

Senior Hayward

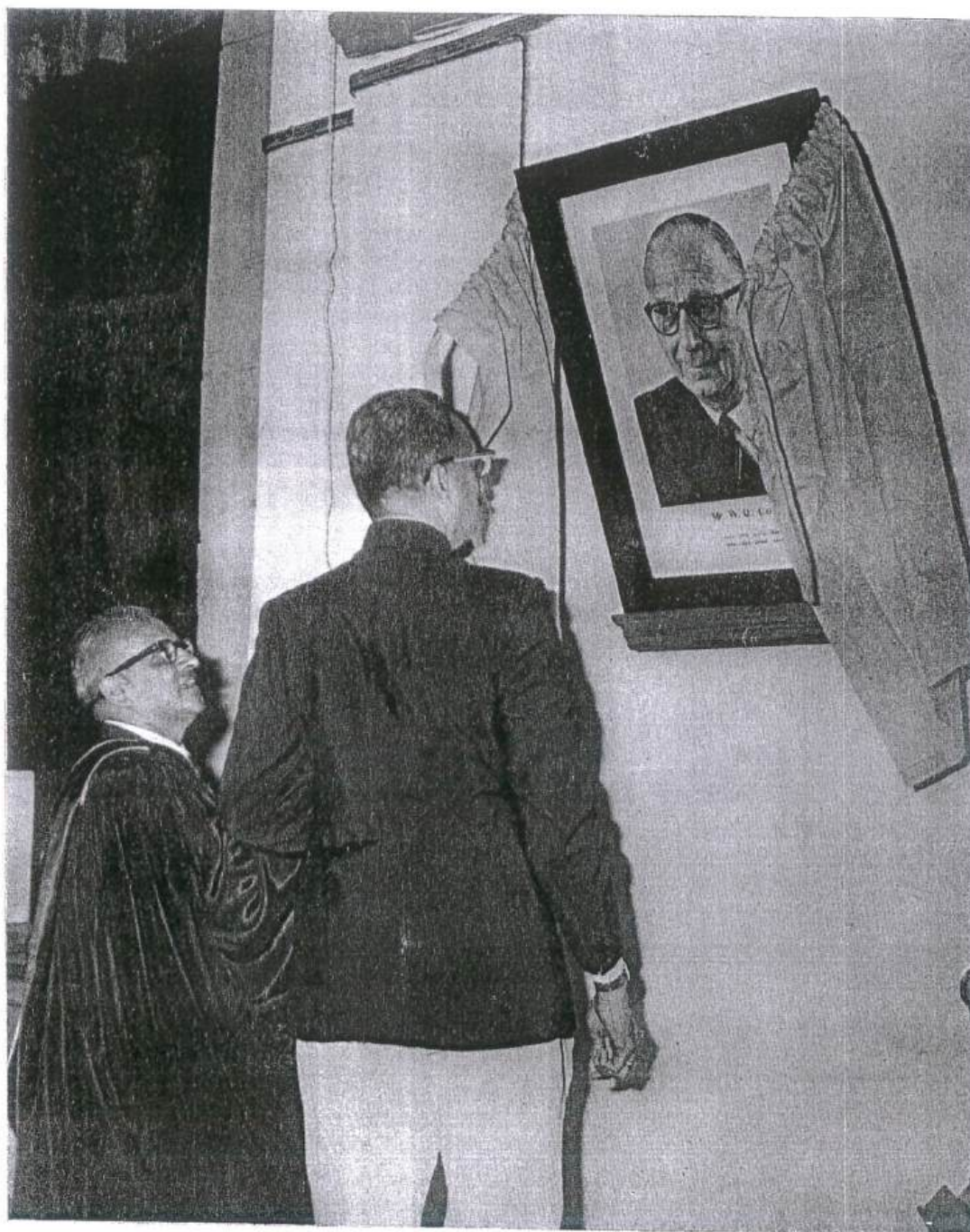
THE BARNICLE

MARCH 1970



THE MAGAZINE OF BARNES SCHOOL DEOLALI

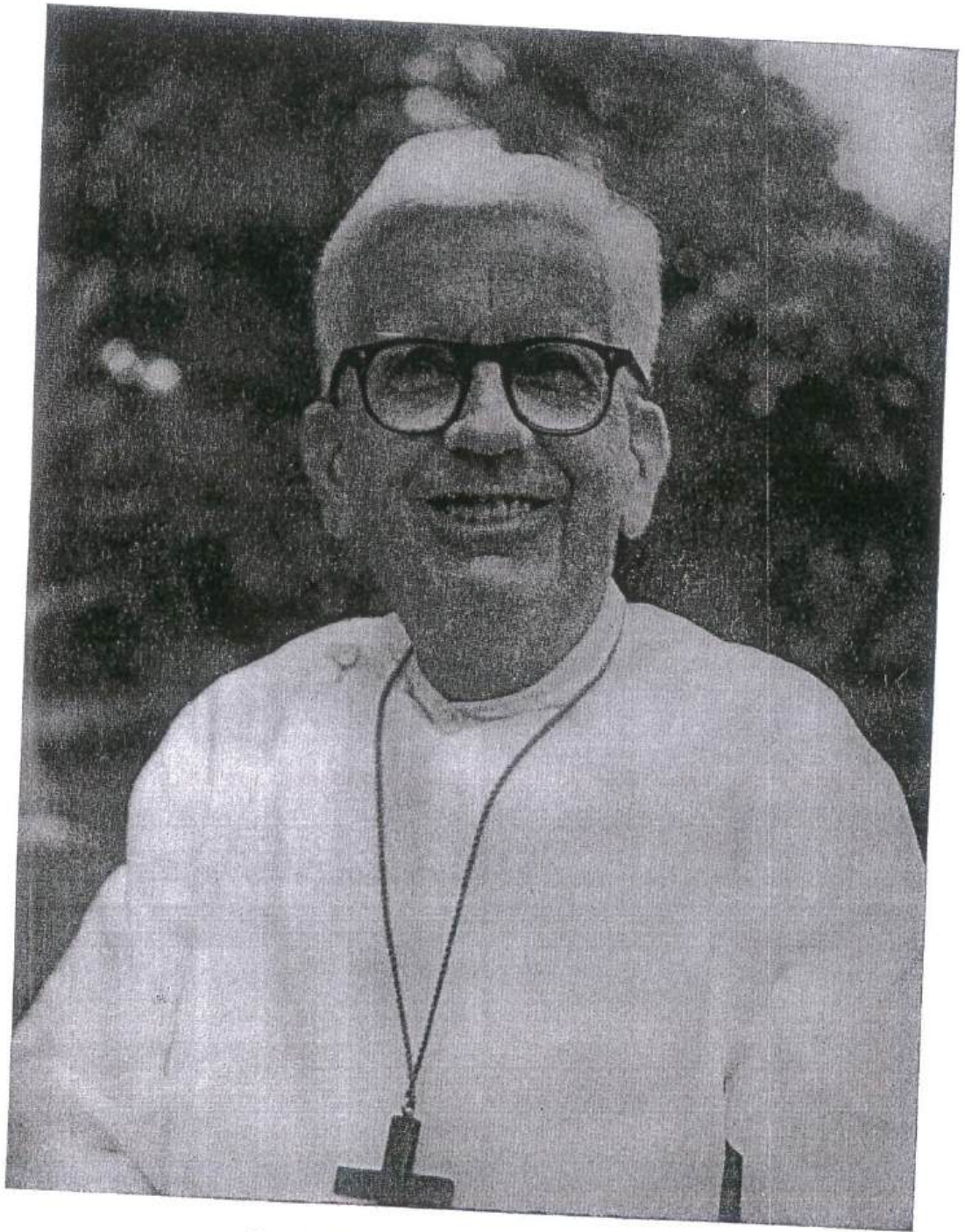
*See
everybody
everybody*



Mr. J. G. Rajadhyaksha, the Collector of Nasik, unveiling the portrait of Mr. W. R. Coles, the retired Headmaster. Principal J. L. Davis sees the fulfilment of a vision. From the portrait to the right, Principal T. Evans looks on.



