

THE BARNICLE

1974



THE MAGAZINE OF BARNES SCHOOL DEOLALI

No 1

The Barnicle

1974

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The Barnicle

1974

THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Mrs. TESS DAVIS	<i>In-charge of Cultural Activities</i>	
Miss Leila Maria D'Sa		
Miss Margaret Rose Andrews	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Helen Keller</i>
Miss Sudepta Chaudhuri	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Edith Cavell</i>
Miss Geeta Pitchaya	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Florence Nightingale</i>
Miss Jyoti J. Walkay	<i>Eleven Science</i>	<i>Joan of Arc</i>
Miss Rekha A. Zope	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Joan of Arc</i>
Master Colin Malcom Jude Massey	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Greaves</i>
Master Ganapati Athimuthu Nadar	<i>Eleven Science</i>	<i>Spence</i>
Master Dhirendra Nehra	<i>Eleven Science</i>	<i>Greaves</i>
Master Keith Bernard Phillips	<i>Eleven Arts</i>	<i>Greaves</i>
Master Rattan A. Ramchandani	<i>Eleven Science</i>	<i>Candy</i>
Mr. Osman Swing		
The Reverend Deacon Donald Alfred Smith		
Mr. Winston Robert Gardner	<i>Vice-Principal</i>	

EDITORIAL

HORIZONS

WHENCE WAS THAT LIGHT ?

Often have I looked about our plateau at the varied horizon. I seem to recall almost every occasion, for each has made its own individual impression.

Candidly must I confess that this horometry has been stolen as respite from full-day or other duty with the excuse that even a school-master's attention is fleeting!

Atmospheric variations at differing diurnal and nocturnal watches of observation have revealed numerous levels of horizon: caressing the feet of the Deccan basaltic-blue hills; kissing the crests of low mounds; climbing the mountain-steps, one by one of Jacob's ladder; cutting the azure sky-line; forming

<i>Brought Forward</i>	870.00	<i>Brought Forward</i>	1,545.00
M/s Gandomal & Sons	50.00	M/s. Sun Electric Co.	100.00
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M/s Meher Hotel & Bakery	50.00	Mr. P. S. Bhalerao	850.00
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M/s Radionics	50.00	Mr. S. B. Gadre	500.00
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M/s S. K. Wadhwa	100.00		<u>1,855.00</u>
The Deolali Medical Stores	25.00		
The Popular Book Depot	25.00		
M/s Gordan Studio	50.00	Paid by Senior Students	
Lokmanya Electric Stores	50.00	(Boarders) for Concert	
M/s. Poona Book Stores	25.00	161 Students @ Rs. 2 per head	322.00
<i>Carried Forward</i>	<u>1,545.00</u>	TOTAL	<u>3,872.00</u>

TOTAL FUND COLLECTED UPTO 31st MARCH, 1975

<i>Balance brought forward 1-4-1974</i>	Rs. 66,826.03
Donations received 1974-75	Rs. 4,212.00
Concert, 1974-75	Rs. 3,872.00
Less : Expenses	Rs. 603.00
	<u>Rs. 3,269.00</u>
GRAND TOTAL	<u><u>Rs. 74,307.03</u></u>

(Rupees Seventy-four thousand, three hundred and seven and paise three only.)

*" I have loved you with all — with all — of my heart,
I have loved you with all of my strength,
I have loved you as you are,
As the children of God,
I have loved you as God has loved me."*

DONALD ALFRED SMITH.

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. The work on this is in progress.
- (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 EACH OF WHOM 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

31-3-1975

A VOTE OF THANKS

by

MR. W. R. COLES

(Retired Headmaster of Barnes School, Devlali.)

My Lord Bishop, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Staff, Children, and Parents.

We have just heard the Staff Choir singing beautifully 'See the conqu'ring hero come' but let me assure you I am not the conquering hero. I am very much the retired general fading away rapidly in retreat.

Mr. Davis in his Annual Report mentioned the length of time I have been associated with Barnes. I must thank him for his appreciative words. *I thank God for the service He has permitted me to render* and I thank all those associated with me through the years for their support and forbearance.

Our chief thanks are due to Dr. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy for presiding and giving away the prizes this evening, especially as we have just learned that today is their wedding anniversary.

The Principal in his report told us of Dr. Kennedy's career in India over the past thirty years. It brought to my mind a song popular when I was at College and the University. It was called "*A Bachelor Gay*." I hasten to assure Mrs. Kennedy that it was entirely a work of fiction and has no relation at all to fact.

I cannot remember the verses but the chorus opened with: "*At seventeen he falls in love quite badly with eyes of tender blue*". The Bishop spent his first few years with the Irish Presbyterians in Gujarat. The chorus continued: "*At twenty-two he falls in love this time with eyes of a different hue*." The Bishop left the Irish for the Scots at Wilson College, Bombay. "*At twenty-four*"—the song goes on—"we find him flirting with three or four or more." I hope Mrs. Kennedy will forgive me—but the Bishop did spend the years from 1965 to 1970, not flirting, but negotiating with Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists and Brothers over the Union which has now become the Church of North India.

The last lines of the song were: "*At thirty-four, he fancies he is past love; It is then he meets his last love, And he loves her as he never loved before*." As Bishop of Bombay, Dr. Kennedy is President of the *Bombay Education Society* and its two schools, Christ Church, Byculla, and Barnes here in Devlali. May they indeed be his last love and may he love them as he has never loved before.

I must include in my vote of thanks Mr. and Mrs. Davis and the School Staff who have made this prize-giving a memorable one. May they and the School go on "*from strength to strength*."

* * *

"Remember

to keep alive in thyself
that celestial fire—

Conscience."

The Annual Prize-giving, 1974

Barnes School, Devlali.
October 14, 1974

THE PRINCIPAL'S ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1974

My Lord Bishop,

It gives me great pleasure to welcome you and Mrs. Kennedy to our Annual Prize and Speech Day. You are welcome both as the Bishop of Bombay (from where the school is governed) and as the President of the Bombay Education Society. We are fortunate to have a President who is well qualified to carry out his pastoral duties and who is also an educationist with many years of experience.

I must now give you a brief account of our Chairman's activities during the last thirty years. He made a rather disturbing entry into India, having arrived in 1944 on the very day of the Bombay Dock explosion. As our Chairman comes from Southern Ireland, I shall leave you to draw your own conclusions, although he assured me when we met a month ago, that it was a mere coincidence that these two events took place simultaneously.

His first posting was to Gujarat where he worked for two years. In 1946 he joined the Staff of Wilson College as History Professor, a position he held till a few months ago. In addition he was Chaplain and Warden for various periods. Hence, this Chairman is well suited to guide the Society and the School in the educational maze of 1974. Between 1946 and 1974, there was another important event. In 1955, Dr. Kennedy was married, and has lived happily ever after.

I also welcome other Directors who are present today to hear my sixth report.

The year opened with 508 boarders and 246 day-scholars. These figures now stand at 525 boarders and 256 day-scholars. It is hoped that in the near future we shall increase the number of boarders, with the completion of part of the new junior academic block. Of course, our building plans are not proceeding as fast as we hoped. The two factors holding us up are cement and money. With the present crackdown on hoarders and people with unaccounted funds, there is a chance that the position may improve. If so, the next few years will see the steady expansion of the school, till we reach our target of about 800 boarders. I sympathise with the unfortunate Principal who will have to cater for the needs of this vast family.

Our examination results were in many ways a record. We presented 57 candidates for the Indian School Certificate and 27 for the ICSE. Of this record number, 60 were successful. We also gained more first divisions than ever before, and another record, we had more failures than we have had for some years! However, in music and in art our results were satisfactory.

The school continues to lay stress on various extra-curricular activities. These activities add variety to the lives of the children and keep them busy. Those parents who worry about keeping their families busy, will understand our problems with over 500 boys and girls on the estate.

We have had our usual fixtures with the Cathedral School. Our Football team

beat them 5:0 and in Cricket we beat them by just four runs.

The Inter-house Boxing finals were held on April 1st and were thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended this function. An unusual feature was a special contest between Clyde Arnold (Barnes) and D. Kapur (Khalsa College, Ludhiana). The latter visited the school and asked for a special fight, which was arranged at short notice. He proved no match for our star performer—the referee stopped the fight in the second round.

Early in the year, we faced a tragedy in the death of Philip Massey, who died in the swimming-pool. The circumstances in which he died remain a mystery to this day. I am extremely grateful to the Staff, children and Mossadiq Haghighi who were a great help to Mrs. Massey in her hour of sorrow. I must also thank the authorities of the Military Hospital, the Army, and the Air Force Officers who were most generous and sympathetic. In addition, I must thank the D. S. P., Mr. H. Almeida, who did all that he could to solve the mystery. Finally, a word of admiration for Mrs. Massey and her family for their great fortitude at the time.

The two Parents' Days have been a useful link between parents and teachers. The parents get a close look at their children's work and a closer look at their children's teachers. The Junior School staged a variety concert and the Senior School provided a threefold attraction "The Sleeping Cutey", "Another Pair of Spectacles" and "Suppressed Desires". A few teachers took part in the senior programme. For both these programmes I have to thank Mrs. Davis and her helpers.

Cyclonic storms have now become an annual fixture. On May 24th we were

victims of a milder one than that experienced in 1973. However, it caused some damage to the roofs and burnt out 55 tube lights. The school is now planning to insure itself against cyclones and natural calamities before the next cyclone.

The food problem was bad enough in 1973, but it has been worse in 1974. Prices have continued to soar, and in most cases for no apparent reason—except the greed of tradesmen—wholesalers and retailers. This has not affected the menu; although there have been some minor cuts in the staff food, there have been none in the children's, despite heavy losses every month. I am grateful to Wg. Cdr. Samson and the catering staff in meeting this challenge.

There will be no changes on the staff at the end of this year. In June, the school was fortunate in securing as Vice-principal, Mr. W. R. Gardner, M. A., who has proved himself a great asset in the class-room and on the games field. He has had a sobering effect on the boys' school and is a great help to me in facing the day-to-day problems of the school.

On the management side, we recently bade farewell to Mr. G. Duncalf, who was Vice-president of the Society and for several months its Chairman. In Mr. Duncalf, the Society had a most useful and strong character, who never allowed petty things to come in the way of progress and made positive decisions when necessary. He will surely be missed. On behalf of the school, I thank him for his important contribution to the work of the School.

The health of the school has presented no unusual problems. The first term we were visited by those handy annuala—chicken-pox and mumps. These had a nuisance value. But the second term



PRIZE DAY,
18-X-1974

The Principal and Mrs. Davis introducing The Rt. Rev. (Dr.) D. M. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy to the Staff

Meeting - Mr. W. R. Gardner (Vice Principal)

Meeting Mrs. D. Thorpe



Formality has its humorous side!



W. A. Mozart's "Rondo" in C, played by Sanjay Chowdhury (Std. V A)



School Choir... "There shall be showers of blessing" by J. McGranahan.



"See the conq'ring hero comes" from Handel's "Judas Maccabeus"

Staff Choir ... (L to R)
1st Row : P. Massey; S. Lawrence; P. Goolamier, M. Webb.
2nd Row : W. Louis; M. Thorpe; S. Gadre.
Conducting : C. Paul.
At the Piano : R. Paul.

MRS. KENNEDY congratulates the winners ...



D. Phillips



G. Kakar



L. Chawla and A. Arez



B. Katyal



E. D'Abreo

HAND-WORK DISPLAY



Class-Teacher (IIB) S. Lawrence with the Principal Mr. Desai and Mrs. Desai - Boys' Town, Nasik



Std. III B

was a period of some anxiety. A number of children and some of the teachers were struck down by viral fever. This was marked by high temperature for four or five days followed by extreme weakness. By the end of August, this plague came to an end.

At the same time, I had four days' fever, and when I entered the Military Hospital for a check-up, strange rumours reached Bombay and even more distant places. Judging by one of the letters I received from Bombay, it seemed that I was dying. I immediately wrote to those concerned stating that I had no such plans at the moment, and was in fact, very much alive! At least one parent, from distant Bihar, wrote a letter to my successor! I am not quite sure what she had in mind, but it was a little disturbing.

Talking about the health of the school, I am extremely grateful to Lt. Colonel Talwar, O. C. of the Military Hospital and his medical specialists, Lt. Colonel Sindhi and Major Asthana for their timely help in emergencies. They are always ready to help the children and staff, when we are in serious difficulties. Of course, when sophisticated equipment and laboratory tests are not necessary, Dr. Pandit is a tower of strength. I thank all these good Samaritans on behalf of the staff and children.

I must also thank the Station Commander, School of Artillery, Brigadier Sud, the Commandant of the Artillery Centre, Colonel Janardhanan and Group Captain Malaker, Station Commander, Air Force Station, for their co-operation at all times. In return, no child from the Defence Services is ever denied admission into Barnes School. Of course, the boom of guns, near the school, is a constant reminder that I dare not!

The final word of thanks is to all categories of the staff who have worked here hard during the year and seldom get a word of praise for their efforts. The management has recognised this and shown its gratitude by an upward revision of salaries with effect from April 1st, 1974, the second in two years.

The academic future is now causing concern to many parents' minds. What is clear to all by now is that the 10+2+2 pattern has been accepted throughout the country, and that 1975 will be a crucial year for implementing the scheme.

For Barnes, the options are clear. In 1975, the last batch of pupils will appear for the existing Indian School Certificate Examination-(briefly ISC XI). At the same time (i.e., 1975), all children in Class X will appear for the Indian Certificate of Secondary Education. Those, who qualify in this examination, will start preparing for the new Indian School Certificate (briefly ISC XII) in 1976 and complete it in 1977/1978. Thereafter, they will go to College for three years for an Honours degree, or two years for a Pass degree.

The courses for Classes XI and XII, will be available in Schools or in Colleges till 1979. By this date, it is hoped that the schools will be able to cater for classes XI and XII, and they will be dropped by the Colleges, after the position is reviewed. If the schools are still not ready, then classes XI and XII will continue in the Colleges for a further indefinite period.

These are the plans for Maharashtra, which are similar to schemes in other states. Slight variations there are bound to be, as Universities are autonomous bodies and as such resist any attempt by the centre to standardise or lay down a uniform pattern.

Regarding the work in the class-room, the Junior School have continuous assessment. Marks are given for current work and trial runs throughout the term. Those who fail are given a supplementary test.

In the Senior School, work marks are given for current work, but terminal examinations are held as usual.

The other changes envisaged for 1975 include the introduction of Modern Mathematics in class eight and Elementary World History in classes six to eight. Furthermore the working hours of classes seven-eleven will be increased by the length of one period a day.

As we approach the fiftieth milestone, it is natural to look back. We must all thank those who, since 1925, have toiled and sweated and perhaps shed a tear in the service of the Society. Among these Headmasters, teachers, domestic staff and servants two names stand out—The Reverend T. Evans who set the School on its feet and Mr. W. R. Coles who was responsible for its consolidation and who spent 42½ years, a lifetime of service, in Barnes. Without their efforts, we would not be enjoying the present satisfactory conditions. I have tried to bring the records up-to-date on the new honour boards, so that these storied walls may tell their tale. The research work for

these activities has been done by Mr. Gadre with help from Mr. Coles. I am indeed grateful to Mr. Gadre for carrying out this laborious but essential task.

The Society and its predecessor the Charity School have done social service for 256 years. Barnes School opened on this site about fifty years ago. So the school is nearly fifty years young and is now in the process of expansion. For many of you this is a "golden" opportunity to share in the adventure of building a new Barnes. Without financial assistance from all sources, the scheme will take ages to implement. The smallest contributions will help to bring the day nearer when Barnes School will boast of two modern academic blocks, centrally placed to the advantage of all concerned—staff and children. I appeal to parents, ex-students and friends of the school to invest wisely by donating generously to the building fund and save yourself income tax!

I close with this appeal and hope that it has not fallen on deaf ears. I thank you, my Lord, for being with us today and Mrs. Kennedy for agreeing to give away the prizes. We look forward to many more visits.

J. L. Davis,
Principal

"Knowledge
is an inexpensive commodity;
but its possession is
Priceless."

THE FIFTIETH ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING

October 18th, 1974 at 5-30 p. m.

Chairman: The Rt-Rev. Dr. D. M. Kennedy, President, Bombay Education Society.

Mrs. D. Kennedy has kindly consented to give away the prizes.

PROGRAMME

Opening Prayer
The School Song
There Shall be Showers of Blessing — J. McGranahan
The Annual Report
Restlessness Op. 100 — Burgmeller
Address
The Solid Rock — W. B. Bradbury
Rondo in C — W. A. Mozart
Distribution of Prizes
See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes - Handel's: Judas Maccabeus
Vote of Thanks
Jana, Gana, Mana

The Chairman
The School
The School Choir
The Principal
Yvette Coelho
The Chairman
The School Choir
Sanjoy Chowdhury
Mrs. D. Kennedy
The Staff Choir
Mr. W. R. Coles
The School

Class Prizes

Class	First	Second	Third	Handwork	Progress
1 L	D. Phillips	S. D'Souza	P. Shiroom	S. A. Hussain	M. Emmanuel
1 U	R. Aftab	S. Dhole	S. Gadre	S. Dhole	A. Stephens
2 A	S. Barfe	J. Pawar	A. R. Ansari	A. R. Ansari	R. Iyer
2 B	R. Menezes	Z. Fallah	S. Patel	R. Menezes	A. Malhotra
Class	First	Second	Third	Languages	Social Studies
3 A	V. Thayil	S. Bulsara	C. Court	V. Thayil	S. Bulsara
3 B	I. S. Gill	L. Chawla	A. Arez	L. Chawla	I. S. Gill
4 A	S. Bhattacharya	A. Sharma	U. Raghawan	S. Bhattacharya	A. Sharma
4 B	S. Ramaswamy	T. Master	D. Gupta	S. Ramaswamy	T. Master
5 A	R. Basrai	P. Kalapa	S. Kanal	R. Basrai	P. Kalapa
5 B	Y. Coelho	R. Razvi	A. Shaikh	M. Daruwalla	Y. Coelho
Class	First	Second	Maths and Science	Languages	Social Studies
6 A	R. Pitchaya	R. Diol	A. A. Vali	R. Pitchaya	N. Joglekar
6 B	B. Marathe	U. Patel	C. Pai	B. Marathe	U. Patel
7 A	C. Mascarenhas	P. Desai	C. Mascarenhas	S. Shaikh	V. Chaurasia
7 B	P. Chavanke	R. Mahapatra	R. Mahapatra	P. Joshi	P. Chavanke
8 A	P. Singh	S. Pawar	P. Singh	S. Pawar	G. Kakar
8 B	T. Mistry	R. Gill	T. Mistry	R. Gill	B. Hon
9 A	G. Gill	Y. Razvi	G. Gill	J. Anderson	Y. Razvi
9 B	S. Basrai	R. Thadani	S. Basrai	R. Thadani	V. Kothari
9 C	A. Diol	R. Shaikh	R. Shaikh	A. Diol	M. Talwar
10 A	I. Gill	A. Chopra	—	A. Chopra	I. Gill
10 Sc	A. Pai	A. Jamal	A. Pai	A. Jamal	—
10 I.C.S.E.	K. Gadhave	T. Vyas	T. Vyas	S. Alimchandani	K. Gadhave
11 A	M. Andrews	G. Pitchaya	—	S. Chaudhuri	K. Phillips
11 Sc.	G. Nadar	D. Nehra	G. Nadar	A. R. Gill	—

Special Prizes

Prize	Junior	Middle	Senior
Cherian Art Prize	P. Kalapa	M. Badri	R. Zope
Ferguson English Prize	Y. Coelho	R. Gill	G. Nadar
Divinity Prize	R. Basrai	A. Oliver	M. Andrews
General Knowledge	R. Razvi	A. Paranjpe	—
Elocution (Girls)	A. Mackenzie	—	J. Walkay
Elocution (Boys)	Sukanto Chowdhury and N. Barnett	—	C. Massey and A. Manning
Singing (Girls)	L. Massey	—	N. Watts
Singing (Boys)	P. Mukherjee	—	J. Anderson
Music	V. Nagpal	Sanjoy Chowdhury	—
Needlework	B. Ross	S. Aleem	A. Sharma
Bookbinding	S. Katyal	—	—
Biology	G. Nadar	—	—
Glynn Howell Debating	E. D'Abreo	—	—
Rotary Shield for Maths	B. Katyal	—	—
Kennelly Medal : Best in Std. XI	G. Nadar	—	—

General Prizes

	Girls	Boys
School Captain	S. Vassa	R. Singh
Boarder Prefect	N. Sharma	K. Phillips and K. Merchant
Day-Scholar Prefect	S. Chaudhuri	R. Ramchandani
Thompson Award (First in I.S.C.E., 1973)	M. Shah	—
The Lumley Medal	V. Taylor	Amin Jamal

Sports Prizes for Girls

Hockey	H. Mackenzie	Netball	N. Sharma
Table-tennis	B. Zachariahs	Throwball	N. Sharma
Softball	N. Sharma	Bulbul Six	Kingfisher
Badminton	B. Zachariahs	Sportswoman, 1974	N. Sharma

Inter-house Trophies for Girls

Badminton	Joan of Arc	Hoffman Cup : Table-tennis	Edith Cavell
Solder Cup : Netball	Joan of Arc	Softball	Joan of Arc
Lilly Cup : Hockey	Helen Keller	Blanden Cup : Throwball	Helen Keller
Marshall Cup : P. T.	Helen Keller	Wilson Cup : Athletics	Helen Keller
Whaley Cup : Swimming	Helen Keller	Tayebali Cup : Study	Edith Cavell
	Keily Shield	Joan of Arc	

Sports Prizes for Boys

Forward Cup : Hockey	K. Pawar	Forward Cup : Football	K. Pawar
Rowlandson Cup : Cricket	H. Haghghi	Hoffman Cup : Table-tennis	S. S. Keer
Junior Gymnast	P. Chavanke	Senior Gymnast	S. S. Keer
Cubs Six	Green	Scout Patrol	Foxes
Volleyball	K. Merchant	Easdon Cup : Sportsman, 1974	J. Parvaresh

Inter-house Trophies for Boys

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

Inter-house Trophies for Boys and Girls

Elocution :	Greaves and Helen Keller	Debating :	Spence and Florence Nightingale
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Awards for Distinction in Games

Hockey	S. Keer, K. Pawar, J. Parvaresh, C. Phillips.
Boxing	K. Phillips†, R. Singh, R. Mahanty, A. Flanagan, C. Phillips, J. Dhillon.
Swimming	J. Parvaresh, R. Ramchandani, R. Mahanty.
Football	K. Pawar, C. Phillips, J. Parvaresh.
Cricket	H. Haghghi, J. Parvaresh, A. Razvi.
Gymnastics	R. Vasandani, J. Dhillon, S. Connell, H. Haghghi.
Basketball	J. Parvaresh, A. George, J. Dhillon.

(† Re-awarded)

Drawing Certificates, 1973

Elementary	A. A. Ansari, S. Chandak, S. Chauhan, J. S. Dhillon, A. Diol, I. Gill, M. Goolamier, R. Jayaram, M. Moosa, H. Qureshi, R. Ross, R. Shaikh.
Intermediate	S. Bhalerao, L. Cantem, M. Cope, K. Gadhav, H. Haghghi, K. Hakeem, A. Jamal, S. Kalapa, R. Kulkarni, K. Majd, B. Muthal, A. Pai, N. Photographer, K. Rambhanjan, V. Saranjame, S. Singh, V. Taylor, N. Watts, Miss P. Goolamier.

Music Certificates, 1973

Grade I (First Steps)	B. Mahanty, A. Mackenzie.
Grade II	Sukanto Chowdhury, C. Coelho.
Initial Examination	R. Thadhani, S. Aleem, Sanjay Chowdhury, Y. Coelho, V. Nagpal.

I. S. C. Examination, 1973

First Division	C. Arnold, X. Antia, K. C. Attawar, N. Dharsi, M. Gandhi, J. S. Jaggi, K. Kapur, P. Mistry, C. Narang, I. Roy, Mamta Shah, M. Shah, K. Varada.
Second Division	G. Avari, M. Davis, G. Fernandes, B. Jagoowani, N. Jamal, B. Javeri, R. Kanal, S. Kshatriya, S. Mehta, K. Nair, K. Narang, S. Rughani, R. Tebak, Vatsala Kumari, S. Ved, S. Zanwar.
Third Division	B. Chaudhury, J. Daulat, J. Heredia, A. Jamal, N. A. Khan, N. Lachmandas, L. Middlecoat, K. Pirani, D. Sharma, C. Todiwalla, A. Young, B. Zachariahs, B. Dique, E. Phillips, P. Razvi.

I. C. S. E. Examination, 1973

A. Bagga, K. Bal, S. Bhade, A. Chotani, A. L. Chowdhari, U. Dhamdhare,
Corrine Fernandes, A. Gupta, S. Irani, A. Patel, N. Varada, F. Vaz, O. Keenan,
A. Merchant, D. Sen, S. Gandhi, R. Jadhav.

* * * *

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.*

The School Play

on Saturday, 19th October, 1974 at 6.00 p. m.

THE PROOF OF THE POISON

(A PLAY IN THREE ACTS)

by

F. L. Cary and P. Weathers

Directed by : Mrs. Tess Davis

Chief Guests : Brigadier and Mrs. J. Sud

Characters (in the order of their appearance)

Robert Boyd	... Masud Alam Khan
Kate Wilson	... Erica D'Abreo
Helen Traynor	... Margaret Andrews
Nina Cooper	... Jyoti Walkay
Mr. Luce	... Amin Jamal
Hector Sanderson	... Brian Sopher
Aunt Agatha	... Valerie Taylor
Mary	... Beverly Zachariahs
Detective Inspector Harvis	... Birender Katyal

Setting by : MRS. TESS DAVIS

Scene : The lounge of "The Elms", James Sanderson's house in Berkshire

Time : The Present

ACT I

Scene : 1... An afternoon in July
Scene : 2... An hour later

INTERVAL Ten Minutes
(Exhibition of Junior School Craft)

ACT II

The following afternoon

ACT III

Scene 1 ... Early the same evening
Scene 2 ... Some hours later

A SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY

There is a death at "The Elms", the home of the Sandersons, in Berkshire. Inspector Harvis soon has cause to suspect everyone in the household, from crazy Aunt Agatha to the step-daughters—the charming Kate Wilson and the quiet and attractive Nina Cooper.

Kate is engaged to the well-dressed but superficial Robert Boyd, who is a member of the Sanderson firm. Another employee in the house, who has been with "Sandersons" fourteen years, is the smart and efficient Secretary—Helen Traynor.

The rather fussy and self-important Uncle Hector feels it is his responsibility to sort out the problems now facing them, and sends for the family solicitor, the elderly and pleasant Mr. Luce.

In the course of investigations, Mary the domestic help is questioned. She is considered "something of a handful" but her observations and outspoken remarks throw light on many angles of the case.

* * *

PROOFS OF THEIR APPRECIATION

"The Proof of the Poison" had to be seen, to be believed that it was enacted by the students of Barnes School, and not high grade professional actors. Mrs. Tess Davis is to be lavishly complimented and congratulated for presenting this excellent Annual Fair, rich in settings and fine direction, with the apt choice of characters.

Bejon N. Desai,
Principal,
Boys' Town (Nasik).

* * *

The Barnes School Play "The Proof of the Poison" was a fascinating display of talent by our youth. The setting, the backstage administration, the direction and the personalities on the stage, indeed enlightened the character of a fine Educational Institution.

My congratulations to the Principal, the girls and boys, the Staff, and Mrs. Davis above all.

Col. Z. M. Penty,
Supndt.
Boys' Town (Nasik)

* * *

An appraisal of "The Proof of the Poison" could well be summed up in a word—SUPERB! It was proof, in fact, of many things: that Mrs. T. Davis is a master producer and director, and a gifted stage-technician; and that Valerie Taylor has talent of extraordinary proportions. Her portrayal of the ubiquitous Aunt Agatha revealed a maturity of performance beyond her years.

Personally, I have never enjoyed a school play as much as I did this.

Mr. W. R. Gardner,
Vice-principal,
Barnes School (Devlali)

*"The Finest Apple
Hangs upon
The Highest Bough."*

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE PROOF OF THE POISON—by F. L. CARY and P. WEATHERS 19-X-1974



(L to R) Boyd, Aunt Agatha, Nina, Kate.
Aunt Agatha - "Old rhyme. 'Fiddle-de-dee, more milk in my tea ...'"



Luce - "Mr Sanderson asked you to give him his medicine?"
Mary - "Yes. Said his heart was playing him up a bit."



(L to R) Kate; Nina; Boyd; Helen.
They are looking at Luce who says, "Somebody could have added to the dose which Mr. Boyd prepared, before Mary gave it to him."



Inspector Harvis to Luce (picking up the carton) "—Yes a woman...this chocolate job was very delicately done."



Hector ... "Did you say chocolates?"
Agatha ... "You, it would be!"



THE CAST (L to R)
Boyd (Masud A. Khan); Kate (Erica D'Abreo);
Helen (Margaret Andrews); Nina (Jyoti Walkay);
Luce (Amin Jamal); Hector (Brian Sopher);
Aunt Agatha (Valarie Taylor); Mary (Beverly Zachariahs);
Harvis (Beriender Katyal).



Mary (B. Zachariahs) presenting a bouquet of roses to Mrs. J. Sud



The Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis Seated between the Chief Guests - Brigadier and Mrs. J. Sud.



A Section of the audience, going through the brochure, before the Curtain rises.

AFTER THE FINAL CURTAIN



The Brigadier ... meets the Cast



... addresses the audience.



... Congratulates Mrs. Tess Davis



The Chief Guests leaving the hall.

The Painted Porch

HAD IT BEEN A DREAM ?

T. ASHOK KUMAR

XI Sc

Royal

It was a dark, dank and damp eight o'clock. It was drizzling slightly and the road, where the light of the waning moon touched, gleamed wanly. The headlights of my car picked up the shape of the occasional shrubs and trees as I went past the more rare bends the road took as it went deeper into the country. The slight drizzle was visible in the headlights and the windshield-wipers slowly and smoothly performed their duties.

I hummed the latest hit-song and carefully studied the road as I sped along. Lucky I had had the car serviced ! I was going on a long-overdue and well-earned holiday to the countryside and if anything happened out here, I would have had it ! Not a single house on the roadside as yet, for the last fifteen kilometres—of course there were some houses a furlong or so beyond the road belonging, I think, to farmers for most of the land on both sides of the road was ploughed up.

The whole stretch of the road seemed empty—or was it ? I could not believe my eyes. A minute ago the road had been deserted and now there was someone walking down the road quite some distance in front of me. I do not know how but something made me sure that it was a girl.

"Sid ! Sid !" I warned myself, "Don't be a fool. It is either that glass of whisky you had in that pub back there or the effect of reading 'Love Library' comics or that book you read 'Love Story'."

The distance between us shortened and I saw that she(!) was wearing a mackintosh. I released the accelerator and slowly eased the car to a stop beside her. She stopped. I put my hand across and opened the door.

"May I give you a lift, miss ?" asked I, my heart thumping a little. "Cool down, Sid," said I to myself, "This is no time to be nervous !"

I could vaguely see her screwing up her eyebrows as she debated whether she could trust me or not. I do not know what it was, whether it was my innocent face, her woman's intuition, or the increasing rain, which made her make up her mind.

"Thank you," said she, as she slid into the seat next to me. My blood raced through my veins as I helped her out of her mackintosh and cap and placed these in the back-seat. I helped her off with her gloves and then she took out her handkerchief and began dabbing off the water from off her face. I had a good look at her. In the car's dim light her face was beautifully shaped. She had long, shapely legs and a mane of reddish hair. She looked perfectly ravishing !

Suddenly she noticed my searching glance and blushed. I also felt a little abashed.

"Where do you wish to go, miss..... er.....?"

"Rose," said she smiling.

"I'm Carton, Sydney Carton," said I, feeling more secure after having seen her smile.

"Well, Mr. Carton," said she.

"Sydney, to you," said I, "It sounds better."

"Well, then call me 'Rose'" said she, blushing.

I noticed the dimples.

"It's around a mile down here," said she.

"What were you doing so far from your house in this weather?" asked I, "Did'nt you know it was going to rain?"

"Well, I had."

"What!"

"I went out to enjoy some fresh air." explained she.

"Oh, I see!"

We fell silent after that. I watched her, covertly. She was completely composed and calm. I noticed that she was wearing a sparkling diamond ring.

"Damn it!" thought I.

She turned to look at me and saw my look.

"It's a family heirloom, not a wedding-ring," said she, interpreting my thoughts accurately.

"Oh!" said I, and turned back to my driving. The wet roadside bushes reflected the light from my car. I could feel her eyes on me. I put my left hand to my head and brushed my hair into place.

"It's over there," said she.

"What?" asked I, startled out of my reverie.

"My house"

"Oh!"

"Take the next turning to the right," said she.

"Uh-Uh!"

I took the turning and found myself going through a well-kept avenue of spruce, sixty-foot poplars. Her house came. It looked more like a fort of the Nordic times. It was huge and it looked dark, gloomy and monstrous. I wondered what she was doing here, alone, all away from the rest of the world.

"It belonged to my grandmother," said she and, as if she had guessed my thoughts, "I like the quiet here. I prefer it to the racket in a town or city."

"Oh!" exclaimed I, as I swung the car up the curved drive in front of the house and, with an ease that comes only after doing considerable driving, came to a smooth stop in front of the massive door. I reluctantly opened the door, stepped out and, quickly moving to the other side, helped her out and handed her her mackintosh and cap.

"Good-night, Rose," sighed I, with a pleading look in my eye, after I had escorted her to the door.

"Where are you going? Please come in. Dry yourself. Have a drink and then go, if you will," invited she, smiling.

"Oh! It's all right! Please don't bother," reassured I, longing to keep her company for some more time. I was quite curious and I wished to see how she kept the inside of the 'house'.

"Oh! Come on, keep me company for some time. Daddy has gone out and I am alone," said she, with a sly smile, "Surely you don't have any 'that' urgent work, do you!"

Her manner made me suspect that she knew my true feeling about the matter.

"Well, if you think I won't be in the way....."

"No! No! I'd be rather happier if you came in," said she.

With a light heart and a curious mind I walked in with her into the hall. I was stunned! The hall was furnished with medieval furnishings.

Rose, noticing my stunned face, said, "I like the ancient touch!"

"Wow!" said I, gaining my voice at last. "Wow!" said I again now looking at her. She had let out her hair from its mackintosh cap. It was thick, russet, glossy and to my tentative touch, soft.

"Like it?" asked she, turning those bewitching sky-blue eyes on me.

"Yes."

"So do I."

She started taking off her mackintosh. I helped her. Wow! What a figure she had! A perfect 36-24-36, I guess. The smell of her faint but exotic perfume played havoc in me. I hung up our mackintoshes and went in with her into the sitting-room. I was stunned even more. Rugs and carpets which even an amateur carpet-expert like me could see were expensive, covered the walls and floor. There were sixteenth century paintings and crossed swords over a shield, a Roman helmet on the walls and even a coat-of-arms above the fireplace. Elaborately carved chairs were in the room. A chintz couch was near the fireplace. By this time Rose had mixed a couple of drinks and brought them over.

"Make yourself at home," invited she, as she handed over my drink.

"Yes," said I, as I moved over to an oaken rocking-chair and settled down.

Rose went over to the fire-place, raked up the logs, making a cheery blaze. I watched fascinated, her slim, shapely body silhouetted against the fire. Her hair glowed a ruby-red against the fire. When she turned, her face glowed red owing to the heat.

"Well, Sid, why are you staring at me!" said she, "Is there something wrong with me?" She self-consciously patted her hair down and smoothed out her dress.

"No", said I, "Did anyone tell you that you are very, very beautiful and a singularly striking-looking woman? You certainly improve upon your name. You are a really attractive Rose. A Rose and a sweet-looking and a sweet-scenting one at that."

"Well, well," blushed she confusedly but still happily. "Why do you live here? Like Shakespeare said, 'Tis beauty truly blent whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruelle'st she alive, If you lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy'!"

"Well there is a reason," said she, looking even more confused but surprisingly with what I think was sorrow in her eyes, "but you won't understand!"

"Of course I will understand," said I sympathetically.

"Well, someone else may tell you," said she and clammed up more tightly than an oyster.

It looked as if she was going to cry, so I did not press her any further to tell me her story.

Time seemed to move extremely fast. In what I thought was hardly five minutes, it was eleven-thirty. I reluctantly said I could not stay any longer, declining

her offer of a meal and room for the night and I took my mackintosh. It had stopped raining and the huge yellowish-orange full moon had risen. The country was bathed in its soft and enveloping light. As she stood there on the steps wishing me good-bye, I think she was in a happier frame of mind than when I had first met her. I promised to come again and was surprised to see a strange, almost sad look on her face. Anyway I did not think anymore about it and went off. Her face, her body, her speech, and all her tiny but endearing mannerisms all were buzzing around in my head.

It was only after going around fifteen miles that I realized that something was missing and another five miles before I realized what it was. It was a painting of a young man. It was not a costly or a very nice painting but I had some sort of a liking for it. The person had seemed very familiar. The painting had been in my coat-pocket. It must have fallen in her house.

Normally I would not have bothered much about it, but now the urge to see Rose again made me turn my car and go back. It was five-to-twelve when I reached the house. Funny! There seemed to be a mist all round the house. I went up to the door and knocked, using the old, brass, lion-headed knocker. There was no reply. I knocked again and again. "What the damn He.....," thought I. There must be something wrong. I pushed open the door and viola! The door opened. I stared! What the.....! The whole room was in a haze. I rubbed my eyes and looked again! No, the mist was still there. I moved fast into the drawing-room, sure that something must have caught fire there. But then I saw another dazing sight. The girl was standing in

the middle of the room with my painting in her hand. She was covered with a brilliance, an aura of light that made the magnesium flares I had seen in the war dim in comparison. A slight smile was playing around the corners of her mouth. She looked up; into my eyes, as I came in and smiled.

"I was expecting you!" said she.

"But how.....?"

"May I take this painting, please?"

"Yes, of course," said I, straining my eyes to see her now for she was growing fainter, almost transparent.

"Silly boy," said I to myself, "there must be something wrong with you."

"Thank you," said she, "thank you ever so much!"

She looked even more faint. I screwed up my eyes, feeling dizzy. Then suddenly she became very very clear and I could see her looking fantastically beautiful. Then I passed out.

When I came to, it was with my head in the lap of a villager. He was bathing my temples with cold water. My first reaction was to look around.

"Where is the house," asked I, extremely surprised for I was lying in some kind of a field. There was no house around. To my left was a weed-choked avenue with very old trees around it and at the other end I could see my parked car.

The old man looked puzzled and concerned. He said, "House! There is no house here. Never has been for the last eight years. Look here, boy, you are all right, aren't you?"

"Yes," said I dazedly. Only around twelve hours earlier there had been a house here and a good solid one at that and nownothing. Thanking the man dazedly, I weaved my way to the car. There was no car-track to the place where I was lying, where the house had been. Rose, poor Rose! Where was she, that angel, and her house? I sat in the car, reliving the last moment when I had seen her. God knows what had happened to her. Her whole self came clearly into my mind. Rose getting into the car; Rose blushing; Rose with her beautiful face. I could not believe she had not really been there. I do not know whether my nose was playing tricks or my imagination but I fancied I could smell that exotic perfume of hers.

* * *

INVENTIVE WIZARD

RATTAN RAMCHANDANI

XI Sc

Candy

It was the twenty-third of February, this year, when Dr. Harold Fryll spoke softly, "I've got it!"

My heart thumped with joy and gaiety. My boss, Dr. Fryll, had invented the time bubble through utter secrecy. We both had planned to travel through the preceding years.

We manoeuvred ourselves into our specially made outfits. The material was a platinum foil embedded in fabricated glass and it seemed like rubber when touched.

We wrote a note and signed our names on it. Leaving it on the table, we entered the bubble.

Dr. Fryll and I stood defiantly on two, small, perched platforms. Dr. Fryll murmured some words and pressed a button.

Flashes of colours and psychedelic movements were observed. The atomic clock was ticking away when all of a sudden the bubble came to an abrupt halt. The clock showed seventy-one point zero, zero, eight, nine, seven, two seconds: 71.008972 seconds.

