

# **THE BARNICLE**

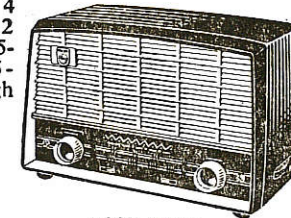
**FEBRUARY 1959**



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**The Bannicle**

**February 1959**

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## CORRIGENDA

STAFF PHOTOGRAPH

" "

PHOTOGRAPH facing Page 9. for "GIRL'S INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY" read  
"GIRLS' INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY".

PHOTOGRAPH facing pg. 47,

right top

Page 13-right, line 1

Page 19-right, line 9

line 25

Page 22-left, line 5

Page 23-right, line 7

Page 32-left, line 2

Page 32-right, line 9

Page 35-left

Page 35-left & right

Page 42

Page 42-Motto.

Page 44-right, line 11

Page 44-right, line 20

Page 44-right, line 31

Page 45-right, line 17

Page 45-right, line 37

for "Mrs. Parera" read "Mrs. Pereira".

for "Mr. & Mrs. McKenzie" read "Mr. & Mrs.  
MacKenzie".

for "Biki ka Maqbara" read "Bibi-ka-Maqbara".

for "harmonius" read "Harmonious".

for "K. Elvia" read "K. Elavia".

for "Devy Jones's" read "Davy Jones's".

for "herculaeen" read "herculean".

insert "the" between "of" and "contest".

for "false teen" read "false teeth".

for "avoit" read "avoid".

for "H. Powey" read "H. Power".

for "R. Dawas" read "R. Dawes".

for "Cavel" read "Cavell".

for "Firmnes in Action" read "Firmness in Action".

for "low" read "lo".

for "woud" read "would".

insert comma after "set out".

for 'Scarlet's' read "Scarlett's".

for "pervin" read "Pervin".



# THE STAFF



Back:—Mr. Soares, Mrs. Soares, Miss Athavle, Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Bissett, Miss Henricus, Mrs. Solders, Mr. Pai Angle, Mr. Job.

Centre:—Mr. MacInnes, Mrs. MacInnes, Mrs. Pareira, Mr. McKenzie, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. King, Mr. King, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Brown, Mr. Flight.

Front:—Mrs. Athavle, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. Fernandes, Mr. Fernandes, Mr. Coles, Sister Robinson, Mr. Eastwood, Miss Gibbs.

# THE BARNICLE

FEBRUARY 1959

## The Editorial Board

Chief sub-editor & Sports sub-editor		D. Wainwright.
Socials sub-editor	... ..	Alice Fowlie.
Girls sub-editor	... ..	Daisy Tarachand.
Boys sub-editor	... ..	Inderjit S. Pardesi.
General Editor	... ..	Mr. Eastwood.

## EDITORIAL

Before proceeding any further, I must apologise to all readers of the Barnicle for the delay in bringing out the August issue. This was because the magazine was given to a firm of printers in Bombay, and no doubt, due to pressure of work the magazine was delayed. However, readers will not be disappointed, for the printing is a lot better than in previous issues, and so are the photographs.

There seems to be an universal cry that teachers are failing to give the children of today a right sense of values. Teenage idols today appear to be pop singers, or complex-ridden heroes like the late Jimmy Dean. Perhaps we ought to take stock of ourselves and find out whether we have a right sense of values ourselves, or whether we can't see the wood for the trees. There doesn't appear to be much depth of thought

among Youth today, at least on the surface, but that they are capable of deep thought is often times evident.

Their attitude towards the more solid, worthwhile things is either indifferent or apologetic. This is perhaps due to the false standards we have raised today. But any society based on false standards cannot last. There appears to be need for strengthening of the backbone, correct adjustment of vision, a more clearly defined purpose in our actions, fearlessness in standing for what is sound, and not being overawed by glamour. If we can do this, I am sure the younger people will follow. Human nature really desires the first rate and only accepts the second or third rate when nothing better is offered. We are much to blame for the ills of the world today. There is still time to set things right.



# Head Master's Report for 1958

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen,

May I first of all welcome you on this occasion of our annual prize giving, our last big function for the year. Many of you have graced other occasions such as Founder's Day, the Athletic Sports and so on and we are indeed happy to feel that our Day Scholars' parents as well as the general public of Deolali, Nasik Road, and even Nasik are our well-wishers and supporters. Distance forbids that parents of many boarders can attend our functions, but with two hundred day scholars we can always rely on a good attendance. Especially, Sir, we welcome you and Mrs. Batty; you as our President for the evening, and Mrs. Batty to give away the prizes. As the parents of four children of school-going age it is, I think, very appropriate that you are filling the offices we have so gladly asked you to undertake. With memories of your own School, your knowledge of your children's School and as a member of the Managing Committee of this School we feel sure that what you have to say to us will be wise and helpful.

Five years ago we started a scheme of expansion by introducing double divisions in our Standards from III upwards. This year we have added a second Standards VII. Next year there will be two Standards VIII and finally, in 1960, two IX's. By that time we expect to have 400 boarders and 250 day scholars, making our full strength 650. Beyond that we do not want to go and in fact would not be able to without costly new buildings. Last year at this time our numbers were 490; five

years ago they were only 400. This year we have on rolls to-day 539, made up of 338 boarders and 201 day scholars. Some time in 1959, I believe, the Air Force Equipment Depot, now being built at South Deolali, will be in operation and I estimate there will be some fifty new day scholars wanting admission here. Already the applications for new boarders indicate that our numbers of children living in the School will be approximately 370 next year, leaving only thirty places to be filled in 1960. Many Schools elsewhere have classes of fifty or even more children, but we are planning for not more than thirty six. Even that is rather large for us to give the individual attention which is educationally desirable.

Judged from our success in public examinations our class work has been good. Of the eleven candidates who appeared for the Cambridge Oversea School Certificate Examination last December, ten were successful; one in the first division, seven in the second and only two in the third. During 1957 nine children, after leaving School sat for the Bombay Secondary School Certificate Examination and seven of them passed. In the Bombay School of Art Examinations, twentythree out of twenty nine passed the Elementary Grade and all seven of them passed. In the Bombay School of Art Examinations, twentythree out of twenty nine passed the Elementary Grade and all the seven candidates for the Intermediate Grade were successful. All four candidates for the examinations of the Trinity College of Music, held last month, did very well, three pass-

ing with merit—(80—95%)— and one with honours (86%). All these results give us 85% passes for all the public examinations taken.

Here may I clear up some doubts that apparently exist in the minds of some in connection with the Cambridge Examinations. As you know they have a world-wide reputation, a uniform and high standard and a measure of integrity not unfortunately possessed by some other examinations. They are everywhere recognised as a door leading to higher studies, professional, technical, in the Arts and in the Sciences. There is shortly to be a change in the management of the examinations in India. They are to be entrusted to a Cambridge Examination Council but only as far as administration is concerned. Otherwise the examinations will remain the same. The papers will continue to be set and marked by the Cambridge authorities as at present and the certificates granted will still have the same recognition all over the world. There is a move afoot to establish in India a common Higher Secondary School Examination of approximately the level of the present First Year Arts or Science and leading to a three-year degree course at the Universities instead of the present four years. The Cambridge examinations, suitably modified will be recognised as equivalent to this new examination. There is no fear I believe that Cambridge will be discontinued.

