

# THE BARNICLE

*February 1957*

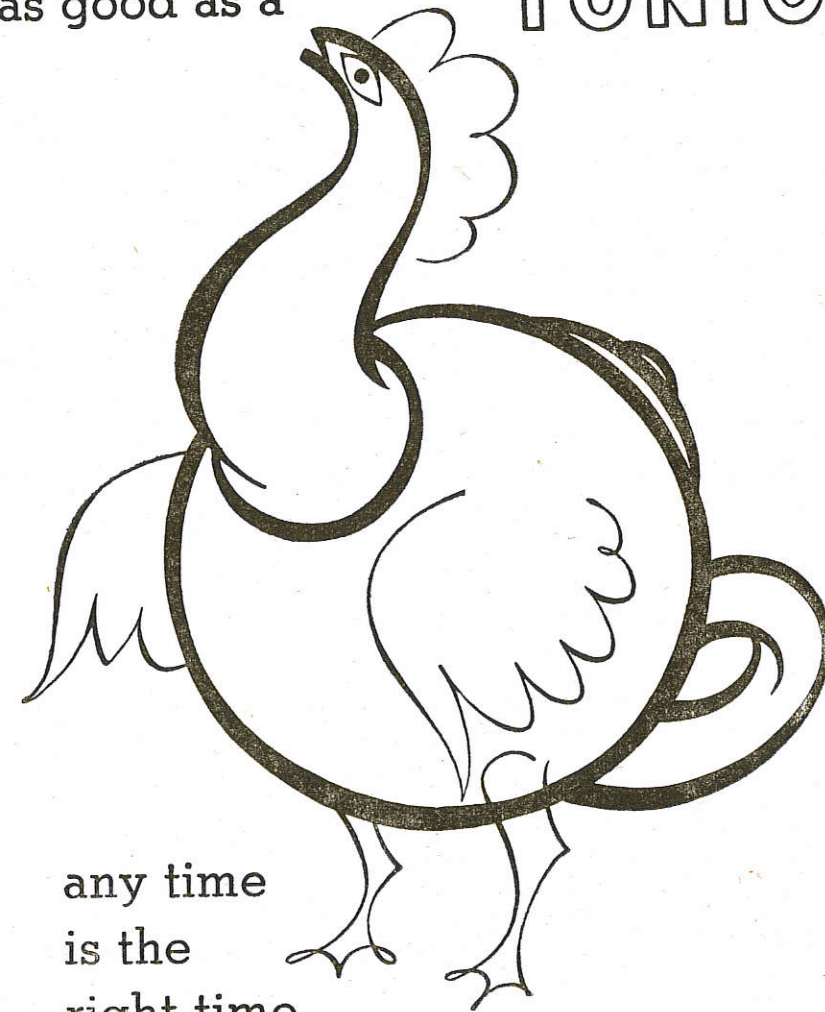


THE MAGAZINE  
OF  
BARNES HIGH SCHOOL  
DEOLALI



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The Staff

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

*Business Manager.*—Mr. A. Job.

*General Editor.* —Mr. C. Eastwood.

*Sub Editors (Girls).*—Nergesh Dordi (Articles).  
Alice Fowlie (Social).  
Shirley Taylor (Sport).

*Sub Editors (Boys).*—Rohinton Minocheri (Social).  
Kadar Modak (Articles).  
Derek Wainwright (Sport).

———: o :———

## Editorial.

Get to your marks ! Set ! Go !

Yes, it sounds as though this has something to do with the Olympic Games at Melbourne. Your radio sets and the 'dailies' have told you all about them. However, the 'spirit' of the Games is still around, so,

The Scene Is Set for Barnicle readers who will find within these pages pleasant articles to read by aspiring juvenile writers who regale you with,

The Sporting Activities of the School: Cross Country running, Football, Cricket, P.T., Athletics and Swimming.

The spirit? The age old one of "A heathy mind in a healthy body.

What else? There may not be anything to make you Rock 'n' Roll, but you will see for yourself how your children are engaged, mentally and physically, with as many varied activities as to ensure the development of an all round personality.

All these will be found related and illustrated in an interesting manner in this second issue of the Barnicle.

See that you get your copy without delay.



## Headmaster's Report For 1956.

Mr. President, Ladies and gentlemen,

We are greatly honoured this evening in having as our President, the Bishop of Nasik. Since 1944 when he became our Bishop and even before that he has as a member and Chairman of the School Committee taken a very lively interest in all our doings. He has guided our policy, kept watch over our administration and graced innumerable functions with his enthusiastic presence. More than that, he has guided us spiritually. There have been occasions when there have been differences of opinion between us here and our Managing Committee in Bombay and no one knows better than I do what a doughty fighter he can be for what he believes to be the right and proper solution to any problem. We have been proud to work under him as our leader and to help forward in a small way his work in this Diocese. It is with much sense of loss that we have learnt of his impending retirement next year and we are glad to have this opportunity of paying tribute to all his very real kindness to us over the past years. It is difficult to imagine how we shall fare without his guiding hand in the future, but we do earnestly assure him that we will always strive to uphold the high standards he has set us.

In company with the rest of India we are living in great times of change and experiment, but doubtless times of urgency when the whole nation is on the march. That is particularly so in the field of education. More and more children are thronging to schools and many are finding it difficult to secure places. To-day we have more students than ever before. There are 463 on rolls to-day, 166 of them day scholars, and next year I expect there will be still more. We already have two divisions in Standards III, IV and V and next year we shall have two Standards VI. In this way we hope to cater for the increased demand for School places. We have in mind both an increase in the number of boarders and also of day scholars with the expansion of Deolali as an important centre for the armed forces. We calculate that within the next three years we are likely to have some fifty extra children from the Air Force Equipment Depot which is being built at Deolali South. We can, I believe, eventually take 600 children.

The School has done steady work throughout the year. From our top class we have just sent up 13 candidates for the Cambridge

School Certificate Examination. There are another eight preparing for the Bombay Secondary School Certificate Examination of March 1957. Last year nine children were successful in the Cambridge. We hope to improve on that this year. Sixteen children sat in October for the Bombay School of Art Examinations, the results of which we expect in a fortnight's time. Owing to the unfortunate illness of our Music Mistress we have not been able to enter any candidates for the Trinity College of Music Examinations this year.

I said last year that the Educational Inspector did not think we were making sufficient progress in the national language or in the regional language, Marathi. As far as Hindi is concerned, we are all agreed that we must aim at high proficiency. Our children must feel equally at home in both English and Hindi. I have increased the number of teaching periods devoted to Hindi and have started teaching it from Standard IV, although Government lays down we should start only in Standard V.

As regards Marathi, many of our children are greatly handicapped owing to their parents' transfers from place to place. It is not very unusual to find a child who has within the space of 4 or 5 years had to struggle with Malayalam or Tamil, Bengali, Gujarati and lastly Marathi here. Though we have not been successful yet in persuading Government to exempt children whose parents' work takes them to different parts of the country, we have not given up the struggle.

A few years ago the teaching of English was very much in the melting pot. Now the consensus of informed opinion seems to be that more time should be given to the language and that it should be taught compulsorily for at least six years in secondary schools. We believe also that our schools will have the right to affiliate to any University in India, so that should one decide to make the regional language the medium of instruction, our pupils will be able to continue higher education in English at another. There is also a move to administer the Cambridge Examinations in India under a Council approved by the Central Government. I mention these likely developments to allay any fears parents may have of the continuance of the kind of education our schools provide.

We still continue to receive very considerable grants from Government. A large part of the money comes from a special grant made available for the maintenance of Anglo-Indian children whose



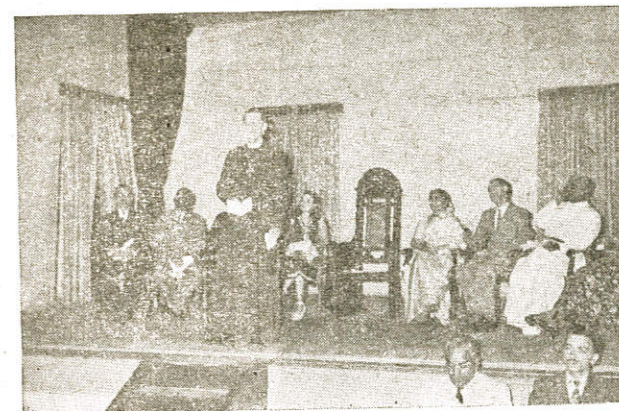
parents are earning small salaries. The Bombay Education Society was founded for this purpose and more than most schools we have been able to help those in need. It is quite clear, however, that Government will only continue this special grant for a few more years. We will continue to help the less fortunate children; but we are not likely to be able to do so much. The School Committee has, therefore, decided that where applications for assistance are more than available places, preference should be given to scholastic ability and that those who are not benefiting from our education will have to make room for others more likely to do so. To put it quite plainly, children must work or get out. Perhaps, with General Elections next year it is not safe to prophesy, but all the indications are that after 1960 we shall not receive any Government grants at all. Should that be so we shall be able even then to offer parents a good, sound education and training for less than they would have to pay at comparable schools elsewhere.

Besides the normal School subjects, we find time for Arts and Crafts and following the Prize Giving we invite you all to see some of our children's work. Many of you have witnessed our Annual Class Plays this year. Though, perhaps, it is not for me to say it, I do honestly believe we are achieving a very respectable standard. This year, under the leadership of Mr. MacInnes we have started a School Band, which has played for us on a number of occasions and once publicly in Deolali. We have started in a small way, but already I have heard talk of wind and string instruments and even of substituting the word orchestra for Band. Who knows!

Our School games have been as many and as keenly contested as ever as I believe those who have seen them will agree. Last year we were not able to have any Swimming Competitions, but this year, owing to heavy rain, we have had a full programme. In April when we met our Sister School in games we made a clean sweep of every event and at Divali we defeated our Old Boys in the Annual Cricket match, something we do not often do. We are grateful for the helpful co-operation of the Army with whom most of our outside matches are played. Through the kindness of Colonel Bakhshi three experts from the Artillery Centre judged our Inter-House Drill and Gymnastic Competitions. We are also the proud possessors of a very handsome Silver Cup presented to us by Colonel Bakhshi and All Ranks of the Centre.

For the past five years I have been able to report that our health has been good and that we have been free from epidemics.

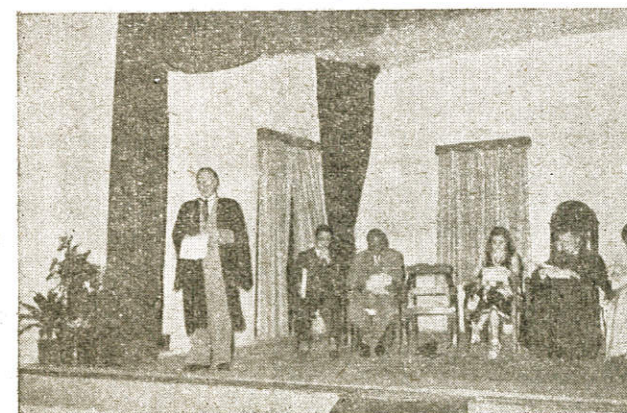
## PRIZE DAY



The Bishop of Nasik  
addressing the Audience



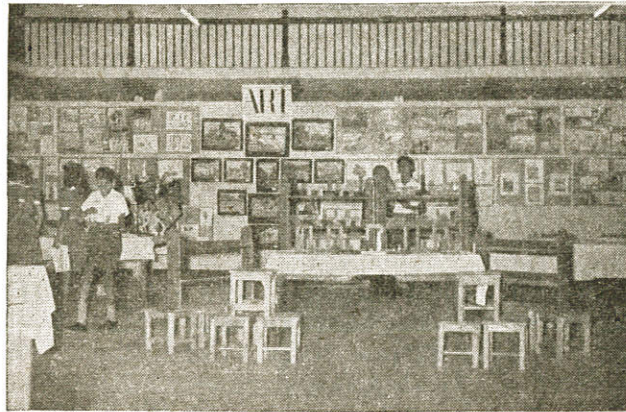
History & Housecraft



The Headmaster's Address



## Handicraft Exhibition



General View



General View



Art Section

I am sorry I cannot say the same this year. Since October we have had chicken pox in epidemic form. I believe it is almost over now, those children still in hospital being over the worst and nearly ready for discharge. It seems to have affected our day scholars as well as boarders. There has been the inevitable loss of study, but we have considered the cases of those who had to miss examinations. If their general work throughout the year has been good we have given them promotion. We have had illness among the Staff, too; Mrs. Athavle, our Caterer, Mrs. Brown, Music Mistress, and just recently, our Hospital Sister has broken her arm. I am grateful to members of staff who have helped by doing extra duties in these emergencies.

