



# BARNES SCHOOL MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

EASTER TERM 25

No. 1.





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## EDITORIAL.

WE have long felt the need of a school magazine, and I have great pleasure in introducing the first number. The Headmaster is very keen the Magazine should be a true expression of the life of the school, and it is only by hearty co-operation on the part of the staff and scholars that this can be effected.

We have decided to publish twice a year for the present, and it will depend upon the response made and the enthusiasm shown, as to whether an increase in the frequency of its appearance will be made.

\* \* \* \* \*

A detailed description of the move to Deolali will be found in this number, so that it is unnecessary to do more here than touch upon the subject.

Already the healthiness of the climate is evident in the improved condition of those children who were constantly ill at Byculla.

School work has necessarily been hindered by the unfinished state of the buildings, but we hope that during the May holidays so much progress will have been made that the rooms actually in use will be completed.

\* \* \* \* \*

A very interesting feature about our new school is that we have seen more of the B. E. S. Committee of Managers here than we ever saw in Byculla. They were so near there, that, except for Mr. Spence, they seldom came to see us. Here, one or other of our Managers has come up almost every week end, and very helpful they have been. To Messrs. J. A. Jones, W. N. Cartland and Dr. Jas. Cairns we are specially indebted for the help they have given in solving sanitary and other problems which at times became very acute because of the unready state of our buildings.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the Managers, after his visit, told a tale that amused him. Strolling through the small boys' dormitory at bed time one evening he came across a youngster with a swollen lip and a black eye. "Hello! How did you get your black eye?" he asked.

"I've been fighting with S—" was the reply.

"And did he get a black eye too?" the Manager asked.

"Not one that you could see, Sir," was the unexpected answer and that Manager learned of the existence of invisible black eyes which solace boys unlucky enough to be presented with visible ones.

We welcome our new day scholars from Nasik Road and Deolali; A school bus fetching its day scholars is an innovation in Bombay, but in other parts of the world Scholars are fetched long distances to school. We hope to make our scholars' day, which has been too long this term, shorter for them in June.

\* \* \* \* \*

A d'Avoine (1915-1924) of Wilson College, won the Bombay Inter College Championship Cup this year after he had won, a little earlier in the year, his own college championship.

Four brothers have preceded him in the school, Ivan, Eugene, Maximilian and Claude, all of whom except Claude were very fast, and played excellent hockey. They have all gone on from School to Wilson College and have done well there. Well done, d'Avoine!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hearn, Aarons, Shaw and Thomson have passed the Cambridge School Leaving Examination. We congratulate them, especially Hearn, who got Honours.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have much to learn about Deolali, and it will be interesting to note the climatic conditions up here. Below are the maximum and minimum temperatures for the month of March.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### TEMPERATURES.

1925 March.	Night Min.	Day Max.	1925 March.	Night Min.	Day Max.
4	66	90	18	76	94
5	66	90	19	76	92
6	70	90	20	77	93
7	70	93	21	77	94
8	68	94	22	75	95
9	70	91	23	77	97
10	70	90	24	77	96
11	69	92	25	74	97
12	67	..	26	77	98
13	73	89	27	79	98
14	73	..	28	78	99
15	..	91	29	79	99
16	75	90	30	77	95
17	76	92	31	79	95

Boys, girls and staff are very grateful to Mrs. Brereton for taking charge of our tuck shop and show their appreciation by patronising her little store. She sells good stuff and her rates are right. Long may she flourish!

Whatever profits the tuck shop makes will go to swell our games fund which at present is very lean.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everything here is new to us, but we do not intend to remain in ignorance of our surroundings for long. A start has been made in this number on Deolali Natural History Notes, and we hope in a few years' time to have a fairly complete list of the flora and fauna of the district. Field Clubs do this work in England, and local newspapers print information about bird and plant life, but we must do the work ourselves.

I would call attention to the notes on plants presented on pages 22-24 in connection with that a herbarium will be started at the school, and this will enable students to consult the specimens from which the descriptions were written.

#### HOUSE NOTES.

#### Jottings from 3A.

Prefects:

A. SELLERS (Head Prefect).

H. PEARSON.

V. ARMSTRONG.

L. SCRIMGEOUR.

DREAMING dreams seemed to appeal to 3A in its very early days. For them it was a necessary and inseparable part of the day's work. But evidently they did not dream enough, for it has led them nowhere in particular, save perhaps to a mild regret that they might have done better had they left it to lunatics and poets. Small wonder, then, that a marked tendency to mend in this respect has been shown all round, noticeably by the Games Committee whose selections of the teams for the Inter-House Hockey Tournament have revealed them no visionaries, and have won for them bags and bags of praise. And the sequel! Naturally enough I expected the old malady 'cerebritis', but nothing of the sort occurred, I am glad to say.

\* \* \* \* \*

All our teams are top-notchers, but the palm goes to 'B' whose results in the competition to date speak for themselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wherein lies the merit of this team? Merit there certainly is. For over and over again I have seen a good side thrown into difficulties and eventually brought to grief.

3A victories, I am inclined to think, may safely be attributed to the full backs. Both are quick footed and neither care much what they hit so long as it sounds; and for that very reason I am always careful in our practice games to put them on my own side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good men are pretty scarce in 'C', but their skipper is too valuable a member of the team to be allowed to run unnecessary risks!

\* \* \* \* \*

Our 'A' is left to work out its own salvation with four School 'A' players and seven very moderate 'mowers' or 'jarrowallahs', who, nevertheless, can do good service at a pinch. Our hearty congratulations, Sellers, Armstrong and Pearson for winning their positions in the School team!

\* \* \* \* \*

Who can ever forget the day the spirit moved us to go abroad to stimulate our livers? I certainly can't. I shall remember for ever that take-your-chance-of-what-may-happen feeling you all experienced as you tore along pickaback or as three-legged pairs to the cactus hedge that marked the end of your wild career.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Nasik walk recalls to my mind a very remarkable feat. One of the party is said to have 'extinguished' himself by getting back home hours ahead of anyone else. According to a rumour it was the 'B' team's tall, willowy half, Reg. The suspicion that he got home in a glider is unfounded; we understand that he walked home in his usual unexceptional camelish way, the billowy configuration of the ground suiting him to the T.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am very pleased indeed to notice the intense interest that is being shown in connection with the club. Since it became an accomplished fact I have been snowed under daily by suggestions about membership, subscriptions, entertainments and a host of other things, too numerous to remember. Long before these notes appear in print you will have read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the Club's rules, so I shall refrain from further comment on the subject.

As a final remark, 3A, remember this, always be cheerful, always hopeful, and even in defeat, meet the situation with a good heart. The perfect House is a house, not fifty units.

E. J.

### Jottings from 2 A.

Prefects:

W. BEARCROFT.  
G. LOMAS.

E. FAHEY.  
A. GRIMMER.

WE are just simple school boys comprising House 2A, which we hope later on is going to have a name we shall all be proud to speak. Vague hints have been dropped, but it still rests in the hands of the gods as to what we shall be called.

We are a queer lot, but a good lot; we have both large and small; lean and lanky, round and fat. Who's who? The people concerned know best.

Space is limited, and time is flying, so we will get on with what we are doing, and what we are still going to do. It will be fitting to open this little account with our games, and since hockey is holding sway, let us discuss some of our more famous players.

W. BEARCROFT (*House Captain*).—An extremely useful man in the forward line, and very dangerous when he is in the ring. His passing is good, but there is still room for improvement.

G. LOMAS.—A vigorous player, and sticks well to his opponent. A slight fault lies in the fact that he is not quite sure with his stick.

L. DE BURG.—A dangerous man in the literal sense of the word. Those who have suffered are many, and many a requiem has been sung. He used to make too many sticks, but has since improved, and always plays with a will.

FAHEY (alias *La-lu*) should continue playing on the extremes, and not keep changing his place. His centres are very useful.

There are many more whose praises are unsung, but we shall sing them next time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Boxing is at present fighting against great odds, and if it were not for E. Palling, who has so kindly lent us his gloves, we should have been at a standstill.

A number of little bouts have taken place and have been quite good. A surprising amount of science being shown by some of the boys.

We ask all those who are interested not to "hide their talents under a bushel" but to come out and help those who are not as good as they should be.

The boxing tournaments this year will bring forth some interesting fights.

Swimming, Footer, and Cricket are still to come off. Swimming has been given a great impetus, and is always in full swing at the "Pea Soup Duck Pond." A good swimming pool will be a great boon and greatly appreciated by both the boys and staff.

\* \* \* \*

There are yet two sides to the life of 2A which have not been touched upon. Firstly the farm life, and secondly, the social life.

There is a great amount of poultry farming done in the school, but we all think that 2A has all the expert "Moorghie Majors"—Here again Lalu shines. Bravo Lalu!

The social life of the house has been entirely organised by A. Grimmer, to whom we are all very grateful, and tender our humble and hearty thanks.

The House Reading Room, the first in the school, was got up by Grimmer amidst a shoal of difficulties, which have not been quite surmounted yet. For example, we have at present a goodly supply of papers, but regret to say that our supplies of books fluctuate considerably. We ask you, therefore, that, if you have any good books or papers that are not required, you would be so kind as to send them along to The House President of 2A, Barnes High School, Deolali.

So much for the life of 2A for the present, but later on there will be more to tell and, we hope, more interesting than this has been.

Please don't forget we want *more* books!

G. F. B.

### *Jottings from 2 B.*

*Prefects:*

J. RAY.

D. BRANCHE.

G. SNELLING.

A. BUTTERFIELD.

**K**EENNESS is the password of house 2B. The hockey season has so far been successful. The winning of games is often represented as being the "Be all and end all" of sport. This is naturally a great part of the question, but it must always be subordinate to the spirit of the game. Every house cannot win, but all can have a good try.

2B 'C' team started the season by letting the 3A youngsters give them 9 goals to love to sleep on. And, though it is hard to believe, every one of the young scamps ate his supper, and more than his supper, that night. Some nearly decided to let their opponents score a round dozen next game, but something happened; they were pulled up. They lost another two games after that, but played much better. This was the

finishing touch for our 'C'. Every member went about with grim determination written on his face. In fact, so determined were some, that they almost let it appear on their blazer pockets. This looked black for the 3A 'C' team, but they were unconcerned and had, in fact, decided to let us off lightly and only give us six love this time. The game began, but it was not the old 2B 'C' team which played. The new spirit had awakened. They played like the school first team. Consequently 3A came off the field defeated by 3 goals to nil.

Our B have been rather disappointing, as they have not won a game. They have a nasty trick of playing well in the first half, and badly in the second. The A team have not yet been beaten and we look to them to pull us from the bottom to the top. Even if we do come last in the league, one thing is certain that we will do so in the right spirit.

The coming cricket season is, I hope, going to give 2B an opportunity to show its true worth. There are certain rumours afloat among the youngsters regarding the cricket;—

#### **Overheard after a Game.**

*Young Scimpy.*—Hard luck, beaten again, eh!

*Young Pimpy.*—(2B, a staunch Tobian) Yes quite so, but just wait till the cricket season.

*Young Scimpy.*—Why? What's going to happen then?

*Young Pimpy.*—Oh! nothing—2B are only going to win the cricket hands down.

*Young Scimpy.*—Do you really think so? Who on earth have you got to do such great things?

*Young Pimpy.*—Who have we got, did you say? Why—just turn your assinine head this way and listen.

There's Ray, the best bowler in the school. He never bowls a ball but he breaks something: wickets and windows are his specialities.

Palling can make a few hundred even on his off day. And what about George Snelling? Remember how he sent that ball from Byculia on to the beach at Juhu? Ramping—I say—ramping!

*Young Scimpy.*—Granted dear man, granted, but who is going to get Alf Sellers out? He'll be a difficult nut to crack until the monsoon breaks anyway!

*Young Pimpy.*—What unadulterated piffle! Where do you think Minstral will be? Chasing thieves?

*Young Scimpy.*—No more cheek, young fellow, or I shall be forced to administer some slight chastisement.

*Young Pimpy.*—Come off it, Treacle. If you mean that you contemplate trying conclusions with me you will get your face damaged I fear. I shall be waiting for you behind the fowl house ;

*Young Scimpy.*—I wonder if the Tuck Shop is open.

\* \* \* \* \*

S. E.

### Girls' School Notes.

THIS term has been a time of pioneering, up hill work at times but most certainly worth doing. We have tried to realise how important is our first year at Deolali because we have the momentous task of establishing the traditions which will play so important a part in the lives of future generations, in the school.