Under the Constitution of India such schools as ours will continue to have English as the medium of instruction. That is guaranteed. We must, however, aim at a high proficiency in the official language of the country. Our children must be equally at home in both English and Hindi. We cannot claim that is so at present for all our students, but the standard is being

raised gradually year by year. The regional languages occupy a rather different place especially for a School like ours which draws children from all parts of India and from abroad. I am glad that during the year Government has at last conceded our contention, reiterated for many years, that in certain cases, children should be exempted from learning the regional language, in our case, Marathi. This applies especially to those whose parents are in the Defence Services and other Central Government employment where they are liable to Inter-State transfers. The exemption, however, does not apply to every one as some children, and parents too, seem to think, just because a child does not like the subject or finds it difficult is not a sufficient reason for being allowed to give it up.

We still continue to receive considerable grants from Government. A large part of the money comes from a special grant made available for the education and maintenance of Anglo-Indian children whose parents are earning small salaries. The Bombay Education Society was founded one hundred and forty three years ago for this purpose and more than most Schools we have been able to help those in need. It is quite clear, however, that this special grant will be discontinued in 1960. There will still be other grants for which we could be eligible after that date, but only under conditions which would eventually lower our standards and which might, if the recent Kerala Education Bill is taken as an example to be followed by other States, lead to all manner of restrictions which would, we feel, be disastrous. In our opinion, therefore, we shall be wise to give up all Government aid and be independent. That must mean that our present fees will have to be increased and that we shall have to charge as extras some of the things we at present supply free. The tuition fee



will probably remain much the same, but we shall have to ask parents to pay for books and stationery. Boarding fees will have to go up from Rs. 90/- to Rs 100/- per month and parents will have to provide all articles of clothing and outfit. But we plan still to be able to help 200 children whose parents are not in good circumstances. If they are eligible for grants from the Society's funds, some will still be educated free and others on fees graded according to their financial needs. But I must emphasize this. There will be a greater demand for places on reduced fees than we shall be able to meet and children will have to earn those places by good scholarship, conduct and their general contribution to the well being of the School.

Deolali is a healthy station and our health record in the School has been excellent. We have avoided all the usual School epidemics nor been worried by the diseases prevalent at times in the town. Three things occasion loss of time and full health for the children; bad teeth, bad eyes and bad throats. Much of this could be avoided if parents would regularly have their children examined during the holidays and treated where necessary.

For the past three years we have arranged an exhibition of the children's handwork for you to see. This year we are making a change and are presenting two short plays, one from Standard X and the other from Standard IX. The other classes have already produced plays during the year. Some children attend a play-reading group regularly. The Seniors from Standard VIII upwards hold debates twice a month and some of the bigger boys have formed a Hiking Club. Our Scouts and Guides have had a big year. Both have been to camp and done a lot of general training. We continue to produce two School magazines a year; the latest issue is just out. A new departure in our extra

curricular activities and one that I hope will continue and be extended in the future, has been the organisation of school journeys to places of interest. Thirty boys and girls with two members of staff in charge spent four days visiting Aurangabad, the caves at Ajanta and Ellora and the mediæval Fort at Daulatabad. If we do develop this activity we shall have to use part of the long holidays. Otherwise if we only use long week ends in term time we shall not get far afield.

Our School games have been as many and as keenly contested as ever. The girls unfortunately have little or no competition outside. For the annual matches with our sister School, Christ Church, Byculla, the girls this year went to Bombay, while the Christ Church boys came here. We managed to win all the games. In the annual Cricket match at Divali, the School XI scored 199 and then dismissed the old Boys for less than a hundred. In our Athletic Sports no fewer than sixteen previous records were broken. I know it is not easy for many day scholars to take part in school games, but I would urge parents to encourage them as much as possible. A number of boys do come regularly, but hardly any girls. When it is remembered that there are two hundred day scholars I am sure they can make a very important contribution both to their House teams and the School Elevens.

During the year two very faithful members of Staff with long years of service have retired. Mrs. Robinson who was in charge of the Hospital has gone to settle down with her family in England, and Mrs. Johnson, the Matron of Candy/Greaves Block, is staying with her devoted helpers and I am sure there are many children who will never forget the care and attention they received from these two ladies. We all wish them many happy years of quiet

rest. In Mrs. Robinson's place we have welcomed Mrs. Roy and in Mrs. Johnson's place, Mrs. Lewis. In June Miss Haidar Ali left to get married and we are glad to have in her place such an experienced teacher as Mrs. Bissett. Mr. Soares returned after the last Christmas holidays with a wife who is also a teacher. Mrs. Soares has been teaching Standard III throughout the year. I had hoped both Mr. & Mrs. Soares would stay with us for a long time, but that was not to be. They are both leaving to take up posts elsewhere. We shall certainly miss them and I am sure our loss will be a great gain to their new Schools. Talking of marriages, this seems the appropriate place for me to wish, on behalf of us all, every happiness and blessing for Miss Meneaud and Mr. MacInnis who will be the very first couple to be married in our own Chapel. The wedding is fixed for December 27th and if we cannot be there in person I am sure our thoughts will certainly be with them on that day.

At our Prize Giving in 1957 I announced the promise of a new Sports trophy—for the Senior Girls' Relay Race—from the Commandant and all ranks of the Artillery Centre. That has been received now and what a magnificent, really beautiful cup it is. We are especially indebted to Colonel and Mrs. Wilshaw for this addition to our trophies, and for more than that. Through Colonel Wilshaw's kindness the Pipe Band of the Centre, under the Musical Director, Mr. Hankin, played at our Sports meet. It was a stirring sight to watch the Athletes march past headed by the Band and I know many people were deeply moved listening to the Beating of Retreat at the end of the afternoon. We almost feel the Centre has adopted us.

Indeed we could not have more kindly foster parents.

May I repeat the suggestion I made last year, that all children on leaving School should present a book to the Library. It would be a gesture of thanks on their part and a memento of their stay here for I would have a special book plate inscribed with the School record of each donor.

We are a Christian School and we believe with all our heart that none of our work here can be fully successful without God as the inner core of our being. Guiding us and nurturing us in our spiritual life we have our Bishop and under him our Chaplain, the Rev. Canon D. G. Stevens. Last month forty one boys and girls were confirmed. It is our prayer that these young soldiers of the Lord will grow in grace as they grow in years and stature and that older members of the congregation may by our example and precept lead them in the way they should go.

I cannot close without expressing my thanks to all my staff for their loyal co-operation and support throughout the year. Without their help what we have achieved would have been impossible. Behind them stand the members of the School Managing Committee and the Managers of the Bombay Education Society who guide our policy and keep a keen eye on all we do. I have received much encouragement from them all. With a good staff and a wise understanding Management we have, I believe, been able to add another successful year to the history of the School.

W. R. COLES.  
Headmaster



# FOOTBALL

Dark clouds over the surrounding hills signal a shower of rain in our area. The deluge of water is greeted with gusto by the brawny lads who delight in the rough and tumble of soccer on a rain swept pitch. Soaking kit, the soggy earth, and a heavy ball hold little terror for these sturdy stalwarts. The earth is churned up by sturdy booted feet, the ball propelled with force, and slide tackling over the grassy patches of our field become the order of the day. From the beginning of term there was widespread enthusiasm over soccer among the "veterans", and it soon permeated into the hearts of each member of the four Houses.

All the four Houses made the football cup their goal, which resulted in the Inter-House Competition becoming a keen and good one. The House Captains had their respective Houses practising every spare moment, and when the practice games had ended, each team was in as fine fettle as it could hope to be. The days passed strenuously for some—and then we found ourselves greeting the tournament.