During the year we have welcomed new members of the teaching staff. Mr. Eastwood, who was with us for six months in 1954, has rejoined us. He teaches English and Geography in the Senior School. Mrs. D. Frederick has taken charge of Standard I; Mrs. Solders is teaching Arithmetic in the Junior School; Mr. MacKenzie, Geography and English in the Middle School and Mr. Pai Angle is our Marathi expert. Mrs. A. Frederick has been the House Matron of Lloyd House since February.

Since June our Chaplain, the Revd. Canon D. G. Stevens has been on leave in England. Our Bishop has taken most of our Church Services. We are grateful to him and other visiting priests for enabling us to continue our regular Church duties each Sunday. In June Mr. & Mrs. Ninan left us to take other posts in Poona. Now at the end of the year we are losing Mrs. Brown who is planning to go to England soon and Mr. MacInnes who will be away for a year completing his teacher's training at St. Mary's Training College, Poona.

Mr. MacKenzie and Miss Staggs became engaged in September and are planning to get married during the coming holidays. Another engagement has also been announced - Miss Meneaud and Mr. MacInnes. On behalf of us all I wish them every happiness.

I cannot close without expressing my thanks to all my staff for their support and co-operation throughout the year. I am glad to have been able to appoint Mr. Job as House Master of Candy/Greaves House; Mrs. D. Frederick as House Mistress of Haig Brown House; Mrs. Fernandes as 1st Assistant Mistress and Mr. Eastwood as acting first Assistant Master. I have a good staff and with their help I am sure the School will go from strength to strength.

W. R. Coles.  
HEADMASTER.



## THE GREAT SACRIFICE

I am extremely fond of the pleasant, green country side. I had just come to spend a short holiday in the country. I had overworked myself in the office and had become quite unfit for work. The doctor advised me to request the firm to grant me a short holiday during which I could have time to revive my strength and energy. But although leave for two weeks was granted, the busy town-life did me no good and I decided to leave for a quiet, lonesome, peaceful countryside place. I thought that the fresh air and rich, healthy climate would suit me well. During my stay in the small village, I developed a habit of walking long distances.

I was walking dreamily one day, appreciating and enjoying the beauties of nature. The little hills in the distance were clothed and adorned with an abundant species of trees and the level, green fields were dotted with sheep and cattle. The lambs skipped in a most delightful manner and perhaps were the only active creatures my eyes could behold. The rest was calm and serene. The only sound was that of the streamlets which had appeared due to the rainy weather, gushing down the hill slopes and through the dense foliage which coloured the hills. On the border of each hill was a cluster of mud huts. But one hill was deserted, without any huts.

This aroused my curiosity a little. I examined the hill closely. It was just as pleasant in appearance as the other hills. There was no difference in height in the hills. Then why was this particular hill deserted, uninhabited and neglected? There must be a substantial reason for it. It was my curiosity which attracted me towards the hut. Approaching nearer I made a petty and negligible discovery, which I had overlooked. On the summit there was a very small temple. This should have satisfied my curiosity because I thought that the villagers had stayed away from the hill where God dwelt. I thought that this might have been a mark of respect.

I should have returned to the hotel by now, but an unknown power dragged me up the hill. I was near the temple now and the closer I went to the entrance the more conscious I became of a mighty fear clutching me. I had entered now and had hardly proceeded a yard or two when suddenly, mocking, feminine laughter resounded in the silent place. I looked around but found no one. Then, just as suddenly as it had started, it stopped. A ghastly fear clutched me and I had a wild idea of screaming and running away from the place, but neither tongue nor legs would function. Then

a voice spoke quietly, gently, and mournfully. It was almost a whisper of a feminine voice.

"You are a stranger but you will soon be informed of who I am, why I am here and what happened to me". The voice melted away in a sob. I was bewildered. I looked everywhere but the speaker could not be seen.

I had had enough and was on the verge of rushing out, but again the feminine voice stopped me. This time it was spoken between sobs. The woman was praying this time and the voice definitely came from inside. I dominated my feeling of terror and went into the interior of the temple. A huge stone statue was placed there and at its foot there lay a mass of roses filling the air with fragrance. There were a variety of large English roses of crimson, snow-white, pink with a bright orange, red and yellow fading into white colours. They seemed to compete in their fragrance, colour and size. The woman who had spoken was now visible, lying at the foot of the stone figure. She was an Indian, dressed in richly, gorgeously coloured clothes, and sparkling, expensive jewellery decorated her from head to foot.

"O God", she cried, "I have just presented you with the best and rarest roses, offered to you for many years. I have offered clothes, jewels and money and many other desirable things but you have no wish to grant my paltry desire—a child of my own". Then she glanced at the statue's hands, of which one palm was missing, probably due to some disaster. Then she spoke more gently but firmly, "Perhaps I have not offered anything desirable but to-day I have a different offering for you".

So saying she glanced at her palm, coloured with designs and she looked again and before she could change her mind and before I could make a move to prevent her rash action, she drew a dagger which had been lying near and chopped off her hand from the wrist. The dagger was sharp; the stroke was cruel, rash and powerful. This was followed by a sharp scream which made me collapse with horror. There was a painful sigh, a stifled sob and the body curled up. Her cut hand lay among the roses dripping blood endlessly and mingling with the red roses.

I was struck dumb and I only stared from the doorway. Suddenly I became aware of my position and surroundings. The most horrifying thoughts rushed through my mind. What a terrible



sacrifice, I thought, but instantly corrected myself and changed it into, what a great, great sacrifice. It was the most blood-curdling scene that I had ever witnessed. I, who had never seen a person dying, felt that the sight was freezing my blood. But strange to say, I still stood like a limbless person. Several thoughts mingled with confused feelings to form a great tangle.

Afterwards, I thought it strange that no one had heard the woman's fatal scream, but probably the temple was deserted and I at once answered my own questions. Other people must have experienced the same things in this temple and dared not venture to enter the haunted place.

Nevertheless, to continue with my story, I stood glued to the spot still staring at the scene that would move even the stones with pity and remorse. As I watched without a blink, the outlines of the woman, the roses, the ghastly blood stained dagger became lighter and the bright colours of her garment and the shine of her jewels seemed to fade. This process continued till no signs of anything were left. I hardly knew whether I had been dreaming or was awake. I rubbed my eyes. The only thing left in the temple was the massive stone-God. The room looked rather bare and drab. The colour, life and beauty of the room had vanished in the air.

I now hurried out, feeling that if I stayed another minute I would go mad. But again the woman's voice stopped me.

"Stranger, you know my story now. Never come here again, for I have made this temple my residence, and no one has the right to step into it."

The voice belonged to the woman who was now invisible, for afterwards I distinctly heard the jingle of her gold anklets as she seemed to walk away. Then the mocking feminine laughter filled the air.

Fear seized me and I stumbled down the hill. I ran all the way across the green fields feeling that the woman was following me. I dared not look back. The unforgettable laughter rang in my ears. The dreadful events kept repeating themselves in front of my eyes like a celluloid film.

I was completely exhausted by the time I reached the hotel and

clearly felt the need of a good rest. Even as I slept, the experiences of the day kept recurring in my dreams.

I was glad to start my work at the office and absorb myself in my occupations so that the ghastly, haunting fear would be erased from my mind.

Nergish Dordi. Std. X.

## The Cross Country

Cross Country running is a regular feature of school life here. This is due to the fact that the school is advantageously situated in open country. All around is the Deccan plateau with undulating land and the Western Ghats in the distance. There are numerous brooks and quite a few low hills.

Cross Country running begins in the first term, that is, in January and continues till the Inter House competitions in August



Each House Captain is responsible for the training of his House. There are altogether five sections in which the boys run: Midgets, Novices, Juniors, Inters, and Seniors. This division into sections is determined according to age. The course over which they run varies according to the section from about one mile for the Midgets to about four miles for the Seniors.

This year the competitions were held on August 8th, after having been postponed from the 6th due to torrential rain. The 8th turned out to be a fine day but the running was heavy going. In many parts the ground was soggy and the brooks were overflowing. In spite of all this the boys ran gamely. There were only two casualties.



The competitions started at 1 p.m. with the Midgets, followed by the other sections, leaving an interval of ten to fifteen minutes between the start of each section. The most gruelling part of the race is the last slope near the finish.

This year the winners were:

Midgets	Robin Jackson	Royal House
Novices	Peter Jackson	Royal House
Juniors	Jeffrey White	Royal House
Inters	Gordon Brackstone	Greaves House
Seniors	Derek Symss	Candy House

Derek Symss missed breaking the record by three seconds.

The final results were:

Royal House	First	3.67 points
Candy House	Second	2.94 points
Greaves House	Third	2.71 points
Spence House	Fourth	2.67 points



(L. to R.) D. Symss, J. White, P. Jackson, R. Jackson, G. Brackstone.

## Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints in the sands of time."

As I am Captain of Joan of Arc House, I am proud to write this story of our patroness. She lived during the 15th century at Domremi in north east France. She had the presence of mind and the ability to think in times of danger and emergency, and it was this that enabled Joan to think clearly and promptly. It was akin to courage, for reasoning powers quickly yield to tyranny of fears. She had a ready wit, and she did not lose her reputation for sagacity in time of danger.

Joan was a general favourite in her village. She was energetic good-tempered and kind-hearted. Her heart was troubled when she heard of the sorry plight of her beloved land. France at this time was mostly in English hands. She was moreover in financial difficulties, and was expecting shortly to lose that part she still controlled.

When Joan was thirteen she became devoutly religious. She loved quiet and solitude for meditation. She often took her dog out, and watched her father's sheep while she worked an altar cloth with exquisite embroidery.

Often on the breezy hillsides she knelt down to pray, and while she prayed she heard "heavenly voices" and saw visions of the patron saint of the soldiers. Their message was that she should go to the Dauphin, lead his troops to victory and free France from the invaders. When she told her family this they tried to dissuade her, but Joan was determined to obey the "voices". Such is the power of consecration that she overcame the opposition and reached the Dauphin, and won his belief in her mission.

Now, clothed in shining armour and with the golden lilies banner of France waving high above her head, she led an enthusiastic army to the relief of the walled city of Orleans, which the English were besieging. She cut boldly through the enemy and entered the city. In four days she sent the enemy flying. This was in May 1422, when she was just seventeen.

Joan now regarded her mission as finished and asked permission to return to her home. She declared her unfitness to remain at the



head of the army as her heavenly 'voices' had deserted her. But the King persuaded her to remain and she consented. Joan then marched against the Burgundians but she was defeated, taken prisoner and sold as a war prize to the English. For months she was in a gloomy prison and was subjected to shameful indignities and a long trial.

Delivered to her enemies and abandoned to her fate by an ungrateful king, she defended herself in her trial with great skill and courage. But in the end she was convicted of witchcraft and burnt at the stake in May 1431.

On May 16th, 1920, five hundred years later, she was canonised. The immortal deeds and the piteous death of the 'Maid of Orleans' have inspired sculptors, poets, painters and even film directors. But to France she has been for long the nation's best loved heroine.

Annette Harris. Std. IX.

—: o :—

Speaking of Lincoln, a lawyer in Wellington halted his son on his way to a night of frivolity. "Son, when Abe Lincoln was your age he was busy studying law every night."

The son yawned. "Yeah, and when he was your age, Dad, he was President."

—————

Throughout the battle Paddy kept close to his Colonel, following him wherever he went. When the battle was over the Colonel called for Paddy.

'You were very brave today', he said. 'But why did you want to risk your life for me?'

The soldier thought for a moment.

'Well, it was like this, sir', he said. 'When I was home on leave my wife said to me: Always keep close to the Colonel in battle. Those fellows never get killed.'

—: o :—

## On Ambition

The desire to distinguish oneself either in the satisfaction of one's own ends or in the service of humanity, is ambition. It is a strong impulse which arouses a man to action and under its influence a man is capable of doing things and of undergoing all sorts of hardships. Ambition is a passion which is both useful and bad. Seeing that it gives an impetus to work it is useful, for upon it rests the improvement of the world. There is a motive behind all work and but for this no one would have stirred his little finger to do anything. In many cases this motive is supplied by ambition. If the hearts of men had not been fired by ambition there would have been no civilisation, no inventions and no discoveries. No one would have taken the pains to write books or to make scientific experiments or to voyage to different parts of the world in search of new lands, were there not a desire behind their efforts to serve humanity or to acquire distinction. The progress and prosperity of a country are, to a considerable extent, due to the lifelong endeavours of ambitious men. This ambition is really aspiration. On the other hand, ambition which leads men only to seek their own ends by fair means or foul, is positively bad. Such men look only to their own interests and adopt unfavourable methods to serve their own ends.