The computer went clicking and a slip of paper popped out from one of the slots. It read in code: "Humidity 75; Temp. 24°C; Atmospheric pressure 0.801." The pressure in the year when we had left had been 0.93.

We wore our fibre boots and ventured into the world of the year AD 2500 as told by the computer. The bubble was turned invisible and I carried the Micro-transmitter for the detection of the bubble behind my ear.

We put on our jet belts and were soon in the city premises. Suddenly a space vehicle zoomed above us. We ducked in time to see as I guessed a policeman 'Zapping' a gun at us. Then all was in darkness. We landed in jail, a spacecraft jail!

We were released after a couple of minutes. Dr. Fryll pulled out his transistorised computer and fed in some coded paper. We came to know a couple of names of our descendants who had stayed in the city.

We knocked at the door impatiently. The door opened smoothly on its hinges. A robot greeted us and directed us to the main hall.

"Good morning, ancestors, please si dow," spoke the lady of the house politely.

"Si dow!" exclaimed I.

"Means 'Sit down'," answered Dr. Fryll.

"But how did you know about us?" was our next question.

"You sa, Ancestor, we re all ar chronicles and all eh ril," said she.

Dr. Fryll understood and told me that she said, "You see, Ancestor, we read all our chronicles and all is written."

We were soon all at the dining-table. A Robot came and placed three tablets in each of the plates given to us.

"You sa, you ha to ad the liqa (liquid) in it." She poured a bit in my plate. A dish was formed; she added more and the contents became bigger!

* * *

A SPELL OF COOL WEATHER IN SUMMER

AMAR ROOP GILL

XI Sc *Florence Nightingale*

Winter had scarcely crawled away when summer tumbled in luxuriously. The luminary with a meek smile was gazing upon Earth, brimming with interest for him.

Prices were rocketing and soaring upwards like eagles in flight. A human creature with his back artistically angled at thirty degrees plodded on rickety legs under the harsh glare. "What am I to do for survival?" thought he. He clasped and reclasped his hands uneasily. Misery settled in his chambered mind and harassed him powerfully. Such thoughts attacked and tortured him and their heat penetrated his very soul.

He felt that he had been discharged into a polluted atmosphere. It seemed to have been brought into the world for the special purpose of idleness, that is, if this could be any purpose at all. Nearing his filthy domicile he blasphemed against

the wretched sun which mercilessly scorched his skin. The unbearable heat of his desires was burning and inflaming his ill-nourished brain. Smothering every wakeful passion that rent his mind in pieces, he stepped in.

A horripilant tension existed indoors. The shrieking silence lashed dreadfully against his rationality. He saw in the two mirrors of his eyes that gruesome picture. A pitiful wife with six, ragged, squalid varmints. Hatred swelled as he viewed with utter distaste that cruel spectacle. The feeling of vindictiveness seemed to repair his torn guts.

After a lapse of one minute, he swept his glance around the room, which exuded vile odours. The fog of hopeless despair and utter loneliness descended on him. The bitter, stinging sorrow churned the emotional cries of his soul. The increasingly menacing eye of poverty tormented him. Clad in the gown of life, his agonies had always trailed behind him like the train of his gown. "When would he revive from the summer heat in his life?" Such questions poured into his mind like seething fumes of super-heated steam.

Expression of poverty was drawn in the hallowness of his cheeks. He had a gaping mouth, accompanied by chiselled features and blurred, expressionless eyes. This grossly hideous, downright humiliating monster cleaved to him like a nightmare.

Speech, she flowed from the withering lips of man, her accents vibrating with intense melancholy, "Our misfortune is the summer of our life!" said she.

A tremendous knocking started them. The man stooped for the paper beneath the door. His eyes became queer, as the sorrow melted away. He shed tears of

joy. His wife's lashes held a simmer of tears of silent suffering. Just as a spell of cool weather is a heavenly joy in summer, the dripping happiness soothed the heated problems of their minds. He thought, "If there were no grief to hollow out the heart, there would be no place for joy!"

"I've found work!" screamed he over and over again. It came echoing back from the cold stark walls. Bathed in the sea of God-sent bliss, he dropped to the floor in overdrunk joy. In dripping happiness, the wife kept exclaiming:

"At last we have cool weather in the summer of our lives!"

* * *

THE LAST STRIKE

GANAPATHI NADAR

XI Sc *Spence*

As I had planned, I was studying Biology one evening. Biology is a very boring subject if you look at bare details. That evening I found that Biology was very interesting, when I found how the life of one specie influenced the life of other species. The evening passed and night came. I continued studying. The other boys had retired to bed and I, too, fell asleep.

I suddenly awoke to find that Day had broken. The dormitory was in a state of confusion. All the boys were looking out of the windows and so I, too, went towards a window. At first sight I could not believe what I saw. The other boys also looked bewildered. Two lumberjacks were hanging upside down from the aerial roots of the Banyan-tree opposite our block. The tools of the lumberjacks were lying below them. The even more astonishing

sight, was that of the trees, all lined up in front of the Banyan-tree. All the members of the Plant Kingdom on the School Estate had gathered together. This included the Vegetables from the School-kitchen. The dining-hall cooks, who were standing by the road looked helpless.

Everything was silent; everyone was dazed; and then the Banyan-tree began to talk. "Friends, our day has come. Like us, all other members of the Plant Kingdom have gathered together all over the world. The reason for this meeting is to consider that man is taking us for granted. We take the trouble to manufacture food and he eats it. All these years I have provided shade for these people and today these two tried to kill me." Here the lumberjacks were shaken. "We came to this Earth before man. Why should he rule over us? Anyway, we allowed him to rule us; but now he is taking advantage. Before, man used to provide us with fertilizers and water when these were needed. Lately, men working in the fertilizer factory went on strike and as a result many of our friends died owing to lack of raw materials. We will avenge their death. We will also go on strike. From today we will not manufacture food. Yeast will not make bread rise, flowers will not bloom. Unless man agrees to treat us with respect, we will not do anything for him. I am sure you agree with me." When the Banyan-tree had stopped talking, one voice of approval rose from the other plants.

In my mind I cursed the man who had first thought of strikes. As a result of his foolishness, today the Plant Kingdom was blackmailing mankind. I could not think of any solution except agreeing to all the whims of the plants. The plants were all lying down on the football fields.

That day all over the world people were discussing the same problem. After much debating, the leaders of the world decided to see if it was possible to give the plants what they demanded. The plants gave a list of demands to the leaders of the world.

The demands of the plants were many, out of which the most important were man should not break flowers; boys should not throw stones to knock down fruit. The silliest demand was that when weeds are pulled out they should not be killed, but planted elsewhere. However, all the demands were accepted.

That evening we saw a peculiar sight of the plants walking back to their growing spots. The plants were walking very slowly and clumsily. Many of them fell down. The great Banyan-tree who had done most of the talking took two steps and then fell down with a great noise. I was standing nearby and I started laughing loudly at this absurd sight. I was taken by surprise when one of the aerial roots turned around my waist and lifted me high above Earth. I started shouting desperately.

"Leave me alone! Help!"

I was shaken and then I lifted my head to see a familiar face.

"What man, Ganesh? Didn't I tell you not to study so late?" said our House-master.

I had fallen asleep on the table with my head buried in my Biology-book.

* * *

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

BIRINDER KATYAL

XI Sc

Spence

All of a sudden a swarm of stars came out above the shadowy earth.

There was not a bird to be seen, nor a canoe on the water and the water was as still as though the water and land had been joined together.

My house was situated near the bank of the river, Krishna. I was in my garden with my pocket-transistor, listening to music. The music was interrupted by a news bulletin. On hearing this news bulletin, I had the start of my life because it said that the famous burglar, Harry, had escaped from prison.

My body started sweating and I could not control myself. I was shivering because a year before I had had Harry locked up and he had been served a sentence of twenty years of rigorous imprisonment—now he had escaped. I was sure that he would come and take his revenge.

I charged into my room, opened the drawer of my desk and loaded my point four-five revolver with trembling hands. Then I had a peg of whisky to control myself.

I locked my windows and doors, lay in my bed and started flipping over the pages of a film magazine. There was dead silence in the house.

All of a sudden I heard footsteps and I looked up. At that moment a shot was fired at me from the sky-light. Next, by instinct, I went rolling over my bed and hid under it. The sound of the footsteps receded. I did not dare open the door as I expected, and was most confident that that dreadful creature would be present there to ooze the blood out of my body.

Another shot was fired again. The shot missed me but this time only by a few centimetres. I replied with a return shot immediately and I heard a yell of terror. I knew that he was just "shamm-



The Rt. Revd. A. V. Jonathan (Bishop of Nasik) confirming (1) K. Phillips; (2) J. Walkay.



Miss Lawrence; Miss Young; Miss Cooke; Mrs. Russell & Mrs. Emmanuel



Mrs. Michael; Mrs. D'Sa; Mrs. Samson (seated) and Mr. J. L. Davis.

FOUNDERS DAY INVESTITURE OF PRESENTS & TEA WITH THE STAFF

25-2-'74



Mrs. Hoffman; Mrs. Davis; Mrs. Massey and Mrs. V. Thorpe.



Mrs. Kulu & Miss Webb





Shoes to set our feet a - dancing...



Welcome-with Open Arms

Strike up the music
The Barnicles are here...



Statue Dance - Seconds out of the ring!

Reunion Dance

20 . X . '74



"Let's get together..."



"We could have danced all night..."



"Drink to me only with
thine eyes..."

ing" and was waiting for me to come out of my hide-out, but I was intelligent enough not to oblige.

Then a few more shots were fired and, lucky for me, I missed receiving any of them; but one of my shots grazed Harry's shoulder although it did not hit the bull's-eye. As I was changing, I received a shot on my left arm and I fell on my back and that very moment a bullet left my gun and got Harry's chest and he went rolling down the stairs.

There was this terrible pain in my arm and I tried my best to make good use of this opportunity, but no—I fell just near the door, the pain was too much for me to bear. After a few minutes, I came to my senses and I looked down the stairs. He was still there and blood was literally pouring from his chest. He did not give up hope, but he caught his chest with his hand and tried to stop the flow of blood and get up.

When I saw this I had no mind to fire yet another shot at him I went closer to him and he said, "Kill me! Kill! But I will die with hatred and revenge in my eyes for you." Instead of my firing at him, the gun slipped out from my hand and automatically my hand went forward to him—a hand of friendship and he accepted it!

* * *

JEALOUCY

RUKSHANA DUBASH

XI A, 1974

Helen Keller

JEALOUCY is only human, but it can be avoided. When struck by it, think—What is there that the opposite person has and you do not? If there is some such possession, then remember, there is always something which you have that

he/she does not..... What then is the use of being jealous? You gain nothing but lose much more, for JEALOUCY only consumes you in its fiery flames.

* * *

THE GAS

SHARAT KUMAR KALAPPA

X Sc

Spence

I had just received a Bio-Chemistry set for my birthday. Naturally my two friends, Ratty and Naushad, were very excited about it. We had turned an abandoned store-room behind my house into a lab.

The next day Ratty and Naushad promptly arrived in the morning to start experimenting with the set. After about two hours of fiddling around with the set and trying out all the experiments given in a book which came with the set, we became bored as the experiments were of the simplest kind and were not exciting. Then Ratty had one of his usual brainwaves. He said, "I say, fellows, what about each one of us making a new substance and writing down the chemicals used. We never know. We might make something great."

We all agreed and started off at once. After fifteen or twenty minutes of busy mixing, pouring and heating, we still had not made anything 'great'. Then suddenly Ratty staggered back from his table, holding his nose and then bursting into a fit of sneezing. His eyes and nose started watering and he reeled and lurched about holding his face in his hands, yelling, "Water, get water before I suffocate!"

We rushed him to the nearest tap and, after his being about five minutes under the tap, he returned to normal. Then I

said, "Well, Ratty, looks like you invented something. Congrats!"

Ratty gave me a glare and said, "You won't be laughing so hard if you took a sniff of that gas yourself."

He then went into the lab and brought out a test-tube half-full of a pale-green liquid. Ratty said, "Darn thing evaporates fast. I had just made it and had corked the test-tube because it was evaporating when I got a sniff of the darn gas. Nothing happened for about a minute then my nose seemed to be on fire and you know the rest."

I had to go to the shopping centre to buy some post-cards and letter-forms so Ratty and Naushad came with me. We had also taken the test-tube as we thought it would come useful.

As we were walking down the street, we met Dicky Singh and his gang. His way of polite greeting was to say, "Here come the Three Stooges."

To this we promptly replied, "Look who are here, the Five Freaks."

As we went past them, Ratty gave them a whiff of the gas and then we turned round to watch the effect. Dicky and his gang who had been lazily sauntering down the street suddenly burst into activity, holding their noses and staggering around and sneezing almost as if their noses had been stuffed with pepper.

The shopping trip was quite interesting as we had to gas the postal clerk for being nasty to us just because we did not have any change. Then we had to give a whiff to the bus-conductor who kicked us off the bus because we argued about our age when he tried to give us a full ticket.

When we came home we went straight back to the lab to make some more of

the stuff as it was coming quite handy and also because Dicky Singh and his gang might try to bash us up as they might think we had had something to do with their sneezing fit.

We spread out the paper with the formulae on the table and started the preparation. My elbow hit the spirit-lamp which was lighted and which fell into a dish of sulphur. We made a bolt for the door. Inside the lab there was a sharp "Crack!" and a flash of blue flame. When we turned we saw that the explosion had blown up the paper with the formulae.

Although we tried for almost a week we never could remake that gas. And still whenever Ratty and Naushad recall that day, they curse me!

* * *

HOW RAMU VISITED THE FAIR

KARAMBIR SINGH

X Sc

Greaves

Dhum! Dhum! Dhum! The drummer beat on his drum and his voice rose above the din of the market place and he announced, "Tomorrow there will be a fair at the tehsildar's place."

Old men sitting on their 'charpays' and basking in the sun looked up from their 'hukkas' and women from their knitting and soon there was a discussion amongst them on whether it would be advisable or not to visit the fair.

The children who were half-naked with running noses, crowded around the announcer and followed him down the street. The stray dogs, too, followed him expecting something to eat.

Little Ramu was at that time running towards his little hut where his mother

was cleaning utensiles. He asked her, "Amma, may I, too, please go to the fair?" But Amma's eyes filled with tears and she told him that they did not have enough to spend at the fair.

So, dejected-little Ramu went to a near by Banyan-tree and sat there in despair. Soon his eyes spotted an object of which he had heard of so many times but which he had never before seen—a hundred-rupee note!

He jumped up in excitement, picked up the note and, running as fast as his legs could carry him, he ran to his mother. On seeing the note, at first his mother wished to keep the note with her but she was a decent woman and she asked Ramu to give the note to the village Hawaldar.

So Ramu, even though he was afraid of this huge, bearded Hawaldar, picked up courage and entered the Hawaldar's office and, shivering with fear, he went up and told the Hawaldar his story. The Hawaldar was very pleased and he patted the boy as he was pleased with him for his honesty.

This incident over, again Ramu started thinking of the fair because on his way home he had met Mohan and Raju who, too, were going to the fair and they told him of the fun at the fair.

His thoughts were broken when he heard the rumble of a bullock-cart and he saw that it was the Tehsildar himself who was approaching his house. He ran out and wished the Tehsildar. The Tehsildar smiled at the little boy and told him that he was a good boy to have returned the hundred rupes which the Tehsildar had lost and he rewarded the boy with two rupees.

There was no limit to Ramu's joy when he received the money and he thanked the Tehsildar gratefully.

Next day Ramu set out with his mother, his head held high in the air, in great pride, as he had more to spend than any of his friends had.

He enjoyed the time at the fair for he ate a lot of sweets like 'Rasgullas' and 'Gulab Jamun' and he took rides on the round-about and the scary giant-wheel. His mother, too, was jumping around like a young girl for this was the first time after her husband had died that she had had such a good time. After they had visited each stall, they still had a rupee left which Ramu gave to his mother.

In the evening when they had returned home from the fair, they were tired but, even more than that, they were happy and that night they slept soundly.

* * *

DR. SURIMONO

SUDEEP SINGH BAL

X Sc

Spence

It was the twelfth of March of the year nineteen hundred and seventy-one and I was proceeding towards my residence, that of the Military Attache of India in Paris, France. It was eight forty-five at night and I was walking briskly, because I had been advised by the doctor that walking would keep my body trim and athletic.

Suddenly from nowhere a car accelerated just in front of me and it had moved quite some distance, coming towards me when the driver of the car switched on the headlights. It was too dazzling and I was stunned by its brightness and in my dizziness I got down from the side-walk and on to the main road. It

was a matter of a second before I felt something hard and as I fell, I felt a knife in my eye. After that all was blank. I had lost consciousness.

I was at once taken to the Indian Embassy and given first aid. To the people, it seemed a minor injury but to me it was suicidal.

I was taken to the hospital and my eye examined. It was not a major injury but it could be fatal if I did not take proper precautions in time.

Now I was visiting the hospital daily. My Embassy work was piling up because I just could not keep up with the work. After a month, my eye had swollen to the size of a table-tennis ball. Once more I visited the hospital and this time a thorough check up revealed that my eye needed special treatment. The advice was given to Dad and Mum that my eye had to be operated upon. My Dad and Mum were just very eager to see me well again. They told the Doctor to proceed. But the eye-surgeon was on a two-day holiday. So I had to wait. The pain grew enormously and now I was being given pain-killer injections every hour. But even these seemed not to relieve me a bit.

At last the eye-surgeon arrived on the morning of the fifteenth of March. His name was DR. SURIMONO. He was a surgeon of great qualities. He became very friendly with me and I was very satisfied to know that he was going to operate on me. I had full confidence in him. I had read much about his life-saving work.

Next day the operation proceeded and my Dad and Mum and other relatives and friends were waiting for the result of the operation. Everyone was waiting,

some excited, others nervous. They all had only one aim: they all were waiting for my safe operation.

At last only a few minutes more. My eye's retina was completely displaced. The operation was very sensitive and needed all the concentration. My eye had to be taken out and a new eye replaced. The new eye had to be exactly like my own. The search was going on in the Eye-Bank where donated eyes are produced for emergencies. At last two were found and one exactly matched my own eye. With the help of Laser Beam my retina was removed along with the eye-ball.

The eye was at last joined to its muscles and then my eye was thickly bandaged. My parents, brother, sister, relatives and doctors now had to wait only for two days for reconsideration.

Then the final day arrived. Doctors were anxious to see if their work had been a success. Slowly the bandages and cotton were removed. After the bandages had been removed at first I could not see, not a thing, because of the brightness and it took quite some time for me to adjust myself. Suddenly out of the dark blackness in which I had been imprisoned till now, I once more was able to see my surroundings. I saw all those people crying not in sorrow but out of joy. The operation had been a success and all because of one man, Dr. Surimono.

I can never forget Dr. Surimono for giving me back my life. I do not think I will ever be able to repay him. I have promised that I myself will become an eye-surgeon. It is a long way to go but I am determined and confident in myself.

* * *

LITTLE BETS' MELODY

RITA LELE

X Sc

Florence Nightingale

There sat Betty playing on the piano her favourite tune and humming along with it. The breeze from the open window was playing with her pretty brown hair. She was wearing a cool, cotton, summer dress of pale-green with dainty daisies embroidered around the neck. She also wore a small, golden cross around her neck. She was a picture of innocence and loveliness as she sat there with melody in her deep-brown eyes and a radiance that was rare on young, Betty's face. Betty found consolation and happiness only in her piano which she polished until it shone and on which she arranged flowers everyday.

Betty was a young, pretty girl of sixteen. In these sixteen years, she had never experienced love, kindness or sympathy. Never! Betty's mother was deceased, when Betty was an infant, leaving her in the care of her beastly husband, Betty's father, Peter.

Betty's mother, too, had never experienced happiness. She had to work hard to please her good-for-nothing husband. Betty's mother, too, had found happiness and consolation in her piano; her only possession. She left, 'Little Bets', as she called her, her sweet nature, her beauty and her piano.

Even after the death of his wife, Peter did not work; he did not stop drinking. He had a loose character. He managed to continue drinking and gambling on credit. Often Betty heard wicked laughter in her house. Often she was harassed and beaten by her father. Often she had to work till her body ached all over. Betty went through all this with the aid of her piano. She was like 'Patience,

smiling at Grief'. Many times she played and sang, hymns and songs praising and thanking God for all that he had given her. When she was playing at her piano, her sorrow, pain, suffering, were all gone. They left her to let joy, peace and melody occupy their places.

As days passed, Betty had to work even harder than usual to help her father out of the debt. But Peter had a good idea. He planned to sell all the articles in the house in order to get out of debt. Soon the thick, chocolate-brown carpet was sold; the radio was sold; two cots and four chairs were sold. The house was nearly bare and yet the debt had not been cleared.

Then one day someone offered to buy the piano at a very high price and Betty's father, Peter, agreed to sell it. With the money he would receive, he could not only clear the debt but also eat and drink without working, for the rest of his days. So one fine day, Betty found a small lorry standing at her gate. Out of it descended two sturdy men who came right into the house. They lifted the piano and took it to the lorry outside. Betty was bewildered. Her thin, tired body suddenly trembled as she realised that her father had sold her piano. She fell to the floor crying: "Not my piano, Father, please — not my piano.....!". Betty then collapsed.

After this incident, Betty never recovered. Soon she lay on her death-bed, muttering broken words about her piano which she had lost. When Betty died, there was still a frown on her pretty face. She died unhappy, grieved and unsatisfied. At least Death was kind enough to receive her into his arms and to protect her from her grief and suffering.

In the meantime, the man who had bought the piano from Peter, had sold it

to another young, handsome and rich man by the name of Richard Harrison.

Then one day, Betty's melody-thirsty soul visited Richard's house. As Richard descended the stairs, he was stunned to see a girl standing there. She wore a mauve dress and a string of pearls around her neck. Her brown hair was smoothed back into a small bun at the nape of her neck. Richard was so dazed by her that he even failed to realise that she had entered the house in spite of the doors being locked. It was love at first sight! But Richard pulled himself up and said with a smile,

"Hullo, I am Richard, can I be of any help to you, Miss err.....?"

"Betty is my name", said she, "May I play your piano, please?"

"Sure! Go ahead. You are always welcome," said Richard.

"Thank you," said she and began to play.

Richard had been so dazzled by Betty's beauty, that he invited her to come again. Soon Betty visited Richard everyday and their friendship grew intimate. But Richard did not know that the girl he loved was a spirit.

Then one day as Richard was passing by the grave-yard, he heard someone singing. He went into the graveyard and saw Betty sitting close to a grave. She had worn a frilly blue dress and her soft brown locks were down her neck. He stood silently and listened and then complimented her, but he did not know that she was a spirit.

Soon he knew. One day he went to the house to which Betty had directed him. But he found only an old man

living there. When he enquired about Betty, the man told him that she had died a year back. That man was Peter, old and tired. When he saw disbelief in Richard's eyes, he told him to look in the graveyard for her grave marked by marble with her name inscribed on it.

He now knew that she was a spirit. He now remembered how she had entered his house even when the doors had been shut. He now remembered the day when he had seen Betty sitting by her own grave and how, when he had asked her why she was sitting there, she had replied, smiling upon him.—"Because I like the peace and quiet here." Even after knowing her true identity, he was not afraid. He knew that she would never harm anyone and, moreover, he was still in love with her. He soon knew her whole story and he was deeply touched.

The very next day, he buried the piano next to Betty's grave. But even then Betty's soul was not at rest. She now wanted Richard, the person she loved, to be with her. So one day as Richard visited Betty's grave, to put some flowers on it, he saw Betty running—. He ran after her and told her to stop. "Betty, Betty, wait.....Don't leave me alone! Take me along with you!—Betty!" and he kept running after her.

Betty reached the edge of the cliff and yet she ran on. She could run on air because she was a spirit. Richard who was blindly running after her, fell from the cliff. As he fell, he cried, "Betty.....!" and the cliffs echoed "Betty.....!"

Both Richard and Betty were happy, now that they were together and their melodious, loving souls rested in peace.

* * *

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF X SCIENCE

RAVI PICHAYA

X Sc

Spence

Hiya Folks! Let me tell you about the Life in X Science. Let's take Friday the twenty-first of July, nineteen seventy-four.

The day started off quite smoothly with Chemistry as the first period to be dished out. Mr. Emmanuel, our Chemistry-teacher, arrived on the dot and instantly started off on some properties of Sulphur or something like that. To say that our class was paying attention would have been a gross exaggeration of the highest order. More than half the class were not in the least bothered about what was going on, but waited with undying patience, that would have been the envy of any angler, for the period to give over.

Adil Illava was snoring in one corner, his book propped open before him. Sachar was reading the latest edition of 'Film Fare' and Arun Pai, scratching his brow and doing some complicated calculations in Additional Maths, while I was preoccupied, trying to swat mosquitoes in my corner. It is amazing to see the number of flies and mosquitoes that dwell in our class. Ujagar Singh who sits behind me, a student who migrated to Science from Arts, was trying to puzzle out Sulphur-dioxide from North America. Sunil Dhir as usual was commenting from the back with support from Javeri. All in all, the class was 'Cheesed off' as the saying in Barnes goes.

The bell rang and what an amazing transformation took place. A casual observer would have been very surprised by the change: one moment a drowsy inattentive class, the next, everyone full of vigour and smiling and standing with renewed strength for the teacher to leave.

The teacher left and an explosion took place as twenty-nine mouths all began to open and close with unceasing vigour to relieve their pent up emotions.

Suddenly a whisper, 'Hey! Shut up! Better watch out! Gaty's come and he looks as though he is going to slaughter someone.'

The warning was not heeded and in came Mr. Smith swinging his 'James Bond' bag. The very sight of his face made my knees knock with audible frequency, and a silent prayer left my lips, that he had not seen me pinning a 'Kick me' advertisement on Bose's pant.

Karim Jamal and Sunil were busy arguing on 'What goes up, when the rain comes down' blissfully ignorant of the entrance of Gaty.

One fierce look at them.

"You two, get out of my class!"

"Sir, but what did we do?"

"Don't argue, please leave my class."

"Sir, but....."

"Get out I say and don't argue."

With a look of injured innocence on their angelic faces out they went. Two out of the class.

Next it was Sachar's, then Malik's turn to troop out. Four out of the class.

In the third desk, last row, Bal coughed.

Mr. Smith, "Bal, get out!"

Again the age-old reply,

"Sir! But wha....."

Mr. Smith, "No buts! Out you go!"

Five out of the class. The class was as quiet as it could be. Mr. Smith did a full three-hundred and sixty-degree turn. His eagle eyes darted about and fixed on me. "And you, I am giving you a last warning. If I catch you talking you go for the cane".

His eyes then focussed on Ujagar Singh behind me, and the same rule was applied to him also. Then another last warning to the whole class. Next on the programme was a lecture, punctuated with quotations galore and innumerable metaphors, synecdoches and hyperboles thrown in for good measure. All this went over our heads and we were none the wiser than before.

At last the lesson began. It was my opportunity to read.

Mr. Smith, "I do not wish you to read till your behaviour improves."

This applied to Ujagar also. We angelically shrugged our shoulders and reverently accepted our fate.

Meanwhile the five who had been so ignominiously sent out held a conference and unanimously voted to go and complain to Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis, our principal, made them wait for half an hour and then he listened to their complaints with an unsympathetic ear. He then packed them off with a warning not to come complaining next time. The heroes returned dejected but not before Sunil had been caught for a hair-cut.

Well, folks, my narration is getting too long and it would fill pages to write some more, so here I end.

Bye ! Till next we meet.

* * *

JOVIAL TEN SCIENCE

SATINDAR UJAGAR SINGH

X Sc

Royal

The most noisy class in Barnes School is Standard Ten Science, and yet all the teachers love to teach standard ten science.

As you walk down the road which leads to the garage, you will come across a class-room, namely ten-science. Mr. Gupta is the class-teacher of this class.

There is not a moment when this class is quiet. The class is inhabited by actors and actresses from all over the world. The best actor being Mr. MALIK JAVERI from North Rhodesia.

I hereby give you a brief account of all the characters of ten science.

Let me begin with Venkatesh, the lover boy. He is always doing Hindi; no wonder he is mad. Next comes Cope, the spy with a cold nose. He is good at cheating; no wonder he stands first! Next is Sulaiman Mohebi, a perfect gentleman from Sicily accompanied by Adil Illava from Italy.

Jaspal Dhillon is the best athlete, no doubt, and makes a good girl-scout. He sits all alone in his flat-bottomed desk and is always seen solving Maths. Arun Pai, the computer of the class, always stands first in class.

Satindar Sachar is the clown of the class. As Ravi Pitchaya comes to school, he charges to him and in a low tone says,

"Pitchu, pass your grub."

The class is full of many singers, namely Subhash Sharma and Malik Javeri. Sudeep Bal is the biggest fool on earth; during a Physics test he will be doing Maths.



Some Chuck under the chin!
Sr. Bantam Weight
M. Patni (left) vs S. Yazdagardi (right)
Winner ... M. Patni



Sinevy Arms!
A Special contest between (left) C. Arnold - Barnes;
and (Right) D. Kapoor - Khalsa College, Ludhiana
University Champion.
Winner ... C. Arnold.



Boxing Finalists and their Coaches-Mr. P. Gama
Mr. L. Mainguy with the Chief Guests and
the Principal.

Group Captain S. C. Malaker Presided
and Mrs. Malaker gave away the Prizes.



A. Haghghi, winner of
the Junior Fly Weight.

JUNIOR SCHOOL



Anjali Chawla and Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall in Std I Upper.



Miss Lawrence in II A



Miss P. Goolamier and Mrs. Gadre with Stds I Lower and I Upper.



Miss Cooke in II B



Visitors in III B



Miss S. Lawrence and Miss L. Cooke with Goldilocks and the Three Bears from II A and B

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EXHIBITION OF CLASS-WORK

A N D

The girls in our class are four in number. They think themselves to be beauty queens from London.

Sunil Dhir is the hero of the class; he is in love with Well, that is all I can say about our class.

* * *

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD PAIR OF SHOES

AMIN A. JAMAL

X Sc

Royal

Now that I am old and worn out with age and constant use, I have retired from active service. I find myself at the top of a rubbish heap in a municipal garbage-can at the corner of a busy street. Along the broad pavement go many pedestrians, their faithful shoes carrying them along comfortably.

I cannot help recollecting my own eventful past life. As far as I can recall, I began life in a show-case of "Bata Shoes", one of the best shoe companies in the world on Canary Street.

One day a charming young lady stopped by at the show-window and gazed intently at me. The salesman was quick to note her and enquired if he could help her in making a selection. My heart missed a beat when the lady pointed me out. I was forthwith lifted out of the window. I fitted the shapely feet of the lady perfectly and she took an immediate fancy to me. A case of love at first sight, I suppose! She cheerfully paid the regal sum of two hundred rupees and I was in no time walking out of the shop with all the other shoes looking enviously at me.

It was not long before I discovered that my owner was none else than the actress Parveen Babi. At her residence I received quite a shock. There were

dozens of other pairs of shoes. All of them were as good as new. I soon got to talking and my new acquaintances warned me that Parveen was a capricious woman and would soon tire of me in a short while. I scoffed at this presumption and replied that Parveen's prettiness and my elegance made a perfect pair.

The next day I was all agog with excitement. Parveen was wearing me on the sets of an under-production film. Everyone, including Sanjeev Kumar and Rajesh Khanna, complimented her on her shoes and I never felt happier in all my life.

I was almost confident that the warnings given by Parveen's other shoes were all wrong. Unfortunately, their foreboding soon proved true. One day Parveen returned home excited from a shopping spree. She carried a pair of expensive high-heeled Miss Modern Shoes from "Sputnik". She mentioned that she was leaving for Calcutta that very night. She soon started packing and to my great disappointment I was left out. Before her departure, to my great horror, she gave me to her scullery-maid. I was so humiliated that I almost started crying.

My life from now on lost all its glamour. It was one endless round of household chores. I soon lost my shine and my soles wore out.

The maid's wretched children often tried me out. One day my heels gave way and the buckles snapped. When the maid came home, she was enraged and flung me out of the window. A sweeper soon picked me up and looked me over. Finding me worthless, he tossed me in the garbage-can.

Here I am at the time of writing my autobiography. What a fall from Canary Street to a municipal heap!

* * *

THE CIRCUS PROPRIETOR

JASMINE TAHERALI

X Sc

Helen Keller

"Breaking detention!! Bumping into a teacher!! A serious affair! A serious affair!" That was Mr. Smith muttering those words while pacing his library. It was not only the teacher who uttered these words; the whole school had no doubt that Punter would be expelled from school when he returned after the long spin at Greyfairs.

There he stood, a tall, lean figure, a furious expression printed on his face at that moment, cursing woe-begone Punter with the most adequate vocabulary he could think of. Farantula's poison would have been better than the treatment Old Smithy would have bestowed on Punter, had Punter himself been present at that very moment.

The fat owl of the seventh had finally taken a risk to go to the circus. He had just come out from the detention form when he had spied Mr. Smith coming down the corridor. Not knowing what else to do he had rushed on, put Mr. Smith with his mass down on the floor and gone on along the way in search of a disguise, or a lift or anything just anything to save him from the terror that was chasing him, the form-master, Mr. Smith.

Suddenly, by sheer chance, he spotted a heap of clothes, complete with wig and moustache, by the river. Not realizing that these must be the clothes of the man swimming in the river and realizing that he had just enough time to put them on, he did so, bundling his own clothes into the attache case he found beside the clothes. Smithy, then passing by that-a-way, sighted the distinguished circus proprietor

emerging from where he saw a school-boy disappearing. He could do nothing but stare and gape and gape and stare with his mouth shutting and opening like that of a goldfish. Punter had worn the circus proprietor's clothes unknowingly.

The strains of music soothing his eardrums, Mr. Whiffles (Punter), sat eating a delicious lunch (everything better than anything at Greyfairs) ordered by him from one of the circus hands, who was just as surprised as the schoolmaster who saw Mr. Whiffles ascending from the place where he had seen Punter descend, when he beheld the list of jamtarts, doughnuts, creambuns, butter, cheese, macaroons and so on in place of the usual glass of champagne and a sandwich. Still not wishing to fall into the wrong books of his 'governor', George hurried to obtain the necessities of Mr. Whiffles's lunch who, he thought, was potty after the swim he had had. Punter did no worrying over the thoughts of George. Acting as circus proprietor he could do whatever he pleased, could not he?

Punter did not have to worry about getting back to school till the night-show was over since he knew that the real Mr. Whiffles, because of his pride, was not too keen to show his bald top without its wig. He would have stayed on after the night-show, too, had he not day-dreamt about an angry pater carrying a whip in his hand, rushing towards him. This brought the young junior back to his senses. He returned to school and received the due punishment without any fuss.

The punishment was serious, no doubt, judging from the series of howls which emerged from Smithy's study that morning!

* * *

THE HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS

DIPAK VASSA

XI Sc

Greaves

One fine summer morning, my friends and I were lazing in the sun. One month had passed since our holidays had begun. We decided to have some fun by going on a hike instead of doing nothing else.

We decided to go across a small desert nearby. Five of us volunteered, and so we started preparing for the exciting hike. Each of us took a bag containing rations for three days, a can full of water and some few clothes, together with other small articles.

We started out one bright summer morning. We all were in a happy mood. For three continuous hours we walked, covering quite a good distance of the barren desert. To our surprise we came across a most astonishing sight.

Alone in the lonely desert, far away, was a big mansion. From far it looked like the house of dark shadows. As we came closer to it, we found that it was an ancient and a ruined house. Part of the house was caved in; the window-panes were broken. Two huge pillars were built to support the balcony. The back of the house we later discovered was in total ruins. There was no roof and the doors and windows were broken.

We were very excited over the discovery we had made and so we decided to stay a night in the ruined house. We found an inviting room in the undestroyed part of the house, where we left our luggage and then we started exploring the ancient house.

Late in the evening we returned to the room in which we had left our bags. To our surprise the whole room was empty. There were no signs to show that someone stole the food except our own footprints.

We were most amazed and astonished at the sudden disappearance of our baggage. We all started searching the dark and gloomy room.

Night soon descended. We were all hungry and thirsty due to the fast search we had made as it was growing dark and there were no lights. Thanks to our luck one of us had a candle in his pocket and a small package of pudding-pie. We all thanked god and praised him for this food he had given us. For the first time we realized what food meant to us. To satisfy our appetite we talked of the food that we had brought. That delicious cake, and cream buns and chappatis with potatoes, and honey-biscuits, roast chicken, all of which made our mouths water.

Suddenly in the midst of our talking came a strange noise that witches make when casting a spell, a noise that sent a chill down our spines. Yet another noise came like that of a ghost. Whoooooooooooo..... Drops of cold sweat started running down our bodies. Suddenly there was a great crash which momentarily stopped our heartbeats and we all charged out of the house shouting and crying, "Help! Help!". With cold sweat running down our bodies, we ran with all our might, without stopping until we were at a safe distance from the house. Another great crash was heard. We looked back. We saw that the whole house had collapsed.

That very night we decided to return home. In fear and hungry stomachs we started walking back to the town. A big orange water-melon moon was in the sky. The huge desert looked barren and never-ending. We were all tired and excited by the run but, although we were scared and excited, we still talked over and over of what we had seen.

We reached the town at dawn. The

pink shades of the dawn lit up the sky. We went straight to the police and notified them of the strange happenings of which no more was ever known. The mystery of the disappearance of the bags remained unsolved, because the house itself had totally disappeared.

* * *

THE DESERTED COTTAGE

ADIL ILLAVA

X Sc

Candy

We had gone for a holiday to our aunt's cottage in the woods. It was a pleasant little place, surrounded by huge, evergreen trees. The birds sang all day and the owl hooted during the night. It was an ideal place for an adventure.

Since there was nothing we could do in the cottage, we decided to roam about in the woods. While we were roaming in the woods, my cousin, Sulaiman, suddenly saw a cottage in the distance and he pointed it out to me.

We approached the cottage and knocked at the door, but nobody answered. So we thought that it must be the cottage of a gamekeeper, who had gone out to hunt rabbits and, without exploring anything else, we returned home.

We explained everything to our aunt but when she heard about the cottage, she jumped up and said in an alarmed and strict tone that we were to keep out of it. Then she explained to us about the misfortunes of the cottage. How a brother had killed his own brother and placed him in a coffin. While he was preparing to bury his brother, he was attacked by a gang of robbers and he had been killed. When the robbers saw the dead body in the coffin, they were filled with horror and went away without taking anything else. "It is also said that the cottage

contained many valuables but since then it has been a haunted cottage and nobody goes near it!"

After this story, our aunt gave us supper and sent us to bed. We were far from sleepy. Sulaiman and I discussed about the happening at the cottage. I decided that the next day we would explore the cottage without our aunt's ever knowing about it.

The next day we got up a little later than usual for we had been to sleep quite late at night. We ate our breakfast and after we had dressed, we went out. We explained to our aunt that we were going for an outing and would be out the whole day. She did not object to this, for we often went out every now and then for the day. We packed our lunch and tea, with some sandwiches, biscuits and some tinned stuff; after that we set out for our destination.

"The woods were lovely, beyond any singing." There were monkeys, hares, squirrels and birds of all sorts. At last we reached the deserted cottage. This time we were bold enough to go in without knocking. As soon as we opened the door, a gust of wind from inside nearly blew us off-balance, and we heard a soft noise from inside. We were a bit shaken up and we hesitated to go inside further but I, who was bolder than my comrade, said, "Don't be afraid of such co-incidences. Besides you don't believe in ghosts, do you?" At this Sulaiman mustered some courage and we both went in deeper.

The inside of the cottage was very dirty and shabby. We saw the coffin in the corner, and when we opened it, it contained a skeleton. Suddenly, we heard some footsteps above. We looked above and saw nothing but old spider-webs. We had only looked away for a moment and lo! The skeleton had vanished from the coffin.

By now, we were convinced that there was a ghost in the cottage. We were so filled with horror that we dared not open our mouths. Our feet began to feel as if they were made of clay. A sudden chill ran down our spines, our teeth were chattering and we were sweating like horses.

At last we remembered the door and dashed for it. We found it locked and we tried to break it. Sulaiman, who was tougher than I, used all his strength against the door. At last the door gave way under his weight and we broke free.

Soon we were out in the woods and running as fast as we could to get away from that infernal cottage.

