

Rev. J. Green	1852—1854
Vacant	1855
Rev. W. Foster	1856—1857
Vacant	1858
Rev. J. Farnham	1859—1863
Mr. J. Thomas (Ag.)	1864
Rev. W. Clark	1865
Vacant	1866
Mr. R. Walters	1867—1885
Mr. J. Thomas (Ag)	1885
Mr. A. Clarkson	1886
Mr. J. Thomas (Ag)	1886
Mr. F. English	1886—1899
Mr. G. Kaye	1899
Mr. H. Mac Nec	1900—1910
Mr. T. M. Evans	1910—1924

#### BARNES (Devlali)

Mr. T. M. Evans	1925—1934
Mr. W. R. Coles	1934—1968
Mr. J. L. Davis	1969—

#### CHRIST CHURCH (Byculla)

Rev. C. Bigwood	1925—1950
Mr. Gilder	1951—1954
Rev. F. Mac Gowan	1655—1961
Mr. E. J. Shaw	1962—1967
Rev. P. B. Amolik (Ag)	1968
Mr. R. J. Fowler	1969
Rev. P. B. Amolik	1970—

Drought and cyclone - long and sev're  
From our Barnes School, took its toll ;  
Now we turn to you dear People,  
Help our funds to reach their goal.

##### *Cyclone - Relief Fund.*

All Contributions, however small,  
will be gratefully accepted.

2nd May, 1974.

*Principal  
Barnes School,  
Devlali.*

## CYCLONIC ACTIVITY

COLIN MASSEY

*XI Arts*

*Greaves*

I shall now describe to you the cyclone which struck Barnes School last year in the month of June. This cyclone caused indescribable damage, but fortunately no lives were lost.

It was June the fourth, a very windy day. The monsoon clouds were floating high across the sky. The wind was blowing very hard and the trees waved their heads, groaning in imaginary pain. The sun kept on playing hide-and-seek with us throughout most of the day.

Our school is a very large one. It is situated on a small plateau. There are four buildings on the fore-part of plateau. The buildings are facing the south and the open mountains. Towards the west is Candy Block, facing the east. Facing the South are Spence Block, Administration Block and Lloyd Block. Facing the west is Haig-Brown Block. All these are triple-storeyed, with the exception of Evans Hall. Haig-Brown Block, Evans Hall and Lloyd Block are all protected by neem, tamarind and banyan trees. Spence Block and Candy Block have only three trees each opposite them.

Towards evening a considerable change took place. The full sky was covered by an enormous expanse of clouds. Far towards the western horizon, a reddish purple hue could be distinguished

We were all worried and decided to prepare ourselves against the coming storm.

At about three-thirty the sky suddenly became dark and before we knew it, the storm unleashed its full fury. It started raining heavily. The five buildings started

trembling on their solid foundations. The cyclone had struck with all its might.

For two continuous hours the cyclone raged! By about six-thirty, the storm had lessened, but it was still raining heavily. No one dared to go out of-doors. We waited till next morning!

The next morning we stood in horror as we saw the damage done! The tiles and the corrugated tin-sheets from Candy Block had disappeared and only the beams supporting the roof were left! Some of the tiles had fallen into the dormitory.

Spence Block was even worse! Three-quarters of the tiles and corrugated tin-sheets had been blown away!

Evans Hall had not been damaged much. Only an old, gnarled, very shady banyan tree had fallen across the road opposite the building.

There was very little damage done to Haig-Brown Block and Lloyd Block as the trees had been protecting them. A part of the gym shed's tin-roof had been blown away! We went behind Spence Block and found numerous tiles and tin-sheets scattered about the place! Further down at the swimming-pool, we found a large portion of the tin-sheets from Spence Block! It was then that we actually realised, the ferocity and speed of the wind!

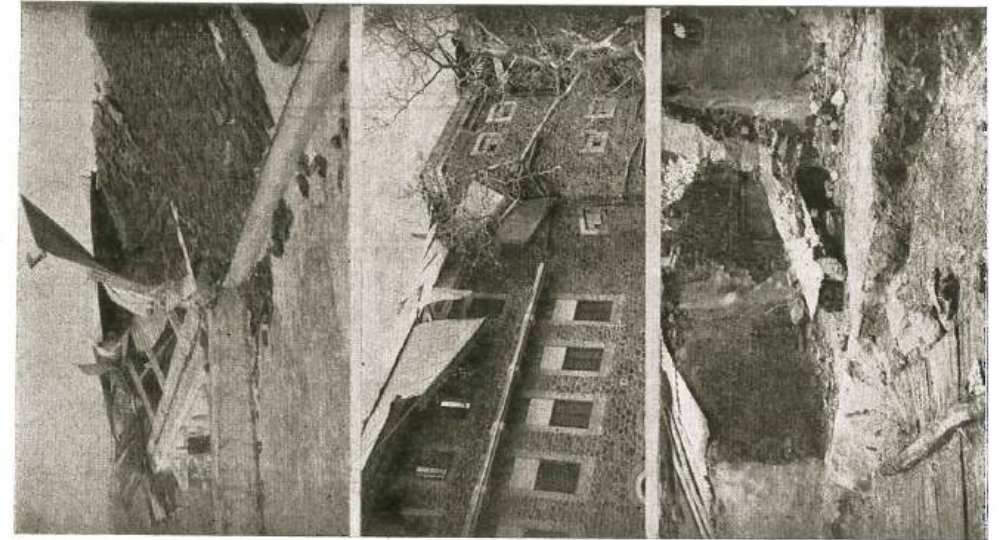
Above all else, I must record that we were very fortunate! This incident took place two days before school was scheduled to reopen and a day before the boarders were to arrive. What would have happened, had the storm struck after school had reopened! Truly, I cannot quite imagine!

This incident has been indelibly imprinted upon my mind and I shall never forget it.

LLOYD BLOCK

SPENCE BLOCK (REAR)

SERVANTS' QUARTERS

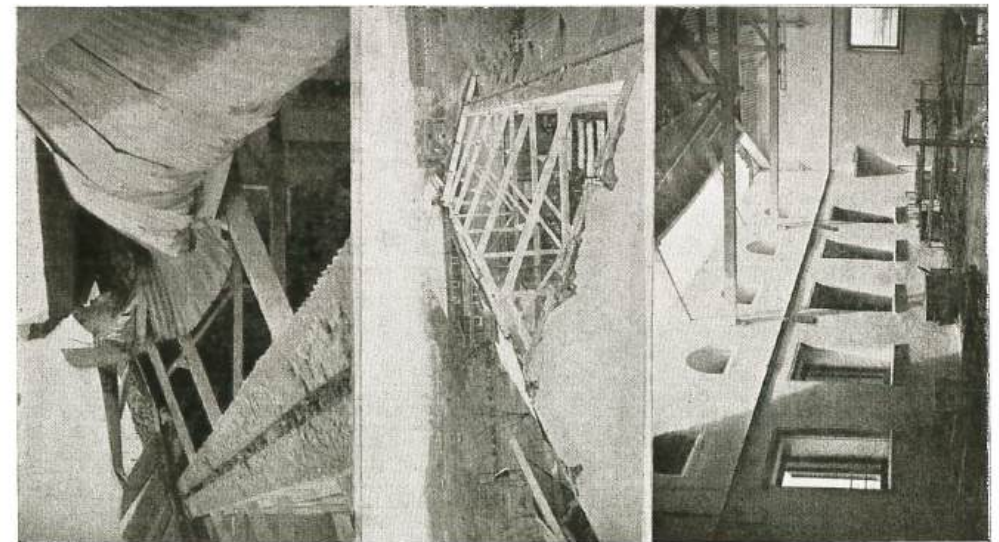


4th June 1973

CYCLONIC HAVOC!



Evans Hall

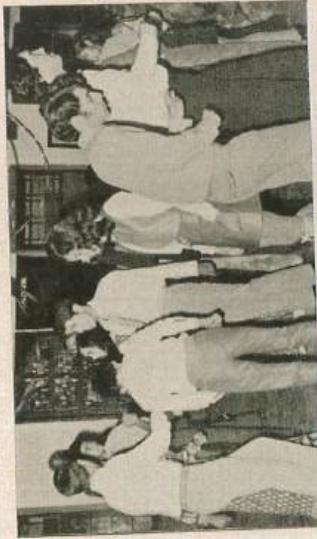


HAIG BROWN

SPENCE BLOCK

CANDY BLOCK

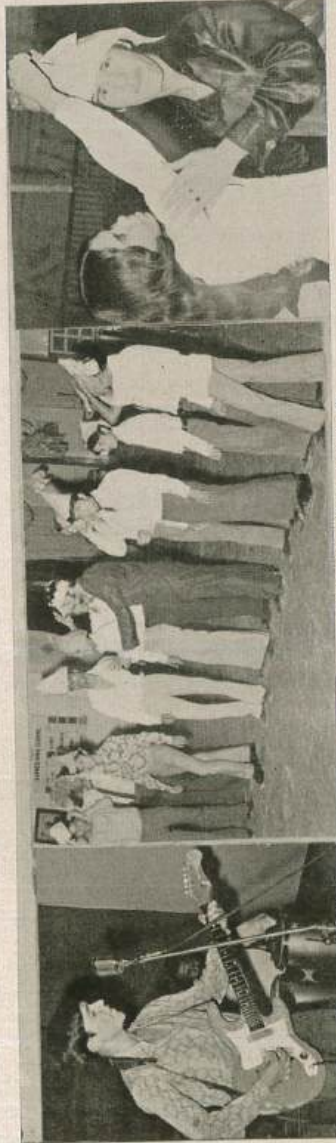
CELEBRATING  
EASTER



This is how we do it! There is nothing to it!



How's that? (Statue Dance)



My Hat!

IN OUR EASTER BONNETS

Frank Ryder



L. to R.: Mr. Speck, Mr. Davis Mrs. Speck, Miss Kume Engineer (Mr. & Mrs. Davis's Guest) and Mrs. Davis join in the Easter fun.

Mr. & Mrs. Walsh and Miss Damania (left extreme) bid farewell to Barnes at the end of April, '73.

DONATIONS RECEIVED ON  
ACCOUNT OF CYCLONE DAMAGE  
DURING THE YEAR 1973-1974.

Name of the Donor	Amount received
	Rs. P.
Mr. B. M. Pirani	... 201-00
Mr. V. S. Chaudhari	... 200-00
Mr. B. Katiyal	... 101-00
Mr. M. P. Pai	... 101-00
Mr. B. A. Chandiramani	... 251-00
Mr. Haji Hussain Khan	... 51-00
Mrs. Nargish Dastee	... 1,000-00
Mr. G. R. Varma	... 25-00
Mr. H. M. C. Medora	... 301-00
Mr. Javed M. Siddique	... 101-00
Mr. Y. Debestani	... 400-00
Mr. P. A. Makhija	... 101-00
Mrs. M. MacPherson	... 101-00
Mr. N. P. Mehta	... 101-00
Trustees of Sir Dorabji J. Tata Trust	... 2,000-00
Mrs. M. Flanagan	... 100-00
Mr. I. S. Keer	... 251-00
Mr. P. S. Bulsra	... 25-00
Mr. P. P. Antia	... 50-00
Lt. Col. Ujgar Singh	... 200-00
Sardar Eqbal Singh Gill	... 200-00
Mr. J. B. Jamshedian	... 111-00
The J. R. D. Tata Trust	... 1,000-00
Mr. Mohan Jashanmal	... 1,000-00
Mr. P. D. Sharma	... 50-00
Mr. A. S. Shaikh	... 201-00
Capt. M. A. Aleem	... 200-00
Mr. K. L. Mehta	... 57-84
Miss Z. Paternot	... 100-00
Major General A. S. Naravane	... 20-00
Mr. Khalid Md. Fooladi	... 140-00
Dr. P. A. Shetty	... 50-00
<b>Total Rs.</b>	<b>8,790-84</b>

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\* \* \*

BARNES SCHOOL,  
DEVLALI.

HOUSE PICNIC : HELEN KELLER

NIMET JAMAL

XI Sc

Helen Keller

The day dawned bright and sunny. There was excitement in the air and the Kellers were waiting anxiously for church to give over.

By eleven that morning girls could be seen running around, gaily dressed. The bus arrived and we were on our way to Gaikwad Farm. We were accompanied by Miss D'Sa, Mrs Gadre, Miss Goolamier, Miss Topping and Mrs. Bhalerao. The picnic was organised by the I.S.C. and I.C.S.C. girls who made fantastic masks and bought prizes for the games.

At first sight the picnic spot did not come up to our expectations, but after exploring, we found the place quite fascinating.

We all sat down for a delicious lunch and we ate as we had never before eaten.

After had explored the ground, games started and squeals of laughter could be heard everywhere. We played Grandnro Ther's Barcel, Dodge Ball and Lucky Nnumber for masks. By the time, games were over, we were again all ravenous.

Then came the lovely tea of ladus, bondas, patties, jam and buns and sweet-limes. After eating our fill, we relaxed and listened to music.

Just then the bus arrived. We were quite surprised to know how the time had flown. We all scrambled into the bus and after our having given a last glance at our picnic spot, we returned to school.

# The School Play

On Sunday, 21st October 1973, at 5.30 p.m.

TOWARDS ZERO  
(IN THREE ACTS)

by  
Agatha Christie

Directed by Mrs. Tess Davis

Chief Guest: Brigadier J. P. Dalvi (Retd.)

Characters (in the order of their appearance)

Thomas Royde	...	Chervyn Phillips
Kay Strange	...	Anna Young
Mary Aldin	...	Brenda Zachariahs
Mathew Treves	...	Kripal Attawar
Nevile Strange	...	Michael Davis
Lady Tressilian	...	Valerie Taylor
Audrey Strange	...	Erica D'Abreo
Ted Latimer	...	Suhas Kshatriya
Superintendent Battle, C.I.D., Scotland Yard	...	Clyde Arnold
Inspector Jim Leach, local C.I.D.	...	Ernest Flanagan
P.C. Benson	...	Jaspal Dhillon

Setting by MRS. TESS DAVIS

Scene: The drawing-room at Gulls' Point, Lady Tressilian's house at Saltcreek, Cornwall.

Time: The Present

## ACT I

Scene 1 ... A morning in October

Scene 2 ... After dinner, four days later

## ACT II

Scene 1 ... Early the following morning

INTERVAL Ten Minutes

Scene 2 ... Two hours later

## ACT III

Scene 1 ... The next morning

Scene 2 ... The same evening

## A SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY

The handsome and well-built Nevile Strange and his attractive second wife Kay are spending a fortnight at Gulls' Point, the beautiful home of his Aunt, Lady

Camilla Tressilian. Also on holiday here, are Audrey Strange, Nevile's pretty and gentle first wife; Mathew Treves an elderly and shrewd lawyer-friend of the late Sir Mortimer Tressilian; and another nephew-the reserved and good-looking Thomas Royde, who has been away for seven years on a rubber plantation in Malaya. Mary Aldin, pleasant and non-committal in manner, is the aristocratic Lady Tressilian's companion-cum-house-keeper.

Staying at the new Easterhead Bay Hotel, on the other side of the estuary, is Ted Latimer, Kay Strange's former boyfriend. Latimer, a rather theatrical-looking young man of Mexican descent, is often at Gulls' Point for a game of tennis or an outing on the beach.



Mamta Shah XI Sc.



Meelit Shah XI Sc.



C. Arnold (Head-boy)

## PRIZE DAY



S. Chowdhary VIA



Mr. C. Paul conducting the School Choir



C. Coelho VII A



M. Davis XI A



J. Jaggi XI A



N. Jamal (Head-girl)

## TOWARDS ZERO

"Ah, Thomas, nice to see you after all these years."

L to R : Matthew Treves (K. Attawar);  
Thomas Royde (C. Phillips);  
Mary Aldin (B. Zachariahs).



Lady Tressilian (Valerie Taylor) to Thomas Royde,  
"Last time, you let Neville walk off with Audrey  
under your nose."

Nevile (Michael Davis) : "My dear—I couldn't care less—  
Ted just doesn't count."

Kay (Anna Young) : "I think you're very rude about my  
friends, I have to put up with yours."



Nevile to Audrey (Evica D'Abreo) : "I couldn't  
find you anywhere. What about coming  
down to the beach for a swim?"



It is soon evident that all is not well, and that Lady Tressilian has a difficult situation on her hands. Jealousy and hysteria lead to discordant scenes, and "there is a suggestion of gunpowder in the air." Uneasiness, fear and a feeling of "something-is-going-to-happen" are expressed, and it is not long before a tragedy occurs.

Mathew Treves gets in touch with his old friend Superintendent Battle of Scotland Yard, who happens to be on holiday at Saltcreek, Cornwall. Battle's nephew Inspector Jim Leach (local C. I. D.), good-naturedly known as "Titch" and P. C. Benson, help him handle the case.

### WHO'S WHO

At the end of the play Mrs. Tess Davis appeared on stage to say :-

"Ladies and Gentlemen, you have just witnessed a Three Act Play by Agatha Christie. We do hope you have enjoyed seeing it as much as the Cast has enjoyed acting it.

Before the final curtain, I would like you to meet :-

- 1) The dignified old lady, at whose home, seven people of varying personalities "converged on a certain day, at a certain time." :-

*Lady Camilla Tressilian* played by *VALERIE TAYLOR*.

\* \* \*

- 2) The man from Malaya...who, in this case, was so right when he said, "The murder is not really the beginning, but the end of the story" :-

*Thomas Royde* played by *CHERVYN PHILLIPS*.

\* \* \*

- 3) Lady Tressilian's dogsbody...the friendly, quiet and entirely competent :-

*Mary Aldin* played by *BRENDA ZACHARIAHS*.

\* \* \*

- 4) The young, South American playboy, who considered himself an "outsider" among the family gathering at Gulls' Point :-

*Ted Latimer* played by *SUHAS KSHATRIYA*.

\* \* \*

- 5) The two women in Nevile Strange's life, who were as different as chalk and cheese, but who had one thing in common—a feeling of fear :

a) The first wife who stated, "There's something wrong! Something's changed about this place!" :-

*Audrey Strange* played by *ERICA D'ABREO*.

b) The second wife, who said, "Let's go away, at once, before it's too late" :-

*Kay Strange* played by *ANNA YOUNG*.

\* \* \*

- 6) An old friend of the family—a distinguished lawyer of great shrewdness. Having retired from his London firm a few years ago, he is now a keen observer of human nature. His observations led up to Zero Hour :-

*Mathew Treves* played by *KRIPAL ATTAWAR*.

\* \* \*

- 7) The Police Officer who 'happened to be on the spot' and was asked to handle the murder case at Gulls' Point. A man of dogged determination and ripe experience :-

*Superintendent Battle of Scotland Yard* played by *CLYDE ARNOLD*,

and his assistants from the local C.I.D. :-

a) *Inspector Jim Leach* played by **ERNEST FLANAGAN**.

b) *Police Constable Benson* played by **JASPAL DHILLON**.

\* \* \*

- 8) Finally, the man with a disarming charm, who was responsible for all the causes and events which brought these people together. The murderer who thought he was very clever in working out every detail for the Perfect Crime. But, as always—there was one slip—he didn't know that someone else knew the truth about "Audrey and Adrian." The man whose vanity was hurt, because his wife had the colossal impertinence to prefer his cousin Adrian. The man with a mental kink :-

*Nevile Strange* played by **MICHAEL DAVIS**.

\* \* \*

#### THEIR POINT OF VIEW

- 1) From start to finish "Towards Zero" was a treat. The play kept us enthralled for three hours with superb acting, masterly direction and the constant question harping on our minds—"Whodunit" ?—the sign of a well-produced mystery play.

I have seen the plays produced by the British High Commission, New Delhi; and also the Yatrik plays produced by the well-known Joy Michael. Tess Davis is no less a producer-director. My suggestion to her always is : Take your troupe outside if need be, for BARNES.

*Signed—(Mrs) Vijaya Naravane,*  
Lam Road, Devlali.

\* \* \*

- 2) Once again this year we thoroughly enjoyed the play "Towards Zero"

produced by Mrs. Tess Davis. After last year, we knew of course that we would be well entertained, but a particularly pleasant surprise was the way some of the young actors and actresses have blossomed out, in the space of a year. Quite obviously this was due in great measure to the expert encouragement and guidance given them.

During the years we spent in Bombay, we used to attend as many as possible of the various amateur theatrical productions which are put on there. My husband and I both felt that the performance of "Towards Zero" at Barnes this year, could knock most of them "into a cocked hat", as the saying goes !

We especially noted a tremendous development in the acting personality of **MICHAEL DAVIS**. He has achieved a maturity of manner, voice and presence which is most unusual in someone of his age—sixteen years,—and is a delight to watch.

*Signed—(Mrs.) Anjali Lobo,*  
Dina Cottage, Dhondy Rd.,  
Devlali.

\* \* \*

- 3) "Towards Zero" was as usual, a great success. Tess Davis is a perfectionist. The stage sets, lighting and sound effects were marvellous. That shrill scream left me spine-chilled and goose-pimpled ! It was really difficult to pin down the murderer—everyone in the cast had reasons for coming under suspicion.

Mrs. Davis has the gift of casting the characters in their right roles. Congratulations on her judgement and the actors and actresses' performance under her direction.

*Signed—(Mrs.) Trudy Speck,*  
Baroda.

\* \* \*

Latimer (Suhas Kshatriya) to Kay : "Why should I like Nevile ? He's not my sort."



Nevile to Kay, "It's no good Kay—you and I don't belong. It's better to cut our losses."

Audrey, "No, no—it wasn't her heart. She's been murdered."

*L to R :* M. Treves, A. Strange, T. Royde,  
N. Strange.



*L to R :* Matthew Treves, Superintendent Battle (C. Arnold), Kay Strange; P. C. Benson (J. Dhillon) and Inspector Jim Leach (E. Flanagan) Superintendent Battle to Kay, "What did you do—say from after dinner, onwards ?"

Battle, "There's this glove, for instance—who does it belong to?" (L to R : Battle, Nevile, Kay, Audrey)



L to R : (Kay, Leach, Battle, Audrey, Royde)  
Audrey : "Dear Thomas, I'm so glad—it's all over."



Nevile : "How was I to know that Royde knew the truth about Audrey and Adrian?"

L to R : Mary Aldin, Latimer, Treves, Benson, Leach, Nevile, Battle, Audrey, Royde.



Nevile to the Police :  
"You're making a great mistake, you know. I can ....."

4) Like every year, Mrs. Davis' 1973 annual play "Towards Zero" excelled in all respects.

It appeared that the characters had been very carefully selected for their respective roles. It became difficult to decide whether the part they were enacting suited them or they suited the part !

The apt costumes, meticulous diction and natural acting, kept one so engrossed that for a short while one identified oneself with the character and the situation. It was an atmosphere of complete reality.

Agatha Christie's plays are rather difficult to produce. To maintain an atmosphere of suspense for three hours, and to keep everyone guessing as to who was the murderer, is still more difficult. But under Mrs. Davis's competent direction this atmosphere was easily achieved.

The tasteful setting of the stage was elegantly sophisticated, and realistically depicted Lady Tressilian's home.

If the whole show was put on celluloid, it would be difficult to distinguish between Hollywood standard and Barnes School's performance !

Signed—(Mrs.) K. Sindhi,  
Headmistress,  
Regt. of Arty. Children's  
School, Devlali.

\* \* \*

5) Barnes does it again ! Like every year, nineteen seventy-three saw yet another remarkable production staged by the Senior School. This time it was "Towards Zero", a Three-Act Thriller by Agatha Christie.

It was an experience to see a band of young amateurs turn out a play, full

of intrigue and suspense, like experienced professionals. Masterly production and direction by that energetic perfectionist Tess Davis was evident from the manner in which characters and situations were groomed and handled.

MICHAEL DAVIS as the straight-faced, Double-croser 'Nevile Strange', both in love and war, excelled himself, and so did his first wife 'Audrey', played by ERICA D'ABREO who taught him a lesson. His second wife 'Kay' played by ANNA YOUNG, displayed her many graces no less.

Well done boys and girls ! We look forward to another rendering next year.

Signed—(Mrs.) Sheila Diol,  
Haig Lines, Devlali.

\* \* \*

6) Not one of the five persons around me in the audience was able to detect the murderer correctly ! This proved beyond doubt the success of the play "Towards Zero", in which skilful direction by Mrs. Tess Davis drew cameo-like portrayals from the young actors and actresses, amidst tasteful stage decor and suitable sound effects.

MICHAEL DAVIS as Nevile Strange 'lived' his part even till the curtain call. ERICA D'ABREO and VALERIE TAYLOR as 'Audrey Strange' and 'Lady Tressilian' were also particularly good.

The entire cast carried the suspense to a thrilling denouement and provided an evening of entertainment that was near professional and truly enjoyable.

Signed—(Mrs.) Pearl Massey,  
Devlali.

\* \* \*

# Stop Press

## NEW BUILDING APPEAL

The expansion of Barnes School is now in progress. Three buildings are to be built or completed.

- (1) The Junior Academic Block for Classes I - VI and the Offices.
- (2) The Senior Academic Block for Classes VII - XII with Laboratories, Library and so on.
- (3) Completion of No. 5 - the unfinished building (Not completed in 1925).

At the moment funds permit the building of only HALF the ground floor of the Junior Academic Block. All parents and friends are earnestly requested to donate generously towards completing the ground floor of this block.

THE SUM REQUIRED IS ABOUT Rs. 1,00,000 (A LAKH OF RUPEES ONLY).

It is only by expansion that the school can generate the income to survive and to continue its charitable work at the existing level.

THERE ARE AT LEAST 100 PARENTS AND FRIENDS WHO CAN WELL AFFORD TO DONATE Rs. 1,000/-. THIS WOULD SOLVE OUR PROBLEM.

Act NOW and help us to help your children by creating conditions more ideal for their work and play.

J. L. Davis,  
Principal,  
Barnes School, Devlali.

3-8-1974.



2 8 ■ X I ■ 7 3

The Staff 1. P. Goolamier, L. Topping, M. Wythe, L. D'Sa, P. Massey.  
L. to R. 2. S. Diol, J. Davis and T. Davis  
3. V. Russell, W. Louis, M. Thorpe, S. S. Gupta.  
4. R. Paul, C. Samson, P. Bhalerao, O. Swing and K. Emmanuel.



The Cast 1. V. Taylor, B. Zachariah, E. D'Abreo, A. Young.  
L. to R. 2. J. Dhillon, (Mrs. T. Davis), E. Flanagan  
3. S. Kshatriya, C. Phillips, M. Davis, K. Attwar,  
C. Arnold.



DINNER AT THE CORONATION HOTEL FOR THE CAST AND THE STAFF WHO ALSO PLAYED THEIR PART!



“ALL THE CAUSES AND EVENTS THAT BRING THE PEOPLE CONCERNED TO A CERTAIN PLACE  
(The Coronation Hotel!)”



ON A CERTAIN DAY (28 XI '73), AT A CERTAIN TIME (8 p.m.) ALL GOING 'TOWARDS ZERO'”!



A section of the Audience engrossed in  
“Towards Zero”.

The Cast : M. Treves, Sup. Battle  
N. Strange, J. Leach,  
T. Royde, T. Latimer,  
K. Strange, A. Strange,  
M. Aldin, Lady Tressilian,  
P. C. Benson.

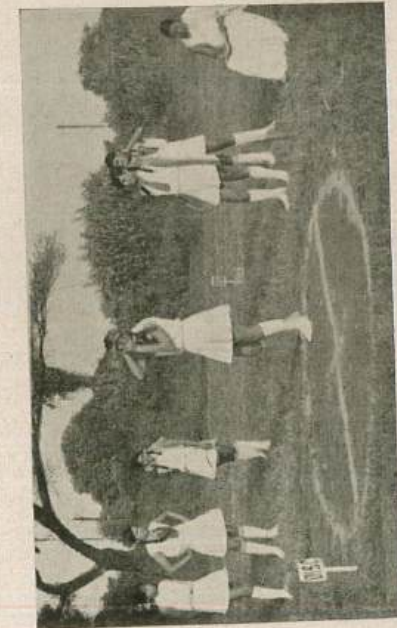


Nevile : “You’re going to die Audrey.  
You’ll never belong to anyone but me.”

Nevile to Audrey :  
“Strong fingers Audrey - and a  
Soft throat.”



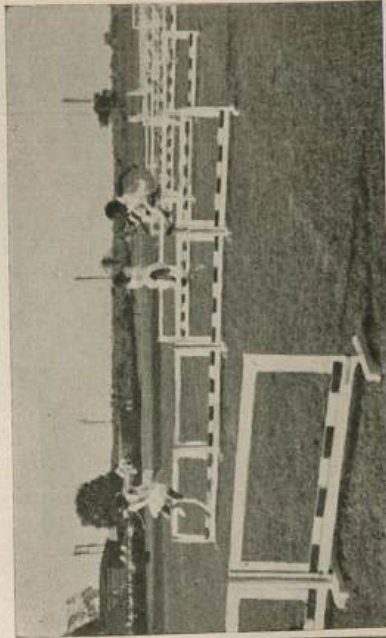
INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS



Discus.....M. Cox in action



The Mackenzie sisters  
Heather & Audrey  
(Champions in the field)



R. Phillips hurdling to victory!



R. Phillips at the finish



K. Pawar breasting the tape

*The Annual Prize-giving, 1973.*

Barnes School, Devlali.  
October 19, 1973.

THE PRINCIPAL'S ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1973.

Mr. President,

It gives me great pleasure to welcome you and Mrs. Duncalf to our Annual Prize and Speech Day. I am happy that as Vice-President of the Society and Chairman of the Managing Committee, we have a Director with a modern and forward-looking approach to the problems of the School. I am also glad that Mrs. Duncalf is present to make up for her unavoidable absence a year ago. I am very pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Robb. Mr. Robb is an ex-student of the school who has played a prominent role in fighting the smugglers in and around Bombay City. He has gladly come up to play his part in today's function.

The year opened with 515 boarders and 243 day-scholars. These figures now stand at 507 boarders and 283 day-scholars. There are many who seek admission but cannot be accommodated. The School enjoys a good name in India and abroad and draws students from several foreign countries. They all settle down after an initial period of difficulty while they master the mysteries of the English Language.

The Indian School Certificate Examination results were satisfactory. Despite the fact that the conditions for a pass were made more difficult, 35 were successful in the First Division, 16 in the Second Division and 10 in the Third Division. The Government Art Examinations produced good results. In the Intermediate Grade 13 were successful and 19 in the Elementary Grade. After many years candidates from Barnes appeared for the Music examinations of Trinity College, London. All fifteen candidates were successful. This year a record number of

65 candidates will appear for I. S. C. and 27 for the I. C. S. E.. The results of these 92 children will be eagerly awaited to see what sort of record they create.

The School has enjoyed a full and successful year. Only one activity was dropped and that was because of the drought. The acute water shortage made it impossible to organise our Swimming and Diving competitions in the first term. It is hoped to fit these in during the last month of the year.

We have had our usual fixtures against the Cathedral School in Hockey and Football. They brought up a Junior and a Senior team to play us in Hockey. Our Junior team beat them 4-0 and our Seniors 1-0. More recently our School XI visited Bombay to play them in Football. We won easily, beating them 5-0.

We have had friendly fixtures in Football with our cousins, Christ Church, Bombay. They were determined to have three matches and we duly obliged them. Our School XI beat them 1-0, our under 16 team beat them 2-0 and our under 14 team won 4-0. This is evidence enough that boarders are generally fitter and stronger than their counterparts in the cities.

March 3rd was a red-letter day in the history of the school. The Minister for Education, Mr. A. N. Namjoshi, laid the Foundation Stone of the new academic block for the Junior School. The construction will commence shortly, provided we are able to obtain cement. This is the beginning of our expansion scheme, which will ultimately give us two new academic blocks and see the completion of the

unfinished building, known as No. 5. It is a tremendous scheme, and I again appeal to all those who have not done so, to help by donating generously towards our Golden Jubilee Fund. The School will complete fifty years in Devlali in 1975.

At the end of last year another big step forward was the commissioning of the water-supply from the Air Force Station. This happy event took place on November 10th, 1972. It is a date we will remember with gratitude to all those concerned with this work, particularly Mr. W. G. Blanden and Group-Captain A. K. Gupta who were the driving forces at each end of the pipe-line. Without this pipe line the school would not have opened at the beginning of 1973. I have also to thank our contractor Messrs. Rawte and Tendulkar and our consultant Mr. Pathare. Although we are not getting all the water we hoped for, we are grateful for small mercies.

Our children have had a fair share of outings. A group of boys attended the annual camp at Nasrapur, where they had a chance of meeting children from other schools at work and at play.

During the hottest days of March, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Louis with a party of twenty boys hiked to Igatpuri. They spent a short time there and had the dubious pleasure of eating food cooked by themselves. They found the return journey more comfortable as they came by train. I am glad to report that there were no ill effects either as a result of the hike or the cooking.

Another tour enjoyed by our boys was the visit to Bombay to take part in the sixth invitation Boxing Tournament organised by St. Mary's School. This proved a rather futile exercise. Only five of our boxers were given fights. Our good boxers were not matched—some because they were too good for their opponents. Our

star performer, Clyde Arnold, has not entered the ring for two years. This year an opponent was available but he refused to enter the ring. There seems little point in sending a contingent of boxers to watch the tournament.

For our Inter-house Boxing we had the privilege of Mr. R. D. Nimbalkar's company. He is a young and promising M. P.. In addition, he is a well-known sportsman in India and in Germany. He gave our young boxers sound advice on technique and on training methods.

The Junior and Senior Parents' Days have now become established and provide a useful link between the teachers and the parents. The Junior School entertained the parents with a Variety Concert while the Senior School staged a pantomime—*"Ali's Barbara"* and a one-act play *"The Walrus and the Carpenters"*. Mrs. Davis was the organiser on both occasions and I must thank her for all her hard work. The Junior School teachers arranged an exhibition of craft and hand-work, which was greatly appreciated.

A further amenity for the children has been the introduction of Basketball. Three courts are now ready for use, two for the boys and one for the girls. Netball is now on its way out and will be replaced gradually by Basketball, as a House-competition.

On June 4th, at 4.20 p. m., the School was struck by a cyclone with a wind force of almost 100 m.p.h.. For one hour the rain fell in torrents and the wind "huffed and puffed" and blew parts of our buildings down. An hour later, a bewildered Principal roamed the estate to inspect the damage. Four dormitory blocks were without roofs, several trees were laid low and electric poles were leaning North.