Thus there are two forms of ambition, noble and ignoble. A man, inspired with noble ambitions pays no heed to himself. He does not run after fame or wealth. His sole desire is to do good to humanity, to remove humanity's sufferings and wants and to make life tolerable for his suffering fellow creatures. In fact such a man dedicates his life entirely to the service of mankind. He welcomes all dangers and difficulties, all criticisms and opposition, if by that he can be of use to society. The life ambition of the well-known philanthropist, John Howard, was to bring about a reform in the prison system of his country. He clung to his resolve persistently and even risked his own life but never gave up his attempt. John Milton, the famous epic poet of England cherished an ambition from his very youth to write something which would benefit the world. The result of this ambition was the production of *Paradise Lost* which made him immortal. Ambition such as this is ever praiseworthy and should be cherished by all.

As opposed to this is the other form of ambition which is ignoble. A man with such ambition is busy looking after his selfish ends. He cares nothing for humanity nor the world. He is satisfied if his own desires are fulfilled. He is always running after wealth, fame



and power, and to achieve these he does not hesitate to stoop to crime or dishonesty. He disregards the warnings of reason and conscience. Mercy and pity have no place in his heart. His sole aim in life is to secure the objects of his ambition. Such ambition instead of ennobling man, only brings his degradation. It is better to have no ambition at all than have such a mean ambition. The mighty conqueror, Alexander the Great's ambition was to master the world. This ambition led him on his expeditions of conquest. Without mercy he laid waste many countries and destroyed the works of Art and Nature. He marked every place he invaded with bloodshed, famine and pestilence. Such is the nature of misdirected ambition and so it should always be avoided.

Thus we see that ambition, if it is noble and disinterested, is good. It should be the aim of everyone in the world to cherish the ambition of bettering the world. But in this selfish world of ours it is difficult to find men filled with such noble ambition. The duty before us, therefore, is to increase the number of men with noble ambitions.

Melvyn Peacock Std. IX.

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A Pennsylvania coal miner was being sworn in during a court action. His hands were jet black.

'Take off your gloves', roared the judge.

'And you, judge, put on your glasses', replied the miner.

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4. It was late at night; the taxi had pulled up suddenly, and the man from Aberdeen got out and fumbled in his pockets. Finally he handed a coin to the driver.

'I've known folks to give a bit over', grumbled the taxi driver.

'Aye', replied the Aberdonian, 'that's why I asked ye to stop under the light.'

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## FOOTBALL

The second term always sees the boys return fully prepared for the wet and enjoyable football season. Boats and stockings are compared in the dormitories, and there is much speculation as to who will gain a place in the School XI, and which House will win the Inter House tournament.

This year there were two things to look forward to—our fixture against St. Peter's, Panchgani, and our participation in the Shekkan



Shield tournament at Nasik. Under the able guidance of our young and enthusiastic coach, Mr. MacInnes, we had beaten St. Peter's and lost in the second round of the Nasik tournament last year. We were therefore eager to repeat our fine performance. Training started early, and promising players were helped to make the grade. The results of our friendly fixtures with local teams were satisfactory.

Midway through the season we learned to our disappointment that the fixture with St. Peter's was off. However, Mr. MacInnes kept us on our toes for the Nasik tournament.

After our usual practice rounds the Inter House tournament commenced. The games were keen and hard and evenly contested.



Greaves and Spence emerged victorious with an equal number of points, while Candy and Royal tied for the third place.

The wet weather we experienced this year afforded ideal conditions. In order that those who did not gain a place in their House teams might not feel left out, we drew up two teams which we called Dragonflies and Moths, and turned them loose on the field twice a week.

Unfortunately we were drawn against the Artillery Centre, last year's winners, for our first game in the Nasik tournament. I was unable to play owing to a strained thigh muscle. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman who are closely connected with Barnes, were present, and wished us luck before we took the field.

The game was fast and furious. As always, the team showed its mettle, and in the first half completely flustered the opposing team. Derek Symss banged home the first goal to the accompaniment of loud cheers from the spectators. Excitement ran fever high among the crowd which was decidedly pro-Barnes. Those of us who were there literally jumped for joy.

At "lemon" time we were leading by one goal. On the resumption of play the better and heavier team attacked determinedly. Most of the time only Richard Roberts the youngest and smallest member of the team stood between them and the goal. He dived, punched and collected to foil the onrushing forwards time and again. Despite his valiant efforts, the net was found four times before the end of play. We returned vanquished but in high spirits. Our coach was more than pleased with our play. Thus we made our exit from the tournament. The game had been a fitting climax to the football season.

### The Team.

- R. Roberts : he is our promising custodian. He shows fine anticipation, tackles and collects the ball well.
- K. Brown : is the left full back. He plays a hard and sound game, clears well and is dependable.
- B. Jashanmal : is the right full back. He is dependable and plays an untiring game.
- M. Jashanmal : he plays at left half back and is the Vice Captain. He is reliable and has the reputation for sticking to his man; clears and 'feeds' well.
- E. Cox : he plays at centre half back and is the Captain. As pivot, he functions efficiently, aiding the

forwards mainly by his accurate distribution and shooting.

- I. Khonji : is the right half back. He is a trifle slow on his feet but is an aggressive player.
- G. Brackstone : plays outside left. He is fast with the ball, but lacks control and the ability to centre accurately.
- M. Peacock : plays inside left. He is quite a dashing player but lacks restraint and a strong and effective finish. He will improve with experience.
- K. Narsi : is the centre forward. He does not quite 'spearhead' the attack but he combines well with the forwards.
- D. Symss : is the inside right. He plays a fair and spirited game. He must develop a stronger finish.
- S. Ranjiwala : is the outside right. He is fast with the ball and sometimes centres well. He should learn to control the ball more.

Eugene Cox. Captain.



Front Row : (L. to R.) K. Narsi, T. Roberts, [redacted] D. Symss.  
 Middle Row : (L. to R.) G. Brackstone, E. Cox (Capt.), Mr. MacInnes, K. Brown, M. Peacock.  
 Back Row : (L. to R.) I. Khonji, B. Jashanmal, M. Jashanmal, S. Ranjiwala.



## My Summer Vacation

Our Terminal Examinations were over and our holidays had begun. They were to last a month. My family decided to go to the beautiful city of Jaipur. I longed for the day to come when we would leave.

Soon the day came, and we left Devlali for Jaipur. We travelled by car. On the way I especially enjoyed the beauties of Nature, the cultivated areas of land, and the singing of the beautiful birds of various kinds.

It took us two days to reach Jaipur. The first night we halted at Indore. As we entered the Rajasthan border we saw many camels, some large and some small. As it was my first visit to Jaipur, I was surprised to see the size of the roads, and that all the houses were painted red. The people wore gaily coloured dresses.

On the day of our arrival in Jaipur we started our sight-seeing. First we saw the Hawai Mahal, the Palace of Winds, which is one of the most interesting and picturesque sights of the city. Then we saw the Jantar Mantar, the largest observatory in India and erected by M. Jai Singh II. It contains astronomical masonry and is the only one of its kind in the world. Then we visited Amber Fort, the first ancient capital of Jaipur. We also saw the museum which is famous for its lovely collection.

The days passed very quickly and soon the day came when we left Jaipur for Devlali.

Ajayya Chitnis

Std. VI.

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A pickpocket went to visit his friend and told him that he had to give his watch as security to his lawyer.

‘Did he keep it?’ asked his friend.

‘I think he did’, replied the pickpocket.

## The Rainbow.

The colours in the sky  
Are prettier than a lady so shy;  
But the colours of heaven  
Form a bow of seven.

First comes violet,  
A beauty in the set;  
Then comes indigo,  
To suit the pretty bow

Third comes blue,  
Far better than the best shoe;  
Next comes yellow,  
The jolly little fellow;

After which comes green,  
Fourth in the screen;  
Next comes orange,  
Ending the pretty range.

And last is red,  
As it always is said;  
And so, these colours you will spy,  
When you next see a rainbow in the sky.

Sam P. Dalal.

Std. VI.

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I was walking down the road when I saw a young man coming. I asked him what time it was. He took out his set square, ruler and protractor. After measuring the angle of the sun, and after some calculations he told me it was about 2-15 p.m.

I looked at him curiously and asked: ‘Sir, how do you find out the time on a rainy or cloudy day?’

He smiled and said, ‘In that case I look at my watch’.



## An Indian hero—Shivaji.

Shivaji, the great Maratha warrior, and one of the heroes of India was born in 1627. His father was Shahaji Bhonsle, a Jagirdar in the court of the ruler of Bijapur. Jijibai, a lady of remarkable character, was Shivaji's mother and the fact that mothers are the makers of men was amply illustrated by her in Shivaji's case. It was from his mother that Shivaji derived his profound religious instincts and his exceptional strength of character.

Belonging to the warrior race, Shivaji did not learn either to read or write. Stories of ancient Indian heroes would give him great pleasure and he would never be tired of listening to them. The brave deeds filled his young mind with a noble and heroic ambition, and even as a youth, he yearned to establish an independent Hindu Kingdom. Though without a liberal education Shivaji was trained in all that was necessary for a young warrior and all sorts of manly exercises had a fascination for the young hero. He turned out to be an expert horseman and swordsman, and became an expert in the use of the lance, and he was not at all inferior to the best men. He gave ample proof of his daring enterprise and soon he became famous as a brave and hardy warrior.

At the early age of 17, Shivaji began his military career. His daring spirit appealed to the young Marathas and Shivaji was soon successful in organising a band of brave and young warriors. At the head of this band, he started on his career of conquest. At that time India was against them. He began by taking some hill forts belonging to the Sultan of Bijapur. Fort after fort yielded to the Maratha warrior, till at last he came into conflict with the Moghul Emperor, Aurangzeb. Aurangzeb found Shivaji a brave warrior and was sorely troubled by him. A long feud between the Marathas and the Moghuls continued, at the end of which, Shivaji came out successful. In this way Shivaji succeeded in establishing a powerful and extensive Hindu Kingdom, which he had desired when he was a youth.

Shivaji was such a mighty warrior that he compelled Aurangzeb to yield to him. His special knack in capturing hill fortresses secured him the title of "the mountain-rat". His organising powers were great and he seemed to have been born a leader of men. Though as a warrior he had to destroy and kill, yet as a man he was kind and generous. He was shrewd and outwitted in shrewdness even the crafty Aurangzeb. He was a dutiful son and his reverence

for his mother and preceptor was proverbial. Shivaji died in 1680 at Rajgarh.

An account of Shivaji's life would be incomplete without at least one story illustrating his courage, shrewdness and cool and deliberate action. Aurangzeb being tired of his frequent raids on his territory resolved to kill him by means of treachery. A proposal of peace was sent to him and he was asked to meet one of Aurangzeb's generals, Afzal Khan, alone and unarmed to talk over terms. It was arranged that the Moghul general too should be unarmed and alone, but as a matter of fact, a Moghul army was kept in hiding at the place where the meeting was to take place with instructions that they were to rush out at a given signal. Shivaji readily assented to the proposal, but shrewd as he was he scented treachery, put on a shirt of mail below his civilian dress and armed himself with a tiger's claws made of steel and fitted into the palm of the hand. Thus armed, he went to the place of meeting and an apparently careless but close scrutiny revealed to him the ambush which had been set for him. When Afzal Khan advanced to meet him, he went forward and clasped him in a tight embrace and at the same time tearing open his stomach with a single stroke of his tiger's claws.

Other stories such as to how he escaped from Moghul captivity in a basket of sweets or how he made a surprise attack on a Moghul palace at dead of night through the pretension of a marriage procession which was in reality his soldiers in disguise are too well known to be repeated.

Shivaji's hold on his followers rested on his intense devotion to the cause of Hindism as also on his skill in warfare and his capacity for organization. He was very pious. Late in his life, he even contemplated the sacrifice of his own life in a temple, after the manner of some devotees.

Discipline was strictly enforced among his followers. He organized the army, the administration of his kingdom, the revenue system with the skill of a genius. The passing away of Shivaji has been to many millions in India, the loss of a great and fearless champion of Hinduism.

Eugene Cox. Std. XI.

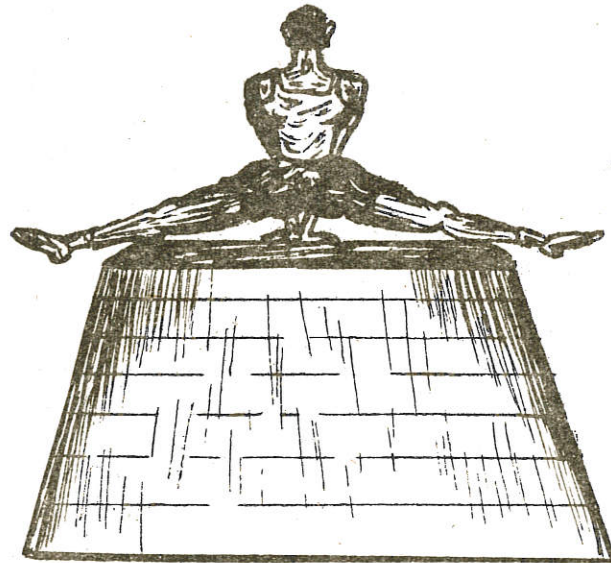
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## P. T. DISPLAY

This year we held the Annual Inter House P.T. competition on August 28th. After strenuous practice for two weeks the display took place in Evans Hall at 1 p.m. Lieut. Kerr, Havildars Hain Singh and Veeraswamy, three experts from the Artillery Centre, were the judges.