This year Mr. Flight and Mr. MacInnes were in charge of soccer. The tournament was held in true tournament style. Coloured flags bounded the grounds, nets guarded the goals, and linesmen paraded the side lines, attempting to look efficient and important. At each game the rival Captains took the toss in the Centre with their teams looking on anxiously from the far ends — winning the toss we regard important due to high wind and sun. The referee enjoined hard but fair play, and then whistled the kick off. Teams played in House colours and

fought hard to keep them flying. The tournament was keenly contested and the first round ended with the following results:

Greaves	12.
Royal	10.
Spence	9.
Candy	5.

No House was smugly satisfied, or conversely, depressed by its performance in the first round. There was still the second round in which to recover lost ground, or, as with the leading Houses, retain the position gained. The teams trooped down to the fields with greater enthusiasm and determination to win or go down fighting. So the battles raged on the fields, fortune swaying now this way and now that, until the tournament ended. These were the final positions:

Greaves	22	} 1st
Royal	22	
Spence	18	3rd
Candy	10	4th

Thus closed the tournament, and the two deserving Houses had tied for the coveted trophy. Throughout was witnessed keen interest and fair play. There had been many a rousing battle of wits and stamina under bright sun or cloudy skies.

While the tournament was in progress, the performance of individuals was watched carefully, and the more prominent and capable were selected for the School Eleven. These were trained in team work and the finer points of the game, by our coach Mr. MacInnes who tried out their prowess in several "away" and "home"

matches. The showing of the school Eleven was satisfying, if not commendable. From a somewhat crude bunch, we were shaped into a hard playing and combined team.

As an entire School Eleven, we played and asserted our superiority over the Devlali High School. The game was fast, but more than a little one-sided, and we found little difficulty in emerging victorious. In the rest of our games against local adult teams we were assisted by four members of the staff, Mr. Mac Innes, Mr. Flight, Mr. King, and Mr. Pai Angle. Thus was introduced into the School First Eleven the much needed weight, experience and strength. With this fairly strong team we entered the Shekhar Shield Tournament at Nasik, for which we had last entered in 1956, and made something of a name for ourselves.

We were drawn against Dhyan Mandir Sports Clubs, and, smartly turned out and accompanied by a Contingent of "rooters" — to use an Americanism, we arrived at the Nasik Gymkhana. Richard Roberts who had won favour with the crowd on his last appearance on this ground, was immediately surrounded, and had to be extracted with difficulty for the time-up.

It was 5.30 when we "squared off" with our opponents, to the accompaniment of a roar from the spectators. The referee formally introduced us to some rules of the game, inspected our boots, and then started the game. It was fast from the beginning, the ground being fairly dry and our adversaries moving lightly on barefeet. But hard tackling and kicking by newcomer Mohamed Gharib and last year's best footballer Aubrey Stewart, soon had the ball at the feet of the forwards. Our halves kept the ball in the other half, and time and time again we reached the goal only to be thwarted by our rival's defence or the whistle. Dhyan Mandir made a few spasmodic raids but were driven back. We

had the best of the exchanges in the first half but could not score a goal, though the whole team was playing all out. The interval came without either side having scored a goal.

With the resumption of play both teams exerted themselves in attempts to find the net and thus decide the outcome of the game. Dhyan Mandir applied pressure first, but Richard Roberts, laid safe hands on the ball everytime it threatened his domain. Our Centre — forward, Gordon Brackstone broke through to run the ball into the net, only to be blown up for handling the ball, which he had inadvertently committed in his desperate attempt to score. And so the tale of lost chances, particularly on our side, for the forwards seemed to have developed a magnetic attraction for the cross-bar or the goal-keeper's hands, — went on, and the game ended in a goalless draw despite extra time.

We returned to school tired, but pleased with our performance, though it had been unfortunate that we could not win the game. However, Mr. Coles, who witnessed the game, thought we had played very well, and this was gratifying.

In the reply, we were determined to win or die in the effort. Yet, we know the odds were not so much in our favour, for according to the Nasik-Devlali "grapevine" the Dhyan Mandir team had been reinforced with additional and better players, which can easily be done, in spite of tournament rules. It was therefore with an uneasy mind that we took the field that day. But we were not discouraged. we were determined to fight to the end in the traditional Barnes style!

Dhyan Mandir's reinforcements vastly improved their play, and they were on the aggressive from the beginning. But we managed to hold them off, and on several occasions were within an ace of scoring, but fumbled. Both Mr. MacInnes and



Mr. Pai Angle had long shots at the goal; a high shot by Mr. Pai Angle beat the custodian, but struck the post bar. I put my head to it but unfortunately the ball went into the goalkeeper's hands and was kicked into play. Then openings were made, but either we had lost our accuracy or Dame Fortune was against us, for we never scored. The whistle signalled a welcome respite. We wondered during the "breather" whether the game would once more remain undecided.

The second half was fast and furious, but most of the exchanges were in mid-field.

Dhyan Mandir swept towards our goal only to be foiled by our halves and backs. Mr. King stopped many a fine move and Aubrey Stewart and Mohamed Gharib the boy from Zanzibar, acquitted themselves with distinction as full backs. But the person who played like one inspired was our goal-keeper Richard Roberts, who was on his "old stamping grounds". There were many seemingly certain goals that he saved by diving, punching, turning the ball over the bar, and rushing out to intercept the on-rushing adversaries. Our forwards were not to be outdone and valiantly tried to score. Mr. Flight on the left made many a brilliant move towards the goal and Rodney Dawes on the right broke through the rival defences but somehow their admirable attempts to find the net were foiled.

A sudden break through by Dhyan Mandir resulted in a rather feeble shot trickling into the corner, having caught Richard on the wrong foot. Spontaneously there were deafening cheers from the supporters of the local side. Dhyan Mandir went on the defensive for the rest of the game, and contented themselves by retaining their lead. We continued to try to score, but when the whistle sounded the margin remained the same.

We had lost but we were not unhappy. We had a good game and there was not one member of the team who had not done his bit. It had been a good end to the Soccer Season.

Now something about each player:—

**Richard Roberts** : is our Goal-Keeper. He is agile, safe, and dependable, and capable of rising to great heights when required. He has been the best Goal-Keeper of Barnes for, at least, the last three years.

**Aubrey Stewart** : He is our Left Full-Back. He has dynamite in both feet, tackles hard and uses his head to advantage. He is very dependable as a Full Back.

**Md. Gharib** : He plays in the Right Full-Back position. He is powerful, stylish, and excels in tacking, and heading. He is very dependable indeed.

**Abdul Ghaffar Khonji** : Plays in the Centre Half-Back position. He distributes well as the pivot of the team. He is the Captain.

**Barry Power** : His position is Left Half-Back. He plays a fairly hard game, but still has a lot to learn.

**Allan Roberts** : He is our Right Half-Back. He uses his weight to advantage and tackles hard but should try to control the ball more.

**Gordon Brackstone** : Is our Centre-Forward. He has plenty of thrust and initiative. He is also fast on his feet but is a little week in controlling the ball.

**Ronald Stewart** : His position is Left-Extreme. He centres well but must be quicker on his feet. He will improve with experience.

**Prafulla Shankar** : He plays in the Right Inner position. Unfortunately he is a little light for the Soccer Eleven, but combines well with his colleagues. He is a good dribbler.

**Oscar Raymer** : He is our Right-Inner. He is rather slow for a forward but does his bit. He should improve with experience.