"Custom is a violent and deceiving school-mistris. She little by little and as it were by stealth establisheth the foot of her authority in us."\* And it rests with us to allow only the best possible customs.

We started the girls' school with eight prefects ; this is, in a way, an innovation, for though there were monitors in Byculla they did not have so much responsibility as the prefects have now. There are two prefects in each dormitory, and they also take it in turns to arrange the games for the week.

G. Haydon	-	-	-	-	} No. 1.
C. Woolridge	-	-	-	-	
E. Woolridge	-	-	-	-	
E. Lomas	-	-	-	-	
M. Mullen	-	-	-	-	} No. 4.
R. Folkers	-	-	-	-	
M. Fairman	-	-	-	-	
E. Read	-	-	-	-	

At meals we have seven tables, each in charge of a prefect and with a big girl in charge of each child under 10 so that the small children are properly looked after.

We have just started a new system of marks—Stars and stripes (*N.B.* the Stripes are not corporal.) The Stars are given for good work and the stripes for bad work or conduct ; they are to be put up every week on a board beside the name of each girl and the whole class, innocent and guilty alike, is punished if there are too many stripes. If there is a sufficient number of Stars the whole class is rewarded.

\* Montaigne.

There have not been any very thrilling events this term ; on the holiday given by the Governor in honour of his visit we had a memorable picnic, in a mango-tope across the railway, at which there was more than enough tea—surely a unique occurrence, and still more wonderful—it was too hot to drink ! We believe the average consumption was six cups each. After tea we all went down to the Darna.

\* \* \* \* \*

The money from the Girls' School fete held in Byculla last November has been partly spent in Library books, materials for the Kindergartens of Byculla and Deolali and pictures. There is a picture in each house awarded every month to the best dormitory and we have also put two Medici Prints in the Chapel, where they are appreciated by everyone : Raphael's Sistine Madonna and the Archangel Gabriel by Da Forli.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have started a Domestic Science Class, one of the most important branches of a girl's education, we also have a regular system of games, walks and drill. Here is our ideal written by Montaigne long before the higher education of women was thought of, but equally applicable we think to women. "I would have the exterior demeanour and the disposition of his person to be fashioned together with his mind ; for, it is not a mind, it is not a body that we erect, but it is a man, and we must not make two parts of him. And as Plato saith they must not be erected one without another, but equally be directed, no otherwise than a couple of horses matched to draw in one self-same teeme."

### Preparatory House, Block No. 1.

THERE is no need for any visitor passing the schools in a gharri or motor to enquire "Which is the Prep. House ?" The merry little voices of the girls and boys under 10 years ring out clearly from early morning until after prayers at night, and peals of infectious laughter can be heard at all sorts of odd times. Everything at this age thrills, a walk to the river with Sister, or a story of the squirrels and birds ; even the daily parade to the baths in the Administration Block is treated as a joke.

Lessons, of course, are serious things and conduct is generally good. There is great rivalry between the girls and boys. A beautiful picture by Hoppner adorns the wall of Girls No. 1 dormitory. It is the envy of the school, and the best behaved dormitory holds it for one month. The boys declare their conduct will be above reproach next month. It is a pity they lost it for April through 18 boys going off to the river instead of going to Church one Sunday morning. But they mean to get that picture in their dormitory : and they will, for they are working hard.

K. M.



The Team that played in the Military Tournament was :—

*Goal.*—Mr. G. Baillie.

*Backs.*—Armstrong and Snelling.

*Halves.*—Lomas, Sellers and Ray.

*Forwards.*—Pearson, Mr. Jewell, Bearcroft, Mr. Ennis and E. Fahey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Willie Bearcroft made his presence felt in no uncertain manner when playing against the R.A.M.C. some time back on the Garrison ground. He was largely responsible for the number of goals, contributing, towards the six, five, in characteristic style.

\* \* \* \* \*

In our last practice game against 'D' Coy. of the West Yorks, Sellers was seen to the greatest possible advantage. In defence he showed that he was very sound, though perhaps he overdid caution at the start. He proved on this occasion, as he has done repeatedly, that he is to be relied on when a great effort on his part is a matter of moment.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the Inter-House Hockey League so near completion, one begins to look round to see what House stands a chance of winning it. A glance at the table shows 3 A's chances to be very rosy; and, having a greater number of games to play, I fancy it will just scrape home in front of the others.

\* \* \* \* \*

The match to be played between 3A's 'A' and 2B's 'A' should be a great game, because both sides have great marksmen in the front rank and some good defenders in the rear, and I don't anticipate many goals. Still, we shall see.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seemed only appropriate that an open tournament should end our season. We were distinctly unlucky, I think, to be out of it in the Semi-finals. We were up against a strong side, it is true, and our defeat by the odd goal in three was not a heavy one, yet on a closer examination of the game it will be seen that the majority of our team did far less than might have reasonably been expected of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our first game in the tournament was a very bright affair. Throughout, the fortunes of the game kept changing in a most entertaining fashion, and at the end of eight minutes hard going neither side could claim a victory.

We congratulate Armstrong on the game he played. He hit hard and well, and is certainly developing into a rare good back.

The re-play was not half so thrilling. Our opponents did not seem to be in working order, and consequently we rattled them off their feet in an amazing fashion. I don't think I shall ever forget that roar of applause which greeted our first goal and the still louder roar when we repeated the dose. Naturally enough, the cheers exasperated our foes, who started tearing into us for all they were worth, but undismayed we carried on. A great feature of the play was our right-winger's rousing and courageous game. Well done, Midget!

\* \* \* \* \*

We heartily congratulate the Bombay Education Society's School at Byculla on winning the Elton Hockey Tournament. Towards the end of last year there were those in the School who imagined games would become a dead thing as soon as the boarders had left. They have themselves proved their gloomy forebodings unfounded, and have laid a sound foundation for their own games record.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following are the members of the winning Team:—

*Goal.*—Gonsalves.

*Backs.*—Lilly and Shaw.

*Halves.*—Hearn, Murphy, and Ellison.

*Forwards.*—Cantem, Whitaker, d'Avoine, Fahey, and Earle.

E. J.

### 6th Bombay Scouts.

THE troop has sustained a great loss in having had to leave Mr. Pollett, our Scoutmaster, behind in Bombay. We notice that he has been made a District Scout Master, and we congratulate him on his appointment.

We owe the Association and the Committee hearty thanks for the fact that instead of being named the 1st Deolali Troop we have been allowed to retain our old title of the '6th Bombay.'

The rumours as to who was going to be our new Scout Master have been many, and happily the appointment has fallen on Mr. Baillie, whom we know will make an excellent S. M. by the sporting way he sees to the benefit of our boys.

The Scouts have not quite settled down yet, though we have had two parades, the first being on the arrival of His Excellency Sir Leslie Wilson to open these Schools. The Scouts marched down in style and filed up

in front of the Administration Block. After the School had been opened and His Excellency was about to leave, the Scouts lined the sides of the road right down to the Gate Lodge with lighted torches, and gave three hearty cheers as His Excellency drove away. The second parade was on Saturday, 14th March.

We attended the Scouts Association Sports which were held on the 7th February in Bombay, and carried off a cup. We went a second time to Bombay, to attend the Scouts' Rally on the 7th March.

The other day we had the honour of being visited by the Commissioner, Mr. Botterill, and the District Scout Master, Mr. Pollett. The latter has been down on numerous occasions, which proves that his interest in this troop has not died out.

We are very badly in need of Assistant Scout Masters. Mrs. Scott has very kindly consented to take up Cubbing, and the Cubs had better do their best, because Mrs. Scott has done cubbing before; but I do not think she need have any fear about our Cubs, they will always do their best. The Cubs' Cup was won by them last year.

At present we have 6 Patrols namely, Panther, Bison, Wolf, Fox, Lion and Tiger.

**Panther.**

A. Grimmer. (*Troop Leader.*)  
S. Jones. (*Patrol Leader.*)  
W. Carter. (*Second.*)  
C. Perkins.  
S. King.  
R. Elliott.

**Wolf.**

F. Dawes.  
C. Nicholls. (*Patrol Leader.*)  
D. Branche.  
C. Branche.  
T. Kempe.  
E. Adie.  
J. Hessing.  
G. Mihill.

**Lion.**

Claridge. (*Patrol Leader.*)  
B. Passanah.  
H. Donaghue.  
B. Fairman.  
R. Fairman.  
G. MacMorran.  
H. Brooks.

**Bison.**

P. L. Butterfield. (*Patrol Leader.*)  
L. Blanche.  
E. Lilly.  
J. Clarke.  
B. Partridge.  
D. Skinner.

**Fox.**

N. Mac Cormack. (*Patrol Leader.*)  
G. Cowsell.  
J. Read.  
N. Jackson.  
W. Hayden.  
C. Peters.  
O. Desmier.

**Tiger.**

B. Howard. (*Patrol Leader.*)  
T. Roberts.  
N. Bunyan.  
C. Bearcroft.  
H. Fido.  
E. Cress.

On account of shortage of Patrol Leaders we have voted for C. Nicholls and N. Mac Cormack and they have now become two of our New Patrol Leaders. I am certain they will make excellent ones and it is up to the Patrols to back them up through thick and thin.

We are very badly in need of a Scouts' Room, which is essential to a troop as a meeting place for Instruction Meetings, Debates and so forth, and I hope that before long our need will be supplied.

By the way, I had almost forgotten to say something about our new band. Was there ever a band like ours? It consists of 10 mouth organists, a pianist, two fiddlers and pipers, and it sounds jolly fine. If the staff are in need of a Jazz, we will gladly supply the music.

The Scouts have reached a high pitch of enthusiasm, and we hope this will continue, so that the good reputation which the troop has always had may never be lost.

FALSTAFF GRIMMER,

*Panther Patrol.*

## BROTHER SCOUTS,

This is the first time I have had an opportunity of publishing Scout news in our Magazine, I shall begin by asking you all this one question. Why was so much interest taken in Scouting when we were in Bombay? Was it for the outings or the Jamborees? Now I notice that the excellent spirit which prevailed over the troop has dropped. Why should it be so?

Now is the time, when we have a Scout Master who is new to us and to our methods of scouting, for us to help him to earn the troop a good name. In a short time we hope to have one of the best troops in the Bombay Presidency. Come on, Patrol Leaders! You are the fellows to whom Scouter Baillie looks to help him in Scouting.

On the last occasion the scouts returned from the sports, rumours were spread about that the 6th Bombay (our troop) do not take much interest in their work, so the Bombay Scouts Association sent District Scout Master H. Pollett to inspect our work and report at Headquarters.

The night Mr. Pollett arrived at Deolali he arranged for a Camp Fire, at which the Commissioner of Scouts, D.S.M. H. Pollett and our new Scout Master G. F. Baillie were present. At the close of the meeting a suggestion was made by Scouter Baillie that each Scout should subscribe towards the purchase of a mouth-organ band. S. M. Baillie then suggested that he should double the amount collected. Mr. Botherill and Mr. Pollett very kindly offered to double it again! So we hope soon to have a jolly good band.

At present we have no Troop Leader, but A. Grimmer, the Senior Patrol Leader, is expected to be initiated as Troop Leader shortly.

A SCOUT.

## NEW SCHOLARS THIS TERM.

## PREP. HOUSE.

*Boys' Side.*

Vivian Gordon.  
William Ballantyne.  
Donald Bird.  
Walter Copcutt.  
Neville Hockaday.  
Jack Laurie.  
Newton Neil.  
Clive Spencer.  
Alfred Maddock.  
Edward Paul.  
Richard Edwards.  
Trevor Millard.

*Girls' Side.*

Elizabeth Ballantyne.  
Mavis Bird.  
Monica Grimmer.  
Coral Grimmer.  
Pauline Garside.  
Ivy Garside.  
Eileen Grant.  
Florence Gibbins.  
Hyacinth Maddock.  
Winnie Leveridge.

## HEADMISTRESS' HOUSE.

Alice Lainton.  
Florence Lilley.  
Zena Nash.  
Eleanor Palmer.  
Alice Rice.  
Florence Gibbins.

## MR. JEWELL'S HOUSE.

Harvey Grunwell.  
Richard Laxton.  
Arthur Middlecoat.  
Benjamin Minness.  
George O'Brien.  
William Rice.  
Hartwell Smith.  
Sydney Simons.