* * *

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RIVER

KAILAS OKE

X Sc

Candy

"Oh! You wish to know my full name. My name is Ganga. My father's name is Himalaya. We have no surname. I feel rather shy to tell my full name."

"You like to know my life history. I will tell you just now. A hundred years ago I was under water. Then there was a great calamity and I rose high above the Sea."

When we were on land, my father told me not to leave his boundaries. I saw my friends Brahmaputra and Indus hurrying away, I asked them.

"Ay! Sindhu, where are you going?"

"We are going to India, Ganga. Would you like to come?"

"Surely, but I will go alone."

I was determined to reach India. I jumped down from my father's shoulder. Down, down, I went. At last I reached his foot where India lay. I was in the Northern part of India. On my father's back, I was a narrow rivulet. By the time I reach-

ed Allahabad I was a large river called Ganga. In Kashi I met my old friend Jamuna who had made her way through Agra and Delhi to meet me. People came to bathe in me for my waters are the holiest. Now I made my way to the Bay of Bengal to meet sister Brahmaputra. I was given a warm welcome by the members of the forests. Some bowed down to me. They bowed so much that they touched me.

As the days passed by, people thought of making use of my water which was going waste. They built a dam across me. The water was stored. This water was supplied to various parts by canals. I was very happy for good use was being made of my water. The dam also served as a multipurpose project. A temple was being built on my right bank at Kashi.

Now I found rivers emerging from me. I had become a mother.

It was now that it came to my notice that people were dirtying me abundantly. So to teach these Earthlings a lesson I grew swollen and attacked the neighbouring colonies on my bank. For ten days I was harassing the human race. The people made offerings to me and pleaded with me to calm down. I granted their request. Again the farmers started making good use of my water.

Recently, the energy I give out while descending from my father's shoulder, is being used to produce hydro-electricity.

"What is the time please?"

"It is half-past-eleven, madam."

"What, have I been talking to you so long? Please excuse me, Sir. My daughters and human friends, will be waiting for me. See you some time or the other. 'Bye! 'Bye!"

* * *

RAVEEN

ANITA CHOPRA

X A

Helen Keller

There are so many different kinds of people in this vast world, so many characters, a variety of personalities, of faces, that it is a pleasure to meet the many contrasts in humanity and observe the varying human feelings of these people.

Everyday of my ever-changing life I come in contact with different kinds of characters of this world. Gay, dull, serious, honest, hypocritical, friendly, sincere and insincere..... I guess the list would be mighty long. To describe the qualities I would like in a friend is however a difficult task as friendship, real friendship mind you, is an indescribable relationship, not pertaining to pin-pointed qualities. I find that, generally, there being exceptions to the rule, of course, I take a liking to a gay, frank, practical and independent personality. These traits I encountered in Raveen—my most unforgettable character.

It was Sunday and the usual show of Housie was held at the Army Institute. My parents and I reached there after a late breakfast. It so happened that I had gone up to buy my ticket for the third house, when smiling and chatting, I suddenly came upon a lady of my close acquaintance. She called me aside, and after the initial greetings and polite—'so—how—are—you?' she turned to a young girl by her side and said, 'Raveen, this is Anita; Anita—my niece, Raveen.'

We summed up each other slowly, slightly cautious. I do not know what she thought of me then, but I will tell you my first impressions about her. Well, to consider her appearance. She wore denim pants with patches at knee pockets; a love T-Shirt and keds. Her hair, cut short, hugged her face and her eyes twinkled

with mischief. I felt gauche and gawky as I always do before these smart, sophisticated big-town girls. And then suddenly, for no rhyme or reason we both broke out into grins and I instantly realized I had found a friend. Her openness, frank childishness appealed vastly to me and we found a corner-seat—Housie being forgotten.

I suppose you could call her smart and the sophisticated sort, but I soon discovered a practical, fun-loving, careless, sympathising teenager, to be more precise, a girl after my own heart. All this I grew to know in two hours of heart-to-heart talking. That day was the starting-point. After that we were always together—the inseparable two.

We would just talk and talk and, even when not talking, we would enjoy each other's silent companionship. Together we explored our common interests—books, music and a love for nature, which resulted in more knowledge of each other. Oh dear, it is indeed never easy to describe the love for my friend! It is an emotion treasured very much in my heart. Irritating worries and tension descended on me, as they do on most girls in their adolescence. Raveen helped me through, explaining, understanding and being a pillar of support. She helped me through my awkward age and I can never thank her enough for the much-needed help and guidance.

Three weeks passed.

Suddenly one day she said, "Anita, I'm leaving." I looked at her, my eyes a picture of puzzlement. She repeated, "Anita, I'm leaving for Delhi—for good!"

We just sat on the swing where we had been talking and mechanically went to and fro. Not a word more was said, not a tear shed, for the emotion was too much for us.

She left. I had baked her a cake for the journey. It may have seemed a childish gesture, but it was my simple gesture of thanks. No promises to meet, no letter-writing vows—all that was understood.

She left. And with her she took her active, bursting energy and I found in my life, a slight vacuum. I have had many friends since, but none to match her.

She always lives in my memory, dear, sweet Raveen—my unforgettable character. She sent me a snap yesterday and memories surged back.

I am writing about her to unburden my lonely heart.

* * *

DIWALI

SATINDERPAL SINGH SACHAR

X Sc

Spence

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

The story which explains our celebration of Diwali is derived from the 'Ramayana.' Many centuries ago there lived a powerful king in Ayodha, or Oudh, named Dusharata. He had three wives. The eldest was named

Kaushalya, the next Sumitra and the youngest Kaikis. Each of them had a son. Kaushalya's son was named Rama, Sumitra's was Lakshman and Kaiki's was Bharata. These three princes, though of different mothers, were very fond of each other.

Dusharata was a very great warrior. Once, when he was fighting on Kurrekshetra, it so happened that the wheel of his chariot began to come loose and it was in danger of falling off. His young wife, Kaiki, who was riding with him, risked her life and limbs to replace the loosening nail which was the cause of the trouble, thereby saving his life and the battle. Dusharata was so overcome with gratitude over his young wife's heroic act that he told her that he would grant her any two requests that she would like to make. At that time Kaiki could not think of anything that she desired particularly, so she told her husband that she would make her two requests when she needed them.

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

Thus were sown the seeds of jealousy, and though, at first Kaiki paid little heed to what her maid had told her, later on she took them to heart seriously. One day she went to her husband and told him that she had come to claim the two requests he had promised to grant her. Dusharata was pleased and asked her what it

was that she desired. Kaiki's first request was that her son Bharata, be made king in Rama's stead; and her second request was that Rama be exiled for fourteen years. The aged Dusharata was grief-stricken and very reluctant to grant the requests, but Rama would not allow him to break his word. So Dusharata granted Kaiki's request and, shortly afterwards, the king died, his heart...broken.

Accompanied by his wife, Sita, and brother, Lakshmana, Rama left for the forest of Banvas, said to be in the vicinity of Nasik. The day of his departure was the saddest that the people of Ayodha had to endure. They came out in thousands to bid farewell to their beloved prince.

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

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

It was on this day, when Rama's exile ended and he was due to return to his kingdom, that the people of Ayodha performed most of what we do today by way of celebration. They wore their best

clothes and gave and received 'mithai'. They also cleaned their houses, as they believed that Rama would come to visit or dwell with them. When night came houses were lit up by mud-lamps "deeyas" to light the young prince and King-to-be home. I think that on that day Ayodha must have resembled a small part of heaven.

We are all acquainted with the way Diwali is celebrated today. It is not celebrated in exactly the same fashion as the happy day already described, though in the villages the celebration must be very similar to the original one. A notable change today is the use of electric bulbs in the place of old 'deeyas'. The use of 'deeyas' is the purer way to celebrate Diwali.

I hope you now know why it is that we do all that we do at *Diwali*.

* * *

WHAT IS RELIGION ?

LEELA K. JADHAV

X A

Helen Keller

The vedantic theory is that religion springs from man's desire to transcend the limitations and bondage of life. When and why does man seek religion? When he becomes dissatisfied with his present condition of life; when he finds that he cannot overcome its limitations by any other means than by taking recourse to something beyond the knowledge of his senses. There must originate within our hearts, the sense of limitation and the desire to transcend it. You enjoy a drink only when you are thirsty. Your thirst can never be satisfied by another drinking for you.

Longing for liberation is the key to the door to spiritual life and, when this longing arises, man is on the way to attaining fulfilment. This is the truth taught by



Stds III A and B in



"The making of a Rainbow"



Mrs. L. Kelu and Mrs. U. Bhalerao with Stds IV A and B



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THE SNEEZING POWDER ... VI A and B



A V E R I E T Y C O N C E R T



SENIOR SCHOOL
PARENTS' DAY
EXHIBITION

SERVICE WITH A SMILE
"Any Problems Parents? We'll
Solve them!"

(L to R)
Mr. P. Bhalerao; Mrs. J. Swing;
Mr. O. Swing; Mr. S. S. Gupta;
Mr. V. Russell; Mr. C. Paul



PROFILES IN ART
"From this angle it looks pretty good!"
(L to R) Mr. W. R. Coles; Wg. Cdr. (Retd.) C. Samson and T. Davis.



TABLE DELICACIES
The Centre of Attraction!

C
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CONNOISSEURS ALL!
(L to R) Mrs. M. Wythe; Mrs. R. Gadre;
Mrs. S. Emmanuel; and Mrs. G. Hoffman.



THE NEW PATTERN
Mr. Davis to the Nuns from Nasik:
"Now this 10+2+3"



AN ARTISTIC BACKGROUND
A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

every illumined soul. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Behind the surface life of man, bounded on either side by birth and death, there is the Atman, the external being. This is the true self in man, the birthless, the deathless spirit. He who realizes this Atman, attains immortal life, while he who seeks to find immortal life, finds only death.

The thirst for knowledge and power is inherent in every man but forgetful of his true being, or pure consciousness, he forgets to inquire into that knowledge through which everything else is known. As by knowing of a lump of clay, we know everything that is made of clay, so by knowing the Atman, we can have infinite knowledge and power to be satisfied.

Man seeks happiness and, in his search, he finds himself caught in a current of alternating experiences of happiness and misery. The waves rise and fall yet always within him lurks the hope somewhere, somehow, that he will find abiding happiness. He does not know that God, the Blissful Self, dwells within his own heart. "Who could live and breathe if the Blissful Self dwelt not in the lotus of the heart? It is He that gives joy."

All men seek love, and it is possible that they will find it in the world and in their worldly relationships. There may be true, unselfish love between husband and wife, between parents and children, between friends, but always there remains some emptiness in the heart, some lingering desire to taste of a deeper love. For no matter how unselfish love may be that one finds in the world, it is but a mere shadow of the real love—which is of God, for God is love. There is no love that can satisfy the heart of man but the love of God. In him alone is the fulfilment of love.

When we realize that all the love and

attraction that we hold in our hearts is of God, and when we direct our hearts' love towards Him, then only we learn to love all beings.

The one and only purpose of life is to realize God, to attain union with him, to know that he is the Self. The spirit is never lost, nor can it ever be lost. Failure to realize God is to remain subject to birth, death and rebirth. Atman is born again and again, and remains within the bounds of pleasure and pain, until he finally attains union with God.

"As one not knowing that a golden treasure lies buried beneath his feet, many walk over it again and again, yet never find it, so all beings live in the city of Brahmin, yet never find Him."

* * *

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS IN THE HOME

SHAHNAWAZ BHOGADIA

X A

Candy

Home, the word by itself, gives a feeling of safety. From time to time the word had had a slightly varied meaning.

In the early days man was a hunter rather than a farmer. He used the word 'home' for safety. For example, when an animal charged settlers, they ran 'home'. At that time man thus used to go home for safety but, today, man goes to the authorities if there is any danger.

To what we call home today, man only goes for the sake of keeping the family together or keeping the place called 'home' as headquarters. Anyway, to keep this home safe, man has to take precautions. There are many precautions for various reasons.

Robbery, is very common to a middle-class family so to prevent their being

robbed, many have installed preventive and at the same time fatal methods. Some, for example, keep a bowl of powdered red-chillies in every corner of each room so that as they are asked to move towards the wall during a robbery, they may pick some of this and throw it in the thief's eyes, thus making the thief blind. Some, on the other hand, have heavy iron balls hanging from the ceiling with a cross marked in the position where the iron ball will fall. This is tied with a rather strong but thin line and is released from its catch as soon as the thief stands on the cross.

The higher class of people, however, do not take these precautions. They would rather have a twenty-four-hour watchman and one or two rather wild dogs.

Other safety precautions are taken in a home against curious children. As we know, they are curious about almost everything they see. Sometimes one might have an invalid or dangerous drug on the stool next to the bed and, at once, when a child comes to know of it, he will play and later, in ignorance, put it in his mouth, thus bringing to his home inconvenience. The child might even rub his eyes with the same hand resulting in blindness which is often permanent.

Another common danger, specially in India, is cooking by gas. On a gas-cooker one just has to turn a knob to have the gas-cooker alight. Sometimes children will operate it, forgetting to switch it off after use and this could result in very serious damage to property as well as life. Clothes are another problem. Housewives sometimes wear nylon clothes, which are very fast in catching fire. Electricity, where installed, may yet cause another danger to the household. Loose wires, broken connections and broken switches are most common centres of danger. Children, or sometimes even adults, may make a mis-

take in trying to repair what is faulty, sometimes getting shocks or even starting a fire which also claims victims. What all these problems need, is careful handling: keeping drugs in their proper place, wearing cotton clothes and, in electrical dangers, having an electrician to come and repair the damage or faults, instead of personally trying experiments.

Physical problems are not the only problems in the house; nor the practical ones; there is also the social safety of a home.

This problem falls in three main categories. They are the upbringing of children, financial and public relations.

To bring success to any one of these the other two have to be observed. The upbringing of children will be a failure, no matter how hard you try, unless you keep amiable relations with your class of people and you are in a sufficiently good financial position. People will never be able to bring up good children if their children do not mix with other children and if they are always in want of money.

If people are to keep good children, they have to have money or else they will not be able to stand against the show of their class and they will always keep falling lower and lower, and thus have an inferior or superior complex. One must, on the other hand, never let any of the three points have excess of the other two as that might cause the parents to lose control over their children—causing the downfall of that, their very own, home.

* * *

MY AMBITION

VALERIE ANN TAYLOR

X A

Helen Keller

Plenty and plenty of us, almost everyone, possesses an all consuming ambition, but

how many have the opportunity to achieve it? And how many have the ability and how many, the will-power? But remember—"where there's a will there's a way" and "never give in"!

These two old, but very meaningful adages have played a very vital part in my life. My one thought always was, and still remains, that I would one day be a teacher; that was my childhood ambition, and now that I am almost on the threshold of facing the world, on the verge of training for what I longed to become—'A teacher', you can well imagine how thrilled and excited I am. For such a length of time always have I till today kept my thought on this one ambition. I cannot remember allowing my thoughts ever to stray away to planning another career, or having another ambition, besides that of teaching.

Now, as I reveal my true ambition. I can vividly remember how, as a child, I used to enjoy playing 'school-school', and how I used to fight tooth and nail to be the teacher. As I grew up with the increasing desire, I remember how I would sit and plan what type of a teacher I would be. I can also remember how I would collect all my dolls and, having in mind that they were pupils, I would begin teaching them. Of course, this could be considered only a waste of energy, but I thoroughly enjoyed the game, and made up my mind that one day I would play this game in reality. Thus I grew up, year by year, with a stronger desire and determination to be a teacher by profession.

Teaching is indeed a noble profession. To share one's knowledge, is something of which a teacher can be proud. Teachers are an absolute essential in every country, and if there were not any, I presume the world would come to a standstill!

In conclusion I would like to state that

teaching will one day be part of me and I of teaching.

"For a temple a teacher builds,
Will last till the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul."

* * *

AN ACCIDENT

NAREN GANDHI

X A

Royal

A terrible accident took place last Sunday. Five days have passed yet I tremble to think of the accident and its memory makes my blood run cold.

We were on a trip to Kankeshwar, a hilly spot not far from Bombay. There is a lovely lake which is encircled by temples which can be seen clearly reflected in the smooth glassy sheet of lake-water. Oh, how beautiful the spot is! How charming! Fantastic! If you have not visited Kankeshwar already, try to visit this charming spot. It is quite suitable for an outing.

Ours was a school-trip, and we were a lively party of thirty-five under charge of two teachers. We arrived at the lake quite early in the morning. The atmosphere was quiet and peaceful. One could almost hear the coming of the dawn.

A little later, we decided to have a dip in the lake, for this piece of unruffled, clear water was extremely tempting. Our bodies itched to have a cool, crisp feel of it. Out of us all one fellow, named Pressurecookerwallah—most likely he was so called because he boasted a shape something like that of a pressure-cooker. Now the larger question was whether the fat fellow could or could not swim; so we asked him to keep severely away from the lake-side.

We stripped to our underwear, and jumped into the lake one after the other. We swam here and there and enjoyed our splash. All of a sudden, there was a scream, a wild, frightened, hair-raising scream. Looking behind, I saw Pressurecookerwallah swallowing water and giving out gurgling noises. Obviously, he had come too near the sticky lake-side, and had slipped and had fallen into the water with that frightening scream. He was now going under.

He was about five feet away from me. I alerted my fellow-swimmers. We shot after the drowning boy and caught hold of him. Of course, he had become unconscious. We brought him out, and made him lie stretched out on the ground.

Our two teachers who had been busy elsewhere ran up to us. We rolled Pressurecookerwallah over and pressed his back hard, a bucketful of water came out of his mouth. The teachers then gave him artificial respiration. Gradually as time passed, the boy opened his eyes. He had regained consciousness. He was alive, thank his lucky star. By evening he was dancing and jumping about like the rest of us, but what a fright he had given us!

* * *

THE SOPHISTICATED URCHIN

ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO

XI A *Florence Nightingale*

Clyde Mactarvish was a real little urchin so much so that this name of 'Urchin' stuck to him. He was known by everyone at Lambkin village as 'Urchin'. He always wore his hair in a hedge-hog fashion and forever he had a running nose. He loved wearing dirty, as a matter of fact filthy ragged and baggy clothes even though he belonged to a pair of very wealthy parents who owned a beautiful farm at Lambkin.

He was the same age as I and we had our villa next to their farm—only a little stream merrily ran between.

I always felt that the 'Urchin' was a bit of a disgrace to his parents. He was ugly, rude and very troublesome. He used to tease me much. I hated him calling me Tammy. "My name is Tamara, Tamara Duffield!" would I say in a sophisticated fashion. Then he would start worrying me again.

"Tammy, Sammy, Sophisticated Tammy, Can ne'er be sweet or like Strawberry Jammy."

This would annoy me terribly and when he would see the annoyance on my face he would start again—

"Little Tammy, who looks so sick and faintly, Oh, so fragile, tries to be very dainty!"

He would then chase me and when he used to catch me he would pull my two little ginger plaits and would take my shoe and throw it in the little stream. He was a horrid boy who always bullied me around the place. He portrayed himself as "Lambkin's Terror".

We both finished our 'O' levels at the little school at Lambkin and we both went as boarders to do our 'A' levels, but we did not go to the same place. I went to Coventry while the 'Urchin' went to Vancouver. It was only when we both were separated that I began to miss him; it was only then I realized that he did have plenty of good. How I longed to see him! How I longed to correspond with him. I had made a great mistake when I refused to take his address. Absence made my heart grow fonder; it made me love him more and more. I waited anxiously for these long, dreary years to pass. I really missed the 'Urchin' much!

Sometimes I would sit in my little room thinking of the little pranks he would play with me. I used to wonder how the Urchin looked like now—ugly, horrible and shabbily dressed as before or had time changed him?

At last! Those long dreary years did fly past and I was going home. Mum informed me in a letter that the 'Urchin' was arriving a day before me. Time and Mother Nature had framed me into a very beautiful young lady. God had showered upon me all the gifts of both beauty and virtue—charm and regal grace.

Both Mum and Dad had come to the air-port to meet me. I was extremely glad to see them after so many years. Time had changed both Mum and Dad considerably. They looked a bit older than usual. When I reached home both Mr. and Mrs. Mactarvish came to meet me. They were followed by a very good looking, stalwart young man who dressed well and portrayed excellent manners. Could this be the same ugly 'Urchin'? Wow! He had changed and now he did look handsome. My heart skipped a beat when he came up to me and said, "Hi there, Tamara! you've really grown into a beautiful young lady!"

"Nice to meet you, too!" said I.

Then he ran into my arms and exclaimed, "Tammy Darling, I have missed you much. I really love you!"

"The same, too, with me!" gasped I.

"Sweet like Strawberry Jammy! Dainty!" responded he, his masculine breath caressing my long ginger hair, his mischievous eyes burning into mine so tenderly.

I drew back in surprise. So, my 'Urchin' was now sophisticated!

* * *

ATHLETICS

STANLEY CONNELL

X ICSE

Candy

The general rhythmic exercise of the previous days had reduced for me the numerous aches in a wide variety of my muscles, as I was preparing for our Fiftieth Annual Athletics of the year, nineteen seventy-four, a year before the celebration of *Barnes' Golden Jubilee*.

The day, which I had been patiently anticipating for quite a long while, had finally arrived, the day of our *Fiftieth Annual Athletics* to be held at home.

Our chief guest, had arrived and was just in time for the march-past.

Our boys and girls of *Barnes* were modestly dressed, hailing from respectable families. Being excited over the programme, they were of course slightly noisy as children usually are. That is natural under natural circumstances.

The interesting programme gradually came to an end. Our welcome visitors appreciated our warm hospitality.

Our athletes had given a remarkable performance, creating new records.

Most exasperatingly the weather changed. The cloudless, translucent sky of the sunny morning turned into one of the most cloudy, monotonous evenings of the year. Slight introductory showers were followed by an intermittent downpour.

The remainder of the prize-giving was completed next morning at Assembly in *Evans Hall*. I do earnestly hope that the Annual Athletics of the *Golden Jubilee* year will enjoy better weather!

* * *

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY

ALBERT FLANAGAN

X ICSE

Candy

The village was still asleep when I set out. Dawn was just breaking over the hills in the distance and a faint flush was visible in the sky. The morning air was bracing and I inhaled deeply as I loped along. It was a long way, three miles more to my village.

I had gone hardly a couple of furlongs when I encountered the first signs of life, natural and human. A farmer on his way to his fields waved me a cheery good morning as the first birds began their hymnal chirping. The air was cool and an atmosphere of tranquility prevailed. The dewy grass along the sides of the road glittered in the first hint of morning sunshine. The sun's rays pierced through the trees, while the birds were busy singing for the early worm.

Some early risers were on their way to market to fetch their morning milk. Some cattle grazed on the succulent grass. Some flocks were being shepherded to slaughter. I could hear church bells ringing in the distance, but the thick mist of the early morning obscured the distant landscape and seemed to muffle the sound of the bells.

The silence was driving me mad so I began whistling a song my mother had taught me when I had been just a kid. As I was walking merrily and thinking of my mother preparing my breakfast, I saw a beautiful girl working and singing in the fields. We both looked at each other for a short time and then she looked hastily away. She made me feel much better as I had become bored with even my own whistling.

The thought of the beautiful girl haunted me for sometime and I even considered asking a passerby who she was; but soon

other more important thoughts drove the thought of her away.

I reached home just in time to see mother disappearing into the hut after her having milked the buffaloes.

I hailed out to her.

She turned and, when she had seen me, a low sigh escaped her lips and she let the milk-can slightly slip and then she tightened her grip more firmly before she blessed me with her glorious sunny smile.

* * *

PROCASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME

RAVI VASANDANI

X ICSE

Royal

Procastination is the thief of Time.

If I were a policeman, I would arrest that thief and give him life imprisonment so that he might never more steal the most valuable commodity—*Time*.

Alas! No one can arrest him, not even the best detectives of Scotland Yard, K. G. B., or the C.I.A.. The only one who can keep him at bay is one's own self by doing the work at the right time.

Let me consider three examples. The first, about my exams. During class-hours I waste my time playing about and do no work; but when the exams approach, I prepare myself to study till late in the night. What is the use? The second example is about the Bangla Desh War. The people of Bangla Desh were always putting off preparation for the next time while India was making plans for defence much beforehand. When war did break out, those unfortunate procastinators could not do much while India just put in use her ready-made plans, which proved successful. The best example is that of the Chinese.

The Chinese have never kept anything for the next time. They never waited for any eleventh hour and see! Today China is one of the most leading nations.

Time is such a tide that he waits for no one. It is I who have to travel with Time and not wait for Time to travel with me. Time moves most surely. Time is neither a local bus nor a local train that I can miss and wait to catch the next one that ultimately comes.

Time is such a bus, that if I miss it, I go chasing behind it. If I am lucky, which very few procastinators are, I procure a foothold only invariably to slip, going reeling down the road, rising to brush myself and waiting for the next bus, the next time.

Alas! Time never again comes!

* * *

VIA Class-teacher: MRS PATRICIA MICHAEL

MY PET

RITA PICHAYA

VIA

Florence Nightingale

I have a small, sweet, little pup named Rocky. He is brown in colour with a white patch on his neck.

Rocky is fond of chasing cats. I take him for walks in the evening and sometimes in the morning.

Rocky is a very faithful dog and follows me everywhere. Rocky guards our house during the night, whenever any guests come, he barks.

If I throw the ball he runs and fetches it.

Rocky is the sweetest pup I have ever had!

* * *

I WISH I WERE A PEACOCK!

JAYANT P. BHALERAO

VIA

Candy

I wish I were a peacock!

I would roam from place to place and spread out my tail with pride and boast of my most beautiful colours.

Everyone would gather around me and feed me with delicious food. Then merrily would I dance. Little children would come and play with me.

I wish I were a peacock!

* * *

A PICNIC - LUNCH

NAINA JOGLEKAR

VIA

Joan of Arc

They were school-days, hot and sunny.

My friend Meena and I had to go for lunch to the tin-shed but we did not go. Instead we sat under a bush.

We were very frightened because we had never before played such truant. Whenever a twig cracked or we heard a teacher's voice, we would not speak a word for very fear we might have been caught.

Then a class-boy saw us sitting there and eating. He did not tell us for a long time but afterwards he told us that he would report us to the headmistress.

After that never again did we go there to enjoy a picnic-lunch!

* * *

VI B Class-teacher: MRS VIOLET THORPE

MY PLEDGE

MUKESH TAMAKUWALA

VI B

Royal

India is my country. All Indians are my brothers and sisters.

I love my country and I am proud of its riches and varied heritage. I shall always strive to be worthy of it.

I shall give my parents, teachers and all elders respect, and treat everyone with courtesy.

To my country and my people, I pledge my devotion. In their well-being and prosperity alone lies my happiness.

India is my country. I must help the poor people and all who are needy.

* * *

V B Class-teacher: MRS SHEILA DIOL
ENGINEERING

MICHAEL HARRY SMITH

V B Royal

Very much do I like building houses and making machines and little gadgets with my mecano set and model bricks.

I enjoy playing the radio and cycling. I have learnt doing some repair work. In riding a bicycle I am quite skilful. I can let go of handles. Besides myself, I can carry four persons and the marketing. I can wheel a spare bicycle as I ride along on mine with market baggage and two smaller children. I can cycle very slowly and yet maintain perfect balance and constant direction, but what I most enjoy is speeding long distances.

I am interested in electronics and I very much wish to become an engineer like my grandfather. I thank my loved ones and my teachers who are so carefully laying the foundation for my engineering.

* * *

IV B Class-teacher: MRS GRACE HOFFMAN
A PICNIC

JASPAL NARANG

IV B Royal

During the Diwali holidays I went to the seaside for a picnic.

There I saw many people swimming. I also thought that even I could swim. My mother scolded me.

"You are *not* to go alone in the water!"

Then my daddy told me that he would take me in the water. When I heard that, I was excited.

After swimming, we had our lunch. We then played games like *London* and *Snakes and Ladders*.

Soon it was evening so we had tea and returned home, having really enjoyed our picnic.

* * *

III B Class-teacher: MRS QUEENIE SAMSON

OUR SCHOOL

ANTHONY AREZ

III B Candy

Our school is named after Archdeacon Barnes. The Bombay Education Society started building Barnes School at Deolali in nineteen twenty-five. It was more or less completed in nineteen twenty-five. Barnes School is forty-nine years old. She will be fifty years old in nineteen seventy-five. That will be the year of her Golden Jubilee. The Reverend Tom Evans was the first principal of Barnes School. Mr. W. R. Coles was the second. Our present principal is Mr. J. L. Davis.

* * *

MY FATHER'S SAILORS

TILAK JACOB

III B Spence

My fathers's bluejackets are very clever. When they wish to catch fish they throw a net in the water and they clean and cut the fish and the cooks make the fish-curry.

The matelots retire to sleep by turns so that the ship is looked after.

And Cultural Programme



K. Phillips, M. Andrews.



"THE SLEEPING CUTEY"
(L to R) A. Mortimer; M. Anderson;
J. Anderson; R. Menon; H. Scott;
S. Peters.



(L to R) J. Coelho; L. Ridewood;
B. Zachariahs; C. Bird-
Sturgeon; L. Ryder.



A. Mackenzie



(L to R) H. Pearce; L. Massey;
D. Dawson.



(L to R) Miss M. Webb; Mr. W. Louis; B. Sopher.



"Another pair of Spectacles"
(L to R) E. D'Abreo; Miss P. Goolamier



Erica D'Abreo; and Michael Davis.

SUPPRESSED
DESIRES



Pamela Goolamier
and Michael Davis.

ELOCUTION
AND
SINGING

25th July 1974



BLUE HOUSE (Helen Keller and Greaves)
"Kum Ba Yah"... F. Barber



THE STAFF... "Beautiful Dreamer"



Colin Massey

W
I
N
N
E
R
S



Ashlyn Manning



SCHOOL SONG... Onward Barnes! Upward Barnes!



Carl Coelho... Lily. Op. 160 No. 6
(H. Lichner)



Jyoti Walkay
(Winner - Girls' Senior Elocution)

My daddy and his crew have seen
sharks and whales.

My daddy is the captain of his ship.

* * *

COWBOY BOB

SANJAY ROY

III B *Candy*

Once there was a cowboy. His name
was Bobby. When he had his birthday,
his father gave him a horse. One day
he was riding on his horse when he heard
his mother calling him.

"Bobby, come after your ride is over
because your cousin, Silver, is coming
today to stay with us."

When he went on his ride he saw his
cousin, Silver, sitting and crying as she
had lost her way.

Bobby took her home at once to his
mother and they had happy times playing
together.

* * *

THE COCONUT-PALM

ROHIT AURORA

III B *Greaves*

The coconut-palm is a useful tree.
From its leaves and coir can be made
brooms, carpets, ropes and mats. Coco-
nuts are used in making sweets and also
curries. The dry coconut or copra is
crushed for oil. The coconut-palm has
no branches. It has very long leaves.
Monkeys are trained to bring coconuts
down from the trees. Coconut-water is
sweet and refreshing.

* * *

MY BROTHER'S FISH-TANK

JIM EASOW

III B *Spence*

My brother has five fishes in his fish-
tank. They feed on worms and water-
plants. There is sand and there are also
stones and plants for the fish to play

hide-and-seek. Two are sword-fish, two
Gouramies, and one is an Angel-fish.
One fish died a few days ago. My
brother changes the water after three
weeks and feeds the fishes twice a day.

* * *

THE REINDEER

A. J. GEORGE

III B *Spence*

The reindeer is a useful animal to the
people of the Far North. It lives on
moss, lichens and small shrubs. Eskimoes
can make glue from its hoofs and tools
from the reindeer's horns. From the fat
of the reindeer they can make oil for
lamps. They can eat the reindeer's flesh.
The reindeer gives milk. Eskimoes use
the reindeer's skin for tents and clothes.
The people of the Far North go out
hunting in sledges drawn by reindeer.

* * *

II B Class-teacher : MISS LYNDA COOK

MY CLASS-ROOM

SAMUEL ALEXANDER

II B *Candy*

In my class there are just twenty
children, a small but happy class. We
do a lot of lovely work and we enjoy our
craft lessons the best of all. We have
made some lovely things. Our class-room
is full of beautiful charts, which make the
room look lovely and bright. Our 'progress
chart' looks the best.

* * *

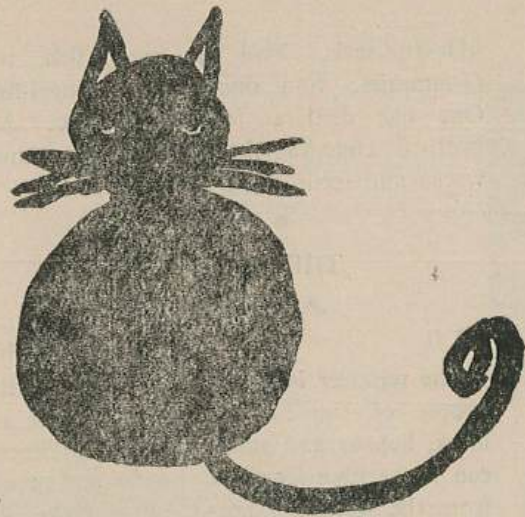
MY GARDEN

AGA HUSSAIN DASHTI

II B *Greaves*

I have a big garden and I have named
it "Our Garden of Beautiful Flowers".
There are many lovely flowers growing in
it and the flower I like best in the whole
garden is the lotus-flower in the pond. I play
every day in my garden with my friends.

* * *



II A Class-teacher : MISS S. LAWRENCE

MY CAT

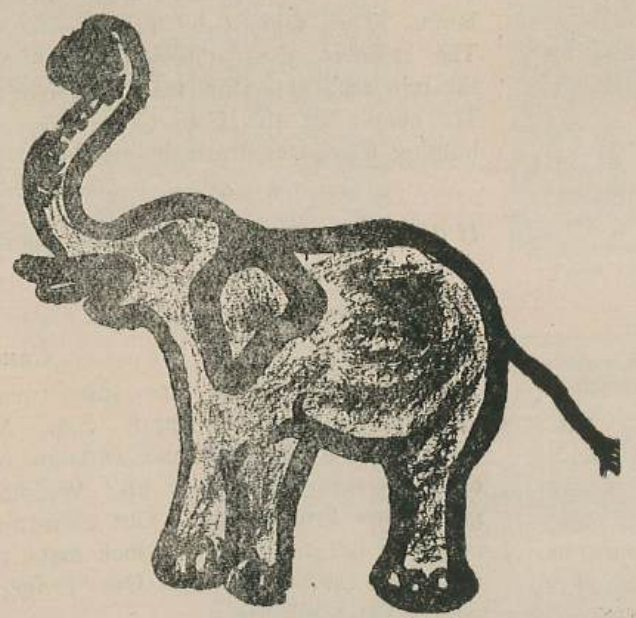
SMITHA BARFE

II A Florence Nightingale

I have a cat, who always eats rats.

One day, she was chased by a dog all down the road. She ran up a tree and the dog waited to catch her. At last the dog felt tired and went home and she came back to me.

* * *



MY ELEPHANT

CHETAN CHANDANI

II A Greaves

This is my elephant. He is very good, he never runs away from me. He is my best friend. His name is Raju.

* * *



MY FLOWER-POT

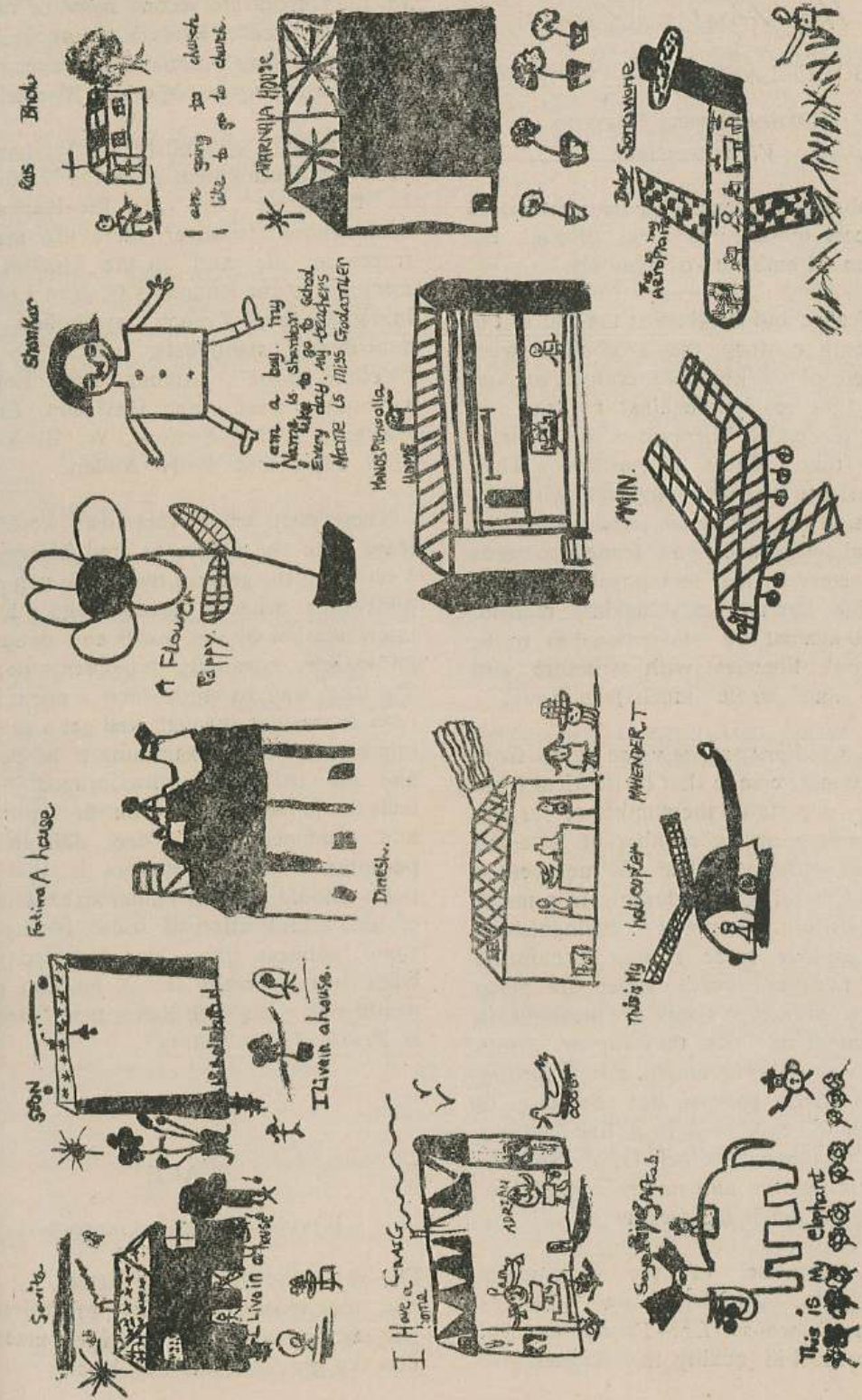
ANURADHA VARMA

II A Joan of Arc

In my flower-pot, I have many flowers.

Every day I pluck two flowers : one for my teacher and one for my friend.

* * *



I Upper Class-teacher : MISS PAMELA GOOLAMIER.

FREE EXPRESSION

The Poet's Corner

SYMBOLISM AND MODERN POETRY

WINSTON ROBERT GARDNER
Vice-Principal

Symbolism, in general, is the presentation of objects, moods, and ideas through the medium of emblems or symbols.

In France and Belgium at the end of the nineteenth century the symbolists were members of a school of literature, art and music that rebelled against realism and sought to express themselves by indirect rather than direct suggestions. They attempted to vest their materials with the suggestion of concealed intellectual and spiritual significance and leaned towards the mysterious and metaphysical. Their rebellion was not only against realism, but also against the conventional in form; they took liberties with structure and syntax and wrote much *free verse*.

This *vers libre* or *free verse* differs from conventional verse in that its metrical form does not depend on the number of *feet* in a line; but upon the number of accented syllables — the number of unaccented syllables varying considerably in number and position. Another distinguishing feature of *free verse* is that it employs many familiar words which are given strangely different slants of meaning in the context in which they appear. Lines in *free verse* vary in length, not according to a set stanza pattern, but according to the thought expressed in a line with a rhythm of language which G. M. Hopkins called 'the native and natural rhythm of speech'. So much for *free verse*.