**Rodney Dawes** : Plays in the Right-Extreme position. He is a fast player and centres accurately.

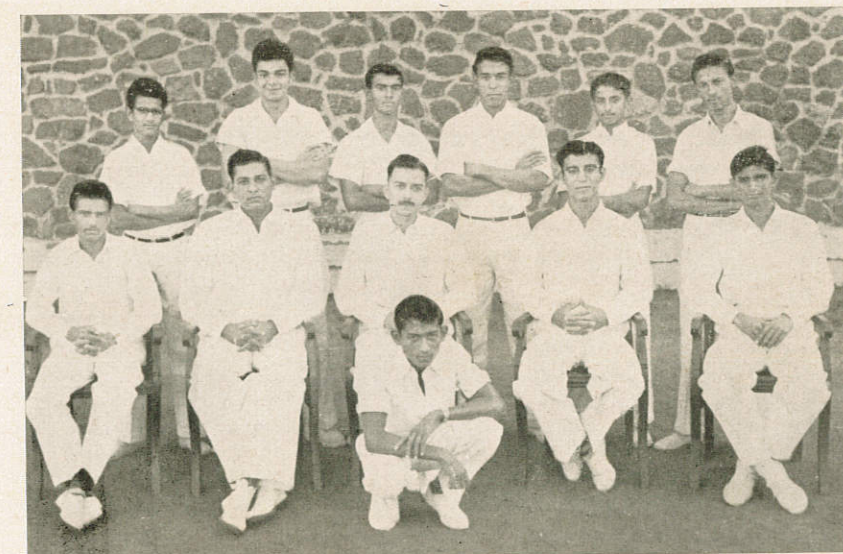
A. G. Khonji  
(Captain)

## Football First XI



P. Shankar, A. Stewart, R. Dawes, A. Roberts, G. Brackstone,  
O. Raymer, M. Gharib, B. Power,  
A. Khonji, Mr. MacInnes, Mr. Flight, R. Stewart,  
R. Roberts.

## Cricket First XI



J. Jacobs, R. Dawes, V. Paternott, G. Brackstone, B. Kohli, R. Stewart,  
A. Stewart, Mr. MacInnes, Mr. King, A. Khonji, S. Oza,  
P. Shankar



Champion House, Girls. Joan of Arc.



Winners of: Badminton, Volleyball, Throwball, Netball, Athletics, Table-Tennis, P. T., Swimming.

Winners of the Girl's inter-House Hockey. Edith Cavell.



Z. Paternott, V. Patel, H. Garrett, A. Fowlie, M. Brackstone,  
E. O'Grady, J. Paternott, R. Moore,  
V. Smith, C. Watts, Mrs. Fredericks, Miss Henricus, P. Bennett,  
P. Godfrey.

## In the Bonny Highlands

Some like the countryside,  
And some the seaside foam,  
But I like the Highlands  
Where at will I can roam.

I lead a merry outlaw's life,  
I have no rule or law.  
If I cannot cook my meat  
Well, I can eat it raw.

I like the cool November breeze,  
The sunrise I admire,  
And when the chilly night draws nigh,  
To my bed I retire.

In Spring my herald is the lark.  
I rise and do my daily work,  
And when my bonny work is done,  
Through the woods I lurk.

In winter when the morns are chill,  
I watch the glorious sun;  
I cook my food and go to bed,  
'cause work I have none.

I care not for money,  
I care not for gold;  
All I care for is my food,  
And a shelter from storm and cold.

I store my food in summer,  
I read my books in winter.  
I am a very, very, very  
Merry Highlander.

**Sam P. Dalal.**  
Std. VIII.

## The Awakening of Dawn

The wind is chill, the dawn is nigh,  
The silver moon is up on high.  
The owl disturbs the silent night,  
And casts a shadow in its flight.  
The field mice in their deep holes hide,  
The river ripples by my side.  
Chill, O very chill, is that breeze,  
It makes me shiver, it makes me freeze.  
Before me lies the graveyard wide,  
In its shadows the ghosts doth hide.

I hear a thump, a thump of feet,  
And my heart ceases to beat.  
I look around, I see no one,  
I am there all alone.  
The moon has set, the morn is nigh,  
Only the pale morning star I spy;  
But ere I can thrice wink my eyes,  
The sky is splashed with coloured dyes.  
The golden chariot the earth doth spy,  
As it begins its journey across the sky.

**Sam P. Dalal.**



## An Inspection of My Desk

A girl's desk, I expect, we should find neat and tidy with a place for every thing and everything in its place. But such a thing is not possible in the case of a boy, who like me has made a beginning with several hobbies. The first impression I get on opening my desk is that although many things seem to occupy the same place, I hardly find place for anything in it.

Uppermost, in the right hand corner, I see my dog-eared album in which I keep the results of first attempts with the Kodak camera. Under this album is the story book that keeps me occupied in my leisure hours and free studies. Deeper down is a stragglng heap of odds and ends, the enumeration of which would interest no one but myself.

At the left hand corner is what I call my collection of insects. It consists

chiefly of mutilated beetles and butterflies pinned on cardboard and hidden from the prying eyes of other collectors by a pile of my text books reaching to the very lid of my desk. These latter are propped by a heap of exercise books.

In the remaining portion are what I may call the sundries. I slip things there on the assumption that they may come handy one day or other, and when I take account of my possessions there, I am surprised at finding that I have accumulated in my desk something like a museum, and when I settle my desk in my leisure moments it generally means nothing more than making a terrible, confounded confusion.

S. J. Stuart  
Std. X.

## OUR SCHOOL

*Barnes is to us a second home  
Although we're in School, we're free to roam,  
Round to the bounds we usually stroll,  
Never failing to answer when it's time for "Roll"  
Even bed-time for us is a real joy  
So happy are we, whether girl or boy.*

*Houses there are, four of them have we  
In Royal and Spence there's some rivalry.  
Greaves is my house, and there's also Candy,  
Housed together we're one big family.*

*Schoolhours for us are a pleasant time;  
Clang : Clang : the bell rings, then we're in line.  
Homeward go dayscholars and we to our dorm,  
Only to wait our awaking next morn.  
"Onward Barnes", is our School theme song  
Long Live Barnes: Live long, live long.*

COLIN MONNIER.  
STD VII B.



## The Sporting Spirit

Who is the true sportsman? He, who plays a game in the right spirit, for the sake of the joy which he gets in the game and not for the sake of winning. A true sportsman is one who plays a game, (whatever it may be), with his full attention on it, one who never loses his temper, works with his team; and plays according to the spirit and rules of the game. .

In our times the meaning of the word sportsman has been unnecessarily extended. Sometimes this term signifies a person who patronizes some sport or game. People who neither play games nor patronize them, but only watch others play, also call themselves sportsmen. I think this term should be taken to signify only those who take an active part in games, and no others.

I feel it is worth quoting, a clever Frenchman, De Courey Laffam. He says: "If you want to call yourself a sportsman, think whether you play the game for the game's sake; you play for your team or for yourself; you carry out your Captain's orders without hesitation or any criticism; you accept the umpire's or referee's decision absolutely; you win without swank and lose without grieving or groaning; you would rather lose the match than do anything unfair.

And a spectator, if perhaps he is a sportsman:

He will not refuse to cheer the game played by his opponents; or he will not boo the umpire or referee, if he gives a decision with which he does not agree;

He will not want to see his side win if it does not deserve it; he will not quarrel with any other spectator for backing the other side.

Those men who go out to kill God's creatures have no right to be called sportsmen.

Unnecessary cruelty coarsens a man, and no true sportsman should take part in stag-hunting fox-hunting, bull fighting, etc. A true sportsman must be just and merciful.

The quality of sportsmanship is not one that is to be exhibited by the players and the spectators on the playing fields only. Sportsmanship is to be practised by all in all the walks of life. We must 'play the game' in business as well as on the playing field, in politics as well as in the stadium. There is to be no hard feeling when dividing the regions where sportsmanship is necessary and where it is not. The real solution of the troubles of this world will come when sportsmanship will flow from the playing fields to business concerns, from the legislatures to the conferences. If sportsmanship is observed in every walk of life and by every individual on this earth, we shall soon be in Utopia, the unknown country.