## MR. ANTHONY'S HOUSE.

(Mr. Baillie).  
Edward Brooks.  
Mervyn Durham.  
D. Easdon.  
B. Gooch.  
Vernon Jones.  
G. Lainton.  
G. Mihill.  
W. Miller.  
L. Morrison.  
L. A. W. Smith.  
T. Veevers.  
D. Waldron.  
(Mr. Ennis.)  
Ronald Cutler.  
Fred. Dawes.  
C. Dudley.  
R. Elliot.  
N. Farrant.  
N. Gordon.  
Evan. Jones.  
D. Skinner.  
N. Skinner.

## DAY SCHOLARS.

Dalal, Faredoon.  
Dalal, Maneck.  
Dalal, Hilla.  
Bharucha, Phiroze.  
Patel, Narshir.  
Patel, Nariman.  
Daruwala, Rashan.  
Nicholls, Maggie.  
Nicholls, Norah.  
Heade, Lizzie.  
Heade, Gertie.  
Engineer, Phirozeshaw.  
Batiwala, Hilla.  
Corby, Wells.  
Bacon, Aubrey.  
Bartley, Bobbie.  
D'Monte, Noble.

## BOARDERS LEFT IN 1924.

Alder, James.  
Adshead, William.  
Brown, Charles.  
Brown, Eric.  
Biss, William.  
Bowen, Samuel.  
Brophy, Dennis.  
Cowsell, Henry.  
Clarke, William.  
Cowper, Frederick.  
Court, Cyril.

Court, Frederick.  
Collins, Dennis.  
Charrier, Winston.  
D'Mellow, Basil.  
Dee, Clifford.  
Daglish, John.  
Dudley, George.  
Earl, James.  
Ellison, Henry.  
Ellison, Bertie.  
Fremin, Edward.

## BOARDERS LEFT IN 1924—contd.

Fox, Daniel.  
Fisher, Joseph.  
Gilder, John.  
Grostate, Herman.  
Harris, Valentine.  
Howard, Benjamin.  
Haslam, Walter.  
Haslam, Haslam.  
Jepsen, Harold.  
Moore, Kenneth.  
Misst, Noel.  
Misst, Douglas.  
Nolan, Frank.  
Read, Stanley.  
Simpson, Edgar.  
Smith, Wilfred.  
Saunders, Lloyd.  
Sinclair, Harold.  
Scott, Ronold.  
Porter, Wilfred.  
Ring, Aubrey.  
Ring, Cuthbert.  
Thomas, Nolan.  
Warner, Reginald.  
Wilsham, Henry.  
Cameron, Ian.  
Wood, Kenneth.  
Lyndsey, Robert.  
Bushe, Clifton.  
White, Muriel.  
White, Reginald.  
Bushe, Enid.  
Bushe, Rene.  
Wood, Grace.  
Wood, Ruby.  
Roberts, Fraziska.  
Daglish, Dagsia.

Drake, Phyllis.  
Brown, Irene.  
Brown, Mavis.  
Brown Vivenne.  
Guest, Doris.  
Bailey, Rusie.  
Peters, Jessie.  
Lyndsey, Lily.  
Catley, Freda.  
Brereton, Maud.  
Blanche, Pansy.  
Passanah, Molly.  
Clarke, Deborah.  
Clarke, George.  
Born, Doris.  
Deasy, Kathleen.  
Cockman, Maisie.  
Roberts, Enid.  
Haslam, Gwendoline.  
Haslam, Rita.  
Haslam, Carol.  
Kees, Denzil.  
Kerr, Lionel.  
Ray, Olga.  
Schooner, Agnes.  
Bradley, Monica.  
Arklie, Ruby.  
Bird, Bailey.  
Harris, Eva.  
Harris, Dorothy.  
Partridge, Eva.  
Hanson, Alice.  
Hanson, Lilian.  
Hanson, Marie.  
Sullivan, Colleen.  
Dee, Queenie.

*Henry Down (1911-1921).*

WE very much regret having to record the death of H. Down in this our first number.

He died in March of appendicitis after a very short illness.

Down joined the School in 1911, a small, slight, white faced boy, but before long masters began to watch him for the keen way in which he played hockey and cricket. He developed into one of the best outside lefts that the school team ever had, and at cricket he became a sound, stylish bat. He played for our Old Boys' team in its Aga Khan matches for the last four years and was always one of the most dangerous forwards on the side.

Down became a Scout in Mr. Smith's troop, the Third Bombay, when quite a small fellow and stuck to scouting right to the end. He knew and loved scouting for he had been a King Scout and Patrol Leader before he became Scout Master.

After being an assistant master in the school for about two years Mr. Down joined the Bombay Chamber of Commerce where he made an excellent name for industry, ability and reliability.

A clean, wholesome, honourable man, Mr. Down by his life in Bombay advanced the good name of this School. One that we could ill spare has been taken from amongst us and we feel his loss greatly.

### Chapel Services.

ONE of the greatest privileges that a School can possibly possess is to have a Chapel of its own. To be able to join together in worshipping God is something that should make all the difference to our life as a Community. School life can be very dull and dreary and even miserable unless we are entering into its spirit in the right way.

Sometimes one gets into the way of imagining that because one does not happen to be particularly good at certain things therefore it is not worth while attempting to do them. But then, somewhere in the Bible it is written "He hath said unto me, My Grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Corinthians XII. 9). If this is really true, and so many people of experience tell us that it really is, then we are not doing justice to ourselves or to our School unless we make the best of those opportunities that we have of approaching Him who is the Source of all Good in Prayer and Sacrament. "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." (Philippians IV. 6).

We earnestly hope and trust that the two outstanding features of our Chapel Services may always be Prayer and Thanksgiving and that we may be always enabled to render those Services in Spirit and in truth for "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth." (John IV. 24).

### Yesterday and To-day.

IMAGINE yourself back again in Byculla—standing in the entrance of the Schools and looking across the playing fields. If you compared the school with the other Bombay ones, you would think that fortune had been kind to its children, in that the girls and boys had a large play ground for themselves.

But in Deolali! Accustomed to the cramped Bombay surroundings, one can hardly realise the spaciousness of the play grounds surrounding our new schools. We have, or shall have at the end of next monsoon, Tennis, Hockey and Basket Ball.

On the South side of the School buildings you see the girls thoroughly enjoying themselves at Hockey, Basket Ball or general games.

A word about Hockey. Members of the Staff are quite as interested in it as the children are, and often you will see one or other of them, with the aid of binoculars watching the game.

Again, to the North of the School you catch a glimpse of the boys at their more serious game of Hockey, or enjoying an evening dip in the unfinished "Swimming Pool!" This same bathing pool, in the waters of which the boys often lave their super-heated limbs, is fast drying up, alas! It is now the home for numbers of small fish which are a source of endless delight to the smaller boys, who shake off the shackles of authority and escape there to cover themselves with mud and moisture.

Last but not least are the most delightful walks and excursions which we take in the evenings.

But, in spite of our beautiful spacious grounds here, we occasionally let our thoughts wander back to the dear haunts of the old B.E.S. play grounds, where every spot recalls some memory.

EDNA BRERETON.

### The Starry Night.

SITUATED on a plateau in the clear dry air of the Deccan, the Barnes School affords an excellent vantage ground from which to view the starry heavens. After the white light of noon, with its hard outlines and exaggerated brightness, there is something particularly alluring in the velvet darkness of the early night. The spangle of stars that shine in the velvet brings even to tired dulled minds thoughts that lift them out of their little round to contemplate, vaguely perhaps, the wonders of the universe.

"The heavens declare the glory of God" King David sang, and a poet of another race said the same thing in a slightly different way. "From all quarters heaven speaks to man." But one of the tragedies of modern life is that men should have herded themselves into cities beneath a pall of smoke, where the electric light keeps their minds bent on the pavement and on delights of their own fashioning, so that they do not hear the story the firmament is telling. Does not Bunyan's man with the muck-rake in the house of the Interpreter obtrude himself here? Although Bunyan's point is slightly different from the one I am trying to make, it is apposite enough to quote.

"The Interpreter takes Christiana and her company apart and has them into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake, but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor. Then said Christiana: 'I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is a figure of a man of this world, is it not, good Sir?'"

"Interpreter: 'Thou hast said the right, and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind.'"

Our cities hold out many muck-rakes that their people may gather the dust and straws of the earth's floor, and there is for them no glory of the night to call their minds away from such. "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years," said Emerson, "how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God that had been shewn."

But man has not always been unmindful, as he is to-day, of the stars and the lessons they teach, the greatness of God and the littleness of man. "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth (Sirius?) in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" the writer of the book of Job makes the Lord out of the whirlwind ask Job as he teaches the lesson. The men of the Euphrates valley, of the valley of the Nile, and of ancient Greece studied and loved the stars. They wove their fancies around them, grouping them into constellations, fanciful to us, seeing in the sky their gods and goddesses re-enact their deeds on earth; and even the Red Indians, the Onondagas, have a story that the Pleiades were a group of merry children who once with shouting and laughter danced away into the sky and could never find their way back to earth.

The Gemini, Castor and Pollux, which appear now slightly to the north of the zenith in the early evening, so fascinated the imagination of the Romans that they adopted them as the celestial leaders of their armies. In his *Battle of Lake Regillus* Macaulay tells how the "Great White Brethren" pressed ahead of Rome's bravest in the carnage of the fight, and when victory was won revealed their identity.

"By many names men call us, in many lands we dwell.  
Well Samothracia knows us, Cyrene knows us well.  
Our home in gay Tarentum is hung each morn with flowers,  
High o'er the masts of Syracuse. Our marble portal towers.  
But by the proud Eurotas, is our dear native home,  
And for the right we come to fight before the ranks of Rome."

The Twins have from time immemorial been regarded as the stars of sailors. There is a curious reminder of this in the Acts of the Apostles. The ship that bore St. Paul to Syracuse after his shipwreck on Malta was 'a ship of Alexandria which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux.'

When we look at the sky on a clear night, we are at first sensible only of numberless points of light scattered haphazard in the darkness. Soon a few bright stars arrest attention; gradually, irregular patterns appear, here a triangle, there a square, and then fancy begins to weave the outlines of common things, a chair, a crown, a man. This is what the ancients did with a practical object in view. To guide themselves across the ocean, the earliest Phoenician navigators noted certain fixed bearings in the sky by which they mapped their routes. In this way they discovered the Pole Star and in consequence acquired dominion over the pathless sea. The Chaldean Shepherds in their migrations did the like, and myth has it that before Jason started in his good ship *Argo* in quest of the Golden Fleece, he was instructed in the stars by the Centaur Cheiron. Hipparchus of Rhodes noted the astronomical positions with some precision one hundred and thirty years before our era, and classified the stars according to their apparent brightness.

Stars are still grouped according to their degree of brilliancy, and are referred to as being of such and such a magnitude. The word "magnitude" is thoroughly misleading. It bears no relation to the size of the star since brightness depends as much on the star's distance from earth as on its actual size. Of stars of the first magnitude there are only nineteen, most of which have distinctive names, and of these Sirius in *Canis Major* is about nine times brighter than any other. It will not take long to learn the names and positions of these. Stars of the sixth magnitude are visible to the unaided human eye, but the telescope and photographic plate have brought the number of magnitudes catalogued to fifteen. The stars of each order of magnitude are about two and a half times brighter than those of the succeeding order. In the first six orders there are only seven thousand stars for the whole heavens, and therefore not more than three thousand, and five hundred for half the sky which is all that can be seen at one time. Our eyes deceive us when we look up and imagine the stars numberless. Not more than three thousand are visible to even the keenest unaided sight, though astronomers have photographed one hundred and twenty million stars and they are continually adding to this number.

Turning to the constellations which we see from the School, I commence with the Great Bear, *Ursa Major* as it is usually called in books. Most boys and girls know this constellation, which consists of six stars of the second magnitude and a seventh star which is of the third, though Tycho Brahe, a Danish astronomer, who lived a short time before Kepler, the German astronomer who gave us the laws governing planetary motion, estimates this star of the second magnitude.

The Great Bear appears well up in the north east sky in the early evening and can be seen if you look between the Main Block and No. 1 House. Another common name for the Great Bear is the Great Dipper. It is also known as Charles' Wain and the Plough. The name Charles' Wain is derived from an earlier title which made it Charlemagne's Wain.

Alongside the third horse in Charles's team is a small star, Alcor, which country people regard as the teamster. You can test your sight by looking for the teamster. The name Plough, so popular in England, is of classic origin, the Romans having known this constellation as the Triones, that is, the Yoke Oxen. With later writers, Vergil, for instance, this became the Septentriones. For the people of the far north, the Laplanders, the stars of the Plough represent a Reindeer.