The Staff 1969



The President of the Bombay Education Society,
The Right Rev. eq. the Bishop eq. C. J. G. Robinson, M.A. of Bombay.

A FAMILIAR FIGURE PASSES AWAY.

Mr. D. H. Hoffman



In sorrow we report the sudden demise of Mr. Alan Selwyn Michael on Saturday, the twentieth of December, 1969, at Allahabad. He was aged fifty-nine years and four months.

In 1959 Mr. A. S. Michael joined Barnes at the P. T. I. and, immediately on his arrival, he threw himself heart and soul into his work. Through his social assets he soon made many friends.

On the academic side he was in charge of Standard VI A. He kept his work methodically up-to-date. He was always punctual.

Of the local branch of the All-Indian-Anglo-Indian Association he was the President. To help an Anglo-Indian he would leave no stone unturned.

He was jolly and quick-witted. He had developed to a fine art his natural gift of living in harmony with whomsoever he came in contact.

In March, 1969, he married Miss Patricia Cleur of our Staff. We had wished them a long, blissful, married life. That was not to be. Death called him from us when Mr. Michael had hardly been settled in married life.

We miss him very much for he was such a familiar figure. May his soul rest in peace.

WE MISS HIM MUCH

Donald Alfred Smith

We miss him very much for he was such
A familiar figure! He knew his end,
I think, for oft he'd say: "Life's uncertain!
Let us not talk of the future. Who knows?
I may not return. Perhaps it's my last!"

All this serious talk he uttered, clearly
Seeing into the future, knowing full
Well he would, in his methodical way,
Keep punctually his rendezvous with death.

Yet his sad talk had that congenial warmth
That endeared him to many a friend.
So friendly was he with his ready smile,
Brightening lifes' day with kindly jovial wit,
With deep concern for all, save for himself.

I had asked him to help with photographs
For our *Barnicle*. Busy as he was,
He punctually came here at five o'clock,
Eager to keep his word and to do his work.

I found him, true, a little short of breath
As he talked of his rendezvous with death.
Yet all the while he joked and smiled,
he worked.

That precious time he gave when he had
much

To do, to pack and get away. Discreet!

He looked at me. "Good-bye! said he.
May meet

Next year? Who knows? May not?
He paused for breath;

Then went to keep his rendezvous with death.

Methodically he moved away, such
A familiar figure! We miss him much.



The former Principal Mr. W. R. Coles and Mrs. D. Coles



The present Principal, Mr. J. L. Davis and Mrs. T. C. Davis



Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rajadhyaksha (leaving the car) being welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis.

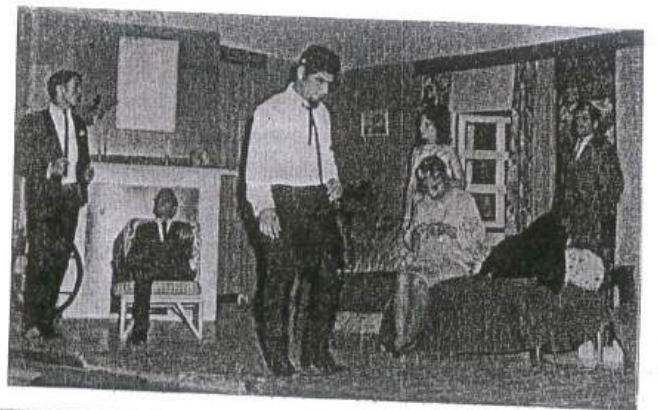


Principal J. L. Davis meeting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coles.