But the realists have also something to say. They say that in this great battle called life, what we need is not sportsmanship, but strength; not humility but self-confidence; that not justice nor sportsmanship but the power is the arbiter of

all differences and destinies. If life is a struggle for existence in which the fittest survive, then strength is the ultimate virtue, and weakness the only fault. Good is that which survives, which wins; bad is that which gives way and fails. There is room for the sporting spirit in this world.

Evidently a man who stands for sportsmanship in this world of brutal competition will be hopelessly crushed. A sportsman, in the true sense of the word, must be a pacifist, and pacifism will expose him to persecution. In a country like Italy to-day, the crime of love of peace is liable to get a man shot for cowardice. Yet those who have loved great ideas have never shirked paying the price for them.

Sportsmanship is another name for justice or fair play. When any person says something like this — "This is not cricket," he means to say "This is not Justice". And now let us ask ourselves, what is Justice? "Plato has answered this question. Justice is not strength, but harmo-

nus strength — desires, and man falling into that order which constitutes intelligence and organisation; justice is not the right of the stronger, but the effective harmony of everyone." Plato also described a true sportsman, as "one who harmonizes strength and weakness in the interest of harmony and order."

There can be no true sportsmanship without a new world order. We must try to reconstruct the world so as to eliminate competition. At present civilization has entered an era of callous competition; no peace treaty can end this. The world must be reorganised as a federation and essentially as one. Until that is done the noble shall always be at the mercy of the ignoble, and there will be neither peace nor any sporting spirit or sportsmanship in this world. So, let us all help in developing the sporting spirit which is lacking in the world today.

Behram Tejani  
Std. XI



## The Cross Country

As usual the 31st July found everyone on his toes, with a myriad 'butterflies' flapping away in their stomachs for no one knew what results the next few hours would bring.

As the runs were to begin at 1.30 p.m. we had morning school, a waste of time for no one paid even a little heed to what the teachers were saying; their minds were far away.

At Assembly that morning we were told that the Cross Country finals would be run in the afternoon, weather permitting. Yes, weather permitting, for the sky was overcast and it seemed almost certain that the result would be. . . . torrential rain. But Nature was kind, and with the help of the sun, dried her tears and left the afternoon bright and sunny, ideal for the runs.

Lunch came and went. One o'clock passed. Last minute preparations were made. Canvas shoes, some very muddy, were hastily cleaned with chalk purloined from classroom cupboards; sugar or glucose were eaten, and then in reply to a bell at 1.15 p.m. all moved on to the field. 1.30 p.m! Who is there in the school that does not tremble at the very thought of Cross Country? Very few indeed. The gruelling race, up hill and down dale, battling both wind and time, is enough to send chills and thrills down the spines of many. To think of the race is enough to make one think that the best place on such a day is "good old bed", or "dear comforting hospital". Nevertheless the race has to be run, for Cross Country is a regular item in the curriculum.

The final runs were set for the 31st July, but June and three-fourths of July found most of the boys, with the exception of a few, going on 'Sunday afternoon strolls' instead of running. But this does not mean that the standard was low this year. Not so. On the other hand it was exceptionally high. Instead of the usual hard method of calculating averages to determine the positions, Mr. Pai-Angle's extremely active brain found an easier and better way. Instead of the whole House competing, each House had to enter thirty contestants. Positions were marked as the boys came in, and the House with the lowest points was proclaimed the winner.

With the girls and the non contestants enjoying a most elevated position on the corridor of Evans Hall, the Midgets were driven on to the line, and with a bang they were off.

Nine minutes later the first one comes in,

It's young Shankar Thakur, the race he did win.

Within the next minute the Novices start,

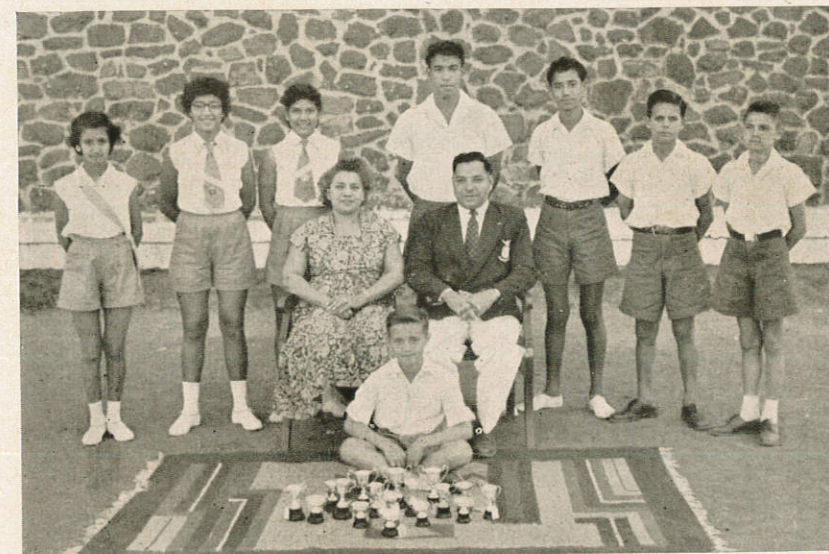
In lieu of refreshment they have taken a bath.

The Juniors they shiver, the Juniors they shake.

How they wish, how they long for an earthquake.

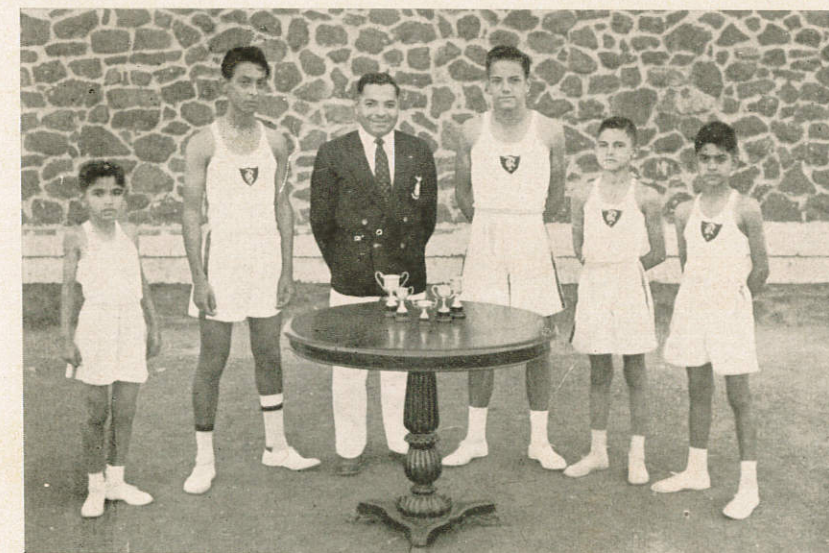
They wish that the first should never come in,

## Swimming Champions.



L. Rhubottom, F. Minocheri, G. Fernandes, G. Brackstone,  
A. Harris, R. Raymer, R. Simmons,  
Mrs. Fernandes, Mr. Pai Angle,  
K. Shortland.

## Winners of the Cross Country.



S. Thakur, D. Collins, Mr. Pai Angle, O. Raymer, R. Simmons, A. Bajaj.



## Athletics Champions.



R. Williams, M. Arklie, I. Williams, A. Akers,  
Mrs. King, Mr. Soares,  
G. Brackstone, A. Zarawani, J. Simmons, P. Bose.

## Champion Gymnasts.



Alice Fowlie, S. Irani, Mrs. Fernandes, Mr. Soares, B. Power, J. Frances.