According to their brightness the stars of a constellation are represented by Greek letters, so that the seven stars of Charles's Wain are Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta and Eta. Alpha and Beta, the hind wheels of the wagon are often called the Pointers because an imaginary line drawn through them and extended pole-wards nearly passes through the Pole Star, which though of the second magnitude, is not as clearly seen as the stars of the Wain itself.

Country people before the advent of watches used to tell the time by the position of the sun by day and the stars by night. In the scene between the carriers in the inn-yard at Rochester in King Henry IV, Shakespeare illustrates this:—

Heigh-ho: An' it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles's Wain is over the new chimney and yet our horse is not packed!"

In mythology Ursa Major was fabled to be Callisto, a princess of Arcadia, who having offended Hera by attracting the attention of Zeus, was turned into a bear.

Her (Hera's) hand within her (Callisto's) hair she wound,  
Swung her to earth and dragged her on the ground.  
The prostrate wretch lifts up her hands in prayer;  
Her nails are sharpened into pointed claws,  
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws.  
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin  
To grow distorted in an ugly grin."

After this painful tragedy of jealousy, Zeus translated poor Callisto to the sky and bestowed on her the immortality of the stars.

By the way, have any of our naturalists noted the very unbear-like length of Ursa Major's tail?

Without saying much about the stars or the starry night I have used up the space that a school magazine can give to any one article. This is my misfortune. But if the editor will look upon what I have written as an introduction to the subject, he will perhaps give me space in his next number to point out the constellations and to try to interest boys and girls in them.

Familiarity with the stars will not increase anyone's salary, but it will add greatly to his pleasure in life. Like the view of one's own country side, that, seen after years of absence, one turns to for a view of friendly trees and meadows, and that calls up pleasant recollections of excursions and friends, so the sky at night is to him who has made himself even slightly acquainted with its wonders.

T. M. E.

## A Great Event.

LAST Wednesday, at No. 2 Block, excitement was at fever-heat. Crowds of boys, with wide-open, expectant eyes, thronged the verandah; pushing and jostling one another; each trying to elbow his way to the front. Suddenly a silence that could be felt spread over the crowd. All necks were stretched to their utmost, eyes were expanded to danger point and mouths became glory holes for the buzzing flies.

A figure emerged from the doorway. His expression was sublime; he held up his head and squared his shoulders like a conqueror. With Caesar he seemed to say "Veni, Vidi, Vici." He had—yes! he had, actually—a pair of New Boots.

D. A.

## Some notes on the plants now in flower round the Schools.

DEOLALI produces a considerable variety of wild flowers, the trouble, as usual in India, is that nobody knows their names. The reason for this is that Indians give the same plant different names in different districts, and the European population is not sufficiently interested to give a name to any plant beyond the fact that they would refer to every specimen with prickly leaves as a thistle regardless of what its flower is like. The only remedy for this state of affairs is to learn the LATIN names which are the same all the world over; a few of the commonest local plants are thus named here in the hope that it may inspire the reader to find out some more. The plants are arranged with their natural associates: at this time of year there are very few herbs which survive the drought and those which do survive and are in flower at present are specially adapted to economise water; on the other hand, by the streams north and south of the School we find a different association including certain damp-loving plants which can only grow where water is plentiful.

### I. Plants adapted for life in a dry place (*Xersphytes Xeros-dry*. Greek.)

These plants have their leaves partially or completely reduced to spines or if leaves are present they are covered with hairs and their edges are often turned in to protect the undersurface from the drying currents of air. A good many plants have succulent leaves or stems in which water is stored—

(a) *Pulicaria angustifolia*.—A flower of the daisy family, bright yellow. When the flower is over a collection of very distinctive hooked stigmas is to be seen, these help in seed dispersal. This plant may be

found anywhere in the open country round the school, its growth is stunted at this time of year from lack of water.

(b) *Vernonia cinerea*.—A purple flower also of the daisy family but it has no "ray florets". It is to be found quite close to the school on ground which appears barren in the distance. The leaves vary in shape but are always hairy and the plant grows close to the ground thus protecting it from the full force of the hot-weather wind.

(c) *Argemone mexicana*.—The name of this plant suggests its history, it has been introduced from Mexico. As its seeds can be used for the manufacture of oil for lighting purposes it was probably introduced as a crop, but it is now a very widely distributed wild flower, and can be found in any place round the school where the ground has been disturbed for building, or on cultivated land which is lying fallow. The plant belongs to the poppy family; it has prickly leaves, a dark bluish green with conspicuous white veining, and bright yellow flowers with five petals and numerous stamens. The flower lasts only for one day; when it is wide open pollen is dropped on the petals, and when evening comes the petals close up over the pistil and deposit pollen on the stigma. In this way fertilisation of the seeds is insured if it has not already been accomplished by the visit to the stigma, of some insect bearing pollen from another flower.

(d) *Tridax procumbens*.—This is a small yellow daisy, a paler colour than *Pulicaria* and the flower usually on a longer stalk; the leaf is small, hairy and irregularly toothed. This plant, though it is so common now, was also introduced from central America. A glance at the map shows that the parallel of latitude 20° North, on which the school lies, also passes through Mexico, so it is not surprising to find that, elevation and distance from the sea being similar, the type of vegetation on the upland plateaux of Mexico is very much the same as that in this part of India.

(e) *Solanum xanthocarpum*.—A plant belonging to the potato family, our specimen was found near the railway line but it is fairly common in dry places. It grows close to the ground, its leaves are very prickly and are much like those of a thistle. The flower has a five-lobed violet blue corolla, and the fruit, which appears at the same time as younger flowers, is a green berry with white markings; this gradually turns a brilliant yellow.

(f) Creepers are not so common here as in the wetter climate across the Ghats. A representative of this class, which was found on some prickly pears across the railway, is *Cardio spermum*. This is a tendril climber with twice compound leaves, slightly hairy; the flowers are small and inconspicuous, the most striking thing is the fruit; this is a three-sided inflated capsule containing three black seeds having a white heart-shaped mark on them from which the genus is named (cardia-heart sperma-seed. Greek). The fruit is green, and turns a

reddish brown. When ripe it gives the plant its popular name Balloon Vine.

(g) *Calotropis gigantea* or Madar is a shrub with slightly succulent leaves. All the foregoing have had hairy leaves or rolled leaves here we come to the other type of xerophytic plant, that which can store water in its tissues. In this plant the stem contains a sticky juice which is very poisonous. The flowers, which are carried two or three on a head, are purple inside and white outside. The stamens and pistil are joined to form a hard five-sided structure in which are concealed the pollinia and ovary. Pollinia are masses of pollen which are carried away bodily to some other flower by a visiting insect; they are usually attached to his body by a sticky gland but in one member of this family the pollinia have an ingenious clip which hooks on to the insect's leg, and remains there even when the pollen has broken off and been left on a stigma. It is said that five to eight of these clips have been found on the leg of an insect visiting flowers of that kind. The production of pollinia is one of the highly specialised arrangements for cross-pollination found in the higher plants.

(h) *Opuntia dillenii*.—The Prickly Pear is a well known inhabitant of Deolali being used for hedges on account of its thorns. It produces a red flower followed by a pear-shaped edible fruit, but those who eat it have optimistic natures as it is hardly necessary to do more than approach the plant in order to get ones hand full of thorns which can with difficulty be extracted. It will be seen that almost all the common plants of the district bear thorns; these are a protection against the attacks of hungry animals. In the Prickly Pear the thorns represent the leaves, the thick green plates being not leaves but succulent stems.

(j) *Euphorbia candelabra*—is another hedge plant popularly supposed to be a cactus. It has thick five-sided stems, twisted spirally and with many spines which represent the leaves as in the prickly pear. The stem contains a thick white juice, and carries a number of tiny flowers at the top which are succeeded by very small red fruits.

This plant and the Prickly Pear are able to store enough water in their stems to last for the nine months drought of Deolali; plants very much like them also flourish in Mexico.

A number of other plants are to be found, it is hoped that these will be described later, above are some of the commonest plants in flower at the present time.

## II. Plants which grow near the Stream.

(a) *Adiantum capillis-veneris*.—The Maiden hair fern grows on the rocks all along the banks of the small stream south of the school. It is a plant which thrives in a moist atmosphere, hence its position where the evaporating water makes the air damp.

(b) *Nerium oleander*.—This plant in its wild state is almost always found fringing the banks of streams as is the case here. It is a shrub with single pink or white flowers and a long narrow greyish green leaf.

### III. Crops.

There are vegetable gardens not far from the school and also fields of Gram and Dal.

(a) *Cajanus indicus*—or Dal is a plant of the pea family with a fairly large yellow flower and a pinnate leaf. It produces a very valuable pea used for human food.

(b) *Cicer arietinum* or Gram—Another plant of the same family with a small blue flower and a leaf much smaller than the *cajanus*. This is grown for horse-food.

### IV. Trees.

Most of the trees in this neighbourhood are too well known to need description. There are very few kinds the commonest being Mango, Neem, Babul (*Accacia arabica*) and two kinds of Fig (*Ficus bengalensis* and *Ficus*).—These plants survive the drought by means of long roots which go deep enough for the plant not to depend on surface water.

A. C. B.

## The Common Indian Bee-eater.

(*Merops orientalis orientalis*.)

THE immediate neighbourhood of our Schools is too bare of trees to abound in birds, and those interested must walk a considerable distance to find varieties other than sparrows and crows. But in the mango-copse about a mile due south of the school the common Indian bee-eater (*Merops orientalis orientalis*) has found a veritable paradise, and, after the manner of his kind, he has therefore taken possession of it. He is a most attractive little bird, both in habits and appearance, and has a clear, cheerful note, which, though not definite enough to be called a song, strikes pleasantly upon the ear. When perching, he can scarcely be distinguished from a rather small and very fresh mango leaf with the sun upon it, for he is of the same tapering slenderness, and the same wonderful green colour shot with gold. There is a suggestion of vermilion about his head, and of blue about his throat, whilst the delicate black streak of his bill is prolonged in a line of black plumage which reaches beyond the eyes. He has two bristle-like tail feathers which extend three or four inches beyond the tail proper.

His flight is undulating, with wings well spread, and he hunts his prey by horizontal dartings at it. It is doubtful whether he entirely

deserves the protection he enjoys under the Wild Animals Protection Act in Bombay, Bengal, Assam and Burma, since he is a perfect pest in the apiary, his food consisting wholly of winged insects, of which the staple diet is bees. From his fondness for mango trees and his protective colouring in relation to them, it might well be supposed that he nests among them, but this is not so. He nests in a fashion entirely similar to that of a kingfisher, that is, with his wife's assistance, he hollows out a tunnel in a sandy bank, preferably near a stream, and when the tunnel is sufficiently far from the surface, he scoops out a basin-like chamber, and in this, without any further pretence at a nest, the eggs are laid. These are of the size of sparrows' eggs; pure glossy white in colour, and usually number four.

The bee-eater is a local migrant and dislikes wet weather, so that he is common in most parts of India during the dry season. Male and female are scarcely distinguishable, and the birds are usually found in large numbers except in the nesting season, when pairs seem to prefer to be without immediate next-door neighbours.

(To be continued in next number.)

## The Life Story of a Nightingale.

IN the springtime along the Northern shore of Africa, there is always a little bustle and excitement among certain folk, though it is little noticed by the long-robed, dark-skinned Moors, sitting chatting in the markets, or loitering about the narrow streets. But amongst the dark-foliaged trees surrounding the gleaming houses, companies of small birds of many hues gather quietly, flitting in and out, busy with a great purpose. Toward evening they set off in little scurrying groups across the sea, seeking land at the nearest point, but travelling northward, ever northward. Amongst these companies of birds that fly over the sea in early April there are always numbers of little birds about the size of a sparrow, not gaily plumaged, but with beautiful chocolate coloured feathers. They have spent all the past autumn and winter in the great forests of Africa, and now, after travelling many, many miles over land and sea, they reach their summer home.

One early morning a party of these, amongst several other kinds of birds Redstarts, Whitethroats, and Willow-wrens, fluttered very weary, down to the chalk hills of England. They were too tired at first even to look for food, but when they had rested a little and picked up a few insects that were now coming out of their winter haunts, the little travellers set off again, scattering away over the country, taking to hill and wood as their fancy pleased them. Some did not wander far, but settled down to make their home by the sea, others flew on, far into the heart of our country.