At 1 p.m., when all the visitors had arrived, the competition began with Helen Keller doing their exercises. Then came Florence



Nightingale, followed by Joan of Arc, and last of all Edith Cavell. When the girls had finished their exercises, they showed us a few vaults on the box.

When this was over the boys got ready for their exercises. Royal House ran in first, followed by Greaves, Candy and Spence, in that order. On the whole they did their exercises well. As soon as the P.T. was finished, the gymnastics began. Six boys were selected from each House; three from the Juniors and three from the Seniors. The Juniors started off by diving over three obstacles on to the mat. After this the actual vaults began.

When the Juniors had finished the Seniors began by first jumping over three obstacles, then five. The box-work was well done.

After the gymnastics the girls did their ground formations, which was followed by the boys' pyramids. All the pyramids were good, but the general opinion was that Spence and Greaves were more outstanding.

The pyramid building marked the end of the P.T. competition, and after Mr. Coles and the rest of the school had given three cheers for the judges, we went downstairs to await the results which Mr. King, the wizard of numbers, was busily working out. Ten minutes later we were told the results by Mr. Coles. They were as follows :

### GIRLS

- 1st : Joan of Arc
- 2nd: Florence Nightingale
- 3rd : Edith Cavell
- 4th : Helen Keller

### Best Girl Gymnast

- Senior : Shirley White
- Junior ; Gladys Fernandes

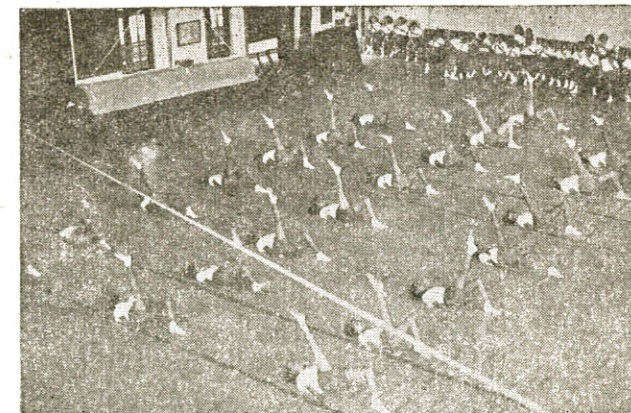
### BOYS

- 1st : Spence
- 2nd: Greaves
- 3rd: Candy
- 4th : Royal

### Best Boy Gymnast

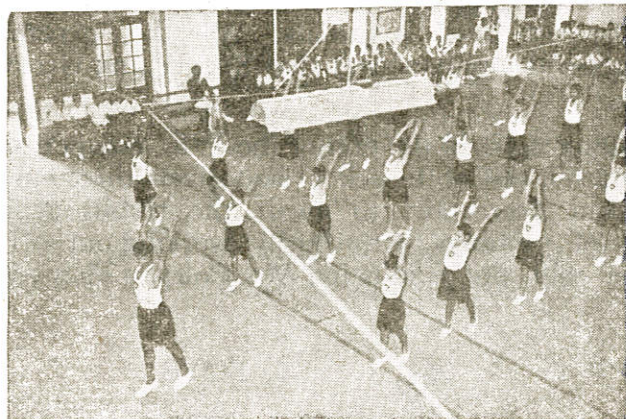
- Senior : Adrian Brown
- Junior : Harry Power.

D. Wainwright.

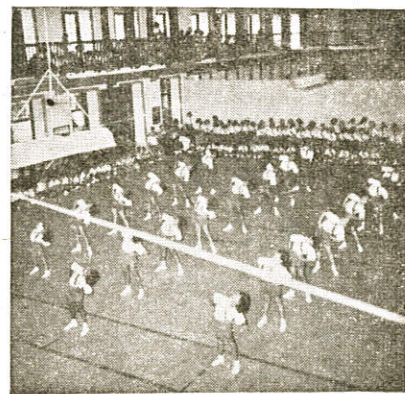


Florence Nightingale

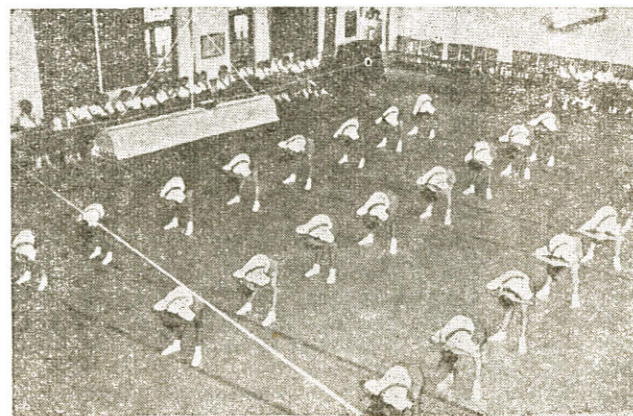




Greaves



Joan of Arc



Edith Cavell

## Exercise and good posture.

Besides food, fresh air and sunshine, exercise is another of the "musts" for keeping fit and well. When you exercise, you breathe faster. Your heart beats faster and your blood circulates quicker. Your active muscles are thus supplied with the extra food and oxygen they need. You feel better, both mentally and physically. When you are angry, discouraged, or sorry for yourself, taking a brisk walk or "shooting" a few baskets is almost sure to make you see things in a better light.

Outdoor exercise not only helps you to keep well, but it makes you look attractive because of the clear skin and sparkling eyes it helps to bring about. In exercising you should take care not to strain your muscles. The stiffness and soreness that result from doing strenuous work are signs that the muscles have been strained. You may also strain your muscles by trying hard to do some single movement which requires more strength than your muscles possess. But exercise strengthens muscles. The advantage of having strong muscles is that they help you to carry yourself well.

Those who carry themselves with heads up, chests out and chins in, are much more attractive than those whose shoulders droop and whose heads seem to be leading them. Good athletes rarely slump as they move about. Girls and women are chosen as models in clothing stores as much for their good posture as for their attractive faces. Badly drooping shoulders and a bent back may cramp the chest and interfere with breathing, circulation and the action of the digestive organs.

Tehmina Ferzandi. Std. X.

A young Army medical officer, ordered to report for active duty, brought his wife and three children along. Because of the housing shortage near the base where he was stationed, the officer and his family had to put up with some pretty cramped quarters in a hotel. One day, several members of the medical unit dropped in for a visit.

"Isn't it too bad you don't have a home?" one of the senior officers asked the six-year-old daughter.

"Oh, we have a home," replied the philosophic youngster. "We just don't have a house to put it in."



## Independence Day.

Like other schools, universities and institutions, our school celebrated Independence Day in all earnestness. It was on the 15th August, 1947, when India became free from any internal domination and got her independence. It is because of this that people all over India celebrate it in all solemnity and hold it in high esteem. Our school celebrated this day, the ninth anniversary.

The day dawned fair and the national flag fluttered in the cool morning breeze, on the flag staff opposite the Administration Block. After breakfast the members of the staff, boys and girls, assembled in Evans Hall where we were to spend some time to pay homage to our country. The Staff took their seats on the stage. The Scouts in their uniform stood to the right; the Bulbuls and the Girl Guides were on the left; the remaining boys and girls occupied the rest of the hall. A small National Flag was placed in the centre, before the stage, folded up.

There was an inspiring silence and when everyone was seated, the Headmaster addressed the school. He gave us a general view of the significance of this day and made us understand why we were assembled in this manner. He went on further to point out to us that people all over India paid their respects and esteemed this day. He explained that it was essential for us to know these things before we stepped out into the world.

After the Headmaster had finished speaking, the Scout Troop Leader, Kishen Narsi, unfolded the flag. Then Mr. Job, followed by Mr. Pai Angle were called upon to give us talks in Hindi and Marathi, respectively. In his talk Mr. Job gave us some advice. Then Mr. Pai Angle spoke. He got down to brass tacks and unfolded the meaning of the tricolour, and the reason why the Asoka wheel is in the centre. He wound up by advising us that we were performing a duty which we should be proud of. The ceremony then ended.

The rest of the day was spent in a swimming gala and 'pagal' sports. They were not serious, but were held more for fun. At any rate we enjoyed them.

The day was coming to an end. We wound our way up to our Blocks. Another Independence Day had ended in all tranquility and good will.

Rohinton Minocheri. Std. X.

## A Variety Entertainment

One wet Friday evening in August we had a Variety Entertainment. Actually it was the boys' idea.

We all assembled in the School Hall after supper. The curtain went up on the first item which was a song by Candy House seniors. They made it up themselves. Then Jemma Johnson did a ballet dance very gracefully.

Thomas Roberts, a Spence House boy, did an Indian dance. He was dressed in a sari and looked every bit like a girl, but the dance, though quite good, finished very quickly.

Bunny Irani, my brother, sang an Indian song which we all enjoyed. Then Gladys Fernandes, Angela Fernandes, Muriel Lawrensen and Jemma Johnson did a dance called the Fidgety Four. This was really very well done and everyone clapped loudly for it.

Scarlet Harris sang two songs which she knew very well. She has a very nice voice. Spence House play was 'Overacting'. I enjoyed this the best. The boys who took part in it were, Thomas Roberts, Keki Elavia, Harry Power, Richard Roberts and David Harper.

The Spence House Juniors acted 'The Operating Theatre' which was excellent. It was all done behind a sheet with a light reflected on it. We could see their shadows on the sheet performing the operation.

The last item was by Candy House seniors, 'The Coolie and the Sahib.' This was really good fun and we all laughed.

I hope everyone enjoyed the entertainment as much as I did.

Menka Irani. Std. V A.

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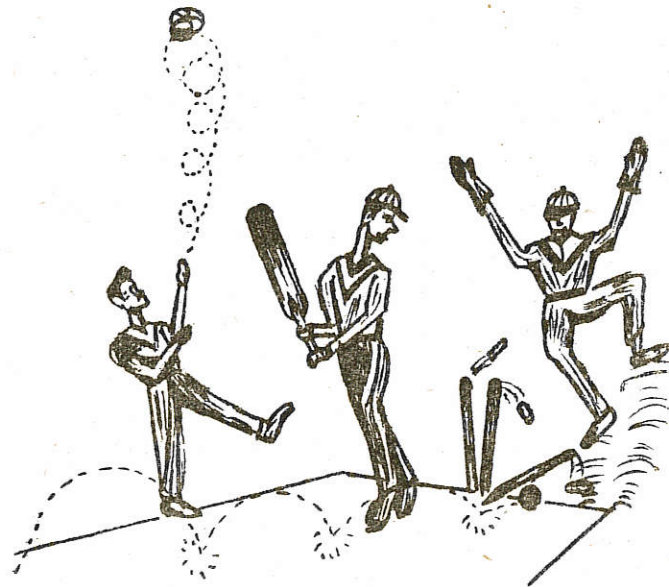
"I'm afraid someone very near to you is going to be disappointed over money," said a crystal gazer.

"You're very good," smiled the client. "And very right. I've come out without any money to-day."



# Cricket

I hope my readers will pardon my digression on this school activity. Cricket can claim a longer history than any other team game. Historians have attempted to trace its origin in various ball games played in ancient times, and even if they have not succeeded in their attempts, we can at least say that 250 years ago the game was being played in a form not so very dissimilar from that of today.



Hampshire in England, and especially Surrey and Kent really pioneered this game which was later to be taken so seriously at the other end of England.

Although cricket spread quickly over England and became known as 'England's national game', it met with little popularity on the continent of Europe. Apart from Canada, the Commonwealth countries have been enthusiastic, and India, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, the West Indies and Pakistan turn out teams capable of holding their own against England.

Cricket is played enthusiastically in our school even. The teams try to win their matches for their respective Houses. Great keenness

is displayed right through, so that there is many a budding cricketer in all the divisions. This year the Inter House cricket cup was won by Greaves House and Spence House. The results were as follows :

Greaves and Spence	First	20 points each.
Candy and Royal	Third	18 points each.