The school party was due the next morning. I immediately got in touch with

the railway authorities, asking them to cancel the reservation of two bogies. At 5.00 a.m., there was great rejoicing in the ranks of the young Philistines when they were told to go home as the school had been damaged. However, thanks to the energetic work of Mr. S. K. Wadhwa and his labourers, two weeks later the school was back at work.

I am grateful, and indeed we all must be, that the cyclone came in the absence of the children. Otherwise, the consequences could have been tragic.

The repairs are still going on. I have to thank those parents who contributed towards the cost of these repairs, and in particular Mrs. M. Hawgood, who arranged for a grant of Rs. 3,000/- from two Tata Trusts, and Mrs. Dashti and Jashanmal and Sons (Dubai) for donations of Rs. 1,000/- each.

The total cost of the repairs will be about Rs. 30,000. Of this, donations amounting to Rs. 8,000/- have been received and others are hopefully expected.

Perhaps, an equally tragic problem has been the shortage of essential food grains. Many parents tell me of their ordeal—having to feed a family of five or six persons. I always sympathise with them, and also tell them about my family of 600. The last six months have been very difficult, but we have maintained the same standard of feeding as far as possible. For part of the year some items increased by 100 per cent. and others were just not obtainable. In these circumstances, the management had no option but to increase the boarding-fee by Rs. 20/- per month with effect from October 1st, 1973. The school is now spending about Rs. 10,000 per month extra on food. I am greatly indebted to Wg. Cdr. C. Samson who has had to deal with these problems.

The cost of other items is also rising from day to day. To meet this increased cost, all scholars' fees will be raised by Rs. 10/- per month with effect from January 1st, 1974. These increases have become absolutely necessary, and even so, Barnes School is still a comparatively cheap school.

The health of the school has caused no anxiety. We have had none of the usual epidemics—except broken bones. In these matters most of my cares are cast on to other shoulders. I am deeply indebted to the O.C. of the Military Hospital, Lt. Col. Talwar, for his help in emergencies, and also to Lt. Col. Sindhi, the Medical Specialist. For complaints that do not require special treatment or equipment, Dr. Pandit is our constant stand by, at any time of the day or night. I am grateful to all of them for their kindness to and consideration for the staff and children of the school.

Tomorrow the school will stage Agatha Christie's *"Towards Zero"*. Mrs. Davis and her cast have been hard at work for the last month. I am sure the play will be up to the usual high standard. Those who wish to attend may contact staff responsible for reservations. It is not often that the public of Devlali have an opportunity to witness a full length play. I thank Mrs. Davis for her hard work and her great contribution to the cultural life of the school. Her plays have brought in almost Rs. 20,000 towards the school building fund.

The following day we have our Annual Sports which are always most entertaining. Unfortunately, the Inter-school items, introduced last year, are not being held this year. St Xavier's School withdrew at the last minute. As for the girls' events it seems impossible to get other schools interested. Nevertheless, I shall make another effort and get more schools to take part, so that the withdrawal of one school will not create such a problem.

As you are aware it is becoming increasingly difficult to employ suitable teachers. In June we were unfortunate in losing the services of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh. It was a great loss but we accepted it in a good cause. Mr. Walsh left to take over the Headship of Doveton Corrie School, Madras. We were fortunate in getting suitable replacements. Mrs. Diol joined the Staff to replace Mrs. Walsh and Mr. Thorpe replaced Mr. Walsh. Mr. Thorpe insisted on coming along with two monkeys. It seemed that a master who was so attached to monkeys would be the correct person for Candy Block. I was right. Several boys and monkeys have developed brotherly affection for one another. In addition our Art teacher, Miss Damania, left in May to get married. She was replaced by Mrs. Massey, an experienced teacher and fine artist. And finally, Mrs. Thorpe took over from Miss Roberts as one of the matrons in Candy Block.

At the end of this year we shall lose the services of Mr. D. Hoffman, who will retire, but not leave the estate. Mr. D. Hoffman is a teacher of many parts. He has taken a keen interest in all school activities and has been responsible for teaching Hindi in the Senior School. In addition he has been in charge of Bookbinding and Scouting. He has played an active part in Chapel affairs and is in addition a qualified doctor. He obviously cannot remain idle. I am sure he will willingly help when required and continue to serve the school where he has worked conscientiously for the last twenty years. So, I wish him a happy semi-retirement and I am certain hundreds of ex-students and children now in the school will join me in my good wishes. His place as House-master of Candy Block will be taken by Mr. S. S. Gupta.

On the management side we recently bade farewell to the Right Rev. A. W. Luther, who as Bishop of Nasik was closely associated with the school for thirteen years.

For the last two years, as Bishop of Bombay, he was President of the Society, till his retirement. In addition we said farewell to Mr. W. G. Blanden, who served as a Director, off and on, for eighteen years. Both these good people have made important contributions to the work of the Society for which we are very grateful.

To face the difficult living conditions of today the management has been giving the menial staff interim relief from June 1st. With effect from September 1st all employees will be given interim relief - and this despite our financial problems. I am certain that the teachers in Barnes School are very well paid. I am aware of scales of pay in similar schools all over India. For these good working conditions, I have to thank the Directors of the Society, who not only think about improving working conditions, but implement these ideas.

I would like to say a few words about the new pattern of education. The whole country has now accepted the 10+2+3 pattern, that is ten years of general education, two years of specialisation and finally three years of the first degree. The transition period is bound to be confusing and perhaps children in the upper classes are going to be involved in this confusion and be victims of it.

In Western India, that is Maharashtra, most Cambridge Schools will drop the present I.S.C. (11) at the end of 1974. The present class IX will do the I.C.S.E. (10) which will be a terminal examination for the vast majority. Those who pass with five subjects, including English, will qualify for the two-year course of I.S.C. (12). It is difficult, at this stage to decide whether this school will cater for I.S.C. (12). Obviously, if the majority leave school after the tenth year, it may not be possible to cater for a small number. The first I.S.C. (12) examination will be held in March, 1977, and the last I.S.C. (11) examination in November, 1976. It is almost

certain that the last batch for the I.S.C. (11) from this school will be in November, 1974.

In the Junior School I have introduced continuous assessment with effect from June. This means that marks are given for current work and trial runs throughout the term. Those children who fail on this basis are given a supplementary test, while those who pass are exempted the supplementary test.

In the Senior School, work marks are given for current work but all children have to appear for the terminal examinations. Half the marks are given for current work and half for the examination.

There will be a few important changes in the curriculum. Firstly, Modern mathematics will be introduced into class Seven with effect from 1974 and class Eight the year after. So that in a few years the whole school will be ready to face the Space Age. Furthermore, Hindi will be introduced in the primary classes, while Marathi or Sanskrit will be studied for only four years, that is in classes V to VIII. Finally, classes IX and X will study World History in addition to Indian History.

Regarding school holidays, I get frequent inquiries about this. As long as our public and promotion examinations are held in November it is difficult to cater for those who would like a longer break at Divali time. However, there is a move to change the academic year for the I.S.C. (12). When I.S.C. (11) is phased out, probably at the end of 1974, then the I.C.S.E. will begin in December and there will be more time for Divali holidays in October or early November. In this case the Christmas holiday will be shortened.

For this year, the promotion examination will be in the first half of December at the same time as the I.C.S.E. examination. Children appearing for the I.S.C. will be free to leave after they complete their

examinations in the first week of December. I must say a few words about regular attendance. The Prospectus lays down that unauthorised absence will be subject to a penalty. I find that boarders and day-scholars are either overstaying their leave or not attending school. In some cases doctor's certificates are produced to prove illness on the wrong dates; in other cases, children have admitted that they have not been ill, despite the medical certificate. This is a sorry state of affairs - a triple conspiracy of parents, doctors and children. May I suggest that you bring me into a quadruple alliance on the side of right, and for your children's benefit.

The school insists on children being properly dressed. Day-scholars are frequently sent home for being improperly dressed or to have a hair-cut. It would be a great help to the school if parents would co-operate in these matters. We are not "squares" but we expect the children to conform with reasonable standards. The latest act of sabotage - the school barber lost his box containing the usual "instruments of torture". He will be provided with another set.

Regarding the boys' uniforms, from next year all boys will have to wear grey trousers (of the proper shade) for special occasions. In addition all boarders in the Senior School, that is, Classes IX-XI, must be provided with blazers.

I have spoken at length. I could not have said less, and I had better not say more. Enough is enough. I close my report by thanking all those who labour for the school or Society in this great task of educating the young and assure them that however disappointing and frustrating the work may seem to be, you shall have your reward, from Him who seeth in secret.

Signed : J. L. Davis.  
Principal.

## A VOTE OF THANKS

by  
MR. W. J. ROBB

Mr. and Mrs. Duncalf, Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls.

I consider it a great privilege and honour to propose the vote of thanks today. I express my gratitude to all who have graced this occasion.

To begin with, I must thank Mr. Duncalf for very kindly consenting to be the Chief Guest and for presiding over this function today. I know, Sir, that inspite of your many other preoccupations in Bombay, you have spared some of your valuable time to be with us this evening. We are deeply grateful to Mrs. Duncalf for kindly consenting to give away the prizes. Madam, I am sure that your presence has given encouragement to all the boys and girls. On behalf of those present here, I wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Duncalf.

It has been encouraging to learn from the Principal's report of the tremendous strides the school has made over the past year. I have to thank Mr. Davis for his tireless and unstinting labours. With his progressive drive and humorous disposition he has done much to inspire both staff and pupils alike. My heartfelt thanks go to Mrs. Davis for all the support she has given to Mr. Davis and for her own worthy contribution to the welfare of the school, particularly in the field of dramatics. I am confident that under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Barnes School will continue to maintain a high standard and reputation.

The Choir has given us an excellent performance and I know that this must

have taken considerable time and effort. I wish to express my thanks to Mr. R. Paul, Mr. C. Paul and all members of the Choir for the delightful music and singing. I should like to thank Carl Coelho and Sukanto Chowdhury for their fine performances.

I would like to congratulate the prize-winners and I wish you even greater success in the future. I also hope that next year there will be many new faces among the prize-winners.

I would like to thank and congratulate the House-masters, House-mistresses and the entire staff of the School for their dedicated services and joint efforts, which have enabled the school to have had such a successful year. I am sure you all will continue your hard labour in the cause of Barnes School. I should also like to thank Mr. D. V. Hoffman for his long, dedicated services to the School.

In conclusion, I wish to thank all those who are directly or indirectly connected with and interested in the welfare of the school. Your support and interest have given the school great encouragement.

May each of us take back with us the words of the School motto.

" I SHALL RISE WITH THE STRENGTH I HAVE RECEIVED "

[Editor : William James Robb is an Old Boy (1934-1943). Currently he is Assistant Collector of Central Excise, Division Five.]

## THE FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING

October 20th, 1973, at 5-30 p. m.

Chairman : Mr. G. Duncalf, Vice-Chairman, Bombay Education Society.

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

### PROGRAMME

1. Opening Prayer	The Reverend D. A. Smith
2. The School Song	The School
3. O God of Truth, The Power of Nations Free	The School Choir
4. The Annual Report	The Principal
5. Sonatina in G. <i>Anton Andre</i>	Carl Coelho
6. Address	The Chairman
7. Sonatina in F (Allegro) <i>Ludwig Van Beethoven</i>	Sukanto Chowdhury
8. Distribution of Prizes	Mrs. G. Duncalf
9. Immortal Invisible <i>Rev. Walter C. Smith</i>	The School Choir
10. Vote of thanks	Mr. W. J. Robb
11. Jana, Gana, Mana	The School

### Class Prizes

Class	First	Second	Third	Handwork	Progress
1 L	R. Sayed	G. Fallah	S. Dhole	M. Mansuri	R. Sharma
1 U	R. Menezes	Z. Fallah	J. Pawar	R. Menezes	S. Korah
2 A	V. Thayil	S. Bulsara	A. Budhwani	A. Jalili	L. Sharma
2 B	L. Chawla	R. Misra	M. Shetty	A. Lasrado	T. Jacob
				F. D'Abreo	
				A. Chawla	
	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Languages</i>	<i>Social Studies</i>
3 A	S. Bhattacharya	J. Mehrotra	N. Vijay Raghavan	S. Bhattacharya	J. Mehrotra
3 B	D. Gupta	S. Ramaswamy	R. Cantem	S. Ramaswamy	D. Gupta
4 A	R. Basrai	P. Kalapa	J. Joseph	R. Basrai	P. Kalapa
4 B	Y. Coelho	V. K. Rajaram	G. Malakar	Y. Coelho	V. K. Rajaram
5 A	P. Joshi	A. Bira	N. Joglekar	P. Joshi	R. Diol
5 B	B. Marathe	C. Pai	U. Patel	B. Marathe	U. Patel
	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Maths and Science</i>	<i>Languages</i>	<i>Social Studies</i>
6 A	R. Pande	C. Mascarenhas	C. Mascarenhas	R. Pande	V. Chaurasia
6 B	B. Pai	P. Chavanke	B. Pai	P. Chavanke	A. Pirani
7 A	S. Pawar	M. Sathe	S. Oke	M. Sathe	S. Pawar
7 B	C. Lasrado	B. Hon	C. Lasrado	A. Sharma	B. Hon
8 A	R. Shaikh	J. S. Dhillon	R. Shaikh	S. Roy	Y. Razvi
8 B	A. Diol	A. Paranjpe	A. Paranjpe	A. Diol	S. Basrai
9 A	A. Pai	A. Chopra	K. Majd	A. Chopra	A. Pai
9 B	S. Bhalerao	R. Lele	M. Misra	A. Jamal	S. Bhalerao
10 A	S. Chowdhury	G. Pichaya	—	S. Chowdhury	K. Phillips
10 Sc.	G. Nadar	R. Mahanty	G. Nadar	D. Ruraishi	—
10 I.C.S.E.	C. Fernandes	F. Vaz	F. Vaz	L. Chowdhary	A. Gupta
11 A	J. Jaggi	M. Davis	—	C. Narang	J. Jaggi
11 Sc.	M. Shah	M. Shah	M. Shah	I. Roy	—

### Special Prizes

Prize	Junior	Middle	Senior
Cherian Art Prize	S. Chowdhury	J. S. Dhillon	V. Kumari
Ferguson English Prize	B. Marathe	A. Diol	K. Attawar
Divinity Prize	A. Bira	A. Diol	A. Young
General Knowledge	P. Joshi	K. Dopashi/Y. Razvi	—
Elocution : Girls	R. Lele	—	J. Walkay
Elocution : Boys	A. Mehta	—	M. Davis
Singing : Girls	L. Massey	—	D. Dawson
Singing : Boys	S. Peters	—	C. Arnold
Music	S. Chowdhury	C. Coelho	—
Needlework	C. Mascarenhas	A. Sharma	R. Ross
Bookbinding	J. Dhillon	—	—
Biology	M. Shah	—	—
Glynn Howell Debating	M. Davis	—	—
Rotary Shield for Maths	Meelit Shah	—	—
Kennelly Medal-Best in Std. XI	Mamta Shah	—	—

### General Prizes

	Girls	Boys
School Captain	N. Jamal	C. Arnold
Boarder Prefect	R. Phillips	J. Heredia
Day-scholar Prefect	R. Dubash	R. Kanal
Thompson Award (First in I.S.C.E. 1972)	—	U. Vichare
The Lumley Medal.	L. Middlecoat	K. Attawar

### Sports Prizes for Girls

Hockey	B. Sturgeon	Netball	M. Cox
Table-tennis	S. Mehta	Throwball	M. Cox
Softball	S. Mehta	Bulbul Six	Parrot
Badminton	M. Cox	Sportswoman of 1973	M. Cox.

### Inter-house Trophies for Girls

Badminton	Joan of Arc	Hoffman Cup-Table-tennis	Joan of Arc
Solder Cup-Netball	Joan of Arc	Softball	Helen Keller
Lily Cup-Hockey	Florence Nightingale	Blanden Cup-Throwball	Joan of Arc
Marshall Cup-P. T.	Helen Keller	Wilson Cup-Athletics	Helen Keller
Whaley Cup-Swimming	Helen Keller	Tayeball Cup-Study	Florence Nightingale
	Joan of Arc	Keily Shield	Joan of Arc

### Sports Prizes for Boys

Forward Cup-Hockey	J. Heredia	Forward Cup-Football	C. Arnold
Rowlandson Cup-Cricket	C. Arnold	Hoffman Cup-Table-tennis	M. Gandhi
Best Junior Gymnast	S. Gama	Best Senior Gymnast	P. Razvi
Cubs Six	Red	Scouts Patrol	Lions
Volleyball	K. Merchant	Easdon Cup-Sportsman 1973	C. Arnold

### Inter-house Trophies for Boys

Moore Cup-Hockey	Royal	Superintendent Down Cup-Boxing	Royal
Hoffman Cup-Table-tennis	Greaves/Royal	Ashton Cup-Football	Royal
Spokes Cup-Cross-country	Candy	Riley Cup-Cricket	Royal
English Cup-Swimming	Spence	Besian Cup-Diving	Greaves
Cup for P. T.	Candy	Henry Down Cup-Athletics	Candy
Cup For Volleyball	Candy	Blanden Study Cup	Spence
Blanden Basketball Cup	Royal	Hodge Shield	Royal

### Inter-house Trophies for Boys and Girls

Elocution	-	Greaves and Helen Keller
Debating	-	Greaves and Helen Keller

### Awards for Distinction in Games

Hockey	-	J. Heredia, C. Arnold
Boxing	-	C. Arnold, B. Jagoowani, S. Parvaresh, K. Phillips
Swimming	-	S. Parvaresh, Kamyar Majd
Football	-	C. Arnold, S. Parvaresh, B. Jagoowani
Cricket	-	C. Arnold, S. Parvaresh, K. Attawar
Gymnastics	-	P. Razvi, J. Gama, S. S. Keer
Basketball	-	C. Arnold

### Drawing Certificate 1972

Elementary	1) S. Bhalerao, 2) L. Cantem, 3) E. D'Abreo, 4) K. Gadhave, 5) Jaspal S. Gill, 6) H. Haghghi, 7) K. Hakeem, 8) K. Irani, 9) L. Jadhav, 10) Kalapa, 11) N. Laffrey, 12) R. Lele, 13) A. Pai, 14) N. Photographer, 15) K. Ridewood, 16) V. Saranjame, 17) A. R. Shaikh, 18) G. Thomas, 19) N. Watts.
Intermediate	1) S. Bhade, 2) D. Dameron, 3) K. Narang, 4) M. Nathani, 5) D. Ross, 6) I. Walkay, 7) R. Zope.

### Music Certificates

Trinity College, London	1) N. Watts, 2) S. U. Singh, 3) S. Mehta 4) B. Mahanty, 6) A. Mackenzie, 6) R. Dubash, 7) E. D'Abreo, 8) S. Chowdhury, 9) C. Coelho.
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### I. S. C. Examination 1972

First Division	1) R. Cyril, 2) P. Gill, 3) G. Jadhav, 4) A. Keshwani, 5) T. Kshatriya, 6) N. Meredia, 7) R. Nair, 8) I. Pirani, 9) U. Vichare.
Second Division	1) R. Bakshi, 2) A. Chowdhury, 3) Y. Chokhani, 4) J. S. D'Souza, 5) M. Gupta, 6) S. Jessani, 7) C. Karnik, 8) M. Keshani, 9) K. Majd, 10) N. Medhora, 11) S. Rughani, 12) R. Selvaraj, 13) A. Singh, 14) S. Taqui, 15) R. White, 16) M. Zope.
Third Division	1) V. Bhat, 2) J. Dameron, 3) M. Haghghi, 4) S. James, 5) N. Kirpalani, 6) S. Kulkarni, 7) M. Londhe, 8) R. Parvaresh, 9) C. Watts, 10) H. Watts.

## ONWARD BARNES!

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

*"Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you, and ye shall return every man unto his possession, . . . and unto his family."*

THE BOOK OF LEVITICUS  
Chapter Twenty-Five  
Verse Ten

## The Painted Porch

A WAIT FOR DEATH

MODHUMITA GUPTA

(XI Science, 1972) (Edith Cavell)

I sat up working late that night. It must have been past mid-night when my attention was attracted by a gnawing pain on my left thigh. As I looked at my thigh, fear crept over me. I had always thought such experiences happened to other people; but I was wrong.

My mind went back three years when I did not have as many luxuries as I did have at the time. A serene village - often silhouetted against dimming evening sky! How would any one know what pain and pleasure it held for me? That was my home, a place I loved. Tears spring to my eyes when I think of Raju and Parvati waiting patiently for me to come and fulfil my promise.

I had been awakened one night, many years ago, by soft, weeping sounds from a corner of the room. It was my mother. She showed me a patch on her arm, a small square patch, like a sore. Being illiterate, we did not know what it was, but we made up our minds to ask 'Cha-cha' a very good friend of my long-deceased father.

Horror and fear and fascination leapt into his eyes as he saw the patch. He let out a shriek and raised his eyes heavenward. Inwardly I prayed. Only after some time did we know the fatal answer to that patch. It was leprosy.

With great presence of mind and keeping her usual calm about her, she went away. That lady, who had reared me from childhood, who had seen to my worries and laughed with me at the time of joy, now, she was gone but before that, with her

soft, clear-spoken voice she told me, "Sonu, I am going away to where I am destined. Have courage, Sonu. You may not see me ever again, but do not think that I shall not be with you; I am always with you there, in your heart, my child!"

I stayed with 'Cha-cha' for two years when suddenly I came across a letter. It had been opened by 'Cha-cha' as it was addressed to him. I did not hesitate to read it. Slowly decyphering the words, by a dim light, I read along. All of sudden, it dawned on me that the letter was from the hospital to which my mother had been admitted and that my mother had died a month back.

Oh! Mother! Mother! Why did you die and leave us all alone in the world?

That night I wept bitterly and in my dreams saw her kindly face with a big, 'Tikka' on her forehead. I felt the cool fingertips which had comforted me so much when I had been ill. I saw her standing near the silhouetted horizon, in a simple, white sari saying: "Have courage, Sonu. I am always with you!"

I went away to Delhi, a highly sophisticated city. The money 'Cha-cha' had given me was fast dwindling away. I slept on the grimy pavements of the street. When I went to the bazaar, one day, a group of boys and girls came out of a shop. They looked at me and began to laugh. I ran away quickly from them.

Then I met Mem Saheb. She was a fat, old European who was stinkingly rich, as she told me, and a person who had a heart of gold; what she asked me to do left me very hilarious. She had offered me a job and she, from then on, looked after me with the utmost tenderness and care. She was a Goddess to me. A big lump of money lay in my cheap trunk and I was thinking of Raju and Parvati that evening when this marred all my joy.

It was a patch. A white, square patch like a sore. Leprosy. That night I packed my trunk and went away. I slept on the pavements of the girmy streets again. Next morning I set off on my journey. I asked a passerby to direct me to a missionary who took care of lepers. He looked at me in disgust, as if I was a piece of dirt, an untouchable, and an untouchable I was.

Quickly repeating to me the directions, he ran away. Five years have gone by, five years of my life which have left my face and hands disfigured. I am almost cured now, back to normal, but what is the use? I am branded a leper awaiting death. I always thought such experiences happened to other people; but I was wrong: it had happened even to me!

\* \* \*

A FAITHFUL PET  
ANNA SANDRA YOUNG

XI Arts *Florence Nightingale*

My most faithful pet and friend was Tiger.

He came into my home when I was five years of age. A long time back!

I was the only child to my parents. I did not have many friends and on my fifth birthday Tiger came walking into my life. He was the most beautiful, little Spaniel I have ever seen!

We grew up together and as I grew bigger by the day, Tiger was drawn closer into the circle of my heart. Soon we had grown extremely close; no one could ever touch me while Tiger was around. We took walks together on those long, lonely nights. Tiger was everything to me! He was my guardian, my friend and most of all, my faithful pet!

The time came when we had to be separated. My parents had decided upon sending me to England to complete my schooling. My heart was torn in two. Of course Tiger was incapable of fully understanding the situation. We had only one week left to us and then I would be at the other end of the world.

The day arrived at last, all too soon. I held Tiger in my arms, very reluctantly handed him over to my mother, and took a solemn promise from her that they would look after him and keep me well informed if anything should happen.

The plane took off. There I could see my mother waving out. She still held Tiger. Soon I was way up in the sky with not a single friend.

I reached my destination with a heavy heart. England was a beautiful, "green and pleasant land" but, without Tiger and Mum, nothing had a meaning to it.

Weeks and months passed. Letters arrived regularly, at first with snaps of the then grown-up Tiger. A year passed. Two years and soon my schooling was coming to an end. In a few weeks I would be with my Tiger. My heart yearned for him. The last few months I had not received much news about Tiger, so I was anxious to be near him.

The day at last arrived! I was going home to Tiger! I sat in the plane—tense. I arrived and took a train home.

When I arrived everything had changed considerably. There was no one to meet me as I had arrived earlier than I had expected.

As I looked around, my heart missed a beat—there was Tiger racing towards me. I ran forward to meet him. I held him in my arms and then set him down.

Soon Tiger was leading me home. He seemed over-joyed at the sight of me.

I reached home safely and leaving Tiger outside, I ran into my mother's open arms. We held on to each other and then my mother spoke.

She said, "Anna, my love, I have something terrible to tell you. Tiger died a year back. He fretted for you."

I drew back in surprise.

Tiger! But he had just brought me home!

I ran to the door, calling his name. But his barking was never more heard.

I leaned against the door and wept uncontrollably.

So Tiger had gone—and had just come back for a little while to prove to me his fidelity!

\* \* \*

ALWAYS UP TO TRICKS

CYRUS TODIWALA

IX Arts 1970-1973 *Candy*

It was a hot day in the year nineteen hundred and seventy-one. The first term was in full swing when this so-called adventure took place.

My friend, Ernest Flanagan, came over to me and asked me whether I, Todi, would not like to go on a raid for boras. I was a bit hesitant as this would be the first time I would be breaking bounds. Previously I had used to raid the gardens belonging to Mr and Mrs Hoffman, Mr and Mrs Gupta, and Mr C. Paul. Ernest's tempting invitation would give me my first experience out of bounds!

I thought of all those boras and I agreed to accompany him.

We went off after tea at four-thirty.

We looked about us to see if we were being watched. Seeing nobody else, we ran down to the Pump-house. From there we ran to the swimming-pool whence we walked on until we came upto the main road and, walking a little more, we came to the bora-tree which was famed for its delicious, fleshy boras.

We came closer to the tree and there, to our horror was the *gausha*, Gangaram, sitting with his legs folded and blowing away rings of smoke from his bidi. We decided to return but suddenly the Candy House spirit stirred within us: *Never Give In!* We determined to pluck the boras.

We planned many tricks but none were sufficiently suitable to put into force. Then an idea struck me. We decided that I would lead the farmer to the well on the pretext that a bird had been trapped in his well and that he should come and rescue it. While he went there, Ernest would fill his pockets!

So it was that I crept upto the well and Ernest hid behind the bushes. As I reached my destination, I began shouting at the top of my voice, calling Gangaram, the farmer. Our plan was then running smoothly. The farmer arose and came running towards the well when I, through sheer excitement, burst out laughing. He at once understood that it was a trick and he gave me chase. I ran as I had never before run and Ernest filled his pockets at tremendous speed, as he had never before filled them. When he had filled all he could, I pointed out Ernest to Gangaram who, like the farmer he was, left me and ran after Ernest. By that time both of us had run to safety or so we thought. We were heading back to school when the familiar sound of Wg. Cdr. Samson's car-horn was heard and no matter how much we tried to evade it, we were finally caught.

There was considerable questioning and we had a good ride to Gate-lodge, all scared and pleading to be spared, which we were. We ran back to school and when Ernest put his hands in his pockets, they were empty and his hands sank right through. There had been two big holes and all the boras had fallen out, which loss in our fear at the time had passed unnoticed. We had one bora each and the rest had fallen to the Bursar's share.

Some other tricks which we play are these. Most boys enjoy seeing movies and we normally see movies at night. We tie, say, two counterpanes to the window and slide down or climb up whenever we decide to go out or return.

As most boys all over have a craze for food, we too have. The boys of Barnes love *thugging* other boys' tuck and we are experienced lock-openers and latch-breakers.

These are the most common tricks but the ones that could land us in trouble are not to be mentioned here.

It is also during the rainy season that our school quarries fill up and it is then that the boys have great fun swimming in the quarries and no matter how much the boys are warned or caned, they still go. Mr. Hoffman rightly says or used to say: "Now look at that Todiwala! Number one, he is swimming in the quarries; number two, the *gaushas* do their big business in the quarries; number three, he will have scabies; number four, he is having nude dances in the quarries; and number five, he still insists on swimming even after I have caned him several times!"

All of us were caned quite often but we still go on, even then. What is a caning to the masters is a bit of fun for the boys!

\* \* \*

MISSION IGATPURI  
OR  
EXPEDITION WALSH  
CYRUS TODIWALA

*XI Arts 1970-73. Born 16-10-1956. Candy*

*Expedition Walsh* was a hike, the very first of its kind in our school. This hike was organised by its namesake, a member of our staff, Mr. Theo Walsh or Long John as is his nickname. John was assisted by the Venerable Sir Walter Louis or Big Chief Golden Whiskers, and then came the rest.

*Expedition Walsh* was arranged for the seventeenth and eighteenth of March, nineteen seventy-three. The plans were made and we were to walk from Deolali to Igatpuri, about twenty-eight miles. With all arrangements made, the details were supplied to the boys as to what each had to carry along with our rations and the cooking utensils.

We were told to meet King Walsh at his Queen's residence at the early hour of dawn on the seventeenth. All hikers were up and ready by five-thirty. We were all set to leave for John's house but, woe betide, the silly watchman of ours must have had a good booze and doze and was sleeping away to glory. The impatient boys soon created a racket to rouse the watchman to let them out but he slept and slept until finally our House-master, Mr. S. B. Gadre, had to wake up and let us out.

We reached John's place at a quarter-past-six only to burden ourselves with whatever we were told to carry. We then had some tea before we were off on our most exciting hike which we will never forget.

Our hike began at six-thirty and we headed for our first stop, Lahavit. We had hardly walked a few steps when a

lonely Whiskers began speaking. Whiskers was walking in a nulla and was carrying our egg-ration. Suddenly the inevitable happened. Whiskers slipped and fell, ruining all his clothes along with what we prized most—our eggs. We carried on towards Lahavit.

We reached Lahavit at eight-thirty after our having been so delayed. Here we made our breakfast with Joaquim Heredia bossing over the stove and tea he was preparing while I cut the bread and buttered it, little knowing that some had been pinched in the process and I had to keep cutting more and more. This finished, we started at a-quarter-to-ten for our next stop at Asvali. We walked and walked, crossing many slushy streams and with our shoes becoming heavier and our muddy kit sticking to our skins, sending a chill down our spines; but we moved on, crossing streams and fields.

We moved for quite a while and we had covered quite a good distance when Whiskers opened up: "Big Chief Golden Top, Wala-wala-wala-woo!" This slogan carried on, it being repeated every now and then. We reached Asvali at about mid-day,

It was time for lunch and again Heredia or Cocker, as we called him, was the chef. He took up his position and started making dhal while Myron D'Abreo and I sat peeling spuds and onions and mixing the massalas. On the other side Jaspal Dhillon, Keith Phillips and Owen Keenan were preparing some sort of vegetable stew. Long John, of course, was not to be left out. He, along with Sharad Ved, was coolly plucking mangoes while some other boys distracted the chowkidar. John said: "I feel it is just like the good old days!"

Everything ready and done, we had our lunch and started off on our last lap to

Igatpuri, but Sharad was missing. He was found in a well trying to rescue a peace of rope which was entangled about him. We started again along the railway tracks. We asked a cabin-master the distance to Igatpuri. He told us it was only eighteen kilometers away. It was a discouraging lie!

We carried on for about ten kilometers and, seeing our water-ration finished, we stopped at a small village for some water which a poor beldame gave us kindly. We thanked her and carried on along the road. Some villagers informed us that Igatpuri was fifteen kilometers away. Our next destination was Ghoti.

We walked briskly along the road and it was then that the others sought some enjoyment so I started off with my mimicry of a crow, a parrot, a dog, a cat, a crying baby, and so on until I was exhausted. Then we found that some of the boys were lagging behind and Long John, taking the hint, stopped an on-coming State Transport bus and sent Frank Ryder, Stanley Connell, Onkar Sihota and Norman Laffrey to Igatpuri along with all our bags. We were free from carrying any burden and we could move faster.

It was about four-thirty in the evening and we were at least fourteen more kilometers away from Igatpuri. Long John called for a halt and here Kenneth Ridewood gave us a tune on his guitar while Chervyn Philips gave us a song and Ravinder Singh gave us a dance. We started again at five o'clock walking a bit faster. It was here that Owen Keenan, Karim Merchant, Khushroo Irani and Abraham George took a lift in a tractor and moved on. The rest of us walked. Sharad and I walked on ahead. Much to our embarrassment the others took a lift in a truck and we were left behind, all alone.

It was somewhere six and the two of us were about four kilometers from Ghoti. We decided to run. We ran the whole distance and there we found the others sipping coffee. We had our share. It was about seven-thirty.

Long John decided to take a taxi and fifteen of us piled in, four in front and eleven at the back. The cab was lop-sided and we reached Igatpuri at eight. We collected our belongings and headed towards the bundh. It was eight-thirty and once again a meal was to be prepared.

Cocker was at his dhal while I was at the roast and Dhillon was at the *veges*. We had a hearty meal and then we went to make our beds. This done, we all popped off to sleep, all with the exception of Long John who took guard-duty.

This fatigued man was nodding away when a dog prowled in and took away our meat. John chased after the roast. It was rescued but it was also ruined.

The next day each of us did something: John made the porridge; Cocker the tea; I was at my usual bread-and-butter. After breakfast each one was free to go wherever he pleased. Some went mountaineering; others swimming; some marketing.

Dhillon and his gang went mountaineering along with Todi and his gang. Sharad, Sameer Dave and I climbed one way and Dhillon, Jeevan Gama, Keith Phillips and Abraham George went another. These four missed Death. Ask them how.

At one we had lunch. Cocker was there. Dhillon was there and I was there.

After lunch we packed up and went to the station. We caught the Nagpur Express and arrived at Devlali at about four-thirty. We reached school at about five. We were back again, back to the life of a boarder after an unforgettable hike.

\* \* \*

## THE BROKEN PROMISE

T. VALSALA KUMARI

*XI Arts* Florence Nightingale

There, suddenly we came upon it, the old temple quite hidden among the overhanging trees.