One of our little brown-plumaged friends made his way rapidly northward, over the Surrey hills, and avoiding the great city of London carefully, for he did not like towns, at last he came in sight of a beautiful forest stretching beyond him for many miles. Here he decided to make his home. On a steep-sloping hill, amongst furze and hawthorn bushes he perched and rested a little. Evening was coming on, it was very chilly, he felt weary and lonesome. So he took a little sleep and forgot his troubles for a while.

When he awoke it was dark and very cold. A great longing for some companion entered the heart of our little friend. He had not seen any of his own kind for days and he felt that he could not go on alone any longer. He straightened himself upon his perch and began to sing. A few soft clear notes first, then such a variety of beautiful singing that it is impossible to describe it. He sang, as one may say, in parts, with a listening pause between. Some people in a house not far distant, passing an open window, said "The nightingales have come," "Poor little thing, out on such a chilly night." But our friend sang on, hopeful and happy, for he knew his little mate would come to him. And by and by she came.

Their home was a neatly made nest built amongst the bracken and other undergrowth beneath a hawthorn tree beside the road. The little wife sat in the nest, upon the beautiful olive-green tinted eggs that were all their very own; and our friend perched upon a bough in the tree above. The evenings now were warm and still, the scent of the hawthorn strong and sweet after the sunny days. The cold April nights in which he had found his mate were forgotten, for May was here, and he sang day and night now, more beautifully than at first. There never was such a tireless singer; the black-bird down by the stream, and the chaffinch in the horn-beam near by were splendid during the day, never ceasing, but they went to roost at dusk; our little nightingale sang on throughout the night, too happy to sleep.

At last the little chicks began to hatch out, and the parent birds were busy finding enough food for all. No time for singing then, the music of the woods was beginning to cease as summer deepened.

One day a dreadful thing happened. The little ones were just learning to flutter from their nest and look about them, when there came by a terrible stranger loping with snaky movements through the long grass and ferns. The little beast lifted his head and snuffed the air, then leaped lightly down the bank towards the nestlings. The parent birds flew up in great alarm. They were powerless against this foe, but they uttered fierce notes of warning and anger, a kind of grating sound in their little throats mingled with plaintive piping, while they watched with anguish the cruel enemy pounce upon one of the little ones. The rest managed to flutter away to safety until the weasel had gone, leaving sad traces of his coming in the draggled feathers strewn around. How hard the anxious

parents strove to keep their young ones safely, while they toiled all day, collecting insects for the hungry little yellow beaks. But even then one venturesome chick lost his life in the cruel claws of a cat.

At last Summer was near its end, and the young birds of that year began to gather together for the southward flight, to seek a home for the coming winter. How wonderful it is that the young birds set off first for their journey, finding their way to their future home by instinct, while the old birds, who know the way, follow afterward. So our first friend, separated now from his mate, his little ones gone, found himself amongst many others, once more on the chalk downs of England, ready to cross the sea. But he never saw his winter home again. Hungry with their journey over the hills, he and his friends flew down to some food temptingly spread upon the ground. As they touched it a spring was loosed, and they were caught in a netted trap and killed. A sad fate for some of the loveliest creatures that visit our land. I wonder when folk will learn to be more grateful.

M. C.

### *Butterfly and Moth Collecting. The Outfit.*

By

A. GRIMMER.

THE young beginner, desirous of taking up this fascinating hobby, must first provide himself with a few inexpensive appliances.

The first thing he needs is a net, the most common being made out of cane with a Y-shaped piece. A cane ring can be bought for Rs. 4 approximately, but to suit our convenience one may be made out of a strip of cane bought for a couple of annas, bent round at the end into a circle, the circumference being about  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ". The end is then lashed on and your frame is ready.

The net may be made out of any cast away net from the linen room, which must be hemmed on to the frame. The bottom of the net will now be open, so, with the needle, tack it round and pull it taut. Always dye your net green as it suits the background of trees or shrubs, etc.

Now portability in a net is a great advantage, so we advise the young collector to purchase one for Rs. 8. This net can be taken to pieces and will fold so small that it will easily fit into the pocket. There are many kinds of nets used in collecting such as the cheap cane net and the old fashioned, but still used, clap net. The latter is a large and expensive net, and is only mentioned to those who have a long purse; it is not so good as the nets referred to above. To those who can pick and choose I recommend the umbrella net. It is very light and folds up into a silk case exactly like an umbrella.

The next part of our equipment consist of two or three light wooden boxes, which may be conveniently carried in the pocket or haversack. These boxes are lined with cork which must be well glued to the wood. A pin cushion with various sizes of entomological pins must then be added. These pins are very important because they are chemically treated, they are much finer than the ordinary pin and the head is smaller. Black and white assortments can be had. The price of these pins are Rs. 2-8 per box.

The next item is a killing box made of zinc. This box contains two compartments one with a hinged lid into which we place our specimens, and the other a plain lid which must not be opened after the ammonia is put in. We can simplify the killing box considerably for a small sum. Get a Mellins food bottle and divide it into two parts. At the bottom of the bottle you place saturated lint. The round disc which separates the two compartments is ordinary straw board with a hole cut in the centre of it, on which gauze is glued.

The above articles will be required for field use, but a few more will be required for home use. The first of these will be setting boards. These may be made in various widths. Do not make many one width. These setting boards vary from  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 5" wide. I would advise the beginner not to buy these boards if he could possibly help it. The first article to be obtained is a thin plank measuring any width from  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 5", say 2". On this plank place two strips measuring  $\frac{3}{4}$ " so that there is a space left in the centre measuring  $\frac{1}{2}$ ". On these two strips place sliced cork, taking care to glue them on well. On the cork glue white paper marked off in  $\frac{1}{4}$ " inches. The best sized setting boards to start with are the  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ", 2" and 3" boards. The  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " will enable us to set butterflies such as the Skippers or the Blues; the 2" one will set the Marbled Whites and the Clouded Yellows, the 3" will take larger moths like the Time Hawk and if we should be lucky to capture a Deaths Head Moth we should require a large setting board quite  $4\frac{1}{2}$ " to 5" wide.

Lastly we must get a large dust-tight box called the "store box" to keep our specimens in.

In the next number which will appear after the rains, when butterflies are plentiful, I hope to describe some of the more common ones that occur in and around Deolali.

### *An Adventure after Roast Beef.*

**I** AWOKE, as they say in novels, with an uncanny sense of some unknown danger near by, only unlike the hero, I was not ready for immediate action.

Instead of sliding my hand quickly under my pillow to feel for my six shooter, I drew it, the pillow, quickly over my head. Oh! any-

thing to shut out that dreadful noise. "What sort of noise?" you ask. Well, that is rather difficult to explain, as it was a perfect medley of sounds. Let a schoolboy munch toffee and Grandpa drink his soup simultaneously, and you have it. Try as I would, I could not shut it out. Now the question arose was the noise real or only a product of the imagination, aided and abetted by roast beef? I drew my pillow from off my head and immediately heard it again, more audibly this time. Surely, it was some fierce *carnivore*, and it seemed as if the brute were climbing up the rain pipe.

The situation, now being serious, required prompt action. It only took me a few minutes to get out of bed, and then with hands that shook with . . . with the cold, I lighted a candle. Peering down from my window I saw a monstrous shadowy object, probably a few inches smaller than an elephant. My eyesight at night is not reliable, I must admit, and also when I am in a perfectly calm frame of mind, I usually see things a little larger than they really are. I want to impress upon you that I was now perfect master of the situation. I own to a little weakness at first, but now I was literally oozing with courage. I could feel it coming out from behind my very knees. In fact, so great was the force of courage that my knees gave twice, and nearly did so again, but I prevented them. I sat down to think out a plan of campaign.

I decided it would be an excellent idea to inveigle the creature nearer, creep out and suddenly destroy it. Accordingly, I first went and securely bolted my doors. I was afraid that if I did not place some little obstacle in my way, my lust for blood would get the better of me, and I might thus scare the animal away altogether. As it was I only prevented myself with great difficulty from jumping out of the window and starting the attack.

It was so dark outside that I could but dimly see my prey. Gradually it crept closer, till its hot breath almost fanned my face. In fact it did blow my hair into a most unnatural position.

At last, wearied of so inactive a policy, I opened the door and went out, stick in hand. The beast looked at me and I could see its eyes gleaming balefully in the darkness. I made all sorts of hideous noises to scare it, but it remained undaunted. In fact, it advanced on me. I admit I retreated, but with dignity. With great agility and caution I went back and awoke another sleeper, who, after sundry threats and entreaties, accompanied me to the spot.

By this time a marvellous change had come over me. I had been metamorphosed. I found myself confident, in fact, aggressive. I flew at the animal with stick uplifted; so strong was my attack that I almost hit it twice. My companion flashed a torch full in its face, and there it was "A picture of we three!" I turned hot and cold alternately with shame and anger. Like had attracted like. The torch revealed no fearsome leopard, nor slinking hyena, but a near and dear friend: two donkeys had met face to face!

G. F. B.

*January 29th, 1925.*

WE to whom these Schools at Deolali are so very "new and all" are perhaps in danger of forgetting that they represent nearly a hundred years of ceaseless work and planning on behalf of the European and Anglo-Indian Community in Bombay. The founding of the Bombay Education Society, and of the Byculla Schools were the material response to an appeal made on January 29th, 1815, by Archdeacon Barnes, and although there can be not the slightest doubt that the Schools in Byculla supplied a most urgent need, all who are keenly interested in the schools have long felt their position to be a handicap to their development and progress. When, therefore, almost a century after their foundation, Lord Willingdon conceived the idea of removing the schools to a hill station his suggestion was received with acclamation and schemes were quickly set afoot. Arrangements were made for building new day-schools to accommodate day-scholars in Bombay opposite to the site of the old buildings, and for the sale of the old property. It is inevitable that there should be occasional hitches in the carrying forward of a scheme of such dimensions, and one of the first of these occurred in connection with the decision as to the site of the new boarding schools. It was finally decided to build them in the neighbourhood of Deolali, and for this purpose nearly three hundred acres of ground were purchased by the Society, and in the midst of this property our Schools now stand.

By November 17th, 1923, building had made such progress that His Excellency Sir George Lloyd was asked to lay the foundation stone of the Administration Block—the central building of the five now almost complete. Together these buildings are capable of accommodating 400 children besides staff, and there are several others started or in contemplation. On January 5th of this year a small pioneer party of teachers and matrons came into residence, and on January 20th the boarders came up. Owing to the unfinished condition of the buildings we had recourse to many temporary contrivances, but although at first the chill winds chafed, and the mid-day sun scorched, the skins of the lowland-bred children there was soon ample evidence of the climatic superiority of Deolali over Byculla. His Excellency Sir Leslie Wilson kindly consented to visit the schools on January 29th and to perform an opening ceremony. Arrangements were made with the G. I. P. Railway for a special train to bring visitors from Bombay, and amongst their number were the following:—

The Lord Bishop of Bombay, and Mrs. Palmer, Sir Maurice and Lady Hayward, Maj.-Gen. H. A. V. Cummins, C.B., Mr. L. S. Hudson, M.L.C., Mr. H. T. Gorrie, Mr. Cartland, Mr. R. H. Delves, the Rev. W. F. M. Hamerton, Dr. Cairns, Mr. N. W. Faith, Mr. Royal, Mr. J. Addyman, M.L.C., Mr. F. W. Peth, Mr. R. A. Spence, the Revs. H. Martindale, T. Ashley Brown, and C. D. T. Mason. Others present to whom much is due were the architects, Mr. Batley and Mr. King,

Messrs. McNeill, Sherwood and Gillet, the contractors, our Headmaster, Mr. T. M. Evans, and Miss A.C. Burn, our Headmistress, Col. Whittaker, Commandant of Deolali and many of the residents of Deolali and Nasik were also present. Besides these were many friends, and parents of the children, the school staff, and the children themselves.

Something delayed Their Excellencies' arrival and it was growing dusk when their car appeared within the school gates. The band of the Royal Scots which was present immediately struck up the National Anthem, and His Excellency, who had been received by The Lord Bishop, inspected the Boy Scout Guard of Honour. Lady Wilson was presented with a bouquet by the tiny daughter of the school engineer. When Their Excellencies had been presented to the members of the Governing Body the whole assembly proceeded up the double entrance staircase of the Administrative Block, where His Excellency unlocked the central door of the Great Hall with a silver key designed for the ceremony. This Hall accommodates 1,000 so that the 400 or so people who gathered in it that day were by no means over-crowded! After a short but impressive service conducted by the Lord Bishop, Mr. R. A. Spence, who is one of the Joint Hon. Secretaries of the Schools, read an address to His Excellency.