Apart from the Inter House matches the school First Eleven had a busy and successful season. We played quite a number of friendly matches, both 'home' and 'away', against teams from Deylali and Nasik. Our first match of the season was against Jashanmal's XI, which we lost. Then we played the M.E.S. twice, drawing one match and winning the other. During the Divali celebrations we played our traditional match against the Old Boys. The school team won comfortably. We repeated the same performance against the Artillery Centre. One team proved too good for us and that was the Nasik Distillery who gave us a proper leather hunt.

## The Team

E. Cox ( Captain ), K. Narsi, V. Bahirwani, S. Ranjiwalla  
D. Symss, M. Jashanmal, A. Harris, R. Minocheri, J. Hanson,  
H. Kanai, G. M. Khan, I. Khonji (12th man.)

## 'A' Team

Most successful batsman : Mohan Jashanmal. 143 runs in 5 innings.  
Most successful bowler : Mohan Jashanmal. 25 wickets for 79 runs in 6 innings.

## 'B' Team

Most successful batsman : Jehangir Irani. 48 runs in 6 innings.  
Most successful bowler : Jehangir Irani. 34 wickets for 44 runs in 6 innings.

## 'C' Team

Most successful batsman : Jaswant Bawa. 39 runs in 4 innings.  
Most successful bowler : L. Nathani. 27 wickets for 21 runs in 5 innings.

D. Wainwright.



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WALKING STICK.

Everything upon this Earth is born, lives and dies. However, the birth, life and death vary largely, and perhaps it would be interesting to give a short account of how I passed through two of these stages.

I was a flaccid young branch hanging from an ebony tree and there were many others like me. I enjoyed the pleasures of Nature while in my raw state. The days went by without incident. I was developing and growing rigid and tenacious. From where I hung I commanded a good view of a range of houses sprawled in the distance, and I would contemplate on these when nothing else was amusing.

It was one of those days when I was sunbathing that I saw an old man enter our abode. His gaze travelled over us and was then riveted on me. I thought he was appreciating my beauty and exquisiteness. Then, much to my surprise, for some inexplicable reason, he brutally cut me down. I was torn apart from the others, a shooting pain tore through me, and the next instant I lay beside my unfortunate neighbours.

After the old man had cut down enough of us, he began to remove our covering, then shaved and polished us. But to make me look handsome, he was generous enough to give me a suit of bright colours. When he had done that, and when I had taken my last look at my neighbours, he put me on his back and made for the houses in the distance. Only then did I realise that I was of value and had commenced life in all earnest.

The next day I was hanging from a nail in the old man's shop. This was a new experience and I often felt sad and humiliated when I was taken down, scrutinized, and even roughly handled. It was not for long, however, for an amiable gentleman purchased me, and I left the shop and the old man to start on new adventures.

The man liked me very much and made good use of me. We became great friends. For my part, I gave him all the support he needed. I went under his weight without shrinking.

The days passed and nothing occurred to arouse my curiosity. Every day he made use of me, and he seemed immensely pleased with the service I gave him. When he had no more need of me I was put in a remote corner of the room for a rest, and there I would meditate on the events of the past.

Life, I thought, was rather dull. I had no new experiences but underwent a considerable amount of change. I was growing old, and due to the offending weight of my master, cracks appeared on my body. I was deprived of the shine and beauty which I first had and the lower end of my body was gradually wearing away.

It was one of those nights when the wind whistled furiously through the windows. My master snored violently, while I stood shivering in my secluded corner. Suddenly there was a thundering crash, and the wind roared through the room. Then resonant shots arose, furniture crashed, and the next moment I was clasped by my frantic master, who with immense fury sent me crashing on a hard surface. The form of a man vanished into obscurity, and only then did I realise that thieves had attacked the house.

A second thief reinforced the first thief, and in the struggle cold steel slipped into me, and as force was exerted I found myself splitting. What then happened I do not possess the power to tell for I was wrapped in black curtains of oblivion. When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying abandoned in a rubbish heap.

M. Peacock. Std. IX.

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The new boxer started to enter the corridor towards the ring.

'Isn't it a long distance from the dressing room to the ring there?'

'It sure is,' replied his manager, 'but don't worry. You won't have to walk back.'

A baby sardine was swimming happily with his mother when he saw his first submarine. He was frightened and quickly swam to his mother's side.

"Don't worry, dear," said his mother, "it's just a tin of people."



## HEAD GIRL

Alma Gomes was Head Girl this year. She came to Barnes during the second half of 1955 from St. Mary's School, Poona. She sat for her School Certificate in November and we hope she passes. When she leaves school in a few days, she intends going to New Delhi to join a large hospital there to do a nursing course. We hope that Alma will have great success there.

## HEAD BOY

Eguene Cox took over as Head Boy in June this year from Rudolph Harris who left school at the end of the first term. Eugene came to Barnes in 1954 from Christ Church School, Bombay. He sat for the School Certificate in November and we hope that he passes. He has had a successful year in every field, particularly sport, and we hope that after he leaves school the same success will follow him in whatever he does.



## MY LOVING LORD.

Christ died for you and me  
Without a word on Calvary's tree;  
Died that we might be forgiven,  
That in the end we might go to heaven

O, what pain Christ had to bear !  
He bore them all without a tear.  
Then He died on Good Friday,  
And arose on Easter Sunday.

Now Our Lord has conquered death,  
What He's done I can't forget,  
And we must try to be true,  
And gain victory o'er death too.

Vera Joy Smith.  
Std. VIII.

—: o :—

## MY GOLDFISH.

I have a little goldfish,  
And he is very gay;  
His eyes like little diamonds,  
They sparkle all the day.  
His fins like golden feathers,  
His tail a delicate fan;  
My funny little goldfish  
Would look sad in a pan.

Michaeljohn Fernandes  
Std. V B



## The Ex-Students' Annual Visit.

Divali is a time of great excitement in our school. The Divali dance, the annual sports, and the visit of the ex-students, all contribute to make the occasion a really enjoyable one.

The arrival of the party early on Friday morning heralded the approach of a hilarious week-end. The Head Boy and Head Girl found it undoubtedly a pleasant duty to meet the party at the station.

The celebrations started with the athletic sports at 3 p. m. The usual excitement prevailed throughout the meet. This year the March Past was made more spectacular by the Houses carrying their gaily coloured banners which shone brilliantly in the afternoon sun.

As the next day was Saturday it was decided to have a net-ball match against the ex-students. The school 'A' team and the ex-students were evenly matched, and it was difficult at first to say who would win. We all expected a well-balanced and lively game.

The ex-students won the toss and took the favourable side. The girls took the lead but failed at every attempt to shoot a goal. We were surprised at the agility and spirit of our opponents. They were taller than our girls and thus had the advantage in passing the ball, but the 'A' were not discouraged. The cheering heartened them and this helped them to steady their play and recover their position. At the end of the game the score stood at 8-4.

After a short interval the second team and the school 'B' took their positions on the court. Again the ex-students won the toss and took the favourable side. The game started and the girls took the lead. They did not get very far as they could hardly get the ball into their hands. The ex-students got the ball more often but unfortunately they did not have a good 'shoot'. Anyhow, it was an exciting game and it ended with the score at 4-2 in favour of our opponents.

The same evening we held our dance for which our school band, called the Barnicles, was in attendance. They played very well and helped to make the evening a great success.

On Sunday night a delightful performance named The Importance of Being Earnest was staged by Standard X. It was very well acted and appreciated by one and all.

After the play the ex-students bade us good-bye as they had to catch the night train for Bombay. Thus ended a perfect week-end which will remain fresh in my memory for many years.

Shirley Taylor Std. X

## SWIMMING

Swimming is a very popular sport in the school. We have a pool but its use depends upon the sort of monsoon we have. Last year because of a poor monsoon we were unable to hold the competition, but fortunately this year we had a good monsoon, so we were able to make good use of the pool, and many boys and girls have learnt to swim, while others have made considerable progress.

The pool is very favourably situated and there is quite a rustic scene around. On a sultry autumn afternoon the water is very inviting, and it is quite a common sight to see the younger boys particularly, splashing about.

This year the Inter House swimming competitions were held on the 5th December at 1-30 p.m. The Headmaster presided and the Educational Inspector who happened to be paying us a visit, gave away the prizes.

All the competitors showed a keen House spirit and good sportsmanship, and there were some exciting events, particularly the Boys' relay in the Senior Division.

Mr. Hoffman was the principal organiser for the boys and Miss Meneaud for the girls. The results of the competitions are given below :

### BOYS' EVENTS

#### Open

8 lengths free style :	K. Brown	1. A. Brown	2. G. Brackston	3 Time: 9'25.2"
2 lengths crawl :	K. Brown	1. A. Ray	2. M. Peacock	3 Time: 1'49.2"
1½ lengths crawl :	K. Brown	1. M. Peacock	2. A. Ray	3 Time: 1'13.2"
1 length crawl :	K. Brown	1. R. Minocheri	2. M. Peacock	3 Time: 42.6"
½ length on back :	K. Brown	1. K. Narsi	3. A. Ray	3 Time: 27.2"

#### Inters.

1½ lengths crawl :	A. Brown	1. J. Irani	2. I. Creed	3. Time: 1'18.4"
2 lengths :	A. Brown	1. J. Irani	2. A. Harris	3. Time: 1'55.3"
1 length crawl :	A. Brown	1. J. Irani	2. I. Creed	3. Time: 45.8"
½ length on back :	A. Brown	1. A. Khonji	2. J. Irani	3. Time: 29.5"

#### Juniors.

4 lengths free style :	P. Jackson	1. P. Sidney	2. H. Power	3. Time: 4'56"
1½ length free style :	O. Sidney	1. H. Power	2. P. Sidney	3. Time: 1'32.5"
1 length crawl :	O. Sidney	1. H. Power	2. S. R. Irani	3. Time: 50.4"
½ length crawl :	O. Sidney	1. H. Power	2. D. Harper	3. Time: 21.5" Record
½ length on back :	A. Robbins	1. D. Harper	2. P. Waje	3. Time: 36"



## Novices.

4 lengths free style :	P. Jackson	1. P. Sidney	2. H. Power	3. Time: 4'56"
1 1/2 lengths free style :	W. Sidney	1. E. Shaffi	2. R. Simmons	3. Time: 1'52.9"
1 length crawl :	W. Sidney	1. R. Simmons	2. E. Shaffi	3. Time: 52.8"
1/2 length crawl :	W. Sidney	1. E. Shaffi	2. B. Irani	Time: 27.3"
1/2 length on back :	S. Joowekar	1. E. Shaffi		3. Time: 38.7"

## Midgets.

3/4 length crawl :	R. Jackson	1. D. Mole	2. D. Mole	3. Time: 55.2"
1/2 length crawl :	R. Jackson	1. A. Razvi	2. D. Mole	Time: 32.9"
1/4 length crawl :	R. Jackson	1. D. Mole	2. D. Mole	Time: 3'30.4"
Senior Relay (4x66 yds.)	Greaves House	1. Greaves House	1. Greaves House	Time: 2'48.7"
Junior Relay (66x33x33x66 yds.)	Greaves House	1. Greaves House	1. Greaves House	
Champion House :	Spence House.			

## Victores Ludorum

Senior :	Keith Brown	Candy House.
Inter :	Adrian Brown	Royal House.
Junior :	Oscar Sidney	Greaves House.
Novices :	Winston Sidney	Greaves House.
Midgets :	Robin Jackson	Royal House.



L. to R.  
R. Jackson, H. Brady, O. Sidney,  
K. Brown, A. Brown, A. Harris,  
W. Sidney, N. Chauhan.

## GIRLS' EVENTS.

### Seniors.

1 length free style :	A. Harris	1. M. G. Singh	2. S. White	3. Time: 1'5.6"
1/2 length crawl :	A. Harris	1. A. Gomes	2. S. White	3. Time: 27"
1 length on back :	S. White	1. A. Akers	2. A. Harris	3. Time: 1'4.2"
1/2 length breast stroke :	G. Pastakia	1. A. Akers	2. P. Bennett	3. Time: 80.7"

### Inters.

1 length free style :	N. Chauhan	1. G. Fernandes	2. A. Fowlie	3. Time: 1'4.9"
1/2 length crawl :	N. Chauhan	1. G. Fernandes	2. A. Fowlie	3. Time: 24.2"
1 length on back :	F. Minocheri	1. A. Fowlie	2. G. Fernandes	3. Time: 1'17.5"
1/2 length breast stroke :	J. Johnson	1. N. Chauhan	2. B. Peters	3.
4 lengths (Open for Seniors & Inters):	S. White	1. A. Harris	2. G. Fernandes	3. Time: 6'17.4"

### Juniors.

20 yards on back :	H. Brady	1. A. Fernandes	2. M. Irani	3. Time: 21.9"
3/4 length free style :	A. Fernandes	1. H. Brady	2. M. MacDonald	3. Time: 51.5"
1/2 length crawl :	A. Fernandes	1. H. Brady	2. M. MacDonald	3. Time: 33.4"
2 lengths open :	A. Fernandes	1. H. Brady	2. M. Irani	3. Time: 3'22.9"
Senior Relay :	Joan of Arc.	Time: 3'22.6"		
Junior Relay :	Joan of Arc.	Time: 2'58.2"		
Champion House:	Joan of Arc. House			

## Victores Ludorum

Senior :	Annette Harris	Joan of Arc
Inter :	Nirmala Chauhan	Helen Keller
Junior :	Hilary Brady	Joan of Arc

—: O :—

Panic swept through the bank : a parcel containing £500 in new, crisp notes was missing. Some of the staff worked all through the night to find it.