Yes, that was the same place I had been seeking all those years. The creamy walls of the temple and the beautifully carved flowers and images of Gods and Goddesses on the broken walls and pillars! There was the brook in which I had used to play in my childhood and where first I had met *him*. The rock on which I had used to sit was for some unknown reason not there. It must have fallen into the brook. Oh! The joy and happiness I had experienced there in those very same surroundings!

It seemed long, long ago that I had first met him; yet still I have fresh memories of our play, jokes, laughter and mischief. Mother had come there for a change of air and scene; but she liked the place so very much that she had stayed on for five, precious years. I was about ten when mummy had first come to this little, sleeping hamlet among the basalt-blue Nilgiri hills with tall, sleek eucalyptus-trees scattered all over.

That day we had returned to that beautiful arcadia after five, long, impatient years. Mummy, daddy and I were surprised to see that there were so many more houses there than before and we could not exactly locate where we had stayed or where the temple was. It was only when I had instinctively penetrated the dark shadows of some trees that I discovered that our temple was still there. We were sad to see its condition. Nearly the whole of the temple had come down.

I shut my eyes ecstatically. I could see myself praying near the image of Lord Krishna. It was very early in the morning. The birds were singing sweet choruses to God. The air was fresh and dew-free of dust. Then all of a sudden flowers fell over me from above. I looked up, in a start, thinking it to be one of Lord Krishna's miracles.

It was Prem.

He began laughing loudly and I, in anger, contracted my eyebrows and kept my fore-finger upon my lips to silence the handsome, laughing Krishna. He would not listen and I had to go out to keep him from laughing any more in the temple. Always Prem used to be upto such antics. Sometimes I would laugh with him; sometimes be angry; sometimes be reduced to tears when his teasing became intolerable. We helped each other in our studies. Sometimes I could come only during my three-month holiday from school so we used to wait to see each other again. Absence used to make our hearts grow fonder.

We used to go near the brook nearly every day. It was there that we had first met. He was sitting on that rock and enjoying the fresh air and trying out tunes on his little flute when I had just come down to see the stream which mummy had said was just behind the temple. There we had met and become great friends. There were big rocks jutting out down the length of the stream. We ran about on these rocks and played, splashing the water, swaying forward on boughs of trees and returning, and so on. We used to play mischief with old men and women and knock down the pots of water from the heads of the village girls. We enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content when we were together.

One day I went home completely drenched and mummy gave me a good

scolding. She told me that I was not to go about playing or talking with Prem any more. Then started the trouble. He apologised to mummy; but mummy would not hear of it. She told him that people would talk about us. We could not understand all that; it was foreign to us, to childhood.

One day, after five years, mummy received a letter from daddy asking us to return as it would be better for me at the time of my final year. I should seek an opening after college and, with mummy always beside me, I would read better. There was no option for us but to leave.

Prem came to say good-bye. He was very quiet. When he spoke at last, his eyes filled. Tears which I had never before seen as his, rolled down his cheeks. He always used to tease me and tell me he used to hate tears. He himself was crying like a girl. I could not believe it.

He told me in a painful and loving voice, "I know you will not hear of it, but I love you. I'll wait for you. After you complete your reading and seize an opening, if you like, we will be married."

At the moment I was stunned. I became angry. Next, I was crying shamelessly,

"Prem! How can it be? Do you believe you really love me? Are you mad? Oh! I am confused!"

Then we parted. I had given him my word. I also would wait for him.

All those burning memories made me cry my heart out.

Daddy had taken a house on the outskirts of our city and back to the city we returned.

Then one day I saw *him* — them! He was married. He had forgotten all about me. I could never again face him. I

would die! All my waiting! He had asked me to marry him! I had been betrayed! No! Never again will I return to that temple, that brook, that rock, that sleeping little hamlet, no, never during the rest of my miserable life!

For Prem it had been only a matter of out of sight, out of mind.

For me it was, and still is, a matter of my heart—the broken promise!

\* \* \*

### COWARDS DIE MANY TIMES BEFORE THEIR DEATH

BHUPINDER SINGH SIGHOTA

XI Arts

Greaves

To live in constant fear of Death is death itself. The soul of a coward trembles at the slightest danger or at the least apprehension of a loss. All his energies are then paralysed and his will enervated. Such a man lives like a worm, which can be either crushed or squeezed at any time.

The coward meets trouble more than half-way. He is always worrying and brooding. Such a worrier knows no peace.

The brave man, however, faces the challenges of life with his face uplifted and body erect. Come what may, he is full of cheer and hope. He lives a life of calm and balance. When troubles come, he faces them with courage and fortitude. He rises to the occasion and even if Death comes, he meets Death cheerfully. He is always ready and unafraid. Heroes like Tenzing and Hillary have gone ahead, defying wind and rain, scaling rocks and crags. They have ultimately reached the top of Everest. This rightly proves that none but the brave deserve the fair.

A coward cannot cross the stream of life. He can only contemplate the waters rolling by for ever.

\* \* \*

### THE CROSS-COUNTRY

SHARAD VED

XI Arts

Spence

At last the great moment had arrived. The time was ripe to show my colleagues that I could do my best and succeed.

The swarms of boys were cheering their friends and yelling to them to do their best or shouting to competitors who were about to finish the course. There I could see my friend and, of course, my house-fellow coming second. This boy was none other than Riaz Hussain, struggling to keep up his spirits and there he dashed into Mr. Gupta with tremendous force. I could see the diamonds of sweat shining on his face. Those jewels were the indication of his courage and struggle. I admired his stamina and wished to do the same.

There shrilled the whistle, indicating the start off for the Over-sixteens. It made my ears feel numb and I cursed, wondering why the starter could not have waited a minute more. The legs and arms of many other competitors began to shiver like mine and the figures began to touch each other through utter nervousness.

"Get set! Go!" called the starter, Mr. Gama.

The swarm of white ants, big and small, began to run like a pack of unleashed hounds. 'Gudu', Mr. Gama's son, told me to run after him and asked me whether I remembered what the house-captain had told us before the start. Yes I had.

"You all do your best. Do anything. Kill yourself even, but come somewhere because our house is depending on you!"

Thousands of thumps on the soft ground were heard simultaneously and thousands of leg muscles began to tighten and heavy breathing of the speeding hunters was heard

along with the thumps. All the competitors had a tough time fighting against the cool breeze of the monsoonal afternoon. A great threat came from the accumulated, black nimbus clouds which could have burst at any time and thus spoiled the great hope of Sharouk Yezdargardie's breaking the record. The greatest threat came from the buffaloes who might turn furious at the sight of Royal House competitors in red vests.

When I turned my head at the boundary to take a parting glance at my colleagues and the starting-point from where I had just taken off on my arduous cross-country course, I saw the winding line of runners cross the uneven land broken by small hummocks, and shrubs hugging the rocks and the bed of green grass, edge to edge with the pathway, with a perfect and unmarked closeness between the blades, all yawning under the blue dome of heaven and the black umbrella of gathering nimbus clouds.

Soon came the tough part of the course up the slope of Donkey Hill. I received my first ticket from Mr. Swing. Where to keep it? In my right sock! At the summit I breathed in deeply and with the speed of lightning descended, as if my feet were not touching the ground, as if I were leaping down the declivity.

I could see the fellows ahead of me; among them only one yellow-house boy—Gudu. There were many green vests. The leader wore one and a clean, white handkerchief tied to his Sikh's bun, distinctly Surjeet Singh Keer.

After a few minutes of running we again came to a plain where I saw many fellows give up. Kripal Attawar was one. It was here Gudu slowed down. Thus I became the first fellow leading my house in my group. I had stiff shoulder to shoulder competition from Mehdi Ali Khan who later on overtook me and stood ahead of

me at the finishing-point. The two stones in my hands were held so hard that if they had had life they would have been surely crushed to death.

I entered the valley of *Culvert Number Eight*. Here my superior, Mehdi, overtook me. In the valley there was a flat strip of land where the raindrops were shining like pearls. The momentous sweep of the horizon was here lost to my sight and in its place I could see huge, perched rocks on either side of the valley and my colleagues were lost from view. From the valley I noticed the spiral of black smoke ascending from the train from Bombay arriving above the plain. We quickly ascended out of the valley and were once more on the plateau-plain open to the horizon and the approach of black nimbus clouds in stormy rage. Mehdi was ahead of me.

I did not give up because I remembered the Candy motto: *Never Give In*. Conscious of this, I was able to overtake some more competitors.

We came across many a big stream with many curves and ankle-deep monsoonal flow glittering in the bright afternoon sunshine.

After some hard running I breathlessly paused at my second stop and quickly considered the long and arduous run, with the end still not within sight, with only afternoon sunshine in the west, the black nimbus clouds south-west, and the anxious spectators and judges waiting for the first fellow in, hoping he would break the previous year's record.

Soon I came to the boundary where many competitors and non-competitors cheered and encouraged me to keep my pace.

"Oh! No!" cried I. "This ploughed field! It's decreasing my speed!" While I was cursing the ploughed field, I had already reached the other side and was heading for *Dhobi Ghat*.

I had to be careful to avoid the thorny patch.

At my last halt I grasped my ticket and soon started jogging up the Barnes School slope from Gate-lodge.

All of a sudden my weak stomach began to ache as if a knife had cut clean.

I was soon giving up but a sudden thought struck me.

I said to myself: "It is an individual's duty to be sure to do his best for the good position of his House in the Inter-house competition for the all-round shield-HODGE!"

\* \* \*

### SCHOOL CREST

The Board of Directors and the Principal, Barnes School, Devlali, request the pleasure of the company of

at the Laying of the Foundation stone, of the Junior Academic Block by

Prof. A. N. Namjoshi, Minister for Education and Sports at 1100 hours on Saturday, 3rd March, 1973 at Barnes School, Devlali.

\* \* \*

### PROGRAMME

#### Introduction of Directors and Staff

March Past	School.
Opening Prayer	by The Lord Bishop of Bombay
Welcome Address	by The Lord Bishop of Bombay, President of the B.E.S.
Laying of Foundation Stone	by Prof. A. N. Namjoshi, Minister of Education
Address	by Prof. A. N. Namjoshi
Vote of thanks	by Mr. J. L. Davis, Principal, Barnes School, Devlali.

### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

\* \* \*

### THE END OF TERM

REKHA ZOPE

X Arts

Joan of Arc

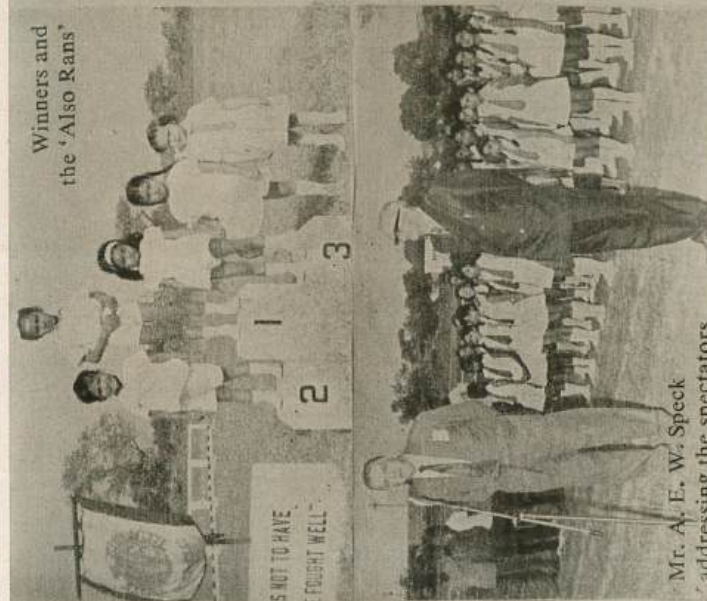
As we walked down the path, descending from school to Gate-lodge, the entrance to our school, I remembered another much more different occasion when I had ascended the same path.

It was the end of term and what a scramble for tennis-rackets, shoes and all odds and ends which somehow lose themselves at the last moment! We had awaited the end of term with plans for a merry vacation and, as I left the same, old *dull* school with moist eyes, watching others talking loudly, I knew I would not see them again. I was leaving.

### ATHLETICS



First & Third The Phillips Twin sisters  
Second B. Dique



Mr. A. E. W. Speck  
addressing the spectators



L to R S. Keer, B. Jagoowani,  
J. Dhillon.

PRIZES



J. Heredia



J. Dhillon



K. Pawar receiving the Robb Trophy for the  
Inter-house Medley Race (Candy House).



Prof. A. N.  
NAMJOSHI  
meets i...



3rd  
March  
1973

Mr. J. L. Davis (Principal, Barnes School)



Mrs. T. Davis



Members of the Staff



The March Past



The Principal giving the Professor and  
Mr. D. Amore (M.L.A.) something to laugh about!



A Vote of thanks by the  
Principal Mr. J. L. Davis



The Head-boy Clyde Arnold  
garlanding the Minister.

TOKENS  
OF  
APPRECIATION  
3rd March 1973



Laying the foundation stone by  
Prof. A. N. Namjoshi, Minister for  
Education and Sports



The Head-girl Nimet Jamal presenting  
the Minister with a bouquet.



Principal Mr. J. L. Davis  
presenting the Minister with a  
cheque of Rs. 1,000/- for  
Famine Relief.

LUNCH HOUR  
3-III-'73

Mr. W. G. Blanden (Vice-president of the B. E. S.) holds forth on the wholesome food at Barnes, while the Professor helps himself to the same!



L. to R. Mrs. Misra (Assist. Collector, Nasik); The Rt. Revd. A. W. Luther (Bishop of Bombay and President of the B. E. S.) and Professor Namjoshi enjoying an "after Lunch" Joke.



The Professor and Mr. B. Deshmukh (ex-pupil of Barnes & former M.L.A.) listen while the Principal, Mr. Davis makes light of his problems 'to feed the 500' children in Barnes.



The Professor and Mrs. Davis discussing; no..... not the local grapevine, but the Nasik grape season.



The children were delighted to have the minister in their midst.



Cherished memories flitted past, I remembered vividly how I had entered school, for the first time, holding Dad's hand. I had felt terrible and most wretched at having left my last, beloved school and friends, though then I was only in the fourth standard.

I pictured the headmaster as a strict disciplinarian, looking straight through me with horn-rimmed spectacles and.....my imagination trailed away as we walked into the door marked *Private*—but I felt most antipathic and belligerent towards the unknown person who was to be my new headmaster.

I could have been knocked down by a feather when I met a pair of twinkling-blue eyes.....Yes, and that smile won me over absolutely. I was his slave. He had such a sincere, deep voice, rich and warm.

After the brief interview, still in a state of bereaved bewilderment, I said good-bye to Daddy and shyly walked into school.

No wonder I felt terrible, leaving school because Daddy had been posted to Cuddapah and I was to be a boarder at St. Ann's, Secunderabad. Besides it was the end of term and we were standing in Evans Hall, singing our school-song, with the last notes of *Onward Barnes!* dying down. I groped in my pocket for my handkerchief. Surely I was not crying! I was a grown-up, young lady, but when I looked up and met the eyes of my class-teacher, Mr Henderson, I could not control myself. Suddenly it was all over and we started filing out. I was a Barnsite still. I grinned at the girls as they talked loudly and heard a yell from the prefect, my cousin-sister, for not walking in line.

Why it was only yesterday that I was a meek, timid creature, falling in with my seniors' wishes!

What a difference in our class VIB—utter chaos from the serenity of the Hall. Everyone was talking nineteen to the dozen as though they were never coming back but, instead, I, the only person leaving, was sitting as quiet as a mouse, though deep inside, I knew I would come back.

As we trudged downstairs, I looked back and saw the school emblem and wondered how the awe and splendour of the majestic surroundings of Barnes could ever have frightened me! I turned around for a last glimpse as the bus trundled along, when I suddenly felt that it was not the last time I would be in Barnes—I'd be coming back.

Little had I realised that after two whole years of separation, I would be back!

\* \* \*

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

REKHA ZOPE

X Arts Joan of Arc

It was one of those long, dreary days, dull and gloomy which only an inheritance from some unknown, benign, old relative could ward off. I trudged home, hungry and tired, my shoulders drooping, weighed down by my heavy school-bag.

As I reached home I plopped myself into the settee only to hear a yell from Mum.

"Don't, Dear! Please wash your hands and feet and have some.....Oh, yes! There's a little surprise for you, Darling!"

The word surprise was magic to me and I ran into the living-room. Before I could ask, my father twinkled at me and said I could go to Sheila's for the holidays, the Easter week-end. He had arranged the reservation and bought my ticket.

Sheila had sent a timely invitation for me to spend the week-end with her but at first father had refused sternly.

He handed me the ticket with a smile and I was already dreaming of my stay at Sheila's in Srinagar, with her dogs and pet parrot.....

All the same, I wondered why father had winked at mother.

The next morning was just ideal—sunny, gay and oh, just the opposite of the previous evening!

I managed to scramble onto the platform amidst the huge crowd pushing, heaving, pulling me away from the train. I tried entering the compartment reserved for me. I re-read the name-tag on the door and to my annoyed surprise the door would not open. It was locked from the inside.

I called the T.C. and, after his more authoritative attempts, the door flew open and there reclined absolutely comfortably an old sadhu in flowing saffron robes. I glared at him.

He did not even notice me but continued meditating. I sat near the window picturing my welcome at Sheila's. I was certain she would be surprised for I had written to her saying that most probably I would not come, when I felt something brush my hair. I looked up to see the sadhu's toes doing the needful. I was really mad at him. First, he would not, he absolutely refused, to move from my seat and, to top it, he was kicking me. But of course, he being a divine, he would not have done it on purpose.

In a deep voice he addressed me by my name. I was surprised. My bag was not labelled. I asked him, or rather ordered him to leave the compartment as it was reserved and to let me sit comfortably. He growled at me and threatened to turn me into a mouse if I dared call the T.C. again.

I was so annoyed with him and so amused at his threat that I nearly laughed out aloud but decided to humour the aged divine and I sat me down in the corner as meekly as a transformed mouse. I begged him not to exercise his divine powers on me and I nearly had a fit trying to suppress my laughter.

The saffron one, quite pleased with his efforts, continued to shock me with his fantastic tales and adventures.

"What an egoist!" thought I to myself.

What surprised me was the detailed information he fathomed about me and my family. He even knew my destination.

The time literally flew past as the chanter continued to rave about his powers and yogic feats, not forgetting to threaten me once in a while. I was thoroughly amused and with a little sigh saw him detraining at a station. That reminded me I had to alight at the next station. I had not written to Sheila about my arrival and hence I was not expecting her at the station.

I could hardly wait to reach the dear, familiar house. On having reached it, my heart missed a beat as I knocked on the door. No one came to open it, though it stood ajar. After a prolonged pause I pushed the door open and nearly fell over in surprise and amazement, for there on the couch sat Sheila looking divine in saffron robes and with wooden sandals at her feet!

\* \* \*

FASHION  
REKHA ZOPE

X Arts

Joan of Arc

The meaning of fashion as given in the dictionary means the manner of dressing; but what does being *fashionable* really mean? Exposing as much, in as little; of flesh, in clothes?

It is a craze among the younger generation, the more modern ones, to dress in the latest fashion, each competing with the neighbours in looking like having stepped straight off a *vogue* magazine-cover.

As all the world seems to be economising, so too fashion is seen to follow the same pattern, or so it seems. The tiniest of scraps of material pass off as a blouse, tied in a knot, worn with pants, lungis, and also the *parkar* or a long skirt worn years ago as a traditional dress, now called a maxi.

The latest fashion could actually be either the repetition of the mode of dress years ago or another way of presenting the same wear.

Fashion is as unpredictable as the British weather. You never can tell when, where, why and how it will change, just like the weather in England, stormy at one time and sunny a little later.

The term *fashion* should not be interpreted as a mode of dress alone. It is a much wider term—it is a mode of *dressing* or wearing your clothes, hair, footwear, jewellery—just about anything pertaining to the human body—a strive to look better than the best and the rest.

Fashion can be humorous as well as embarrassing. For example, such as when a man in one of those *mod* discotheques—all noise, and noise, and noise, remarked to his neighbour.

"It's hard to tell these days a boy from a girl, what with pants, long hair, jewellery fancied by both. Just look at that girl, gyrating away like a native on the floor....."

He was cut short by his companion, "I beg your pardon, Sir, that's my son!"

Trying to compensate for his big blunder the man duly apologised: "I am so sorry I didn't know you were *his* father!"

To this, adding to his discomfiture, his neighbour retorted in dignified tones: "Well! Really! I happen to be his *mother*!" with which *she* walked off in a huff, leaving the poor, mild observer in a state of speechless confusion.

Fashion, which tends to change every minute into something new and eye-catching, is in fact retrogressing to what our ancestors wore. I would not be surprised to see people turn the clock of civilisation and walk around in the minutest and *barest* of clothes.

I only hope and pray we do not become so very fashionable as to go as far back as Adam and Eve—advertising for fig leaves.

\* \* \*

THE OPTIMIST

JYOTI WALKAY

X Science

Joan of Arc

I slept a restful, refreshing sleep. The sleep brought me without undue haste to nine o'clock in the morning of the twenty-first of October, nineteen sixty-seven.

The sunlight spilled in through my window and a bird twittered outside. The rustle of leaves in the early morning breeze was pleasing to my ears. The sun had risen to his glory, steadily rising to his zenith. Yes, but what when he reached his zenith? Then came the decline! There was no other alternative. Yet, let us not think of our decline. We have not reached our zenith.

"Reach your zenith!" shouted I aloud and a bird twittered outside as if in compliance. A sparrow flew in and, seating himself defiantly as close to me as possible, blew his chest till it almost burst but, on his seeing me stare at him, flew away in shy remonstrance.

"Come back!" yelled I.

The sparrow increased his speed of flight. Was that not a lesson to learn? Do not look a gift horse in the mouth, of course; but do not stare a sparrow out of his senses.

"Glad to see you in good spirits," exclaimed Maria, entering with my morning tea. "Good morning, Sir."

"Good morning, Maria. Delicious buns and creamrolls?"

"Sherry, Sir. The oven won't work today."

"It's perfectly all right. That's the way with life."

Breakfast over, I prepared to go to work.

"Now for a good, close shave!" quivered I, but the shaver had been de-electrified, so I decided to forget about it. I did not possess a safety-razor.

I completed my wash and only too late did I realise that I had forgotten to iron my uniform. It was too late to press it.

"Well," said I emphatically, "what is wrong with an un-ironed uniform for one day? Nothing at all!"

In a great hurry I put on my shoes and rushed to the bus-stop.

"The bus is unusually full to-day, Sirs," muttered I. "No hope for me!"

So I started walking. A stone contumaciously came in my way and I tripped. I looked at my toe to see if I had in any respect hurt it. Lo! To my utter astonishment, I found I had worn a sock and shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other.

"That's the way with life, Sirs!"

Not wishing to look comic, modestly I removed my shoe and sock and the slipper and I humbly proceeded bare-foot to the office, it being too late to return.

I thought I must tie something to my wound. In vain I tried to locate my coat-pocket and draw out a pocket-handkerchief. At last I looked at myself. Where was my coat? I had forgotten it.

"That's the way with life, Sirs!"

This struck me as rather poetical. I tried whistling a tune to it.

"...That's the way with life, Sirs...!"

"Mr. Jones!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but that is the way with life, Sir, you know!"

"Hold your tongue, you impudent baggage!"

"I.....I.....am sorry, Sir!"

"You are fired!"

"That's the way with life, Sirs!"

\* \* \*

#### HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

RAJ UNNY

X Science

Candy

How to gain friends and influence people is something every college boy would like to know.

Well, here are some friendly tips. Follow them and rest assured about your popularity.

In the busy work-a-day world of today, nobody cares a tinker's damn for what you are as a person. Rather, they see your friends and if they are all right, then they are impressed.

The apparel proclaims the man. So you dress. Dress to kill. Fashion parades held daily in Central College and St. Joseph's indicate the trend is towards bells. So you had better buy yourself a pair if you wish

to be *in* with your friends, even if it means being *out* with your family. If your younger brother points out that he could have had stitched five pairs of shorts with the cloth required for one pair of your bells, clout him on the head. Remember, you are stronger than he.

Over the bells, kurtas splashed with psychedelic colours match best. Throw in a few *Hare Ram! Hare Krishna!* here and there on the kurta. It is about time we started appreciating our glorious heritage. To complete the outfit, wear a bead rosary around your neck. You will be surprised how many friends you will influence by wearing the fashion of the day.

What next to do is to forget that there are such creatures as barbers. Do not on any account visit one unless, of course, your tyrant of a father drags you by your mop of hair to one. The chances of this happening are remote. Most fathers now-a-days do not even dare to look at their sons for fear of developing high blood-pressure and acid indigestion. So you are safe.

Do not forget the same holds true for shaving. Why waste good money on razors, blades and after-shave lotions when the Good Lord intended you to have a lush growth of hair on your face? You could use the money thus saved to keep you in plentiful supply of fags.

Here's a warning though. When lighting the fags keep your ears pricked for a "*WOOSH!*" sound. That will be your lush crop of lovingly-tended whiskers going up in smoke.

If you are one of those guys who have mo'bikes you are lucky as far as friends are concerned. You will have a dozen friends for every spoke of your mo'bike wheels. Now be rid of that sound-muffler and really start revving up your engine. This will attract popular attention-specially

from your old man. If he complains that the engine has *conked* already, ask him what else he expects from locally-made machines.

One essential you have to keep up with is reading. The average collegiate today is remarkably well read as far as paperback-novels are concerned. Do not worry if you are not interested in reading. You can keep up pretences, can you not? Just remember the names of some of the famous authors and their novels and let them drop by casually in your conversation. This will impress all those around you. Nobody will hold it against you if you have never seen your text-books but if you so much as let out that you have not read every book that Ted Mark ever wrote, you will be immediately labelled as an ignoramus.

As to classes, bunk one class for every one-and-a-half classes you attend. This will give you an attendance of sixty per cent. and a knowledge of nil in the subject. What the hell, there are ways and means of passing the examinations. After all if you wish to win the type of friends you like and influence the type of people you choose, you have to be where they are, have you not? They are usually outside the class.

So, get out there! Pronto!

\* \* \*

#### THE FASHION SCENE IN LONDON

RAJ UNNY

X Science

Candy

Walking the chilly, sunlit streets of London a couple of weeks ago, I thought how many passers-by seemed to be wearing some kind of disguise, like amateur actors at the coffee-break, half-in and half-out of costume-taxi-drivers in slashed dude-ranch jerkins and beads; policemen in beards and side-whiskers; priests in floral shirts; solicitors in bowler hats and ringlets; middle-aged

women in mini-skirts; young girls with greyed locks and highwayman-overcoats; journalists in crinkly wet-look macs; tea-ladies in clumsy cork clogs.

The overwhelming first impression is that each is doing his own act and that this generation no longer feels obliged to obey the old laws which decreed that each class, sex and profession had its own style of dress, manner and appearance. Yet as Rudraksha beads appear on more and more red necks, as more legs shive past with a flash of suede hot-pants, and several afro-kinky wigs appear on the street, one wonders whether frock-coated livery has not been abandoned in favour of charade uniform.

For those unfamiliar with high fashion dialect, the key words are *raggedy and jagged hem*. The impact of the outfit is determined by how threadbare the pants are and how frayed the hems. Raggedy, lilac-splashed, tie-dyed shorts and matching lace-top with jagged hem are a cool sixty-two pounds sterling. The patchwork dungarees that saunter past your restaurant-window are a keen fifty-five pounds sterling. That scarf uneasily reminiscent of the rags painters use for their brushes, is eighteen pounds sterling.

However, over-exposure to this culture induced in me the ambition to be tie-dyed and lilac-splashed. I also elected to wear the very latest knee-length socks just in from Peru, in strawberry and ochre, with woollen embroidery across the panels.

All protests were waved aside and I finally lilac-splashed onto Bond Street acutely aware of what I was not wearing.

\* \* \*

### AN IMAGINARY QUARREL

RATAN RAMCHANDANI

*X Science*

*Candy*

The driver of the bus was waiting for all the pupils to board the bus.

The front half for the boys had a capacity for eighteen. The rear half, raised about two feet, for the girls, also had a capacity for eighteen.

Four boys approached the senior girls in their compartment to have a chat when, suddenly, the bus started with a jerk. A small girl, who had just clambered up the two steps, slipped and landed on her seat.

"What are you boys doing up there?" ejaculated a teacher. "Haven't you any sense? You are not letting the girls sit and see what has happened? That small girl has hurt herself!"

"Excuse me, Miss, there was ample space for the girls to sit and that small girl fell because the bus started off with a sudden jerk."

"You are trying to teach me? I am telling you what I saw! All of you are officers' children and have you not been taught by your parents any manners?"

"Miss, you are going a bit beyond the limit of decency by blaming our parents and I would be obliged if you would kindly be silent."

"What! You have the audacity to back-answer a teacher!"

"Excuse me, Miss, you'll feel bad if I go on to use vulgar language."

"I'll report you to your parents and the principal!"

"Most welcome, Miss!"

A silence descended upon the bus. The driver restarted the bus and drove on. Out of the school-premises, the girls began singing and the boys began shouting and moving about.

"What a set of hooligans in this bus!" exclaimed the teacher.

A boy sitting in the first seat of the bus whispered softly to his neighbour.

"That includes *her*, also!"

\* \* \*

### THE RUBY

RAVI VASANDANI

*X Science*

*Royal*

There it was! The holy ruby which belonged to the natives of Hazbaramal. It hung, a part of a necklace on a golden chain.

It was looking very beautiful on her, matching perfectly her claret evening-gown and her jet-black hair.

The countess airily brushed her way through the party of people and smiled upon those who bowed to her.

I was also at the party. My mission was to steal the ruby and return it to the natives of Hazbaramal village.

Already having been warned that there were many other tribes like the Gasharaloo, Lalapurati, Panch Puribhaji, Batatawada, Dhaihiwada, interested in the ruby, I had taken care to see that I had my pistol handy.

I sat by the window, peering into the dark. The twinkling stars in heaven seemed to sing.

"Now is the time! Now is the time"

I knew the stars were right, for, if I lost this chance of mine, the ruby would be lost for ever as next morning it was to be sold to Sir Arthur Bir Bikram Shah Deva Andrews-Pinto, whom I had never so far in my life met, and who had recently come to the town as a rich man who had wished to buy the ruby.

Suddenly my eyes ascended the stairs and I saw the countess retiring. The party was breaking up. I thought of giving the countess a fifteen-minutes' lead.

I made my way through the drawing-room to the countess' chamber. Gently I opened the door and crept inside. The light was off. Moonlight seemed to steal her way through the shutters and she slept on the bed where the countess lay.

I heard a car start up and drive away. I switched on the light and nearly fell dead.

The beautiful countess lay on her bed in a pool of red blood which was also matching her Bordeaux gown. The intriguing truth was that the ruby was missing.

I recalled the driving away of a car.

I quickly rushed out of the mansion.

I revved my car and turned in the right direction as I saw the rear lights of a car some half a mile away on the highway.

The speedometer's needle shot up to forty—fifty—fifty-five—sixty—sixty-five—seventy-five—eighty— — — hundred and twenty.

The followed were not aware of the follower till the pursuer had caught up with the pursued. The other car's driver tried to hit me and throw off balance my car, but I was his *guru*.

Out of nowhere suddenly two pistol-shots whistled. The other man was trying to kill me. As I had my gun handy, I also shot blindly into his car. I shot only wishing to scare him, but he swallowed one of my bullets into his chest and he crashed into a tree.

I brought my car to a halt. I climbed out and cautiously approached the other car. I opened his driving-seat door and from the first glimpse of his face I was sure he would not see the next morning's sun.

I checked his pockets and found the ruby in his inner coat-pocket. I extracted a diary from another coat-pocket. From his private notes I was sure he was a spy from the tribe of Gasharaloo.

I had a start when I saw his passport. The wealthy citizen, interested in buying the ruby, had been shot by my pistol. I had shot him.

The photograph was poor but his name on the passport clearly read; "Sir Arthur Bir Bikram Shah Deva Andrews-Pinto."

\* \* \*

### SPECIMENS

RAVI VASANDANI

*X Science*

*Royal*

Hi! Let me introduce to you some of the *specimens* of my class, Ten Science.

"How about starting with you, Kathyal. Oh! Please excuse me. I did not know you were busy doing your Maths!" Kathyal the "*Mathematician*" of the class is also known to be "*The Tall Boy*".

"Now! Now! Wadhwa! Stop staring!" Wadhwa the "*Rajesh*" of our class is always trying to impress "*Lady Phantom*". I hope he succeeds!

Asif Velani is always writing long letters to Bombay to his beloved *Asha Shehnaz*.

"K." Attawar and "K." Jagoowani, both "*K's*", are supposed to be each other's enemies, at daggers drawn, accusing each other of anything that happens in class.

"Please excuse me! *No!* Mahanty! — Mahanty! *No!* You think I don't know? Donald Mahanty! *That's what you think!* I know!" Every morning you find Mahanty waiting for Raj Unny at Gate-lodge for '*Grub*' and entering class with the day-scholars towards the close of the first period.

"Oh! Ganpati! *I didn't see you!*" Ganpati is hard to discern in the dark. You understand.

Now we come to the "*Tartari*" of our class, who believes in seeing *cowboy* movies and acting as a *cowboy* in class.

"See! Aren't they all *specimens*? *Specimens* of Ten Science! Solid *specimens* of *sagacity!*"

\* \* \*

### THE VISIT

SHANTI KUMAR AWATRAMANI

*X Science*

*Royal*

The dark-night, cool, ghastly breeze blowing through the trees whispered that the complete city was dead. Silence was being observed, so much so that the falling leaves could be heard.

"Hallo, Mummy!" were the first words spoken by my hitherto quiet lips.

She turned about and saw me.

"Hallo!"

Tears rolled down her sweet cheeks.

I went to the waiting-room where I saw many relatives. I was puzzled. Why had so many relatives come to the hospital? Why were all of them crying?

I saw my mother's sad face again. Her cheeks once sweet and soft were now flooded with rose-sapping tears. Suddenly her crying crescendoed to a high tone. I did not know why but she was crying more and more helplessly.

A white door opened. A sad-eyed surgeon stepped out, leading a trolley behind him. There was someone lying on the trolley. Except for his face, everything else was covered with a white sheet. While I was looking at this, I heard everyone else crying, too, and I did not know why but even I started to cry.