For Simmons who does, he committed a sin.

By this time the last of the Novices has arrived at the winning post and,

Ten minutes later with Bajaj on the road,

The Inters to the start are driven with goads.

Within the next minute they all do begin,

On no one's face is there a grin.

After a keenly contested three and a half miles Daryl Collins came in first, to be followed closely by Ashok Bajaj, both of Royal House. However, the Seniors

were not here to witness the finish of this race for,

From the Finish the Seniors set off,

Some with 'sprained' legs and others a cough.

Probably this was the most unexpected and exciting finish, for the unbelievable had happened. The betting had been 20 to 1 in favour of Gordon Brackstone, but eyes popped out of their sockets as Oscar Raymer, not in the rating before, topped the list with the 'favoured' one in the 'unfavourable' position of fifth. Another Royal boy was in.

The result: Royal House had done it again. For eight years in succession, with but one exception, the champion House

has been Royal. The final positions are:

1st	Royal	314 points
2nd	Candy	420 points
3rd	Greaves	466 points
4th	Spence	498 points

The winning contestants are:

Midgets:	1st S. Thakur	(Greaves)	2nd P. Bose	(Candy)
Novices:	1st R. Simmons	(Royal)	2nd V. Godbole	(Candy)
Juniors:	1st Anil Bajaj	(Royal)	2nd K. Nock	(Royal)
Inters:	1st D. Collins	(Royal)	2nd Ashok Bajaj	(Royal)
Seniors:	1st O. Royal	(Royal)	2nd T. Roberts	(Spence)



## A Trip to Mars

One bright Spring morning when the sky was a beautiful blue with fleecy white clouds chasing each other across space, and birds were trilling in the trees, I awoke with a terrible feeling, as if my stomach was tied up in a thousand knots. You may think that this is a queer thing to happen to anyone on such a glorious day, but there were not many people to share my experience. At 12 o'clock that day I was to fly to Mars. I was going with three other explorers and as space ships had reached Mars before this, we had undertaken to fly there and make notes of the vegetation and inhabitants, if any. . . . So, bearing this in mind, I got out of bed and dressed, feeling excited, frightened, curious and heroic, all at once.

Punctually at 10 a.m. I was picked up by one of my friends, and he dropped me at the take-off ground. All the others were ready and waiting for me. When I joined them we walked to the waiting room, trying to find a slight diversion which would kill some of the time that hung heavily on our hands. We picked up books and magazines, moodily flicked over a few pages and then put them down. After an hour we found we could stand it no longer, so we filed out to watch our ship being overhauled.

The scene before our eyes was one of great activity. Men in overalls were all over the place, scaling up the sides of the ship, and sitting in the tiny Control Room, checking over every bolt and screw and lever, cleaning out the exhaust pipes and not leaving one square inch of that gigantic space ship unturned. It was a

beautiful model of perfection, streamlined in every quarter, and as clean and shining as a new pin.

After what seemed an eternity we were called into the captain's office and he reminded us of the great service we were doing for the world, and if we got back safely with the records we would be honoured women. Then we were shown out to the space ship, and after shaking hands solemnly all round, we climbed in the door of our ship, feeling as if our feet were weighed down with lead. We were securely strapped to our seats, the engines started to roar and in less than a minute we were soaring upwards at an absolutely terrifying speed.

I will not describe that journey. All was blackness for what seemed a year. Actually it took us eight days to get there. We were well stocked with food, water, oxygen, and so nothing went wrong except that we could not eat for the first day.

I had fallen into a restless sleep, when all of a sudden the whole ship jolted terribly. Then, not a movement. We had landed on Mars, and it was just in time, for our supply of fuel was just enough for our return. We strapped on lead weights as gravity was much less here than on Earth. We donned space suits and helmets, and fixed oxygen containers on our backs, and with note books, pencils, torches and ray guns in our hands we set out.

We traversed the cold, dreary waste, with huge craters and pits and boulders strewn over the desolate plain. But in a

short while we came to a small pool of stagnant water, which looked forbidding. Beside it were about six stunted shrubs, with leaves of a brittle texture and of a silvery brown colour. Nowhere else was there a sign of any type of life, animal or vegetable. All over the plain the boulders were a queer, reddish colour, indicating rich mineral deposits.

After three days we were so exhausted that we decided it was time to set out course for Earth once more. We got everything together and after another overhaul we got in again, this time feeling exultant and happy at the thought of seeing our friends and relatives once more. But about

two days away from Earth all our food ran out, oxygen was getting short and so was the fuel. We were in a dilemma when at last Earth came into sight. We were forced to make a crash landing and two of us were injured.

As we clambered out, we saw nothing but flash bulbs going off every where, and people were shouting, cheering and waving. At last when all those terrifying formalities were over and we had done justice to a good meal, all we could say was: "Well, it's good to be home again."

Shirley M. Taylor  
Std. XI.

## ON SCOUTING

The movement of scouting has become so popular that there is hardly a country in the world which has not adopted it. Educational institutions encourage it. Students think it an honour to become a scout.

The originator of the scout movement was Lord Baden-Powell. He founded the Boy Scout movement in 1908. Afterwards it spread rapidly throughout the world, so that today there are nearly thirty lakhs of scouts. A similar association for girls known as the Girl Guides Association was founded in 1925 and nearly ten lakhs of girls are members.

The aims and objects of scouting are well known. One aim is to develop good citizens among boys by forming their character. Scouts are trained in the habits of observation, obedience and self-reliance. They learn to be loyal to their country and to serve its people. The scouts develop their bodies, learn the rules of cleanliness and hygiene and learn some handicrafts which will prove useful to them in their lives.

At the time of joining the Scout Troop every boy has to take the following three vows:



I promise on my honour to do my best to do my duty to God and my country;  
to do my best for other people at all times;  
to obey the Scout Law.

'Be Prepared' is the motto of every scout and he remains prepared in all circumstances, no matter how difficult his duty may be.

A scout wears a khaki shirt, khaki shorts and a khaki cap or turban. He wears a special scout badge. In ordinary circumstances scouts meet at regular intervals to carry out their activities. They help those who are in danger, and they do not miss any opportunity to help others. They go camping during which time they learn to be self-reliant. They learn to find their way through an unknown forest. They play various games and make merry. They have to cook their own food in camp. The lessons of brotherhood and co-operation are learnt unawares. They are trained to live a hard life.

There are many other things that a scout learns. He has to learn flag signs. Senior scouts learn the Morse code, first aid, map reading. There are fifty kinds of badges awarded to scouts for efficiency.

Over and above these duties, the scouts are entrusted with responsible work in extraordinary circumstances, such as in war time. On these occasions scouts have displayed great resourcefulness. They have guarded sea coasts, railway bridges and telegraph wires. The Police, Navy and the War Office make use of their services. Some of them help their country by enlisting as Civic Guards and Air Raid Precaution wardens.

At intervals a World Jamboree of scouts is held, each time in a different country. At this Jamboree representatives of all the scouts of the world meet, young as well as old. The sense of brotherhood and world fellowship is fostered by such an event.

In comparison with the number of boys in the world, the number of scouts is very small. Every school must have its Troop. At present there is a national movement in India in this connection. This movement must be encouraged and every Indian student must be taught to serve India to the best of his abilities.

A. Poonawalla.  
Std. X

## Extra Mural Activities

With the commencement of the second term, debating and public speaking got off to a quick start. On the 22nd of June we had the first debate, and the subject was, We learn more from experience than from books.

For the motion	Against the motion
A. Roberts	Shirley Taylor
D. Wainwright	V. Paternott
S. Singh	R. Deshmukh
A. Khonji	Annette Harris
R. Pinto	Farida Minocheri

The debate was lively from start to finish, forceful arguments being put forward by both sides. The voting went in favour of the Motion.