The forerunner of the Continental School of Symbolism was Charles Baudelaire, whose *Les Fleurs du Mal* had the morbid quality that helped give

the later group its second name of "Poets of Decadence". Paul Verlaine and his disciple, Arthur Rimbaud were members of the school as was Maurice Maeterlinck.

In England symbolism did not have so marked a development as on the Continent. In the work of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, however, there are marked traces of it, and in the nineties the members of the Rhymers' Club in London initiated the French symbolists and contributed symbolistic poems to the "Yellow Book". Among these English symbolists were John Davidson, Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symonds, W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden.

These poets create their own world but leave it to the reader to find his way in. Very often the general thought is clear but difficulties arise in details, and a literal interpretation of the words and images is impossible especially in Auden's poetry. The best way to study such a poem is to read it straight through and get a general impression before examining it in detail, and not to be too discouraged if one feels the mood of a poem but finds phrases and sentences that are difficult to paraphrase. What matters is that the poem should give the reader an experience of life, a realisation of some beauty, or some ugliness that shows by contrast what beauty really is. A modern poet would not agree with Keats that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty".

* * *

PEACE

WINSTON ROBERT GARDNER

The sky grey, the far sky black,
The trees tensed, the palms breathless,
The jasmine white like waiting nurses,
The sky grey, the far sky black.

And nothing happens, nothing.
The days go by, the weeks go by,
Sky waits, trees wait, flowers wait,
Time waits. And nothing happens.

Except a tiny creature runs outside,
And howls and hurls its arms about:
God damn the sky, God damn the trees,
God damn the storm that never breaks!

And nothing happens, nothing
Except the little person goes inside,
Pats down its hair, sits at its desk,
And waits. And nothing happens.

* * *

MORNING DEW

WINSTON ROBERT GARDNER

I walked among the flowers.
I felt a presence.
'Twas early morning, the garden rich
with dew,
The grass glittered in the first glint
of morning sunshine.

My shoes were wet through—
Wet with the fragrance of the dew.
Dark patches in the green,
I am with you.

The dark patches vanish—
The grass is wet with dew.

* * *

LITTLE

RATTAN A. RAMCHANDANI

XI Sc Candy

Little did I know that I would enter this
beautiful, colourful world.

Little were my thoughts concealed in my
creative mother's womb.

Little were my limbs already groping
their way out to enter this world
of fascinating facts.

Little was my nose itching to inhale the
deep-soothing and refreshing
atmosphere of the new world.

Little did my brains wrack about the
communal environment I was
to grow used to.

Little did I think of the type I would be,
grown up.

Little was the place I was concealed in
with no freedom of movement.

Little were the thoughts of freedom
I would obtain on emerging from
the little womb into the open,
strange world.

Little did I know of the hard hits I
would be given by the strange,
white-cloaked creature.

Little were the tears trickling down my
cheeks.

Little did I know about these facts.

Little did I know of my little future,
which lies ahead for my little soul.

* * *

MISS D'SA'S PRIDE

REKHA ZOPE

XI A Joan of Arc

Last year, we were our dear
class-teacher's joys.

This year, we are full-grown the
Devil's toys!
More about each follows now in detail
Though words do complete opinions
curtail.

Margaret Andrews openly confesses
That her sole joys are good food and
dresses.

Though her English Language is
excellent,
In Hindi her poor marks are repellent!

Sudepta Choudhury, as Babs better
known,
Surely has much fatter and dimpled grown.
In mostly all subjects she tops the class,
And in each subject with high marks
does pass.

Myron D'Abreo, both Mischief and Joy,
Seems as innocent as a choir-boy.
When in the choir he attempts to sing,
Above all others, his cracked voice
doth ring.

Sameer Dave, better known as Sam Slime,
His teasing often turns sourer than lime.
He feels dead hungry almost all the time:
He believes that thugging grub is no
crime.

Young Colin Massey'll *never* grow taller,
Surely not higher than Jimmy's collar.
He's always with Jimmy—a comic pair—
Without whom he can't even comb
his hair.

Handsome Jimmy is forever smiling,
As out o' many jams he comes a-flying.
These dry days he lets the bees
make honey
For he's always high hard-up for
money.

Hazrat Ali, the "good guy" of our class,
Is always found "chewing cud" or green
grass.

Though quiet, sad and serious he may
seem,
Far from angelic are his jokes so
mean.

Keith Phillips—Bernard is his middle
name—
Most proudly does his name "Bernard"
proclaim.

In sentimentality, nonpareil;
For none would wish to be Bernard's
"pareil"!

Geeta Pichaya, 'Pichi', are the same.
From Physics, or *Pichichs*, has she her
name.

The shortest and most silent in our
class,
Her sudden giggles help heavy Time
pass.

R. Singho, our last year's lizard-keeper,
Is this year's head-boy and soundest
sleeper!

He surely concentrates on his studies
But perhaps not on his *bosom-buddies*.

Mukesh Vyas, th' cartoonist of our class,
Does often wear specs without any glass.
For him all elders are a boring bore
And in their presence he does often
snore.

And I come last, yet head the entrance
list.
More 'bout myself? Do adjectives exist?
Above's the original twelve's data.
More follows 'bout those who joined
us later.

Came Vijay Nigam. He'll ne'er remember
That the term "Mam" is far from
soft—tender.

In studies he does try hard to compete
And also hopes 'his dear sister' to beat.

Also came little Rukshana Dubash
Who once was the quietest coin in our
cash!

To the boys she speaks seldom, if ever,
And only to those, exceedingly clever.

Then Bhupinder Sihota came along
Who for the teachers doesn't care a song.

Most often in class he does them
disturb
And his irritation they cannot curb.

Then came Anjana Kale, quiet mouse,
Who, while she's in school, does miss
her dear house.

About nothing will she ever complain—
Except boys often her tiffin attain.

Fifth addition: Ravindra Gawali.
Just hear him sing his famous qawali!
'Bout him I won't venture a further guess
'Cept, if he left, we'd be only one less.

Our class-teacher is Miss D'Sa.
Haig-Brown
House—mistress; lives there to the North
and down.
She teaches us Literature, girl and boy,
And Geography, too. We're her Pride,
her Joy!

NOT PUPPY LOVE

MYRON D'ABREO

XI A

Greaves

Softly across the blue ocean she flew,
Like an angel with halo and harp new
All from Nowhere, Nowhere's End, did
she come
And stayed awhile in wonderland, her
home.

She flew across the wide, open, blue sky,
Swiftly, smoothly like a Goddess on high.
Her wings, they resembled a mountain
carp;
Her voice in the breeze was as sweet as
a harp.

Laughing, sincere, with her looks that
were free,
A living Diana she seemed to be.

Her lips like Dian's, were a rubious sight;
Her eyes were hazel-brown on crystal
white.

Her speech had an organ's sweet melody
Whose notes would make him drowse like
a poppy.

When she would smile the very trees
would sway
And make all those who were unhappy,
gay.

Across th' Arabian Sea in Lonely Land,
There lived a boy who was hale and at hand.
Who always hoped that some day he
would meet

A girl so innocent, charming and sweet.
He never thought that he would happ'ly
find
A girl so tender, sweet, sincere and kind.
One day he was surprised at her reply,
Telling him how she loved him on the sly.

Together, they dreamed, that they'd roam
the hills
And sing and dance among the daffodils,
Their love so tender and so very young
Resembled a merry, melodious song.

Sundays they'd meet under the tamarind-
tree
And laugh and joke, and sing and dance
with glee.
Happy were they in their celestial love,
As innocent and holy as a dove.

But the merry song of their love did end
When she returned alone to Nowhere's End.
'Tis hard for any friend to part with
friend
And make the music of their spirits blend.

Tears of sorrow filled his amorous eyes;
His manly bosom heaved such sobs and
sighs!
She left him dismally broken-hearted
As she from him for ever departed.

Two long years have passed since they
have parted.
In no other direction' Love's darted.
And yet the memory of their love remains
Mingled with Melancholy's sweetest
strains.

Close in his heart her memories do stay,
 Ever loved and remembered every day.
 More dear to him than worthless words
 can tell
 Is the charming girl whom he loved so
 well.

* * *

OUR SIX BEAUTIES

MYRON D'ABREO

XI A *Greaves*

Ruxana comes first, ever ready to burst
 At the boy who tries to speak to her first,
 Her glorious hairstyles are the very best,
 Which certainly do not come from the
 far west.

Second comes Maggie, the biggest of all,
 Rolling in, full-round like a basket-ball,
 Always thinking of Evans dining-hall
 Where she'll hog on to Barnes' delicious
 dhal.

Third comes Rekha always thinking of joys.
 Her famous hobby is collecting toys.
 Her walk is graceful, like a very jig.
 She hates admitting she resembles a twig.

Fourth comes Geeta the most smiling of all.
 But too small to be the fairest of all.
 She wears her hem, like her spirits, too
 high.

For Geeta *our Picha* all of us die.
 Sudepta is always bouncy, bouncing,
 Ready to screw her face at announcing.
 Like th' Great Wall of China, she sits o'
 her chair
 And like a toad can hop from here to
 there.

Anju the little quiet mouse comes las',
 The quietest beauty in the whole class.
 There's nothing more that I can of her
 tell
 'Cept that she always remains in her shell.

* * *

THE SPINELESS

SAMEER DAVE

XI A *Candy*

A slippery, sulky, spineless, sad boy
 Suddenly popped up from the milling crowd.
 Under pressure he'd remained for a year
 But at last, I just don't know, he popped up.
 A leader of all but master of none,
 Was the slippery, sulky, spineless boy,
 Always a-turning away from requests
 Because he was threatened that if he did
 Not turn from them he knew where he
 would go.

Then one day, thinking he'd authority,
 He instigated boys to robbery.
 Then something went wrong, the game was
 undone
 But he never accompanied them there!
 Oh! How they hated him! He was a cheat,
 A liar and did just what a cow did!
 But when time came for any punishment,
 Some innocent boy's name he rounded off.
 Always under pressure he did remain
 E'en under his girl, whose name he'd
 proclaim,
 Frightened that at any, the very next
 Moment she would not his truly remain.

* * *

THE MIXTURE

The Girls only of X Science

RETU LELE *Florence Nightingale*
 ALKA AGARWAL *Joan of Arc*
 MANGLA MISRA *Joan of Arc*
 JASMINE TAHERALI *Helen Keller*

*Written under the grand inspiration of
 much prejudiced protest* from the super-
 masculine remainder of the Scientists!*

Ten science is a mixture,
 Its constituents are rare:
 With all our readers a line
 Or two about them we'll share.

HOLIDAY
 TIME
 (DIWALI)

15th Nov. '74



(L to R) Seated (1st row)... Mrs. M. Amore; Mrs. Q. Fredrick; Mr. N. Fredrick; Mr. D. Amore.
 Standing .. Mr. J. L. Davis; Mrs. T. Davis; The Rev. J. Sule.

A Cultural
 programme for
 Visiting Directors
 and Guests.



Welcome Song



A Royal Discussion
 (A. Jamal and G. Gill)



The Musical Touch - Y. Coelho.



Gypsy Revels



Surprises from China (M. Webb and W. Louis)



Psychological Effects!
 P. Goolamier and M. Davis

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(Left Extreme) Miss P. Johnson, who was on a visit from the U. K., was present to see Bernadette Quintal confirmed.



Chapel Committee... (L to R)
2nd Row . Mr. P. Bhalerao; Mrs. U. Bhalerao; The Rev. D. Smith; Mrs. G. Hoffman; Mr. D. Hoffman
3rd Row: Mr. C. Paul; (Choir-master); the Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis.

Church Choir



Take these lines about ourselves
Not to heart but for some coke;
For we are not mocking, we
Only mean it as a joke.

A fine specimen, we see, with
A long, aquiline nose,
Is our great freedom fighter
Silent Subhash Chandra Bose.

Great Sulaiman Mohebi,
Our Arabian wala,
Of English Language he does
Make superb *ghotala*.

Arun Pai looks very like
A tasty, delicious pie
He is behind his glasses
An extremely brainy guy.

Another grand specimen
Is Parisien Sudeep Bal,
Great Doctor Surimono
Who's brainy brains are 'n his skull.

'No-time!' Adil Illava,
The round world's sleepest head,
We hope his dazed-up-look he
May sometime most nobly shed.

Kailash Oke, the crazy bloke,
As the grandest secret joke
One day he most daringly
Adil Illava awoke.

The little smiling giraffe,
None else than Karim Jamal,
Braggs that his big, baggy bells
Look like those of his *hamal*.

A silver *chamcha* is needed
In every Barnes School class;
Satish Pardeshi in this
Field does secure his *First Class*.

Satinderpal Singh Sachar
Our class self-appointed clown,
In sole grand competition,
Charlie Chaplin he puts down.

Smallest Malik Javeri
Is always bunking each class:
He says with nonchalant smile,
"It is such an easy task!"

French-pupil Amin Jamal
Is always feeling so cold;
Whatever the weather, he
Does ne'er his thick blazer fold.

Ravi Pichaya, Hitler's
President of South-west Gang,
In that monsoon corner "*Hails!*"
And doth really make a bang.

Sunil Dhir, most popular,
Talking day-scholar prefect,
Has but to change his playful
Ways to become the best prefect.

Jasmine, fair Taherali,
Our little, fatty, shorty,
Of all Eleven Science
Is really quite a cutie.

Neighbours Satish and Sharad
Both make a talkative pair:
One relays abroad the news;
T'other walks of Air Force Fair.

Small K. N. Venkatesh Rao
Our Hindi-Sanskrit scholar,
As his vocab grows bigger
May he i' stature grow taller.

You must meet Mangla Misra,
Mangla Misra bright in Maths.
All keen mathematicians
Before her remove their hats.

Karambir Singh in swimming,
English, Chem'stry's very fast.
We hope 's static energy
For other subjects will last.

Handsome Farouk Velani,
He's usually always seen
Cleaning his black-shining shoes
And our class-room blackboard clean.

Miss Ritu Lele, for one
 Known reason, Madame Curie,
 When she argues she is fit
 To join the grandest Jury.

Manfred Cope, like his brother
 Reginald, has much great *scope*.
 In Hindi h'll do better—
 The wise Ten Science hope.

Nasik's Alka Agarwal,
 The mightiest book-bug says:
 "My favourite novelist is
 None else but James Hadley Chase."

Deepak Vassa, Head-girl's *frere*,
 Always with his rosy smile
 Attracts general attention
 From over many a mile!

Gurdial Singh Dhanki just
 Sits silently still nearby,
 Scared even to breathe because
 He indeed is very shy.

Onkar Singh Sihota is
 At boxing and hockey good.
 He should join the Olympics:
 We all think he really should.

Satinder Ujagar Singh is
 Not quite easy to forget
 For he has changed his classes:
 We hope he does not regret.

Jaspal Dhillon, Mad-hatter,
 You're welcome to his chatter.
 He is an artist superb.
 Mind, he's our *Class-monitor*.

Mister Gupta, *Class-teacher*,
 Makes us make firm decisions
 To be India's future
 Noble worthy citizens.

Our short poem 'bout ourselves,
 Ere it lengthens, now we end
 And through it to our readers
 Our heartiest regards we send.

* * *

Post Scriptum *Ad Editoris*
 We've composed our masterpiece
 Under *duress* and laid
 Down flatly our feminine
*Protest** that must be op'n made.

De Editoris
Post postscriptum! Vera
Incessu patuit dea
Ut supra, frontis nulla
Fides—crambe repetita!

Paulo majora canamus—
Vox audita perit,
Littera scripta manet —
Vixere fortes ante!

* * *

THE DEAF BOY

SATINDERPAL SINGH SACHAR

X Sc *Candy*

Oh, say what is that thing called sound
 Which I will never enjoy
 For I have lost my hearing sense,
 I am your poor, dear, deaf boy!

You show me wondrous things, I know;
 You point to tree and flower.
 Oh, what's the use when I have lost
 The most important power!

I live alone in silent world,
 A lone world where no one talks,
 A world devoid of gaiety,
 of surprises and of shocks.

I stand and gaze at th' sun's bright rays
 When I turn my eyes to th' East:
 I stand so still with transfixed gaze
 There is comfort there at least.

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

* * *

OUR TEN ARTS

THE GIRLS ONLY

We now begin to tell our famous tales
 of Ten Arts where good mischief never fails.

Erica *Dibba's* the mischievous brat
 Who screeches as if she has seen a rat!

Suzu Keera the Ten Arts' triple twelfth
 Thinks his stares will make our beauteous
 hearts melt.

Shahnawaz the sentimental mod guy
 Half-dies to wish the girls his favourite "Hi!"

Whisky the budding Shakespeare of Ten
 Arts
 Is always reciting her favourite parts.

Naren who vanished for a complete term
 Is back on the ground with his feet quite
 firm.

Atul, Geographer, the *Micky Mouse*,
 In Maths he is at the top of the house.

Mini, Malvinder, with her squeaky voice,
 She knows not she makes a terrific noise!

O Daniel, who has come to judgement,
 To our Tenth class an air of fun has lent.

John who is extremely playful-moody—
 This minute bad; the next, goody-goody.

'Nita *Lotta* grows fatter day by day
 Though she likes to give her tiffin away.

Oh! The English accent is very strong!
 Arun... "de-ah!"! Sorry—we got that
 wrong!

King Arthur, our baldy, length'ning
 chicken
 Is for always eating in the kitchen.

Lorna is our favourite *Usher Iyer*
 Everyone *flips* when they 'appen t' heye 'er.

Kaiser the great *Picasso* of our class
 Do you think he'll 'Kavita Canteen' pass?

Our pale groom, Naushad, with nine
 fair brides.
 Should certainly walk with very proud
 strides.

Inderjeet, our studious princess girl,
 Is as wonderful as a costly pearl.

Norman with his long, learned history
 notes
 Cannot swim, imagine, but only floats.

Thin Naushir, our ever-present comic,
 We think he needs a special *Vit* tonic.

Judy, our most practical *Gran'mama*,
 Flung a card and dazed breathless *Papa*.

Vinod, who is always combing his hair,
 Looks lovely, handsome, like a teddy-bear.

Leela, our classical Lady Macbeth,
 When she is angry, she scares us to death.

Lollo *Phantom* who's left a fond memory
 Will live i' our hearts for many a century.

To *Sir with Love*: "Mr. Swing, Cool
 preacher,
 Happens to be a *fantastic Teacher!*"

* * *

NATURE'S OFFSPRING

ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO

X A *Florence Nightingale*

'I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.'

How true!

A tree with branches raised up high,
 For dazzling sunlight, in the sky.
 A tree that unto God sings praise
 All morning, evening, night and day.
 That in the breeze her leaves doth sway,
 That with the wind they start to play.
 In winter welcomes birds to nest.
 Whom do we see? Robin Redbreast!
 In summer, when w're tir'd 'nd hot
 Her shade makes a cool resting spot.

Her fruits are mellow-ripe to eat,
Flavoured with sugar—what a treat!

How simple, yet how fine she looks—
Far better than in story-books!
A *child* of Mother Nature's art,
How gracefully she plays her part!
I'll ne'er be able to express
To dearest God my thankfulness.
A ship, a plane, a fast express,
A rocket, even my best dress,
A pudding, or ice-creams three—
Before all of these, I'll choose a *TREE!*

* * *

HAWAII

ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO

X A *Florence Nigtingale*

If I was giv'n leave t' travel
Right around the big universe
And marvel at the gorgeous sights,
Just made for my own eyes to see.
The first place that I would visit,
Whence bring back all my souvenirs,
This place would be none other than—
My most beautiful Hawaii!
Yes, my beautiful Hawaii!
The jewel of the Pacific,
Hawaiian island of dusky,
Raven-haired beauties, garlanded,
Grass-skirted, laughing, dancing girls.
Island of golden-sandy shores,
Palm-grove huts and trees. Hawaii
The island of blue, crystal-clear
Lagoons and more than a mill'on
Sun-worshippers. Dear Hawaii,
The island of the West, where true
Love never sets, and where all your
Most fragrant and exotic dreams
Come true, This is my Hawaii,
The place I would like to visit *MOST!*

* * *

LOVE

SHAHNAWAZ BHOGADIA

X A

Candy

The day is bright
The wind is light
The trees are tall
And you 're mine after all.

Our days had flown
And I longed for
You with a sigh
But you 're mine; now you're mine.

We will dream dreams,
Live together,
Die together,
But never, Dear, scatter.

So let us pray
That none betray
And let us pray
That none may ever stray.

Let our eyes greet,
Let our hearts beat,
Let our lips meet,
Never let them retreat.

Let the world curse,
Don't let's disperse.
Let the world rehearse:
"Love's Love—and'll remain Love."

* *

*Love is the Life of Friendship;
Letters are the Life of Love.*

—Shahnawaz Bhogadia

* * *

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

LORNA MASSEY

X A

Helen Keller

I retired to bed so late last night
And in my dream I saw a beauteous sight.
The sky was a beautiful, reddish-blue.
The birds glided to their nests as they flew.

I dreamt I, too, was a bird in the air,
And flying to my own separate 'lair'.
All of a sudden, I looked down below:
The green fields below gave a lovely glow.

A farmer was busy tilling his land.
All at once he felt a mighty strong hand
Which caught his strong neck and
whirled him around.
'Next moment he was helplessly pinned
to the ground.

His painful cries were loud but all in vain:
None could hear him on that vast, open
plain.

The murderer twisted and turned his neck
Till the poor man was a horrible wreck.

The poor man, dying—his horrible death—
Gazed on his green fields till 's very last
breath.

I saw all that had happened so rudely
bold.
I now write my dream, that's ne'er yet
been told.

When Dawn blushed next morning behind
Night's fold
Of deep, silent darkness turned into gold,
The people awoke only to behold:
"Murder! Blue murder! Done out
in the cold!"

* * *

I'LL TELL HER SO

CHRISTOPHER PHILLIPS

X ICSE

Spence

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
I really value my sweet wife:
I'll tell her so.

There was a time I thought it bliss
To get the favour of a kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss:
I'll tell her so.

I'll not act as if she's passed her prime;
As though to please her were a crime;
If e'er I loved her, now's the time:
I'll tell her so.

Yes, I am hers and hers alone;
Well you know she is all my own;
I won't wait to carve it on stone:
I'll tell her so.

I'll never let her heart grow cold
But richer beauties will unfold;
Oh, she is worth her weight in gold:
I'll tell her so.

* * *

VI A *Class teacher*: MRS P. MICHAEL

SWEETY

HIRISH AGARWAL

VI A

Candy

I saw Sweetie-tweety in her nest,
With her children sleeping, blest!

When some naughty boys came out to play,
Sweetie-tweety flew away.

To the far forest away she flew
There where she could find fresh dew.

She flew away as far as she could
Into the dark-green, deep wood.

So very far, far away she flew;
Of her none could find a clue.

This was the end of Sweetie-tweety
Whom the naughty boys'd chased away.

* * *

MY MOUSE

ALI ASGHAR VALI

VI A

Spence

I'd a little mouse.
He lived in my house.
Once he saw a cat.
'Ran under a mat.

From there he slow-creeped.
From a hole he peeped
T' see if th' cat had gone.
And said : "I wish, Sean,
I hadn't been born !"

* * *

RAJ, THE DIRTY BOY

RAJPAL DIOL

VI A Greaves

O, once there was a dirty boy,
As dirty as can be.
His name was "Most dirty Rajpal !"
That little boy was me.

He played about in slushy mud
And water to the knee.
The naughty little boy came home
As dirty as could be.

At home he had a good mummy
Who loved him ever so;
But why Rajpal was so dirty,
Mummy just could not know.

He loved to make dirty mud-pies
And muddy-water tea;
By the time he had tasted them
His face you could not see.

Mum's little Rajpal was dirty
And, O, so very shy !
He'd run away so fast, you know,
When any girl he'd spy.

He just would NOT kiss any girl,
Not even pretty Pearl,
Just 'cause she was a little girl,
As good, as sweet as pearl.

He would not play with rowdy boys
But he'd play all alone
Because he had an awful name
For each boy he was shown.

One day the little dirty boy
Had a *whack* from his dad
And from that very day onwards
His lesson learnt he had !

* * *

MY BIRTHDAY PARTY

RAMONA JACOB

VI A Joan of Arc

"Ding-Dong !" The bell rings !
I run to open the door
And into the decorated hall
All the children pour.

Lots of chocolates to eat !
Lots of merry-making !
Such a treat !

Never have I had a party so nice
With cake, and patties, and things full of
spice !

Well, now let's have some games
Like *passing the parcel*
And *picking children's names*.

And now they say good-bye and go,
So they march out of the door.
"Well, thanks for coming all that way
'Hope you'll 'tend my party next
birthday !"

* * *

DEMONS

RAMONA JACOB

VI A Joan of Arc

Out they come in the still, dark night
To give the people a sudden fright.
In moonlight they silently creep
And through the bushes slowly peep.
They strangle men and make them die
And put them in a pan to fry.
When they are cooked, they eat and sigh :
"Gee ! Good !"

We wish we could have more of this
Because nothing else but Man is
Our food !"

* * *

MY CAT

PRASHANT P. JOSHI

VI A Spence

I had a little cat.
She was a little fat.
When she ate a fat rat
The cat became more fat.
She wore a pretty hat.
She once caught a bat.
Then once she fell quite flat
From th' window on a mat.
That was that of my cat,
My lovely, little cat !

* * *

III A Class-teacher: MISS MAUREEN WEBB

MY MUMMY AND DADDY

ASIF BUDHWANI

III A Candy

My mummy loves my Daddy
And Daddy loves my Mummy
But both, Daddy and Mummy,
My Mum and Dad, they love *ME* !

* * *

THE FLY AND THE CAT

SHIRAZ BULSARA

III A Florence Nightingale

We all do well know cats—
Cats were made to kill the rats;
But we don't know why, oh why,
Dear God made the buzzing fly.

* * *

III B Class-teacher : MRS Q. SAMSON

THE FOOL AT SCHOOL

LEONARD BUSH

III B Greaves

Once on my way to Barnes High School,
I began to walk
And on the way I saw a fool
Who began to talk.

The next day as I went to school
I saw a monkey
And When I saw the riding fool,
He rode a donkey.

* * *

DIANA

LEENA CHAWLA

III B Edith Cavell

My friend is a pretty girl.
She has a beautiful pearl.
Diana is her sweet name.
Her puppy-dog is so tame.
By Tess Davis's grand stage,
She lives in a cottage
With a garden full of trees.
She has hens, puppies and geese.
She plays, oh such funny games
And always calls me sweet names.
I love Diana ever more
Because she is never sore.

* * *

THE COCONUT-PALM

FIONA D'ABREO

III B Florence Nightingale

The coconut-palm
'S a beautiful tree.
It sways in the breeze
And whispers to me.
The tree is useful
And also the shell :

Coir-mats and bags;
Mattresses as well!

* * *

MY BROTHER'S DOGS

JAGDEEP KARAMCHANDANI

III B

Sudeep has two dogs.
He looks after them.

When he goes to play,
Sudeep goes with them.

He is ten years old.
The dogs are just four.

O, dare a thief come,
They dash to the door.

* * *

A MOUSE-HOUSE

MICHELLE LACEY

III B

There was a little mouse
Who built a little house
With biscuits, cake, cream, cheese—
Th' tastiest food you'd please!

But he ate it one day
In the middle of May.
Thence he did not feel gay
I am sorry to say.

* * *

SAILING

RAJESH MISRA

III B

When I was sailing in a boat
I saw a long, straight thing.
It had two wings without a coat
And it just could not sing.

I asked my father what it'd been.
He said, "It was a 'plane,
Belonging to the great army."
Which sounded so balmy!

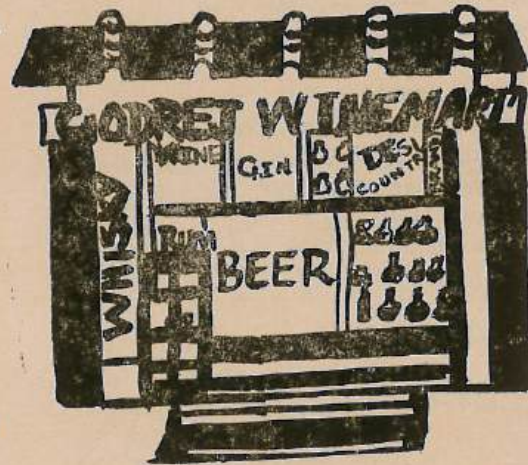
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II A Class-teacher : MISS SUZAN LAWRENCE

MY GRANDFATHER'S SHOP

PAREVY VANDREWALLA

II A



I sell Brandy, Rum, and Gin,
Gold Cup Brandy,

Blue Fighter Rum, Blue Bird Gin,
White Horse Whisky

From seven in the mornin'
Till it's time to turn in.

* * *

II B Clas-teacher : MISS LYNDA COOK

THE LION AND THE RABBIT

DAVID ROBINS

II B

The rabbit went to the zoo.
He saw a huge lion, too.



THE SACRED RITE OF CONFIRMATION

Sunday 17. XI. '74

"Make strong their wills,
their courage steadfast,
and their faith firm-founded."



Seeking the gift of the
Holy Spirit through the
laying on of hands.



"And so will I go to Thine Altar."

Parents and Guardians
of the confirmation candidates,
going up for Holy communion.



Confirmation candidates with the Rt. Rev. A. V. Jonathan - Bishop of Nasik;
Mr. and Mrs. N. Fredrick (Vice President of the B.E.S.), the Principal Mr. J. L. Davis;
the Rev. E. S. Parker and the Rev. D. A. Smith.

SMILING VICTORY

The Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis with the Coaches and Winning Houses.



THROW BALL .. Helen Keller... Miss S. Lawrence



BADMINTON... Joan of Arc... Miss P. Goolamier BASKETBALL... Joan of Arc... Miss M. Webb



TABLE TENNIS... Edith Cavell... Mrs. G. Hoffman

The lion said : "Boo-ooo-oo !
I am the King of the Zoo !"
The rabbit said : "What to do ?
I am also in the zoo !"

* * *

THREE LITTLE MEN

MOHD. AHMED KHATRI

II B

Three little men went
Over the blue sea;
They went a-sailing,
A-sailing with glee.
They saw a big fish.
They wanted to wish—

Royal

The three little men
Who went out to sea.

* * *

MY LITTLE PUP

PARU AMIN

II B

Joan of Arc

I have a little pup,
His name is just Jack.
I play with my pup
Whose colour is black.
When he grows more old
He'll watch over me.
'Hope he'll not catch cold
But bark 'nd play with me !

* * *

GENTLE LOVE

DONALD ALFRED SMITH

Let us bear	with a smile,
Let us do	with a will,
Like the Man	in Galilee.
Let us pray	for mankind,
Let us die	for mankind,
Like the Son	on calvary.
Let us cast	all our care,
Let us give,	Let us share,
Like the Boy	of Nazareth.
Let us sow	everywhere
Joy, Praise, Song,	Faith, Hope Love,
Like the Babe	of Bethlehem.
Let us take	of the food,
Let us make	ourselves good
At Chrst's board	of humble crumbs.
Let us drink	of His blood,
Let us wash	ourselves pure.
At Chris'ts throne	of gentle Love.
Let us ask	of the Lord,
Let us seek	for the Lord,
With our prayer	importunate.
Hear Him knock	on the door,
Let us ope	our heart's door :
"King of Kings	most potentate !"

Devlali 4-15 p.m. Saturday, 12-7-1975

* * *

Play the Game

DOES EXERCISE IMPROVE THE FUNCTIONING OF THE BRAIN?

P. S. GAMA, P. T. I.
Retired CP. OD. P. ED.

Systematic physical exercises are taken to condition the brain and the body.

A simple stretched walk, a jog-trot, a swim three times a week, these might be expected to develop the average individual, increase physical stamina, induce slimming, improve blood-pressure readings, and give to the brain its much-needed exercise.

Physical exercise encourages the brain cells to receive sufficient supplies of oxygen, and then the brain cells perform their work very efficiently because of the increased supply of pure oxygen.

Experiments confirm that exercise increases oxygen-transport capacity and experiments demonstrate how oxygen stimulates senile brains.

Seriously suggested is a programme of regular exercise that increases oxygen-

transport to the brain, improves the mental performance of the individual, and better aids a human to take care of his body wonderful and beautiful.

It is the strong recommendation of the majority of medical practitioners that physical activities are essential to mental health, especially exercise in the acquisition of new skills.

The ideal programme will include exercises that at once stimulate both mental and physical function.

Any individual who regularly participates in a jog or walk for two or three kilometres a day will eventually become habituated or even addicted to the taking of this regular exercise.

I can but advise that *only* when an optimum satisfaction in reaching a state of physical and mental well-being has been attained, will it be realised what has been achieved:

the individual works better,
feels more alive,
and to the happy enjoyment of such a sublime state of well-being
there is no age bar whatsoever.

* * *

The team or house points are as follows:

Position	House	Points
First	Helen Keller	138
Second	Joan of Arc	98
Third	Florence Nightingale	60
Fourth	Edith Cavell	37

The function was carried with a touch of professionalism and, as usual, those Blue Mackenzie sisters proved themselves champions on the field. Heather won the Senior Rex Ludorum and Audrey, the

GIRLS' ATHLETICS, 1974

The Wilson and Barrow Cups

In charge: MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL

Correspondent: MARGARET ANDREWS

XIA

Helen Keller

I truly think that what held the most excitement, the keenest competition, and the most amount of team spirit this year, was Athletics.

Intermediate. Lynette Ridewood of Joan of Arc lost the Intermediate Rex Ludorum by one, single point. Nevertheless, owing to her speed and prowess in her various events, she too proved as much a champion. Better luck next time, Lynette!

The Liddle Cup for Marching was *swiped* by Blues for the fourth successive year! Were we not thrilled? It is good to know that people *can* recognise smartness and uniformity when they see it! And it is also good to reflect that one more year of winning the marching-cup will place us equal with Greens who had *swiped* it for five continuous years. Were they not lucky?

The Junior Relay was won by Greens and Blues became the proud possessors of the Wilshaw Senior Relay Cup.

Sunday, the twentieth of October, was a wonderful day! The events took their course smoothly, one by one, and in the middle of the programme all the girls and boys were fully satisfied by an extremely refreshing tea.

But there was yet more to come. It seemed that the day had not yet ended. As the prizes were being distributed, towards the end of the programme the sky suddenly turned from a forget-me-not-blue to a dull, leaden gray. Huge nimbus clouds overhead frowned and rain began simply to pelt in torrents. Everyone made a dash for the pavilion and only half the prizes were distributed. The rest were given out on Tuesday morning.

As everyone trooped up to school through squelchy mud to get ready for the Diwali Dance, we all felt that nothing else could have proved a more exciting and a more pleasantly-surprising, unexpected end to such a lovely day!

* * *

RESULTS OF THE GIRLS' ATHLETICS PREVIOUSLY CONTESTED EVENTS

Friday, the Eighteenth of October, 1974

NOVICES

100m. 1965. H. Dhillon.		16.2"
1 Susan Young	F.N.	17.9"
2 Niveditha Gojar	H.K.	
3 Varsha Ohni	E.C.	
50-m. <i>Skipping</i> . 1962. S. Mody.		9.8"
1 Varsha Ohni	E.C.	10.0"
2 Susan Young	F.N.	
3 Rhonda Rennison	H.K.	
Long Jump. 1957. M. Arklie.		3.45 m.
1 Rhonda Rennison	H.K.	2.61 m.
2 Varsha Ohni	E.C.	
3 Niveditha Gojar	H.K.	
High Jump. 1972. K. Scott.		0.95 m.
1 Rhonda Rennison	H.K.	0.80 m.
2 Niveditha Gojar	H.K.	
3 Geeta Mishra	J.A.	

JUNIORS

50-m. <i>Skipping</i> . 1964. G. King.	}	8.8"
1972. G. Smith.		
1 Lorraine Selvaraj	J.A.	9.2"
2 Rajlaxmi Bhambure	H.K.	
3 Pamela Cope	F.N.	
100-m. <i>Skipping</i> . 1973. N. Irani.		16.8"
1 Pamela Cope	F.N.	17.0"
2 Lorraine Selvaraj	J.A.	
3 Michelle Rose	J.A.	
Long Jump. 1959. M. Arklie.		3.84 m.
1 Lorraine Selvaraj	J.A.	3.00 m.
2 Donna Barnett	E.C.	
3 Pamela Cope	F.N.	

High Jump. 1945. S. Pawle. 1.17 m.
 1 Lorraine Selvaraj J.A. 0.92 m.
 2 Pamela Cope F.N.
 3 Michelle Rose J.A.

INTERMEDIATES

200-m. 1963. C. Cox. 31.5"
 1 Audrey Mackenzie H.K. 32.2"
 2 Lynette Ridewood J.A.
 3 Sarita Sandhu F.N.

Long Jump. 1959. Y. Dennis. 4.09 m.
 1 Karen Rose J.A. 3.57 m.
 2 Lynette Ridewood J.A.
 3 Nargish Irani H.K.

High Jump. 1943. C. Palmer Wilson. 1.32 m.
 1 Lynette Ridewood J.A. 1.03 m.
 2 Nargish Irani H.K.
 3 Satyasheela Pawar H.K.

Shot-put. 8 lbs. 1957. B. Peters. 7.12 m.
 1 Audrey Mackenzie H.K. 6.30 m.
 2 Karen Scott J.A.
 3 Karen Rose J.A.

Javelin-throw. 1968. B. Dique. 18.54 m.
 1 Karren Scott J.A. 21.80 m.
 2 Sarita Makhija F.N.
 3 Sarita Sandhu F.N.

Discus-throw. 1962. A. Harris 18.54 m.
 1 Audrey Mackenzie H.K. 15.10 m.
 2 Karen Scott J.A.
 3 Sarita Sandhu F.N.

SENIORS

200-m. 1964. C. Cox 29.6"
 1 Heather Mackenzie H.K. 31.0"
 2 Binapani Mahanty F.N.
 3 Marilyn Goolamier H.K.

Long Jump. 1959. M. Dawes. 4.51 m.
 1 Heather Mackenzie. H.K. 4.22 m.

2 Binapani Mahanty F.N.
 3 Rosalind Phillips F.N.

High Jump. 1946. C. Palmer Wilson. 1.35m.

1 Binapani Mahanty F.N. 1.22 m.
 2 Gloria Smith F.N.
 3 Dolly Irani H.K.

Triple Jump. 1973. H. Mackenzie. 8.80 m.

1 Heather Mackenzie H.K.
 2 Blossom Connell H.K.
 3 Binapani Mahanty F.N.

Shot-put 8 lbs. 1950. E. Hill. 9.14 m.

1 Lorraine Rose J.A. 7.75 m.
 2 Blossom Connell H.K.
 3 Marilyn Goolamier H.K.

Javelin-throw. 1967. I. Garrett. 27.94 m.

1 Heather Mackenzie H.K. 20.16 m.
 2 Marilyn Goolamier H.K.
 3 Lorraine Ryder J.A.

PREP HOUSE

Spoon-and-potato Race for Boys. 5-6 yrs.

1 Deepak Lad
 2 Dudley Phillips
 3 Gustad Faredooni

Flat Race for Girls. 5-6 years.

1 Sabina Sharma
 2 Paimana Irani
 3 Sophia D'Souza

Sack Race for Boys. 8-9 years.

1 Deepak Motwani
 2 Anthony Arez
 3 Shankar Dhole

Obstacle Race for Boys. 9-10 years.

1 Kiroupal Khanijaw
 2 Rajesh Misra
 3 Asif Budhwani

Spoon-and-potato Race for Girls. 6-7 yrs.

1 Anuradha Varma
 2 Sean Larkins
 3 Kiran Kanal

Step-on-stone Race for Boys.

10 years and over.

1 Ashley Keenan and Abdul W. Khatri
 2 Deepak Rallan and Manmohan Misra
 3 David Robins and Ratnakar Torne

GIRLS' SPORTS' DAY FINALS

Sunday, the Twentieth of October, 1974

NOVICES

50-m. 1964. H. Dhillon. 8.5"
 1 Susan Young F.N. 9.3"
 2 Niveditha Gojar H.K.
 3 Rhonda Rennison H.K.

Rex Ludorum : Susan Young, F.N.

JUNIORS

100-m. 1964. G. King. 15.3"
 1 Lorraine Selvaraj J.A. 16.3"
 2 Donna Barnett E.C.
 3 Rajlaxmi Bhambure H.K.