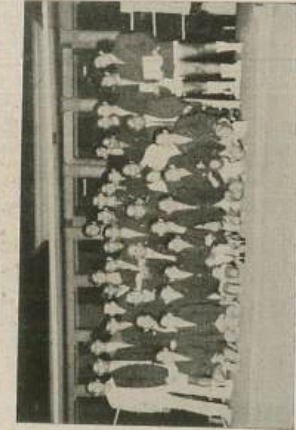
The trolley was being pushed towards me. It rolled closer and closer. Suddenly my eyes were astonished at seeing through my tears such a dreadful scene. I was shocked nearly to death.

My father was no more!

\* \* \*



The Chief Guest, Mr. R. D. Nimbalkar, M.P., seated between Mr. and Mrs. Davis.



The Chief Guest and Principal with the Boxing Finalists and Coaches.

### BOXING NITE 24-III-'73



R. Singh Vs J. Dhillon  
(Sr. Middle Weight)



L to R  
Mr. R. D. Nimbalkar  
Mr. T. Davis,  
Mr. M. Sonawala,  
Mr. J. Davis.

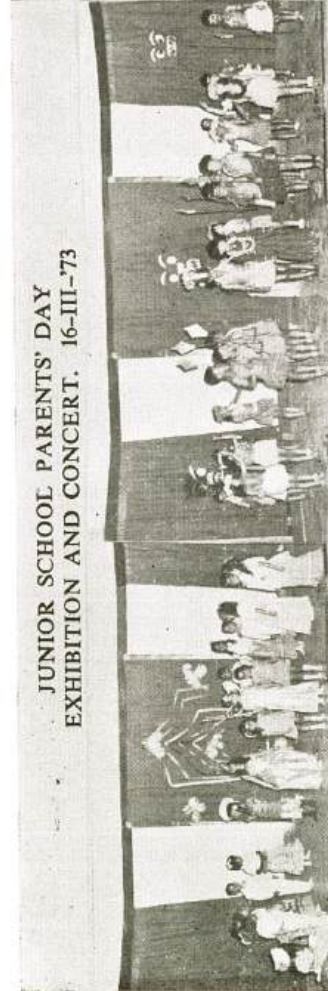


K. Phillips (Sr. Light Weight Bout) receiving the Best Loser's trophy from Mr. Nimbalkar

JUNIOR SCHOOL PARENTS' DAY  
EXHIBITION AND CONCERT. 16-III-73



Stds. V A, V B (Girls)



Stds. II A, II B



Miss Lawrence in II A



Stds. VI A, VI B



Mrs. Gadre in I L Miss Webb in III A



Stds. III A, III B



Stds. IV A, IV B



Stds. V A, V B (Boys)

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL VARIETY CONCERT PROGRAMME

AT BARNES SCHOOL, DEVLALI

16th March, 1973

	CLASSES	TEACHERS
I. Princess Tiny Tot's Birthday Party (A Teeny-Weeny Play)	Stds. I Lower and I Upper	Mrs. R. Gadre and Miss P. Goolamier
II. Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Woo !! (Sounds like Voodoo!!!)	Stds. II A and II B	Miss S. Lawrence and Miss L. Topping.
III. The Magic Soup (A Short Play in Two Scenes)	Stds. VI A and VI B	Mrs. P. Michael and Miss V. Menezes.
IV. Belling the Cat (A Musical Playlet)	Stds. IV A and IV B	Mrs. J. Walsh and Mrs. A. Paul.
V. The Village Blacksmith (An Action Song) A Butterfly Dance	Stds. V A and V B	Mrs. L. Kelu and Mrs. G. Hoffman.
VI. The Little Green Imp (A Wee Play)	Stds. III A and III B	Miss M. Webb and Mrs. Q. Samson.
At the Piano	Mrs. L. Kelu	
A message from the Junior School		Good-night Parents and Friends, and THANK you for coming to our Exhibition and Concert.

\* \* \*

AN INCIDENT I WOULD  
RATHER FORGET

AMIN A. JAMAL

IX B

Royal

In the dark recesses of the subconscious all of us have had some experience or the other we can never forget.

My most embarrassing incident that I can recall took place a few years ago. I still become red in the face when I recollect and recount the episode. It occurred when I was playing in the Junior Single Wicket Tournament at the National Stadium, Poona. The stands were thronged with a holiday crowd and the wicket, after a slight drizzle, was a batsman's paradise. I was in top

form and executing stylish strokes all over the field. I literally flayed the ball.

It came to pass that I hit a magnificent sixer which landed in a neighbouring meadow. I was unaware of the fact that the cherry had unwittingly scored a direct hit on a bull that was grazing there. The enraged animal was hopping mad. The unfortunate fielder who attempted to retrieve the ball beat a hasty retreat when the bull charged him. He leapt over the fence but tore his trousers while doing so. However, the bull was not to be outwitted. He crashed headlong into the fence which gave away. The pandemonium that followed beggars description. The umpires took to their heels and the fieldsmen followed

suit. I was so disconcerted and transfixed by the spectacle that I was rooted to the wicket. The bull made a bee-line for me as I was wearing a red cap.

I felt more like a martyr than a matador as the snorting bull closed in to gore me down. I realised in empathy the feelings of the Christian martyrs in a Roman stadium with the pavilion packed to capacity. There were thunderous cheers from the crowd as I successfully dodged the bull. I smacked it smartly on the rump with the seasoned willow each time it passed me by.

However, the encounter came to a sudden end as abruptly as it had started. A pretty milkmaid came on to the field. She called out sharply to the bull. The immediate change that took place was unbelievable. The beast which had been a fiery monster a moment ago, now became as gentle as a lamb. She led it off the field while I made the best use of my legs and scampered back to the pavilion. As I approached the scoreboard, I was mobbed by reporters. Flash-bulbs popped as I was assailed by a barrage of embarrassing questions.

The next day the banner headlines in the newspapers took my breath away.

“Bull, not rain, interferes with play.”

Another paper quipped: “Pretty milkmaid rescues batsman from inswinging bull.”

Even though I am credited with a very good memory, I would rather be brain-washed of this particular consolidation of the engrams which has left an indelible mark on my mind.

\* \* \*

“KAHOLI”

MASUD ALAM KHAN

IX A

*Candy*

My exams over, I informed my father I needed some money to holiday in Kaholi, a quiet, peaceful village near Poona.

He being very pleased with my result, readily substantiated for my needs.

I left next day for Kaholi.

After a long, tiring journey by bus and by bullock-cart, I reached the sunset-bathed village with all the baggage my mother had coaxed me to take.

The patel or chowdhury negated any possibility of my taking up residence in a hotel or spare hut, as none existed.

Spotting on a hill, removed from village habitation, a large mansion standing by itself, I enquired about it and I was shocked to hear that, though it was well built and well furnished, with every facility, it was haunted.

I, who did not believe in ghosts, determined to take up residence there to remove rural and illiterate superstition. Despite heavy opposition, I ventured to move in.

It was growing dark when the full moon rose to light my way. I could discern the beautiful proportions of the great mansion. I shone my pen-torch on the marble name-plate.

“Kaholi.”

As the huge door creaked open I saw bats flit past, beating their wings against my cheeks. This made my heart beat fast and my mouth turned dry. I could not note my expression as the gloom was heavy and the long mirror on the opposite wall was covered with dust and the dirt of the bats.

I moved towards the staircase leading to the retiring rooms. I scanned them quickly and then quickly descended the stairs. Suddenly a chill ran down my spine. I thought I noticed someone standing by my side. I turned with a sudden start, nearly upsetting the

blue-china piece on the landing. To my great astonishment I saw a piece of armour standing as a decorative piece. I mopped the bulging beads of sweat off my brow and warmth replaced the ice in my limbs.

After having thus broadly scanned the lay-out, I found a suitable sleeping place. The following day I would settle in. I changed and lay down on the blanket spread on the floor, my shoes propped as a pillow.

I could not sleep a bit, try as hard as I might as I was now too—what should I say—not scared but, let me say, too excited! Around mid-night I heard a loud scream which made me jump out of bed, conscious of what was happening. I reached under my blanket for my torch but did not use it as I knew I would be inviting trouble. I looked about everywhere but could not find a single soul. I waited and waited until finally the first peep of Dawn lighted the room. To my great surprise I saw blood splattered on the carpet. My hair on my nape stood up and I was aware of a murder having been committed.

I decided to run away but then changed my mind to stay and investigate.

This screaming and blood-splattering happened every night. I saw a pair of eyes, cold, gray, looking down upon me one night when I had followed the screaming to its source on the roof. The eyes seemed to give me this message.

“My son, now it is your turn!”

My limbs seemed to be glued to something. Was I in a coma? Suddenly I made an effort to return to normalcy. I felt a bit better. Nothing moved. I wished to discover who it was. I flashed my torch. A cold spasm trickled down my spine. I was in a state of utter fear.

I scanned a huge bird perched on the ceiling. In the big vulture’s claws I saw

a hen nearly dead, trying to make some sound, with blood dripping from its gullet. In a moment I heard the scream which I had heard the previous nights. It happened to be the hen’s before it died.

I heard no more sound.

I reached the nearest cupboard and from it removed a long billiard cue with which I tried to wave away the bird. It flew from where it had crouched and I quickly noticed the place of its entrance.

I was satisfied with my investigation and I gave a sigh of relief.

The usual chirping of the birds and the coming up of a bright sun woke me. I prepared for myself a cup of coffee and sat considering the superstitious fears about the beautiful, haunted “Kaholi”.

I then completed the three months’ holiday with greater ease and when parting from the house, I turned and looked at its brooded hauntedness. Then I moved towards the cart taking me to the bus-stand and back to my parents.

I will never forget my holiday in “Kaholi”.

\* \* \*

## THE DAY FATHER COOKED THE FOOD

RITA LELE

IX B

*Florence Nightingale*

It was a bright, sunny day with the sun blushing a red-hot ball of fire at our enjoying our Sunday holiday.

We were seated in our bedroom while Mum and Dad sipped bed-tea.

Mummy sipped a deep sigh. “I wish I, too, could holiday! So tiresome following the same daily routine!”

We looked pitifully at her.

Just then something impinged upon Daddy's mind and he volunteered: "I shall try my hand at cooking today!"

Ramju and I burst into giggles; but he insisted.

"But it will be simple fare!" said he, privately protecting his paternal prestige.

"It's all right, Daddy! We don't mind!" chorused we.

Daddy opened the fridge and plucked the fowl from the freezer. Also some tomatoes, chillies, beans, packets of butter, eggs, and the entire contents.

Just then arrived the milkman. We offered to help.

Dad said: "Out of my way! You are only delaying me!"

He put the milk on to boil. He was turning the chicken when the milk started pouring over. He took the milk down.

He then sliced tomatoes, peeled potatoes, strung beans, chopped onion for the vegetable dish. So deep was his concentration on the vegetables, he did not realise that the chicken was *over-cooked*.

Oh! You should have seen Daddy's chapatis! They looked like maps-in-relief of some unknown countries in thick and hard silhouette.

The meal at last prepared, he called me. "Parvati, clear the mess! I am all done!"

Done he was to a glowing sienna.

*Grumbling* to myself, I cleared the mess and laid the table for an *unusually* early lunch at three-thirteen, as we had not breakfasted.

We sat down to Daddy's repast.

"Daddy," ejaculated Ramju politely, "the chicken is a coal-diamond!"

"Supper-C-vitaminised and *de-sodium-chlorided*!" added I more politely in honour of chemistry and the culinary art.

"Look at the unchartered chapatis!" praised Ramju.

"The vegetable is a paralysed pulp!" opined I.

"Children! Chill-drown! Don't deaf-eat my 'ear-ring. Add what you like to the foot and fry to enjoy your 'unch! *Hafter hall*, Daddy did work laboriously *hover-time hat hit*!"

You should have heard Daddy's confusion and seen his face—as red as the raw tomato topping the white *blancmange* in the *salaad-bowl*.

So we added whatever we liked and enjoyed ourselves looking at appreciative faces, trying to break the chapatis and to keep misery away from dyspeptical dysphagia—all for dear Daddy's sake!

I don't think Dad will ever again attempt giving Mother another holiday, though Mother's all praise for Daddy's past chivalrous heroism in serving us at least one grand meal that sabbath *sanctus*.

\* \* \*

#### SOME SAYINGS

DONALD RIDWOOD

#### VIII B

Royal

The Bible contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practise it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you.

It is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Paradise is restored, Heaven open, and the gates of hell disclosed.

Christ is its grand subject, our good the design, and the glory of God its end.

It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened at the judgment, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labour, and will condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

\* \* \*

#### MY AMBITION

RAHUL A. MENON

#### VII B

Candy

My ambition is to be a doctor.

One fine morning, it was the first of April, my father, who had been feeling weak, went as was his wont, to his office. As he began to mount the stairs to his office, he had sudden pain in his chest and he could not move any further.

Luckily one of his friends was with him. He called the office doctor who had the heart case removed to Breach Candy Hospital.

When I first heard the news, I was shocked and silent tears focussed my attention to the need of heart specialists.

Soon I met my father. He was looking cheerful. Whenever I was on holiday, daily I used to visit him.

One day I made up my mind and told my father that I would be a doctor when

I grew up. I explained how I had always felt sorry at the sight of suffering and pain, and how much I had always wished to be a doctor to heal.

\* \* \*

VI A Class-teacher: MRS. PATSY MICHAEL

THE GOLDEN HAND

LORRAINE SELVARAJ

#### VI A

Joan of Arc

There once lived a girl with her poor mother and father.

One day she asked her parents' permission to let her attend a ball. At first they would not allow her but she managed to persuade them on their one condition.

"Come home early!" said they.

When she reached the big hall, she began dancing. She danced till mid-night.

On her long, tiring return home she rested a while on the pavement. After a little while she heard footsteps. She saw a white figure approaching her.

From sheer fright, she passed away. Next morning sweepers found and recognised her and took her corpse to her parents.

Weeping, the parents said, "Now we can take her golden hand."

She did have a golden hand but, on a previous illness, she had informed her parents that should they take her golden hand when she died, they would have to face trouble.

The parents took the hand when everyone else had gone and then buried her.

In the night they heard the door open and in walked their daughter, saying: "Where is my golden hand?"

They answered softly, "We sold it!"

Through sheer fright, the parents passed away.

The daughter knew who had bought her golden hand. She visited their house where out of sheer fear the residents died.

With the golden hand she returned to her grave.

\* \* \*

## A VISIT TO THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

SUKANTO CHOWDHURY

VIA

*Greaves*

It was an exciting day when my friends told me I could accompany them to the chocolate factory at Worli, a place quite far from ours. We were looking forward to the next day.

It was a most exciting visit. By eleven-thirty in the morning we reached the factory where we were warmly greeted by one of my father's friends. He invited us in and served us some refreshment.

We then went in to his private quarters. Afterwards he took us to the factory, one block away.

We were amazed at the sight of the huge machinery. He then took us to the store department which was completely airconditioned. There were many shelves on which were many stacks of fruits and cacao beans or cocoa.

At the side of the door we saw an axe to be used in times of emergency. In the next room were numerous women sorting the fruits, which were then put into a crushing machine. The pulp passed along a long, metal lane and came out as flat as a chapati. The juice was collected in

a huge cauldron. The cocoa beans were then crushed and put in. The mixture was then again emptied into another machine where it was thoroughly mixed with milk, and some powderish substance was measured and added. A delicious smell drifted through the factory. The chocolate was then left to set. Meanwhile we had tea in a room on the top storey. The balcony afforded a beautiful view.

After tea we saw the chocolate syrup put into a machine. It came out at the end of the lane hardened. It passed on to another machine where it was cut into slabs. It was then stamped "Cadbury" and put into a huge tray. A machine covered the chocolates with silver paper. Women packed the chocolates into boxes to be sold. We bought a box each at a discount.

We were enjoying our chocolates when the bus arrived. We thanked the owners and everyone else for having shown us the factory.

So ended our exciting visit.

\* \* \*

## IF THERE WERE NO BARBERS

SUNITA COELHO

VIA

*Edith Cavell*

I heard a voice in the next room.

"... And you have to visit the barber!"  
There was a mutter and then silence.

A moment or two later my brother, Kenneth, appeared with an angry look on his face. I at once guessed what had happened. My Dad had forced him to go to the barber's and have a haircut. He sat down on a chair, clenched his fists and sighed: "In this world, if only there were no barbers!"

After he had gone, I thought about the words he had uttered. Suppose there were no barbers. Let us think of what might happen.

All the men and boys would have very long hair. Even if they cut it at home, it would grow again and one cannot go on cutting hair without becoming a barber! What a nuisance to wash long hair! If a person had thick hair, how would he comb his mop? Men would have to wear plaits and let them dangle behind them. We would not be able to tell the difference between a boy and a girl. If men let their hair loose, how untidy it would look! Phew! What a fine sight it would be!

I am very glad that in this world there are plenty of barbers!

\* \* \*

## MY DREAM

VINITA NAGPAL

VIA

*Edith Cavell*

Once I was walking in a park where I came upon a big spaceship. I swung into it. The number of mechanisms and buttons for controlling them had me confused. I pressed a button per chance and lo! I went zooming up into the sky.

I was extremely worried when an assuring voice said over the radio, "I hope you are well, Mr. Sydney Carton!"

I was not Sydney Carton. I had been mistaken for him. From his name I presumed he was an Englishman. I replied to the operator in a rather foreign accent that all was well. The line went dead but my collar went up.

At last I reached Venus. I beheld a fine sight. Cars and motor-cycles went zooming along the roads. Boats were plying along the nearby coast. Aeroplanes were nowhere

to be seen. Hotels, theatres, parks, and all that I could wish for, were there. I met a man with whom I made great friendship. After having had some refreshment at a hotel, my friend made me some presentation of jewellery.

I then returned to the same ship and returned to Earth. As I was showing my jewellery to my brothers and sisters, a push woke me. I saw my mother standing at my bedside.

\* \* \*

## ONE DARK NIGHT

VIJAY PICHAYA

VIA

*Greaves*

As Sam O'Brien, the Sheriff of Border City, was making his rounds, he heard yells and curses erupt from the Saloon nearby. As he approached the Saloon, the door opened suddenly and a young man, Jack, hurtled out on the road. His left eye was bruised and blackening while blood oozed from a cut on his chin.

The Sheriff helped him up and he asked him what had happened. He learnt from him that Rick and his bunch of cronies were inside the Saloon. Sam's face became contorted with anger as he heard the bank-robbor's name. He remembered that Rick and his bunch had escaped from jail in Mexico.

He also remembered that twenty-five thousand dollars had been offered for his capture, dead or alive. He wondered how Rick and his bunch had come into town without his knowing. He told Jack to have his eye bathed and to gather a posse of men to capture the crooks. He decided he had better look inside and see what was happening. As he entered the Saloon, he saw Rick near the counter drinking Rum.

He took out his gun. "Hands up! You are under arrest!"

He saw a look in Rick's eyes which could have been a signal. He turned around to see if anyone was at the back of him. He saw a man creeping silently towards him with an empty bottle in his hand. Sam tried to move fast but he was too late. The man hit him hard on the head and then Sam did not see anything as he was enveloped in inky blackness. When he came to he saw a man throwing water from a bucket on his head. Rick told one of his men to see if anyone was outside. As he announced the all-clear signal, he motioned his men and Sam to move out quietly.

At the bank, one of his men gunned down the guard and they went in. The old cashier was scared out of his wits and he could do nothing to prevent them from doing whatever they liked. Sam suddenly realised that Rick's bunch had not taken away from him his guns.

As Rick led out his outlaws, they walked straight into an ambush as Jack with a posse rose out of the bushes. Rick and his men were given two years for bank-robbing and murder.

Once again peace reigned in Border City.

Afterwards Sam learnt that Rick and his men had disguised themselves and had entered the city that way.

Sam was proud of his reward.

\* \* \*

THE DREAM I WOULD LIKE TO  
COME TRUE  
SAJID SHAIKH

VI A

I wish to become a martyr. I would deem it an honour to die for my nation. I would then be called "Shaheed",

I have always dreamt that I have been fighting for my nation as a warrior and I have been killed in the war. Once I had a most unforgettable dream. I would like that dream to come true.

I dreamt I was an officer in the Indian Army, commanding a number of platoons. There was a big war going on between my nation and the enemy. We were on the border and were advancing towards enemy territory. During the war, a few days were peaceful. There was no active encounter.

One day, all of a sudden, the enemy attacked us.

I gave orders to our men and we advanced into enemy territory. Fierce was the battle. Suddenly a bullet struck my head. I looked up and then fell.

"Bharat Mata-ki Jai!" were my last words.

My soldiers crowded around me.

As I fell, I remembered I had felt no agony, no pain; instead, I felt as if I were rising. I felt as if everything around me was pleasant; as if I were entering a new world, a place of fragrance, joy and happiness; as if the next moment I was walking on velvety soil. Beautiful trees, laden with flowers and fruits, were swaying with joy. Birds of beautiful colouring were singing and flying about with joy. Sleek deer were roaming in delight, relishing full freedom. Peacocks were moving like dancing damsels on the banks of milky streams. I was wonderstruck to see all this and my rapture was radiant. Then I reached a big gate on which was inscribed "HEAVEN". The gate was made of gold. The inscription was written in precious stones such as emeralds, diamonds, and sapphires. I was dazzled as I looked at the gate, guarded by two sentries.

Respectfully saluting me, they said: "Please, Sir, enter! You are most welcome here!"

They opened the gate and I entered.

When I had entered, I saw the dancing fairies who welcomed me. The fairies said I was heir to the King of Heaven. I saw a big castle ahead. They led me in. A golden throne shone in the spacious castle hall. Ministers and officers of the castle requested me to grace the throne. The castle walls were of silver and the roof of gold. A very sweet fragrance seemed to pervade the air. Some of the fairies brought a crown on a circular tray and the ministers crowned me.

"Sir, you are now our King, the King of Heaven!"

Salvos proclaimed my coronation.

The thundering guns awoke me from my sweet slumber and there was an end to my dream.

It is my belief that those who die for their country do not really die but they are welcomed to lead a happy life in heaven.

This is the dream I would like to come true. May God bless my dream!

\* \* \*

IIIB Class-teacher: MRS. QUEENIE SAMSON  
THE SHIP OF THE DESERT

JEFFREY ATHAIDE

III B

Greaves

The camel is called the "Ship of the Desert". It can travel without food and water for about three weeks. It is very useful in desert places and its hoofs do not sink into the sand. It has nose-lids which help it in a dust-storm. The camel with one hump is called a dromedary.

The Bactrian camel has two humps. The camel has strong lips and eats thorny plants. It stores water in its stomach and food in the form of fat in its hump. The camel is related to the deer and giraffe.

\* \* \*

A RAT  
OMESH N. MASAND

III B

Greaves

Once there was a rat. He travelled to the moon in a rocket. He took crisp biscuits and butter. He forgot his water-bottle and was very sad. The moon was high and the ground was down so he opened the window of the rocket and jumped down. Bang!

\* \* \*

THE CAT  
DEEPAK GUPTA

III B

Spence

One night a cat came to my house and my mother gave it some milk. From then on, every day the cat used to come to my house. One day the cat had three kittens in my house and, after eight days, the six eyes were open!

\* \* \*

II A Class-teacher: MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE  
LETTERS I PLAY WITH

ASIF BUDHWANI

A B C D — TEA IS READY.

W X Y Z — ZEBRA'S CUT HIS HEAD.

H A P P Y — I HEARD BABY CRY.

E F G H — RAN IN THE RACE.

H I J K — SEE MY RAILWAY.

\* \* \*

MY DOG

RAHUL MONIE

I have a little dog; his name is Waldi. Sometimes he acts so funny, we call him a mutt. When I give him a chili, he bites it and then barks at it, because he thinks it bit his tongue.

\* \* \*

I HAD A LITTLE SQUIRREL

VIVEK THAYIL

I had a little squirrel that used to play with me. I would feed him every day but one day I did not feed him, so he bit me and ran away. I ran after him but I could not catch him.

He ran past a cow and the cow shouted: "Stop! Little Squirrel! Stop!"

My squirrel said: "Run as fast as you can but you will never catch me, because I am too fast!"

So my squirrel ran up a tree. Never as yet have I caught him again.

Now my story ends. Good-bye.

\* \* \*

MY PETS

SHIVKUMAR GUPTA

I have a little cat and a dog. When I throw a ball, my dog runs and brings it to me. My cat gave birth to three kittens. She died. The kittens grew big and ran away, except for one kitten which is still with me. So you see, I still have a cat and a dog.

\* \* \*

I HAD A LITTLE MONKEY

CLIFFORD COURT

I had little monkey but he was so naughty, that he ran away from home. I wondered where he was going and do you know where he went? He went to the market to buy some bananas.

The next day he came back: his tail so long; his eyes so wide; and without any money. He did look very funny,

\* \* \*

A Letter to the Editor

Christian Medical College,  
Vellore, North Arcot.

3-1-1974

Dear Sir,

Congratulations for the beautiful *Barnicle* and the tremendous efforts you have put in.

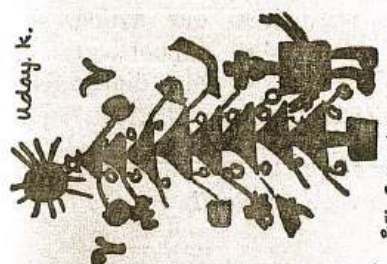
Talking of *CMC*, I am now in the second year of my course and thoroughly enjoying the beautiful atmosphere of the campus with its varied activities. I often think of *Barnes* and the only connection with my *alma mater* is through *The Barnicle*. I intend coming to *Barnes* for the Golden Jubilee in 'seventy-five, so, Sir, I request you to send me the details of the celebrations later on. Also, Sir, please do send us the nineteen seventy-three issue of *The Barnicle* when it is ready, as we are very much attached to *Barnes* having studied there full eleven years, and hence would be interested to know all the changes taking place.

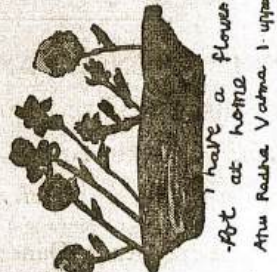
Sir, I am sending you two poems for *The Barnicle* in keeping with the promise made to you. I do hope you will like them.

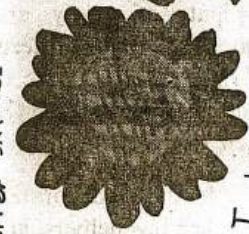
XI Sc., 1971  
Helen Keller


Yours sincerely,  
RITA CYRIL


\* \* \*


Uday K.  This is my Christmas tree I play with my Christmas tree I like my Christmas tree I like to colour my Christmas tree.


Amu Rasha Vahma  I have a flower pot at home Amu Rasha Vahma I upper.


1 UPPER SAMUEL  I like my flowers, my teacher.


Smitha I upper  My teacher is Westinghouse from my house. My teacher's name is Miss Coolhamer.


My house  I love my house very much. My teacher is very sweet and tall and she is wearing a skirt and blouse. Her name is Miss P. Goolamier. When I grow big I will think of her.


AGNI  My name is Zainab Fathah.

16-8-73  This is my toy car.

Michelle I upper  I like my school.

Hassan. I upper  I like to go in the boat. My Mummy sat in the boat.

Stina I upper  I like to colour on Christmas day.

To Rudolph  Although other reindeer laugh and call you names I love you lots of love Ryan.

(Class-teacher I upper : Miss PAMELA GOOLAMIER.)

FREE EXPRESSION

# Independence Day, 1973

OUR VERY BEST  
NIMET JAMAL

XI Science Head-girl Helen Keller

Principal, Sir, Members of the Staff, Boys and Girls,

As Head-girl I wish to ask you to remember our great leaders who gave us freedom.

But freedom does not mean that we can do anything we like.

At Barnes we learn self-discipline. Let us contribute to our nation's freedom by maintaining an *orderly* freedom.

To achieve this, let us discard our selfish thoughts. Let us think of Mother India first.

Let us help the needy, and uplift the poor.

We, the future citizens of India, let us do our very best for our country.

Jai Hind!

\* \* \*

## DEVELOP ETHICALLY

CLYDE ARNOLD

XI Science Head-boy Royal

As Head-boy of nineteen seventy-three, I deem it an honour, indeed, to be able to speak to you on this grand occasion of the twenty-sixth anniversary celebration of Bharat's Independence Day.

Independence is the precious fruit of the struggle and sacrifice our great leaders have made.

If we are truly to enjoy the fruit of our leaders' labour, then we must remember that true independence means our relying upon our own individual resources.

The integrity of each individual citizen gives greater strength to our nation. At Barnes we have every opportunity of developing in the three dimensions: physically, mentally and socially.

Let us remember to develop in a fourth invisible dimension—*ethically*!  
Jai Hind!

\* \* \*

## THE INDEPENDENCE DANCE

In Charge: MISS LYNETTE TOPPING

Correspondent: VALERIE ANN TAYLOR

IX B

Helen Keller

This year's Independence Dance was a gala occasion, with plenty of gaiety and fun. It commenced at about eight-fifteen. The young girls in their dazzling attire of various hues and fashions proceeded to the dance-hall amidst much excitement.

The hall itself was splendidly decorated, thanks to Miss Topping, her few helpers, and also some of our boys who gave a helping hand in fixing the decorations. The hall had an artistic air about it. Four coloured lights hung from the midst of the hall, while around the walls were displayed posters of various colours, sizes and captions—those in which all teenage hearts delight! From the stage hung butterflies made of streamers while the stage itself was adorned with the band.

The band that obliged went under the fanciful and eminent name of the one and only *Rolling Jets*. They provided us with some extremely good music of a varied nature—tunes for the pleasure of both, young and old!

The dancing included many competitions such as *Lucky Spot*, *Happy Families*, *Prosperous Number*, all participated in with plenty of fun and enjoyment, while the two photographers strolled around the



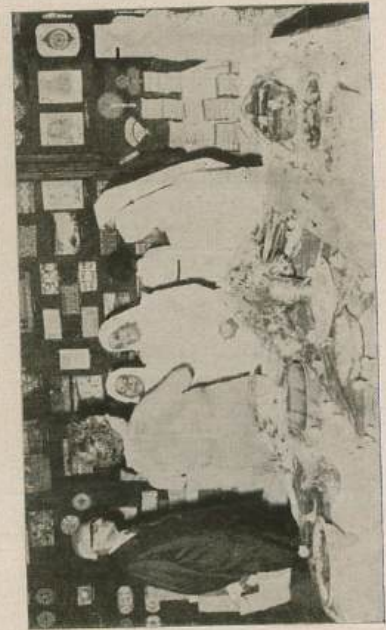
Mrs. Mainguy is all smiles when a parent compliments her on the needlework of Stds. VI-VIII (Girls)



Nuns and Novices, interested in the work of Mr. D. Hoffmann's book-binding classes (VI-VIII Boys)



Miss L. D'Sa, Mr. D. Smith, Mr. I. Misra, Mr. K. Emmanuel enlightening Parents on their children's progress.



Friendly greetings between Mr. and Mrs. Davis and the Sisters from St. Philomena's Convent, Nasik. In the background—Art (Stds VII-XI). In the foreground Cuisine-Centre.

EXHIBITION ON

SENIOR SCHOOL

Parents'

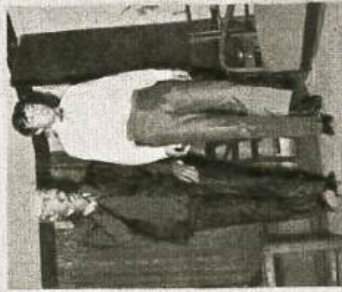
Day

9-IV-'73

THE SENIOR SCHOOL  
entertains  
The Parents on 9-IV-73



"Miss Higgins has fainted."  
L. to R. Mary Carpenter (E. D'Abreo); Mrs. Barker (B. Zachariah); Policeman (C. Phillips); Miss Tibbit (A. Young); On the Sofa-Miss Higgins (M. Andrews)



"Come this way, Sir, we've put you in Uncle George's room."  
L to R Mr. Pook (C. Arnold)  
Michael Carpenter: (M. Davis)



"Why is he dressed like this?" He's off to India to take up Yoga."  
L. to R. Mary Carpenter: Uncle George (J. Dhillon) and Michael Carpenter.



Tom Tom (B. Choudhary): I am Sultan of 'Ave-a-banana!



The Cast in "The Walrus & the Carpenters" with Mrs. T. Davis  
L. to R. Seated:- Miss Higgins (M. Andrews); Miss Tibbit (A. Young); Mary Carpenter (E. D'Abreo); Mrs Barker (B. Zachariah).  
Standing:- Uncle George (J. Dhillon); Michael Carpenter (M. Davis) Mrs. T. Davis; Policeman (C. Phillips); Mr. Pook (C. Arnold)



The Cast in "Ali's Barbara"  
L. to R. 1 Fatima (H. Mackenzie); Jasmin (D. Dameron); Barbara (V. Taylor); Sara (N. Watts); Zena (M. Goolamier)  
2 The Comper (K. Attawar); Slave-Server (K. Pirani); Slave-Porter (J. Anderson)  
3 Dik-Dik (K. Irani); Ali (S. Parvaresh); Tom-Tom (B. Chowdhury); Cassim (J. Parvaresh); Hari-Hari (A. Fikri); Slaves - (G. Kakar and M. D'Abreo)

Cassim (J. Parvaresh) Claps his hands and loudly yells: Bring in the Dancing Gels!

hall, clicking their cameras either at any brilliant set of teeth or at any particularly beautiful belle who flashed by with her charming partner. Quite a few outsiders were invited. This made the occasion more lively and jolly with 'the-more-the-merrier' feeling, the invitees participating with even far more gusto than the school-children!

This year's Independence Dance did positively prove a success and did go off

with a superlative bang. The girls and boys, Staff and visitors, enjoyed themselves immensely, while the tuck-shop man did a roaring trade in eats and soft drinks.

All good ends; so did our dance, precisely half an hour after mid-night, leaving the crowd tired, extremely happy, gay and satisfied. All thanks to our marvellous Independence Dance and its organisers.