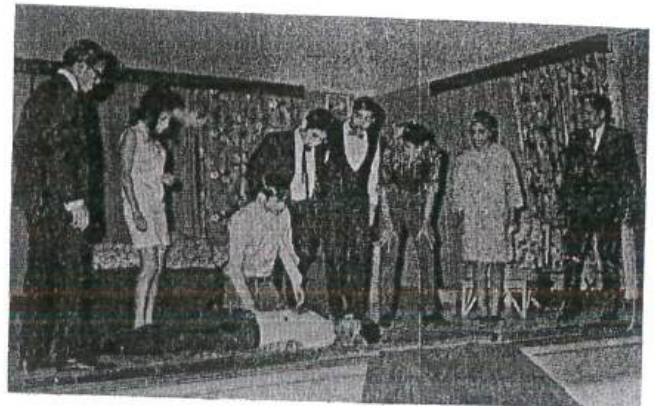
A Happy Get-together between Scenes

William Blore has his Suspicions



Dr. Armstrong states that Mrs. Rogers has fainted,

Marston drops dead.





Marston is dead and Miss Brent discovers that one of the niggers is broken !



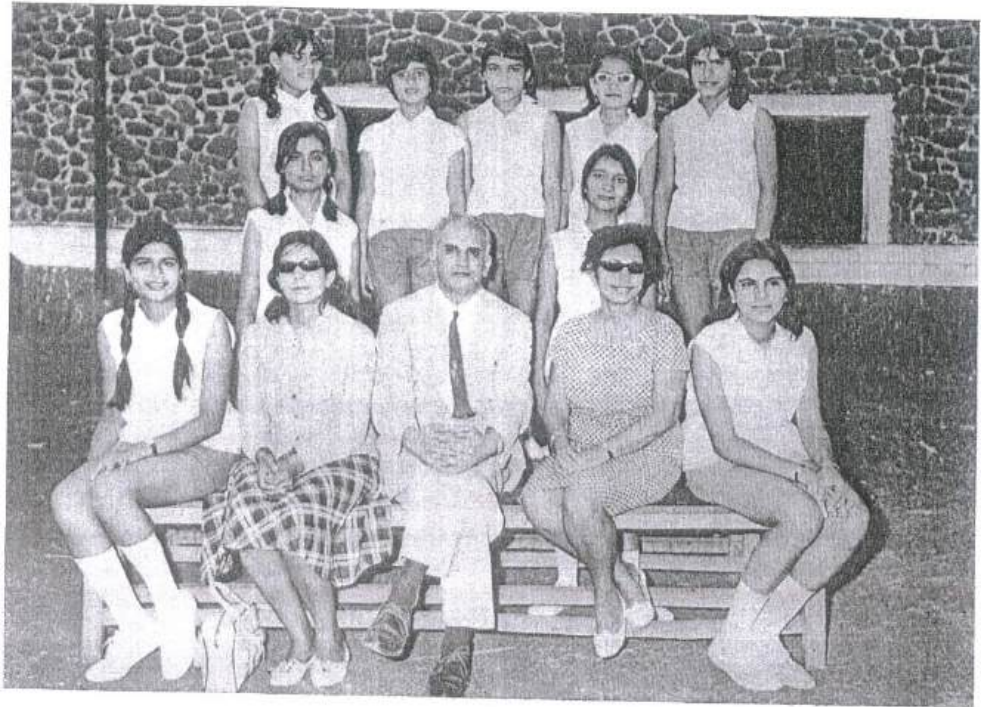
Sir Lawrence Wargrave is found shot through the head.



Vera suspects Philip Lombard and Shoots him.



In the dramatic final Scene, the Judge attempts to strangle his last victim.



GIRLS' SWIMMING.