He said, and the truth of his statement was obvious from his manner, that the day was a proud one for all those who had worked and striven for the erection of our Schools, and that he rejoiced to see His Excellency and Lady Wilson there. He spoke of the ceremony as the culmination of years of labour and anxious hope, although there were many present to whom it marked but the beginning. He enlarged on the generally accepted interpretation of what we call imagination by giving that name to the penetrating foresight of Dr. Barnes, the crusader for provision of educational opportunities for the European and Anglo-Indian Community in this Presidency. Imagination of this kind is no mere dreaming of dreams but entails a keen brain and the spirit of a pioneer. He reminded us that such imagination would continue to carry us forward and to forge for us an ever-widening road of progress through the years that are to come. In the immediate future we look forward to the completion of our school buildings, and above all to the School Chapel which will weld the many parts into one whole. Though distant, but none the less real, we see Old Students who are now small children, thronging on Re-union Days to the haunts of their school-days, and then scattering again to their work all over India—indeed, perhaps, all over the world. And our job is to change imagination slowly but very surely into fact. Mr. Spence went on to mention the names of some of those to whom we are already deeply indebted for work done on our behalf, notably the Rev. H. Martindale, Mr. Claude Batley and Mr. Bernard Gillett, as well as our Head Master and Head Mistress. He finally declared somewhat whimsically that, as Treasurer, he had not mentioned the finances because he had not sufficient imagination to visualise Sir Paul Chater or Mr.

Rockefeller coming to his help! But he expressed confidence that many would be mindful of the enormous financial needs of the Schools, and being mindful, would help.

His Excellency replied with a speech in which he spoke of the importance of a step of such dimensions as the opening of these schools and of the effect of such a move upon the Europeans and Anglo-Indians in the Presidency. He said that he had great pleasure in being present at the ceremony and believed that that day marked a tremendous step in the educational history of Western India, and reminded his listeners that just a hundred years ago the schools at Byculla were founded, the movement being then, as now from a crowded centre to the freer air of the country, though the development of Bombay has long rendered it impossible to truthfully describe the site of the Byculla schools as "open." He said that at the time of building those schools had seemed in little danger of ever being crowded out; but although he admitted prophecy to be dangerous, he could not believe that even a 100 years of healthy growth could see us crowded out of our present site, and he congratulated the society on their wise precaution in securing so large a site at the outset. He spoke of the already existent signs of rapid development in this neighbourhood and of the prospects of an electric railway running from Bombay which might well be expected to bring about a rapid increase in the local population. He said that he could conceive of no more suitable site for the schools within reasonable distance of Bombay and he again congratulated the Society upon what he considered to be a very wise choice. His Excellency went on to express his warm approval of the fact that the schools are not to be run on bigoted or sectarian lines, but that despite the fact that the bulk of the Society's funds have been contributed by Europeans and Anglo-Indians, Parsi and Hindu day-scholars are welcomed in their schools. He spoke of the rightness of so wide an outlook, and of the importance of educating our children to a sympathetic understanding of other races and creeds and said that he trusted that parents of all races would not be slow to take advantage of this catholic attitude of the Society. He pointed out that, nevertheless, the schools exist primarily for the benefit of Europeans and Anglo-Indians and said that he hoped that all parents belonging to these communities would appreciate the advantages such schools provide, and would do their utmost to send their children well equipped into the world, by first giving them an education here. He then enlarged upon the incomparable advantages of Deolali over Byculla, particularly with regard to climate, and earnestly invited the attention of those whose financial positions prevented their sending their children to the schools, to the school and leaving scholarships obtainable. By winning these, he explained, the children were educated in the schools at a reduced cost, and he appealed to parents to be proud if by personal ability their children were thus able to obtain remission of fees. He added that all parents should bear in mind that to give a good education to their children is the soundest investment they could possibly make. He then offered General Knowledge prizes to be awarded to the most generally

proficient boy and given on behalf of Lady Wilson and himself. He said that he fully endorsed all that Mr. Spence had said of those who had taken part in the enterprise and mentioned the participation of the Rev. W. Ashley Brown in a scheme under which it will be possible to provide a Masonic scholarship for the school, and called for approval of the decision made to name this scholarship after Mr. R. A. Spence. Finally he spoke of the invaluable work done by Mr. Haig Brown and congratulated our Head Master and Head Mistress upon the manner in which they have tackled a difficult task and carried it through.

When His Excellency had finished Mr. Spence read a letter received from Sir George Lloyd, His Excellency's predecessor as Governor of Bombay, in which the Society was congratulated on its progress towards the completion of the new schools, and in which Sir George Lloyd expressed confidence that the inauguration of the schools in their new home was of real importance to education in the Presidency.

The proceedings were ended in three rousing cheers from the scholars present, and then His Excellency was shown round the buildings. On his departure the road as far as the entrance gates—was lined by our scouts holding lighted torches. Some of our Bombay visitors stayed to dinner, returning by a late train to Bombay. Every one felt that the day had been entirely successful and that we were now authorised to begin work in earnest. The quality which Mr. Spence called imagination brings a long procession of possibilities before our eyes and our aim is bound to be still the old aim of those who have brought us thus far—to change these possibilities into facts.

### *Moving.*

THE writer of this article hoped he had finished with the move of the B.E.S. Schools from Byculla to Deolali. Yet, urged by relentless editor, he reluctantly calls back to conscious memory the things he would gladly have forgotten, in order that future generations of Barnesensians may know how the Exodus took place. For the move has been likened to that more famous and remote Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt.

Yet the memory is not wholly unpleasant. A spirit of happy comradeship prevailed which did much to soften hardships; and from this distance of time it is the memory of that spirit which seems most vivid. Now to business.

The most pioneer party, if the expression be forgiven, left the B.E.S. Schools at midnight on Sunday 4th January 1925. It consisted of X, Y and Z with a party of servants and much luggage. The fun began at once. Z went in the first garry; X and Y thought he had gone in the wrong direction, so Y went in search of Z, and X in search of Y. Those who have tried to solve simultaneous equations in three unknowns, given

only two equations will appreciate the situation. Anyway all three appeared in Deolali next day, which proves the solution.

The next party, consisting of eight persons besides three boys, rose betimes the next day and barely escaped being sewn up in their mattresses. A hasty meal was eaten, and then the whole party, with an astounding collection of miscellaneous luggage, embarked for Byculla Station. With much forethought a picnic lunch had been packed, and a chatti of drinking water secured for the journey; with equal care the latter was left behind in the garry. By the kind help of those friends who came to see us off boxes, hats, sewing-machines, golf clubs, lunch basket and all the rest were safely packed away in the 7-11 a.m. passenger train, and there we were *en route* for Deolali.

Of course eight in a 2nd class carriage is rather a crowd, but by stowing N away on the top berth we made ourselves tolerably comfortable. In any case what did we care for passing discomforts, we who would so soon arrive in state at our new school to live in spacious rooms and wallow luxuriously in English baths all day if we fancied? Besides, had not some one with great wisdom sent our heavy luggage and furniture days in advance that nothing might be wanting for our ease?

Dallying with such pleasant thoughts we tolerated our picnic lunch of bread and fruit and eggs, and even laughed when O found that the knife had been forgotten and P cut the bread most abominably with a jack-knife out of a shady looking bag.

At Igatpuri Q made a welcome addition to our party, and we felt very jovial by the time we reached Deolali. A cryptic look however on the face of X who met us, filled us with a boding fear which grew as we jolted over the school 'road'; and on arriving at the buildings we drove madly round the compound looking vainly for our marble halls amidst the seeming piles of ruins. Then we finally came to earth in No. 1 and found it full of timber, saws, and Chinamen; we were at least thankful that a slight acquaintance with Mah Jong enabled us to pass such civil remarks as 'pung' and 'chow' and so secured a passage to our rooms.

We had a delicious tea in X's library, and joined by R we felt better able to tackle the housing problem. After we had settled the whole party to their entire satisfaction with beds, buckets, and blankets, we found that the Chinamen had 'konged' as if by magic, and a sumptuous repast had appeared in their place.

Many slept happily that night. A rumour, however, of something prowling about the compound kept a few on the watch; but whether a tiger or a badmash most of us never knew; it gave us something to talk about.

Even the sweetest tempered occasionally likes to have a grievance and so one would hear S declare that she had no cupboard, only to be interrupted by T who had neither dressing table nor cupboard, and in fact was the only one in such a plight. Another complained bitterly of

being obliged to have his bath at an unearthly hour with no vestige of light, purely out of consideration for the rest of the party and because of the windowless and doorless state of his bathroom.

In the days that followed X, Y, and Z attended to our physical comfort by securing a water supply, bolts on our doors, furniture and other unconsidered trifles. We were much indebted too to those in charge of the works for the trouble they took to make us comfortable. O looked after the inner man; M organised us into gangs for work; while the rest of us practised the gentle art of seeming to work when N was about. Some of the party at least earned their meals, and these were Cowsell, Fairman and Kerr who painted beds as fast as they could paint, while Lomas helped to add a motor lorry to our party and painted beds into the bargain.

Furniture poured into the compound daily until one could scarcely see the trees for the wood. Newcomers arrived in due course and it was fun for the rest of us to see their appalled faces when they beheld the discomfort in which we actually expected them to live. It was really comic when U, having just made herself tolerably comfortable in her rooms, found herself obliged to move out to fresh and only partially finished quarters in order to make room for one of these interlopers. They say that U, V and W all said that, but perhaps the writer would be unwise to mention it.

On January 15th our growing party was joined by between thirty and forty children. It must have been exceedingly trying for those in charge to come from one chaos in Byculla to another here. The writer hopes we gave them a welcoming smile to cheer them, and commends them for their calm demeanour in the face of such odds. By January 22nd most of our population had arrived, and shortly afterwards the last of the furniture had appeared.

Now Mr. Editor the move is not yet really finished, and the writer could go on for ever and ever; but he is willing to stop at this point and thinks that you would be well advised to let him do so.

D. S.

### A "Now" Description of a day in our Schools.

(With apologies to Leigh Hunt.)

NOW the moon which all night long has spread its silver light over our sleeping forms, fades into the ghost of itself, as the brightening eastern sky proclaims the approach of Phoebus' car. Now the crow awakens, and heralds the new day with his hoarsest caw, and the scraggy village cock, in happy ignorance of the imminent oven, is in danger of crowing his head off, and thereby cheating the professional chicken-killer. Now we open unwilling eyes one at the time, and with a defiant mutter close them again. Now the rapidly growing

daylight, and the sounds of a day's work already begun by energetic beings overhead, convince us that it is useless to protest longer, and, throwing off the heaviness left by our latest dream, as it were a blanket, we roll out of bed, trilling a cheerful song to proclaim ourselves exceedingly wide awake, and make tracks for the bathroom. Now the relentless scream of a whistle reveals to us that it is not so early as we thought, and we end our song abruptly, for we need all our breath to speed our toilet. Now silent forms slip down the stairs, and into the compound, where they help an already lengthy 'crocodile' to grow. Now tongues are loosed and bed forgotten as the procession heads for the dining-hall, where the work of the day is begun in earnest. Now a bell, distinctly ecclesiastical as to tone, summons us to morning school, and resignedly we take our places. Now we learn with mild surprise that Timbuctoo truly exists, and that the human eye has three coats; we are not naturally sceptical, but things like these are sore trials to our faith. Now, as we get more and more deeply entangled in the meshes of 'amo' and the vagaries of irregular adjectives, we wish that the Latin tongue were capable of being drowned like superfluous kittens, and fain would sing "Full fathom five thy *Primer* lies." Now we hear with interest a little more scandal about Queen Elizabeth, and are glad not to have been one of Henry VIII's six wives. Now the grubby brown face of a coolie's chokra, triumphant in his immunity from Education Acts, appears in the doorway, wearing an expression which exclaims as loud as any Puck.