THE SENIOR SCHOOL VARIETY CONCERT  
PROGRAMME

ALI'S BARBARA  
by  
Richard Tydeman

An Arabian Nightmare of a Mini Drama,  
in 3 Scenes

Directed by Mrs. Tess Davis

CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

- |                       |                        |                               |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| THE COMPERE           | ...                    | K. Attawar                    |
| ALI, of Baghdad       | ...                    | S. Parvaresh                  |
| BARBARA, his daughter | ...                    | V. Taylor                     |
| CASSIM, Ali's brother | ...                    | J. Parvaresh                  |
| FATIMA, Cassim's wife | ...                    | H. Mackenzie                  |
| JASMIN                | } Cassim's daughters   | ... D. Dameron                |
| ZENA                  |                        | ... M. Goolamier              |
| SARA                  |                        | ... N. Watts                  |
| TOM TOM               | } Mysterious Intruders | ... B. Chowdhury              |
| DIK DIK               |                        | ... K. Irani                  |
| HARI HARI             |                        | ... A. Fikri                  |
| SLAVES                | { Two Porters          | ... { G. Kakar<br>J. Anderson |
|                       | { Two Servers          | ... { K. Pirani<br>M. D'Abreo |

Our "Salaams" to all Parents and Friends. Do hope you will enjoy this 'rag' as much as we have enjoyed acting it. "Ali's Barbara" is a new twist on the pantomime character. Here, you see Ali and his surrounding females, instead of Ali and his usual forty thieves.

INTERVAL.....FIVE MINUTES

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTERS

by  
R. V. B. SWELL

A Play in One Act.

Directed by Mrs. Tess Davis.

CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

- |   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| MICHAEL CARPENTER...                          | Michael Davis            |
| Mr. POOK (Michael's boss)...                  | Clyde Arnold             |
| MARY CARPENTER<br>(Michael's wife)            | ... Erica D'Abreo        |
| MISS TIBBIT (From the<br>flat below)          | ... Anna Young           |
| MRS. BARKER (the<br>landlady)                 | ... Brenda<br>Zachariahs |
| THE POLICEMAN                                 | ... Chervyn<br>Philips   |
| UNCLE GEORGE (an<br>eccentric, old gentleman) | ... Jaspal Dhillon       |
| MISS HIGGINS (a young<br>neighbour)           | ... Margaret<br>Andrews  |

"The Walrus and the Carpenters" is a farcical comedy, concerned with fast-moving events that get out of hand in the flat of the Carpenters—a young married couple, who try to please at one and the same time, their one surviving relative, an exacting landlady, and Carpenter's boss seeking accommodation for the night.

SCENE... The living-room of Carpenter's flat.

TIME ... A summer evening.

## The Poet's Corner

### PEACE, JOY, LOVE

DOCTOR MISS RITA CYRIL, 2ND M. B. B. S.  
CHRISTIAN MEDICAL COLLEGE, VELLORE  
*XI Science, 1971* Helen Keller

JOY comes like the gentle snowflake  
Lighting on a fragile leaf;  
Bending proudly 'neath the burden,  
PEACE and LOVE bring sweet relief.

When the burning soul is suff'ring,  
Heal the wounds of your neglect;  
JOY will, like the misty mirror,  
Heaven's images reflect.

Like the flow'rs in spectrum-splendour,  
Smiling sweetly all day through,  
Straining swanny necks and slender,  
LOVE comes springing, clear and true.

PEACE is like the charm of music,  
Flowing strains of Nature's harp,  
Swaying like the fleeting band when  
Breezes kiss sweet-drooping flowers.

LOVE—the butterfly descending,  
Ponders ere it sips the wine;  
PEACE will flow like silent Beauty;  
Evermore JOY will be mine.

\* \* \*

### THE BROKEN TRAILS

DOCTOR MISS RITA CYRIL, 2ND M. B. B. S.  
CHRISTIAN MEDICAL COLLEGE, VELLORE  
*XI Science, 1971* Helen Keller

Though man may reach high pinnacles  
And swell with ecstasy,  
Invincible you are, my Moon,  
Eternal fantasy.

Efface yon dew. I do entreat,  
"Why sail you so forlorn?  
For while the vapours wrap you dim  
Shall I bewail each morn?"

Tall ladders spring in desert lands.  
Oh Moon, you are monarch  
Of all creation when you peer  
Out of the dusky dark!

The lustre of your form grows faint  
To leave you pale and wan,  
But oh the fancies of this world  
And idiocy of man!

Unlock not treasures dormant, Moon,  
You are an art, a dream,  
Diffusing vision of my mind,  
A growing mystery!

You are my friend compassionate  
When I am stabbed with gloom,  
A peaceful consolation, dear,  
When man sleeps in a tomb.

I laugh to see man endeavour  
To reach the rainbow's end.  
Look, how he strives to lick the dust,  
THE BROKEN TRAILS TO MEND!

\* \* \*

### A STORMY NIGHT

SUDHAKAR KRISHNAMOORTHY

*X Science, 1971* Royal  
(As narrated by my six-year old sister)

When I have crept into my bed  
On a wild and windy night,  
When Dad has warmly tucked me in  
And turned down every light,

I lie and listen to the wind  
As it blows in gusts and squalls,  
And rattles all the window—frames  
And shakes the very walls.

I hear the dreary drops of rain  
A-drumming on the glass,  
And drowning all the noises of  
The vehicles that pass.

I think of homeless birds and beasts  
Exposed to wind and rain,  
Of little shivering homeless things  
That seek for warmth in vain.

And thoughts of sailors in distress  
Longing for dawn to break  
Disturb my mind and move my heart  
And keep me wide awake.

But when I've breathed a prayer and said,  
"Dear Father, please to keep  
Thy little children from all harm!"  
I then can go to sleep!

\* \* \*

### THE BETRAYAL

GOSHASP P. AVARI

*XI Science* Edith Cavell

Friend she was.  
Traitor she turned.

Friend she was once upon a time.  
Loyalty she showed; that was in its  
shallowest state.  
Truth she spoke; that was in its false state.  
Innocence she showed; that was in its  
unnatural state.

Can you guess what she said to me?  
"Will you be my best friend?" quoth she.  
Can you guess how many 'golden minutes'  
she remained loyal to me?  
Not a moment, for she had a plan in her  
brain.

She stole my views of a friend;  
Destroyed my faith for non-revenge;  
Hardened me to a shell;  
That is what she did.

She acts innocent at the cost of her eyes.  
She looks shyly because she thinks she is  
invisible.

She gives sweet smiles to me.  
But I cannot forget my vengeance.

In the seat of my heart  
I am human.  
I needed a friend, a true friend;  
But all I won was a traitor.

Friend she was.  
Traitor she turned.

\* \* \*

### MY RACE

GOSHASP P. AVARI

*XI Science* Edith Cavell

"Hi, Fatty!"  
That is what they tell me,  
For I am bulged and rounded from  
all sides.

"Fatkins! Ball! Pumpkin!"  
That is what they call my race,  
"The Race of Fats."

We are poked and provoked.  
What is the use?  
They that tell us, include  
Slimy Slims and Unequal equals.

Why do they tease us,  
When they, themselves,  
Are as faulty as faulty can be?

Do not we have a soul?  
Do not we have feelings?  
Do not we have emotions?  
God giveth all.

It is said,  
"God's mills grind slowly,  
But they grind fine!"

\* \* \*

### A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

ANJANA KALE

*XI Arts* Edith Cavell

Dear Mr. Editor, Respected Sir,  
You've asked me to be a contributor  
But what on Earth can I write about?  
There must be much better writers,  
no doubt.

Will it bring me a touch of gold glory  
If I try writing lines of poetry?  
The pity is I am not so clever  
In composing in rhyme, rhythm, metre;

But still I think I shall have a good try :  
A trial wouldn't cost me a single pie  
And if with great pains, let us suppose,  
I manage some doggerel verse to compose

Will you like it ? Will it be O.K. ?  
Or will you be annoyed? Throw it away?  
If it is too bad will I have to take  
The adverse effects coming in its wake ?  
What will happen? Imagine! No one can tell!  
Will I be banished for ever to hell?  
If it is seen by *Principal Davis*  
When he is looking for something to read,

Oh ! What may befall ! I can't foresee  
What punishment he will impose on me !  
"No! No!" he will say. "I shall not allow  
Such writing by this Anjana Kal-ow!"

It might infuriate Mr. Benjamin.  
"A student writing such awful bunkum  
Deserves no English gold medal to win!"  
Mr. S. Gadre with his batting grin :

"I say man, well, I never really thought  
Anyone'd squander her time writing rot."  
Mr. Hoffman'll say with all sympathy :  
"This poet needs some homeopathy."

Mr. Gupta'll bristle : "I hate to see  
Such mass of nonsense from anybody."  
Miss L. D'Sa will condemn me outright :  
"Here is an idiot who cannot think right."

Mr. Misra will furrow his eyebrows :  
"We mustn't encourage this foolish girl."  
Whatever else—Staff might politely say,  
I wish it would not fall right in their way.

And you, Mr. Editor, will say "Mad !  
Awkward ! Intolerable ! Th'roughly bad !"  
But here is my poem. I have done my best.  
Do as you like : reject it ; or accept.

I began writing something quite chatty,  
Something just awful' nice, neat and natty.  
If I offend, please do you not worry ;  
Forgive me, I am extremely Sorry.

Miss Anjana Kale,

Yours sincerely.

\* \* \*

## OUR CLASS

REKHA ZOPE

X Arts *Joan of Arc*

GEETA PICHAYA

X Arts *Florence Nightingale*

These are the twelve characters of Ten Arts.  
As Shakespeare truly said, we all play parts.  
Some are very witty, some are funny !  
But all are cheerful, gay, bright and sunny !

Jimmy the clowning cartoon of our class,  
Has clever brains as bright as tinkling brass!  
Forever is he busy swatting bees  
And giving young Colin Massey the *gees*.

Poor Colin Massey with his beady eyes,  
'S unable to cope with our class-room's flies!  
In manners he's a perfect gentleman,  
But 'n Language he's far from a Chinaman!

Myron, or Uncle's *Nephew* better known,  
Stands as Ten Arts' Monitor all alone.  
He's the greatest pretender of the lot.  
When asked, "Have you done this ?"  
"No, Sir, me not !"

With him shares Sameer who much resembles  
All the sleepy things on Earth assembled !  
Everyone else's progress 'does hinder  
As natural as a doormouse in winter.

On Maths he's crazy, as Muke is lazy.  
In quoting *Shairies*, Mukesh is crazy.  
With his spectacles and his hair all wild,  
Often he looks like an untidy child !

Hazrat who dreams in a world of his own,  
In his cozy corner doth sleep alone.  
Although he is not such a brainy dog,  
For Mathematics he is all agog.

Singho of Greaves House, you know is  
Perfect,  
Though all of us know he's far from Perfect.  
Breeding cold lizards in his desk, he loves  
And scaring us meek girls out of our gloves.

Keith, who's forever happily singing  
To show his love for girls overflowing,  
Is the Ryan O'Neal of our Tenth Class  
And during geography tends he to *boss*.

Now follow the four Arts girls, one by one—  
In pretty daintiness they all have won.  
In fairness to the women's lib that's born,  
Above the eight boys they have brightly  
shone (*shorn!*)

First, Rekha Zope, the most popular  
For with her wily wits she makes us *yar...*  
In studies, Myron, she, make a couple  
With their poor spellings all shiffle-shuffle.

Comes Sudepta, with eyes captivating.  
A Nosey Parker's our darling duckling.  
In World History she does top the class  
But in Maths dear Sudepta's at a loss.

Follows Miss Margaret Andrews, the fattest,  
Dreaming of chocolate boxes the latest.  
She, too, is a Prefect of Blue Kellers.  
Her temper reminds one of the hell-ers.

Last comes Geeta Pichaya the Shortie,  
Better known to all as *Podgy Pichie*.  
In all subjects she is equally bright,  
But in finding faults she takes much delight.

Though there may be only twelve in the class,  
In our teachers' choice we stand far from last.  
Miss D'Sa, of course, calls us her children.  
Mr. Smith says we're in a delirium.

Mr. O. Swing takes us in History,  
Though we coax him to talk of Chemistry.  
Mr. Misra is a Maths computer  
And often does he hum like a heater.

Mr. Hoffman, all so particular  
In leaving us, his joy he makes quite clear,  
Though his heart we know is not freezing  
cold  
For *old* all know is valued like rich gold.

Yet our teachers' opinions may differ :  
Some may praise well while some others  
snigger.  
But we warmly wish, not in vain of course,  
That none of the above will be too cross !

\* \* \*

## OH! SHE AILS FOR YE!

REKHA ZOPE

X Arts *Joan of Arc*

Alone far, far away  
sits a lonely girl  
In the silent night.

As she waits with patience  
For the longed-for dawn  
Which shall bring to her

You, dear brother, long gone,  
She spreads forth her arms  
And looks up to pray

To ask God to have care :  
His blessings to share.  
Along with her prayer

Her sorrow she lays bare.  
She cries without shame  
And utters your name

Into the dimming light  
Of the silent night.  
Can't you hear her tears?

Will you not, dear brother,  
Calm her loving fears?  
Oh! she ails for ye!

\* \* \*

WE'LL MISS HIM QUITE A LOT!

REKHA ZOPE

X Arts *Joan of Arc*

He's balding on top,  
All round and quite short,  
Shining HOFFIE dear,  
We'll miss him a lot!

He walks into classes  
Not wearing his glasses.

He removes his old hat,  
Puts his 'case down flat.  
Looks us seriously,  
Planning our day's fate,

Then wipes his hand, face,  
And, of course, his bald pate.

He clears the table  
And he wipes it too.  
Then op'ning the case,  
Replaces duster.

He removes his neat books  
And he looks all around

Like smug, old Buster.  
Picks up spectacles  
And removes the band  
Around the black case.

Slipping spectacles on  
He will look at us all.

"Take this down," he'll say  
And turn to the board.  
In a jiffy he's  
Written much Hindi.

Then he will turn to us  
And he'll ask one and all

If we've copied it.  
Gen'rally we hadn't,  
So he will sit down  
And go through his notes.

Then he would get up slow  
And he'd pace up and down;

Explain the matter  
Without e'en a frown.  
So patient is he  
That e'en after years

Of his listening hard to  
Nonsensical chatter,

Not once has he yet  
Quite lost his temper.  
But if he should spy  
One of drowsy sleep

At once will he remark:  
"Well, hm,... drugs last night, eh?"

Be it girl or boy,  
Great Richard Nixon  
Or Helen of Troy,  
He'd treat all the same

And long lecture them, too,  
If they ever forgot

To give respect due.  
But all his faults, true,  
Can't hide the fact that  
Whatsoever he

Does or says we all do  
Like Hoffie just the same.

Constant practice he  
Gives us willing to  
Laugh and share with us  
Jokes and sorrows, all

Allowed as long as we  
Don't give him cause to curse

And long lecture us  
Without a short pause.  
He criticises  
And insults, praises

And even admires  
In a way which bespeaks

A silent reproof.  
Though people may curse,  
Say he's the devil,  
They all quietly

Agree that Barnes will not  
Just lose a teacher but

A man of unique  
Personality.  
Oh, balding on top,  
All round and quite short,

Oh, shining Hoffie dear,  
We'll miss him quite a lot!

\* \* \*

## LOVE IS LOST!

KEITH BERNARD PHILLIPS

*X Arts*

*Greaves*

In a little town,  
In a big country,  
Lives a girl I love.  
Her sweet name is gold:  
Her name's never told!

O, she's a teen girl,  
A lovely wee girl,  
A girl whom I love.  
The dancer is mine:  
She's locked my heart fine.

I loved her much - so—  
My heart tells you so.  
But one day while I  
Wrote my dear love, shy,  
There came no reply.

I know I've lost her.  
Someone else has her.  
Wedding bells will ring.  
Her I'll never see.  
Me she'll never see.

Why did my Love rise?  
The bright sun did rise.  
The red sun did set.  
Oh! She was my best.  
Oh! She is my best.

She will be my best.  
"But, my Love, dearest,  
You know I've lost you.  
Someone else has you.  
Oh! How I love you!

Your wedding bells ring.  
Wear your wedding ring.  
Oh! I have lost her!  
Her I'll never see.  
Me she'll never see.

*My sweet love is lost!*

\* \* \*

## YOUR OLD LOVE-LETTERS

KEITH BERNARD PHILLIPS

*X Arts*

*Greaves*

Today I burnt your love-letters,  
Oh! Burnt them gently one by one.  
Ere I lit the flame I read them  
I do not know the reason why.

The first you wrote me was the sweetest.  
The last one broke my heart in two.  
Our love'll never meet together.  
Love, will I see you, never more?

Today I've burnt your old love-letters.  
I watched our love go up in smoke.  
Have pity on my lonely soul—  
I heard each tender word you wrote!

The first one you wrote was the sweetest.  
The last one broke my heart in two.  
If you ever come close again,  
My Love, you'll feel my heart warm yours.

Heavenly Father, high up above us,  
Please protect my Love, my dearest,  
Guide and keep her and let her know  
That I shall always love her so.

No matter how deep my love may be,  
My heart's locked and she holds the key.  
Of all the girls for me to choose  
She's the one I do hate to lose.

\* \* \*

## TEARS IN MY EYES

KEITH BERNARD PHILLIPS

*X Arts*

*Greaves*

It was late June. I had been visiting  
A friend in the country 'nd was returning.  
Because of the freshness of the morning  
I set out for a walk along the lanes



In class an adviser, a friend,  
 Who cares for me; helps fears to end;  
 She, a sister, Mother as well,  
 Explains t' me things words couldn't tell.  
 She is right proud of her pupils  
 And happily sweet her voice trills  
 In difficulties; a helper in life:  
 I do like her with all my life!

THE SPARROW  
 MOHIT KAPOOR

VI A Candy

I am a sparrow,  
 Living 'n a narrow  
 Part of a palace.  
 I fly in the sky,  
 Going up so high,  
 Quite careless and free!

A little, wee girl  
 Very sincerely  
 Awakes right early:  
 Loves to look at me  
 As I take my rest  
 In my cosy nest.

'Watches me with glee.  
 She tries to catch me  
 In her either hand  
 When I sit on sand.  
 In the sunny noon  
 I enjoy some rest.

When I'm in my nest,  
 As the sun doth set,  
 Sincerely let Kate  
 Retire to bed,  
 It is far too late  
 To fly in the sky!

\* \* \*

MY CLASS  
 MEHMOOD PATNI

VI A Royal

I so often think  
 If each class-teacher  
 Were Mrs Michael,  
 Curly-headed cheer,  
 Principal, parents,  
 Needn't shed a tear  
 Over lazy bones  
 And hardened tough-nuts  
 Ev'ry class contains.  
 Yes, I often think.  
 And if ev'ry class  
 Had round fatsos fair,  
 Like Shahruq Aleem  
 And Ali Budesh,  
 No one would wish to  
 Go to Bangladesh.  
 Then we'd forget 'Rith-  
 Metic, Algebra,  
 With their laughing A-  
 Dabra-cadabra.  
 Our bully-boxer  
 Monitor, Mehmood,  
 Has batted all toughs  
 Into such a mood,  
 I am sure we will  
 All be promoted  
 If we are not first,  
 Instead, demoted!  
 Which'll cause much, shy,  
 Delightful wonder  
 To our spectacled,  
 Sweet Evelyn Saunders.

\* \* \*

PLAY YOUR PART  
 MEHMOOD PATNI

VI A Royal

God the Great gave you your beautiful birth  
 To act in this wonderful play on Earth  
 So play your own part without any myth;  
 With complete personal freedom and faith.

Act true in your short, life-long drama well  
 Till the finale, day of farewell.

Your audience will enjoy it, that's certain,  
 Without promptings from behind the  
 curtain.

Meet His Holy Highness high in the heaven  
 When durance has passed seventy-seven,  
 When you turn an exhausted, old oil-lamp  
 And cheer up, blest, in His eternal camp.

\* \* \*

THE RISING SUN

VI A VIJAY PICHAYA Greaves

O lovely, warm sun,  
 Shining o'er the hills,  
 With all thy softness  
 Breaking pale-blue Dawn!  
 The mountains appear  
 Through the morning mist.  
 The sky is covered  
 With soft, fleecy clouds.  
 O beautiful hills  
 Which took God to form,  
 You stop the cold winds!  
 And people stand out,  
 Out of their houses,  
 Engrossed in the grand  
 Unsurpassed beauty  
 Of the rising sun.  
 The Earth is active,  
 Alive with beauty:  
 The young leaves whisper;  
 The dew-bathed trees shake;  
 The sparrows chirrup;  
 Hungry birds seek food;  
 In the city it's  
 All hustle-bustle.  
 O we thank Thee, God,  
 With all our wee hearts  
 For these wonderful  
 Unsurpassed beauties  
 Of the rising sun.

\* \* \*

V A Class-teacher : MRS. L. KELU

THE DAY

SURESH R. MOTWANI

VI A Greaves

Cock-a-doodle-do! Wake up all of you!  
 The day has begun! See the rising sun!  
 The children have come, have come out  
 to play!  
 Their recreation clothes are bright and gay!

Cock-a-doodle-do! Wake up all of you!  
 The glorious sun is shining brightly.  
 The bedewed flowers are opening slightly.  
 The free children are playing mightily.

Mother is busy preparing breakfast.  
 Father has gone out to his healthy work.  
 School-children are busy doing home-work.  
 The servants are busy doing their work.

Cock-a-doodle-do! How do you all do?  
 It is my duty to wake you early!  
 If I did not some would be sleeping still.  
 Cock-a-doodle-do! Wake up all of you!

\* \* \*

MY NOBLE SERVICE

SURESH R. MOTWANI

VI A Greaves

I have done my noble service.  
 How many years have passed!  
 I do it still, e'en now.  
 How nice it will be if you also do it now!

Seven years have passed. Still I work  
 In the church. I go from  
 France to Rome by ship; plane.  
 Travelling-money's spent but it's not worth  
 more than God.

Each Saturday I go to Rome.  
 Monday I go to France.  
 This is how my time goes  
 In doing my noble service to Almighty God.

\* \* \*

IV A Class-teacher : MRS. S. DIOL  
DON'T FORGET  
RAJESH MOTWANI

IV A Spence

Down came the raindrops,  
So fast one by one,  
Sliding and gliding  
Together with fun;  
Rushing and pushing  
Together with fun;  
But don't forget just  
One little raindrop,  
That's your friend, Master  
Rajesh Motwani.

\* \* \*

IV B Class-teacher : MRS. ANTOINETTE PAUL  
MY CAT

BALCHANDRA MARATHE

IV B, 1972 Spence

I had a little cat.  
She was a little fat!  
She wore no pretty hat,  
On the chimney she sat.  
'Slipped down the chimney—drat!  
In the kitchen ' fell flat!  
That was the end of fat,  
Hatless, little Kit-cat!

\* \* \*

MISS KATE  
CHITRA PAI

IV B, 1972 Florence Nightingale

Kate was always late  
'Cause she over-ate—  
So much food i' her plate!  
She could not fit straight  
Through the narrow gate!  
That was the sad fate  
Of poor, fat Miss Kate!  
Kate was my class-mate!

\* \* \*

III B Class-teacher : MRS. QUEENIE SAMSON  
TADPOLES

GITA MISRA

III B Joan of Arc

Ten little tadpoles,  
Swimming in a pool,  
Racing and diving  
And turning about.  
"Come!" said Water-rat,  
"Come along to school!  
Come! Say your tables,  
Sitting in a row!"  
And all the little  
Tadpoles cried, they cried:  
"No, no, no, no, no!"  
"Come! Come!" said the frog,  
"Dinner-time, I guess!"  
And all the little  
Tadpoles cried, they cried:  
"Yes, yes, yes, yes!"

\* \* \*

"TWEET-TWEET!"

SANJAY RAMASWAMY

III B Spence

I'd like to have a pet,  
And I wish it were a bird!  
With coat of green velvet,  
And the sweetest voice you've heard!  
It'd tip-toe on its feet,  
And I would name it "Tweet-tweet!"

\* \* \*

A NONSENSE RHYME

BINA DASWANI

III B Helen Keller

Sing a song of sixpence,  
Two snakes 'gan to fight!  
You can eat the two snakes  
F'r ask'ng me to write!

\* \* \*

THE GHOST  
SEAN MENEZES

III B Greaves

At one o'clock the ghost is late!  
At two o'clock he's at the gate!  
At three o'clock he opes the gate!  
At four o'clock he's in the close!  
At five o'clock he smells a rose!  
At six o'clock he's at your door!  
At sev'n o'clock he opes the door!  
At eight o'clock he takes one step!  
At nine o'clock he sucks a Pep!  
At ten o'clock he takes a knife!  
At 'lev'n o'clock he's at your side!  
At twelve o'clock he'll kill you! Hide!

THY HEALING LOVE

by

The Reverend Deacon

DONALD ALFRED SMITH

Dear Heavenly Father, God of all  
Creation made of Love,  
In Thy tender mercy hear my  
Espesial prayer of faith.

"Bless Daddy with Thy Healing Love  
And nurse him in Thy care.  
Give him the patience and comfort  
of Thine inspired Word."

We thank Thee for his wondrous life;  
His solid-structured homes;  
His training of the unemployed;  
Engagement of the poor;

His silent, dedicated work;  
His Christian sacrifice;  
His constant faith in troubled times;  
His meek-submissioned grace;

Written at two-thirty in the afternoon of Tuesday, the fifteenth of January, nineteen hundred & seventy-four  
at Barnes School, Devlali 422503. My prayer was answered: "Praise be unto Thee, O Christ!"

HERE GOES  
SEAN MENEZES

III B Greaves

Here goes  
The girlie,  
The girlie,  
The girlie;  
Here goes  
The girlie,  
Marching  
off to school!  
With her  
school-bag  
And her  
Toy-house,  
Marching  
off to school!  
Marching  
off to school!

# "Play the Game!"

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Wilson Cup

In charge: MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL

Correspondent: INDRANI ROY

XI Science Florence Nightingale

Everyone, from the dhobi washing and ironing white kit, girls blancoing keds, the Tuck-shop selling yards of coloured ribbon, the younger excited girls practising their marching, to Mrs. Michael organising, everyone was preparing for the Annual Athletics.

At last dawned the eventful day!

During the morning the house-captains exhorted the girls in their houses to put in their best effort, specially in marching, and to avoid a thousand minor problems putting themselves together to upset the grand day.

At about two-thirty in the afternoon all the girls assembled in very smart, spotlessly white uniforms for the march-past, led by the Head-boy, Clyde Arnold, flanked on either side by the Head-girl, Nimet Jamal, and Vice-head-girl, Brenda Zachariahs, presenting the School Banner as he marched ahead of the Greens, Blues, Reds and Yellows in that order.

It must have been very difficult for the judges to decide which house was the best in marching. The Blues were adjudged the best.

The track and field events took place very neatly. Nothing went wrong and there was no last-minute shuffling, thanks to Mrs. Michael in charge and the willing cooperation of all.

Amidst clapping and words of congratulations, the chief guest's wife, Mrs. Speck, kindly gave away the prizes.

This year has been one of great achievements and I am sure the girls will continue to do better and better as the years roll by.

### RESULTS OF THE GIRLS' ATHLETICS

#### PREVIOUSLY CONTESTED EVENTS

Wednesday, the Seventeenth of October

#### NOVICES

100-m. 1965. H. Dhillon. 16.2"

- 1 Rosy Fernandes H. K. 17.7"
- 2 Ramona Jacob J. A.
- 3 Rhonda Rennison H. K.

50-m. *Skipping*. 1962. S. Mody. 9.8"

- 1 Beena Daswani H. K. 10.4"
- 2 Julie Joseph F. N.
- 3 Shenaz Irani F. N.

*Long Jump*. 1957. M. Arklie. 3.45 m.

- 1 Beena Daswani H. K. 2.63 m.
- 2 Rosy Fernandes H. K.
- 3 Shenaz Irani F. N.

*High Jump*. 1972. K. Scott. 0.95 m.

- 1 Rosy Fernandes H. K. 0.86 m.
- 2 Beena Daswani H. K.

Only two participated

#### JUNIORS

50-m. *Skipping*. 1964. G. King. 8.8"  
1972. G. Smith. 9.0"

- 1 Nargish Irani H. K. 9.0"
- 2 Hema Varadha J. A.
- 3 Karen Scott J. A.

100-m. *Skipping*. 1972. N. Irani 17.9"  
C. Vaz (NR)

- 1 Nargish Irani H. K. 16.8" (NR)
- 2 Karen Scott J. A.
- 3 Satyasheela Pawar H. K.

*Long Jump*. 1950. M. Arklie. 3.84 m.

- 1 Satyasheela Pawar H. K. 3.15 m.
- 2 Nargish Irani H. K.
- 3 Michelle Rose J. A.

*High Jump*. 1945. S. Pawle. 1.17 m.

- 1 Nargish Irani H. K. 1.05 m.
- 2 Karen Scott J. A.
- 3 Satyasheela Pawar H. K.

#### INTERMEDIATES

200-m. 1963. C. Cox. 31.5"

- 1 Audrey Mackenzie H. K. 32.4"
- 2 Karen Rose J. A.
- 3 Shenaz Haghghi E. C.

*Long Jump*. 1959. Y. Dennis. 4.09 m.

- 1 Karen Rose J. A. 3.27 m.
- 2 Gloria Smith F. N.
- 3 Lynette Ridewood J. A.

*High Jump*. 1943. C. Palmer Wilson. 1.32m.

- 1 Gloria Smith F. N. 1.03 m.
- 2 Lorna Massey H. K.
- 3 Lynette Ridewood J. A.

*Shot-put. 8 lbs.* 1957. B. Peters. 7.12 m.

- 1 Audrey Mackenzie H. K. 5.25 m.
- 2 Gloria Smith F. N.
- 3 Beryl Greve H. K.

*Javelin-throw*. 1968. B. Dique. 18.81 m.

- 1 Vishakha Saranjame F. N. 15.20 m.
- 2 Karen Rose J. A.
- 3 Beryl Greve H. K.

*Discus-throw*. 1962. A. Harris. 18.54 m.

- 1 Vishakha Saranjame F. N. 13.13 m.
- 2 Audrey Mackenzie H. K.
- 3 Beryl Greve H. K.

#### SENIORS

200-m. 1964. C. Cox. 29.6"

- 1 Heather Mackenzie H. K. 30.0"
- 2 Beenapani Mahanty F. N.
- 3 Rosemary Phillips F. N.

*Long Jump*. 1959. M. Dawes. 4.51 m.

- 1 Heather Mackenzie H. K. 3.99 m.
- 2 Bambi Dique E. C.
- 3 Brenda Zachariahs E. C.

*High Jump*. 1946. C. Palmer Wilson. 1.35 m.

- 1 Beenapani Mahanty F. N. 1.22 m.
- 2 Bambi Dique E. C.
- 3 Debra Dameron E. C.

*Triple Jump*. 1970. B. Dique. 8.15 m.

- 1 Heather Mackenzie H. K. 8.80 m. (NR)
- 2 Bambi Dique E. C.
- 3 Indrani Roy F. N.

*Shot-put. 8 lbs.* 1950. E. Hill. 9.14 m.

- 1 Micheline Cox J. A. 7.30 m.
- 2 Rosemary Phillips F. N.
- 3 Heather Mackenzie H. K.

*Javelin-throw*. 1967. P. Garrett. 27.94 m.

- 1 Micheline Cox J. A. 23.90 m.
- 2 Bambi Dique E. C.
- 3 Leonie Dawson H. K.

#### PREP HOUSE

*Potato-and-spoon Race for Boys. 5-6 years*

- 1 Hasan Dashti
- 2 Sabir Mirza
- 3 Venu Gopal

*Flat Race for Boys. 8-9 years.*

- 1 Cameron Lacey
- 2 Sanjay Kale
- 3 Emran Kamadia

*Flat Race for Girls. 5-6 years.*

- 1 Vaishali Kulkarni
- 2 Anuradha Kumar
- 3 Rita Gupta

*Potato-and-spoon Race for Girls. 6-8 years*

- 1 Karen D'Abreo
- 2 Savita Agarwal
- 3 Leena Chawla

*Obstacle Race for Boys. 9-10 years.*

- 1 Patrick Bush
- 2 Manimohan Misra
- 3 Rajiv Basrai

*Step-on-stone Race for Boys. 10 years and above.*

- 1 Deepak Bhosle and Suresh Daswani
- 2 Trevor Pacheco and Abdul Wadood
- 3 Michael Smith and Ghansham Gupta

**GIRLS' SPORTS' DAY FINALS**

Monday, the Twenty-second of October

**NOVICE**

50-m. 1964. H. Dhillon. 8.5"

- 1 Beena Daswani H. K. 9.3"
- 2 Ramona Jacob J. A.
- 3 Rosy Fernandes H. K.

Rex Ludorum: Beena Daswani, H. K.

**JUNIORS**

100-m. 1964. G. King. 15.3"

- 1 Hema Varadha J. A. 15.7"
- 2 Nargish Irani H. K.
- 3 Karen Scott J. A.

50-m. 1964. G. King. 8"  
1964. N. Vakil.

- 1 Nargish Irani H. K. 8.4"
- 2 Hema Varadha J. A.
- 3 Susan Bird Sturgeon J. A.

Rex Ludorum: Nargish Irani, H. K.

**INTERMEDIATES**

100-m. 1972. H. Mackenzie 14.1"

- 1 Audrey Mackenzie H. K. 14.9"
- 2 Gloria Smith F. N.
- 3 Karen Rose J. A.

80-m. Hurdles. 1965. B. Kirpalani. 16.2"

- 1 Lynette Ridewood J. A. 17.7"
- 2 Beryl Greve H. K.
- 3 Karen Rose J. A.

Rex Ludorum: Audrey Mackenzie, H. K.

**SENIORS**

100-m. 1950. E. Hill 13.2"

- 1 Heather Mackenzie H. K. 13.6"
- 2 Gail Fernandes F. N.
- 3 Rosemary Phillips F. N.

80-m. Hurdles. 1964. C. Cox 15.5"

- 1 Rosemary Phillips F. N. 16.2"
- 2 Bambie Dique E. C.
- 3 Rosalind Phillips F. N.

Discus-throw. 1961. Y. Dennis. 22.89 m.

- 1 Micheline Cox J. A. 24.35 m. (NR)
- 2 Linda Middlecoat F. N.
- 3 Heather Mackenzie H. K.

Rex Ludorum: Heather Mackenzie, H. K.