50-m. 1964. G. King. { 8.0"
 1966. N. Vakll. {

1 Lorraine Selvaraj J.A.
 2 Rajlaxmi Bhambure H.K.
 3 Donna Barnett J.C.

Rex Ludorum : Lorraine Selvaraj, J.A.

INTERMEDIATES

100-m. 1972. H. Mackenzie. 14.1"
 1 Audrey Mackenzie H.K.
 2 Lynette Ridewood J.A.
 3 Karen Rose J.A.

80-m. Hurdles. 1965. B. Kirpalani. 16.2"

1 Lynette Ridewood J.A. 16.4"
 2 Nargish Irani 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. 14.4"
 2 Binapani Mahanty F.N.
 3 Gloria Smith F.N.

80-m. Hurdles. 1964. C. Cox. 15.5"

1 Gloria Smith F.N. 16.2"
 2 Binapani Mahanty F.N.
 3 Beryl Greve H.K.

Discus-throw. 1973. M. Cox. 24.35 m.

1 Heather Mackenzie H.K. 23.30 m.
 2 Lorraine Rose J.A.
 3 Marilyn Goolamier H.K.

Rex Ludorum : Heather Mackenzie, H.K.

RELAY RACES

4x100-m. Junior Relay :
 1966. Edith Cavell. 62.1"
 1 Joan of Arc 1'-6"
 2 Helen Keller
 3 Edith Cavell

4x100-m. Senior Relay.
 1963. Edith Cavell. 59.9"
 1 Helen Keller 1'-3.7"
 2 Florence Nightingale
 3 Edith Cavell

TEAMS

Junior Relay : Joan of Arc.

1 Lorraine Selvaraj
 2 Karen Scott
 3 Karen Rose
 4 Lynette Ridewood

Senior Relay : Helen Keller

- 1 Marilyn Goolamier
- 2 Heather Mackenzie
- 3 Avis Taylor
- 4 Blossom Connell

PREP HOUSE

Flat Race. Tiny Tots.

- 1 R. J. Moses
- 2 M. Emmanuel
- 3 M. Mainguy

Sack Race. Boys.

- 1 A. R. Ansari
- 2 B. Mainkar
- 3 G. Fallah

Flat Race. Boys.

- 1 S. Boraste
- 2 A. Patel
- 3 M. H. Babai

Three-legged Race. Girls.

- 1 A. Nehra and L. Chawla
- 2 P. Ross and K. Lobo
- 3 S. Kale and V. Kulkarni

HOUSE POINTS

Position	House	Points
First	Helen Keller	138
Second	Joan of Arc	98
Third	Florence Nightingale	69
Fourth	Edith Cavell	37

FLOATING CUPS

Junior Relay Cup	: Joan of Arc
The Wilshaw Senior Relay Cup	: Helen Keller
Barrow Hardlines Cups for Runner-up			: Joan of Arc
Wilson Cup for the Champion House			: Helen Keller
Squadron Leader Liddle Cup for Marching			: Helen Keller

* New Record

* * *

BOYS' ATHLETICS, 1974

The Henry Down and Barrow Cups

In charge : MR. S. S. GUPTA, Organiser

Correspondent : STANLEY P. CONNELL
X ICSE Candy

This year, as usual, the athletics season began as a great event of our school-life, full of vigour and gaiety, enthusiasm and excitement. The practice commenced fairly early and was completed in time. The pre-contested finals were held on the eighteenth of October. The evidence of keen interest and com-

petition was demonstrated by the participants in their breaking old and establishing new records in spite of the unwelcome conditions of inclement weather.

In the afternoon of Sunday, the twentieth of October, began the impressive and colourful March-past of all the athletes, led by the Artillery Pipe Band. Mr. D. Amore, M. L. A., presided and took the salute, declaring open the fiftieth meet, after S. S. Keer, the Best Athlete of 1973, had administered the oath. The entire programme went through with ease and Co-operation from all. Towards the end Mr. Davis, our Principal, enlightened the gathering about

the various fields of activities of our chief guest, Mr. D. Amore, M.L.A.

Finally followed a happy termination in prize-giving by Mr. D. Amore amid joyous cheers and applause in a sublime ideal of the best having been achieved. I thank our Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis, for his valuable guidance and Mrs. P. Michael for her spirit of co-operation.

Mr. W. R. Gardner, our Vice-principal, made excellent arrangements for the supply of cold drinks, shamianas and tents. Miss L. M. D'Sa made good seating arrangements.

Thus the entire school, staff, pupils, visitors and the band made the occasion really grand.

Thanks to all concerned.

* * *

RESULTS OF THE BOYS' ATHLETICS PREVIOUSLY CONTESTED EVENTS

Wednesday, the Sixteenth of October, 1974

MIDGETS

100 m. 1971. M. Patni. R.		15.5"
1 S. Choudhary	G	16.2"
2 R. Murtadak	S	
4 V. Thayil	S	
Long Jump. 1961. N. Ahmed. R.		11'-7½"
1 D. Gupta	S	3.09 m.
2 M. Rao	C	
3 V. Thayil	S	
High Jump. 1971 M. Patni. R.		3'-8½"
1 A. Medhora	G	0.89 m.
2 S. Chaudhary	G	
3 M. Rao	C	

NOVICES

Long Jump. 1953 G. Brackstone. G. 13'-6"

1 M. Narang	S	3.76 m.
2 S. Ganguley	S	
3 B. Kolpe	S	

High Jump. 1973 M. Patni. R. 1.25 m.

1 B. Kolpe	S	1.17 m.
2 A. Dhaginawala	R	
3 U. Karade	R	

JUNIORS

200-m. 1969. Mohd. S. Shaikh. R. 27.6"

1 M. Patni	R	28.5"
2 S. Pawar	C	
3 R. Cope	C	

400-m 1973. Ghanshyam Kakar. R. 60.9"

1 M. Patni	R	64.3 m.
2 S. Pawar	C	
3 P. Cope	C	

Long Jump. 1973. Ghanshyam Kakar. R. 4.88 m.

1 M. Patni	R	1.27 m.
2 S. Pawar	C	
3 S. Khan	S	

High Jump. 1955. V. Baharwani. R. 4'-4½"

1 M. Patni	R	1.27 m.
2 U. Pawar	C	
3 S. Khan	S	

Shot-put. 8 lbs. 1959. M. T. Badri. R. 1.2½"

1 M. Patni	R	7.95 m.
2 U. Pawar	C	
3 S. Pawar	C	

Discus-throw. 1959. M. T. Badri. R. 9'-6½"

1 S. Pawar	C	18.68 m.
2 M. Patni	R	
3 U. Pawar	C	

INTERMEDIATES

100-m. 1973. Christopher Phillips S. 11.9"
 1 A. Rahim C 11.9"
 2 M. De G
 3 S. Gama S

200-m. 1969. Peter Smith G. 25.4"
 1 A. Rahim Mahmood C 25.3"
 2 M. De G
 3 S. Gama S

400-m. 1973. Abdul Rahim. C. 57.2"
 1 M. De G 59.0"
 2 K. Rambhanjan R
 3 G. Kakar R

800-m. 1973. Hoshang Haghghi. R. 2'-17.3"
 1 K. Rambhanjan R 2'-28.4"
 2 S. Yezdagardi C
 3 G. Kakar R

1,500-m. 1971. Surjit Sing Keer. C. 4'-58.4"
 1 S. Yezdagardi C 5'-1.2"
 2 K. Rambhanjan R
 3 Al Hakeem R

Long Jump. 1957. G. Brackstone. G. 18'-4"
 1 A. Rahim C 5.43 m.
 2 K. Jamal R
 3 M. Hassan S

High Jump. 1960. Mohd. Khan. S. 5'-2½"
 1 A. Rahim C 1.43 m.
 2 A. A. Ansari G
 3 K. Rambhanjan R

Triple Jump. 1973. Christopher Phillips. S. 10.86 m.
 1 A. Rahim C 10.65 m.
 2 P. Kale G
 3 M. De G

Shot-put. 1973. Abdul Rahim. C. 9.55 m.
 1 A. Rahim C 9.37 m.
 2 B. Sopher R
 3 S. Dhir G

Discus-throw. 1964. R. Vyas. R. 112'-6"
 1 Mohd. Hassan S 20.16 m.
 2 A. Rahim C
 3 M. De G

SENIORS

100-m. 1971. Michael Scott. R. 11.3"
 1 K. Pawar C 11.5"
 2 C. Phillips S
 3 S. S. Keer C

200-m. 1971. Michael Scott. R. 23.3"
 1 K. Pawar C 25.1"
 2 S. S. Keer C
 3 S. Connell C

400-m. 1967. Leonard Kerr. R. 52.6"
 1 S. S. Keer C 55"
 2 S. Connell C
 3 J. Dhillon G

800-m. 1973. Surjit Singh Keer. C. 2'-9.7"
 1 S. S. Keer C 2'-14.8"
 2 S. Connell C
 3 H. Haghghi R

1,500-m. 1972. Joaqim Heredia. C. 4'-43"
 1 S. S. Keer C 4'-52.4"
 2 H. Haghghi R
 3 J. Parvareh R

Long Jump. 1963. M. Khan. S. 20'-0"
 1 K. Pawar C 5.8 m.
 2 A. Jamal R
 3 J. Dhillon G

DISPLAYING THE SPORTING SPIRIT
 20-X-1974



Champion S. S. Keer taking the oath



1. R. Moses
 2. M. Emmanuel
 3. M. Mainguy



An Exciting finish



1. L. Ridewood
 2. N. Irani
 3. K. Rose



B. Mahanty in action



1. K. Pawar
 2. S. Keer
 3. A. Jamal

1. S. Connell (Barnes)
 2. J. Kaliah (Xaviers)
 3. M. Gonsalves (Xaviers)



Announcer and Recorders racing against time! (Dark clouds gather overhead)



WINNERS ... R. Emmanuel



... H. Mackenzie

The rains came after the last event, so the Prize Giving was a hurried get together in the pavilion! but ...



The Chief Guest ... Mr. D. Amore (M. L. A.)
And the Principal ... Mr. J. L. Davis

Let it rain, let it pour nothing worries us - with Mr. Amore in the chair Away with nerves and fuss!



Keeping cool at the interval



M. Patni



A. Rahim

High Jump. 1963. M. Khan. S. 5'-5"

- 1 S. S. Keer C 1.58 m.
- 2 A. Jamal R
- 3 Jasbir S. Dhuper R

Triple Jump. 1961. M. Khan. S. 40'-9"

- 1 S. Connell C 11.52 m.
- 2 A. Jamal R
- 3 N. A. Khan R

Shot-put. 1940. J. Vickers. R. 35'-4"

- 1 S. Connell C 8.98 m.
- 2 K. Phillips G
- 3 F. Bhiwandiwalla R

Discus-throw. 1959. R. Dawes. R. 94'-3"

- 1 J. Dhillon G 23.85 m.
- 2 Ali Akbar Rezapoor C
- 3 S. Connell C

Javelin-throw. 1962. R. Reymer. R. 151'-0"

- 1 S. Connell C 30.20 m.
- 2 S. S. Keer C
- 3 N. A. Khan R

RELAY RACES

4x100-m. 1964. Candy 47.8"

- 1 Candy 49.2"
- 2 Greaves
- 3 Royal

4x400-m. 1973. Candy. 3' 45.5"

- 1 Candy 3'-54"
- 2 Greaves
- 3 Spence

200x800x400x200-m. Medley. 1970. Royal; 1971, 1973. Candy. 4'-0.2"

- 1 Candy 4'-5"
- 2 Royal
- 3 Greaves

INTER-SCHOOL EVENTS

400-m. 1972. Joaqim Heredia. Barnes. 57.5"

- 1 M. Milton St. Xavier 56.1"
- 2 S. S. Keer Barnes
- 3 S. Connell Barnes

1,500-m. 1972. Joaqim Heredia. Barnes. 4'-43"

- 1 S. S. Keer Barnes 4'-40.7"
- 2 H. Haghighi Barnes
- 3 J. Parvareh Barnes

High Jump. 1972. Umesh Vichare. Barnes. 1.42 m.

- 1 S. S. Keer Barnes 1.59 m.
- 2 A. Jamal Barnes
- 3 R. Agrey St. Xavier

Triple Jump. 1972. C. D'Abreo. St. Xavier 10.78 m.

- 1 A. Jamal Barnes 11.44 m.
- 2 S. Connell Barnes
- 3 N. A. Khan Barnes

Discus-throw.

- 1 J. Dhillon Barnes 23.65 m.
- 2 Ali A. Razapoor Barnes
- 3 H. Highighi Barnes

Long Jump. 1972. Kailas Pawar. Barnes. 5.54 m.

- 1 A. Jamal Barnes 5.83 m.
- 2 J. Dhillon Barnes
- 3 K. Pawar Barnes

Shot-put.

- 2 Jaidev Kalia St. Xavier 10.2 m.
- 2 F. Bhiwandiwalla Barnes
- 3 K. Phillips Barnes

200x800x400x200-m. Medley Relay.

- 1 Barnes 3'-57"
- 2 St. Xavier

BOYS' SPORTS' DAY FINALS

Sunday, the Twentieth of October, 1974

MIDGETS

50-m. 1964. Vip Chand. S. 8"
 1 V. Thaiyal S 8.7"
 2 A. Medhora G
 3 D. Gupta S

Rex Ludorum : { Sanjay Chaudhury, G.
 A. Medhora, G.

NOVICES

100-m. 1973. Mehmood Patni. R. 13.4"
 1 A. Shrivastava C 14.4"
 2 M. Narang S
 3 B. Kolpe S

200-m. 1973. Mehmood Patni. R. 27.4"
 1 A. Shrivastava C 30.5"
 2 M. Narang S
 3 A. Daginawalla R

Rex Ludorum : M. Narang, S.

JUNIORS

100-m. 1973. Ghansham Kakar. R. 12.7"
 1 M. Patni R 13.0"
 2 S. Pawar C
 3 R. Cope C

80-m. Hurdles. 1973. Ghansham Kakar. 14.0"

1 M. Patni R 14.0"*
 2 S. Pawar C
 3 R. Cope C

Rex Ludorum : M. Patni, R.

INTERMEDIATES

110-m. Hurdles. 1968. Anil Puri. C. 17.9"
 1. A. Rahim C 17.5"*
 2 G. Kakar R
 3 M. De G

Javelin-throw. 1964. R. Vyas. R. 143'-8"

1 K. Rambhanjan R 36.67 m.
 2 S. Dhir G
 3 Y. Solanki C

Rex Ludorum : A. Rahim, C.

SENIORS

110-m. Hurdles. 1971. Michael Scott. R. 15.6"

1 K. Pawar C 17.0"
 2 S. S. Singh C
 3 A. Jamal R

Rex Ludorum : S. S. Keer, C.

RELAY RACES

4x100-m. Seniors. 1964. Candy 47.8"
 1 Candy 49.2"
 2 Greaves
 3 Royal

4x100-m. Juniors.

1 Candy 58.8"
 2 Greaves
 3 Spence

4x100-m. Intermediates.

1 Candy 50.9"
 2 Greaves
 3 Royal

4x100-m. The Present versus The Past. 1973. The Present, 47.6"

1 The Present 47.6"
 2 The Past

Old Students' Race.

1 S. Awatramani 20.4"
 2 Sherry Irani
 3 A. Singh

4x400-m. Open Relay. 1972. Arty Centre. 3'-38.6"

1 Arty. Centre 3'-49"
 2 Air Force

HOUSE POSITIONS

Position	House	Points
First	Candy	229.0
Second	Royal	118.5
Third	Greaves	101.0
Fourth	Spence	61.5

INTER-SCHOOL EVENTS

100-m. 1972. C. D'Abreo. St. Xavier 11.9"
 1 K. Pawar Barnes 11.6"
 2 A. Rahim Barnes
 3 M. Gonsalves St. Xavier

200-m. 1972. Bharat Jagoowani. Barnes. 25.3"

1 M. Gonsalves St. Xavier 24.1"*
 2 A. Rahim Barnes
 3 K. Pawar Barnes

FLOATING CUPS

Squadron Leader Liddle Cup for Marching : Blues : Helen Keller/Greaves
 Cup for Junior 4x100-m. Relay : Candy
 Cup for Intermediate 4x100-m. Relay : Candy
 Bakshi Cup for the Two Senior Relays : Candy
 William Robb Cup for the Senior 200x800x400x200-m. Medley Relay : Candy
 Barrow Hardlines Cup for the Boys' Runner-up House : Royal
 Henry Down Cup for the Boys' Champion House : Candy

* * *

GIRLS' BADMINTON, 1974

The Badminton Trophy

Incharge : MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL AND
 MISS PAMELA GOOLAMIER

Correspondent : BEVERLY ZACHARIAHS

IX C Edith Cavell

This year the badminton front presented exciting matches which breathed a spirit of enthusiasm from the very start. Our girls

800-m.

Position	School	Points
1	S. S. Keer Barnes	2'-12.7"
2	S. Connell Barnes	
3	H. Haghighi Barnes	

Javelin-throw.

1	S. Connell Barnes	36.65 m.
2	J. Kalia St. Xavier	
3	M. Gonsalves St. Xavier	

4x100-m. Relay. 1972. Barnes School. 49.1"

1 Barnes
 2 St. Xavier

Inter-school Rex Ludorum. S. S. Keer. Barnes

INTER-SCHOOL POSITIONS

Position	School	Points
First	Barnes	98
Second	St. Xavier	33

took a very active interest in the game, pointing out our handicaps and showing us some good points which later proved useful.

There was keen competition among the players and with zest the girls attacked the zooming shuttlecock. A tense atmosphere prevailed during every match, working up to a crescendo of applause when the flushed winners emerged.

Heather Mackenzie of *Helen Keller* and Beverly Zachariahs of *Edith Cavell* gave each other a tough game, each trying to prove her worth. Beverly Zachariahs was the winner. Lorraine Rose of *Joan of Arc's* 'B' Team did her bit, charging the scene with excitement by winning all her singles matches.

The finale left the girls tired, happy, and content with good work or rather good play.

May the 1975 Badminton prove to be just as interesting and I trust the girls will do their utmost to keep playing the game with a sporting spirit.

The Best Badminton Player for the Year, 1974: Beverly Zachariahs, Edith Cavell
The Badminton Trophy 1974: Joan of Arc.

* * *

GIRLS' BASKETBALL, 1974

In charge: MISS MAUREEN WEBB

Correspondent: INDERJIT GILL

X Arts

Joan of Arc

This year basketball was given a boost. The girls were very fervent to master the game and with the help of Miss Webb we were able to do so.

Continuous training made us have a firm hold over the basketball. The 'training' was a difficult part and we owe our

OUR 'A' AND 'B' TEAMS

(The first-mentioned players represented their houses in the singles.)

Joan of Arc Green House.

A Neelu Sharma. Jennifer Macpherson.

B Lorraine Rose. Natalie Watts.

Helen Keller Blue House.

A Heather Mackenzie. Marilyn Goolamier.

B Audrey Mackenzie. Blossom Connell.

Edith Cavell Red House.

A Beverly Zachariahs. Smita Vassa.

B Neelam Gama. Sheela Chandak.

Florence Nightingale Yellow House.

A Benapani Mahanty. Vishakha Saranjame.

B Sarita Makhija. Lorraine Cantem.

HOUSE POSITIONS

	J.A.	H.K.	E.C.	F.N.
A	8	10	4	2
B	12	8	4	0
Total	20	18	8	2
Position	1	2	3	4

gratitude to Miss Webb, for it was through her that we learnt the art of the game. If it had not been for Miss Webb, we would never have been upto standard. The training consisted of practice in dribbling the ball, in shooting, and so on. Many of us did not even know dribbling! We are really grateful to Miss Webb, who has brought us up to standard even to venture to play inter-school matches!

Within a few weeks we were ready for inter-house matches. The matches were interrupted by the Swimming Finals; so we

were yet to wait to test our skills—and we had more time to practise!

The matches were a success. Daily the playing houses had tiffs over trifle matters. Each house was determined to win. We had never expected basketball to have had such a firm hold over us. No doubt it spoke well for house-spirit, but the chaos of excitement!

Besides the house rivalry, on the field each player tried to give of her best for the best player was also to be judged! It came as a most splendid surprise when I was adjudged *The Best Player for 1974*. Well, it was mere luck!

Soon after each of the matches, the different houses would have healthy discussions over faults and how best to improve. Thus for each successive match they would present a better show!

The Best player for 1974: Inderjit Gill, X A, Joan of Arc.

The Basketball Prizes, 1974: Joan of Arc.

* * *

BOYS' BASKETBALL, 1974

Blanden Basketball Cup

Incharge: MR. P. S. GAMA, P.T.I.

Retired C. P. OD. P. ED.

Correspondent: JAMSHID B. PARVARESH

XI Arts

Royal

The Inter-house Basketball Tournament started from the fourth of November with two teams, 'A' and 'B', in each house.

This was the second year of our playing the game and it was picked up very well by the boys. Despite the game being a difficult one in which to understand the

The Best Basketball Player for the Year 1974: Jamshid Parvaresh, Royal.

Colours: J. Parvaresh, A. George, J. Dhillon.

Blanden Basketball Cup, 1974: Candy.

It was quite a struggle to attain the first place. It was a matter of just one point and the struggle was between the *Joans* and *Kellers*. *Joans* won the first place, to their immense delight. The *Kellers*, *Cavells*, and the *Nights* followed in order.

The *Joans*, excited over their victory, have decided to prove their supremacy in the years to come.

RESULTS

	Number of Baskets and Points		Position
	First	Second	
<i>Joans</i>	100 ⁴	75 ⁶	175 ¹⁰ First
<i>Kellers</i>	68 ⁶	100 ⁴	168 ¹⁰ Second
<i>Cavells</i>	23 ⁻	32 ²	55 ² Third
<i>Nights</i>	12 ⁻	31 ²	43 ² Fourth

rules, our players picked it up with interest and they are shaping into good players, specially the Arab boys.

We had no time to arrange play with outside teams this year as the I.S.C. Examination was on, and we had our Swimming and Volleyball also to complete.

The results of the tournament are as below:

Position	House	Points
<i>First</i>	Candy	10
<i>Second</i>	Royal	8
<i>Third</i>	Greaves	6
<i>Fourth</i>	-	0

BOYS' BOXING, 1974

The Peak Memorial and
Superintendent Down Cup

Incharge : P. S. GAMA, P.T.I.

Retired C. P. OD. P. ED.

Correspondent : JASPAL SINGH DHILLON

X Sc Greaves

We received letter upon letter from St. Mary's School, Bombay, giving us an invitation to enter our boxers, yet the Principal refused to send the team.

However the year passed and the new year of nineteen seventy-four was rung in and we opened school on the fourth of February.

Again a letter came from the Sports' Director of St. Mary's asking us to take part.

This time Mr. Gama approached the Principal, despite our boys' having had no practice, and asked him to allow our team to participate.

The Principal said, "They have had no practice, Mr. Gama!"

Our P.T.I. said, "Sir, we are ever fit!"

Anyhow four won and six lost their bouts; and five were selected for the Shri Lanka invitation team which was to come to India in the month of April. The five

were B. D. Phillips, G. Court, G. Kakar, A. Flanagan, and K. Phillips.

Meanwhile our Inter-house Tournament was due to begin, because we had given an invitation to St. Mary's asking them to bring a team of sixteen boys. To fix this date, we required to complete our tournament in time, so that the rest could practise. For this fixture, we arranged for four entries from each house and the final date was the twenty-third of March, and the thirty-first of March for the St. Mary's invitation boxing. When we had completed our weighing in and our medical check-up, then came a letter of excuse from St. Mary's : "Regret. Unable to take part as we are having our examination for our Ten I. C. S. E. pupils."

Accordingly we transferred our finals to Monday, the first of April when, at seven in the evening, Group Captain S. C. Malekar presided over the function and Mrs. S. C. Malekar graciously gave away the Prizes.

We thank the Referee and Judges from the Arty. Centre; and all the Staff who helped to make this tournament a success, specially our Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis; Mr. S. B. Gadre, Incharge of Games; Mr. M. J. Thorpe, Time-keeper; Mr. C. Paul, Recorder; Dr. Nanavati and Sister K. Hunter for medical aid; Whips Messrs. K. Emmanuel, R. Paul and I. D. Misra; Organiser Mr. P. S. Gama; and our P. T. I.'s Messrs. P. S. Gama and L. Mainguy for their having coached us so thoroughly.

PROGRAMME

Monday, the First of April

Bout	Weight	Red	House	Blue	House
1 Jr. Fly	23-24 Kg.	S. Jacob	C	vs A. Haghighi*	R
2 Jr. Bantam	25-26 "	S. Chowdhury	G	" C. Edge*	G
3 Jr. Feather	27-28 "	M. Anderson	G	" V. Kothari*	G
4 Jr. Light	29-31 "	R. Bhagure*	G	" S. Pardeshi	S

Bout	Weight	Red	House	Blue	House
5 Jr. Welter	32-34 Kg.	N. Singh	G	vs B. D. Phillips*	S
6 Jr. Middle	35-37 "	B. V. Phillips	G	" G. Court*	C
7 Jr. L/Heavy	38-40 "	A. Verma	G	" O. Sihota*	G
8 Jr. Heavy	41-43 "	A. Flanagan*	C	" T. Khan	R
9 Sr. Fly	44- 6 "	V. Chaurasia	S	" G. Kakar*	R
10 Sr. Bantam	47 49 "	S. Yazdagardi	C	" Md. Patni*	R

INTERVAL

11 Sr. Feather	50-52 "	R. Mahanty*	G	" G. Archer	R
12 Sr. Light	53-55 "	C. Phillips	S	" A. A. Shaikh*	R
13 Sr. Welter	56-59 "	K. Phillips*	G	" S. S. Keer	C
14 Sr. Middle	60-65 "	J. Dhillon*	G	" N. A. Khan	R
15 Sr. L/Heavy	66-69 "	R. Singh*	G	" S. Fikree	R
16 Sr. Heavy	70 kg. above	G. Fallah*	G	" H. Dhuper	R

*Winner

	Junior	Senior
The Best Loser :	B. V. Phillips	C. Phillips
The Best Boxer :	B. D. Phillips	J. Dhillon

Colours were awarded to :

Albert Flanagan	C
Ravinder Singh	G
Ravinandan Mahanty	G
Christopher Phillips	S
Jaspal Dhillon	G

and re-awarded to Keith Bernard Phillips G

The Superintendent Down Inter-house Championship Cup : Greaves
The Peak Memorial Hardlines Cup : Royal

* * *

BULBULS, 1974

The Bulbul Cup

Incharge : MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL
MISS MAUREEN WEBB

Correspondent : RAMONA JACOB

V A Joan of Arc

At the beginning of the year we started with eighteen girls. We were divided into three sixes : Kingfishers, Doves and Parrots. The Kingfishers* won the Bulbul Cup this year.

We had our regular meetings on Fridays during the first and second terms, but in the third term we hardly met owing to the crowded programme of Athletics, Softball, Basketball and Swimming.

We had many nature-walks to the swimming-pool where grow the bulrushes. We also went to the quarries where we played many games. In Mrs. Michael's absence, Miss Maureen Webb took us for Bulbuls on Friday.

By the close of the year our numbers touched thirty-five. Many of the junior girls in class III were keen on joining and Mrs. Michael welcomed the idea. They soon learnt the promise and law which the bigger girls taught them.

We had our *Bulbul Party* on Friday the sixth of December at four-thirty in the evening. Although we were sad over having a party instead of the usual picnic, we were excited when the actual moment arrived. We ran upstairs and got ready for it. A few of us went to help with the arrangements. We had a few enjoyable, noisy games before the refreshments were served. The balloon-game came to an end when the balloon burst! The dainties were simply 'scrumptious'. Mrs. Michael, Miss Maureen Webb and Miss D'Sa were the three teachers who attended the party.

We closed the year with a big 'Thank you' to our Flock-leaders.

OUR BULBUL FLOCK

Flock-leaders : MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL
MISS MAUREEN WEBB

Senior Sixer : LYNETTE RIDWOOD

PARROT SIX. Sixer, Karen Rose; *Second*, Lorraine Selvaraj; Michelle Rose, Jitinder Singh, Meena Hanumantha, Ramona Jacob.

* *KINGFISHER SIX. Sixer*, Lynette Ridwood; *Second*, Karen Scott; Eunice Tully, Rhonda Rennison, Pamela Cope, Yvette Coelho.

DOVE SIX. Sixer, Satyasheela Pawar; *Second*, June Coelho; Sunita Kale, Susan Sturgeon, Donna Barnett, A. Singh.

* * *

BOYS' CRICKET, 1974

The E. S. Riley Cup

In charge : MR. WINSTON R. GARDENER
Vice-principal

Correspondent : JAMSHID B. PARVARESH

XI Arts *Captain* *Royal*

The nineteen seventy-four cricket season began at the end of August and we were able to fit in two practice matches and quite a few net-practice sessions before school closed for the ten-day holiday on the twenty-third of August.

When school re-opened on the third of September, we found ourselves considerably pushed for time as Swimming and Diving had also been carried over to the Third Term and with I.S.C. and I.C.S.E. practical examinations beginning in late October, it was imperative we complete the inter-house matches as early as possible. Consequently only one round of

matches was possible and even this was considerably hampered by rain towards the end. We managed to finish the Inter-house matches just a day or so before the commencement of the Athletics Heats. First Eleven matches, however, continued as usual on Sundays, but our boys played without a day's practice over the Week. Nevertheless, the season for the First Team was a successful one: of the eleven matches played, six were won, two lost, two drawn and one was a tie.

THE INTER-HOUSE MATCHES

The inter-house matches are played in four divisions and each match is played over two evenings, each of two hours, duration. The limited overs system is used for only the first innings of a match: in the 'A' Division thirty-five overs a side, 'B' Division thirty overs, 'C' twenty-five overs. A win on the first innings scores two points, while an outright win scores three points. The

THIS GAME CALLED CRICKET



Cathedral School



Barnes School



Boys Vs The Staff





Linda Massey

Mrs. T. Davis distributed the prizes to :-



Esther Quintal



Erica D'Abreo



Champions (L to R) E. Quintal; A. Mackenzie; L. Massey with Miss L. D'Sa (Organiser) and Mr. J. L. Davis (Principal)



Michael Anderson



Jimmy Parvaresh



R. Ramchandani



Champions (L to R) B. Kolpe; J. Parvaresh; R. Ramchandani and M. Anderson with the Principal

general standard of batting and bowling in all four divisions was poor but the same cannot be said of the ground fielding and catching. This was probably because the out-fields were always wet and slow. The best batting, in fact, came from the 'C' Division where R. Menon of *Candy*

and R. Vichare of *Greaves* both notched half centuries. *Candy House*, surprisingly, won the *Riley Cup**, winning all their 'A' and 'C' Division matches and two out of three 'D' Division ones. *Royal* and *Greaves* tied for second place while *Spence* brought up the rear.

	CANDY				GREAVES				ROYAL				SPENCE				POINTS	
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D		
CANDY	A				3				3				3				9	21 ¹
	B				-				-				-				-	-
	C							3							3		6	-
	D								3			3				-	6	-
GREAVES	A	-											2				2	17 ²⁼
	B		3											3			6	-
	C			3							3					-	6	-
	D				-											3	3	-
ROYAL	A	-				3							2				5	17 ²⁼
	B		3				3							3			9	-
	C			-													-	-
	D							3									3	-
SPENCE	A	-															-	15 ⁴
	B		3														3	-
	C			-			3				3						6	-
	D				3							3					6	-

THE FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES

The First Team this year was young and very inexperienced. There were only three old colours: Jamshid Parvaresh who was appointed *Captain*, Arun Chakravarty who was the *Vice-captain*, and Jaspal Singh Dhillon. All the new comers pulled their weight in the team and H. Haghghi, Ali Razvi and Y. Solanky even overshadowed the old colours on occasions. Towards the end of the year we played a few matches without the I.S.C. and I.C.S.E. boys and the prospective 1975 Eleven raised high hopes for the future— Y. Solanky,

Yezdagardi, Harbhajan Singh, J. S. Dhillon, A. Chakravarty and A. A. Shaikh should provide the nucleus for the 1975 Eleven.

*sides continued to bat after having won.

1. VS the Rest.

School XI 65 (K. Phillips 5 for 17) and 83 for 9 wks. decl. (S. A. Razvi 18, A. Chakravarty 19 N.O., H. Haghghi 15, Mr. W. R. Gardner 3 for 31) beat the Rest 57 (H. Haghghi 7 for 16, J. Parvaresh 3 for 15) and 62 (Mr. W. R. Gardner 13, J. S. Dhillon 4 for 12) by 29 runs.

2. VS. The Staff.

School XI 151 (S. Dhir 53, J. Parvaresh 26, K. Phillips 17, S. Khutal 13, Mr. S. B. Gadre 3 for 53) beat the Staff XI 100 (Mr. S. B. Gadre 34, Mr. W. R. Gardner 16, J. S. Dhillon 4 for 26, H. Haghighi 3 for 16, K. Phillips 3 for 13) by 51 runs.

3. VS. Meher Bakery XI (Nasik).

School XI 64 (A. Chakravarty 12, H. Haghighi 12, M. Haghighi 5 for 2, Rao 3 for 18) lost to Meher XI 115 for 9 wkts (Sabir 48, Iqbal 27, J. Parvaresh 6 for 33) by 9 wkts.*

4. VS. Devlali XI.

School XI 55 (Mr. W. R. Gardner 13 not out, A. Razvi 11, S. Dube 4 for 9, Hemant 5 for 9) and 87 for 4 wkts (H. Haghighi 34, Baljit 3 for 19) drew with Devlali XI 107 for 6 wkts. decl. (Hemant 26, Baljit 29, Vimal 18, S. Dhir 2 for 9).

5. VS. Cathedral School, Bombay.

School XI 110 (H. Haghighi 34, A. Razvi 23, S. Dhir 16, A. Shetty 4 for 23, C. Deshmukh 4 for 19) beat Cathedral XI 106 (S. Kohli 19, A. Mitra 45, R. Harlalka 10, K. Phillips 2 for 13) by 4 runs.

6. VS. St. Xavier's Nasik.

School XI 126 (S. Dhir 30 not out, B. Sopher 27, A. Razvi 15, A. Chakravarty 14, A. Rao 5 for 42, S. Thorat 2 for 3, M. Gonsalves 2 for 26) beat St. Xavier's XI 74 (Ashok Rao 42, K. Phillips 3 for 15, H. Haghighi 2 for 13, J. Parvaresh 2 for 11, A. Razvi 1 for 8) by 52 runs.

7. VS. Ex-students.

School XI 73 (J. Parvaresh 14, S. Dhir 16, Izadyar 4 for 15, N. Bhavnani 4 for 18, H. S. Anand 2 for 11) lost to the Ex-students 100 for 9 wkts. (S. Vyas 29, G. Coles 16, Mr. S. B. Gadre 2 for 6) by 5 wkts.*

8. VS Victor Gaskets, Nasik.

School XI 128 (A. Razvi 19, J. Parvaresh 14, H. Haghighi 34, H. Dhuper 16, K. Phillips 20, Raghavan 3 for 25) beat Victor Gaskets XI 86 (Bijlani 25 not out, Jayant 11, Mr. W. R. Gardner 4 for 18, J. Parvaresh 3 for 29) by 42 runs.

9. VS. Devlali XI.

Devlali XI 117 (J. Dhillon 32, Mr. W. R. Gardner 26 not out, A. Razvi 21, R. Gonsalves 3 for 33, Ashok 4 for 13) and 82 off 14. 2 overs (H. Haghighi 28, Hemant 4 for 13, Ashok 2 for 7) tied with Devlali XI 117 (Mahesh 26, E. Gonsalves 18, Hemant 16, R. Gonsalves 18, Solanky 6 for 28 J. Dhillon 2 for 11) and 82 for 8 wkts. off 20 overs (Hemant 29, R. Gonsalves 20, Solanky 2 for 29).

10. VS. Udnagar Cricket Club, Satpur.

U.C.C. 88 (N. Deshpande 19, Durge 18, N. Rao 13, Solanky 5 for 28, Mr. W. R. Gardner 3 for 10) lost to School XI 96 for 3 wkts (A. Razvi 41, A. Chakravarty 22 N. O., R. Mahanty 12, Deshpande 2 for 10) by 7 wkts.

11. VS. Devlali XI.

Devlali XI 82 (Nagre 19, Vimal 17, C. Phillips 4 for 33) and 110 for 9 wkts. decl. (Hemant 40, R. Gonsalves 22, Nagre 14, Mr. W. R. Gardner 5 for 41) drew with the School XI 51 (C. Phillips 18 Hemant 6 for 9, Ronnie Gonsalves 3 for 8) and 104 for 6 wkts (A. Razvi 14, B. Sopher 19, A. Chakravarty 18, Mr. W. R. Gardner 51 not out, Hemant 3 for 26).

CHARACTERS OF THE FIRST ELEVEN

J. Parvaresh. Captain. Opening or number three batsman and off spin bowler. Captained the team well and showed tremendous cool in the exciting finish against Cathedral School. Plays fast bowling well; but must improve his technique

against flighted spin. Awarded distinction colours.* *A. Chakravarty. Vice-captain.* Probably the best batsman in the team, but lacked concentration and sound defence. Must improve his technique against spin bowling. A bowler with a good turn of speed, but inclined to be erratic. However, he bowled a much better line and length towards the end of the season. A fine slip field.

J. S. Dhillon. Middle order batsman and medium pace bowler. Very unorthodox batting technique. Must be more fluent and relaxed in his stroke play. Useful new ball bowler with a disconcerting change of pace. A fine out field with a strong, accurate arm.

S. A. Razvi. Aggressive righthand opening batsman and leg-break bowler. Joined the team late owing to illness; but made his presence felt immediately with many destructive innings and, in general, infused confidence in all the other batsmen. A safe fielder anywhere. Awarded distinction colours.*

A. A. Shaikh. Opening batsman and wicket-keeper. Had a poor season behind the Stump where he missed many vital catches and gave away vital runs. His trouble seems to be his concentration. He does not concentrate hard enough behind the stumps or while batting. Had a poor season with the bat too.

H. Haghighi. Hard-hitting batsman with a penchant for on-side strokes, and opening left-arm bowler. Scored many useful runs at numbers 3, 4, 5 or 6. Bowled well at the beginning of the season but seemed to be lacking in stamina towards the end. Awarded the Rowlandson

Trophy for the Best Cricketer of 1974,* also awarded distinction colours.*

K. Phillips. The most improved player in the side. A good right arm out swing opening bowler who took many vital wickets specially in the matches against Cathedral School, Bombay, and St. Xavier's, Nasik. A very hard-hitting batsman and one of the few players in the team who could drive well. A safe fielder anywhere. *H. S. Dhuper.* A sound player who could bat anywhere in the order. Must develop more attacking strokes on the off side. The safest out fielder in the team. Has a very strong and accurate arm. *S. Dhir.* A useful all-rounder. A good hard hitter who must improve his defence. Could bowl pace or slow off breaks. A fine fielder in the gully.

B. Sopher. A batsman with a very unorthodox technique, but has a good eye. Needs to improve his foot-work and play straighter. A bit sluggish in the field and inclined to lose concentration.

Y. Solanky. The find of the season. Bowls right arm leg breaks and off breaks with no apparent change of action. Very accurate and tireless. Took 19 wickets in the three matches he played.

S. Yezdagardi. An orthodox, fast scoring, opening batsman who came into the team towards the end of the season. Must improve his fielding and throwing.

R. Mahanty. Reserve wicket-keeper and opening batsman. Very reliable; but poor against spin. *S. Khutal.* Hard-hitting batsman and very safe fielder.

A. Charania. A stubborn batsman with few strokes. Very good fielder.

Rowlandson Cup for the Best Cricketer of the Year 1974: Hoshang Haghighi, Royal.
Colours: Hoshang Haghighi, Jamshid Parvaresh, Ali Razvi.
E. S. Riley Cup for Cricket: Candy.

* * *

BOYS' CROSS-COUNTRY, 1974

The Spokes Memorial Cup

In charge : MR. WALTER LOUIS

Correspondent : MYRON JOSEPH D'ABREO

XI A

Greaves

Regarding entries, each house entered sixty. In other words two hundred and forty runners participated in the Cross-country this year, at one in the afternoon of Friday, the twenty-sixth of July.