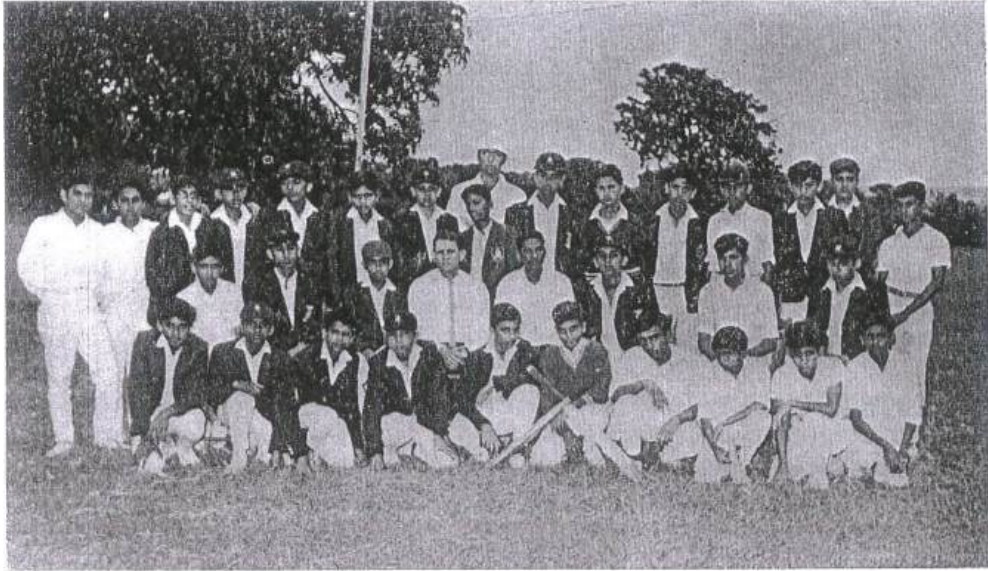
GIRLS' BADMINTON.