Next day, when the new girl clerk came in, the manager asked her : "Miss Robinson, did you see a large parcel of banknotes yesterday?"

"Oh, that ! Why, I just took them home to show mother the kind of work I'm doing."



## The Atomic Bomb

With the invention of the atomic bomb the world enters a new era. The consequences which follow from this invention may prove far more irreconcilable with the existing structure of society. The atomic bombs are the most decisive weapons which a nation can possess. Beside them, all other war materials sink to insignificance. The only possible defence is either complete dispersal of the population, or life underground at great depth, alternatives which are neither attractive nor economically possible.

Sir Stafford Cripps had emphasised that the only possible alternative to destruction was the elimination of war as a means of settling international disputes and the inauguration of a co-operative outlook. We are faced with the alternatives—suicide or co-operation.

### The Historical Background.

During the time of the dictatorship of Hitler the secret of the A-Bomb was with the German scientists. But several of these scientists were of Jewish descent and Hitler had immense animosity towards the Jews. Although these scientists were of German birth, Hitler hated them. These scientists did not approve of the government, for Hitler was ruling so badly that the result would be a world-war. They, therefore fled Germany, and America gave them protection. In return they offered America the secret of the A-Bomb.

So America was the first country to carry out tests on the bomb. But after these tests, Russian scientists with complicated instruments, bombarded atoms, split them apart and so made the A-Bomb.

America was ignorant of the fact that the Russians too had the knowledge of the A-Bomb, until the tests. But America in August 1949 detected the test of an atomic weapon or device by the Russians. Realizing their leadership was therefore challenged and that their sole possession of the weapon which had been a major deterrent to aggression had been cancelled, it became clear that their superiority would thereafter be only relative and dependent upon a quantitative lead...that is to say, upon their possession of a greater number of atomic weapons, so long as that could be maintained.

There was, however, a qualitative lead if they (Americans) could make a weapon of greater force...greater than the fission weapons by a degree of magnitude comparable to the difference between fission bombs and conventional bombs. A theoretical

method of accomplishing this was well known to American scientists. Thus Russia, Germany, Britain, and U.S.A., fighting for a qualitative lead over each other and to prepare a more destructive weapon than the Atom Bomb, invented the H-Bomb, the deadliest weapon so far.

The world realizes that there can be little doubt that a major war, fought with nuclear power, will mean the end of our civilization. Therefore in a way the atomic bombs are keeping the countries from jumping at each other's throats.

This fear has urged the people to seek for peace, and it has been greatly stressed by great leaders. An instance is that just three years back on December 8, 1953, President Dwight D. Eisenhower, in addressing the U.N. General Assembly, called upon all nations to join in a plan to develop atomic resources for peaceful purposes.

But why look to its destructive uses? Why can't we devise methods whereby the fissionable material will be diverted to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind?

Since time began, the mysterious power of the atom has been waiting, undiscovered, to do man's bidding. Today, man watches as the dawn of the atomic age unfolds before him. However, before we probe into the future of international co-operation in this field, let us see where we stand today; let us review briefly the scientific developments that have brought us beyond the threshold of the atomic age.

The atom is tiny, but its potency is enormous. It takes many billions of atoms grouped together to be visible to the human eye. But it takes only fifteen pounds of concentrated atomic fuel, for example, to produce as much power as forty million pounds of coal. Its power can turn fields into a wasteland, or it can be used to grow new and better foods for those who hunger. It can turn a city into a smoking, twisted ruin, or it can supply it with light, and warmth and energy. It can turn a child into a hopeless invalid or it can show a way to cure disease and give new life. This is the awesome power of the atom. Will man use it for good or evil?

But the fear of destruction and the end of civilization by this bomb have made the people search for its good uses. Scientists say all this is only the beginning. They believe the use of atomic energy materials will increase tenfold or more in the next few years. And who can estimate how far mankind can progress if people pool their learning and materials and use the atom for peaceful purposes? Our country's purpose is to help us move out of the dark chamber



of horrors into the light; to find a way by which the minds of men, the souls of men everywhere, can move forward towards peace, and happiness and well-being. In this quest we must not lack patience.

In a world divided such as ours is today, salvation cannot be attained by one dramatic act, and we should devise methods whereby this fissionable material will be used to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind.

Many steps will have to be taken over many months before the world can look at itself one day and truly realize that a new climate of mutually peaceful confidence is abroad in the world, and finally find ways by which the ingenious inventiveness of man shall not be dedicated to his death but consecrated to his life.

Kadar Modak Std. X

——:o:——

*Movie Director* : 'Now, Linda, just run up that cliff, stop a moment, and jump into the river. Simple, isn't it?'

*Star* : 'That's a pretty small river down there. There's hardly a foot of water in it.'

*Director* : 'Of course, we don't want you to drown!'

——:o:——

The new weatherman often forecast the weather wrongly. Angry citizens demanded his resignation. The head of the department asked him, 'Just why do you want to resign?'

The assistant smiled and said, 'The climate doesn't agree with me here!'

——:o:——

*Tailor* : 'Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money, sir.'

*Voice* : 'That's strange. How do you ever get your money?'

*Tailor* : 'Why, Mr. Jones, if after a short time a customer doesn't pay, I figure he's not a gentleman, and so I ask him!'

## Should Games be Compulsory for School Boys?

All kinds of games are played in schools. They include team games such as hockey, football and cricket.

Many of us absent ourselves from games practice without good reasons and are therefore reproved by our Housemasters and House Captains. Some time back I did the same thing and I was severely admonished. This annoyed me very much. I thought to myself "Why should students be forced to play games? We go to school to gain more knowledge, not play games and so waste our time. Instead, we could spend that time on our studies."

Then, under compulsion, I got on the field to play the various games. Some months passed, and then I began to realize why the teachers take such pains to make us play.

Before this I used to suffer from attacks of influenza, malaria and other ailments. But now.....Oh, can I believe my eyes? Even my friends are amazed at my well-built body and my good health.

Besides, I have a large circle of friends. It is because games have taught me loyalty and sportsmanship. They have taught me how to win and lose and get knocked about without losing my temper. In fact, they have prepared me for my work in life where I must "be a man and play the game."

Another thing I find is that when we play games, we sink all our differences and become more friendly towards each other, thus developing unity. This easily proves why I have a large circle of friends. I, now, very much agree with the saying, "The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton."

Now I have a sounder mind than I had before. I have realised that the proverb, "a sound mind only exists in a sound body" is quite true. In fact, when we play games, we completely forget our worries and our home work, and later return to our studies much refreshed.

On the other hand, if we keep on learning without any play we get quite muddled and we are unable to think quickly. If we continue doing this for a long time then I am afraid some of us would soon become be-spectacled students. Some of us might even find ourselves within the walls of a mental hospital. We must bear



in mind the old proverb which says :

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy”.

Now, to those who think that education is only a training of a student's intellectual power, I would say that they are sadly mistaken. I think that education should be an all round training of the boys, mental as well as physical. It is only by the effective mental and physical training in school that a country can become a good and strong nation. As a proof we have the great nations of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the United States of America. It is partly through their schools, I think, that they have become great nations. I think that a school which neglects physical training is not a good one.

Fortunately for us, our school, Barnes High School, is a very good one. I am very, very thankful to the teachers and House Captains for taking such great trouble to prepare us for our work in life. I therefore conclude by saying that games should be compulsory for boys. They are compulsory in our School.

Inderjit Singh Pardesi. Std. VIII.

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## The Barnicles.

1956 ushered a new activity in Barnes—a school band, named “The Barnicles”. Its history is tinted with joy, toil and sorrow, though there was more of the first two than the last.

It was started by Mr. MacInnes, with the aim of making it a permanent institution, and to afford us a useful and entirely enjoyable form of recreation. In the latter he was successful. We literally spent hours practising. We were trained to play in unison and with feeling. Many were our shortcomings, but by sheer perseverance and hard work we attained some sort of perfection.

The music was played on mouthorgans, and when we had mastered them, it did not seem that we were playing on mouth-organs. We eventually learned to make them wail in the fashion of a saxophone. To amplify and give them tone, we fixed them into bell-shaped aluminium vessels which we shone to brilliancy.

A box-bass was made of a kerosene tin, a curtain pole, and a length of thick twine. The School piano and a jazz set formed the backbone of the band.

Our uniform is full white with a black tie. This dress and our music stands which we made ourselves make us a really smart turn out.

Howard Cox, Rohinton Minocheri, Melvyn Peacock and Peter Sidney are the mouthorgan players. They are admirably accompanied on the piano by Rohinton Gazdar, and Derek Symss beats out a correct time on the drums and cymbals. Saify Ranjiwalla plays on the box-bass; Kishan Narsi and Kadar Modak handle the tubla, maraccas and tambourine. We have no permanent crooner though many an aspiring girl has been given an audition. However, Mrs. Pamela Wiggins, wife of Major Wiggins of the School of Artillery, croons for us whenever she is present for a dance for which we are in attendance. Thank you, Mrs. Wiggins!

With Mr. Coles's permission we made our debut at the Temple Hill Club, Deolali. We were an immediate success. The reception we received was very gratifying. The dancers clamoured for more music, and though we were quite breathless, we obliged them. It was with mutual regret that we played our signature tune, “Goodnight Sweetheart” at 10-30 p.m. and returned to school in a state of elation. We received a second invitation from the Club, but to a late dance and so we had to refuse.

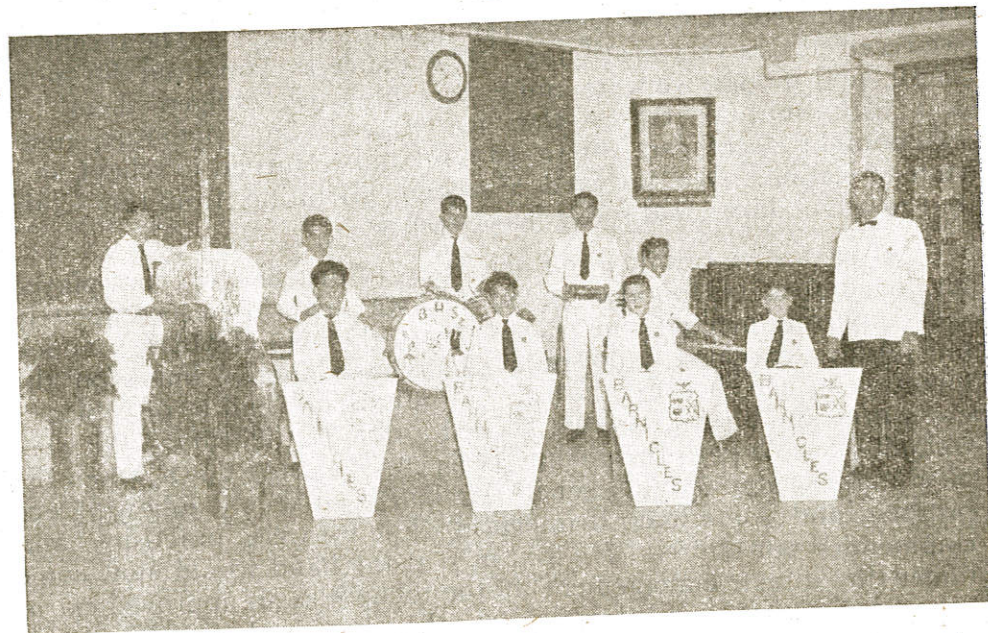
After this we confined our activities to the School, and played for a number of functions. So far we had been completely self-supporting meeting our expenses with the help of Mr. Fernandes, our business manager, and other generous donors. But soon the financial burden became heavy. Mouthorgans had to be replaced every now and again, and we needed a new kettledrum. We were resigning ourselves to the gloomy prospect of closing down, when the Headmaster came to our rescue. He had been keenly following our progress and sometimes dropped in while we were practising and commended our efforts. He told us that the band would now come under the direct management of the School as an approved extra-curricular activity, and that the School had decided to engage us for the P.T. competition and the Divali dance. The School bought us chromonicas. Now ‘sharps’ and ‘flats’ presented no difficulty.