Those placed first, second and third in each of the five divisions were awarded respectively gold, silver and bronze medals. In addition, they received certificates.

INDIVIDUAL POSITIONS

8-10	1 Sanjay Chowdhury	G	8'-39''*
	2 N. Makhija	G	
	3 L. Bush	G	

Spokes Memorial Cup, 1974 : Greaves

WOLF CUBS, 1974

The Best Six

Akela : MR. P. S. BHALERAO

Pack Leader : JAYANT P. BHALERAO

VI A

Candy

We had twenty-five wolf cubs in the pack during the Year.

We enjoyed our weekly meetings on Fridays and the Mowgli stories, cub-games, singing-dancing, and our outings.

For our outing we were lucky to have our school-bus take us to the Industrial Estate of Satpur. Brig. Jayaraman gave us a warm welcome to the Blowplast

10-12	1 Charles Edge	G	13'-14''
	2 E. Laffrey	G	
	3 B. Kolpe	S	

12-14	1 M. Anderson	G	16'-53''
	2 Amardeep Gill	R	
	3 D. Bhosle	C	

14-16	1 S. Yazdagardi	C	21'-06''
	2 A. Al Hakim	R	
	3 H. Khalkar	C	

Over 16

1	S. S. Keer	C
2	S. R. Hussain	S
3	M. J. D'Abreo	G

*Sanjay Chowdhury of Greaves set a *New Record* of 8'-39'' in the fifth group, 8-10 Years.

HOUSE POSITIONS

Position	House	Points
First	Greaves	1,754
Second	Candy	1,713
Third	Royal	1,491
Fourth	Spence	1,154

* * *

Factory where we saw how they manufactured the V. I. P. suitcases of different sizes. The Brigadier arranged for our visit to Bache Taparia Tools Pvt. Ltd. So we went there and saw how they manufactured hammers, pliers, screw-drivers, etc.. The goods produced were of export quality. We were very much impressed by the quality of goods produced at both these factories.

By this time we were feeling very hungry so we drove to the nearest shady spot called Someshwar. It is an ideal spot for picnics with lots of trees, a river flowing by and a temple. A film Unit had already discovered this spot and shooting for the Hindi movie 'Pratigya' was in progress.

When we heard this we forgot all about our hunger and went to see our favourite film stars Dharmendra and Hema Malini in action. After lunch we saw some more shooting of this movie with Johnny Walker and his gang of comedians.

At tea-time we were in Nasik City. We went to a hotel where we had dosai, buns-bananas and tea. On our return journey we could not resist the temptation of visiting the Muktidham Temple at Nasik Road. It is a very big and beautiful temple. Sandeep Sethi, T. Venkatraman, and a few other worshippers of Shri Ram offered puja there and we returned to school.

We all enjoyed this outing very much and are looking forward to the next one.

WOLF CUBS, 1974

Akela : P. S. BHALERAO

Senior Sixer : JAYANT BHALERAO

Yellow Pradeep Varma
Kadir Chunara

The Best Six for the Year, 1974 : Green Six

* * *

DEBATING, 1974

The Glynn Howell Cup
and
The Cup for Debating

In charge : MR. OSMAN SWING

Correspondent : ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO

X A

Florence Nightingale

The Barnes School Debating Society commenced its annual programme of literary activity with an *Inter-house Quiz* on Sunday, the sixteenth of June. There were eight teams: four were the boys' house-teams and four, the girls'. About forty questions in all were asked and

Somayya Mahapatra
Saji Jacob
Saneep Sethi
Venkat Raman To

Red Mohd. R. Babai
Sudhakar Torne
Ratnakar Torne
Sanjay Barfe
Harish Chauhan
Jayant Bhalerao.

Blue Baddruddin Patel
Bhāusaheb Dawange
Hajibhai Patel
Uttam Kurhade
Akbar Patel
Gurinder Singh

Green Sanjay Chowdhury
Ahunavad Medhora
Ramjyoti Ayer
Pradeep Mukherji
Robin Pearce
Kavin Mahajan
Shailendra Patel

they were eagerly answered by the participants. Apart from the set question the Quiz Master, Mr. J. L. Davis, our *Principal*, asked the students a few questions of his own. Needless to say the boys' teams were far ahead of the girls' in answering the questions correctly. The girls were far below average compared to the boys. *Candy* and *Royal* tied for the first place and were rewarded for their hard work!

The following Sunday the Debating Society had a *Brains Trust* with a mixed panel of eight members selected from the Staff, students and guests. The *Principal*, Mr. J. L. Davis, was once again invited to conduct the programme.

Some very interesting questions were posed before the panel and the questions were answered to the best of the ability of the concerned persons on the panel. The programme went off well and we decided to have a few more Brains Trusts and Quizzes next year.

Next followed the Inter-house Debates which of course put all the debaters into a feverish mood and each one waited anxiously to bring down the roof with fiery oratory and points of view.

The first debate was held on the thirtieth of June and the Houses involved were the *Greens* against the *Blues*. The

topic to be debated was 'The Concept of the Existence of God is Only a Creation of Man's Mind and not an Actual Fact.' It was rather an abstract topic but the debaters had put in considerable hard labour and were able to do justice to the topic. The *Greens* who were against the motion came out victorious with a lead of eighteen points against the *Blues*.

The second debate was held on the seventh of July and the contesting Houses were the *Reds* vs. the *Yellows*. The topic was 'The Modern Developments in Science Have Made Life Very Complicating.' The *Yellows* who were against the motion came out as the winning House.

The rest of the debates were as follows :

JULY	THAT	FOR	AGAINST
		House	House
14	Co-education is very healthy for the proper development of students.	B*	R
21	The communist system of government will be best suited to India.	Z*	G
AUGUST			
3	We are better off than our fore-fathers.	R	G
4	The world should destroy itself rather than go on existing.	B	Z*

POSITIONS	GIRLS		BOYS		COMBINED		INDIVIDUAL
	House	Points	House	Points	House	Points	
First	Joan of Arc	117	Spence	99.5	Yellows*	215.5	Erica D'Abreo F.N. 20.6
Second	Florence Nightingale	116	Candy	93	Greens	210	Nadar Ganapati S. 20.1
Third	Helen Keller	114.5	Royal	92	Blues	189	
Fourth	Edith Cavell	95	Greaves	75	Reds	187	

The inter-house cup for debating on the girls' side went to *Joan of Arc* and on the boys' side to *Spence*.

The participants were as follows :
Greens. Ashlyn Manning, Jyoti Walkay, Malik Javeri, Malyinder Sachdev, Inderjeet Gill, Gurpreet Gill.

Blues. Anita Chopra, Mukesh Vyas, Valerie Taylor, Jaspal S. Dhillon, Keith Phillips, Heather Mackenzie, Myron D'Abreo.

Reds. Sudeepta Chowdhury, Karim Jamal, Amrita Diol, Amin Jamal, Satinder U. Singh, Ramona Ross, Jamshid Parvaresh, Beverly Zachariahs.

Yellows. Ganapati Nadar, Erica D'Abreo, Satinderpal Sachar, Geeta Pichaya, Rita Lele, Berinder Katyal.

Erica D'Abreo* beat Ganapati Nadar by just *point five* of a point !

Our *Chairman* would like to thank

The Glynn Howell Cup for the Best Debater, 1974 : ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO, X A, F. N.

The Cup for Debating, 1974 : Yellow—Florence Nightingale and Spence.

* * *

BOYS' DIVING, 1974

The Besian Cup

In charge : MR. L. MAINGUY P.T.I.

Correspondent : ALBERT FLANAGAN

Candy

There was only a week left to go home and our examinations were on. Everyone was wondering how the Diving Finals would be completed by the tenth of December

Our coach, Mr Mainguy, was very busy, teaching us the different dives. He showed us what was really fantastic and fascinating.

Besian Cup for Diving, 1974 : Royal.

* * *

GIRL'S PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS, 1974

The Marshall Cup

In charge : MR. LESLIE MAINGUY, P.T.I.

Correspondent : VALERIE ANN TAYLOR

X A

Helen Keller

The Inter-house Physical Training Exhibition this year, held on the ninth of August, was an extremely interesting one to behold. It lacked neither finesse nor uniformity but proceeded without a hitch from beginning to end.

everyone who helped make the debating successful specially all the Judges and, of course, most of all, the students who took part in the debates. The standard of debating was good and I am sure that in the years to come the attainment will reach higher heights.

He worked hard with the boys and took great interest.

On the tenth the boys dived very well and the Principal appreciated our performance and congratulated us all and specially Mr. Mainguy for having trained the boys so well within seven days.

There were even a couple of surprises. Some boys, who never before had known how to dive, came first and second with flying colours. This was due to the personal interest Mr. Mainguy had taken in his coaching of the divers. Three cheers for Mr. Mainguy : "Hip-hip-hurrah!"

We owe our utmost thanks and gratitude to Mr. L. Mainguy our Physical Training Instructor who coached us unceasingly with a great deal of patience and also with a great amount of tact and skill. Indeed, without his coaching, we would never have been capable of reaching our high standard.

The Physical Training Exhibition this year was a mixed affair, as it recently has been, with girls and boys competing in their various items on the same occasion. Indeed, some of the girls showed such grace and poise in some of their items that it was really quite difficult to choose

the best of the lot. Finally, after much thought and discussion, Erica D'Abreo of *Florence Nightingale* and Valerie Taylor of *Helen Keller* tied for the first place in *Swedish Drill*, Bina Mahanty was selected as the *Best Senior Gymnast*, and Nargesh Irani the *Best Junior Gymnast*. The skill, ease and self-confidence with which these girls glided through their various exercises truly merited for the gymnasts their medals and certificates.

The difference in points was merely marginal thereby showing the keen competition among all the houses. Anyway someone must stand first and someone last, so better luck to the *Cavells* next year!

On the programme there were also other items that delighted the soul and

captivated the mind. In the *Wand-drill* that looked so neat and graceful, Margaret Andrews of *Helen Keller* and Neelu Sharma of *Joan of Arc* tied for the first place.

Right at the end of the programme the country-dance *Oranges and Lemons* organised by Mrs. Tess Davis was performed very gracefully. The rustling of Mrs. L. Kelu's beautiful lemon and orange crepe-paper skirts and the naturalness of the little, delicate wreaths enraptured the hearts of many. Indeed, it was a fitting close to a lovely evening.

Cheer after cheer rent the air as house after house vacated the hall and now we are eagerly looking forward to our Physical Training Day next year!

RESULTS OF THE GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING GYMNASTICS.

Friday, the Ninth of August, 1974

EXERCISES	JUNIORS			SENIORS		
	Position	Name	House	Position	Name	House
Mat-work	First	Karen Rose	J.A.	Blossom Connell	H.K.	
	Second	Shenaz B. Irani	F.N.	Lynette Ridewood	J.A.	
Wand-drill	First	Karen Scott	J.A.	Margaret Andrews	H.K.	
	Second	Annie Easow	F.N.	Neelu Sharma	J.A.	
Horse-work	First	Lorraine Selvaraj	J.A.	Inderjeet Gill	J.A.	
	Second	Satyasheela Pawar	H.K.	Gloria Smith	F.N.	
Swedish Drill	First	Donna Barnett	E.C.	Lorraine Rose	J.A.	
	Second	Jatinderjit K. Singh	H.K.	Heather Pierce	E.C.	
All-rounder	First	Nargesh Irani	H.K.	Erica D'Abreo	F.N.	
				Valerie Taylor	H.K.	
				Audrey Mackenzie	H.K.	
				Marilyn Goolamier	H.K.	
				Binapani Mahanty	F.N.	

HOUSE POSITIONS

Position	House	Points
First	Helen Keller - Blue	208
Second	Joan of Arc - Green	204
Third	Florence Nightingale - Yellow	195
Fourth	Edith Cavell - Red	183

The Marshall Cup, 1974 : Helen Keller.

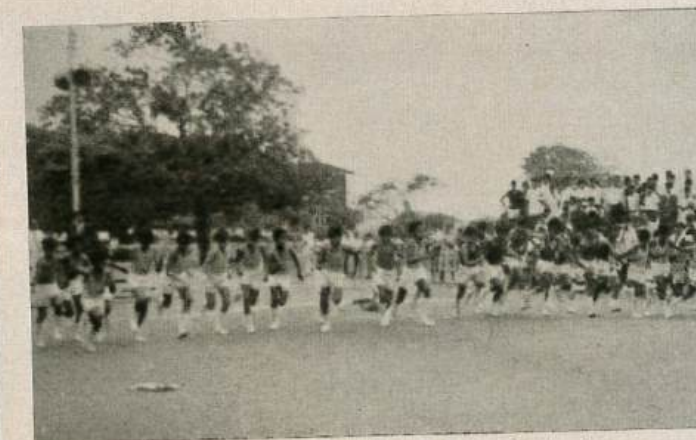
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CROSS-COUNTRY FINALS

26-VII-'74



"On your marks..."



Off they go



(L to R) WINNERS

- 1) M. Anderson; Sanjay Chowdhury; C. Edge.
- 2) S. Keer; R. Singh; S. Yazdagardi with the Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis, and Mr. W. Louis (Organiser)



Mrs. T. Davis congratulating S. Yazdagardi on his "marathon" performance.



Put your right foot out!

KEEPING FIT

Inter - House P. T.

9th Aug. '74



Pyramid - building



S. Keer breaking the Paper Barrier!



Chief Guests (Centre) Mrs. A. and Cdr. N. M. Lobo (Retd.) R. N.



Mrs. Anjali Lobo greeting the winners... a) M. Andrews, b) N. Sharma, c) S. Keer.



BOYS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS, 1974

Cup for P. T.

In charge : MR. P. S. GAMA, P.T.I.

Correspondent: STANLEY PENDRON CONNELL

X.I.C.S.E.

Candy

Close finishes and keen competition marked the Boys' Inter-house Physical Education and Gymnastics competition held in the Gymnasium and Evans Hall from the fifth of August to the ninth, the final day.

Separately for Junior and Senior Boys, as many as twelve out of twenty-three prizes fell to the Junior and Senior Divisions of Candy House, eight to Greaves, and three to Royal. Spence could not get the time to get through the race!

Commander N. M. Lobo, I.N. (Retired) kindly consented to preside over the function and Mrs. A. Lobo graciously gave away the prizes.

Pradeep Chavanke in the Junior Division and Surjit Singh Keer in the Senior Division of Candy House were adjudged *The Best Gymnasts of the Year, 1974.*

Royal House pyramids were excellent followed by those of Spence.

We also presented chair-tricks this year as a new event and it went very well within only two days' practice.

Colours were awarded to Ravi Vasandani and Hoshang Haghig of Royal, Stanley Connell and Albert Flanagan of Candy, and to Jaspal Singh Dhillon of Greaves.

RESULTS OF THE BOYS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS

Friday, the Ninth of August, 1974

EVENT		JUNIORS		SENIORS	
Horizontal Bar	First	P. Chavanke	C	S. S. Keer	C
	Second	M. Anderson	G	J. S. Dhillon	G
Parallel Bar	First	P. Chavanke	C	S. P. Connell	C
	Second	S. Nasir	C		
Broad Box	First	M. Patni	R	R. Vasandani	R
	Second	M. Anderson	G	S. S. Keer	C
Long Box	First	G. Court	C	J. S. Dhillon	G
	Second	S. Nasir	C	J. S. Dhillon	G
Mat-work	First	P. Chavanke	C	S. S. Keer	C
	Second	M. Anderson	G		
Ring Dive		M. Patni	R		
The Best in P. T.		R. Cope	C	J. S. Dhillon	G
The Best Gymnast		P. Chavanke	C	R. Singh	G
				S. S. Keer	C

HOUSE POSITIONS

Position	House	Points
First	Candy	444
Second	Royal	432
Third	Greaves	408
Fourth	Spence	364

Cup for P. T., 1974 : Candy

INTER-HOUSE PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND GYMNASTICS, 1974

Friday, the Ninth of August at 5-30 p. m.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Girls' Mat-work (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. | 6. Girls' Marching and Swedish Drill (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. Followed by a Tableaux Exhibition. |
| 2. Boys' Mat-work (Juniors) Exhibition. | 7. Boys' Marching and Swedish Drill (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. |
| 3. Girls' Wand-drill (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. | 8. Boys' Pyramids (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. |
| 4. Girls' Horse-work (Juniors and Seniors) Inter-house. | 9. An English Country-dance 'Oranges and Lemons' Girls. Exhibition |
| 5. Boys' Horse-work (Juniors and Seniors) Exhibition. | 10. Chair Tricks: (The Tricky Trio) Exhibition. |

Prize Distribution and School-song

Commander N. M. Lobo, I.N. (Retired) has kindly consented to preside and Mrs. A. Lobo to give away the prizes.

"Health is the vital principle of bliss; and exercise, of health."

—Thomson.

* * *

ELOCUTION AND SINGING, 1974.

The Cup for Elocution

In charge : MRS. TESS DAVIS

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION PROGRAMME AND RESULTS

Thursday, 25th July, 1974

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

	Points	House	Entrant	Title	Authors
GIRLS		Red	B. Ross	Peace on Earth	M. M. Sisters
		Green	L. Ridewood	Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers ?	G. W. Persley
		Yellow	A. Easow	Robin Adair	A. Kenneth
	* 44	Blue	L. Massey	God's Choir	R. Overholt
BOYS		Red	R. Basrai	The Little Fishes in the Sea	M. K. Searcy
		Green	R. Razvi	My Puppy	M. K. Searcy
	* 46	Yellow	P. Mukherjee	Jacob's Ladder	Spiritual
		Blue	M. Anderson	Let's Go Fly a Kite	R. Sherman

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

GIRLS	Points	House	Entrant	Title	Authors
		Red	A. Diol	The Ballad of Father Gilligan	W. B. Yeats
		Green	G. Gill	The Glove and the Lions	L. Hunt
		Yellow	G. Smith	Rebecca	H. Belloc
* 51		Blue	A. Mackenzie	Harmosan	Archbishop Trench
BOYS					
		Red	P. Joshi	The Holding of the Bridge	Lord Macaulay
		Green	S. Pawar	Robin Hood and Alan-a-Dale	Anonymous
* 46		Yellow	N. Barnett	The Charge of the Light Brigade	Lord Tennyson
* 46		Blue	Sanjay Chowdhury	The Jumbles	E. Leer

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

GIRLS	Points	House	Entrant	Title	Authors
		Red	H. Pearce	Go Tell It on the Mountain	J. Maynard
* 46		Green	N. Watts	Alice, Where Art Thou ?	J. Ascher
		Yellow	D. Kaul	The Lightning Express	Kincaid
		Blue	D. Dawson	So Full of Song	M. M. Sisters
BOYS					
		Red	A. Jamal	Go Down Moses	J. Maynard
		Green	A. Flanagan	The Miller of the Dee	—
		Yellow	S. Peters	Let Us Break Bread Together	J. Maynard
* 48		Blue	J. Anderson	Nobody Knows but Jesus	J. Maynard

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

GIRLS	Points	House	Entrant	Title	Authors
		Red	B. Zachariahs	The Dream of the Reveller	C. Mackay
* 54		Green	J. Walkay	The Progress of Madness	M. G. Lewis
		Yellow	E. D'Abreo	Death of Gaudentis	H. Annie
		Blue	H. Mackenzie	The Wine Cup	Anonymous
BOYS					
		Red	A. Mortimer	The Merchant of Venice	I,ii
* 45		Green	A. Manning	Macbeth	V,viii
		Yellow	G. Nadar	Twelfth Night	I,i
* 45		Blue	C. Massey	Julius Caesar	I,ii

GIRLS AND BOYS.....HOUSE CHORUSES.....JUNIORS AND SENIORS

		Red	No Longer Alone	} Medical Mission Sisters
		Green	Sing of Birth	
		Yellow	Take Courage	
* 53		Blue	Kum Ba Ya	F. Barber

* Indicates the winners.

PIANOFORTEITEMS

1 Spinning Song Op. 14 No. 4	A. Ellmenreich	S. Chowdhury
2 Lily Op. 160 No.	H. Lichner	C. Coelho

STAFF.....ITEMS

1 Beautiful Dreamer	Stephen Foster	Choir
2 The Lass with a Delicate Air	Michael Arnar	Quartette

RESULTS OF THE INTER-HOUSE COMPETITIONS

ELOCUTION-GIRLS AND BOYS.

	House	Points
First	Blue—Helen Keller/Greaves	420
Second	Yellow—Florence Nightingale/Spence	398
Third	Green—Joan of Arc/Candy	381
Fourth	Red—Edith Cavell/Royal	366

The Cup for Elocution : Blue—Helen Keller and Greaves.

COMBINED ELOCUTION AND SINGING, MINUS THE HORUSES

GIRLS			BOYS	
Position	House	Points	House	Points
First	Joan of Arc	184	Greaves	184
Second	Helen Keller	183	Spence	180
Third	Florence Nightingale	171	Royal	155
Fourth	Edith Cavell	169	Candy	151

*As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace ?*

—John Milton.

* * *

BOYS' FOOTBALL, 1974

The Ashton Cup

In charge : MR. VIVIEN RUSSELL

Correspondent : KAILAS PAWAR, Captain

X ICSE Candy

Football is the most popular sport in Barnes. The second term is the season of football.

Every boy was waiting to use his new boots. All were anxious to show their ability in the game so that they would find a place in the School XI.

House-captains got down to select their teams for the Inter-house Tournament. After the usual practice rounds the tournament was held from the third to the twenty-third of July.

All houses showed keen interest in the progress of the tournament. *Royal House*, having the most formidable teams, soon took the lead, with *Spence*, *Greaves* and *Candy* following in order. Under the guidance of J. Parvaresh, their House-captain, *Royal* eventually won the tournament.

The final result was as follows :

Position	House	Points
First	Royal	37
Second	Spence	25
Third	Greaves	20
Fourth	Candy	14

There was a selection match held and *School XI* was chosen. From then the team got down to serious training for stamina, new defence and attracting tactics.

K. Pawar captained the team and did a good job. K. Phillips assisted him in every possible way as the Vice-captain of the team.

Our School XI played against various teams like Air-force Station, Devlali XI, Nasik Road College, E.M.E., and P.T.C. Nasik—some very strong teams indeed and we were not always successful.

THE FIXTURES FOR 1974

BARNES SCHOOL XI played

Date	Team	Winning Team	Score
JUNE	14 Servants	Servants	2:0
	21 Servants	Barnes	1:0
	28 Devlali	Devlali	2:0
	30 Air-force Station	Air-force	1:0
JULY	5 Nasik Road College	N. R. College	3:0
	12 Police Headquarters Nosik	Barnes	5:2
	14 Servants	Barnes	2:1
	20 Police Headquarters	Barnes	2:1
	29 Devlali	Devlali	3:0

THE SCHOOL XI

1 K. Pawar, Captain.

2 K. Phillips, Vice-captain.

3 J. Parvaresh	9 A. Rahim
4 J. Dhillon	10 Md. I. Ali.
5 J. Gomes	11 S. Fikree
6 S. Dhir	12 H. Haghghi
7 A. M. Badri	13 K. Merchant
8 C. Phillips	14 S. Bhogadia

The high-light of the football season was the match against the Cathedral School XI played on the Parsi Cyclist Ground, Bombay, on the fourth of August. Even though they defended gallantly they could not prevent our forwards from winning with a score of five goals to nil.

The Under-sixteen Team played a match against Christ Church School, Bombay. In the first half Christ Church School scored two goals. After the break our boys worked hard and scored two goals to end the match in a draw.

THE UNDER-SIXTEEN TEAM

1 S. Yezdagardi, Captain.

2 R. Hussain, Vice-captain.

3 M. Dey	8 A. Flanagan
4 Y. Razvi	9 Y. Solanki
5 H. Rezapoor	10 G. Patni
6 B. A. Pirani	11 Al Hakim
7 O. Sihota (Sub)	12 G. Kakar
	13 B. Sopher (Sub)

Date	Team	Winning Team	Score
	30 E.M.E. Workshop	Barnes	4:1
	31 Police Training College, Nasik	Barnes	1:0
AUGUST	1 Air-force Station	Air-force	2:1
	3 Cathedral School, Bombay	Barnes	5:0

The Footballer Cup for the Best Football Player for 1974: K. Pawar, Candy
School Colours: K. Pawar, C. Phillips, J. Parvaresh.
Ashton Cup for Football, 1974: Royal.

* * *

GIRLS' HOCKEY, 1974

The Lily Cup

In charge: MRS. RUTH GADRE

Correspondent: MARGARET ANDREWS

XI A Helen Keller

Of all the games in the first term of nineteen seventy-four, in my opinion, Hockey was undoubtedly the most exciting, exhilarating and enjoyable one. The thrill of starting the game right in the centre of the field, with the referee calling out: "Hockey one, Hockey two, Hockey three!"; the delightful suspense directly before a goal is shot; and the wild cries of triumph and joy after a goal is shot—all most definitely add up to proclaim Hockey the best game of the season—by far!

The results of the inter-house tournament were quite close. *Helen Keller* stood first with *Joan of Arc* following close behind. Then came *Edith Cavell* and *Florence Nightingale* brought up the rear.

Heather Mackenzie of *Helen Keller* was easily declared the *Best Hockey Player for 1974*. Her marvellous ability of tackling the ball so calmly and composedly whenever it came her way, the wonderful prowess and keenness she displayed on the field, and her complete unselfish sportsmanship to 'play the game', manifestly

made her the most outstanding player in the girls' school.

I have heard not one or two but several people say: "Oh, Hockey!" with an air of utmost condescension. "All you do is run up and down the field, then you start feeling tired and begin to wheeze like an old steam-engine on a long run and, nine times out of ten, the ball misses the goal!"

Yes they may be right, but little do they know the various feelings and emotions that are displayed during the game. They do not understand the true spirit of the game and so, to them, it is dull and uninteresting. Perhaps they have never felt the sudden thrill of solemn responsibility while taking the white ball towards the goal; each inch, drawing closer, closer and closer! Perhaps they have never awakened to the fact that the rest of the team is leaning and depending on them when they furiously tackle an opponent, in the fierce attempt to whisk away the ball from an obstructing antagonist. Perhaps they have never experienced that electric, stroboscopic tingle in shooting a goal, for the very simple reason that either they are too downright lazy or they could do it if they only wished, but just are not a wee bit bothered to try!

Even Gary Wilson, one of Britain's top players, was once supposed to have said, "Even though Hockey is an extremely

energetic game, yet after I have played some Hockey, I attain comfort, solace and peace of mind and, specially after I have shot a goal, I feel as if I have reached towards the stars and obtained them as well!"

Yes folks, Hockey is certainly one of the best games that were ever played. It

The Lily Cup, 1974: Helen Keller

* * *

BOYS' HOCKEY, 1974

The Moore Cup

In charge: MICHAEL JOHN THORPE

Correspondent: KAILAS PAWAR, Captain

X ICSE Candy

The season started with an opening match played between the Staff XI versus the School XI on the fifteenth of February. The School XI won by a solitary goal, the score being 1:0.

THE INTER-HOUSE TOURNAMENT

The teams were arranged according to ability and in consultation with the House-presidents. The competition was keen. *Candy* proved to be the Best House.

HOUSE POSITIONS

Position	House	Points
First	Candy	28
Second	Royal	27
Third	Spence	21
Fourth	Greaves	20

At the beginning of the term a few pick-up matches were played to observe the performance of the boys in order to select the School XI.

The Forward Cup for the Best Hockey Player, 1974: K. Pawar.
School Colours: K. Pawar, S. S. Keer, J. Parvaresh, C. Phillips
The Moore Cup, 1974: Candy.

* * *

is, by far, one of my favourite outdoor games and, if you try playing it wholeheartedly you will soon find that it is your favourite game too!

Let us thank Mrs. Gadre for all she has so sincerely done to teach us to play and to like playing Hockey. Three hearty cheers for Mrs. Gadre!

THE SCHOOL XI

1	K. Pawar, Captain	10	J. Gomes
2	S. S. Keer, Vice-captain	11	S. Fikree,
3	K. Merchant		Goal-keeper
4	C. Phillips	12	M. De
5	K. Phillips	13	H. Haghghi
6	J. Parvaresh	14	B. Katyal
7	S. Connell	15	A. Charania
8	K. Ridewood		
9	J. Dhillon		

Only a few outside matches were possible this year, as outside teams were not easily available.

THE FIXTURES FOR 1974

BARNES SCHOOL XI played

February	Team	Barnes	Score
15	Staff	Won	1:0
22	Servants	Won	4:1
March			
1	Officers Mixed	Lost	4:3
8	Servants	Won	5:2
15	Police Training College	Lost	5:3

The Cathedral School from Bombay was to have visited us here on the twenty-third of March, or as and when was most convenient to them; however, because of certain difficulties, they were reluctant to play against us.

GIRLS' NETBALL, 1974

The Solder Cup

In charge : MRS. VIOLET THORPE
MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE

Correspondent : VALERIE ANN TAYLOR

X A Helen Keller

The mention of the game *Netball* creates much excitement amongst the girls. Each girl tries her utmost to be in the team representing her house. This exciting game is played in the first term.

The opening day began with a feeling of excitement that filled the hearts of the girls who had waited patiently and anxiously for its approach.

All the girls were nervous and tense, eagerly waiting now, not for the beginning

The Solder Cup, 1974 : Joan of Arc.

* * *

GIRLS' SOFTBALL, 1974

The Softball Trophy

In charge : MISS LEILA MARIA D'SA
MRS. USHA BHALERAO

Correspondent : ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO

X A Florence Nightingale

This year our soft-ball season started with a "BANG"!

All the girls were very interested in the game and longed to be selected by the various house-captains to play in their respective teams.

Joans (Green) were the strongest house. They were absolutely invincible. Naturally

The Softball Trophy, 1974 : Joan of Arc.

* * *

but for the end! All the matches went off superbly, played with equal enthusiasm and team spirit, which made the netball season an exciting period.

The results of the matches are as follows :

- First* Joan of Arc
- Second* Helen Keller
- Third* Edith Cavell
- Fourth* Florence Nightingale

The most outstanding player was Neelu Sharma of *Joan of Arc*. Obviously her enthusiastic spirit and her skill in the game, made her worthy of being *The Best Netball Player of 1974*.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mrs. Thorpe and Miss Lawrence for their kind coaching and guidance.

they came first and they were followed by the *Kellers (Blue)*. The third place was occupied by the *Cavells (Red)* and the poor *Nights (Yellow)* with the smallest girls in their team stood fourth. Anyway *Nights*, well tried! Better luck next year!

Neelu Sharma of *Joan of Arc* who played with much enthusiasm was adjudged *The Best Softball Player for the Year, 1974*. Not only was she good in batting and fielding but she also maintained a very good sporting spirit throughout the game.

We owe our deepfelt gratitude to Miss L. M. D'Sa and Mrs. U. Bhalerao for their careful coaching throughout our successful softball season. Give them a hand!

WINNING HOUSES



VOLLEY BALL... Candy House... Mr. Gama



BASKETBALL... Royal House... Mr. Thorpe



TABLE TENNIS... Candy House .. Mr. Emmanuel



House Relay

SWIMMING FINALS

28 . XI . '74

- 1 B. Kolpe
- 2 D. Wadhwa
- 3 R. Oberoi



- 1 Erica D'Abreo
- 2 Esther Quintal
- 3 Beena Mahanty



Balancing on the brink!



Taking the Plunge

- 1 R. Mahanty
- 2 K. Pawar
- 3 J. Parvaresh



GIRLS' SWIMMING, 1974

The S. P. Whaley Cup

In charge : MISS LEILA MARIA D'SA

Correspondent : ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO

X A

Florence Nightingale

The inter-house swimming competition held on Thursday the twenty-eighth of November proved to be, after all, a fruitful success, despite the droukit drawbacks.

The Senior Swimmers had taken keen interest to show their several abilities. Even with a week's practice and *rushed* heats, they all tried their very best. There was keen competition in all their events for Esther Quintal, Erica D'Abreo and Binapani Mahanty.

Amongst the Intermediates and Juniors, there was no competition whatsoever for Helen Keller's Audrey Mackenzie (Intermediate) and Lynda Massey (Junior), as the girls did not have sufficient time to practise this wonderful art. Owing to this

The S. P. Whaley Cup : Helen Keller.

* * *

BOYS' SWIMMING, 1974

The F. W. English Cup

In charge : MR. P. S. BHALERAO, Organiser

Correspondent : COLIN MASSEY

X A

Greaves

This year, again our swimming started late due to unavoidable circumstances. It was held in the third term. The Heats started on the twenty-third of November and the Finals started punctually at one-thirty in the afternoon on Thursday the twenty-eighth of November. There was excitement in the air as each event took place because of the keen competition.

want of time, the poor Novices who were mighty keen to learn, could not avail their chance.

The relays were not all that exciting because there was no competition. Amongst the Juniors only the *Kellers* and *Joans* had teams, and *Kellers* came first. In the Senior Division, again only two houses had teams, *Nights* and *Kellers*. *Nights* came first.

At the close of our swimming, Mrs. Tess Davis graciously gave away the prizes. The *Rex Ludorum* winners were Esther Quintal of *Edith Cavell* in the Senior Division, Audrey Mackenzie of *Helen Keller* in the Intermediate Division, and Lynda Massey of *Helen Keller* in the Junior Division.

The S. P. Whaley Cup was won by *Helen Keller*; *Florence Nightingale* was second; *Edith Cavell* third; and for once, *Joan of Arc* came fourth.

We owe our sincere thanks to Miss L. M. D'Sa for her patient coaching throughout our short, swift and *rushed* swimming season.

The most exciting moments came from the Senior Division Swimming especially Jamshid Parvaresh. He swims like a fish, hardly causing a splash. His speed was superb. Ravinandan Mahanty and Suleman Mohebi won our admiration when they overtook Jimmy in the 50-metres Free Style and 50 metres Breast Stroke events respectively but Jimmy, the old master, did not lose heart and went on to win all the other events. He was awarded the *Gold Medal for the Best Swimmer of the Year, 1974* and thus he carried on in the footsteps of his brothers Rustom and Sharookh who had earlier created most of our swimming records.

As the competition was quite close it was difficult to decide the Champion House; therefore the two relays were fought with great enthusiasm. Although Candy won the Junior Relay, Greaves House won the *F. W. English Challenge Cup* after having won the Senior Relay.

Mrs. C. T. Davis graciously gave away the prizes. In his speech the Principal promised to have the pool tiled soon. May the future swimmers have all the luck in swimming in this tiled pool and may many new records be created in the Elysian time to come.

RESULTS OF THE SWIMMING

Thursday, the 28th November 1974 at 1.30 p.m.

NOVICES (10-12 years)

25-m. Free Style			
First	B. Kolpe	S	20.3"
Second	D. Wadhwa	S	
50-m. Free Style			
First	B. Kolpe	S	46.4"
Second	D. Wadhwa	S	
75-m. Free Style			
First	B. Kolpe	S	85.8"
Second	D. Wadhwa	S	

25-m. Back Stroke			
First	B. Kolpe	S	20.5"
Second	D. Wadhwa	S	

Rex Ludorum : B. Kolpe, S

JUNIORS (12-14 years)

25-m. Free Style			
First	M. Anderson	G	19.9"
Second	G. Court	C	
50-m. Free Style			
First	M. Anderson	G	48.4"
Second	U. Pawar	C	
75-m. Free Style			
First	M. Anderson	G	82.0"
Second	D. S. Bal	S	

200-m. Free Style			
First	F. Alsayegh	G	4'-51.6"
Second	D. S. Bal	S	

25-m. Back Stroke			
First	M. Anderson	G	24.8"
Second	D. S. Bal	S	

25-m. Breast Stroke			
First	Premjit Singh	G	25.7"
Second	Ambuj Kachchap	S	

Rex Ludorum : M. Anderson, G

INTERMEDIATES (14-16 years)

30-m. Free Style			
First	Karambir Singh	G	39.2"
Second	R. Ramchandani	C	
75-m. Free Style			
First	R. Ramchandani	C	62.8"
Second	Karambir Singh	G	

100-m. Free Style			
First	Karambir Singh	G	93.5"
Second	S. S. Bal	S	

50-m. Back Stroke			
First	R. Ramchandani	C	50.3"
Second	S. S. Bal	S	

50-m. Breast Stroke			
First	R. Ramchandani	C	48.3"
Second	Mohd. Hassan	S	

50-m. Butterfly Stroke			
First	S. S. Bal	S	59.5"
Second	C. Massey	G	

Rex Ludorum : R. Ramchandani, C

SENIORS (Over 16 years)

50-m. Free Style			
First	R. Mahanty	G	37.9"
Second	J. Parvaresh	R	

75-m. Free Style			
First	J. Parvaresh	R	67.3"
Second	R. Mahanty	G	

100-m. Free Style			
First	J. Parvaresh	R	92.8"
Second	R. Mahanty	G	

400-m. Free Style			
First	J. Parvaresh	R	8'-43.1"
Second	C. Massey	G	

50-m. Back Stroke			
First	J. Dhillon	G	51.4"
Second	J. Parvaresh	R	

50-m. Breast Stroke			
First	S. Mohebi	S	48.1"
Second	J. Parvaresh	R	

The Best Swimmer for the Year, 1974 : Jamshid Beheram Parvaresh, Royal
Colours : J. Parvaresh, R, R. Ramchandani, C, R. Mahanty, G.

* * *

GIRLS' TABLE-TENNIS, 1974

The Hoffman Cup

In charge : MRS. GRACE HOFFMAN
MRS. RUTH GADRE

Correspondent : ERICA JUDITH D'ABREO

X A Florence Nightingale

This year our table-tennis season was most successful despite the dearth of proper players. It was a very difficult task for the house-captains to choose the proper girls for their teams. Every girl was determined to learn the game in order to be chosen.

50-m. Butterfly Stroke			
First	J. Parvaresh	R	52.4"
Second	R. Mahanty	G	

Rex Ludorum : J. Parvaresh, R

Junior Relay

First	Candy	2'-20.3"
Second	Greaves	
Third	Royal	

Senior Relay

First	Greaves	1'-57.1"
Second	Candy	
Third	Royal	

Combined Relay Cup
Candy and Greaves

F. W. English Challenge Cup: Greaves

HOUSE POSITIONS

Position	House	Points
First	Greaves	19
Second	Spence	77
Third	Candy	43
Fourth	Royal	41

The players from *Edith Cavell* were most outstanding, specially Beverly Zachariahs and Lynda Flanagan, both from the 'A' Team. The *Cavells* stood first with twenty-two points. Not far behind were the *Joans* who stood second with a difference of two points. The *Kellers* stood third with eight points. Still trotting far behind with two precious points were the poor non-pococurante *Nightingales*! Anyway, *Nights*, it is not the triumph but the struggle that counts.

There was very keen competition between Neelu Sharma of *Joans* and

Beverly Zachariahs of *Cavells* for *The Best Player of the Year, 1974*. Since the better one always wins, "Congrats Beverly!"

The Hoffman Cup for Table-tennis : Edith Cavell.

* * *

BOYS' TABLE-TENNIS, 1974

The Hoffman Cup

In charge : MR. K. EMMANUEL

Correspondent : SURJIT SINGH KEER

X Arts Candy

This year's table-tennis tournament was held towards the end of first term.

The standard of play was much better this year than it has been in recent years.

All the houses put up a fine show, each house doing its level best to maintain the high standard.

This year we followed the Olympic rules for table-tennis, which system differed from

The Best Table-tennis Player for the year, 1974 : Surjit Singh Keer, Candy

The Hoffman Table-tennis Cup : Candy.

* * *

GIRLS' THROWBALL, 1974

The Blenden Cup

In charge : MISS SUZAN LAWRENCE

Correspondent : NEELAM GAMA

X ICSE Edith Cavell

THE TEAMS

Joan of Arc : Inderjeet Gill, Neelam Sharma, Natalie Watts, Lorraine Rose, Jennifer Macpherson, Gurpreet Gill, Lorraine Ryder, Sherry Bird-Sturgeon, Karen Scott. *Reserves* : Karen Rose, Michelle Rose, Lynette Ridewood.

Helen Keller : Valerie Taylor, Marilyn Goolamier, Heather Mackenzie, Audrey

We owe our *smashing* thanks to our coaches Mrs. G. Hoffman and Mrs. R. Gadre for their patience and guidance throughout our successful table-tennis season.

that of previous years. The players found it rather difficult to cope up with the rules during the first round but they adjusted themselves in the second round.