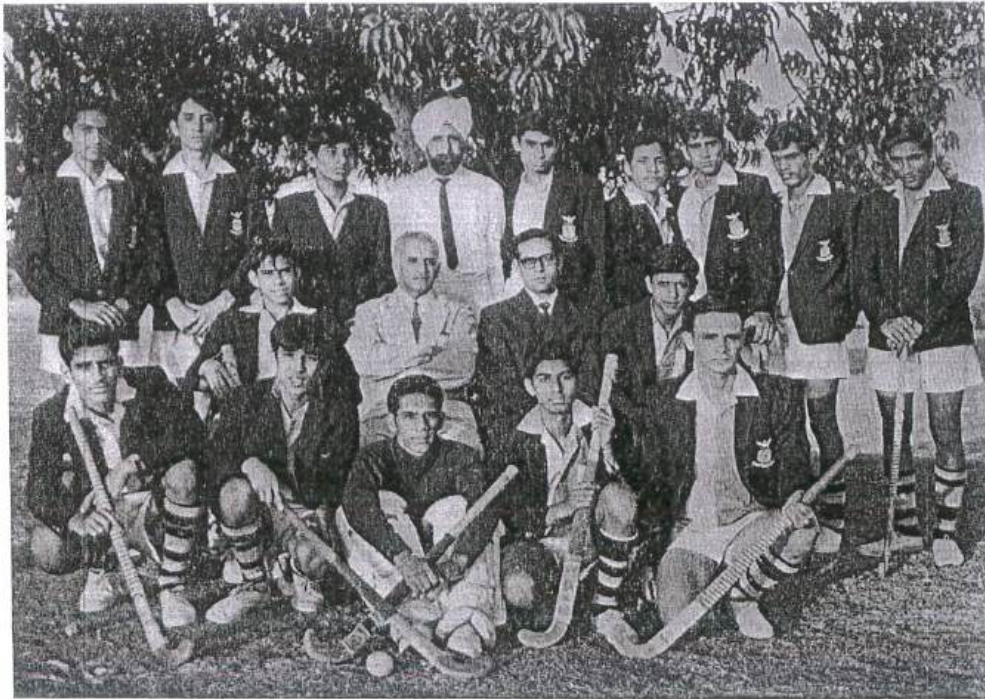
GIRLS' HOCKEY



GIRLS' NET-BALL



Bishop's Under-fifteen Visiting Cricket XI



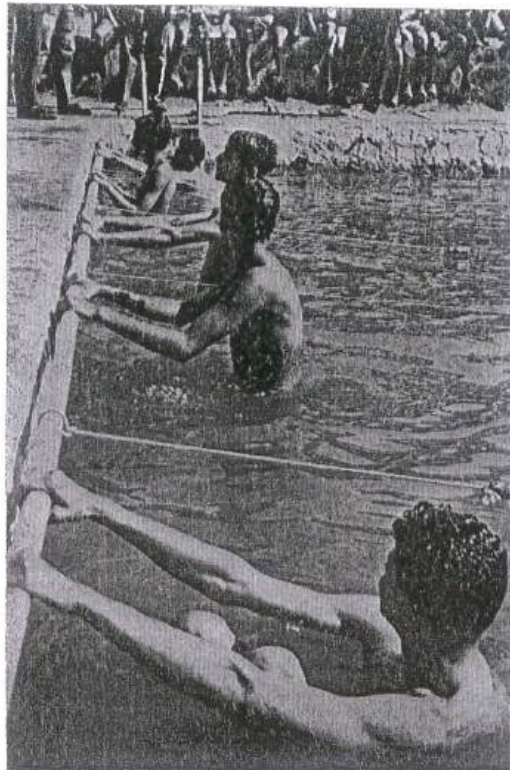
Boys' Hockey



Mr. F. Benjamin (now our new Vice-Principal) introducing the Christ Church Football Captain to the Principal.



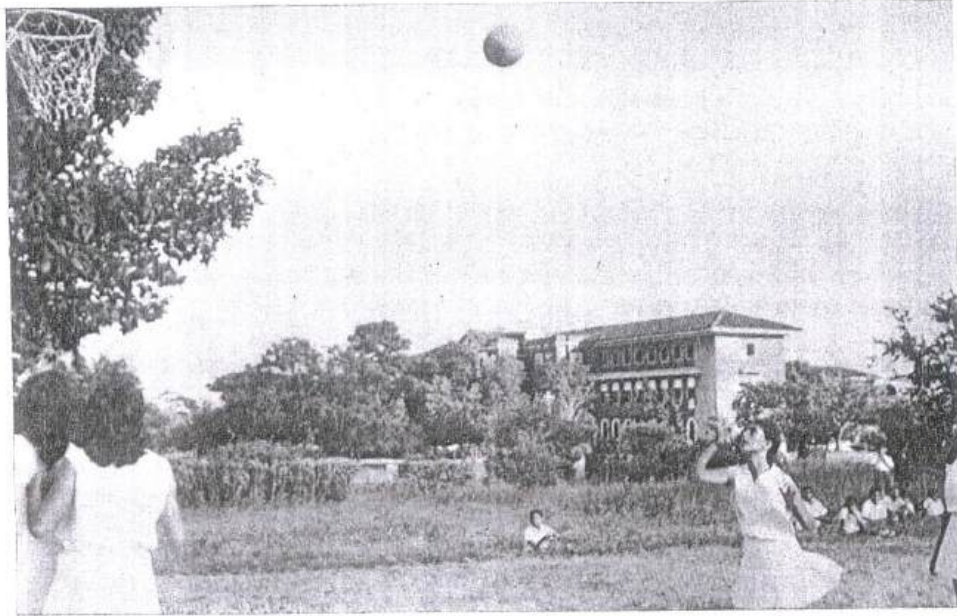
BOYS' VOLLEY-BALL.



Competition before the start of the *BACK STROKE*



Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis in a group photograph after the Girls' P. T. with Mr. L. Mainguy in charge. Mr. and Mrs. B. Roberts are on the extremes and Mrs. Mainguy is seated to Mrs. Davis' right.



A view of our beautiful campus. Girls at play. In the background Lloyd House is flanked by the Principal's bungalow to our left and Haig-Brown to our right.



Principal J. L. Davis introducing Mr. A. S. Michael and Staff to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Rajadhyaksha before the Prize Distribution.

My house



*Top. The March Past—Helan Keller and Greaves—Blues.
Centre Left. Jenniter Hayward, HEILEN KELLER, receiving the Best Woman Athlete Cup.
Centre Right. Mr. S. S. Gupta, ORGANISER, handing to Mrs. C. Scott the Boys' Runners Up Cup for Candy
BASE Douglas Kerr, ROYAL, receiving the Best Athlete Cup.*

The School of Artillery Relay Team
receiving medals from Mrs. C. Scott.