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Now we see no reason why "epitome" should not rhyme with "not at home", or why a "stork" should not be part of a plant, but are entirely convinced that "hygiene" is spelt as it is on purpose to confound us. Now, after a sleepy hour spent in vain attempts to make pencilled lines on paper look like a waste-paper basket on a table, we hear the clerical voice of the emancipating bell, and as we pass critical eyes over our artistic efforts, we resign ourselves wholeheartedly to the fact that "that that is" most undeniably "is", and for the present, at any rate, it troubles us not a jot. Now we desert the classrooms with willing feet, and the knowledge that "those who work must eat", is comforting; and now the writer has heard sounds as of cups on a tea-tray, and has gone to wash his hands preparatory to refreshing his muddled brain by participation in "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

### *Prep. House Corner.*

**P**OPSIE and Wopsie, have been very busy ever since their arrival in Deolali getting their house in order. Everybody knows now who Popsie and Wopsie are, so I need not tell them they are the two squirrels who lived in the Peepul tree in the School compound in

Byculla and who came up in the Guards Van on the night train on January 15th.

Of course everybody thought that Popsie and Wopsie would be so fond of town life that they would not care to come up to the country, but wherever the boys and girls under ten years who lived night and day in the Byculla Schools were to be, Popsie and Wopsie, determined to be there too. Did not they even follow the children to Juhu last May and were they not nearly drowned in the Sea, because they thought they could swim and they couldn't?

It was a terrible wrench leaving the town, and their friends in the compound told them plainly that they would find their country cousins very old fashioned and the food would not be so dainty or plentiful in Deolali. However, both the squirrels are settling down, and are busy getting ready for a wedding in the family. Wopsie always said she simply wouldn't get married, but she has met her fate in the mango grove. Her brother Popsie shook his tail wildly when he heard the news, and said "Tut, tut, I told you so. Now I suppose I must find a Mrs. Popsie, tut, tut, tut, and from the country too!!! I don't suppose I can find one who polishes her nails, and all well bred squirrels polish their nails but we'll see next term, we'll see, we'll see."

*(To be continued.)*

M. K.

### Song.

(Specially dedicated to Sister Margaret).

Sing me a song of a pot that is brown,  
As only a pot can be,  
With me at dinner, with me at lunch,  
Filled to the lid with tea.

Tea in the pot, tea in the cup,  
Tea that is scalding hot.  
I will drink tea, nothing but tea,  
Whether I lunch or not.

Give me again the thirst that is gone  
Give me that pot of mine,  
Give me again the tea that I love  
And I'll not ask for wine.

Sing me a song of a pot that is brown,  
Brown as a pot can be,  
Let it be constantly near to my side,  
Filled to the lid with tea.

### A Denunciation.

THIS is a serious matter—nevertheless, let us begin with a story, and, that told, Come to what's important in't.

"Once upon a time there was a certain body of people whose custom it was to take food together. Now at their tables they did recognise neither high nor low

in degree, years, nor wit nor would they suffer cronies to sit side by side, lest conversation should run riot in one place, and fail altogether in another. But in the first days of their gathering together one of them had devised a plan whereby to ensure that each in turn should sit by every other one, and the manner of his device was this:—

Upon a certain fixed day in every week there was placed beneath every glass upon the tables a scrap of paper with a number writ plain thereon—whilst near the door—in some vessel suited to the purpose, were placed other slips of paper bearing duplicate numbers, and these were not in order, but designedly jumbled together. And as he entered, every one drew a slip from this vessel, sitting then in the place wherein he found the number which did correspond. Now be it known that in this community even guests did also find them places at the table after this manner. And

it did chance that upon a certain day there was a guest present who, by reason of his years and his high calling, was held much in favour by the chiefest member of that community.

And the number that he drew was 29.

Then entered the chief—and he, observing where the guest did sit—regardless of the slips near the door, did approach his chair, and thereby broke he the first rule of that community. This did he believing none marked him. Then returned he to the vessel by the door, and, taking the paper slips therefrom into his hand, he did search diligently amongst them till his eye did light on that which bore—No. 28. Whereupon he did betake him to the seat next him whose number was 29, and there sat he in readiness to eat.

Now there was one who had watched him from the time of his entering, and that one waited now to see him grow haggard and wretched even as did the Jackdaw of Rheims. But serene was his brow, guileless his mien, whereat the watcher marvelled, and unable, any longer to keep silent, betrayed him. But his eyes were lifted, candid as those of an innocent child, and he saw no fault in that which he had done."

The story is finished, and it remains for its readers to declare judgment.

"Shall we bid him go, and spare not?

O! no, no, no, no, we dare not."

### Riddles.

Q.—What have eyes and see not?

A.—Needles.

Q.—Ears and hear not?

A.—Corn.

Q.—Tongues and speak not?

A.—Buckles.

Q.—Arms and toil not?

A.—Chairs.

Q.—Hands and toil not?

A.—Clocks.

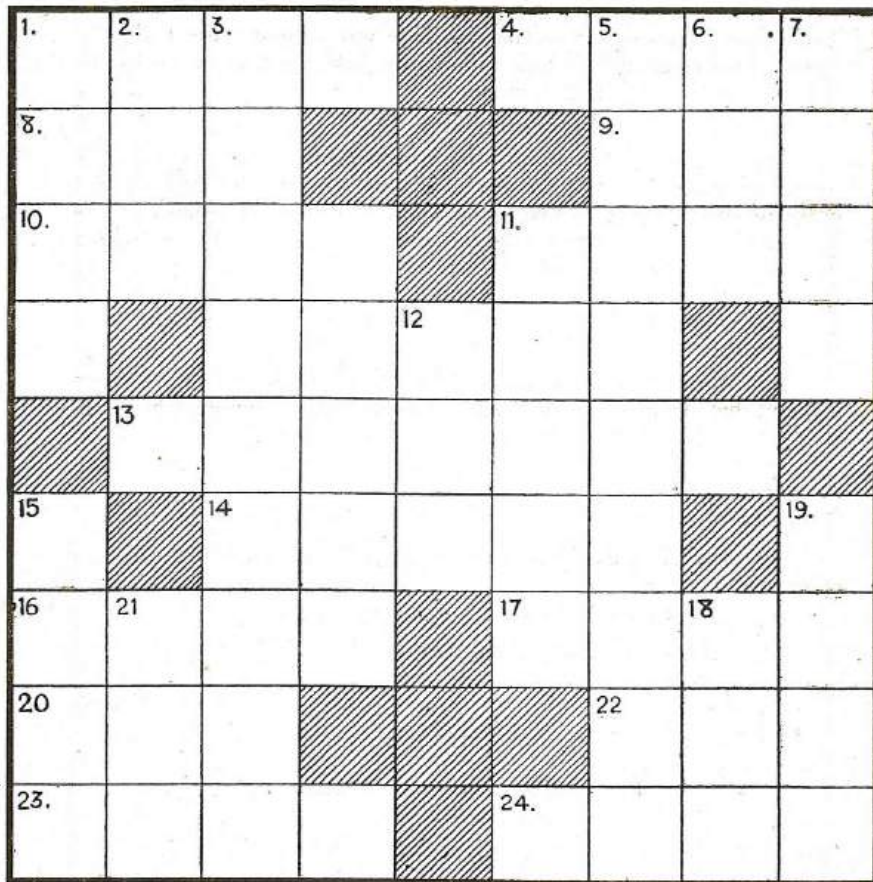
Q.—Legs and walk not?

A.—Tables.

Q.—Teeth and chew not?

A.—Combs.

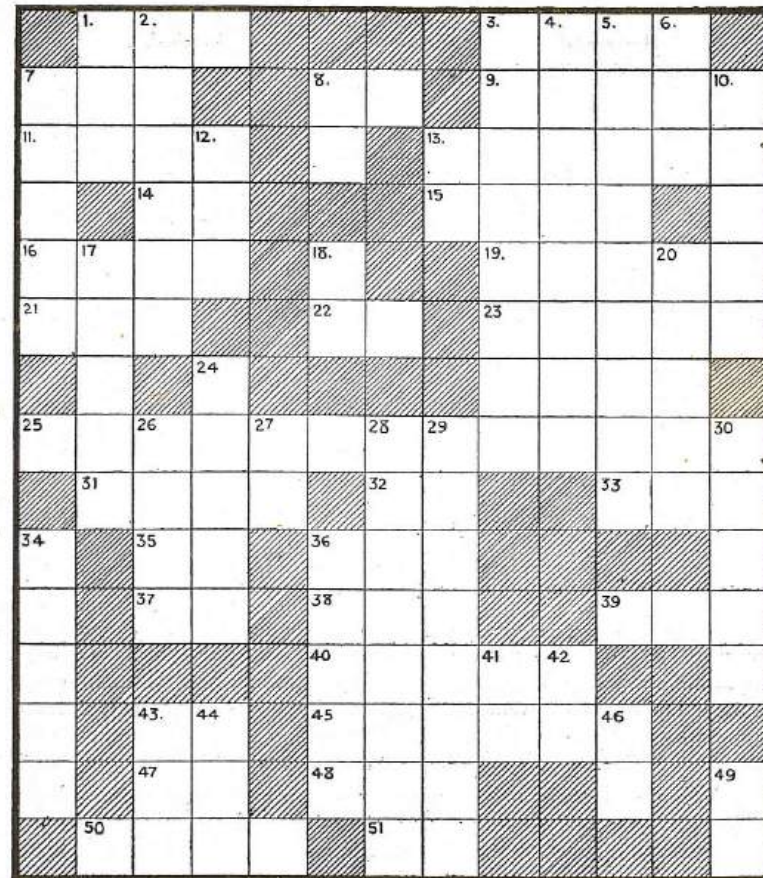
Selected by H. BATTLIWALA.

**Horizontal.**

1. To relax.
4. A Biblical woman.
8. A Prayer.
9. To do away with.
10. A river in Italy.
11. A musical instrument.
13. Use.
14. An amphibious animal.
16. Domestic animals.
17. A levy.
20. Anger.
22. A rodent.
23. To care for.
24. A nurse.

**Vertical.**

1. A way.
2. To do wrong.
3. A Patent medicine.
5. Independent.
6. Capital of S. American State.
7. Town in Arabia.
11. Willow.
12. Last month.
15. To bring out.
18. A time word in music.
19. A son of Adam.
21. Containing metal.

**Horizontal.**

1. A man of many affairs.
3. To increase knowledge.
7. Part of verb "to be."
8. An upholder of the honour of Salisbury.
9. The extreme ends.
11. Waits for no man.
13. Something ethereal.
14. Bone (Latin).
15. A hollow cylinder.
16. A stag.
19. What Isaac did to Jacob.
21. Some.
22. Whom the girls obey.
23. A surname, suggestive of dripping water.

**Vertical.**

1. Prefix meaning three.
2. Necessary for exams.
3. A commonwealth.
4. Can be eaten.
5. Pleasant.
6. Gods.
7. All correct (Hindi).
8. A boy in Std. VII.
10. Pomp.
12. Superlative ending.
13. Let it stand (abbreviation).
17. A dweller in heaven.
18. Our editor.
20. Cleverness.
24. Hit.
26. Lubricates.

**Horizontal.**

25. By means of mathematical instruments.
31. A wild animal.
32. A prefix.
33. A priest.
35. Lieutenant (abbreviated).
36. An English tree.
37. A steady shot before goal.
38. Used in golf.
39. A slimy fish.
40. A collection of females.
43. A well-known ratio.
45. Attempts.
47. Come.
48. A shelter.
50. Found in the soil.
51. A theological degree.

**Vertical.**

27. Prefix.
28. Set at liberty.
29. Ducked.
30. Surrender.
34. Things that nourish.
36. Girl's name.
41. Each (abb.).
42. Possessive Pronoun.
43. 100%
44. Bill of credit.
46. Attached to Std. VII Boys.
49. Craftsman of House 2a.

A. A. A. and D. A. A.

*Earning Money by Silence.*

At an Indian fair there was a merchant who had a large elephant for sale. He saw an Englishman examining it with very great care, walking round and round it, putting his head on one side and taking in everything. The merchant went up to him and whispered in his ear, "Don't say anything about the elephant till I've sold it, and I'll make you a present." "All right," said the Englishman.

After the elephant had been sold, the merchant gave him one-tenth of the price he had got for it, saying, "Now will you tell me how you found out that blemish on the left foreleg? I thought it was quite hidden."

"I never found any blemish" said the Englishman.

"Then why did you look so carefully at every part of the elephant?"

"Because I had never seen one before, and wanted to know what it looked like.

\* \* \* \* \*

A preacher conducting a mission announced that he would speak the next night on "Liars." The audience were requested to read up in advance the 17th Chapter of St. Mark.

Next evening, before opening, with piercing glance he inquired how many people had read the chapter suggested.