In the first round *Candy* and *Greaves* tied for the first place, while *Royal* and *Spence* stood third and fourth respectively.

The second round finalised the positions with *Candy* first, *Greaves* second, *Royal* third, followed by *Spence*.

We thank Mr. K. Emmanuel for having organised the table-tennis tournament and also the various masters who judged the various matches.

Mackenzie, Beryl Grieve, Debra Dawson, Avis Taylor, Blossom Connell, Margaret Andrews, *Reserves* : Surinder Kaur, Neeta Shah, Jatinder Kaur.

Edith Cavell : M. R. Nalini, M. R. Pushpa, Beverley Zachariahs, Neelam Gama, Smita Vassa, Heather Pearce, Evelyn Saunders, Esther Quintol, Ramona Ross, *Reserves* : Dona Barnett, Parveen Babai.

Florence Nightingale : Daisy Kaul, Lorraine Cantem. Bina Mahanty, Vishaka Saranjame, Erica D'Abreo, Colleen Edge, Sarita Makhija, Ritu Thadani, Pinky Kaul, *Reserves* : Annie Easow, Naseem Mirza, Gloria Smith.

FIRST ROUND

	JA	EC	HK	FN	TOTAL
JA		0 (15,5,12)	0 (12,7)	2 (15,15)	2
EC	2 (9,15,15)		0 (15,4,12)	2 (15,15)	4
HK	2 (15,15)	2 (10,17,15)		2 (15,15)	6
FN	0 (2,6)	0 (6,6)	0 (5,0)		0

SECOND ROUND

	JA	EC	HK	FN	TOTAL
JA		2 (15,15)	0 (10,6)	2 (15,17)	4
EC	0 (9,10)		0 (10,17,10)	2 (15,12,15)	2
HK	2 (15,15)	2 (15,16,15)		2 (15,15)	6
FN	0 (1,15)	0 (13,15,10)	0 (0,10)		0

HOUSE POSITIONS

Position	House	Points
First	Helen Keller	12
Second	Joan of Arc	6
	Edith Cavell	6
Fourth	Florence Nightingale	0

The Best Throwball Player for the Year, 1974 : Neelam Sharma, Joan of Arc.

Blenden Cup for Throwball : Hellen Keller.

* * *

BOYS' VOLLY-BALL, 1974

Cup for the Volley-ball

In charge : MICHAEL JOHN THORPE

Correspondent : KARIM MERCHANT

X ICSE Spence

The volley-ball season began in the third term this year, with Candy beating Greaves in both the "A" and "B" Divisions. All the teams had put in considerable practice and so the competition among the houses was very keen and interesting. The game

seemed to have enjoyed an extra boost by many of the Staff participating in friendly matches among the boys. The only difficulty seemed to be that the number of volley-balls for the matches proved insufficient.

HOUSE POSITION

Position	House	"A"	"B"	Combined
First	Royal	6	6	12
Second	Candy	2	4	6
Third	Spence	4	0	4
Fourth	Greaves	0	2	2

The Best Volley-ball Player for 1974 : Karim Merchant. Spence.

Cup for Volley-ball : Royal.

* * *

STUDY CUP GAMES POINTS, 1974

MR. SHASHI B. GADRE

THE TAYEBALLY STUDY CUP FOR GIRLS, 1974

In charge : MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL

Position	House	No. of Pupils	Cup Points	Average	Keily/Hodge	Shield
First	Edith Cavell	45	330	7.333		8
Second	Joan of Arc	42	284	6.763		6
Third	Florence Nightingale	43	286	6.651		4
Fourth	Helen Keller	39	195	4.999		2

The Tayebally Study Cup, 1974 : Edith Cavell, Red.

THE BLANDEN STUDY CUP FOR BOYS, 1974.

In charge : MR. WINSTON ROBERT GARDNER, Vice-Principal

Position	House	No. of Pupils	Cup Points	Average	Keily/Hodge	Shield
First	Spence	127	687	5.411		8
Second	Royal	125	572	4.576		6
Third	Greaves	118	526	4.458		4
Fourth	Candy	124	496	4.000		2

The Blenden Study Cup, 1974 : Spence, Yellow.

GIRLS

In charge : MRS. PATRICIA MICHAEL

THE KEILY SHIELD, 1974

	JK	HK	EC	FN
HOCKEY	3	4	2	1
NETBALL	4	3	2	1
BADMINTON	4	3	2	1
TABLE-TENNIS	3	2	4	1
THROWBALL	2.5	4	2.5	1
ELOCUTION AND SINGING	4	3	1	2
P. T. AND GYM.	3	4	1	2
DEBATING	4	2	1	3
SOFTBALL	4	3	2	1
ATHLETICS	3	4	1	2
SWIMMING	1	4	2	3
BASKETBALL	4	3	2	1
STUDY CUP	6	2	8	4
TOTAL	45.5	41	30.5	23
POSITION	1	2	3	4

The Sportswoman of the Year 1974 :
Neelum Sharma, Joan of Arc.

The Keily All-round Shield, 1974 :
Joan of Arc, Green.

BOYS

In charge : MR. WINSTON R. GARDNER, Vice-principal

THE HODGE SHIELD 1974

	C	G	R	S
HOCKEY	4	1	3	2
BOXING	2	4	3	1
TABLE-TENNIS	4	3	2	1
FOOTBALL	1	2	3	3
ELOCUTION AND SINGING	1	4	2	3
CROSS COUNTRY	3	4	2	1
P. T. AND GYM.	4	2	3	1
DEBATING	3	1	2	4
CRICKET	4	2.5	2.5	1
ATHLETICS	4	2	3	1
SWIMMING	2	4	1	3
BASKETBALL	4	2	3	1
STUDY CUP	2	4	6	8
VOLLEYBALL	3	1	4	2
DIVING	3	2	4	1
TOTAL	44	38.5	44.5	33
POSITION	2	3	1	4

Easdon Cup for Best Sportsman of the Year, 1975 : Jamshid Parvaresh, Royal

The Hodge All-round Shield, 1974 :
Royal House, Red.

"Be Prepared"

1st DEOLALI BARNES SCOUT TROOP, 1974

Scout Master : MR. DAVID V. HOFFMAN

Assistant Scout Master : MR. W. LOUIS

Troop Leader : GANPATI NADAR XI Sc.

Assistant Troop Leader :

ARTHUR MORTIMER X A

Total Strength : Fifty-seven

LION PATROL Red and Yellow

Patrol Leader, Satish Bhalerao; Second

Udayraj Pawar; Ghulam Rajabkar, Sean

Oliver, Deepak Ralhan, Glen Godfrey,

Lloyd Howard, Sangram Pawar, Glen

Court, Nikesh Pawar, Nilesh Nadkarni,

Nasir Khan.

EAGLE PATROL. Green and Black

Patrol Leader, Kazam Khan; Second,

Taha Khan, Nasir Mirza, Salim Nasir,

* * *

OUR SCOUT HIKE

Correspondent : SURIENDER PAL KATYAL

That night we were very excited and could not sleep for the next morning we were to board a bus for Deolali Camp whence most would cycle and the others with Baloo would continue by bus to meet at Cafe Park, our first stop, on our scout hike.

We cycled to our second stop, the Nasik Central Bus Stand where we again met, this time to quench our thirst. It was bright and sunny the whole day.

Our third and last stop, Trimbakeswar, was twenty-five miles ahead.

We overcame at least three obstacles : the scorching sun, the contrary breeze, the numerous acclivities. Our water bottles and our tummies became empty with no wells or shops on the way. We were

R. Mahapatra, Sunil Tamakuwala, Ninendra Singh, Vinay Chaurasia, Sydney Grieve, James Grieve, Veer Jain, Amar Jain.

FOX PATROL. Green and Yellow.

Patrol Leader, Suriender Katyal; Second,

Abbasi Taher Ali; Edward Laffrey, Salim

Patni, Bhalchandra Marathe, Anthony

Bira, Sukanto Chaudhari, Salim Khan,

Donald Ridewood, Naresh Waswani.

WOLF PATROL Yellow and Black

Patrol Leader, Yazdi Bulsara; Second,

Mukesh Tamakuwala, Surinder Sihota,

Michael Smith, Yatin Shah, Jamal Kohegi,

Mohd. Kohegi, Sudhir Kothari.

TIGER PATROL. Red and Green.

Patrol Leader, Mahmud Patni; Second,

Carl Coelho; Yogesh Naik, Sabir Ali,

Ashok Nair, Darayus Vakharia, Michael

Rebello, Mohan Patel, Charang Singh

Chug, Anil Oberoi, Firdosh Poonawalla,

Sajid Shaikh, Swarna Sandhu.

very tired when we reached Trimbak, where we enjoyed lunch and tea.

In the evening we started on our return journey, elated at our grand achievement, when suddenly two cycles broke down. Most of our troop were ahead. Only two patrol leaders and our Assistant Scout Master were left behind to use our scout ropes to haul the broken bicycles. Two good cycles were tied with two ropes, one to each of the broken bicycles. Another rope was tied from one broken bicycle to the other broken bicycle. There was an extra cyclist to clear the way. It was dark when we reached Deolali Camp where we returned our bicycles and boarded a bus back to school, extremely fatigued and equally happy over our having achieved our objective.

We thanked Baloo for having given us an opportunity to have enjoyed a hike which will live for ever in our memory.

Chapel Activities

MR. AND MRS. D. V. HOFFMAN

We continue to be without a regular resident priest but, with the kindness of our Bishop, we are blessed with the services of the Reverend E. S. Parker, formerly the Reverend E. S. Quraishi.

The English morning services are held at eight-thirty for the Church of North India and at ten for Roman Catholic Mass celebrated by Father Marti. The Roman Catholic children read the Lessons and lead the singing.

Some lady-members of the Staff conduct Sunday School and Torch Bearer Classes for girls. Tea is served after the morning service.

We have a School Choir consisting of boys and girls and very often we have a Choral Holy Communion Service. We have an annual dinner to which the choir, Church helpers and committee members are invited.

We had a very colourful Christmas Carol Service last year and Mrs. Tess Davis decorated the Chapel beautifully and everyone enjoyed the service.

There is a duly elected Chapel Committee which looks after the Chapel affairs. Mrs. U. Bhalerao and Mrs. G. Hoffman gladly give their time in looking after the Chapel and in leading the Intercession and Prayers. Mr. C. Paul conducts the Chapel Choir, plays the piano, trains groups, and keeps the music tempo most faithfully. Mrs. P. Michael

represents the Roman Catholic Congregation.

Mr. P. S. Bhalerao has been our Honorary Treasurer for the last eight years and all through he has done his job faithfully and efficiently. He also reads the Epistle and New Testament Lessons and conducts Matins. He represents our Chapel and is a member of the Nasik Diocesan Central Executive Committee and also a member of the St. Saviour's School Committee, Ahmednagar. His younger son Jayant, following in his elder brother, Satish's footsteps, goes round with a sweet smile to collect the monthly Church Funds.

Mr. D. V. Hoffman has been our Honorary Secretary for the last twenty years and although he has officially retired from the School, he still continues to take an active part and keen interest in our Chapel activities. He reads the Old Testament Lessons and conducts Matins, and looks after the Samaritan Fund.

Both our Principal Mr. J. L. Davis, and our Vice-principal, Mr. W. R. Gardener, assist in reading the lessons.

Our Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis is a great moral force behind our Chapel and through his constant efforts our Chapel Funds are looking very much brighter. He is ably assisted by his wife, Mrs. Tess Davis who unstintingly gives her best for the support of the Chapel.

The Christian Congregation in the School is well looked after and everyone is quite happy and interested in the Chapel Activities.

JAI HIND!

15th Aug. '74



"I promise..... to do my duty to..... and country"



Mr. P. Bhalerao with his pack of Cubs.



Prayer at Assembly... "We pray for all those to whom is committed the Government of this nation"



Mrs. P. Michael with her flock of Bulbuls.



Mr. D. Hoffman and Mr. W. Louis with their Scout Troop.

TEACHERS' DAY

6. IX. '74



The Staff being entertained by Stds. XI A, XI Sc. and X I.C.S.E.



Opening Chorus.



Oh, Mr. Gallagher; Oh, Mr. Sheen



Garbha



A Hindi Play



"Buck Rockabar" A Parody on "Lochinvar"



Minuet

Other Activities

THE ANGLO INDIAN ASSOCIATION

Principal's NOTICE

Mr. D. Amore, *M.L.A.*, is due to visit Barnes School on November 15th, 1974.

He will be accompanied by Mr. N. Fredericks, *President* of the *Anglo-Indian Association*, Bombay Branch.

Mr. Amore is very keen that the *Devlali Branch* of the Association, closed at the end of 1968, should be revived. For this purpose, he has asked me to convene a meeting at Barnes School on November 16th at 6.00 p.m.. At this meeting the

office bearers will be elected and a programme chalked out for future meetings.

I am sending this notice to all Anglo-Indians in Devlali and neighbourhood—Nasik and Igatpuri. If names are omitted kindly pass the message on to those who do not receive this circular.

I am aware that November 16th is a working day for some people, but there is no other suitable date. If you are at work on this day, perhaps your wife will be free to attend.

Please make an effort to attend.

Barnes School,
Devlali.
5th. November, 1974.

J. L. DAVIS
Principal

* * *

PARENTS' DAYS

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL VARIETY CONCERT PROGRAMME

at Barnes School, Devlali

at 5 p.m. on Saturday 30th March, 1974

	<i>Standards</i>	<i>Teachers</i>
I Around the Clock in Nursery Rhyme Land	I Lower and I Upper	Mrs. R. Gadre Miss P. Goolamier
II The Three Little Bears	II A and II B	Miss S. Lawrence Miss L. Cook
III The Making of a Rainbow	III A and III B	Miss M. Webb Mrs. Q. Samson
IV (i) An Apache War Dance (Boys) (ii) Dance of the Spirits (Girls)	IV A and IV B	Mrs. U. Bhalerao Mrs. G. Hoffman
V Dick Whittington and His Cat (in three short scenes)	V A and V B	Mrs. A. Paul Mrs. S. Diol
VI The Sneezing Powder	VI A and VI B	Mrs. P. Michael Mrs. V. Thorpe Mrs. L. Keelu

At the Piano

A Message from the Junior School.

Good-night and *THANK* you for coming to our Exhibition and Concert.

THE SENIOR SCHOOL VARIETY CONCERT PROGRAMME

at Barnes School, Devlali

at 5 p.m. on Thursday, 4th April, 1974

In charge: MRS. TESS DAVIS, Producer

Settings by MRS. TESS DAVIS

I THE SLEEPING CUTEY by C. R. Cook. A Potted Panto-Parody. In four Scenes
CHARACTERS (In the order of their appearance)

The Narrator, a middle-aged spinster	H. Mackenzie
Scratchiquill, the King's Secretary	A. Mortimer
The King	K. Phillips
The Queen	M. Andrews
The Royal Pages	M. Anderson
	J. Anderson
	R. Menon
	H. Scott
	S. Peters
	J. Macpherson
The Nurse	L. Ryder
Fairies: Air	S. Bird-Sturgeon
Water	B. Zachariahs
Fire	L. Ridewood
Gas	J. Coelho
Electricity	A. Mackenzie
Germs, Witch	G. Smith
Outer Space, a Fairy	
Ladies-in-Waiting	
Purl	H. Pearce
Plain	L. Massey
Twist	D. Dawson
Princess Mirabel	V. Taylor
Prince Char...?	J. Parvaresh
At the Piano	Mr. R. Paul
Costumes	Mrs. L. Kelu

II ANOTHER PAIR OF SPECTACLES by V. Bridges. A Farce in One Act.

George Hastings	Mr. Walter Louis
Eveleen, his wife	Miss Maureen Webb
Cripps, his butler	Brian Sopher
Scene: A Dining-room	

George and Eveleen his wife suspect that Cripps, the butler, has been helping himself to the wine and cigars. Among other presents sent to them from China,

is a pair of spectacles which enables the wearer to see into the person with whom he is conversing! The spectacles pass from nose to nose and... (wait, you will see!)

III SUPPRESSED DESIRES by Susan Glaspell. A Comedy in TWO Episodes.

The curtain is drawn between scenes to show the passing of two weeks.

Henrietta Brewster	Miss Pamela Goolamier
Stephen Brewster	Mr. Michael John Davis
Mable	Miss Erica D'Abreo.
Scene	A Studio-apartment.

Henrietta Brewster is a student of psychoanalysis, the latest science for preventing insanity by bringing into consciousness the suppressed desires dwelling in the subconscious mind. She is forever trying

to analyse her husband, and when her younger sister Mable arrives, she worries them both to see the famous Dr. A. E. Russell. The doctor's diagnoses are worth waiting for!

* * *

Farewell Speeches at the Cambridge Dinner

Friday, the Twenty-ninth of November, 1974.

UPON THE THRESHOLD

MORE MATURE CITIZENSHIP

SMITA VASSA

RAVINDER SINGH

Head-girl, 1974

Head-boy, 1974

XI Sc

Edith Cavell

Principal, Sir, Mrs. Davis, Staff and friends.

XI A

Greaves

All good things come to an end.

On behalf of the out-going boys please let me share these three little thoughts.

We are here, at the end of our school-career and upon the threshold of an adult world.

First, we are sorry for our having been troublesome.

During our school-years we have just craved to see the outside world but, now that the time has come, we find ourselves extremely reluctant to leave our *second home* and venture forth into the unknown.

Second, we feel sorry to leave our dear, old school.

The years we have spent in Barnes have left memories that will never fade.

And third, we are grateful to you Principal, Sir, and Mrs. Davis, and our Barnes School Staff for all that you have done to prepare us for more mature citizenship.

Thank you all for your having made our stay here highly beneficial and warmly pleasant.

* * *

(CREST)†
In hoc signo vinces.

Daughters of the Cross.
CONVENT HIGH SCHOOL.
Igatpuri, Nasik District.
26th September, 1974.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Davis,

Thank you for "The Barnicle, 1973"
Congratulations to all who had a hand in
its publication, and also to those who
achieved all the great things during the

different events of the year. "The Barnicle"
has put another crust to add to its glory.

I wish all success to your School and
hope your out-going pupils will reflect in
their Lives all that you have taught them
by your instruction and your example.

With best wishes to you, your Staff
and students from all in Convent High
School, Igatpuri.

Yours sincerely,
SR. BEATUNI.

* * *

BARNES SCHOOL, DEVLALI
SCHOOL CALENDAR—FIRST TERM 1974

JANUARY :

Monday,	28th	} New Boarders arrive.
Tuesday,	29th	
Thursday,	31st	Old Boarders arrive.

FEBRUARY :

Friday,	1st	School re-opens. Free Games.
Sunday,	3rd	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Monday,	4th	Organised Games begin :- GIRLS : Net Ball, Throw Ball, Swimming, Hockey, Ba ket Ball, BOYS : Hockey, Boxing, Swimming and Diving, Table Tennis, Volley Ball, Basket Ball.
Friday,	8th	Hockey Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	9th	School Picture.
Sunday,	10th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Friday,	15th	Hockey XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	16th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	17th	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15.
Wednesday,	20th	Hockey (Second Practice Round begins)
Friday,	22nd	Hockey XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	23rd	General Market Permit. Seniors' Privilege (Stds. X and XI). Week-end Leave.
Sunday,	24th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15.
Monday,	25th	FOUNDER'S DAY (Investiture of Prefects) 9.00 a.m. Tea (Staff and Prefects) 10.30 a.m. Prefects' Special Privilege (Hindi Matinee).
Tuesday,	26th	Hockey (Inter-House) begins. Names for House Swimming.

MARCH :

Friday,	1st	Nasrapur Camp (Girls-1st to 4th). Hockey XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	2nd	Market Permit (Girls). Seniors' Privilege (Stds. VIII and IX).
Sunday,	3rd	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Thursday,	7th	Hockey Tournament (2nd round).
Friday,	8th	HOLI (Holiday).
Saturday,	9th	School Picture.
Sunday,	10th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Thursday,	14th	Hockey Tournament ends.
Friday,	15th	Nasrapur Camp (Boys-15th to 18th). Hockey XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	16th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	17th	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Monday,	18th	Boxing Tournament begins. Practice begins for Swimming and Diving entrants.
Friday,	22nd	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	23rd	Hockey (Barnes vs. Cathedral ?) Seniors' Privilege (Stds. X and XI).
Sunday,	24th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Thursday,	28th	Boxing (Semi-Finals). Names for Swimming and Diving
Friday,	29th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	30th	PARENTS' DAY (JUNIOR SCHOOL). General Market Permit. Week-end Leave
Sunday,	31st	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15. BOXING FINALS (7.00 p.m.).

APRIL :

Wednesday,	3rd	Swimming Heats begin.
Thursday,	4th	PARENTS' DAY (SENIOR SCHOOL).
Friday,	5th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	6th	Id-e-Milad. Market Permit (Girls). Seniors' Privilege (Stds. VIII, IX).
Sunday,	7th	H. C. Services 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Thursday,	11th	Swimming (Finals) 9.00 a.m. EASTER RECESS 1.00 p.m. Thursday, 11th to 6.00 p.m. Monday, 15th.
Friday,	12th	GOOD FRIDAY.
Saturday,	13th	School Picture.
Sunday,	14th	Easter-H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15. Easter Dance (7.30—12.00 mid-night). NO BROTHERS' HOUR.
Monday,	15th	Traditional Holiday (BROTHERS' HOUR 4.30—5.30 p.m.)
Tuesday,	16th	First Terminal Examination :-Tuesday, 16th-Monday 29th. Table Tennis Tournament begins. Volley Ball and Basket Ball Practices.

Friday,	19th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	20th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	21st	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Thursday,	25th	Diving I.
Friday,	26th	Diving II.
Saturday,	27th	General Market Permit. Seniors' Privilege (Stds. X, XI), NO WEEK-END LEAVE.
Sunday,	28th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Monday,	29th	FINAL ASSEMBLY 2.30 p.m.
Tuesday,	30th	School Party-Departure.
Wednesday,	1st	MAHARASHTRA DIN (Holiday). Staff Tea (10.30 a.m.)

SECOND TERM, 1974

JUNE :

Wednesday,	5th	Boarders return (6.00 p.m.)
Thursday,	6th	School re-opens (Free games).
Friday,	7th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	8th	School Picture.
MOD-Sunday,	9th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Monday,	10th	ORGANISED GAMES :- GIRLS : P. T., Table-tennis, Soft Ball. BOYS : P. T., Foot Ball, Cross-Country.

Friday,	14th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
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ON DUTY-		
Saturday,	15th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	16th	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. DEBATING SEASON BEGINS-A QUIZ 7.30 p.m.

Monday,	17th	House Choirs-Chorus Practices begin.
MOD-Friday,	21st	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	22nd	Market Permit (Boys). Seniors' Privilege (Stds. X, XI). Week-end leave.

Sunday,	23rd	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. A SYMPOSIUM OR BRAINS TRUST. 7.30 p.m.
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Friday,	28th	Football XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games. Names for House Football.
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Saturday,	29th	SPECIAL MARKET PERMIT. (Fifth Saturday)
		BOYS : Candy and Spence Blocks (Stds. VII downwards). GIRLS : Stds. IV-VI.

MOD-Sunday,	30th	H. C. Service (5th Sun. ?) 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. 7.30 p.m.—DEBATE I.
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JULY :

Wednesday,	3rd	FOOTBALL HOUSE TOURNAMENT BEGINS.
Friday,	5th	Football XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.

Saturday,	6th	Market Permit (Girls). Seniors' Privilege (Stds VIII, IX).
Sunday,	7th	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15. DEBATE II (7.30 p.m.).
Friday,	12th	Football XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	13th	School Picture.
Sunday,	14th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. DEBATE III (7.30 p.m.) FOOTBALL HOUSE TOURNAMENT
MOD-		
Wednesday,	17th	(2nd Round).
Thursday,	18th	SINGING AND ELOCUTION HOUSE COMPETITION. (PUBLIC)
Friday,	19th	Football XI Match. Names for Cross-country House Finals. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
Saturday,	20th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	21st	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. DEBATE IV.
Friday,	26th	INTER-HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY FINALS.
MOD-Saturday,	27th	Market Permit (Boys). Seniors' Privilege (Stds. X, XI) Week-end Leave.
Sunday,	28th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. DEBATE V.

AUGUST :

Friday,	2nd	Football XI Match. Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
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Saturday,	3rd	Market Permit (Girls). Seniors' Privilege (Stds. VIII, IX). Inter-School Football-Barnes vs. Cathedral (Provisional). H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. FINAL DEBATE VI.
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Sunday,	4th	P. T. Prelims-Gymnastics (Boys).
Monday,	5th	

Thursday,	8th	PHYSICAL EDUCATION HOUSE COMPETITION (PUBLIC) School Picture.
MOD-Friday,	9th	
Saturday,	10th	

Sunday,	11th	Matins 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m. INDEPENDENCE DANCE—7.30 p.m. to 12 Midnight.
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Monday,	12th	SECOND TERMINAL EXAMINATION :- Mon. 12th to Friday 23rd.
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Thursday,	15th	INDEPENDENCE DAY (Holiday) Assembly 9.30 a.m. Special Privilege (Hindi Matinee). BOYS : Candy and Spence Blocks.
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		GIRLS : Haig-Brown, except those who have early supper.
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Friday,	16th	Scouts, Cubs, Bulbuls, Choir, Free Games.
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Saturday,	17th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	18th	H. C. Service 8.30; Mass 10.15 a.m.

MOD-Thursday,	22nd	Examination ends (3.00 p.m.).
Friday,	23rd	

Saturday, 24th }
 to }
 Monday, 2nd } MONSOON RECESS.

THIRD TERM, 1974

SEPTEMBER :

Monday 2nd Boarders Return.
 Tuesday, 3rd Organised games.
 BOYS : Cricket/Athletics/Swimming and Diving/Volley Ball/Basket Ball.
 GIRLS : Basket Ball/Athletics/Swimming.
 Friday, 6th Teachers' Day (Staff, XI-A, XI-Sc., and X-ICSE.)
 Cricket House Teams in.
 Saturday, 7th Girls' Market Permit 9.00 a. m. to 11.30 a. m.
 Film "Signpost to Murder" in Evans Hall at 7.30 p.m.
 Sunday, 8th H. C. Service 8.30 a. m.; Mass 10.15 a.m.
 Cricket Match.
 Friday, 13th Athletics-House Teams in.
 Saturday, 14th School Picture.
 Sunday, 15th Service 8.30 a. m ; Mass 10.15 a.m.
 Cricket Match.
 Monday, 16th Inter House Cricket Tournament begins.
 Tuesday, 19th HOLIDAY
 Special Privilege-Matinee-Cathay.
 (All except those who have early dinner.)
 Saturday, 21st Prefects' Privilege.
 Sunday, 22nd H. C. Service 8.30 a. m. Mass 10.15 a.m.
 Cricket Match.
 Saturday, 28th Market Permit (Boys). Seniors' Privilege Stds. X, XI
 Week-end leave.
 Sunday, 29th Service 8.30 a. m ; Mass 10.15 a.m.
 Cricket Match.

OCTOBER

Wednesday, 2nd Athletics Heats. Swimming and Diving entries in.
 Saturday, 5th Market Permit (Girls) 9.00 a. m.—11.30 a. m.
 Seniors' Privilege Stds. VIII, IX.
 Sunday, 6th H. C. Service 8.30 a. m.; Mass 10.15 a.m.
 Cricket Match.
 Saturday, 12th School Picture.
 Sunday, 13th Service 8.30 a. m.
 Cricket Match.
 Thursday, 17th Dress Rehearsal.
 Friday, 18th PRIZE DAY. (Holiday Ramzan-Id).
 Saturday, 19th SCHOOL PLAY.



Food for thought?



Nothing Soupy about Nita's Smile!

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis dining in style!

I. S. C.
 and
 I. C. S. E.

FAREWELL
 DINNER

29. XI. '74



Making no bones about the Chicken's wish-bone or Colin's funny bone!



(Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gardner)
 "Between you and me..."

A rosy setting
 (Wg. Cdr. and Mrs. C. Samson)



The aroma of Chicken Biryani is evident!



"Grub" Sergeant Mrs. L. Mortimer and her Culinary Contingent.



DINNER AT
THE CORONATION HOTEL
FOR
THOSE INVOLVED IN
"THE PROOF OF THE POISON"
(27 . XI . 74)

The Cast with Mrs. T. Davis, who directed the play.

(L to R)

1st Row... B. Zachariahs; M. Andrews;
V. Taylor; E. D'Abreo;
J. Walkay.

2nd Row... B. B. Sopher; M. A. Khan;
B. Katyal; A. Jamal



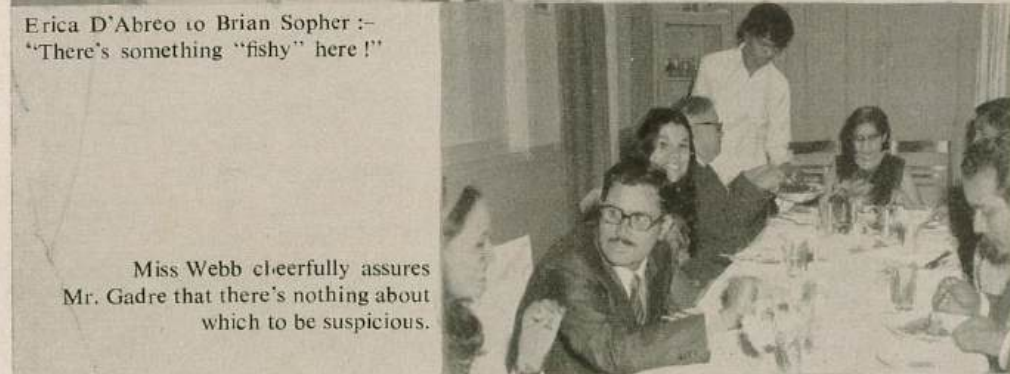
STAFF HELPERS

1st Row:- O. Swing; M. Wythe; M. Webb;
P. Goolamier; Q. Samson;
C. Samson.

2nd Row:- S. Gadre; P. Bhalerao; L. D'Sa;
J. L. Davis; T. Davis;
M. Thorpe; W. Louis.



Erica D'Abreo to Brian Sopher :-
"There's something 'fishy' here!"



Miss Webb cheerfully assures
Mr. Gadre that there's nothing about
which to be suspicious.



Smiling satisfaction (Wg. Cdr. C. Samson; Mrs. T. Davis; Mr. M. Thorpe)
Not the Proof of the Poison, but the Proof of the Pudding (Trifle)
is in the eating!

Sunday,	20th	H. C. Service 8.30 a.m. } Mass 10.15 a.m. } Girls' Recreation Room.
Monday,	21st	ANNUAL ATHLETICS AND DANCE.
Friday,	25th	Basket Ball and Volley Ball begin. Holiday (Dassera) Usual holiday programme NO PRIVILEGE.
Saturday,	26th	Market Permit (Boys). Seniors' Privilege Std. X, XI. Week-end leave.
Sunday,	27th	Service 8.30 a.m.; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Monday,	28th	SWIMMING FINALS
Tuesday,	29th	Thursday, 28th November I. S. C. EXAMINATION. (Supervision according to General T-T.)
NOVEMBER		
Friday,	1st	Volleyball and Basketball House Teams in.
Saturday,	2nd	Market Permit (Girls) 9.00 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. Seniors' Privilege Stds. VIII, IX
Sunday,	3rd	H. C. Service 8.30 a.m.; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Monday,	4th	Volleyball and Basketball Inter-House Tournaments begin.
Tuesday,	5th	Saturday 9th ELEMENTARY AND INTERMEDIATE DRAWING EXAMS.
Saturday,	9th	School Picture.
Sunday,	10th	Service 8.30 a.m.; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Monday,	11th	Diving Finals (4.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.)
Wednesday,	13th	DIWALI HOLIDAYS. SOCIAL Stds. VII-X at 4.15 to 6.45 p.m.
Thursday,	14th	Hindi Matinee Cathay All except Std. XI and those who have early supper.
Saturday,	16th	Prefects' Privilege.
Sunday,	17th	H. C. Service 8.30 a.m.; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Saturday,	23rd	Market Permit (Boys) Seniors' Privilege Stds. X, XI. Week-end leave.
Sunday,	24th	Carol Service/Choir Dinner (Mass 10.15 a.m.)
Friday,	29th	FAREWELL DINNER ISC/ICSE.
Saturday,	30th	House Parties (Boys) Catering for the HOUSE only. Bonfire Haig-Brown and Lloyd Blocks.
DECEMBER		
Sunday,	1st	H. C. Service 8.30 a.m.; Mass 10.15 a.m. I. S. C. pupils Departure.
Monday,	2nd	Wednesday, 11th—PROMOTION EXAMS.
Friday,	6th	Wednesday, 11th—I. C. S. E. EXAMS.
Sunday,	8th	Service 8.30 a.m.; Mass 10.15 a.m.
Tuesday,	10th	Nativity Play.
Wednesday,	11th	Break Up Social 7.30—10.30 p.m. Prep. House and Haig Brown Juniors-Tea Party. Candy and Spence Juniors-Tea Party.

Thursday, 12th School Party - Departure.
 Friday, 13th Promotion Meeting.
 Stds. I-VI ... 9.00 a. m.-10.00 a. m.
 Tea ... 10.00 a. m.-10.30 a. m.
 Stds. VIII-X ... 10.30 a. m.-12.00 noon.

THIRD TERM ENDS.

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Barnes School, Devlali I. S. C. EXAMINATION, 1974 (Result) Science Group

S. No.	Name	Eng.	Lit.	Hindi	Fren.	Maths.	Add. Maths.	Phy.	Che.	Bio.	Aggri.	Div.
1.	D. Nehra	3	4	—	7	1	—	1	2	3	10	I
2.	G. Nadar	2	5	6	—	1	—	2	3	3	11	I
3.	R. Mahanty	3	6	6	—	2	—	3	3	5	16	I
4.	T. Ashok Kumar...	2	6	7	—	4	—	5	4	3	18	I
5.	R. Bhambure	3	6	6	—	—	3	2	4	—	18	I
6.	M. Abhyankar	6	7	5	—	3	—	4	3	7	21	II
7.	A. R. Gill	3	5	3	—	6	—	6	5	5	21	II
8.	D. Parkar	2	7	7	—	3	—	4	6	8	22	II
9.	K. Jagoowani	4	9	8	—	5	—	3	5	5	22	II
10.	R. Wadhwa	3	6	5	—	4	—	4	6	6	22	II
11.	J. Walkey	3	6	6	—	3	—	4	9	6	22	II
12.	R. Ramchandani...	3	6	7	—	—	3	4	6	—	22	II
13.	S. Vassa	3	7	8	—	—	4	4	5	—	23	II
14.	P. K. Gupta	7	8	6	—	3	—	5	6	5	25	II
15.	B. Katyal	4	7	7	—	—	3	6	7	—	27	II
16.	A. Manning	3	9	9	—	7	—	6	7	—	—	F.
	Distinctions	3	—	—	—	3	—	3	1	—	—	
	Credits	12	9	8	—	8	4	13	12	9	—	
	Sub. Passes	1	5	6	1	1	—	—	2	2	—	
	Failures	—	2	1	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	
	No. Appeared	16	16	15	1	12	4	16	16	11	—	
	Percentage	100	87.5	93.33	100	100	100	100	93.95	100	—	

Subject Teachers ...	Mr. Smith	Miss D'Sa	Mr. Gupta	Mr. Smith	Mr. Misra	Mr. Misra	Mr. Gadre	Mr. Emmanuel	Mr. Emmanuel
No. Appeared									
No. Passed									
Result									

No. Appeared 16
 No. Passed 15
 Result 93.75%

Barnes School, Devlali I. S. C. Examination, 1974 (Result). Humanities Group.

S. No.	Name	Eng.	Lit.	Hist.	Geog.	B.K.	Hindi	Maths.	Art.	Aggri.	Divi.
1.	S. Chowdhari	1	3	7	5	3	6	—	—	22	II
2.	R. Zope	1	7	—	4	—	7	7	6	25	II
3.	M. Vyas	3	6	7	7	8	3	8	—	26	II
4.	V. Nigam	2	6	9	6	—	7	6	—	27	II
5.	M. Andrews	1	7	9	8	6	8	—	8	—	III
6.	G. Pitchaya	3	8	9	8	—	8	5	—	—	III
7.	S. Dave	2	9	X	5	8	7	3	—	—	III
8.	M. D'Abreo	6	7	8	5	7	8	8	—	—	III
10.	J. Parvaresh	5	8	7	7	6	8	—	9	—	III
11.	H. Patel	6	8	8	6	7	8	7	—	—	III
12.	K. Phillips	3	6	8	8	8	9	—	9	—	III
	Distinctions	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
	Credits	6	5	—	6	3	2	3	1	—	
	Sub. Passes	—	6	6	6	5	9	4	2	—	
	Failures	—	1	4	—	—	1	1	2	—	
	No. Appeared	12	12	10	12	8	12	8	5	—	
	Percentage	100	91.7	60.0	100	100	91.7	87.5	60.0	—	

Subject Teacher ...	Mr. Smith	Miss D'Sa	Mr. Swing	Miss D'Sa	Mr. Smith	Mr. Gupta	Mr. Misra	Mrs. Massey
No. Appeared.	12							
No. Passed.	12							
Result.	100 %							

* * *

GOLD!

by

The Reverend Deacon
 DONALD ALFRED SMITH

I remember how I saw
 Glory radiate the Dawn.
 Stretched across from North to South
 Clouds, high-mounted, stepped, in Gold.

I remember how I saw
 Glory radiate a Bush.
 Pearls shone bright like Christmas orbs
 Where fresh Dew reflected Gold.

I remember how I saw
 Glory radiate Sunset.
 Purple shadowed coming Night.
 While tall Grasses swayed all Gold.

I remember how I saw
 Glory radiate the Ground.
 Midst brown, humble, trodden soil
 Money lost did glint like Gold.

I remember how I saw
 Glory radiate in Gold.
 Snowflakes in Aunt Mabel's Hair
 Grew Snowdrops sparkling Gold.

I remember how I saw
 Glory radiate Earth's Store:
 Blue, Green, Purple, Brown, or White—
 Cold, or Live, or Rich, Poor, Pure—

In God's great Love, ALL were Gold!

Seven in the evening of Friday, the Fifth of September, Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-five. Barnes School, Devlali.

* * *

The Old Boys' Corner

Please let us have news of YOU!

ASNANI, RAMESH has joined his father's business in the Middle East. VINOD has joined Ramesh.

AVARI, GOSHASP is studying in England. 2, Gospel Farm Road, Accocks Green, Birmingham-27 U. K.

BAKSHI, REKHA is majoring in Psychology in the U.S.A.

BHANJI, HARSHITA remembers Mr. Davis much and really misses Barnes. 5 Girdhar Nivas, Lajpatra Road, Vile Parle (West) Bombay 56.

CHOWDHURY, BIKASH and ASHIS remember Barnes.

CHOWDHURY, KADERBHAI, in his father's business, recently visited his home-town north. LATIF is in commercial college. KARIM in Panchgani.

CHOKHANI, YESHWANT in medical. BILKA contemplates marriage. ALKA grows more graceful. RAJENDRA has grown!

CYRIL, SWARNA has submitted a poem. She is proud that Barnes students shine like bright meteors. Attends St. Francis de Sale's College, Nagpur. Her father was transferred on promotion to Kothagudem. Doctor RITA our poetess, is at Vellore. NIRMALA is lecturing in the Department of English in the Yellandu Junior College, c/o Mr. A. Cyril, Controller of Purchase, SCC Ltd., Kothagudem Post 507101, Khammam District, Andhra Pradesh.

DAMERON, JENNIFER, our nightingale, was wedded on Saturday, the twenty-eighth December, at St. Anne's, Mazgaon 400 010, to Venis Dantas son of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Dantas, c/o Mrs. H. Dameron, RB 11/255, Block No. 24, C. Rly. Qrs., Parel, Bombay 400 012. DEBRA also sings sweetly.

DARUWALLA, FEROS R. is often seen locally.

DAVIS, MICHAEL JOHN is interested in History, soft music and reading. Dramatics.

DUBASH, RUKSHANA loves dear old Barnes.

ABDUL AZIZ SHAIKH FAREED is in business in Bombay, a happy husband and proud Pa!