Mr. J. A. Scott, I.P.S.,
Deputy Commissioner of
Police, Bombay, impressing
upon the participants the
importance of character
building and sportsmanship.

Principal J. L. Davis conversing with Officer Commanding Wing
Commander S. K. Bandhu, seated next to whom are Wing
Commander A. K. Gupta, Station Commander, Mr. J. A. Scott,
I.P.S., Deputy Commissioner of Police, Bombay, Mrs. C. Scott,
Mrs. T. C. Davis.



Mrs. T. C. Davis, the Lady Superintendent, presenting a swimming certificate to Glenn Arnold of *Royal House*.



Mrs. T. C. Davis, the Lady Superintendent, presenting the coveted swimming trophy to Laxmi Sorab of *Florence Nightingale*.



Principal J. L. Davis with our Boxers.



At the Annual Boxing Tournament, Principal J. I. Davis with Colonel Bhalla, Commandant of the Artillery Centre, who presided, and Mrs. Ehalla who gave away the trophies. Mr. W. R. Coles is seated next to Mrs. Davis.

Mr. J. R. Soman, accountant-cum-cashier, 1929-1970

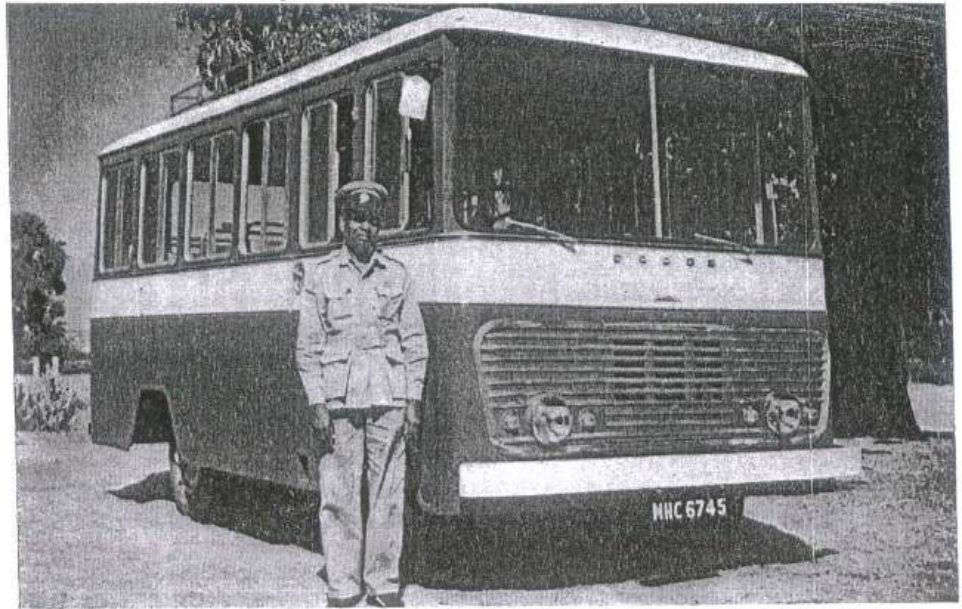


A meek and mild accountant-cum-cashier—
As old as seventy or 'forty-two'!
Now using a small magnifying glass—
He has been waiting for this photograph
To be taken for nearly two long months!

He would dress and be ready and without
Siestas three, await being photographed:
Long hours would he wait, anticipating
The photographer who would never come.

At last at ten-thirty on Wednesday,
The long-awaited portrait was taken;
It was on April Fool's Day—of all days!
That very day, I thought, it being the
First of April, surely the appointment
For *that* day would also pass by in vain!

O, wonders never cease! On that first day
Of April, and on no, no other day,
Was it possible to photograph him,
Mr. J. R. Soman, "*ancient warrior*",
Our meek and mild accountant-cum-cashier.



Ring out the Old—Ring in the new Jam Tins.