A score or so held up their hands, at which he thundered, "You're the very people I want to talk to—there is no 17th Chapter of St. Mark."

*Selected by M. NICHOLLS.**The Barnes High School Hockey Team.*

Barnes School has a first rate hockey team,  
In the eyes of each player you'll find a bright gleam;  
When clad in their jerseys of dark green and gold  
You'll see for yourself they're both skilful and bold.  
Below a description of each is given,  
To introduce this gallant eleven.

Mr. Jewell, our skilful right inner,  
Is a cracksman who proves us a winner.  
Mr. Ennis, left inner, comes next,  
He is not too pleasant when vexed!  
Mr. Baillie he guards our goal  
'Gainst opponents cunning of soul.  
Here's to our Captain, stalwart Sellers,  
Who plays centre half and checks gallant players.  
Bill Bearcroft, our centre forward renowned,  
Gains great applause all over the ground.  
But the smallest is one of the best in the team,  
'Tis Norris Pearson, the right extreme.  
Lalu Fahey, who plays extreme left,  
Centres well, and his stick work is deft.  
George Lomas defends the right half,  
And shows burly fellows how to play rough.  
Tall Johnny Ray, our alert left half,  
Often developes a poor fellow's calf.  
George Snelling, our right back so tall,  
Shows his opponents how to whack a ball.  
Vivian Armstrong, our sturdy left back,  
Will surely one day a poor blokes head crack.  
So here's to our team so gallant and bold,  
On the playing field you will always hear bawled,  
By all spectators, both young and old,  
Buck up, buck up, gallant Green and Go

J. E. HESSING,  
Standard IX.*The Barnes School Boys.*

Ten jolly Barnes boys, drawn up in a line,  
A pistol shot disposed of one and then there were nine.

Nine sturdy Barnes boys lifted a heavy weight,  
It fell upon the foot of one, and then there were eight.

Eight lively Barnes boys, trotting down to Devon,  
One succumbed to sunstroke and then there were seven.

Seven handy Barnes boys, chopping up sticks,  
An axe slipped and cut one, and then there were six.

Six naughty Barnes boys, raided a bee hive,  
A bee flew out and stung one, and then there were five.

Five healthy Barnes boys, running on the moor,  
One fell and broke his crown, and then there were four.

Four lively Barnes boys climbed a mango tree,  
One ate too many—and then there were only three.

Three handy Barnes boys making Irish stew,  
The pan tipped o'er and scalded one, and then there were two.

Two clever Barnes boys, fixing up a gun,  
One got his finger nipped, and then there was one.

One lonely Barnes boy said "My chums are gone,  
"So I bid you all good night" and then there were none.

N. GORDON,  
Standard IV.

- A. For Augustus, the great Latin scholar,  
B. Is for Bunyan a handsome young fellar,  
C. Is for Carter, who looks like a girl,  
D. Is for Dawes, who has many a curl.  
E. Is for Edington, the new choir boy,  
F. Stands for Fahey (Fay) whom its bad to annoy.  
G. Is for Garrad, who is happy and gay.  
H. Is for Hudson, the name of a Bay.  
I. Is for Ivan, a boxer you see,  
J. Is for Jackson, who likes chutney and ghee.  
K. Is for Kerr, a Scotsman you know,  
L. Stands for Lainton—very daring I trow.  
M. Is for Mavis, the belle of the school,  
N. Stands for Nash, who's a bit of a fool.  
O. Is for Over, the truthful and just,  
P. Is for Peters, a boy you can trust.  
Q. Is for Quinn, who is like a monkey,  
R. Is for Roberts, who's gone on a spree.  
S. Stands for Sellers, the support of the team,  
T. Is for Thomas, who likes bread and cream.

- U. Is for Underwood, who has left our school,  
V. Is for Veevers, who always keeps cool.  
W. For Waldron, who fought Lalo Fahey,  
X. For Xaviers, a school in Bombay.  
Y. Is for Young who is ugly though bold.  
Z. Is for Zinke, a schoolboy of old.

O. T. DESMIER.

### *Be Agreeable.*

Why not be of one mind?  
Strife does no good to anyone;  
If we like brothers all combined,  
In joy and peace the world would run.

What sight is better than to see  
A school of peace and concord?  
To make it so, we must agree  
In thought and deed and word.

Strife is the cloud that darkens  
The sunshine in our life,  
So wise is he that hearkens  
And keeps away from strife.

A smiling face in school-time,  
And to laugh is good for health,  
For this you'll learn in every clime:  
"Health is not bought with wealth".

E. LILLY.

### *The Tuck Shop.*

There was a little tuck shop  
So full of lovely things,  
A very tiny tuck shop  
Which holds a lot of things.

Although its called a tuck shop  
It has some useful things,  
And oh! we love that tuck shop  
For all the joy it brings.

The girls they are the first served,  
Then come the noisy boys;  
The girls, their taste is dainty,  
But oh! for that of the boys.

GRACE FINCH.

### The G. I. P.

There's a railway called the G. I. P.  
Which travels far and wide,  
It's comfort and velocity  
Are truly India's pride.  
Suppose you buy a ticket  
And come along with me,  
We'll leave Victoria Terminus  
By the famous G. I. P.

When leaving gay old Bombay  
You'll leave it with a sigh,  
The same as leaving Deolali,  
You'll feel content to die :  
But don't be foolish, traveller,  
There are sights yet to be seen  
Upon the famous G. I. P.  
Where kings of old have been.

B. PASSANAH,  
Standard VII.

### Hockey.

Hockey is a nice game,  
A grand game, a fine game ;  
Hockey is the game for kings  
And is the game for me.  
So follow up your captain's call  
And take the ball and dodge them all,  
Shoot, and score a splendid goal  
For all the world to see.  
Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah !

ENID LOMAS.

Why should a horse never be hungry ?  
Because it always has a "bit" in its mouth.  
How can you ask a friend if he is ill, using only 4 letters ?  
R.U.C.D. (Are you Seedy?).  
Why is a good riddle like a Church bell ?  
Because it is often told (toll'd).  
Why is a river lazy ?  
Because it is always in its bed.

### THE JESTER'S PAGE.



#### Pat Won.

*American*—(with pride). "I reckon the bends on our railways are such that the driver and guard can shake hands."

*Pat*—(unconcernedly). "Why the bends on our railways are such that the driver can see the back of his head."

#### How Rude.

*Street Urchin*—(entering iron-monger's store). "Please h-have y-you got any t-t-tintacks?"

*Iron-monger*.—"Yes, we have."

*Street Urchin*—(ready to run). "W-well s-s-sit on them!"

#### Some Voice.

*Old Gent*—(sympathetically). "Don't cry my little boy."

*Little Boy*.—"Garn! Who's crying? I'm singing carols."

#### Quite So.

*Man*—(indignantly to Sambo). "Hi! watcher smellin' that there fish for?"

*Sambo*.—"I aint a-smellin' it. I'se only askin' it the news of the sea."

*Man*.—"And wot did it tell yer?"

*Sambo*.—"It am said it hasn't seen the sea fo' two weeks."

#### The Reason Why.

*Teacher*.—"Now Tommy, why did Joseph's brothers put him in the pit?"

*Tommy*.—"Please Miss, because he had on a coat of many colours."

*Teacher*.—"What has that got to do with it?"

*Tommy*.—"Well, Miss, you see if he was in a dress suit they would have put him in the stalls."

**Awful.**

*Tramp*.—"Yes, ma'am, it was awful, I only heard the chug-chug of a motor, smelt the petrol, and the machine was over me."

*Lady*.—"And did the motor run over you?" (handing him a coin).

*Tramp*—(pocketing coin). "Motor! Blime no, it was an airy-plane!"

**No Doubt.**

*Father*—(gravely). "Tommy, my son, what will a boy become if he loafs about street corners at all hours of the day?"

*Tommy*—(with inspiration). "A policeman, Dad!"

**He Knew.**

*Teacher*—(reading). "The cliffs are full of sandy coves which are very picturesque! Now, Johnnie, what are sandy coves?"

*Johnnie* :—"Please, Miss, sandy coves are boys with ginger hair."

**Insulting.**

*Son*—(watching elephant feeding). "Mother, is that the elephant's tail?"

*Mother*.—"No, my son, that is its trunk."

*Son*—(knowingly). "Well that other thing must be his attache case."

**Cute.**

A teacher was giving her class a lesson on foreign coins. She, on looking up, saw Willie gazing out of the window and not paying any attention. Hoping to take him by surprise she placed one of the coins on his desk and said "What is this?"

*Willie*—(promptly). "Heads, Miss".

*Selected by E. PALLING.*

*The Puzzled Naturalist.*

A little girl once asked her uncle, who was a great naturalist, what it was that a cat had that no other animal had. He thought it over for a while and was obliged to confess that he could not really tell. The girl very seriously answered "kittens."

*Selected by D. SKINNER.*

A Chinaman called at the offices of a famous criminal lawyer in San Francisco.

"What's your fee" he asked, "for getting a man off for murder?"

"My fee in such cases" replied the lawyer somewhat pompously "is 50,000 dollars paid down." The Chinaman produced the cash.

"You givee receipt" he said. The receipt was handed over, whereupon the Chinaman remarked, "Now, me go kille man."

*Selected by MAGGIE NICHOLLS.*

*Impudence.*

WHEN Mr. B. was about to dive into the school bathing pool where scores of boys were bathing or sitting on the bank a small boy whispered audibly "Move your clothes further up the bank, Jimmy. There's going to be a tidal wave here presently."

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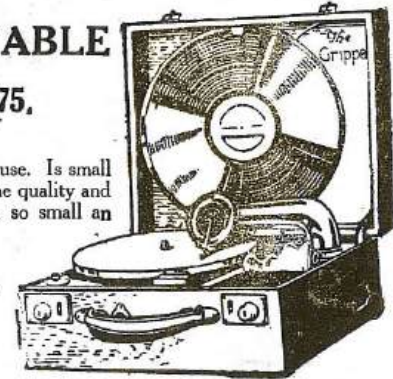
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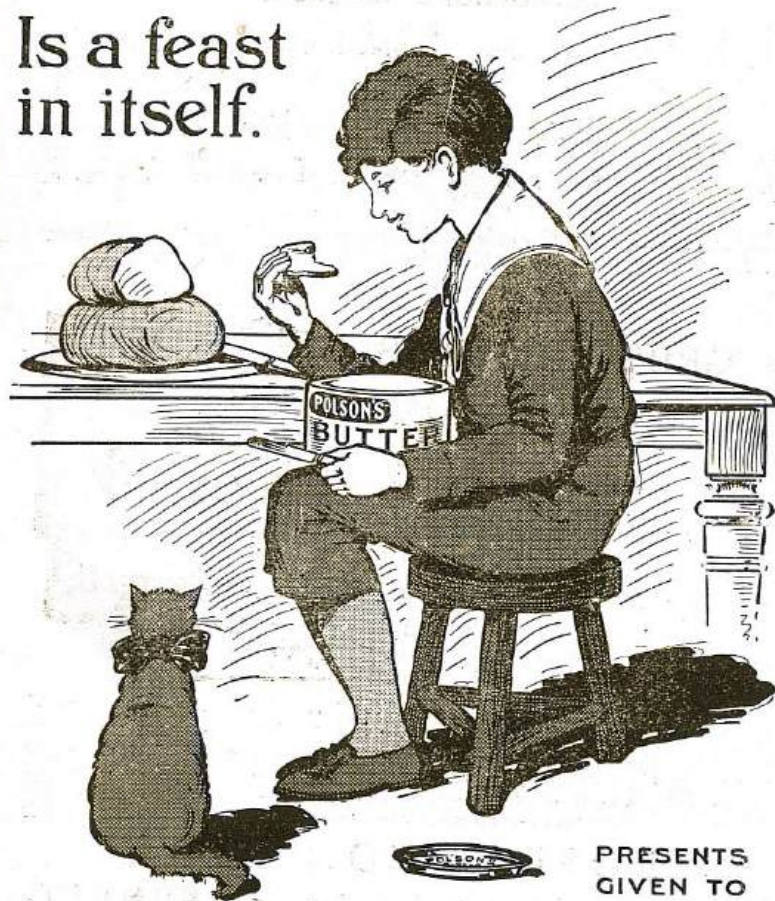
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PRINTED BY H. W. SMITH, AT THE TIMES PRESS, BOMBAY,  
AND PUBLISHED BY T. M. EVANS, BOMBAY.—J. 2152'25.

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