GOMES, JEFFREY reminds us of JENNIFER, JOCELYN, and JERVIS who is now a prefect. c/o Mrs. J. J. Gomes, Ambassador Hotel, P. O. Box 3226, Dubai. U. A. E.

GULSHAN, HUSSEIN is doing a catering course in London.

HEREDIAH, JOAQUIM describes himself as 'that naughty little boy' who is now a 'blushing' cadet on board ship. From Hiroshima he sails to Vancouver. He wishes our examinees success. He misses Barnes. He would like to see his Cross-country record in *The Barnicle—Candy 25'-7"*: 1972. Sends his regards. "I shall never forget Barnes!" c/o Mrs. L. Heredia, No. 8, The Ark, Convent Avenue, Santacruz. Bombay 400 054.

HAGHIGHI, ALI AKBAR and MUSSADIQ are both studying abroad. Hyde Park International Hotel, 52-56 Inverness Terrace, London W 2. U.K. We remember Ali's cowboy stunts and Daddy's acting and cricket adventures. HOSHANG has just appeared for his I.C.S.E.

HUSSAIN, SAYED ALI in the height of fashion, often visits us. His brother RIAZ is now a prefect.

IRANI, R. M. Daughter Pearl married Shahpoor Behram Kadkhodayan of Bombay on 4-5-1975 at Devlali.

JADHAV, YESHWANT, GANGADHAR, RAMKRISHAN and their cousin TRIMBAK TAKATE attend College at Nasik Road. CHANDRABHAN has just appeared for his I.C.S.E.

JAMAL, AZMINA and NIMET are doing well. c/o 5 Star Appt, 1/19 Bund Garden Road, Poona-1. Their brother KARIM is in X Sc.

KALVERT, ZOHER D. runs his father's business. Taj Fruit Products Co., 14-16, Mirza Ali Street, Bombay-9 BR.

KANAL, RAVINDER attends college and misses school!

KAPUR, KOKILA also attends college and misses school standards!

KESWANI, ANEIL is studying in the U.S.A.

KHAN, NOOR AHMED speaks as a student leader. Havabai Terrace, 5th Floor, 2/16, Jail Road North, Dongri, Bombay 400 009.

LACEWALLA, KHOZEMA has taken a computer course in the U.S.A., and has travelled much. P. O. Box 2908, Dubai.

MAKKI, BADRIA is a proud mother of a daughter. Badria works in an office but all the time remembers Barnes. c/o Ministry of Defence, U.A.E. Dubai, Arabian. Gulf. P. O. Box 2838.

MEHTA, SHEHNAZ on her last visit to us looked quite a college student. FEROS is now working.

MINOCHA, JYOTIRENDER is training as an Engineer in the Merchant Navy. c/o Mrs. S. Minocha, I Egerton Road, Devlali.

MIRCHANDANI, HARESH *Sleepy!* P. O. Box 272, Colon, Republic of Panama.

MISTRY, MENA and her brother PYU-H attend college. Purshottom Nivas, Mission Road, Nandanvan, Nadiad, Gujarat.

MORTIMER, REGNAULD is happily married. His elder brother is in Australia. ARTHUR is in X Arts.

NARANG, CHANDER P. and KEWAL have joined B.Y.K. College of Commerce, Nasik. "We remember your methods of teaching, of assigning us home-work, of giving us a feeling of freedom to express our views and impressions and treating us like grown-ups. It has proved very helpful in college and we are grateful for your guidance." 29-10-1974. JASPAL is still with us.

PANDYA, BHASKER is studying abroad: APT. 51, 83-35 Queen's Boulevard, Elmhurst, New York 11373, U.S.A.

PARVARESH, SHAROOKH B., RUSTOM and JAMSHID all three brothers wonderful swimmers! SHAROOKH is doing oil engineering. JAMSHID appeared for the 1974 I.S.C. RUSTOM is in Bombay. Alpawalla Building First Floor, Princess Street, Dhobi Talao, Bombay 400 002.

PAWAR, ZUNZER in Nasik. Often visits Barnes.

PIRANI, KASSUM is interested in Architecture. P. O. Box 119, Morogoro, Tanzania, East Africa. His sister NAAZ is studying in England. 37/39, Warrington Crescent, Room No. 15, Paddington, London W-9. U.K.

ROBB, WILLIAM has submitted: "The Return". Now he is posted in Bombay, in the Central Excise Headquarters Office at Churchgate.

ROTAK, VIJAY recently lost his father. Vijay is often seen about Devlali.

RUGHANI, SANDHYA and SANGEETA are at College. It was nice seeing them again.

SACHDEV, BRINDERJEET looks sophisticated! Promises articles! MALDEV and brother KULTARAN are still with us.

SELVARAJ, RICHARD has turned to science. RODGER and LORRAINE are still with us.

SEN, DHARMENDRA is also locally seen.

SHAIKH, ABDUL RASHID helps in his father's business in Bombay. AZIZ is with us.

SHINDORE, NARAYAN H. has submitted: "The Return". It was good seeing him.

SINGH, ANJALI is doing well. 1053-C, Sector-36, Chandigarh.

TEBAK, RAVI owner of a beautiful blue bicycle. Studying. Guitarist, Crooner, Dancer. 1012 Gurudwara Road, Devlali Camp.

VAZ, TONY is often seen about town.

WATTS, CRIGHTON has visited dear old Barnes! NATALIE was confirmed this year. She has recently appeared for her I.C.S.E.

WHITE, RICHARD VERNON STANFORD has submitted "MOUNT HERMON COLLEGE DARJEELING. Teaching in Christ Church, Byculla.

The appended literary section to 'The Old Boys' Corner' has been so arranged in simple celebration of our dear old Barnes'

GOLDEN JUBILEE

1925—1975

* * *

Memories

are made of this....

"...A desperate dash, nine years ago to the nearest hospital and in an incredibly short while a little baby boy came into the world.. Happiness.

We named him Philip.

...A little boy with brown brown eyes, growing up as a little boy should—sometimes naughty, sometimes good. A friendly boy, lively, curious, intelligent, kicking stones on the way back from school.

Well, that was Philip.

...Lunchtime. A little boy, talking more than eating—a request for piano lessons from him, a postponement from me, "When you are older!" and

"Then that will be never!"

said Philip.

...That wild, hilarious laughter that often made us exclaim, "Quiet now!"

It has gone now.

The sunshine was Philip.

...A few verses of birds and blue skies, a tug at the sleeve of the *Editor* of the school magazine.

Acceptance.

The poet was Philip.

...A sad Sunday afternoon, a swim, a presence missing

and then

a limp, lifeless child

with brown, brown eyes, our pride, our joy.

Cruelly, callously snatched away from us while the heavens witnessed helplessly.

Forever.

Philip. PHILIP!"

MRS. PEARL MASSEY, *Art Mistress*.

In Memoriam

CHRISTOPHER LAL died in a motor-bicycle accident in Australia. Christopher had been studying to be a dentist.

YESHWANT CHOKHANI, a medical student, passed away in Bombay.

* * *

THE PRICELESS PRIZE

DOCTOR MISS RITA CYRIL, 3RD M.B.B.S.
(1ST CLINICAL)

CHRISTIAN MEDICAL COLLEGE, VELLORE-2

XI Sc, 1971

Helen Keller

It takes a lot of
Courage to be smiling,
To face a weeping
Curtain of despair,
Or hear a moan, or
Feel a sightless warning
Knife through, and yet to
Hold upright your head.

It takes a lot of
Courage to survey well
The sadly ruined
Pillars of the past,
Now when we seek refuge
In Heaven's shadow
Across the moors of
Peaceful dreamers cast.

The yearning lark within
Will stir afresh, yet,
Then rise above the
Splendour of the skies
And reaching the
Triumphant end will gather home
The brimming gladness
Of the priceless prize.

Be not the browning
Blighted leaf of autumn
That dwindles even
Ere the wind has hove!
But like the ivy
Growing, clinging, seeking,
Into one large
Entangled mass uniting.

Let us with briars
Bind our hearts, heroic,
And grow upon this
Rocky wall we love.

* * *

A CHOIR UNHEARD

DOCTOR MISS RITA CYRIL, 3RD M.B.B.S.
(1ST CLINICAL)

CHRISTIAN MEDICAL COLLEGE, VELLORE-2

XI Sc, 1975

Helen Keller

"We live in a world
Where the wild winds hide not,
No harshness mars
The chaste air we inhale,
We cling to the earth—
Our life, our joy—
And smile for the warmth
Of the blazing rich sky.

The dewdrops they gambol
Through a network of leaves
Reviving our souls
Vapid and dry;
We wink and we smile
Then in silence rejoice
When the raindrops play
On our permanent wicks.

We never stop shining
For, though it be day,
We alone can guide you
From a life full of sorrow
To a brighter life
That we share.
Come join the fleeting band;
Won't you come
And peep into our world?
Behold how we live?"

And as I observed
This mass of pink wildflowers,
Each upholding
A ring of blue candles
Perched upon tiny
Candlesticks blue,
They led me away,
Beyond the mist

Where all was daylight
Springing with life,
Such harmony of
Colour, such grandeur,

Such rare celestial
Fragrance, sweet softness,
Such gladness, such music,
Such laughter revealed

In a million microscopes!
I was content.
Only a mass of wildflowers,
Yes, that's all they were!
With the fading sun,
And the hush of the even,
My pretty flowers
Faded fast into the gloom

And left me with the wealth
Of a choir unheard.

* * *

X SC, 1971

PARMINDER SINGH GILL

X Sc, 1971

Spence

Ever heard of X Sc?

No! Well, let me tell you what kind of a class it is.

First, it is next to the Rec.

If X is visiting our class, he better take my advice and come clad in armour because, as soon as he enters the class, he will be welcomed with shots of paper pellets. Let me remind you, that is just an appetiser before the meal.

Surprised! Yeah! What a small class and no end to the mischief!

Let me introduce to you the main characters.

Starting from the row near the door. There's that Nair. He's better known as the *mugger* and that's no mere title. Give him a dozen Chemistry books and guess what? He'll mug then in five minutes.

What about the chap behind him? That's Ungu-mungu-zungu, the Chinese who came from the cold. His task is to discover military secrets.

Next there's a bunch of 'four-twenties', namely, Vichare, Puri, Zope, Yezdi and Chokhani. The last has recently joined their gang. Actually he is hopeless, good only at reading Chase books. These five chaps are trying to discover the best way of cheating the day-scholars of their grub.

Oooh! Now come the girls. What bores! There are two pairs of Laurel-and-Hardys. One of them is the Uranium Bomb. One day you'll find a deep crater in place of X Sc.

Then comes Pirani. No! That's not his name. He's better known as *Charbi*. Caution 100,000 Watts. Hide your tiffin-boxes!

Behind him sits Angre, better known as the *Red Monkey*.

Then there's Ganga-Ram-Patil. The work allotted to him is to hum in anybody's period.

Now who's that snoring in front of Ganga-Ram? Looks like Majd Kamran. He just sleeps. Sometimes when he has fits, he draws and writes unknown plays. In fact, he wrote one just yesterday.

Then there's a gap and next is a very interesting person, Ashis. He's a Bangla Desh refugee but an early one. Ever seen one? If you haven't, here's an opportunity. Observe him well.

There is one missing. *Mad-man!* His name itself accuses him. He is an expert in fooling and clowning. He is the worst, worse than all combined together. Too bad he left school.

* * *

HUGO

MADHUMITA GUPTA

XI Sc, 1972

Edith Cavell

"Love!" screamed he into the night,
"What is it?"

The night was chilly calm and cool. The wind as it slowly blew over the tree-tops made soft music with the falling autumn leaves. As he walked through the winding gullies he became more and more aware of the looming house he was slowly approaching.

He lifted up his hand to knock but the door swung open noiselessly at his touch. The house was empty. A very puzzled man traced his steps back to a car waiting just round the corner.

"What could have happened to them?" thought he aloud. "What could have happened to Anna and...?!"

As he thought of Anna his mind travelled through the passages of Time to the day he first had come to this household of none to happy circumstances. A drunken bread-winner coupled with a very mild and soft-spoken woman. How Time had changed everyone! How different they were from what his mother had described them to be.

* * *

It was in the very midst of the morning when Mrs. Martin received the news of the arrival of her husband's son. He was coming to stay with them till he could finish his studies in that part of the country.

A room was quickly cleared up and the best bed spread was laid out. Flowers adorned nearly every nook and corner. It was a pathetically small room.

The great day dawned and all the members of the family waited in anticipation. Soon a smartly clad young man stepped down from the morning-bus. He was welcomed very warmly indeed!

The days passed on and Hugo was immediately taken in as one of the family. He was a kind-hearted man and was fast becoming a very good friend of Anna, the only girl in the house.

Every morning Hugo and Anna boarded the bus for their respective destinations. The bus ride was one of the most enjoyable parts of the day, when one day Hugo had a brain-wave.

"Hey! Anna!" cried he. "How 'bout celebrating? Let's go to the countryside for the day and in the evening..."

"Just a sec. Hold on Hug. I haven't a holiday, you know. Moreover why should we..."

"So what?" interrupted a laughing voice coupled with an equally joyous face. "French leave is allowed once or twice, isn't it?"

So it went on until Hugo had won his point. This was the beginning of one of the sweetest interludes in their lives.

The countryside was beautiful. The sinking sun cast an orange shadow over the evening-sky. The air was quiet and peaceful. Through a maze of fields a small path untwined itself. It led to the highway and from this path a couple emerged, all aglowing in the wonder of their happiness.

The day had been lovely and Anna was a changed person. No more did a shadow of doubt lurk in her face. Her eyes did not carry the haunted look it had before always done. Now her face was alive; her eyes fresh and sparkling; she looked beautiful in her own way.

Each day brought them closer and closer. Love bound them with its slender threads uniting them forever.

One day, as usual, Anna's mother, a mild woman in her mid-forties, began her daily cooking. She was wearing a very simple cotton dress. Little did she know that her life would be at stake, some time later. Nonetheless, it was!

She had been standing near the lighted, unguarded gas-rink, chopping some

vegetables when her dress caught fire. Using her presence of mind, she doused her frock with water without getting into a panic.

This incident, strangely enough, made Hugo more attached to Anna. He resolved to propose to her before he left for his own home the next week. He had been living with them now for five months.

At the dining-table he asked Anna to join him for an evening walk with him which was not at all unusual. Yet she felt a strange feeling in the pit of her stomach.

After dinner they both ran to their respective rooms to change. Hugo carried his mail with him.

Up in her room Anna powdered her nose and slid into a pair of black pants and a white pullover, an outfit in which he had always adored her. She was out to make him happy that day.

Meanwhile Hugo stopped in his room to open his letters. The first was a bill from shoe-shop, the second from a friend and the third was from his mother's solicitor stating that she was dangerously ill and that Hugo would have to come straightway. Inside the letter was another envelope marked "To my Son" in his mother's own handwriting.

He slit open the envelope and read through the letter. He just could not believe his eyes.

"No! No! It could not be! It just could not be!"

He read the letter again and again. With a thumping heart he folded the letter and packed his suit-case.

His mind was numb. His brain did not will him to think clearly and then Anna walked in. She was shocked to see the sudden change in his face.

"What's the matter, darling?" inquired she, coming over to him. "Is anything the matter?"

"No...er...I mean...yes. My mother's dangerously ill and has no chance of living. I must leave tomorrow."

"But your studies?"

"Well, I guess they have to wait!" He paused and then added, "Moreover, I have to take over the management of the farm from my mother's hands." He went on to tell her that he would not be able to take her for the evening-walk. Anna said that she understood but when she asked if she could stay she met a rather curt "No!" This hurt her a great deal. She rushed out of the room with tears in her eyes.

Early next morning Hugo left the house, bidding a hurried "Good-bye" to all. Anna went along with him to the bus-stop.

"You'll write, won't you?" asked he. Her eyes were full of pain when he mumbled a faint "Yes!"

She just could not understand the sudden change in his behaviour towards her but before she could ask him anything more, the bus had arrived.

He climbed in and said good-bye.

When Hugo boarded the train for his home in the country, he read the letter again, read it thoroughly, through and through, trying not to miss any word but the meaning was as clear as daylight.

He left London and went to his own home in Liverpool.

When he reached home he found his mother in a coma, a state from which she never recovered. Hugo performed the necessary duties of a dutiful and loving son and he plunged into the doings of the farm.

He never wrote to Anna.

Then suddenly he decided to visit them and make them understand his plight.

* * *

By this time the young man had reached his car. He took out the keys and the letter which was dirty from constant handling. He walked towards a street-lamp and then read the letter again though, by then, he knew the words by heart.

"Upon my death," stated the letter, "you, my son, shall read this letter, earlier if I wish it so."

She wrote about the past, of many incidents, but Hugo's eyes just skimmed over them. He came to the last of the five-paged letter with bitterness and hatred. Slowly he read it out to himself.

"And then I met him. He was a young, virile man in his early thirties. I promptly fell in love with him, as he with me for we were both very lonely. My love still lasts while his faded before my sight. We often made love, which wasn't strange at all. He left me, for another whom he married some time later. Hadn't you ever wondered who your father was? I told you, when you had asked me, that he had died in an accident; but he is still alive, alive and kicking. You know him well by now, dear, very well indeed. I had planned years ago to make you visit him without your knowing his identity. I have done my job. Now only the final touching up is needed.

"His name is 'Ashley', my son. 'Ashley Martin'."

This time Hugo did not fold the letter with the care he usually took to preserve it.

He tore it into tiny bits.

He then stood in the middle of the road. The faint swishing of the breeze as it blew against the tree-tops was oddly pleasing.

Hugo lifted up his hand full of torn bits of paper and slowly opened his fist, allowing the bits to scatter themselves over road. As he did so...

"Love," screamed he silently into the night. "What is it?"

The wind blew gently on...

* * *

FATHER SMITH
OR
"ALWAYS BE KIND"

by

SWARNA CYRIL

First Year, B.A.

XI A, 1972

Helen Keller

Jolly good and smiling is *Father Smith*.
He's great at story-telling and at myth.

He will cull the smallest talent in you.
His encouragement is so good and true.

A poet, writer, singer, artist,
Organist, linguist, friend *Gold Medalist*!

In teaching he explains so simply clear
That all must understand and hold
all dear.

E'en on the road, if you chance to meet him,
You will always hear him humming a hymn.

With young and old he plays a friendly role
Oh! Donny Boy! He is a kind, old soul,

Loved by everyone, well spoken about!
He is a familiar figure, no doubt!

Have you ever seen Alfred on a bike?
Oh, that is a sight you'll very much like.

Down the hill he bounces,
bumpety-bumps!
Smiling and waving, sailing past
tree-clumps.

When he's angry, of Rock-muscles,
"Beware!"

You'll be frightened out of your wits,
take care!

"Quote one: 'Whatever it is, always speak your mind!'
Quote two: 'And always remember, always be kind!'"

He'll thunder, storm!
And such a rattle make,
You will wonder if there is an earthquake!
Brr! Blam! Blast! Boom! Crack!
@@.....!?" Then you will see stars.
In a moment you'll think
that you're in Mars!
That's your luck! If you aggravate Smithy.
If your heart is broken, that's a pity.
The minutest matter has principles
And high ideals he teaches pupils.
The grand, old truth is, nobody else knows:
He's fond of acting all parts on his toes.

He's really never angry but acts well
His part and thereby encourages us swell!
Lincoln's Getty-sburg speech and
Shakespeare, too,
He elocutes so beautifully true!
He is very fatherly to us all
And him Fatty, Gatty, dear Daddy call.
We seek his simple blessings from above,
As good as lambs, as meek as any dove!
"Always be humble!"-His chiefest lesson.
Say: "Yes! No!" "Thank you!"
"Please!" "Sorry!"-right; wrong!"

The servant, deacon, is serving,
fourth year, of course
Hearsay, he will be priested as usual,
in due course.

* * *

THE UNEXPECTED LANDING

MAMTA SHAH

IX Sc, 1973 Florence Nightingale

The lumbering DC-3, code named DV-260, barely managed to clear the trees at the extreme end of the runway.

This plane had been in service with a charter airline company for fourteen years. Now, in place of the passenger seats, banks of instruments were arrayed in the fuselage. The sole occupants of the plane were the pilot Tom, Jim who was the navigator as well as the co-pilot, and the two scientists Samuel and Juma. The work of the last two was to record meteorological data and to airdrop various instruments by parachute in the northern snowfields of Canada.

The round journey usually took them ten hours' flying time. Now, about four hours later, a red light suddenly lighted on the instrument-panel in the cock-pit. Tom asked Jim to check on the radio antennae. He reported back that the fuselage was blowing in the slipstream. The smaller radio-dish at the back of the plane was bent slightly, due most probably to a bird. Jim sat down to send a message to ground-control.

"DV-two-six-zero to Alpha-two. How do you read me? Over!"

"Alpha-two to DV-two-six-zero. You are coming in very weakly. Change your frequency to eight-eight-two. Over!"

After changing over the frequency of the transmitter, Jim said, "DV-two-six-zero to Alpha-two. Come in please. Over."

"Alpha-two to DV-two-six-zero. Your message is still weak. Advise your radio position immediately. Over!"

Jim gave the details to ground-control after much repetition. They were told to continue flight for a further half-an-hour period and to keep on checking the radio. If there was no improvement, they were to return. Unaware of the turn of events, the two scientists were busy with their work.

About twelve minutes after the first radio contact with ground control, the instrument-panel seemed to be lit by red lights.



(L to R) Head Boy... R. Singh; Head Girl.. S. Vassa; Principal J. L. Davis, "Deep in Thought"

Mrs. J. Gardner and Natalic Watts sharing the Cherubim's Joy.



Santa bursts with pride as young Gary Gardner (1 yr. - 4 mths.) gives him the once over!



Christmas is coming!
(Santa Claus - Mr. D. Smith)



"The Great Light that dawned upon the darkness of the World"
(Mrs. T. Davis looking on the Nativity Scene)

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DIGGING THE FOUNDATIONS



FOR THE JUNIOR ACADEMIC BLOCK



1
9
7
4

At the same time, the plane rolled in the clockwise direction. Caught unawares, the scientists were thrown against their instruments. Realising that the right engine of the plane had lost power, Tom increased the fuel to air-ratio of the left-engine to maximum value in order to kill the roll. The plane was losing altitude very rapidly as it went into a dive. After a short time, which seemed Eternity to the two scientists, the plane levelled off. By now, the propeller of the right-engine could be seen to rotate very slowly owing to the on-rushing air. The engine had clearly failed because of some mechanical fault.

Tom, knowing that he would have to land soon, looked out for an opening in the sparse forest below. The few immediate open spaces which he saw were clearly not suitable for an ideal landing; the plane would finally crash into the trees. Finding no other alternative, he piloted the plane into the next opening. With a bump and a skid the plane ploughed into the snow and trees. One wing was badly crumpled and the landing-gear was shorn off.

Rising in a daze from his seat, Jim went to the fuselage. The two scientists had got through the landing very well by pressing against the parachute packages of their instruments. Assisting Tom, the four got out of their plane as there was the danger of fire with about five and a half hours of fuel intact.

When no fire was seen after about an hour, Jim went into the plane to try to send out a wireless message. The radio antennae was beyond repair and so the effective range of the transmitter was drastically reduced. He could not establish contact with any station, though from time to time he could hear ground-control calling them

There was emergency-ration to last about two days only as all available space was utilised for the scientists' work. They kept parachute distress-signals and hand-flares handy in case of any rescue-plane.

On the fifth day of their ordeal, they saw a plane circle twice overhead and, before going away, dip its wing.

* * *

A DULL AFFAIR

MICHAEL JOHN DAVIS

XI A, 1973

Greaves

I had been in Puerto Rico for about a week and I was due to fly to Miami the next day.

Hence, when an invitation arrived from the Chief-justice inviting me to a dinner-party, I felt that it was the perfect ending to an enjoyable stay.

However, the dinner-party turned out to be a pretty dull affair.

There was Lawrence Sheppard, the judge; his wife Susan. A middle-aged spinster, with a severe hair-do, named Aridanc Nicolson, who talked endlessly about social service. Then there was Jones, a rather hilarious type, and a rather dull American millionaire and his wife, Patricia Braithwaithe. Later on we were joined by a rather elderly banker, a certain Brian Matthews who sat next to me for dinner and with whom I found it extremely difficult to converse since the only word Mr. Matthews ever uttered was, "Yes."!

After dinner, Elroy Braithwaithe and his wife left to catch their plane to Detroit and the rest of us trooped out onto the verandah for coffee.

The topic of conversation settled on the current movie being filmed in town, "Air-port".

It was then that I made my rather strange remark, "I've always thought that if I marry, I would marry an air-hostess."

"And pray, why?" asked the judge.

"Oh, I don't know. I somehow like the idea of a pretty girl tucking me up and bringing me things to eat and so on. Well.....you know what I mean."

"I wonder whether you've realised that these hostesses are only trained to behave like that and that at home they may be quite different altogether," said the judge. "In fact I know quite a tricky story of a man who married an air-hostess. I wonder whether you would care to hear it?"

"Very much!" I tried to put enthusiasm into my voice.

The judge began his tale.

"We'll call this chap Wallah. He was a member of the Bar, in fact, my junior. He was a rather shy type of a chap, what one would call an introvert. Well, one day young Wallah had the shock of his life, when he discovered that a sum of thirty thousand dollars had been left to him by an elder brother who had recently died. Anyway, Wallah decided to go off on a holiday. For some reason or the other he decided to go by plane."

The judge stopped for a minute to clear his throat. I stretched out my legs and sipped my brandy. I was enjoying the story. The judge was telling it in a rather elderly narrative style that gave it a ring of truth.

"On the plane young Wallah was taken up with the air-hostess, Patricia White, and when he returned a month later from his leave, he brought back with him his pretty young wife, Patricia."

A few yards away the sea softly lisped on the flat smooth sand and above us the

serrated palm-fronds clashed silently in the silken night breeze.

"I wouldn't mind going round the corner, if someone would show me the way. What do you say, eh, Mr. Matthews?" interjected Jones.

"Yes!" said Mr. Matthews.

Miss Nicolson gave Jones a cold stare.

The judge carried on undeterred by this casual interruption.

"Everything went all right for the young couple in the following six months. Then an occasional word began to drop like acid in the little bungalow. While Wallah was at court, Patricia was gallivanting about town with young Oliver Rawkins, until finally events reached such a stage that there was a terrible row, in public, mind you and poor Wallah almost throttled her."

A discarded newspaper stirred softly in the night breeze. Miss Nicolson slapped viciously at her ankle and with her handkerchief wiped away the remains of a mosquito.

The judge turned to me.

"I don't know whether you have ever seen a heart being broken, Mr. Brown, broken slowly and deliberately. People can forgive many things: robbery, insults, even murder itself at times; but when that human bond between two people is broken there's no hope left."

The solitary footsteps of a pedestrian echoed hollowly up from the pavement below.

"After that burst up, relations between the two deteriorated still further until one day Wallah was invited to the U. S. to make a tour of the country's universities and lecture on the importance of commercial law. He accepted the offer.

Meanwhile, after Wallah's departure, young Rawkins, gave Patricia the 'brush off', I think that is what you young people call it, though heaven knows why. Patricia made all sorts of resolutions about remaining true to Wallah and so on. She tidied up the house, cultivated a garden for him, paid the bills and then awaited his home-coming. She even practised how she would greet him, the tears and all that sort of thing."

The judge bent forward and knocked the ash of his cigar into his coffee-cup, where it gave a loud hiss.

"Wallah finally returned. When he came through the front-door she was sitting meekly in an arm-chair, waiting for him, Wallah handed her a slip of paper and told her that he had divided the house in two. He was going to divorce her and she could not fight the action because a private detective had provided evidence against her. He told her that the divorce was coming through in a year and in the meantime they would behave as a perfectly normal married couple. No amount of tears on Patricia's part would make him alter his stand. After a year they left for Spain and then news began to trickle back about the divorce."

"It's extraordinary how people can hurt each other," said I "I feel rather sorry for the girl. What happened to her?"

"Oh, she drifted around for a while and then met some American millionaire associated in motor-car manufacture, who eventually married her. Anyway she made the American happy. I thought they looked very happy to-night." said the judge.

I laughed, "Thanks for the entertainment. I owe you an apology. I found Mrs Braithwaite a bore. Thanks to you I shall never forget her."

I got up and shook hands all round.

The great golden orb was rising above the eastern rim of the world and splashing long silver arms against the copper-coloured sky. I stepped out into the garden and made my way towards my hotel, thrusting forward into the unknown, ready to accept what fate had to offer me.

I still had to enjoy some sleep. It was going to be a long, tiresome journey to Miami.

* * *

MOUNT HERMON COLLEGE, DARJEELING

by

RICHARD VERNON STANFORD WHITE, T.D.

Tuesday, the Seventh of January, 1975

XI A, 1972

Spence

On the border of West Pakistan the foundation-stone for a teachers' training college was laid. It had kept rolling: Bangalore, down south; Poona, west; then to Calcutta, in the east. Our Training College kept changing its name but now I feel that the College is secure enough in Darjeeling, north-east, and I do not think it will be a rolling stone any more.



Richard in a happy mood in the Second Year Lecture Hall, writing some notes on Psychology.

A fine man is our *Principal* Mr. Murray, *M. A. Hons.*, from Wellington, New Zealand. He is a strong-minded person; can be a wonderful man to chat to; a hard man when it comes to passing judgement. He feels that trainees must know when to discipline themselves, to think for themselves, and to act on their own. Everything from growing long hair to disciplining themselves, is done by the trainees themselves: Mr. Murray sees to that.

Four cottages—Sunset 3, Sunset 5, Atoria, Dawn—accommodate the trainees. Dawn accommodates the Second year Students; not necessarily, though. Well, it is their paradise. About fifty trainees in all are accommodated.

The common dining-room lies below ground level. The food. Well, our appetites say: "Eat. Eat if you wish to pass your training." We did eat but we will have to wait for our final examination results in March!

Concerning games, social activities, dances, drama, these activities are solely left upto us to participate in. No wonder we lose our enthusiasm for games after school—but it depends on us, really.

We have about ten weeks of teaching practice or practical teaching; about three months for our environmental studies; and subjects like Psychology and Principles of Education are our only 'Mugging' subjects; the other papers Methods I and Methods II depend on our common sense and experience and, if we lack the latter, then the parrot-wise fashion of learning goes down the drain.

Everyone has a general idea of the scenic beauty Darjeeling displays, but 'Seeing is believing!' say some. I have seen but not believed, for the scenic beauty is unbelievably beautiful.

This college has brought to light many modern ideas of teaching. The main theme of this training, I feel, is the same as that of Rousseau: 'The child is a book from which the teacher learns page by page.' Previously the teacher had been the book from which the child learned page by page.

Thanks for reading folks and, if you think of joining this training college, contact me. I shall convince you all the more.

* * *

THE RETURN

by

N. H. SHINDORE

and

W. J. ROBB

After our having left School thirty-one years ago, we were together again on the second of June this year, nineteen seventy-four. Having been very good friends in School it was only natural that one of our main ambitions was to visit the School again in order to do something original. Accordingly we contacted Mr. Davis, the *Principal*, and sought permission to carry out our expedition to which he very willingly gave his consent.

On arriving at Barnes School late on the second of June we had a congenial discussion with Mr. and Mrs. Davis, who enlightened us and brought us up-to-date on the matters of the School. Next we were taken to our apartment, the V.I.P. Guest-room. After looking around we wondered whether an interior decorator had been engaged to furnish the apartment: everything was neat and tidy and the colour-scheme was perfect. The work of Mrs. Davis no doubt! We would never have dreamt of being given such a privilege and such luxury in the School campus itself, in our school-days.

At half past five the next morning, we arose and started our planned expedition in the misty dawn with a strong bracing breeze blowing. Here we were in Barnes, far away from the din and bustle of city life. The clear, clean, crisp, fresh air we were now breathing was most welcome and in complete contrast to the polluted city air. We walked straight to Candy Block and then, as we saw the buildings and surrounding area which had become so very dear to our hearts ever since we had left School, our minds were instantly flooded with all the familiar and cherished thoughts of our boyhood days. Of course, during those days we did not value them. Nothing in the School campus seemed to have changed at all.

With the sweet remembrances of the past still lingering in our memories, we proceeded to the West of the School campus through which area in the past many a boy had brought back dead and alive ammunition from Artillery Range. From here, Donkey Hill, Square Top, Temple Hill and Surprise Hill were clearly visible, the last being the fear of all cross-country runners. Then journeying along the countryside where the stream enters the Barnes School campus, we wandered along the stream in the cool early dawn of the morning and arrived at the Power-house which had been the source of all the water we had drunk for many years. Continuing the journey we came to the Duck-pond, which has considerably changed from our time. We proceeded along the stream and inspected the well, this well from which water had been drawn and in which we had spent many years inevitably swimming unofficially. The next destination was the Athletics-field and the Tin-shed. On reaching there we found that the mango-tree beside the Shed looked younger than it had done in our school-days, in spite of a lapse of thirty-one years. That is

nature! We next went to Block No. 5 and then on to Candy Block where we inspected the dormitory and saw the beds which we had most probably used in our days! After this Evans Hall was paid a visit and we noticed a great number of changes, for the better, in the present set up in Evans Hall. We also saw the foundation stones for the new five-lakh-rupee Junior Academic Block which is being constructed between Evans Hall and the Junior Lloyd Block near the girls' School. Now we met one of the oldest domestics, Mr. Dagdu, who had been the Head-cook and who has only a few months ago retired. Finally, we returned to our apartment which was located in the south-west of the ground floor of the hospital building.

This was an outing which will never be forgotten by us and we were left with nostalgic memories of *our School-days*.

The following day we went to Pandavlena Caves and to a completely isolated spot on the southern side of the hill, Panorama Point, from where we enjoyed a grand stand view of the whole area from Square Top Hill, past Barnes School, Deolali, and on to Nasik. This was a majestic sight, so much so, that even at that great distance of about ten miles, the dome of Evans Hall was clearly visible on the western side of Surprise Hill. Relaxing in the cool, fresh morning breeze, we took time again to recall the matchless memories of our boyhood days in School.

This never-dreamt-of expedition of ours, "*The Return*", has once again concatenated us with the School. Are we not glad of and indeed privileged to have enjoyed this opportunity—something we had never even imagined at the time of *our leaving dear old Barnes School in December, nineteen forty-three?*

* * *

THE AGES OF BARNES

by

WILLIAM RICHARD COLES
Principal Emeritus

In the beginning came the **Stone Age** and the **Iron Age** from 1923 to 1925 when the School was built from Deccan Trap Stone cut from the Quarries behind Candy-Greaves Block, and Iron girders reinforced the structures, particularly the first and second storey floors of all the buildings and the great wide roof span of Evans Hall.

Then followed from 1925-1930 the **Age of Overconfidence** which ignored heavy expenditure and mounting annual deficits in the hope that financial help would be forthcoming. This together with the World-wide Trade Depression brought in for Barnes the **Age of Austerity**. This meant nine years of struggle and grinding economy but which by 1939 had paid off debts and had begun to balance annual income and expenditure.

Next came the **Age of Blood and Turmoil**, five years of war when hundreds of Old Boys and Girls joined the Armed Forces and those still at School had to endure shortages of food, clothing, books and even teachers and when the peace of Deolali was shattered day and night by the incessant pounding of the guns as men and officers were being trained at the School of Artillery.

With peace in 1945 came the **Age of Change** when India won her Independence and far-reaching changes took place in every sphere of National life. To some this was a time of despair when it was felt there could be no place for Anglo-Indian Schools under the new government. Plans to sell the school were happily frustrated.

1950 ushered in the **Silver Age**, a period of steady progress and stability. The School's position was greatly strengthened by the successful legal struggle

of 1954 against the Bombay Government of the day which vindicated the right of Anglo-Indian schools to teach in English any children whose parents wished to send their children to them. The brief wars with China and Pakistan only slightly affected the even tenor of the School's life. At the end of 1968 there came a change in Principalship. The Silver Age was ending and the Dawn of the **Golden Age** was appearing.

Now it has arrived. Always the greatest period of its country, its literature and its culture is regarded as the **Golden Age**. May this Age for Barnes prove its greatest and may it last on and on in to the future bringing good success, fame and honour to all concerned with its management, to those who teach and serve in it and most of all to those for whom it exists, the boys and girls taught and nurtured there.

* * *

POST SCRIPT

by

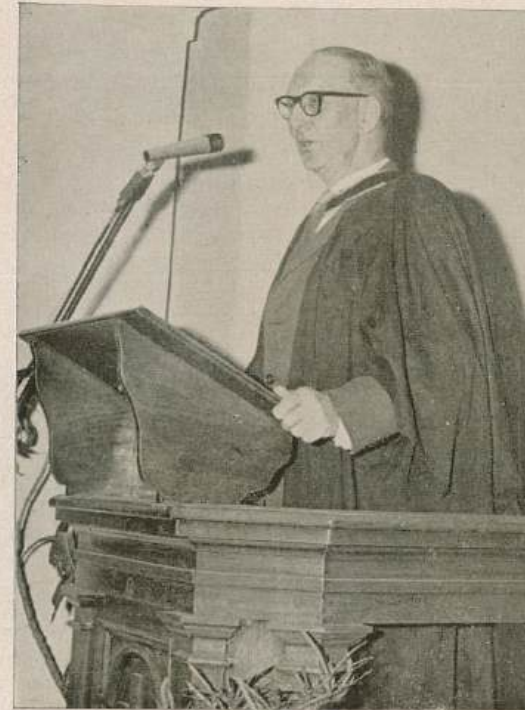
PRINCIPAL J. L. DAVIS

One important age has been forgotten. In 1934 Mr. Coles became *Headmaster* of Barnes School and this began **The Coles Age** which continued till the end of 1968. During this long innings Mr. Coles helped the School to face many challenges.

Hundreds of children and many teachers remember the happy days they spent in the School and are grateful to Mr. Coles for his help and guidance.

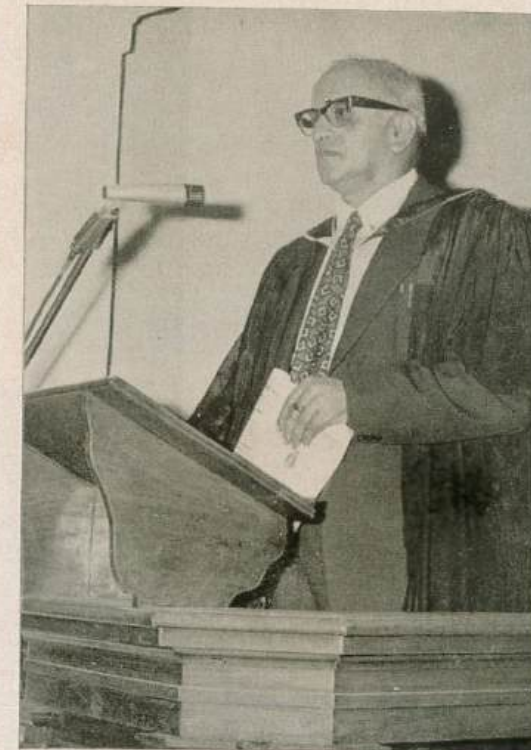
On behalf of the Management, Staff and children, I thank Mr. and Mrs. Coles for their tremendous contribution to the School and wish them a happy re-union *'with their family'*

I might add that Mr. Coles has completed almost fifty years' service in India, having joined the School as *House-master of Candy Block* in 1926.

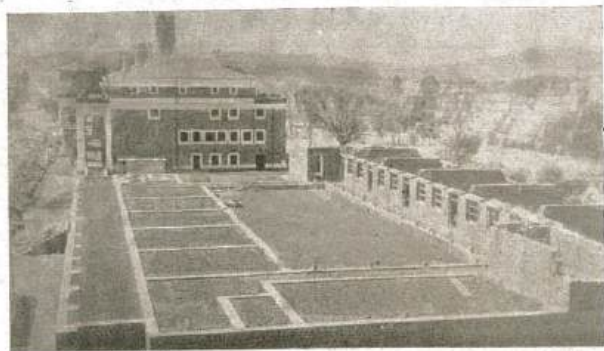


Mr. W. R. Coles
Head Master (1934 - 1968)

THE AGES OF BARNES



Mr. J. L. Davis
Principal from 1969



MAKING GOOD
PROGRESS

(FEB., '75)

A Panoramic View

The Centre of Activity



The Rear Windows

The Corner Basement