We played in very strict waltz time for the P.T. competition, to which the exercises were set. We next played in a very special manner for Mr. MacInnes's engagement to Miss Meneaud.



Divali was fast approaching, so we set about learning new tunes and generally polishing up for our major engagement of the year. We practised every night after prep. It was strenuous work, but we left for bed refreshed by coffee and snacks kindly provided by Miss Meneaud. We deeply appreciated this thoughtfulness. We purchased a new kettledrum, discarded the box-bass, and set about making a proper cello with the help of the carpenter. When it was completed it bore a very close resemblance to the real thing. Mr. Coles added the finishing touch by replacing the wooden keys with brass ones.

On the night of the dance we surpassed ourselves. The acclamation from the ex-students was loud and long, and the encores were many. During the last dance for which we merged one old waltz with the other, the whole hall spontaneously burst into song which we kept alive for fully fifteen minutes — a sure sign that our music had softened even the most critical hearts, and that the whole gathering was happy.



"The Barnicles"

Sitting : (L. to R.) R. Minocheri, M. Peacock, H. Cox, P. Sidney  
 Standing : (L. to R.) S. Ranjiwalla, K. Narsi, D. Symss, K. Modak, R. Guzdar, Mr. MacInnes

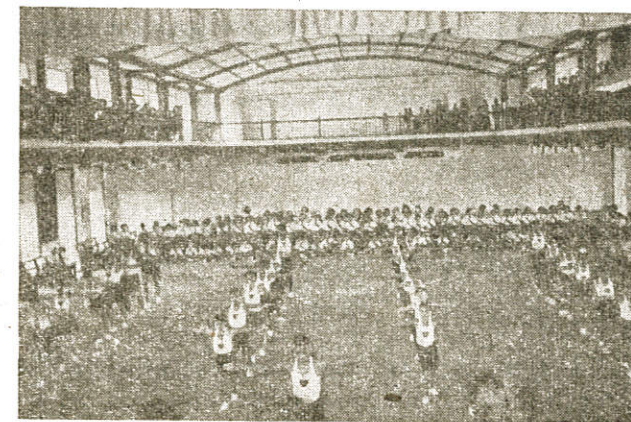
There is much more to tell you of our bright and dark moments, but it would take too long. We are greatly indebted to, and thank, Mr. Coles for his patronage and active interest, Mr. and Mrs. Fernandes, and Miss Meneaud, who have been our staunch supporters. We express our deepest gratitude to Mr. MacInnes for making us what we are, and teaching us to enjoy music while we made it.

It is the sincere hope of the 'Barnicles' that the band will become a permanent feature in our school life, and that all possible effort will be made to equip it with musical instruments so that we, its founders, may have the satisfaction that our efforts have not been in vain.

Howard Cox.



Winners of the Net Ball—Florence Nightingale



P. T. Display by Royal



## Dramatic Performances

The stage in the school auditorium was in regular use during the period June to November, when each class rehearsed and staged its play. The boys and girls displayed considerable ability, and some of the teachers had an exceedingly busy time trying to fit in rehearsals so that they would not coincide with other school activities, and then getting the costumes and properties together, not to mention the trials of rehearsing. At a critical time a child would go ill and this would leave the teacher in a state of anxiety. However, teachers are a philosophical people and all these difficulties were faced and overcome cheerfully.

The actual performances commenced on the 29th August when the Junior school staged theirs. They were short, each not taking more than twenty to thirty minutes. The trouble and energy that were put into rehearsing the smaller children were fully rewarded when such plays as 'How'd you like to be a baby girl?', 'Jack Spatt', 'The Golden Goose', 'Higgledy Piggledy Nursery Land', and 'Grandfather's Story', were delightfully performed. There was much appreciative laughter from the audience, many of whom expressed comments of great satisfaction at the bold performance of these young people. Somewhere in this magazine you will find a few photographs of the plays which will tell their own story.

On the 2nd October some of the Middle School staged their plays. They were 'The Prince's Presents' by Standard V B, 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' by Standard VI and 'Titania's Dream' by Standard VII. There was a great variety of theme and decor here. The first took you to the palace of an Eastern Potentate with all the proverbial colour and trappings connected with the Orient in the past, not omitting the dance-girls. This was one outstanding feature of the play and brought much applause from the audience.

The second was that play with which everyone is familiar. Though many of us may have seen the various screen versions of this fabulous story or performed in pantomime by an adult cast, yet it was no less delightful when staged by this juvenile cast. Taher S. Badri was indeed an audacious robber-chief, tyrannically imposing his will upon his followers, and fiercely wielding his sword against Winston Sidney, the gallant and romantic son of Ali Baba when his plot to regain his lost treasure is discovered. The whole performance was very creditable for Standard VI.

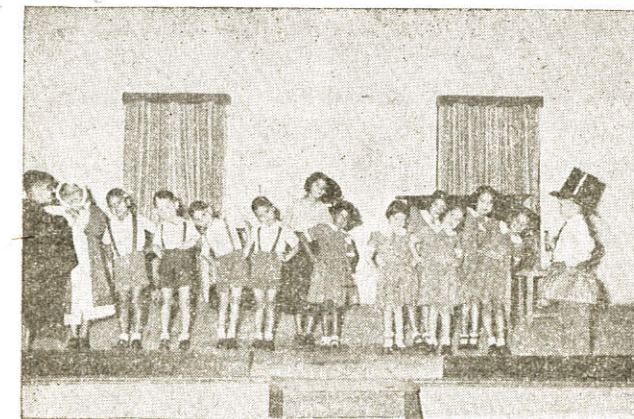
Standard VII delighted the audience with a very fine performance of Titania's Dream taken from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream. Coral

Jason made a very attractive fairy queen and Gladys Almeida played a very jealous Oberon. The scene was enhanced by a graceful fairy dance in which Jemma Johnson very skilfully led the fairies.

On the 17th October some of the Senior School plays were performed. Standard VIII staged the Scarlet Scar a modern play with crime as the background and thrills enough to chill the blood. The scene was set in a lonely cottage on the English moors not far from the well known Dartmoor prison. The young cast aptly went through their performance of an English family on holiday at this cottage, and on the very night of their arrival terrified by the ordeal of facing the notorious Scarlet Scar and duped by the assumed landlady who was no other than the Scar's mother, and escaping with their lives yet losing their money and their car.

Standard IX gave a very fine rendering of the Casket scene from The Merchant of Venice. Shirley Taylor, as Portia, Ashby Harris as Bassanio, H. Narriman as the Prince of Aragon, Allan Roberts as the Moor, Shirley White as Gratiano, and Cynthia Watts as Nerissa gave as true a characterisation of these immortal Venetian characters as could be expected from a juvenile cast.

The last play, The Importance of Being Earnest by Oscar Wilde was staged by Standard X. It may seem at first that this was a very ambitious endeavour but to satisfy the requirements of a cast of fifteen year olds the play was modified and abridged and performed on the 4th November. The play was in three scenes. The characters really came to life, and gave indeed a very able performance. Sushila Naravane as Lady Bracknell, Nergish Dordi as Gwen Fairfax, Howard Cox as the young man-about-town Algie Moncrieff, Robinton Minocheri as the elusive but intrepid Ernest Worthing, Temina Ferzandi as the lively Cecily Cardew, Kishen Narsi as the prim Miss Prism, and Rohinton Guzdar as the Rev. Chasuble, surpassed themselves as juvenile performers.



Scene from "How'd you like to be a baby girl?"



## The Besian Annual Reunion Dinner

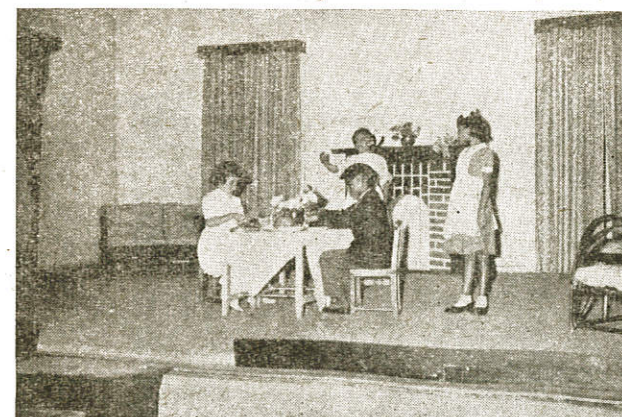
It was the evening of 4th February 1956. Snatches of gay laughter, floated across the lawn of Christ Church High School. The bright lights shone down on a merry gathering — the Besians (Ex-Students of the B.E.S., Christ Church High School and Barnes High School) were holding their Annual Dinner. It was a happy reunion — much eating, little speechifying, and best of all that camaraderie that only arises when old friends meet. Toasts were drunk to “The Besians” and to “Absent Friends” tenderly remembered.

The Social which followed in the School Hall carried on the keynote of gaiety laid down by the Dinner. Even the election of office bearers for the next year was a quick and jolly affair.

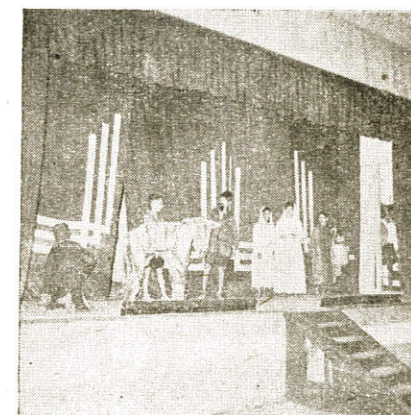
A cake was auctioned — American style — and won by little Joan Edwards who represented the youngest generation at this gathering of the nine-to-nineties. There was also a film show of the Christ Church School Sports, and the Annual Trip to Barnes, the latter affording much opportunity for chaff and banter. The dancing which followed proved that one is never too old to glide onto the floor. A grand time was had by all — and the Besian Prize Fund, a really worthy cause, benefited to the tune of Rs.300/-.

## The School Song

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



Scene from  
“Jack Spratt”

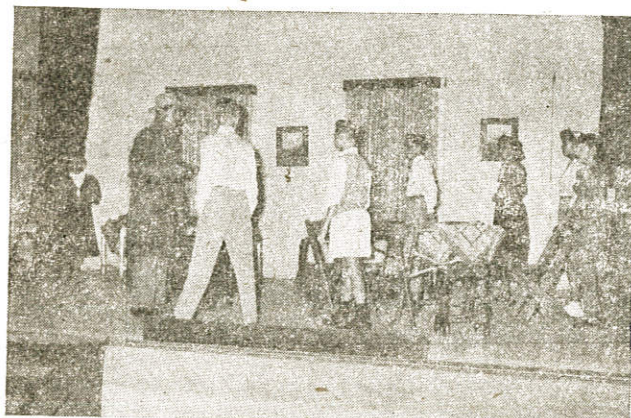


Scene from  
“Ali Baba”



“A Midsummer Nights’  
Dream”





Scene from the "Scarlet Scar"



"The Merchant of Venice"

## SCHOOL DIARY.

- June 8th School re-opens after the summer vacation.  
 9th First assembly in the hall.  
 11th Athletics, Cross Country, & Football practices commence.  
 16th The school Football XI play a friendly match against a local team. We lose, 2-0.  
 30th A Juniors social is held in the hall.
- July 3rd The 'Barnicles' give their first performance in the hall.  
 16th The Inter House football tournament commences. Swimming begins.  
 28th The school goes to see 'Doctor at Sea'.  
 30th Intensive Cross Country training begins.
- Aug 3rd A variety entertainment is held in the hall.  
 4th 'Home' football match against the Nasik Press. We lose, 1-0.  
 7th Relief Fund organised for the victims of the Kutch earthquake. We send a sum of Rs.166/- to THE TIMES OF INDIA EARTHQUAKE RELIEF FUND.  
 8th The Cross Country finals are held.  
 15th Independence Day. A swimming gala is held in the morning, and 'pagal' sports in the afternoon.  
 17th Muharram, and a holiday. A Juniors social is held in the Hall.  
 20th The Second Terminal Examination begins.  
 21st Coconut Day, and a holiday.  
 27th The school XI plays the Artillery Centre in the Nasik District Football Tournament. The school loses, 4-1.  
 29th The Junior classes entertain us with their plays.
- Sept 1st End of the football season.  
 3rd Cricket practice begins.  
 8th A Seniors social is held in the Hall.  
 11th The Inter House cricket tournament begins.  
 16th The School Cricket XI plays Jashanmal's XI. The latter win.  
 17th Intensive P. T. for Inter House competitions.  
 26th P. T. display rehearsal.  
 28th P. T. competitions in the Hall.  
 30th The school plays the Union Club in a cricket match. We win.