**RELAY RACES**

4 x 100-m. Junior Relay. 1966. Edith Cavell. 62.1"

- 1 Joan of Arc 65.5"
- 2 Helen Keller
- 3 Florence Nightingale

4 x 100-m. Senior Relay. 1963. Edith Cavell. 59.9"

- 1 Florence Nightingale 60.4"
- 2 Edith Cavell
- 3 Joan of Arc

**TEAMS**

Junior Relay: Joan of Arc

- 1 Susan Bird Sturgeon
- 2 Karen Scott
- 3 Lynette Ridewood
- 4 Karen Rose

Senior Relay: Florence Nightingale

- 1 Gail Fernandes
- 2 Beenapani Mahanty
- 3 Rosemary Phillips
- 4 Rosalind Phillips

**PREP HOUSE**

Flat Race. Tiny Tots

- 1 U. Singh 9.8"
- 2 M. Emmanuel
- 3 F. D'Abreo

Sack Race. Boys.

- 1 S. Benjamin 27.6"
- 2 F. Loochan
- 3 J. Ahmed

Flat Race. Boys.

- 1 M. Samsusdoha 8.7"
- 2 R. Emmanuel
- 3 M. Talkalkar

**Three-legged Race. Girls.**

- 1 F. D'Abreo and A. Varma 12.9"
- 2 G. Rose and S. Young
- 3 M. Lacey and L. Sharma

**HOUSE POINTS**

First	Helen Keller	143
Second	Joan of Arc	85
Third	Florence Nightingale	73
Fourth	Edith Cavell	48

**FLOATING CUPS**

Junior Relay Cup :	...	...	...	...	Joan of Arc
The Wilshaw Senior Relay Cup :	...	...	...	...	Florence Nightingale
Barrow Hardlines Cup for Runner-up :	...	...	...	...	Joan of Arc
Wilson Cup for the Champion House :	...	...	...	...	Helen Keller
Squadron Leader Liddle Cup for Marching :	...	...	...	...	Helen Keller
NR :	New Record				

\* \* \*

**BOYS' ATHLETICS, 1973**

The Henry Down Cup

In charge: MR. S. S. GUPTA, Organiser

Correspondent: STANLEY CONNELL

IX A

Candy

This year, as usual, the athletics season began as a great event of our school life, full of gusto and gaiety, enthusiasm and excitement. The practice commenced fairly early and was completed in time. The Pre-contested Finals were held on the seventeenth of October. The evidence of keen interest and competition was demonstrated by the participants by breaking old records and establishing new records in various events.

In the afternoon of Monday, the twenty-second of October, began the impressive and colourful March-past of all the athletes, led by the Artillery Pipe Band. Mr. A. E. W. Speck, Director, Bombay Education Society, presided and took the salute, declaring open the Meet, after Kailash Pawar, the Best Athlete of 1972, had taken the oath.

The entire programme went through with ease and co-operation from all.

Towards the end, Mr Davis, our Principal, introduced the Chief Guest, Mr. A. E. W. Speck, and enlightened the gathering about his various fields of activities.

Finally followed a happy termination in prize-giving by Mrs. A. E. W. Speck, a former pupil of Barnes, amid joyous cheers and claps, in a sublime ideal of the best having been achieved.

I thank our Principal, Mr. Davis, for his valuable guidance and Mrs. P. Michael for her spirit of co-operation.

Wg. Cdr. C. Samson made excellent arrangements for the supply of cold-drinks, shamiana and tents. Mr. Hoffman made good seating arrangements. Thus the entire school, Staff, pupil, visitors, and the Band, made the occasion really grand.

Thanks to all concerned.

**RESULTS OF THE BOYS' ATHLETICS PREVIOUSLY CONTESTED EVENTS**

Wednesday, the Seventeenth of October

**MIDGETS**

100 m.

1 H. Patel	S	15.6"
2 A. Dagainawalla	R	
3 B. Mead	C	

*Long Jump.*

1 U. Khurade	R	3.42 m.
2 S. Chaudhury	G	
3 A. Daginawalla	R	

*High Jump.*

1 A. Daginawalla	R	1.08m.
2 U. Khurade	R	
3 H. Patel	S	

NOVICES

*Long Jump.*

1 M. Patni	R	4.34 m.
2 N. Barnett	S	
3 E. Laffrey	G	

*High Jump.*

1 M. Patni	R	1.25 m. (NR)
2 E. Laffrey	G	
3 B. Kolpe	S	

JUNIORS

*200 m.*

1 S. Gama	S	27.6'
2 G. Kakar	R	
3 C. Lasrado	S	

*400 m.*

1 G. Kakar	R	60.9'' (NR)
2 S. Gama	S	
3 A. Hakim	R	

*Long Jump.*

1 G. Kakar	R	4.88 m. (NR)
2 R. Cope	C	
3 K. Cox	G	

*High Jump.*

1 G. Kakar	R	1.31 m.
2 S. Gama	S	
3 K. Cox	G	

*Shot Put (8 lb).*

1 S. Gama	S	8.48 m.
2 B. Hon	R	
3 K. Cox	G	

*Discus (small)*

1 S. Gama	S	17.0 m.
2 G. Kakar	R	
3 K. Cox	G	

INTERS

*100 m.*

1 C. Phillips	S	11.9'' (NR)
2 A. Rahim	C	
3 M. De	G	

*200 m.*

1 C. Phillips	S	25''
2 A. Rahim	C	
3 H. Haghighi	R	

*400 m.*

1 A. Rahim	C	57.2'' (NR)
2 C. Phillips	S	
3 M. De	G	

*800 m.*

1 H. Haghighi	R	2' 17.3'' (NR)
2 C. Phillips	S	
3 R. Hussain	S	

*1500 m.*

1 R. Hussain	S	4' 59''
2 S. Yazdagardi	C	
3 M. De	G	

*Long Jump.*

1 A. Rahim	C	5.05 m.
2 C. Phillips	S	
3 H. Haghighi	R	

*High Jump.*

1 A. Rahim	C	1.45 m.
2 R. Mahanty	G	
3 H. Haghighi	R	

*Triple Jump.*

1 C. Phillips	S	10.86 m. (NR)
2 N. A. Khan	R	
3 A. Rahim	C	

*Shot Put (12 lb).*

1 A. Rahim	C	9.55 m. (NR)
2 G. Fallah	G	
3 S. Fikri	R	

*Discus.*

1 A. Rahim	C	19.84 m.
2 H. Haghighi	R	
3 N. A. Khan	R	

SENIORS

*100 m.*

1 K. Pawar	C	11.4''
2 R. Gawali	G	
3 S. Keer	C	

*400 m.*

1 S. Connell	C	55.5''
2 J. Dhillon	G	
3 S. Keer	C	

*1500 m.*

1 S. Keer	C	4' 46''
2 J. Parvaresh	R	
3 A. Faridi	S	

*Long Jump.*

1 K. Pawar	C	5.76 m.
2 S. Keer	C	
3 J. Dhillon	G	

*High Jump.*

1 S. Keer	C	1.52 m.
2 P. Razvi	C	
3 S. Parvaresh	R	

*Triple Jump.*

1 S. Keer	C	11.47 m.
2 K. Pawar	C	
3 J. Dhillon	G	

*Shot Put.*

1 S. Parvaresh	R	8.64 m.
2 C. Arnold	R	
3 F. Bhiwandiwalla	R	

*Discus.*

1 J. Dhillon	G	23.85 m.
2 C. Arnold	R	
3 S. Connell	C	

*Javelin.*

1 S. Parvaresh	R	39.22 m.
2 S. Keer	C	
3 J. Dhillon.	G	

RELAY RACES

*4 x 400 m. Relay.*

1 Candy		3' 45.5'' (NR)
2 Spence.		
3 Greaves.		

*200 x 800 x 400 x 200 m.*

1 Candy		4' 2'' (ER)
2 Spence.		
3 Greaves.		

BOYS' SPORTS' DAY FINALS

Monday, the twenty-second of October

MIDGETS

*50 m.*

1 S. Choudhury	G	8.3''
2 H. Patel	S	
3 J. Bhalerao	C	

*Rex Ludorum:* H. Patel and A. Daginawalla.

NOVICES

*100 m.*

1 M. Patni	R	13.4'' (NR)
2 N. Saunders	R	
3 A. Nair	G	

*200 m.*

1 M. Patni	R	27.4'' (NR)
2 E. Laffery	G	
3 R. Menon	C	

*Rex Ludorum:* M. Patni.

JUNIORS

*100 m.*

1 G. Kakar	R	12.7'' (NR)
2 S. Gama	S	
3 K. Cox	G	

80 m. Hurdles.

1 S. Gama	S	14.3"
2 G. Kakar	R	(NR)
3 J. Anderson	G	

Rex Ludorum : G. Kakar and S. Gama.

INTERMEDIATES

110 m. Hurdles.

1 H. Haghighi	R	17.9"
2 C. Phillips	S	
3 M. De	G	

Javelin

1 N. A. Khan	R	29.68 m.
2 A. Rahim	C	
3 K. Rambhanjan	R	

Rex Ludorum : A. Rahim.

SENIORS

200 m.

1 B. Jagoowani	S	24.0"
2 S. Keer	C	
3 J. Dhillon	G	

110 m. Hurdles.

1 S. Keer	C	16.7"
2 K. Pawar	C	
3 S. Parvaresh	R	

800 m.

1 S. Keer	C	2' 9.7"
		(NR)
2 J. Heredia	C	
3 J. Dhillon	G	

Rex Ludorum : S. Keer.

RELAY RACES

4 x 100 m. Seniors.

1 Candy	48.5"
2 Greaves	
3 Spence	

4 x 100 m. Juniors.

1 Spence	55.1"
2 Greaves	
3 Candy	

4 x 100 m. Inters.

1 Royal	52.0"
2 Greaves	
3 Candy	

Ex-students vs Present

1 Present	47.6"
2 Ex-students	

4 x 400 m. Open Relay.

1 Arty Centre	3' 41.4"
2 97 Mount Regiment	

HOUSE POSITION WITH POINTS

First	Candy House	153	points
Second	Royal House	147	points
Third	Spence House	114	points
Fourth	Greaves House	96	points

NR : New Record

FLOATING CUPS

Sq. Leader Liddle Cup for Marching	...	...	...	Greaves/Helen Keller
Cup for Junior Relay	...	...	...	Spence
Cup for Intermediate Relay	...	...	...	Royal
Bakshi Cup for the Two Senior Relays	...	...	...	Candy
W. Robb Cup for the Senior Medley Relay	...	...	...	Candy
Barrow Hardline Cup for the Runner-cup House	...	...	...	Royal
Henry Down Cup for the Champion House	...	...	...	Candy
Best Athlete Colours	...	...	...	S. Keer

Recorder : Mr. Christopher Paul

\* \* \*

GIRLS' BADMINTON

In charge: MRS. P. MICHAEL AND

MISS P. GOOLAMIER

Correspondent : ANNA SANDRA YOUNG

XI Arts

Florence Nightingale

The mention of the game badminton creates much excitement among the girls. Each girl tries her utmost to be in the team representing her house. This exciting game is held in the first term. Suspense flushes excited faces amid pin-drop silence broken by only the zooming shuttlecock and varied by individual style.

This year's badminton was played with amateur skill, each house-captain persuading her house-president to give extra practices so that in the tournament each house could put forward their best to create great exciting success. Credit goes to our two coaches, Mrs. Michael and Miss Goolamier, who coached us well, specially Miss Goolamier who would play with various groups and explain many fine points which later on proved a great help.

It was rather a bore when the matches came to an end; but all good things come

The Best Badminton Player for the Year, 1973: Micheline Cox, J. A.

\* \* \*

BOYS' INTER-HOUSE

BASKETBALL, 1973

Blanden Basketball Cup

In charge : MR. OSMAN SWING

Correspondent : CLYDE ARNOLD

XI Science

Royal

The introduction of the game, basketball, came as a boon to our school at a time when there was an acute shortage of water and our school swimming-pool could not be filled according to schedule. We would have

to an end and there is always this consolation to badminton fans—another year which could be more exciting!

OUR "A" AND "B" TEAMS

Joan of Arc. Green House.

A Micheline Cox. Brenda Sturgeon.  
B Neelum Sharma. Harshita Bhanji.

Helen Keller. Blue House.

A Heather Mackenzie. Marilyn Goolamier.  
B Azmina Jamal. Leonie Dawson.

Edith Cavell. Red House.

A Margaret Moore. Marie Moore.  
B Bambie DiQue. Debra Dameron.

Florence Nightingale. Yellow House.

A Anna Young. Rosalind Phillips.  
B Linda Middlecoat. Vishaka Saranjame.

THE HOUSE POINTS

	J.A.	H.K.	E.C.	F.N.
A	12	6	0	6
B	8	6	0	10
Total	20	12	0	16

Position. First Third Fourth Second

been in a predicament to fill the gap where swimming and diving were concerned but it was considered wise and most appropriate to introduce basketball and keep busy at least our senior boys.

To have an idea of how this game is played, two teams, one from the Artillery Centre and the other from the Air-force Station, were cordially invited to play an exhibition match on our grounds and the match was witnessed by both boys and the girls of our school. Though it is a very

technical game and very tiring, our boys were quick in grasping the fundamental rules and points of the game. Later on when they did play, they showed little signs of fatigue. This just goes to show that our boys do have plenty of stamina.

It being a newly introduced game, our boys could not reach the standard of the visiting two teams but I hope they will do

*The Best Player, 1973 :* Clyde Arnold, Royal.

\* \* \*

#### BOYS' INTER-HOUSE BOXING, 1973

The Peak Memorial and the Superintendent Down Cups.

*In charge :* MR. P. S. GAMA, P.T.I.

*Correspondent :* KEITH BERNARD PHILLIPS

X A

*Greaves*

The tournament started on Tuesday, the sixth of March, in the gym shed.

Before the tournament began our team of ten-ten boxers visited St. Mary's at Bombay. This was arranged on the seventeenth of February. Our boxers did very well in their invitation boxing. Six of our boxers were matched and three won : G. Court, J. Dhillon, and N. A. Khan who was adjudged the *Best Boxer*. Michael and James Andersons and Keith Phillips were our runner-up boxers.

Our inter-house tournament went very well except for a few over-weights, who could not be matched.

At the close of our tournament, the President, Mr. R. D. Nimbalkar spoke very highly of our standard and of our

much better in the years to come and be in a fit position to challenge any outside team.

	First Round	Second Round	Points	Position
Candy	8	18	18	Second
Greaves	4	8	8	Third
Royal	12	10	22	First
Spence	0	0	0	Fourth

*Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis.* He frankly opined that Barnes School was fortunate in having such a fine Principal.

It has become traditional over the last three years on the final day for us to receive light drops of welcome rain. This year the sky threatened heavy raindrops, but the heavy ones did not fall. We are indeed grateful to Mr. R. D. Nimbalkar for bringing rain with him to our otherwise drought-stricken area.

In the Inter-house Boxing Finals, held at seven-thirty at night on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of March, the boxers marked with asterisks were the winners. The *Chief Guest*, Mr. R. D. Nimbalkar, kindly consented to give away the prizes. We are grateful to our President who had specially come all the way from Delhi to be with us.

We also thank the Referee and Judges from the Arty Centre; Mr. T. D. Walsh, *Time-keeper*; Mr. C. Paul, *Recorder*; Dr. Nanavati and Sister Hunter for medical aid; *Whips*, Mr. O. Swing and Mr. W. Louis; *Organiser*, Mr. P. S. Gama; and our *P.T.I.'s*, Mr. P. S. Gama and Mr. L. Mainguy for coaching us so thoroughly.

#### PROGRAMME

*Tuesday, the Sixth of March.*

Bout	Weight	Red	House	Blue	House
1 Jr. Fly	20-23 Kg.	R. Mehta	S	vs S. Chowdhury*	G
2 Jr. Bantam	23-26 "	P. Chavanke*	C	" M. Anderson	G
3 Jr. Feather	26-29 "	B. D. Phillips*	S	" J. Anderson	G
4 Jr. Light	29-32 "	G. Court*	C	" T. Khan	R
5 Jr. Welter	32-35 "	O. S. Sihota	G	" J. Daulat*	R
6 Jr. Middle	35-38 "	D. Bardey*	S	" Sheshi Awatramani	R
7 Jr. L / H	38-41 "	G. Kakar*	R	" R. Pitchaya	S
8 Jr. Heavy	41-44 "	Shanti Awatramani*	R	" R. Mahanty	G
9 Sr. Fly	44-47 "	S. R. Hussain*	S	" C. Phillips	S
10 Sr. Bantam	47-50 "	A. Bagga	R	" N. A. Khan*	R

#### INTERVAL

11 Sr. Feather	50-53 "	A. R. Shaikh	R	" M. A. Khan*	R
12 Sr. Light	53-56 "	P. Razvi*	C	" K. Phillips	G
13 Sr. Welter	56-59 "	K. Ridewood	R	" S. Parvaresh*	R
14 Sr. Middle	59-62 "	R. Singh	G	" J. Dhillon*	G
15 Sr. L / H	62-65 "	C. Arnold	R	" K. Irani*	C
16 Sr. Heavy	65-68 "	S. Fikree	R	" B. Chowdhury*	S
Exhibition Fight		B. Jagoowani	S	" J. Heredia	C

\*WINNER

*The Best Boxer :* Sharookh Parvareez R *The Best Loser :* Keith Bernard Phillips G

*Colours were awarded to :*

	R.	G.	S.	R.
C. Arnold	R.			
K. Phillips	G.			
B. Jagoowani	S.			
S. Parvaresh	R.			

#### HOUSE POSITIONS

1 Royal	222
2 Greaves	197
3 Candy	188
4 Spence	167

*The Superintendent Down Inter-house Championship Cup*

Royal

*The Peak Memorial Hardlines Cup*

Greaves

\* \* \*

#### BULBULS, 1973

*In charge :* MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL

MISS MARJORY WEBB

*Correspondent :* LYNETTE RIDEWOOD  
VIA Second, Parrot Six Joan of Arc

We were just a few in January but by the end of the term our numbers had increased.

We have our usual meetings every Friday evening and we enjoy them.

This year for our outing we went to a place called Ferzandi Baug. We went on the twenty-fifth of November, in spite of many obstacles. We had our usual Sunday services and after church we ran to dress in our home-clothes. At eleven we climbed into the bus and started off on our long-

awaited trip to the garden. It was not a long journey. As soon as our bus stopped, we entered Ferzandi Baug with pleasure and we were amazed to see the systematic rows of chicku-trees; but alas! The fruit was quite raw. The manager took us to a little rest-house and we soon had some light refreshments.

After that we began to explore. Our sixers went first and when they returned our Flock Leader asked them to look after our food while we had a look around.

When we returned one of the girls, named Sheila Pawar, found a staircase leading to the terrace. After her all of us charged.

Then we had lunch which was very delicious. After lunch we rested. When Mrs. Michael and Miss Webb were walking around, we raided the sugar-cane fields and sour-lime-trees. We put all our gathering in our air-bags and counterpanes but we did not succeed in bringing our harvest home. Mrs. Michael made us empty our bags and we left Ferzandi Baug very sadly.

All good things come to end! We entered the bus and returned in time for our Carol Service.

On the seventh of December we went in the evening to the guava grove. This time we returned laden with guavas.

This year the Best-Six was *Parrots*.

#### OUR BULBUL FLOCK

*Flock Leaders* : MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL  
MISS MARJORY WEBB

*Senior Sixer* : AUDREY MACKENZIE

VII B *Kingfisher Six* Helen Keller

PARROT SIX. *Sixer*, Jean Datt; *Second*, Eynette Ridewood; Nargish Irani, Karen Scott, Michelle Rose, Sunita Kale.

KINGFISHER SIX. *Sixer*, Audrey Mackenzie; *Second*, Satyasheela Pawar; Perin Ebrahim, Donna Gueizeler, Shaheen Hussain, Pamela Cope.

ORIOLE SIX. *Sixer*, Karen Rose; *Second*, June Coelho; Donna Barnett, Susan Sturgeon, Ramona Jacob, Beryl Greve.

DOVE SIX. *Sixer*, Heather Pearce; *Second*, Lorraine Selvaraj; Jitinder Singh, Rhonda Rennison, Yvette Coelho, Eunice Tully.

\* \* \*

#### CRICKET, 1973

The E. S. Riley Cup

*In Charge* : MR. S. B. GADRE

*Correspondent* : CLYDE ARNOLD

XI Science      *Captain*      Royal

This year due to the delayed monsoon we had started late. The practice round started on the fourth of September and after one round the Inter-house Tournament started on the eighteenth of September. Some matches had to be completed from four to six in the evening. The standard was low, but the competition keen. The tournament ended on the twenty-fourth of October. The Riley Cup was awarded to Royal House.

This year we could not have many School XI matches. The School Team mostly played with the Second XI or the Staff Team. The following represented the School.

- 1 C. Arnold      *Captain/Wicket-keeper.*
- 2 S. Parvaresh      *Vice-captain.*
- 3 K. Attawar
- 4 B. Chowdhury
- 5 H. Gulshan
- 6 A. Faridi
- 7 A. Chakravarty
- 8 A. Bagga
- 9 J. Parvaresh
- 10 P. Mistry
- 11 J. Daulat

*Substitutes* : J. Dhillon and S. Keer

*Scorer* : A. Manning

The results of the Inter-house Tournament are as follows.

THESE HOUSES PLAYED THESE	CANDY				GREAVES				ROYAL				SPENCE			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
CANDY					2	2	0	2	2	2	0	2	0	0	2	1
GREAVES	0	0	2	0					2	2	0	0	2		0	0
ROYAL	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	2					0	0	0	0
SPENCE	2	2	0	1	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2				
TOTAL POINTS	9				16				18				5			
POSITIONS	THIRD				SECOND				FIRST				FOURTH			

The Batting and Bowling Averages for All Matches.

NAMES	BATTING							BOWLING				
	INNING	NOT OUT	RUNS	HIGHEST	CATCHES	STUMPED	AVERAGE	OVERS	MAIDENS	RUNS	WICKETS	AVERAGE
C. ARNOLD	9	2	133	41	3	6	19.0	5.5	1	6	3	2.0
S. PARVARESH	9	2	125	66 N.O.	5	—	17.9	60.4	20	110	26	4.2
K. ATTAWAR	9	2	66	34 N.O.	3	—	9.4	46.3	8	96	14	6.9
B. CHOWDHURY	9	—	73	23	4	—	8.1	16.0	4	32	3	10.7
H. GULSHAN	6	—	30	9	1	—	5.0	27.2	2	78	16	4.7
J. PARVARESH	9	—	63	16	2	—	7.0	45.0	12	82	17	4.8
A. CHAKRAVARTY	9	—	117	61	1	—	13.0	64.0	23	85	9	9.4
J. DHILLON	7	1	45	15	1	—	7.5	45.0	9	85	18	4.7
A. FARIDI	7	1	67	17	2	—	11.2	21.0	4	37	7	5.3
A. BAGGA	8	1	51	21	2	2	7.3	—	—	—	—	—
P. MISTRY	7	2	30	14	—	—	6.0	27.1	7	38	9	4.2
J. DAULAT	7	2	33	15	1	—	6.6	—	—	—	—	—
S. KEER	5	1	50	21	2	—	12.5	—	—	—	—	—

The Rowlandson Cup for the Best Cricket Player, 1973, to Clyde Arnold.

The Old Boys' match was played on Sunday, the twenty-first October. The School XI scored 166 runs: S. Parvaresh scored 66 *not out*; B. Chowdhury 23; A. Bagga 15; R. Parvaresh took 6 wickets for 59 runs. The old students scored 79 runs: R. Parvaresh 26; S. Izedyar 28; H. Gulshan took 4 for 10; S. Parvaresh 3 for 17. The Ex-students awarded the *Man-of-the-Day-Cup* to Sharookh Parvaresh.

This year we could not play our annual match with the Cathedral School, Bombay, owing to the ISCE and School Promotion Examinations. Cricket *Colours* were awarded to Clyde Arnold, Sharookh Parvaresh and Kripalchand Attawar.

\* \* \*

#### THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE, 1973

The Spokes Memorial Cup

*In Charge* : MR. D. V. HOFFMAN

*Correspondent* : GANAPATI NADAR

X Sc

Spence

Like in other years this year, too, the cross-country finals were run off with the usual thrill and excitement on Friday, the twenty-seventh of July at one in the afternoon.

The day threatened to prove very wet but it cleared up in the afternoon and the races started dead on time, the order of the races being as usual.

Mr. F. Benjamin, our *Vice-Principal*, was the referee and Mr. J. L. Davis, our *Principal*, was the Chief Judge and the President of the function. He also very kindly consented to give away the prizes.

Out of the five possible, only two records\* were broken this year. In the Ten-to-twelve Group, Charles Edge of Greaves clocked 13'-11" against the previous 13'-43". In the Fourteen-to-sixteen Group, Sharookh

Yazdagardi of Candy saved 8" on the previous best of 20'-38".

This year the competitors numbered sixty. The maximum number of entries in the Eight-to-ten Group from Lloyd Block was ten.

All the winners were awarded medals and certificates.

#### INDIVIDUAL POSITIONS

8-10	1 Sanjay Chowdhury	G	9'-55"
	2 K. Hayward	C	
	3 Raju Mehta	S	
10-12	1 Charles Edge	G	13'-11"*
	2 Edward Laffrey	G	
	3 Noel Saunders	R	
12-14	1 Aziz Al Hakim	R	17'-25"
	2 Saleem Ansari	G	
	3 B. D. Phillips	S	
14-16	1 Sharookh Yazdagardi	C	20-30"*
	2 Syed Riaz Hussain	S	
	3 Myron D'Abreo	G	
Over 16			
	1 Surjeet Singh Keer	C	26-5"
	2 Pervez Razvi	C	
	3 Jaspal Dhillon	G	

The programme concluded at a quarter to four with one casualty.

Champion House for the year 1973 Candy  
The House positions were as under :

	House	Points
First	Candy	1961
Second	Greaves	1748
Third	Royal	1418
Fourth	Spence	1219

\* \* \*

THE PRINCIPAL CONGRATULATES



C. Edge

THE WINNERS.



S. Yazdagardi



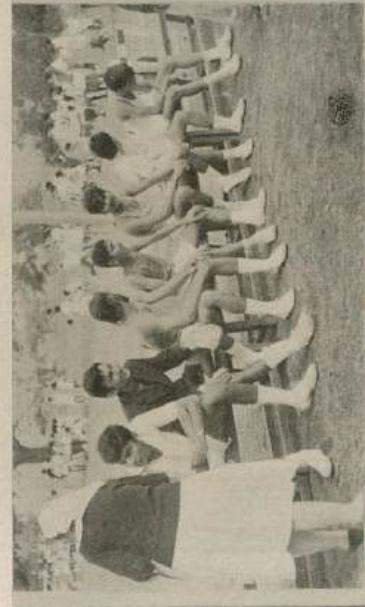
J. Dhillon (placed 3rd)

A MARATHON PERFORMANCE

27-VII-73



Prefect J. Heredia (Winning House-Candy)



A well-earned rest. Sr. K. Hunter in attendance



L. to R.

- 1) C. Edge, S. Chowdhury
- 2) S. Yazdagardi, S. Keer, J. Heredia, A. Al-Hakim
- 3) Mr. J. L. Davis, Mr. D. V. Hoffman.

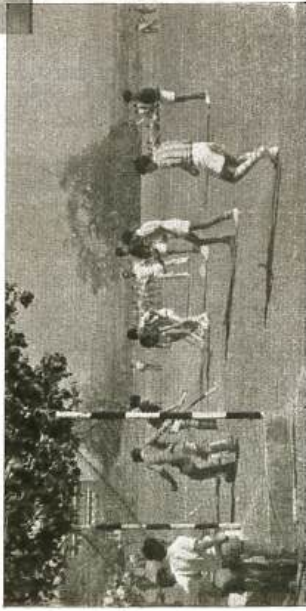


Barnes-Junior Team  
(with Mr. J. L. Davis, *Principal*  
and Mr. V. Russell)  
Score : Barnes won 4 : 0

9th March 1973  
CATHEDRAL  
Vs  
BARNES



Ready to Go  
(Seniors)



In Play



Barnes-Senior Team  
(with Mr. J. L. Davis, *Principal*  
and Mr. V. Russell)  
Score : Barnes won 1 : 0



Barnes & Cathedral - Senior Teams.

### WOLF CUBS, 1973

*Akela* : MR. P. S. BHALERA

*Pack Leader* : SUKANTO CHOWDHURY

VI A

*Greaves*

At the beginning of this year about ten of our old cubs left the pack to join the Scouts so we filled up the vacancies. Towards the end of the year we admitted two day-scholars because of their enthusiasm to join the pack.

We had our regular meetings on Fridays during the first and second term but we hardly met as a wolf cub pack during the third term owing to the crowded programme of Athletics, Cricket, Swimming and so on. However, we enjoyed our meetings, cub games, walks to the vineyards and guava fields and most of all our outing to Nasik on Sunday, the twelfth of November.

This time we could not use the school bus as the brakes of the bus were out of order, so we took the S.T. bus from Bhagur at seven on Sunday, the twelfth. We spent the morning hours in sight-seeing. We visited the famous Kala Ram temple, Panchvati and the holy Godavari. We were tempted to have a dip in the waters of the river along with the devotees but somehow we overcame the temptation.

We went to the public park in the city to have our lunch. We enjoyed Barnes School sandwiches, chapatis and vegetables specially cooked for us by Mrs. Bhalerao. After lunch we went to see a very popular movie of the time called 'Bobby'. In spite of the long queue for the tickets, our Akela managed to buy tickets for us.

Our plan to visit some of the industries in Satpur had to be abandoned for want of transport. Therefore, we went to a

hotel, had our afternoon tea, buns, apples and so on, and went to the S.T. bus-stand to catch the bus for Bhagur. After one hour we succeeded in getting the bus. We enjoyed this outing very much.

This year the Red Six led by Adi Sethna won the trophy for The Best Six.

### WOLF CUB PACK, 1973

*Akela* : MR. P. S. BHALERAO

*Senior Sixer* : S. CHOWDHURY

<i>Blue</i>	S. Chowdhury Somnath Kakar Rizwan Razvi Pradeep Varma Nikesh Pawa Nilesh Nadkarni	<i>Sixer</i>
<i>Red</i>	Adi Sethna Edward Laffrey Glenn Court Sandeep Arora Glenn Godfrey Jayant Bhalerao Behram Irani	<i>Sixer</i>
<i>Green</i>	Mohit Kapoor Sanjay Chowdhury Jaikishan Thappa Rajeev Basrai Lloyd Hayward Altaf Budhwani Prashant Desai	<i>Sixer</i>
<i>Yellow</i>	Charles Edge Anthony Bira Md. Reza Amiri Baddrudin Patel Ghansham Gupta Michael Smith	<i>Sixer</i>

\* \* \*

DEBATING, 1973

The Glynn Howell Cup

In Charge : MR. OSMAN SWING

Correspondent : KEITH BERNARD PHILLIPS

X Arts

Greaves

We are grateful to all the judges, speakers, the Principal Mr. J. L. Davis, Mrs. Tess Davis and Mr. O. Swing, Chairman, for their personal encouragement.

DEBATE	SUNDAY	THAT	FOR	AGAINST
			House Points	House Points
I	15-7-73	Eventually Communism will triumph over Western Democracy.	G 6.67	B 7.25
II	22-7-73	Modern ideas are not always the best.	R 6.13	Y 6.46
III	29-7-73	The scientist has benefited man more than the statesman.	R 6.00	B 6.88
IV	5-8-73	India should increase her arms strength.	G 6.58	Y 6.20
V	9-9-73	Suicide is not justifiable.	Y 6.03	B 6.37
VI	19-9-73	India should concentrate more on her industries than on her agriculture.	G 5.94	R 5.71

POSITIONS	GIRLS	BOYS	COMBINED	INDIVIDUAL	
	House	Points	House Points	House Points	
First	Helen Keller	6.94	Candy 7.11	Blues 6.93	M. Davis G 28.50
Second	Florence Nightingale	6.33	Greaves 6.92	Greens 6.36	K. Attawar C 21.73
Third	Joan of Arc	5.60	Royal 6.31	Yellows 6.18	J. Jaggi C 20.83
Fourth	Edith Cavell	5.07	Spence 6.06	Reds 5.69	K. Kapur HK 19.33 B. Chowdhury S 19.33

The Glynn Howell Cup for the Best Debater, 1973, M. Davis, XI A, Greaves.

NO ARGUMENTS

After a young lawyer had talked for nearly five hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him, his opponent, a grizzled old veteran, arose, looked sweetly at the judge and said, "Your honour, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit my case without argument."

\* \* \*

BOYS' DIVING, 1973

The Besian Cup

In Charge : MR. L. MAINGUY, P.T.I.

Correspondent : ALBERT FLANAGAN

IX A

Candy

This year, owing to the lack of water, our diving inter-house competition, usually held in the first term, was postponed to the

third term. It was quite cold, making the conditions not so favourable for diving. But the porridge we are served makes us tough to face any difficulties.