The next time we had a Brains Trust, the team consisting of M. S. Badri, Shirley Taylor, Gladys Fernandes, and Angela Fernandes. The questions were:

- Is democracy good or not?
- Should liquor be banned or not?
- What are the duties of a citizen?

The team showed that they had their own fixed ideas on these questions, and it would have pleased Morarji Desai's heart to have heard the replies to the second question. Apart from the team there were several other speakers.

On the next occasion we held a Mock Trial which though taken seriously enough, yet afforded much humour.

The subject for debate which followed this was: People were happier a hundred years ago than they are today.

For the motion	Against the motion
A. Khonji	Annette Harris
D. Wainwright	A. Roberts
Shirley Taylor	Gladys Fernandes
Alice Fowlie	M. S. Badri
K. Elvia	V. Paternott

This time the voting went against the Motion.

Once again we held a Brains Trust, but with a variation. The subject was: A ship in Bombay harbour is sinking with the following celebrities on board: Elvis Presley, Mr. Hammarskjöld, Pat Boone, Mr. Khrushchev, Dilip Kumar, Floyd Patterson. Given the chance, whom would you save and why?

The team consisted of: B. Kohli, R. Deshmukh, E. Khonji, D. Wainwright, A. Khonji. The favourites of course were Elvis Presley and Pat Boone who would have been saved at all costs. The only one, however, who would have gone to Devy Jones's locker was Mr. Khrushchev, to provide strange food for the fishes.

The last but one debate was: That capital punishment should be abolished.

For the motion	Against the motion
A. Roberts	M. S. Badri
Shirley Taylor	V. Paternott
Hillary Garrett	A. Khonji
Mohammed Gharib	E. Khonji



In this debate we were glad to welcome two new speakers, Hillary Garrett, and Mohammed Gharib, both of whom scored top points.

The last debate was: There should be National Service in India.

For the motion	Against the motion
Shirley Taylor	A. Roberts
A. Khonji	M. S. Badri
M. Gharib	Cynthia Watts
Gladys Fernandes	Farida Minocheri
Hillary Garrett	B. Kohli.

Other speakers were Sushil Singh and D. Wainwright.

This was perhaps the best debate from the point of view of depth of thought and vision. The vote went in favour of the Motion.

We started a Play Reading group in June, after the reopening of school. It consisted

of six members chosen from the two top classes. We read quite a number of One Act plays, among them being, The Green Bottle, The Monkey's Paw, The Missing Skull, and The Rowland Ruby.

Apart from helping to improve speech and expression, one noticeable thing about the "getting together" of the small group and reading the plays was, the cultural effect it was having on the members.

A new activity was launched just after the monsoon, and that was hiking under Mr. Pai-Angle. The surrounding area lends itself to this activity. We are right on top of a plateau and away in the distance are the Western Ghats with some outstanding peaks extending an invitation to intrepid and aspiring climbers.

Following the advice of Bertrand Russell, that it is, perhaps, better to pit our powers against Nature than against our fellow man, we have started this activity, and judging from the response to it, we seem to have hit on a right thing.

## CRICKET

Before the commencement of the cricket season, nature, assisted by the monsoon, spreads a mantle of green over the whole estate. The main cricket field is guarded by the lovers of the game and under their watchful care, soon resembles the "village green". The sun decreases his intensity and clouds roll by under a cool wind to provide the ideal atmosphere for "wielding the willow".

Up here on the hill a day out in the field is not so very uncomfortable. Local teams vie with one another for the opportunity of playing in so pleasant an environment, and also for the honour of putting their experienced strength against obviously budding talent. They are always sure of a good and keenly played match followed by a "high tea".

This year our cricket season officially opened in the month of August. As is customary we started with two rounds of practice matches to enable us to get ready for the Inter-House Cricket Tournament. From the beginning, the School was as keen as mustard and much time on weekends was spent out on the fields, in licking House teams into shape. With the year drawing to a close, and most of our other games already decided, winning the cricket could be decisive in the gaining of the Hodge Shield awarded to the best House, and so the boys went all out in their efforts to win.

The tournament started on the 25th of September. The evenings resounded to the sound of bat meeting ball, appeals for L.B.W. and applause for individual feats. Calculation of points was entrusted "un-

officially" to the "mathematicians" of each House, latest positions discussed, and tactics for future matches secretly made. We always remember that cricket is a "gentleman's game", and the spirit of sportsmanship was evident throughout the tournament. Matches were keenly contested to the last moment — to the last run. At the end, Greaves topped the list, followed by Spence, then Royal, and then Candy. All four Houses had tried hard and the best had won.

Meanwhile, Mr. King who has been responsible for cricket for some years now, besides generally supervising the tournament, gave particular attention to the good players and selecting the School team. He matched the boys against the Staff team. The experience of the Staff told heavily against us and we lost the match. The boys' team then got down to practice and under the guidance of Mr. King soon gained the required confidence with bat and ball.

Our first outside fixture was against the M.E.S. team from South Deolali. The scores were not very big but we had great success. Mr. King treated us to some polished cricket, watching the ball on to his bat and executing faultless strokes, while Mr. MacInnes played an aggressive innings attacking the bowlers and delighting us with two wonderful sixers. Suresh Oza our opening bowler captured five wickets and this coupled with the fielding of the rest of the team brought us a well earned victory.

Our next game was against the powerful Chief of Surgana's XI. Every year the



Chief brings up a team of talented players of the district and pits them against Barnes. The game is always a good one. We lost this year, though we came very near to victory due to the herculean efforts of Mr. King who opened the innings and remained unbeaten when the last of our wickets had fallen, with a total of 75 to his credit. His had been a real "captain's innings", and but for the inexplicable failure of some of our good batsmen we might have reaped the fruits of his labour. We lost by only 15 runs.

We played our next game against the welfare Club (I. S. P.). The match started spectacularly. Mr. MacInnes took two wickets in the first two balls of the opening over. Aubrey Stewart, Gordon Brackstone and Bhupindra Kohli grought off some remarkable catches and we went in to bat in high spirits. But it was a close thing. Except for some hectic hitting by Gordon Brackstone and a useful innings by Prafulla Sanker, Mr. King alone was left to make the score, which he did, and so another match ended in our favour, but by the barest of margins — only 8 runs.

The cricket season closed with the all important match of the year — our annual fixture against the ex-students. This year, I must confess, the boys were a little awed by the ex-students' team. Besides Mr. Wilson — always a force to be reckoned with — the team comprised many really good cricketers — boys from Barnes, like Syed Hussain, Rohinton Minocheri, Keith Reynolds, Kishen Narsi and Kenneth Layzelle, who had all been acclaimed good cricketers when in School — and a few from C.C.H.S. of whom we knew little except that they were good players. Usually, the ex-students match is played in a festive mood because of their age and lack of practice. But this year their team looked formidable both on paper and on the field.

The whole School including the visitors had assembled to witness the match. The ex-students won the toss and sent us in to bat. They took the field to the accompaniment of cheers. We did not like the way things were going. Our opening batsmen Suresh Oza and Mr. King played cautiously and took the shine off the ball before Suresh who played a very correct, defensive, innings succumbed to a yorker from Mr. Wilson. The loss of Ronald Stewart's wicket brought Mr. MacInnes to the wicket and then the fun and excitement started. In a fast scoring knock of 66, which included 4 sixers, Mr. MacInnes helped Mr. King to take the score to 113 before he was bowled. Aubrey Stewart followed with a grand knock which brought him 40 runs and after that the tail enders were instructed to hit at everything. Mr. King was out L.B.W. later with 51 to his credit. When the innings closed we were in a very comfortable position, having scored 199 runs.