- Oct 2nd Holiday for Gandhi Jayanti. The Middle School entertain us with their plays.
- 7th The school XI plays the M. E. S. in cricket. The game is drawn due to rain.
- 8th Athletics practice commences.
- 13th A Seniors social is held in the Hall.
- 15th Start of the 'heats' for the athletics.
- 21st 'Away' cricket match against the M. E. S. The school win comfortably.
- 24th United Nations Day. A party of senior boys and girls attended a talk at the Nasik Rotary Club. The Headmaster was the chief guest.
- 28th 'Home' match in cricket against the Nasik Distillery. The match was a draw.
- 29th Some of the athletics finals are run off.
- Nov 2nd The Divali festival. The finals of the athletics.
- 3rd Cricket match against the Old Boys. The school win by a wide margin. Dance held at night.
- 4th Standard X stage their play.
- 9th Commencement of the 'heats' of the aquatic sports.
- 11th 'Away' cricket match against the Artillery Centre. The school won.
- 17th The school choir have their annual tea party and attend a film show at a local cinema.
- 20th The final examinations commence. A Communion service is held for the S. C. candidates.
- 21st The School Certificate examination commences.
- 29th The school examinations end.
- Dec 1st The school go to see 'The Lieutenant Wore Skirts'
- 2nd A Carol Service is held in the evening.
- 3rd Some of the events of the swimming finals are finished.
- 5th The Inspector pays the school a visit. Finals of the aquatic sports held in ideal weather.
- 6th Prize Day and Exhibition of Handicrafts.
- 7th S. C. boys and girls go to Asvali Dam for their annual picnic. Lloyd House and Juniors have their 'break up' Social. Farewell dinner for the school in the boy's dining hall. Seniors 'break up' social in the Assembly Hall.
- 8th The school closes for the winter vacation.

## Athletics

The School Annual Athletic competitions were held on Friday, the 2nd November, before a large gathering of spectators who included parents and pupils of the school.

This year eight new records were set and one record equalled: two records were set and equalled by the boys and the rest by the girls.

Mr. Ferguson presided and Mrs. Glynne-Howell gave away the prizes. Both are members of the Bombay Education Society. Mr. Suares and Mrs. King were the organisers.

This year for the March Past each House had its own banner. After the taking of the oath, the House banners were placed near the School banner, in front of the pavilion. The field itself looked colourful and full of action, as every competitor tried hard to do his or her best. Mr. Eastwood gave a running commentary on the events.

After all the events were over there was the distribution of prizes. The results were as follows:

### BOYS' EVENTS.

#### SENIORS.

440 yds.	: S. Ranjiwalla	1. E. Cox	2. M. Jashanmal	3. Time: 57.9"
800 yds.	: S. Ranjiwalla	1. M. Jashanmal	2. D. Symss	3. Time: 2'23"
220 yds.	: E. Cox	1. S. Ranjiwalla	2. I. Khonji	3. Time: 24.8"
100 yds.	: E. Cox	1. K. Brown	2. S. Ranjiwalla	3. Time: 10.5"
Shot Putt	: B. Jashanmal	1. J. Hanson	2. K. Brown	3. Dist. 29'9"
Discus Throw	: B. Jashanmal	1. E. Cox	2. K. Brown	3. Dist. 79'2"
Javelin Throw	: B. Jashanmal	1. K. Brown	2. M. Jashanmal	3. Dist. 116'7"
High Jump	: V. Bahirwani	1. E. Cox	2. S. Ranjiwalla	3. Height: 4'8"
Long Jump	: E. Cox	1. K. Brown	2. S. Ranjiwalla	3. Dist. 17'6"
120 yds. Hurdles	: S. Ranjiwalla	1. M. Peacock	2. E. Cox	3. Time: 17.7"

#### OPEN.

One Mile	: S. Ranjiwalla	1. D. Symss	2. G. Brackstone	3. Time: 5'32.2"
Hop, Step & Jump	: E. Cox	1. A. Brown	2. K. Brown	3. Dist. 35'6½"

#### INTERES.

440 yds.	: G. Brackstone	1. H. Cox	2. M. Manghnani	3. Time: 59.6"
800 yds.	: G. Brackstone	1. H. Cox	2. R. Roberts	3. Time: 2'23.6"
220 yds.	: G. Brackstone	1. M. Manghnani	2. M. Hemrejani	3. Time: 26.3"
100 yds.	: G. Brackstone	1. M. Manghnani	2. M. Hemrejani	3. Time: 11.4"
Shot Putt	: G. Brackstone	1. K. Modak	2. S. Sewak Singh	3. Dist. 29'4"
Discus Throw	: A. Khonji	1. G. Brackstone	2. M. Manghnani	3. Dist. 81'3"
Javelin Throw	: A. Brown	1. H. Raymer	2. G. Brackstone	3. Dist. 95'4½"
High Jump	: A. Brown	1. G. Brackstone	2. A. Roberts	3. Height: 4'10½"
Long "	: G. Brackstone	1. A. Brown	2. H. Cox	3. Dist. 15'8"
120 yds. Hurdles	: A. Brown	1. G. Brackstone	2. A. Khonji	3. Time: 18.2"



## JUNIORS

440 yds.	: R. Pinto	1. D. Harpet	2. D. Collins	3. Time: 1'11.7"
220 yds.	: R. Pinto	1. H. Power	2. D. Harper	3. Time: 31"
Shot Putt	: D. Collins	1. D. Harper	2. R. Pinto	3. Dist. 23'6"
100 yds.	: R. Easdon	1. H. Power	2. G. Bahirwani	3. Time: 13.6"
Discuss Throw	: D. Collins	1. D. Harper	2. M. Hussain	3. Dist. 64'7"
High Jump	: D. Harper	1. R. Pinto	2. O. Sidney	3. Height 4'2"
Long Jump	: D. Harper	1. O. Sidney	2. H. Power	3. Dist. 12'6"

## NOVICES

100 yds.	: P. Jackson	1. B. Murray	2. W. Sidney	3. Time: 12.8" (Record)
220 yds.	: P. Jackson	1. B. Murray	2. W. Sidney	3. Time: 31"
Long Jump	: P. Jackson	1. A. Chand	2. W. Sidney	3. Dist. 12'3 1/2"
High Jump	: P. Jackson	1. A. Chand	2. B. Murray	3. Height 3'9"

## MIDGETS

100 yds.	: F. Suttle	1. A. Razvi	2. A. Mahabat	3. Time 14.6"
50 yds.	: F. Suttle	1. C. Frederick	2. A. Mahabat	3. Time 7.5" (Record)
High Jump	: C. Frederick	1. R. Jackson	2. A. Razvi	3. Height 3'1"
Long Jump	: R. Jackson	1. A. Mahabat	2. K. Chandok	3. Dist. 10'4"

Junior Relay  
Senior Relay

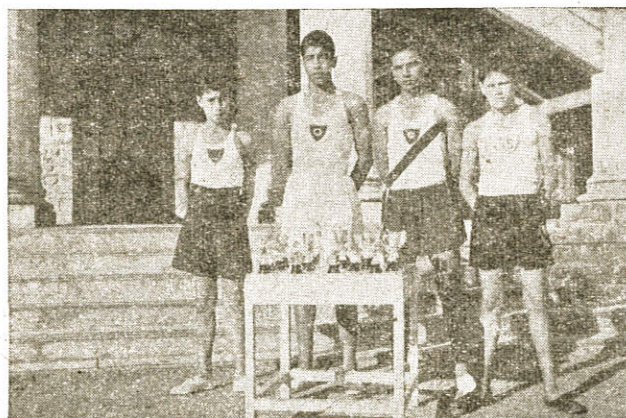
Royal House  
Greaves House

Time: 1'32.4"  
Time: 2'49.9"

## Victores Ludorum

Seniors	E. Gox	Greaves House
Inters	G. Brackstone	Greaves House
Juniors	D. Harper	Spence House
Novices	P. Jackson	Royal House
Midgets	F. Suttle	Spence House

HENRY DOWN CUP : GREAVES HOUSE  
BARROW HARD LINES CUP : ROYAL HOUSE



(L. to R.) P. Jackson, G. Brackstone, E. Cox, D. Harper.

## GIRLS' EVENTS

### SENIORS

100 yds.	: M. Singh	1. P. Bennett	2. S. White	3. Time: 12.9"
220 yds.	: M. Singh	1. P. Bennett	2. S. White	3. Time: 30.5"
High Jump	: A. Akers	1. S. White	2. S. Taylor	3. Height: 4'0 1/2"
Long Jump	: P. Bennett	1. S. Taylor	2. G. Almedia	3. Dist. 13'4"
Shot Putt	: P. Bennett	1. A. Gomes	2. D. Jackson	3. Dist. 24'9"
Discus Throw	: D. Jackson	1. G. Almedia	2. P. Bennett	3. Dist. 65'5"
Javelin Throw	: G. Almedia	1. A. Gomes	2. V. Smith	3. Dist. 61'7 1/2"

(Record for D. Jackson & G. Almedia)  
(Record broken by all three competitors)

### INTERS

100 yds.	: Z. Patternot	1. M. Brackstone	2. N. Chauhan	3. Time: 13.3"
220 yds.	: M. Brackstone	1. J. Johnson	2. Z. Patternot	3. Time: 31.8"
High Jump	: D. Tarachand	1. M. Brackstone	2. B. Peters	3. Height: 3'10"
Long Jump	: D. Tarachand	1. G. Godfrey	2. M. Brackstone	3. Dist. 10'5 1/2"
Shot Putt	: B. Peters	1. Y. James	2. Godfrey	3. Dist. 22'7"
Discus Throw	: Y. James	1. B. Peters	2. J. Johnson	3. Dist. 67" (Record)
Javelin Throw	: G. Fernandes	1. Z. Patternot	2. M. Brackstone	3. Dist. 41'10"

### JUNIORS

50 yds	: H. Brady	1. D. Sidney	2. A. Fernandes	3. Time : 8.1"
100 yds	: D. Sidney	1. A. Johnstone	2. N. Jason	3. Time : 15"
50 yds. Skipping	: D. Sidney	1. N. Jason	2. A. Fernandes	3. Time : 8.1" (Record)
High Jump	: F. Minocheri	1. H. Brady	2. M. Lawrensen	3. Height : 3'6"
Long Jump	: D. Sidney	1. F. Minocheri	2. J. Peacock	3. Dist : 10'0 1/2"

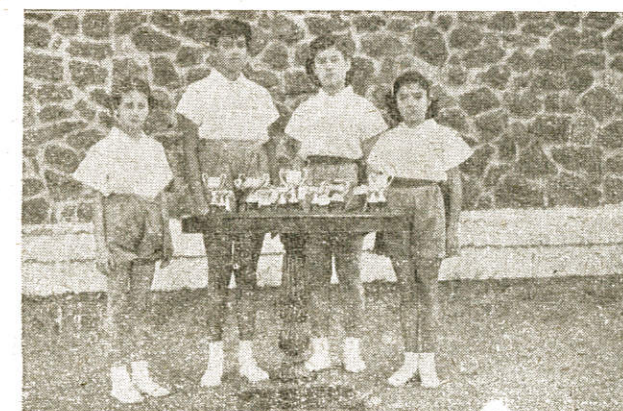
### NOVICES

50 yds	: M. G. Singh	1. M. Joshi	2. B. Sethy	3. Time : 8.5"
100 yds	: M. G. Singh	1. B. Sethy	2. C. Johnstone	3. Time : 15.3" (Record)
50 yds. Skipping	: E. Arklie	1. C. Roberts	2. M. G. Singh	3. Time : 9.7"
High Jump	: E. Arklie	1. C. Roberts	2. M. G. Singh	3. Height : 2'10"
Long Jump	: M. Joshi	1. B. Sethy	2. M. G. Singh	3. Dist : 9'0 1/2" (Record)

Junior Relay  
Senior Relay

Joan of Arc House  
Florence Nightingale

Time: 1'8.4"  
Time: 2'3"



(L. to R.) M. G. Singh, B. Peters, P. Bennet, D. Sidney.



## Victores Ludorum

Seniors	Pamela Bennett	Edith Cavell
Inters	Blossom Peters	Florence Nightingale
Juniors	Deanna Sidney	Edith Cavell
Novices	M. Gurdial Singh	Edith Cavell

WILSON CUP : EDITH CAVELL HOUSE  
 BARROW HARD LINES CUP: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

### PREP HOUSE

Sack Race : (boys) N. Tarachand 1. S. Thakur 2. M. Razvi 3.  
 Three-legged Race : (girls) R. Williams & A. Harris 1. M. Frederick & S. Robbins 2. U. Waje & S. Hughes 3.  
 Potato & Spoon Race: (tiny tots) P. Freeze 1. W. Blunt 2.  
 Champion: Patrick Freeze  
 OPEN RELAY: 20th Locating Regiment 1. Artillery Centre 2. Artillery School 3.



Girl Guides



Bul-buls