Diving practice began just about mid-November, a little more than a week before the day of the semi-finals. We practised under the expert guidance of Mr. L. Mainguy, P.T.I., our diving instructor. Some of the boys took practice so seriously that they



FINALS



29-XI-73

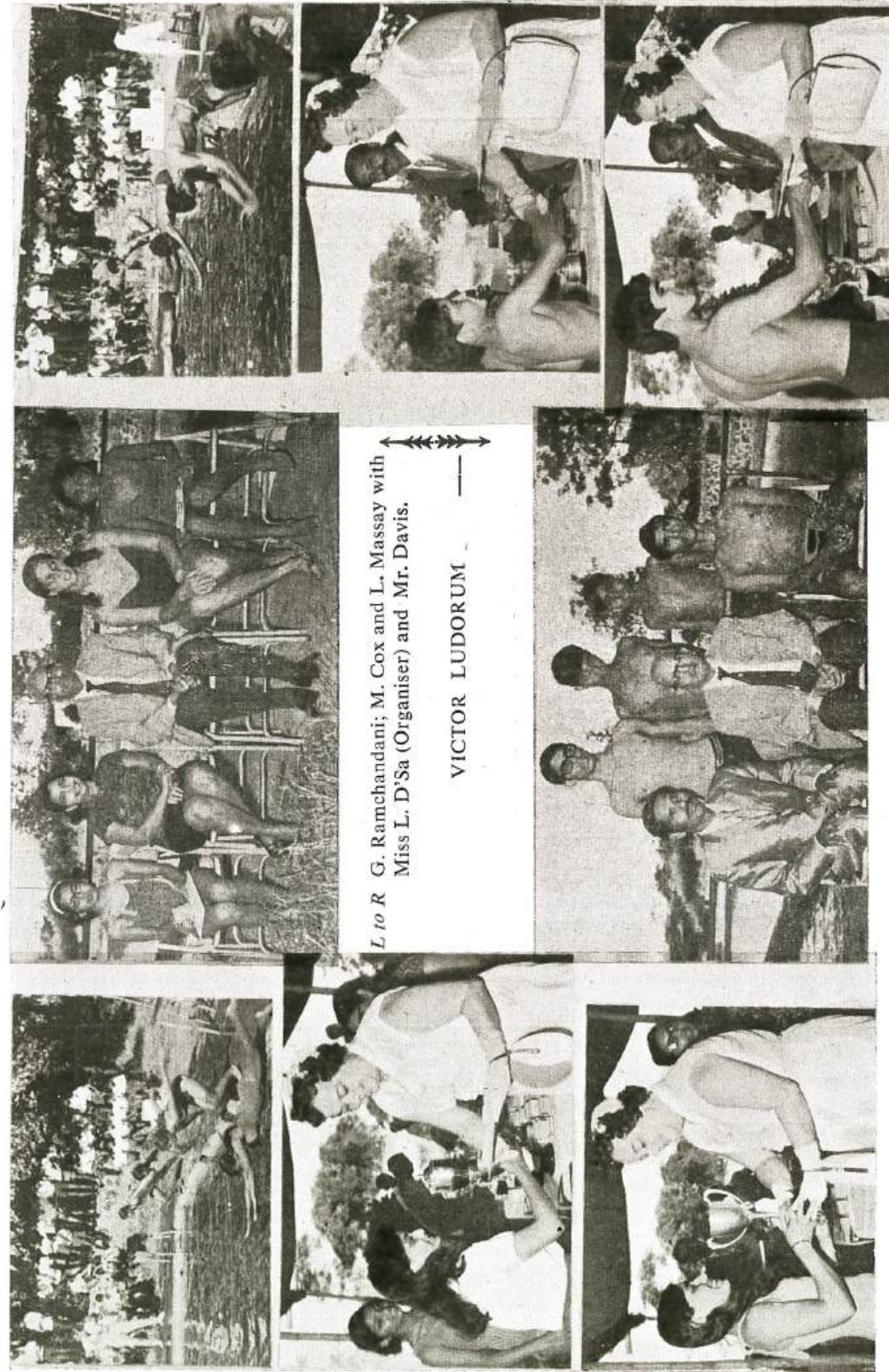


A. Flanagan (Inters) receiving the Rex Ludorum medal and Certificate of Merit from Mrs. T. Davis.

DIVING



SWIMMING GALA  
(Mrs. T. Davis gave away the Prizes.)  
17-XI-73



L to R G. Ramchandani, S. Gama, B. Kolpe and S. Parvaresh  
with P. Bhalerao (Organiser) and Mr. Davis.

VICTOR LUDORUM

L to R R. Ramchandani, S. Gama, B. Kolpe and S. Parvaresh  
with P. Bhalerao (Organiser) and Mr. Davis.

went down to the diving-pool without obtaining permission from the master-on-duty.

The semi-finals were held on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of November. The divers performed very well for their houses. Four of the best divers were chosen from each of the divisions to participate in the finals the following day.

Back to the pool the next day! There was much excitement amongst the spectators. The selected divers were much more excited for they were having an opportunity to show their skill.

The standard was quite high considering we had had comparatively little time for practice. We hope that next year there will be sufficient water for our usual practice to improve the standard of our diving.

Mrs. Tess Davis very kindly consented to give away the prizes.

BOYS' DIVING FINALS  
Thursday, 29th November, 1973 at 3-30p.m.  
PRESIDING LADY: Mrs. T. Davis.

PROGRAMME

Dives	Board
<b>Novices (10-12 years)</b>	
Plain	1-m
Swallow	2-m
Optional	2-m
<b>Juniors (12-14 years)</b>	
Plain	1-m
Swallow	2-m
Optional	2-m
<b>Intermediates (14-16 years)</b>	
Plain	1-m
Swallow	2-m
Jack-Knife	3-m
Optional	3-m
<b>Seniors (Over 16 years)</b>	
Plain	1-m
Swallow	2-m
Jack-Knife	3-m
Optional	3-m

Mrs. T. Davis has kindly consented to give away the prizes.

THE RESULTS OF THE INTER-HOUSE DIVING

First: Silver Medal

Second: Bronze Medal

House	Points	NOVICES	House	Points
T. Pacheco	C 49		B. Kolpe	S 41
		<b>JUNIORS</b>		
M. Anderson	G 65		J. Anderson	G 62
		<b>INTERMEDIATES</b>		
A. Flanagan	C 93		R. Mahanty	G 89
		<b>SENIORS</b>		
P. Razvi	C 94		C. Arnold	R 89

Gold Medal for the Best Diver for the year 1973: Pervez Razvi C 94

\* \* \*

## GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS

*In Charge:* MR. L. MAINGUY, P.T.I.

On August the tenth at five in the evening we started the Inter-house Physical Education Competition for Girls and Boys. The people were excited and waiting to see what was to come. I stood at the door and blew my whistle. Everything was quiet. I then gave the comand and the girls came doubling in house-wise and in their house colours which looked very smart.

The mat-work for Juniors and Seniors started with four girls from each house. They performed four items on the mat which was really wonderful to see, followed by the Boys' Mat-work (Juniors). After that came the Girls' Skipping (Juniors and Seniors). It was very nice to see them, the Seniors in front and the Juniors at the back, eight girls from each house, all in their places and skipping to time. It was very good and it was quite hard for the judges to pick out the winners.

Then came the Girls' Horse-work (Juniors and Seniors) with four girls from each house and four items over the horse. They gave a good performance. Next was the Boys' Horse-work (Juniors and Seniors.) Immediately after that I took charge of the Girls' Marching formation and Swedish Drill. The formation was a symbol of Peace-Love-Harmony-and-Tranquility followed by a Tableau which was really spectacular. It took a lot of patience and training from my side to get the girls to do the exercises they did.

Then came the Boys' Marching and Swedish Drill (Juniors and Seniors) ending with the Boys' Pyramids. The girls got ready in their lovely costumes and came in for the English Country Dance, "Row Well Ye Mariners" organised by Mrs. T.

Davis. It was really very, very good. Without wasting any time we started with the Prize Distribution and School Song.

Mr. S. C. Almeida, D. S. P., Nasik had kindly consented to preside and Mrs. M. Almeida graciously gave away the prizes. Everything was over at about eight-thirty that evening.

### Girls' House Positions and Points

First	Helen Keller	181.5
Second	Joan of Arc	181
Third	Edith Cavell	178
Fourth	Florence Nightingale	173

\* \* \*

## BOYS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS, 1973

*In charge:* MR. P. S. GAMA, P.T.I.

*Correspondent:* PERVEZ RAZVI

*XI Arts Candy*

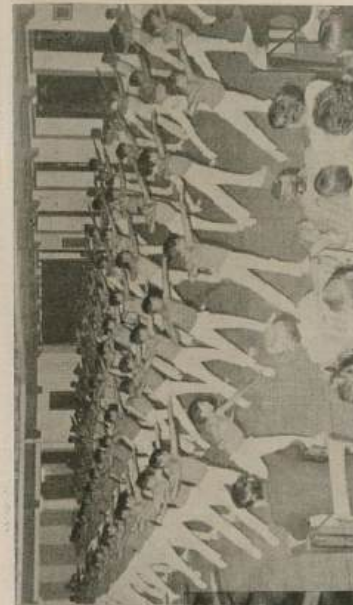
Starting with the Junior Division Long-horse on Monday, the sixth of August at five in the evening in Evans Hall, we completed our prelims for two divisions by the tenth morning.

The finals were set for Friday the tenth.

We reached that very sharply during the last touching target days.

Boys of every house were so keen, they wished to practice every free hour of the day and they obtained the necessary permission from Mr. Benjamin.

Due to the late opening of the school in the second term and less practice, we thought we would not be able to perform well. But we produced new items on the programme, namely, the Double Horse and a T Horse, which the boys did so well, except in one case of our youngest, Ali Razvi, who was caught in the ring and



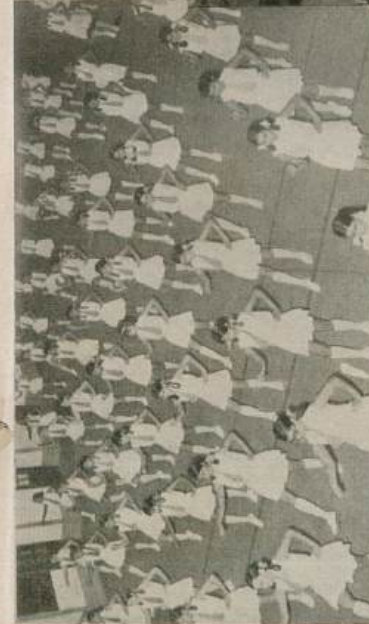
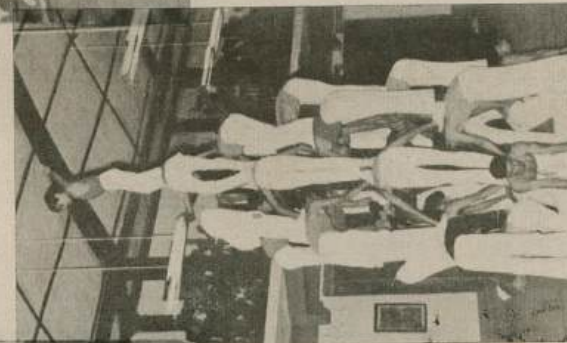
Mrs. M. Almeida congratulating P. Razvi (Best All Rounder)



"All Eyes!" and for some-"All Nerves!"

INTER-HOUSE P. T.

10-VIII-'73



Mr. H. C. Almeida (D. S. P. Nasik) addressing the gathering



Barnes Happy Family



The romantic Sudhir



The fun-loving Fareed.

*Light-Heated*



*Lights*



The Big Four



K. Irani and Mrs. Nora Chand (A Guest)

E X S T U D E N T S



The Merry-making Munoo

at  
*Reunion  
Time*  
22-X-'73

They have long since passed through the portals of Barnes, but they come and come again with deep affection and recollection.

fell in a wrong position. But he was attended to on the spot by a specialist doctor, Col. Shinde of the Military Hospital and immediately shifted to the Military Hospital.

We thank Mr. S. C. Almeida, D. S. P., Nasik, for presiding and Mrs. M. Almeida for kindly consenting to give away the prizes. I would like to draw your attention to the advice of the President, Mr. S. C. Almeida, on the object and scope of Physical Training.

"It is not sufficient to train the muscles alone and neglect the lungs and other

internal organs. This is just a suggestion for it is on the internal organs that the body depends not only for its health but for its very existence. The required condition of physical fitness necessitates that the heart and lungs should above all things be sound and healthy, but the harmonious development of the whole skeleton or framework, the internal organs, including the brain and nerves, and the muscular system is necessary to produce this condition.

Fitness is very much the co-ordination of the entire system."

### RESULTS OF THE BOYS' PHYSICAL TRAINING AND GYMNASTICS

Friday, the 10th August, 1973

EVENT	JUNIORS		SENIORS	
<i>Horizontal Bar</i>	<i>First</i>	S. Gama S	P. Razvi C	
	<i>Second</i>	P. Chavanke C	R. Vasandani R	
<i>Parallel Bar</i>	<i>First</i>	S. Gama S	P. Razvi C	
	<i>Second</i>	V. Chourasia S	S. Keer C	
<i>Broad Box</i>	<i>First</i>	M. Anderson G	P. Razvi C	
	<i>Second</i>	K. Majd G	J. Gama S	
<i>Long Box</i>	<i>First</i>	S. Gama S	P. Razvi C	
	<i>Second</i>	M. Anderson G	S. Keer C	
<i>Mat-work</i>	<i>First</i>	P. Chavanke C	—	
	<i>Second</i>	M. Anderson G	—	
<i>Ring Dive</i>	—	—	P. Razvi C	
<i>The Best Boy in P. T.</i>	J. Anderson G		F. Bhiwandiwalla R	
<i>The Best Gymnast</i>	S. Gama S		P. Razvi C	
<i>Judges</i>	CANDY	GREAVES	ROYAL	SPENCE
<i>First</i>	137	137	126	126
<i>Second</i>	137	129	127	119
<i>Third</i>	108	112	101	97
<i>Total</i>	382	378	354	342
<i>Position</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Fourth</i>

We thank Mrs P. Massey, our Art-mistress, for the beautiful certificates she prepared for our boys.

INTER-HOUSE PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS

Friday, 10th August, 1973, at 5.30 p.m.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Girls' Matwork (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.   | 6. Girls' Marching and Swedish Drill (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. |
| 2. Boys' Matwork (Juniors) Exhibition.                 | Followed by a Tableau Exhibition.                                       |
| 3. Girls' Skipping (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.  | 7. Boys' Marching and Swedish Drill (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.  |
| 4. Girls' Horsework (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. | 8. Boys' Pyramids (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house.                    |
| 5. Boys' Horsework (Juniors and Seniors) Exhibition.   | 9. An English Country Dance-Girls (Row Well Ye Mariners) Exhibition.    |

Prize Distribution and School Song.

Mr. S. C. Almeida, (D. S. P., Nasik) has kindly consented to preside and Mrs. M. Almeida to give away the prizes.

"The exercise of all the muscles of the body in their due proportion is one great secret of health and comfort as well as of strength, and the full development of manly vigour." —W. Hall

\* \* \*

ELOCUTION AND SINGING, 1973.

In charge: MRS. TESS DAVIS

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION PROGRAMME AND RESULTS

Thursday, 26th July, 1973

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

House	Points	Title	Author
<b>GIRLS</b>			
Red D. Nair	39	Dear Is My Home	E. Wales
Green L. Ridewood	45	Early One Morning	Traditional
Yellow A. Easow	40	Old Folks at Home	S. Foster
* Blue Lorna Massey	48	Mother of Mine	Parkinson
<b>BOYS</b>			
Red R. Basrai	32.5	Coming Through the Rye	Traditional
Green R. Razvi	35	Mary Had a William Goat	J. H. W.
* Yellow Samuel Peters	38	Dear Harp of My Country	T. Moore
Blue J. Anderson	37.5	John Brown's Body	A. J. M.

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

House	Points	Title	Author
<b>GIRLS</b>			
Red A. Diol	46	Faithless Nellie Gray	T. Hood
Green R. Shaikh	39	The Inch Cape Rock	R. Southey
* Yellow Rita Lele	54	Crickaty, Crackaty Cranky Jane	A. H. Miles
Blue A. Mackenzie	48	Matilda	H. Belloc



"How Great thou Art" by the Staff



"I Need Thee Every Hour"  
L to R: C. Paul, W. Louis  
M. Thorpe & R. Paul.

BARNES  
"BREAKS FORTH INTO JOY"  
at  
Their Annual Eisteddfod



Jyoti Walkay  
(Joan of Arc)



M. Davis (Greaves)

WINNERS-SENIOR ELOCUTION

WINNERS - SINGING



Debra Dawson  
(Helen Keller)



Clyde Arnold  
(Royal)



Samuel Peters  
(Spence)



Winning House - BLUE (G. & H. K.)



The Chief Guest, Maj. Gen. A. S. Niravane, addressing the audience at the end of the function.



Lorna Massey (Helen Keller) receiving her Merit Certificate from Mrs. V. Niravane.

JUNIORS

SENIORS

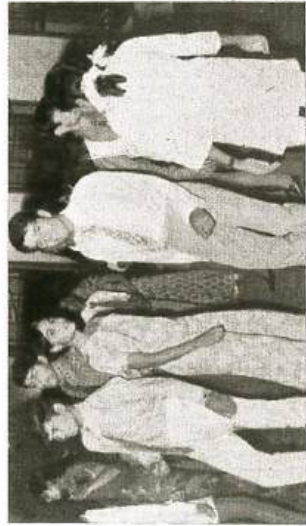
A Section of the Audience at the Inter-House Eisteddfod

TO INDEPENDENCE

14-8-73



Mother and Son (The Thorpes)



Bridging the gap rather than clutching at a straw!



DANCING OUR WAY



Husband and wife (The Swings)

House	Points	Title	Author	
<b>BOYS</b>				
Red	A. Mortimer	39	The Priest and the Mulberry Tree	T. L. Peacock
Green	S. Bhalerao	43	Lochinvar	Sir Walter Scott
* Yellow	Anil Mehta	48	Father William	L. Carroll
Blue	C. Massey	39	The Daffodils	W. Wordsworth

HOUSE CHORUSES.....JUNIORS AND SENIORS

House	Points	Title	Author
* Red	46	God Loves a Cheerful Giver	} Medical Mission Sisters
Green		The Sower	
Yellow		Knock, Knock	
* Blue	46	Don't Worry	

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

<b>GIRLS</b>				
Red	D. Dameron	49	The Holy City	S. Adams
Green	N. Watts	37	The Visit	Medical Mission Sisters
Yellow	A. Young	43	Wait Till the Clouds	} Roll By H. J. Fulmer
* Blue	Debra Dawson	49.5	Peter	
<b>BOYS</b>				
* Red	Clyde Arnold	47	Have Thine Own Way Lord	G. C. Stebbins
Green	E. Flanagan	46	Acushla Mine	T. Sullivan
Yellow	B. Jagoowani	30.5	The Old Rustic Bridge	J. P. Skelly
Blue	K. Phillips	32.5	Take My Hand Precious Lord	T. Dorsey

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

<b>GIRLS</b>				
Red	B. Zachariahs	52	The Bashful Bachelor or Ask Papa	A. M. Bell
* Green	Jyoti Walkay	56	The Frenchman and the Rats	Anonymous
Yellow	E. D'Abreo	50	Rustic Logic	Anonymous
Blue	H. Mackenzie	46.5	The Owl Critic	J. T. Fields
<b>BOYS</b>				
Red	Krishan Attawar	42.5	The Merchant of Venice V 5	} William Shakespeare
Green	Kripal Attawar	52	Macbeth V 5	
Yellow	B. Chowdhury	51	Hamlet III	
* Blue	Michael Davis	54	Romeo and Juliet II 2	

\* Indicates the winners.

PIANOFORTE.....ITEMS

1 Rondo	J. Hayder	A. Mehta
2 Restlessness Op. 100	Burgmuller	C. Coelho
3 Sonatina in C. Allegro Op.55. No.1.	Kahlu	S. Chowdhury

STAFF ITEMS

a) I Need Thee Every Hour	Rev. R. Lowry	Quartette
b) How Great Thou Art	A Russian Melody	Choir

RESULTS OF THE INTER-HOUSE COMPETITIONS

ELOCUTION-GIRLS AND BOYS

	House	Points
First	Blues	401
Second	Greens	395.5
Third	Reds	393
Fourth	Yellows	390.5

COMBINED ELOCUTION AND SINGING, MINUS THE CHORUSES.

GIRLS			BOYS		
	House	Points		House	Points
First	Helen Keller	192		Candy	176
Second	Florence Nightingale	187		Spence	167.5
Third	Edith Cavell	186		Greaves	163
Fourth	Joan of Arc	177		Royal	161

We are most grateful to our Judges: Mrs K. Sindhi, Rev. Fr. E. Nazareth and Col. P. Rajan.

*"As the soil, however rich it may be,  
Cannot be productive without culture,  
So the mind without cultivation,  
Can never produce good fruit."*

—Seneca.

\* \* \*

BOYS' FOOTBALL, 1973

The Ashton Cup

In charge: MR. F. BENJAMIN

Correspondent: CLYDE ARNOLD

XI Sc Captain Royal

This year the football season opened late. We started practice-rounds from the

eighteenth of June. The House-captains got down to selecting their teams. After the practice-rounds, we held our Inter-house Tournament, which proved interesting.

Selecting a team to represent the School against outside teams was a difficult task, for most of the good players had left. 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 victories.

Clyde Arnold captained the team and Sharookh Parvaresh assisted him in every possible way as the Vice-captain.

The highlights of the season were the Bombay fixtures against Cathedral School, and against Christ Church School. I am glad to report that we won both the matches, by a fairly broad margin. For the first time in Barnes, Junior Teams Under Sixteen and Under Thirteen were

The Forward Cup for the Best Football Player for 1973: Clyde Arnold.

\* \* \*

GIRLS' HOCKEY, 1973

The Lily Cup

In charge: MRS. RUTH GADRE

Correspondent: MARGARET ANDREWS

X Arts Helen Keller

Hockey, which usually provides immense excitement every year, was unusually exhilarating this year. The inter-house

matches went off superbly and nearly every girl on the hockey-field showed the spirit of sportsmanship, keenness and thorough enjoyment.

RESULTS

First	Florence Nightingale	10
Second	Joan of Arc	9
Third	Edith Cavell	5
Fourth	Helen Keller	0

The Lily Cup was won by Florence Nightingale.

The Best Hockey-player for the Year, 1973: Brenda Sturgeon, Joan of Arc. Brenda deserved this honour for her skill, speed, swift passing, keen interest, enjoyment and for her sporting spirit.

We are very grateful to Mrs Gadre for her kind coaching and organisation.

\* \* \*

BOYS' HOCKEY, 1973

The Moore Cup

In charge: MR. V. RUSSELL

Correspondent: JOAQUIM HEREDIA

XI Arts Captain Candy

The season opened with a match played between the Staff XI and the School XI

on the ninth of February. The School XI won 4:2.

In the Inter-house Tournaments House-presidents were consulted in the arrangement of their teams according to the players' ability. The competition was keen and

Royal House proved the superior. The result and points are as follows.

<i>First</i>	Royal	34
<i>Second</i>	Candy	26
<i>Third</i>	Spence	22
<i>Fourth</i>	Greaves	14

In the beginning of the term some pick-up games were held to observe the performance of the boys in order to select the School XI. Joaquim Heredia, *Captain*; Clyde Arnold, *Vice-captain*; S. Parvaresh, T. H. Wu, B. Chowdhury, Keith Phillips, David Ross, K. Pawar, Kenneth Ridewood, A. S. Faridi, S. Fikri, J. Dhillon, R. Gavali, and Christopher Phillips.

The Junior XI for Under Fourteens, *captained* by Christopher Phillips, included Kelvin Foster, G. Kakar, G. Patni, M. Dey, Y. Solanki, S. Yezdagardi, B. Pirani, S. Dheer, Y. Razvi, O. S. Sihota, S. U. Singh and Brian V. Phillips.

*Fixtures:* School XI played against

February 9	Staff XI	and won 4:2
11	Servants XI	and won 5:1
17	Servants XI	and won 3:2
23	P. T. C. XI	and lost 3:6

*The Forward Cup for the Best Hockey Player for the Year, 1973:*  
Joaquim Heredia, Candy

\* \* \*

#### GIRLS' NETBALL, 1973

##### The Solder Cup

*In Charge:* MISS VIOLET MENEZES  
MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE

*Correspondent:* MARGARET ANDREWS

*X Arts* Helen Keller

One of the most engaging, exciting and perhaps energetic games is netball. Of course, team spirit is needed for every game. Without it, no game is worth

24 Servants XI and lost 4:3  
*March* 10 Cathedral School and won 1:0

Only these few outside matches were possible as outside teams were not easily available this year.

The hockey season was rather short this year, but quite successful. The highlights of the season were the matches against the Cathedral School, Bombay. I am glad to record that our School XI put up an admirable show and once again after two years won the match by a narrow margin, 1:0, the winning goal having been scored by K. Pawar. Clyde Arnold, T. H. Wu and Hockey Captain Joaquim Heredia put up a good performance.

The Junior Hockey Team played a very good game and won their first annual fixture for Under Fourteens against Cathedral School, Bombay, by a handsome margin, 5:0.

Well done, Hockey Teams! Well done *Barnes!*

School *colours* were awarded to Joaquim Heredia, Clyde Arnold and Tsing Hu Wu.

playing, and without it even an exciting, interesting sport may quite easily prove to be dull, boring and terribly tedious. Yes, team spirit is vital to the playing of simply any game.

The results of this year's Inter-house Tournament are as follows.

<i>First</i>	Joan of Arc	12
<i>Second</i>	Florence Nightingale	6
<i>Third</i>	Helen Keller	4
<i>Fourth</i>	Edith Cavell	2



Hockey XI with Mr. Davis and Mr. V. Russell (Coach)

1st XI'S 1973.



Cricket XI with Mr. Davis and Mr. S. Gadre (Coach)



Football XI (& reserve) with Mr. Davis and Mr. F. Benjamin (Coach)



Net Ball (Joan of Arc); Miss M. Menezes (Coach)



Hockey (Florence Nightingale); Mrs. R. Gadre (Coach)



Soft Ball (Helen Keller);  
Miss L. D'Sa and Mrs. U. Bhalerao (Coaches)

The Best Netball Player for the Year, 1973, was Michelene Cox, Joan of Arc, Greens. Her keen vigour, her enthusiasm and her skill in the game made her truly worthy of winning this honour.

Netball, like any other game, and every other game, possesses its own charm, its own magnetism of making even a person who has not the slightest idea of the basic rules, long to join in the game. The netball tournament, this year also, held a great deal of excitement, keenness and fun for all.

In conclusion I wish to thank Miss Menezes, Miss Lawrence and to wish the netball-players all the very best!

\* \* \*

#### GIRLS' SOFT BALL

In Charge: MRS. U. BHALERAO

Correspondents: NILAM GAMA  
LORNA MASSEY

The day began with a feeling of excitement filling the hearts of the girls waiting patiently for the approach of the evening for it was to be the beginning of the softball matches.

Immediately after their tea, they rushed to play and, without waiting for the teacher to come, they started practising, each one hitting harder than the other. The *Joans* and *Nights* were the first to take their places on the field. All the girls were nervous and tense, eagerly waiting now not for the beginning but for the end.

The game was refereed by Miss L. M. D'Sa and Mrs. U. Bhalerao. The *Joans* having better players won the match but at the same time credit also goes to the *Nights* who also played extremely well.

The next match was played by the *Kellers* and the *Cavells*. The referee

was the same as before. This was a very close and thrilling game for the players as well as the on-lookers. The *Kellers* took the lead and won this match.

The second day the *Cavells* played against the *Joans* but this time the *Joans* were no match against *Cavells* and they proved to be the winners against the *Joans*. The second match was played by the *Kellers* and the *Nights*. As the *Nights* had weak girls the *Kellers* won. The next match was refereed again by Miss L. D'Sa and Mrs. Bhalerao.

#### RESULTS

	House	Points
First	Helen Keller	4
Second	Joan of Arc	3
Third	Edith Cavell	2
Fourth	Florence Nightingale	1

\* \* \*

#### GIRLS' SWIMMING, 1973

The S. P. Whaley Cup

In charge: MISS LEILA MARIA D'SA

Correspondent: MARGARET ANDREWS

X Arts

Helen Keller

The swimming finals this year were not as much of a gala occasion as they usually have been. For one consideration, three girls' houses did not have sufficient competitors for their Junior Relay and so the *Kellers* were given a walk-over. This also occurred in the case of the *Kellers* in the Senior Relay. Besides this, two little girls who were not able to complete their event, had to be hauled out of the water by heroic "life-savers."

Nevertheless, the function on the whole was quite a success and, in the heat of the afternoon, the cool water of the swimming-pool was, indeed, very welcome.

Swimming, which is usually held in the first term, was postponed to November this year owing to the disastrous shortage of water. Now, however, with sufficient water to complete the event this term, we need must admit that 'All's well that ends well'

#### RESULTS

First:	{ Helen Keller } { Joan of Arc }	42
Second:	Edith Cavell	
Third:	Florence Nightingale	
Rex Ludorum:		
Seniors:	M. Cox J.A.	
Intermediates:	L. Massey J.A.	
Juniors:	G. Ramchandani J.A.	

Lorna Massey's achievement was most praiseworthy. Though only an *Intermediate* yet with the greatest of skill she managed to beat even a number of *Seniors*, far older than she, in the eight lengths open event. So, altogether, this year's swimming spelt success, and held excitement, fun and some humour for all.

Swimming, among a few other outdoor games, also acts as a perfect exercise, not only physically, but also mentally. It brings peace and satisfaction to the body, the soul and the mind. There are a variety of strokes: the back, breast, butterfly and crawl.

The function drew to a close with Mr. J. L. Davis, *Principal*, giving a speech that was followed by Mrs. Tess Davis distributing the prizes.

\* \* \*

#### BOYS' SWIMMING, 1973

The English Cup

In charge: MR. P. S. BHALERAO

Correspondent: GANAPATI NADAR

X Sc

Spence

We could not have swimming during the first term this year owing to an acute

water shortage. However we managed to hold the swimming competitions in the slightly cold month of November.

Our third term is usually packed with various activities like Cricket, Athletics, Prize Day, School Play, Table-tennis, Debates and so on. Therefore we had to do what we could after a practice of only a week. In spite of the short practice the boys exhibited keen competition and great skill in their swimming races. About 150 competitors took part in swimming during the heats and 40 of them reached the Finals which were held on Saturday the seventeenth November, 1973 at 2.30 p. m..

Suresh Gama created a new record in the Junior Division 25-M Breast-Stroke by clearing the distance in 25.2 seconds. The spot light was on Sharookh Parvaresh who was our star swimmer this year. He equalled the record of our one-time fastest swimmer, Avinash Barge, in 50-M. Free-style. He broke the record set by R. Irani in 1967 in the 50-M. Back-Stroke. Sharookh set a new record in the long distance 400 M. Free-Style, breaking the old record of 7 min. 47 seconds of Glenn Arnold (1969) by 3 seconds. He has established records in the 50-M. Breast-Stroke and 50 M Butterfly stroke which have been introduced this year and which swimmers of future generations will surely find difficult to beat. The Senior Relay Team of Royal House consisting of the twin brothers Sharookh and Jamshed Parvaresh, Clyde Arnold and Firdos Bhiwandiwala beat the old record of their own house by finishing the race in 1m. 52.7 seconds as against 1 min. 54 seconds of 1964.

Although Sharookh won all the silver medals in the Senior Division and the Victor Ludorum, he and his team failed to retain the F. W. English Challenge Cup for the Champion House. They had held it for six consecutive years since 1967. The Spence House team consisting of

B. Kolpe, S. Gama, Sudeep Singh Bal, S. Mohebi Ali Budhesh, Mohd. Hassan, K. Jagoowani and S. Kshatriya won the trophy from Royal House beating them by a meagre four points.

In his concluding speech the Principal congratulated the swimmers for their excellent performance and assured us he would have the swimming-pool tiled as soon as cement was available. When this is done, we are sure, everyone in Barnes will be more proud of our swimming-pool.

#### RESULTS OF THE INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING

Saturday, 17th November, 1973 at 2.30 p.m.

##### NOVICES (10-12 years)

25-m. Free Style		
First	B. Kolpe	S 22.6"
Second	T. Pacheco	C
50-m. Free Style		
First	B. Kolpe	S 54.7"
Second	T. Pacheco	C
75-m. Free Style		
First	B. Kolpe	S 96.0"
Second	T. Pacheco	C
25-m. Back Stroke		
First	B. Kolpe	S 37.1"
Second	S. Jagasia	R
Rex Ludorum:	B. Kolpe	S

##### JUNIORS (12-14 years)

25-m. Free Style		
First	S. Gama	S 17.6"
Second	S. Bal	S
50-m. Free Style		
First	S. Gama	S 42.6"
Second	S. Bal	S
75-m. Free Style		
First	S. Gama	S 69.3"
Second	S. Bal	S

200-m. Free Style		
First	S. Bal	S 4'-22"
Second	A. Budesh	S
25-m. Back Stroke		
First	J. Anderson	G 25.2"
Second	A. Gill	R
25-m. Breast Stroke		
First	S. Gama	S 25.2"*
Second	D. Olpadwala	R
Victor Ludorum:	S. Gama	S

##### INTERMEDIATES (14-16 years)

50-m. Free Style		
First	R. Ramchandani	C 38.4"
Second	R. Mahanty	G
75-m. Free Style		
First	R. Ramchandani	C 71.5"
Second	J. Daulat	R
100-m. Free Style		
First	R. Ramchandani	C 98.0"
Second	J. Daulat	R
50-m. Back Stroke		
First	R. Ramchandani	C 48.7"
Second	R. Mahanty	G
50-m. Breast Stroke		
First	S. Mohebi	S 49.5"
Second	R. Ramchandani	C
50-m. Butterfly Stroke		
First	Mohd. Hassan	S 55.1"
Second	S. Mohebi	S
Victor Ludorum:	R. Ramchandani	C

##### SENIORS (Over 16 years)

50-m. Free Style		
First	S. Parvaresh	R 36.0"
Second	C. Arnold	R
75-m. Free Style		
First	S. Parvaresh	R 63.0"
Second	J. Parvaresh	R
100-m. Free Style		
First	S. Parvaresh	R 87.6"
Second	C. Arnold	R

400-m. Free Style  
 First S. Parvaresh R 7.44"  
 Second R. Parvaresh R

50-m. Back Stroke  
 First S. Parvaresh R 46.7"  
 Second C. Arnold R

50-m. Breast Stroke  
 First S. Parvaresh R 44.9"  
 Second K. Majd G

50-m. Butterfly Stroke  
 First S. Parvaresh R 43.9"  
 Second K. Majd G

Victor Ludorum : S. Parvaresh R

Combined Relay Cup Spence

The Best Swimmer for the Year, 1973

\* \* \*

GIRLS' TABLE-TENNIS, 1973

The Hoffman Cup

In charge: MRS. RUTH GADRE  
 MRS. GRACE HOFFMAN

Correspondent: SHEHNAZ MEHTA

XI Sc Helen Keller

Owing to the late re-opening of school, our table-tennis this year started in right earnest. There was excitement in the air as table-tennis is one of the most popular of indoor games.

This year B Team Singles were introduced and the B Team players played quite well.

At first we practised under the good supervision of Mrs. Gadre and Mrs. Hoffman. Every house hoped to win the table-tennis trophy. Eventually Joan of Arc emerged victorious, with Florence Nightingale second, Helen Keller close upon their heels, and fourth Edith Cavell. The matches went off very smoothly.

\* \* \*

Junior Relay First Spence 2'-17.7"  
 Second Candy  
 Third Greaves  
 Fourth Royal

Senior Relay First Royal 1'-52.7"\*  
 Second Candy  
 Third Spence  
 Fourth Greaves Disqualified

House Positions and Points

First Spence 90  
 Second Royal 86  
 Third Candy 52  
 Fourth Greaves 28

F.W. English Challenge Cup Spence

Sharookh Parvaresh R

THE TEAMS

Joan of Arc.

A Micheline Cox  
 Nilu Sharma  
 B Brenda Sturgeon  
 Lorraine Rose

Helen Keller.

A Shehnaz Mehta  
 Heather Mackenzie  
 B Marilyn Goolamier  
 Azmina Jamal

Edith Cavell

A Nadia Dharssi  
 Marie Moore  
 B Margaret Moore  
 Deepa Mahanty

Florence Nightingale.

A Rosemary Phillips  
 Rosalind Phillips  
 B Linda Middlecoat  
 Anna Young

Our hearty thanks to our coaches,  
 Mrs. Gadre and Mrs Hoffman!

\* \* \*

BOYS' TABLE-TENNIS, 1973

The Hoffman Cup

In charge: MR. K. EMMANUEL

Correspondent: MANGESH GANDHI

XI Sc Greaves

The Table-tennis Tournament began on the nineteenth of November. This was rather unusual because every year the table-tennis tournament is held in the first term but this year it had to be held in the third term, and in the gym shed, because the Cambridge examinations were in progress.

The tournament matches were played day after day and this year the competition for the Inter-house Championship was among Royal, Greaves and Candy. These three seemed far superior to Spence.

The house teams were as follows.

Candy.

A S. Keer  
 K. Attawar  
 B P. Mistry  
 M. Sadhnani

\* \* \*

THROWBALL, 1973

Blanden Cup

In Charge: MRS. JENNIFER WALSH

Correspondent: MARGARET MOORE

XI Arts Edith Cavell

The netball-matches had just given over and within a period of three days our throwball-matches were to begin. The matches started with Edith Cavell versus Joan of Arc. Both teams were equally good.

The most outstanding players were Micheline Cox and Brenda Sturgeon from Joan of Arc and Marie, Nalini and Deepa from Edith Cavell. How we dreaded throwing the ball to Micheline!

Greaves.

A B  
 M. Gandhi D. Sharma  
 R. Mahanty X. Antia

Royal.

A B  
 J. Daulat J. Parvaresh  
 C. Arnold A. Bagga

Spence.

A B  
 B. Chowdhury A. Sabir  
 B. Jagoowani K. Merchant

For want of time, only one round of the tournament could be played.

The first position was tied for by Royal and Greaves; second, Candy; third, Spence.

Mangesh Gandhi of Greaves was adjudged the Best Player for the Year, 1973.

The tournament was organised by Mr. K. Emmanuel to whom we are very grateful.

\* \* \*

Each time she caught the ball, our hearts beat faster for we knew not whose face would be smashed, and we were all ready for her sly shots which woke up the dreamy girls in our house.

The next day the Kellers played against the Nights. Here the most outstanding players were Heather, Leonie and Maryline from Helen Keller and Anna, Rosalind and Linda from Nights. The match was exciting. Everyone who was watching was tense. But unfortunately the Nights were not victorious.

Days passed by with our playing the matches with all the other houses. These matches were quite exciting.

In the end the results were as follows :-

First	Joan of Arc	12	points
Second	Helen Keller	6	points
Third	Edith Cavell	4	points
Fourth	Florence Nightingale	2	points

Throwball is a game that needs plenty of skill, practice and also determination. It

also needs a sporting spirit, and that every game needs.

One must remember that in throwball as in any other game it is "No matter how much the struggle, nor how hard the work ; the Struggle is well worth the Victory when Victory is achieved."

**BOYS' INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL, 1973**

In Charge : MR. P. S. GAMA  
Retired C.P.OD.P.ED.

Correspondent : KARIM MERCHANT

IX B Spence  
If there could have been more practice-matches, the all-round improvement would have been very much higher.

However, that was not possible because of the change in the games' programme.

Our boys played and showed a better performance despite the short period of practice.

**RESULT**

First	Candy	18
Second	Royal	16
Third	Greaves	8
Fourth	Spence	6

The Best Player for 1973 :  
Karim Merchant, Spence.

**STUDY CUP POINTS, 1973**

In Charge : { MR. SHESHI B. GADRE  
                  { MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL

**THE TAYEBALLY STUDY CUP FOR GIRLS, 1973**

Placed in both examinations	Joan of Arc	Helen Keller	Edith Cavell	Florence Nightingale
Number of candidates	43	50	48	46
Total points earned	299	259	336	338
Study Cup points	6.953	5.180	7.000	7.347
Position	Third	Fourth	Second	First
Points for Keily Shield	4	2	6	8

The Tayebally Study Cup, 1973 : Florence Nightingale, Yellows.

**THE BLANDEN STUDY TROPHY FOR BOYS, 1973**

Placed in both examinations	Candy	Greaves	Royal	Spence
Number of candidates	127	131	119	119
Total points earned	570	609	637	762
Study Trophy points	4.488	4.648	6.353	6.404
Position	Fourth	Third	Second	First
Points for Hodge Shield	2	4	6	8

The Blenden Study Trophy, 1973 : Spence, Yellows.

**GIRLS' GAMES, 1973**

In Charge : MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL

**THE KEILY SHIELD, 1973**

SPORTS/ACTIVITY	Joan of Arc	Helen Keller	Edith Cavell	Florence Nightingale
HOCKEY	3	1	2	4
NETBALL	4	2	1	3
BADMINTON	4	2	1	3
THROWBALL	4	3	2	1
PHYSICAL EDUCATION	3	4	2	1
SOFTBALL	3	4	2	1
TABLE-TENNIS	4	2	1	3
ATHLETICS	3	4	1	2
SWIMMING	3.5	3.5	2	1
STUDY CUP	4	2	6	8
ELOCUTION AND SINGING	1	4	2	3
DEBATING	2	4	1	3
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>38.5</b>	<b>35.5</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>33</b>

The Keily All-round Shield, 1973 :  
Joan of Arc, Greens.

**ATHLETICS**

**REX LUDORUM**

Novice	Beena Daswani	H. K.
Junior	Nargish Irani	H. K.
Intermediate	Audrey Mackenzie	H. K.
Senior	Heather Mackenzie	H. K.

\* \* \*

**SWIMMING**

**REX LUDORUM**

Senior	Micheline Cox	J. A.
Intermediate	Lorna Massey	H. K.
Junior	Gayatri Ramchandani	J. A.

\* \* \*

**BOYS' GAMES, 1973**

In Charge : MR. SHESHI B. GADRE  
**THE HODGE ALL-ROUND SHIELD, 1973**

SPORTS/ACTIVITY	Candy	Greaves	Royal	Spence
HOCKEY	3	1	4	2
BOXING	2	3	4	1
VOLLEYBALL	4	2	3	1
BASKETBALL	3	2	4	1
FOOTBALL	3	1	4	2
ELOCUTION AND SINGING	4	2	1	3
CROSS-COUNTRY	4	3	2	1
P.T. AND GYM.	4	3	2	1
DEBATING	4	3	2	1
ATHLETICS	4	1	3	2
CRICKET	2	3	4	1
SWIMMING	2	1	3	4
TABLE-TENNIS	2	3.5	3.5	1
DIVING	3	4	2	1
STUDY TROPHY	2	4	6	8
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>46</b>	<b>36.5</b>	<b>47.5</b>	<b>30</b>

The Hodge All-round Shield, 1973 :  
Royal House, Reds.

**THE SCOUT HIKE**

In Charge : MR. D. V. HOFFMAN

Correspondent : GANAPATHI NADAR

After much planning, our terminal scout hike, this time to Sinnar, was scheduled for Saturday, the twenty-fourth of November.

On the eve of the hike, Baloo spoke to us about the difficulties that we might have to face on the journey and how we should overcome them.

Baloo laid special emphasis on the steep ascent between Nasik and Sinnar.

In the morning we rose before the rest of the school and dressed quietly without disturbing the others. When the rising-bell

rang, we went down to the dining-hall and had a hearty breakfast, after which Baloo inspected us and smiled to see that everyone was dressed quite smartly. The Scouts, too, were smiling as the sun rose to herald the beginning of a glorious day.

From the mess-matrons we took our well-packed lunch, buns-and-bananas, and proceeded to the bus-stop, to board the first bus that came along and reach Devlali, singing all the way. We hired good bicycles from Devlali and also a good pump. This time Baloo decided to come by bus with the non-cyclists and we set off from Devlali with the Assistant Scout-master, Mr Walter Louis.

Throughout the first lap of the journey most of the scouts were trying to outrace one another but, being sensible, moved to one side when traffic approached. As Time passed, it became warmer and so we cooled ourselves with ice-creams and cold drinks from Cafe Park at Nasik Road.

After a fifteen-minute rest, we proceeded on our way to the Nasik Central Bus-stop where Baloo had agreed to meet us and where, since none of us had been to Sinnar before, Baloo again told us the way clearly.

After drinking water from a nearby hotel, we started off for Sinnar. As Baloo had told us, we had to climb most of the way and, at one place, the road was so steep that we had to walk with our bicycles. Though the journey by then was tiring and the heat unbearable, the scouts continued with a brave smile.

At Sinnar we met Baloo and a day-scholar of our School, Deepak Chandak, who insisted on our visiting his home before our proceeding to the Gondeshwar Temple.

After a filling lunch we inspected the Gondeshwar Temple—very old, built by a Maratha noble in the twelfth century. The small statues of animals carved along the perimeter were realistic.

Refreshed by an early tea, we saw a few *bedi* factories where, with hardly any machinery, most of the work is done by men and women.

Soon we returned to Cafe Park to meet Baloo in Devlali.

The return journey to Nasik was very enjoyable as the road was mostly downhill.

At one place we dismounted and wheeled our bicycles as Baloo had so wisely instructed us. Not only was the road sloping steeply, but it was also winding with the danger that we might cycle off the road!

After a tiring and an appetite-stimulating drive, we reached Cafe Park where we had a meal we could never hope to have in school: rich parathas, tanduri chicken, biryani, mutton and so on. Our meal took the best part of half-an-hour and, fifteen minutes later, we left for Devlali.

The same boys who had been trying to outrace one another, were now cycling at a very moderate speed, our Troop imbibing the high-spirited and happy mood of our Leader, Mr Louis, despite the fact that our tired legs seemed to become more weighty.

We saw Baloo at the cycle-shop and together we moved to the bus-stop, whence we took the first bus back to school.

As we reached school, the sun was setting in obeissance to the end of a glorious day.

Sincerely we thanked both our masters and went up to our dormitories to tell the boys about our wonderful hike.



CAROL SERVICE  
25-XI-'73

L to R : L. Topping, P. Goolmier, W. Louis behind P. Goolmier !  
S. Gadre, S. Lawrence, M. Thorpe, P. Massey and R. Paul. (Mr. C. Paul at the Piano)



The magic of His wondrous love  
Is shining everywhere,  
As church bells ring, as  
choirs sing  
And carols fill the air.



"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."  
Luke 2:10

The Rev. D. A. Smith conducted the SERVICE

L to R : C. Paul, W. Louis, M. Thorpe, R. Paul.



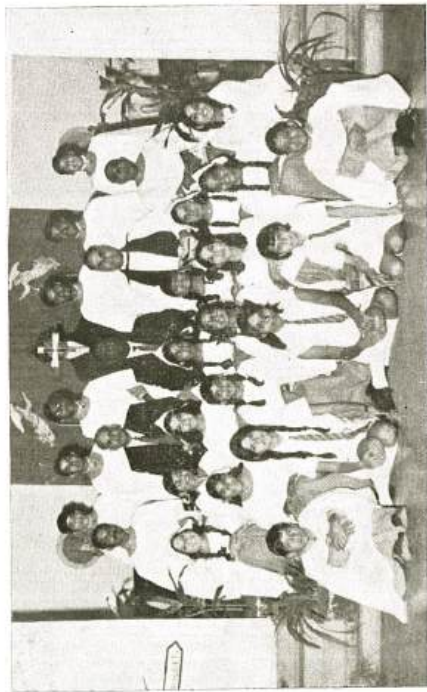
Mrs. P. Michael and Mrs. T. Davis at the Crib



The Choir Girls:  
"Let us go into the House of the Lord."



The Choir Boys:  
"Almighty father, inspire us with good will to all men."



Chapel Workers and Choir:  
"Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings"



CHRISTIAN UNITY:  
"May we with one mind and one mouth glorify Thee."  
The Chapel Committee:  
Seated. The Rev. D. Smith, Mrs. U. Bhalerao, Mrs. T. Davis,  
(L. to R.) Mrs. G. Hoffman and Mr. J. Davis.  
Standing. Mr. F. Benjamin, Mr. P. Bhalerao, Mr. D. Hoffman  
(L. to R.) Mr. C. Paul.

SCOUT TROOP, 1973

<i>Baloo</i> : MR. D. V. HOFFMAN.		<i>Assistant Scoutmaster</i> : MR. W. LOUIS.	
<i>Troop-leader</i> : ABDUL R. SHAIKH		<i>Assistant Troop-leader</i> : DEEPAK VASSA.	
LIONS PATROL			
Ganapathi Nadar		First	
Udayraj Pawar		Second	
Sangram Pawar			
Satish Bhalerao			
Ghulam Rajabkar			
FOXES PATROL			
Shalin Basrai		First	
Arthur Mortimer		Second	
Surinder Katiyal			
Rau Saheb Bhagure			
Mahmud Patni			
Aziz-al-Hakeem			
Colin Massey			
EAGLES PATROL			
Kazam Khan			
Taha Khan			
Kamrooj Majd			
Javed Razvi			
Som Osthory			
Nasir Mirza			
Abbasi Taher Ali			
Arvind Kashyap			
Viren Desai			
WOLVES PATROL			
Yazdi Bulsara			
Mukesh Tamakuwalla			
Sunil Tamakuwalla			
Al Karim Pirani			
Yatin Shah			
Mohammed Koohegi			
Jamal Koohegi			

\* \* \*

"That we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."  
—Romans 15.4.

### Chapel Notes, 1973

*Correspondent* : KEITH BERNARD PHILLIPS  
*X Arts* Greaves

#### Protestants.

The Rev. E. S. Quraishi of Nasik Road celebrates Holy Communion at eight-thirty in the morning every First and Third Sunday of the month. Members of the congregation assist in leading Matins and prayers, in reading lessons and intercessions, and in rendering vocal and instrumental pieces. We also have Evensong, Children's Services, and Guest Preachers. Torch-bearers and Mr. D. V. Hoffman's Scripture Union Meetings are held regularly.

#### Roman Catholics.

The Rev. Father Marti, S.J., faithfully celebrates Mass at a-quarter-past-ten every

"Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" —Luke 10.25.

Sunday morning. The boys are encouraged to serve at the altar and read lessons. For some special services the congregation visits the Camp either by bus or on foot. Miss L. M. D'Sa very kindly sees to all arrangements.

The *Principal*, Mr. J. L. Davis and Mrs. Tess Davis; the *Secretary*, Mr. D. V. Hoffman and Mrs. G. Hoffman; the *Treasurer*, Mr. P. S. Bhalerao and Mrs. U. Bhalerao, ably assisted by their sons Satish and Jayant, assist in looking after the affairs of the Chapel.

Mr. Christopher Paul, assisted by his brother Mr. Rufus Paul, ably conducts the Chapel Choir and tunes and plays the Chapel Piano. The Choir enjoys an annual dinner, this year at the Coronation Hotel, with the B.E.S. Director, Mr. K. M. Hanbarhatty and Mrs. Hanbarhatty.

## Old Boys' Corner

Munoo Hussain  
Farida Villa, Ground Floor,  
108, Waterfield Road,  
Bandra, Bombay-50.  
3rd November, 1973.

To,  
The Principal,  
Barnes High School,  
Devlali.

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the Ex-students who visited Barnes for the Dassera holidays this year, I wish to thank you and all the members of the Staff, not forgetting the school-children, for our most enjoyable holiday.

It is very hard to thank everybody individually, so I must ask you to do so on our behalf.

I regret that I could not meet you before we left, as we were informed that you were resting. We all agreed that you should not be disturbed, as you fully deserved your siesta, specially after the hectic days you had recently experienced.

Please convey our hearty thanks to Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Mortimer for the lovely food they gave us. I am sure many of us ate more than our shares and sometimes even other peoples' shares! I only wish to add, please ask Mrs. Mortimer to take it easy with the chillies because some of us are not accustomed to eating such chilly-hot food—particularly me, and, I might have embarrassed you with the consequences of what effect those chillies might have had on me.

I think Mrs. Wythe deserves more than the three cheers that we gave her before we left. As students we were *trying* and you can imagine what we are now as Ex-students!

I wish to thank Mr. Gadre and Miss Menezes who supervised our games. Please tell Miss Menezes not to worry too much over the results of the netball match. But "*we Ex-students have made it a point to BEAT the girls and maintain our unblemished record.*"

I must thank Miss Menezes and Mr. Russel who were responsible for the lovely dance. It was very generous on their parts to have agreed so readily to stay on despite the official time of twelve midnight. I must not forget you, Sir, in letting us have an extension of two hours at the dance. Thank you once again.

Before I conclude, I request, you to wish all the students good luck in their forthcoming examinations, specially those who are appearing for the I. S. C. Examination. May God help them to do well and pass.

Please excuse any misbehaviour, or rowdyism or childish behaviour while we were in school, but to be back in Barnes for just the three or four days is just like our returning to school for another term!

We all look forward to these particular holidays every year very earnestly. I wish I could explain the feeling but it is just beyond me.

Last but not least, a big thank you to you for taking all the trouble in making our holiday so enjoyable. Please do excuse any inconvenience caused.

Thanking you once again,...

Yours faithfully,  
Sd./M. Hussain.

ALI AKBAR HAGHIGHT's present address :  
Hyde Park Internatinoal Hotel, 52-56  
Inverness Terrace, London W2, U.K..

DOCTOR MISS RITA CYRIL has contributed two poems to the Barnicle as she had



"With this Ring  
I thee Wed"

1973 - 74



12th Jan., '74  
Mr. Michael Thorpe to  
Miss Violet Menezes,  
at Bombay.



5th Jan., '74  
Mr. Eric Macerdo to  
Miss Lynette Topping  
at Jhansi.



4th Jan., '74  
Mr. Vivian Russell to  
Miss Maya Singh  
at Lucknow.



25th Jan., '73.  
Mr. Osman Swing to  
Miss Jennifer Monnier  
at Deolali.



Parents and Friends join in the Spirit of Christmas.



CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR!



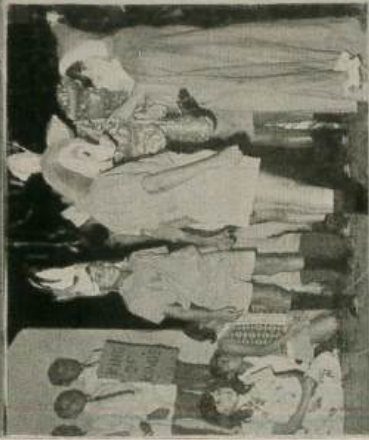
13-XII-73



Nativity Play (Torch Bearers)  
"It came upon the midnight clear"



SCHOOL  
JUNIOR  
CONCERT



promised. She is in her second year at the Medical Christain College, Vellore, where Doctor Mary Smith and Doctor Rose Smith studied under Doctor Ida B. Scudder.

MISS BERNADETTE VINDEN and her Sisters are studying at the Umzinto High School, Umzinto, Natal, Republic of South Africa. Bernadette's friend, ANIL RAMSOOK, is also studying at the same school, in class nine. He is seventeen. A Hindu. He would like to correspond with staff and pupils of Barnes and exchange photographs. He would appreciate receiving a copy of the National Anthem. *Our Principal's remarks: "Can you literary experts do something about this?"* Anil's address: P. O. Box 42, Umzinto, Natal, Republic of Souh Africa.

A. CHAND, Flt. Lt. Telephone { 3753 21  
3757 58

[CREST] Rashtrapati Bhavan,  
To, New Delhi.  
The Principal, 22nd May, 1973.  
Barnes School, Devlali.

Dear Sir,

I shall begin by introducing myself. The name is Flt. Lt. Alvindar Chand and I am at present an ADC to the President. I was a student at Barnes from the years 1954-1957 and I passed out with the class of '57, having taken my Senior Cambridge examination in December, 1957. The Roll of Honour's board for that year will probably have Howard Ashley Cox's name—he was the only one out of our class of eleven who obtained a I Division in Cambridge. I had been awarded the *Best Scholar of the Year Trophy-The Thompson Shield* which had been given for the first time that year. I wonder if it is still running.

I have always meant to keep in touch with the school but have unfortunately not been able to do so till now. Well—better late than never and since it is never too late to restart—here I am fifteen-and-a-half years later.

To give you a resume of my life since I left school—I was in college at Ambala, Haryana, in 1958-59, before joining the National Defence Academy at Khadakvasla in January, 1960. I passed out from the Academy in 1962, December, and went on to the various Air-force Academies in Allahabad, Jodhpur and Hyderabad wherefrom I passed out in October, 1963, and was commissioned into the Air-force, Flying Branch, as a Pilot Officer. I have flown transport aircraft all along and I was in operational flying in the 1965 Pakistan war.

In December, 1970, I was selected to join the Personal Staff of the President as his Air-force Aide-de-camp. I have been here now for the past two-and-a-half years and from here I am due to be posted back to the Air-force.

That, Sir, is *me* in the last fifteen years. I am married—since '72. The only person, apart from the odd ex-student of Barnes one runs into, that I am in touch with, is Mr. W. R. King and Mrs. King. He is on the I.S.C. Board of Education here and he used to be Mathematics/Science teacher at Barnes as well as the Spence Block House-Master for Spence-Royal Houses. Mr. Job was class-master XI Std. in 1957 and Candy Block House-master for Candy-Greaves. He has since, I believe, died. He was a fine, jolly person. Mr. W. R. Coles, who was then the Principal, has since retired, I believe, and is settled in Nasik. Has he kept in touch?

To reminisce a bit—the Swimming-pool (is it still called *Ducks' Pond*?) was not tiled till we left. Is it still filled by the small dam at one end? And are the quarries still used for swimming during the monsoons? *The Barnicle*—is it still published, and do you have the same green (with black lining) diagonal stripe on a yellow cover? It was designed by a girl—Tehmina Ferzandi (of Ferzandi Bagh, Devlali) in 1955 or 1956, I forget exactly—She was also in the Class

of 1957. Do you still have the Old Boys' Reunion at Diwali time? It used to be *The Happening of the Year* in those days.

If the school magazine or a news-letter are published, may I have one as a regular feature—to enable me to keep in touch with the school? Is the school currently closed for the summer vacation—I remember it used to be—around 3rd–4th May for about five weeks, and the same amount in December-January. I am seriously planning to do a trip to Devlali—it will be my first since 1957 (though I have flown over the school a number of times since 1965) and it would be a real pleasure to meet you and the staff, Sir. Is the *Besian* still operative—because I have not heard from them for about twelve years? Do any of the *Old Students* keep in touch?

I shall not go on and on—shall leave that till I can come to my *alma mater*. In the meantime, Sir, I shall look forward to hearing from you.

And should there be anybody from the school coming this way—it will be a pleasure to meet them.

With my very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,  
(Signature)

A. CHAND, *Flt. Lt.*,  
*A.D.C. to the President of India.*

\* \* \*

BARNES SCHOOL, DEVLALI  
SCHOOL CALENDAR—FIRST TERM, 1973

JANUARY :

Monday,	15th	New Boarders arrive
Wednesday,	17th	Old Boarders arrive.
Thursday,	18th	School begins.
Saturday,	20th	Prefects' Privilege.
Monday,	22nd	Organised Games begin. (Detailed programme in Games Time-Table).
Friday,	26th	REPUBLIC DAY—Flag ceremony.
Saturday,	27th	General Market Permit.
Sunday,	28th	Church Service—8.30 a.m.
Wednesday,	31st	Second Practice Round begins (Hockey).

*Farewell Speech at the Cambridge Dinner*

FARE WELL !

NIMET JAMAL  
*Head-girl*

*XI Science*

*Helen Keller*

*Farewell* is a word that is uttered with deep feeling and emotions indescribable. It is a word that is repeated innumerable in one's life, every time causing pain ; but as life moves on, so must we.

I stand here tonight to offer, on behalf of all of us Cambridge students, our heartfelt thanks to the Staff, who have *reared us, taught us all the good we prize*; made us learn *what's true and right*; to beg forgiveness for all the trouble we have caused ; and to bid a fond farewell as we take this important step into the world beyond.

Now that our school career has finished and we have achieved valuable knowledge, we will aim to apply it to the betterment of ourselves and to the glory of our great school *Barnes*.

Thank you, my dear teachers, for all that you have done—and *goodbye* till we meet again.



N. Jamal (Head-girl) "Now is the hour when we must say Good-bye"



Mr. J. L. Davis (Principal)  
"Go forth and God be with you"



C. Arnold (Head-boy) "Gone are the days....."



Miss L. Topping (married on 5th Jan, '74, left for U.K. on the 17th Jan. '74)  
"My two years in Barnes, have been very happy ones."



Mr. D. Hoffman (retires after twenty years service in Barnes)  
"I have done the work that lay before me with all my might."

MIXED FEELINGS ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE



Mr. I. Misra with XI Sc.



Mr. D. Smith with XI Arts.



Std. X ICSE (Mr. K. Emmanuel, absent)

BETWEEN THE SOUP AND THE SAVOURY! CAMBRIDGE/ICSE DINNER (30-XI-'73).



A bird's eye-view.



Mr. Davis commenting on the Menu, with his tongue in his cheek!  
L. to R. C. Arnold, T. Davis, J. L. Davis, N. Jamal, C. Samson,  
Q. Samson.



M. Davis telling his table a funny story!  
L. to R. P. Goolamier, M. Davis, L. Topping, L. Middlecoat, C. Phillips,  
A. Young.



Mr. P. Gama is not camera-conscious!  
L. to R. Mr. and Mrs. Mainguy, Mr. and Mrs. P. Gama and Mrs. S. Diol.

LEADING

Principal and Prefects



L. to R. Seated : R. Singh, C. Arnold, B. Jagooani, J. Heredia, K. Attwar, S. Parvash, B. Chowdhury, M. Davis.  
Standing :



Principal Mr. J. L. Davis with the Lumely Medal winners.  
Winners : Linda Middlecoat & Kripal Attwar.  
Runners-up : Jaspal Dhillon and Smita Vassa.

THE WAY

Principal and Prefects



L. to R. Seated : A. Young, N. Jamal, B. Zacariabs, M. Cox, M. Andrews, M. Moore, R. Phillips, I. Walkay.  
Standing :



CHAMPIONS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT



FEBRUARY :

Friday,	2nd	School XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	3rd	Market Permit (Girls).
Sunday,	4th	Church Service-8.30 a.m.
Thursday,	8th	Hockey Tournament first round begins. School XI Match.
Friday,	9th	Cubs, Scouts, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	10th	School Picture.
Sunday,	11th	Church Service-8.30 a.m.
Friday,	16th	Founder's Day.
Saturday,	17th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	18th	Church Service-8.30 a.m.
Wednesday,	21st	Tournament Second Round begins (Hockey)
Friday,	23rd	School XI Match, Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	24th	General Market Permit. Senior Privilege. Week-end leave.

MARCH :

Thursday,	1st	Tournament ends (Hockey).
Friday,	2nd	School XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Choir, Bulbuls, Free Games. Nasrapur Camp, for Girls (2nd evening to 5th morning).
Saturday,	3rd	Market Permit (Girls).
Sunday,	4th	Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Monday,	5th	Boxing Tournament begins.
Friday,	9th	School XI Match. Nasrapur Camp for Boys (9th evening to 12th morning).
Saturday,	10th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games. School Picture.
Sunday,	11th	Hockey Match vs. Cathedral? Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Friday,	16th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	17th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	18th	Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Thursday,	22nd	BOXING SEMI-FINALS.
Friday,	23rd	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	24th	BOXING FINALS.
Sunday,	25th	Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Tuesday,	27th	Swimming Heats begin.
Friday,	30th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	31st	General Market Permit. Senior Privilege. Week-end leave.

APRIL :

Sunday,	1st	Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Friday,	6th	Swimming Finals.
Saturday,	7th	Market Permit (Girls).

Sunday,	8th	Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Monday,	9th	Table-tennis tournament begins.
Friday,	13th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	14th	School Picture.
Sunday,	15th	Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Tuesday,	17th	EXAMINATION BEGINS.
Friday,	20th	Good Friday.
Saturday,	21st	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	22nd	Easter Sunday.
Thursday,	26th	Diving Competition I.
Friday,	27th	" " II.
Saturday,	28th	General Market Permit. Senior Privilege.
Sunday,	29th	Church Service - 8.30 a. m.
Monday,	30th	EXAMINATION ENDS. Dance.
 <b>MAY :</b>		
Tuesday,	1st	Boarders go home.  SECOND TERM, 1973.
 <b>JUNE :</b>		
Thursday,	14th	Boarders arrive.
Friday,	15th	First day of the School.
Sunday,	17th	Matins - Mr. D. V. Hoffman. - 8.30 a. m.
Monday,	18th	Organised games begin. BOYS - Football/P.T./GYM./Cross-Country. GIRLS - P.T./GYM./Table-tennis/Soft-ball.
Friday,	22nd	Free games, Cubs, Scouts, Bulbuls, Choir-practice.
Saturday,	23rd	Market Permit/Senior Privilege.
Sunday,	24th	Matins - Mr. D. V. Hoffman.
Friday,	29th	Free Games, Cubs, Scouts, Bulbuls, Choir-practice.
 <b>JULY :</b>		
Sunday,	1st	H. C. Service - 8.30 a. m.. The Rev. E. S. Quraishi. Quiz.
Monday,	2nd	House-teams (Football) in.
Friday,	6th	Free Games, Cubs, Scouts, Bulbuls, Choir-practice.
Saturday,	7th	Senior Privilege.
Sunday,	8th	Service - 8.30 a. m. Matins. The Rev. Deacon D. A. Smith.
Monday,	9th	Debate I. Football Tournament First Round begins.
Friday,	13th	Free Games, Cubs, Scouts, Bulbuls, Choir-practice.
Sunday,	15th	Debate II. H. C. Service - 8.30 a. m. The Rev. E. S. Quraishi
Wednesday,	18th	Football Tournament Second Round begins.
Friday,	20th	Cross-Country House-teams in.
Saturday,	21st	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	22nd	Service - 8.30 a. m. Children's Service. Debate III.

Thursday,	26th	Elocution and Singing.
Friday,	27th	Cross-Country Finals.
Saturday,	28th	Senior Privilege.
Sunday,	29th	Service - 8.30 a. m. Mission Service. Mr. R. Hurtzsprung. Debate IV.

**AUGUST :**

Friday,	3rd	Free Games, Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir-practice.
Saturday,	4th	Senior Privilege. Football-match - School XI vs. Cathedral.
Sunday,	5th	H. C. Service - 8.30 a. m.
Monday,	6th	GYM. Prelims.
Tuesday,	7th	" "
Wednesday,	8th	" "
Thursday,	9th	" "
Friday,	10th	P. T./GYM. FINALS.
Saturday,	11th	INDEPENDENCE DANCE.
Sunday,	12th	Matins. Debate VI.
Monday,	13th	SECOND TERM EXAMINATION BEGINS.
Wednesday,	15th	Independence Day Assembly - 10.00 a. m.
Friday,	17th	Free games, Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir-practice.
Saturday,	18th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	19th	H. C. Service - 8.30 a. m.
Thursday,	23rd	EXAMINATION ENDS.
Friday,	24th	Michaelmas Holidays begin.

**THIRD TERM, 1973****SEPTEMBER :**

Monday,	3rd	Boarders return.
Monday,	3rd to	Std. IX
Saturday,	6th	Core Examination.
Tuesday,	4th	Organised games. Boys - Cricket/Athletics/Swimming and Diving/Table-tennis Girls - Netball/Athletics/Swimming and Diving.
Friday,	7th	Teachers' Day (Staff and Std. XI and Std. X ICSE.) Free Games.
Saturday,	8th	School Picture Christ Church football team's visit.
Sunday,	9th	Debate V. Service 8.30 a. m. Cricket-match.
Friday,	14th	Athletics House Teams in.
Saturday,	15th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	16th	H. C. Service - 8.30 a. m./Cricket-match. Debate VI.
Monday,	17th	Inter-house Cricket Tournament begins.
Saturday,	22nd	Senior Privilege/Market Permit.

Sunday, 23rd Service 8.30 a. m. / Cricket-match.  
 Saturday, 29th Special Junior Privilege.  
 Sunday, 30th Service 8.30 a. m./ Cricket-match.

OCTOBER :

Monday, 1st to } Elementary and Intermediate Drawing Examinations.  
 Friday, 5th }  
 Wednesday, 3rd } Athletics Heats/Swimming-Diving, Table-Tennis entries in.  
 Saturday, 6th Market Permit (Girls)/ Special Market Permit (Dassera)  
 Sunday, 7th H. C. Service 8.30 a. m./Cricket-match.  
 Saturday, 13th School Picture/Cathedral's Visit and Match.  
 Sunday, 14th Service 8.30 a. m.  
 Saturday, 20th to } PRIZE DAY. SCHOOL PLAY.  
 Monday, 22nd } ANNUAL ATHLETICS AND DANCE.  
 Friday, 26th to } DIWALI HOLIDAYS.  
 Saturday, 28th }  
 Monday, 29th Swimming and Diving/Table-tennis Tournament.  
 Wednesday, 31st Hindi Orals.

NOVEMBER :

Saturday, 3rd Market permit (Girls). Senior Privilege.  
 Sunday, 4th H. C. Service.  
 Monday, 5th to } Practicals Physics/Chemistry/Biology.  
 Wednesday, 7th }  
 Saturday, 10th School Picture.  
 Sunday, 11th Service - 8.30 a. m.  
 Saturday, 17th Prefects' Privilege.  
 Sunday, 18th H. C. Service - 8.30 a. m.  
 Saturday, 24th Swimming and Diving -?  
 Sunday, 25th Service - 8.30 a. m.. Carol Service/Choir Dinner.  
 Friday, 30th Farewell Dinner ISC/ICSE.

DECEMBER :

Saturday, 1st Market Permit (Girls) House Parties (Boys);  
 Bon Fire (Girls and Prep. House).  
 Sunday, 2nd ISC pupils - Departure.  
 Monday, 3rd to } ICSE Annual Promotion Examination.  
 Friday, 14th }  
 Thursday, 13th Nativity Play.  
 Friday, 14th Break-up Social.  
 Saturday, 15th School Party Departure.  
 Sunday, 16th Promotion Meeting.  
 I to VI — 9.00 to 10.00 a. m.  
 VII to X — 10.30 to 12.00 noon.

THIRD TERM ENDS.