The ex-students came to bat, grimly determined to win or draw the match. A deadly spell of bowling by Suresh Oza, however, which included a splendid hat-trick accounted for several good batsmen. It was left to Mr. Wilson to restore order when chaos had begun to reign. With fluent strokes all round the wicket he began to put on the runs. He cut, drove, and hooked the ball in fine style and had us chasing leather for quite a spell. It was with relief therefore that we clapped him back to the pavilion after he had scored 55 runs. The remaining ex-students' wickets fell without much increase in their total score and when the match ended we had won by 103 runs. For his fine performance with the ball, Suresh Oza was presented with the "Ex-Students' Cup."

Thus ended another cricket season. Barnes had been very successful in its

(Continued on Page 24)

## P. T.

Instead of the usual one day for the Annual Inter-House P.T., Competition, this year it was held on two consecutive days, the 15th and 16th of August. This was mainly due to the fact that our girls were not doing the same style of P. T. that they had done for years but another form of Physical Training, done to a musical beat. As this and the gymnastics would take extremely long the above course was decided upon. The 15th, Independence Day, was reserved for the girls and the 16th for the boys.

Came the 15th of August! India's Independence Day. At 9.30 a.m. the flag was unfurled and then in the half hour left for the competition to start the girls donned their P.T. garb. At 10.30 a.m. all was ready. Above, on the balcony sat the boys, the Prep House and the unfortunate girls who, though they wanted to be in it, were not representing their Houses in the competition. Below sat the participants, with "butterflies" flapping away in their stomachs. A sharp whistle and in time to the strains of a lovely march Joan of Arc marched into the hall, prim and proper. After intricate marching they settled down to the Exercises. Once more in time to the music did they do it. Behind them came, Edith Cavell, then Florence Nightingale and lastly Helen Keller. To different tunes and with a little variety did they do their exercises. Grace was in their movemenets.

Next came the Eurhythmics, and once more the Houses did it in time to music. With this over, came the gymnastics. First the juniors, then the seniors. Cat

springs, wolves, half tigers and jacks-in-the-box flew over the horse. So well did the contestants do it that the judges found it extremely hard to pick out the best gymnast although all three were judges from the Artillery Centre. The gymnanstics spelt the end of contest and all moved out to wait in front of the block for the results. But they did not come, for the judges had quite a difficult time in judging, and-inside the refectory a grand lunch was waiting. However when the results did come they were as follows:—

1st Joan of Arc.

2nd Edith Cavell.

3rd Florence Nightingale.

4th Helen Keller.

Junior Gymnast:— June Frances.

Senior Gymnast:— Alice Fowlie.

The next day came; the 16th of August. The girls had done their part the pervious day; now it was the boys' turn. In the morning there was school and after lunch hurried dressing and last minute advice given to the participants for the contest was to begin sharp at 1 p.m. Once more three Artillery Centre judges judged the show. On the knock of one a sharp blast announced the arrival of Candy House and after intricate marching their P.T. ensued. Then came Royal House. Spence and Greaves were in good form and put up a marvellous display. Instead of the usual 9 exercises, this time there were 11 to be done and the whole set took approximately six minutes. Smartness was the key word for the display.



Then came the vaults over the box. Some breath taking and smart gymnastics awaited the visitors and when the box-work finished quite a lot present wished that it had not. But the most exciting part was still to come — pyramid building. Tall and lanky structures appeared. Royal House on the other hand put on a low pyramid stretching away across the hall. A loud cheer was heard above when the 5 Sikhs, bedecked in gay red turbans came trooping into the hall (wearing placards of R-O-Y-A-L), at the call of each number.

That was the end and then came tea. At this meal, when all were tucked well into

their buns, tense silence grew as Mr. Coles came into the hall and said that:—

1st Came Spence.

2nd Came Greaves.

3rd Came Candy.

4th Came Royal.

Senior Gymnast:— Barry Power.

Junior Gymnast:— S. R. Irani.

As the clapping died down and buns were eaten, once more the P.T. Competition became a thing of the past, and all the events of the day were gradually forgotten.

## OBITUARY

*We have to announce with sadness the death on 8/12/1958 of Mrs. Edna Baillie (nee Brereton) at her residence at 56, Wellington Road, Enfield, Middlesex. Mrs. Baillie was an Asst. Mistress in our School from 1925 to 1940. From January 1941 to May 1950 she was First Assistant Mistress. She and her husband left in May 1950 to settle in England. Mrs. Baillie was educated in the Bombay Education Society's school in Byculla from 1914 to 1921, when she left to take a teacher's training at St. Mary's Training College, Poona.*

(Continued from Page 22)

"Test Matches!" Each member of the team had pulled his weight, though some with more distinction than the others. Taking all aspects of the game into consideration, Aubrey Stewart had been outstanding and was rightly declared the "best cricketer" of the year.

So another year has passed and another term of cricket in Barnes has ended.

Cricket is forgotten as examinations and holidays loom upon the horizon. But it will come again and then may there be better luck for us and better luck to the ex-students!!

M. S. Badri  
(Official Cricket Scorer)  
Std. IX

## DREAMS

"If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?

These beautiful lines from Dream Pedlary set me wondering. The author it seems would like a cottage where he could live in peace and solitude. I wonder why? There are so many gossamer-like dreams to choose from. I do not think I would choose anything so unromantic. If I could give full rein to my fancy I would choose the most thrilling and farfetched dreams anyone could sell. May be, I would be partial to dreams where I could fly, like a bird, clean and swift through the air, away to the land beyond the sunset where the most delightful happenings occur everyday. Or may be I would choose a dream of an age when there were gallant knights and fair ladies. If I choose the realm of books and films to wander in, I would become crazy with delight to meet my favourite characters, Pickwick, Sir Galahad, Red skelton, and Jerry Lewis.

Those are the first ecstatic thoughts that come to me when I ponder about dreams. Then come the more sober thoughts of great dreams that have been immortalised. There is John Bunyan's dream that led to The Pilgrim's Progress. Ordinary dreams are supposed to be a memory, buried in one's subconscious mind, at least from a psychologist's point of view.

Dreams can be terrifying as well as lovely. I can remember a certain dream of mine which temporarily gave me a fear that took hold of me. Now that I have more time to view it calmly, I have overcome that fear. I had been reading about the Japanese fishermen who caught diseases when A-bombs had been exploded in the Pacific Ocean. I still remember the

dream I had. I was walking down a lane. There was red mud on the road, I remember, so it must have been a hill station. Anyway, the place suddenly rocked and the peace was shattered by the shrieking of a siren. Before I knew where I was, and what was happening, aeroplanes whizzed past me. There was a crash not far from where I stood, rooted to the spot. Suddenly something sharp hit my hand. I thought that radium had entered my body and it was burning. This sensation spread. The most unpleasant part was that I had to warn people, the Police, I think. How that was to save anyone, I do not know, but I was too frightened to run, calling myself, 'coward'. Then I awoke shivering and cold with fright. When it was daylight I reasoned with myself and felt much better. This is one of the terrifying dreams I can remember.

There is yet another type of dream and that is a daydream. Though I am not the type that daydreams much, I have great sympathy for those who indulge in them. I can understand why they long to escape from reality and slip away into the rosy land of dreams.

Dreams on the whole are delightful things, giving a touch of unreality to balance our usual prosaic thoughts. Dreams are poetry. Their view of life is gay and enchanting. Dreams are gossamer webs of delightful hue. Dreams are the reflection of our beautiful thoughts. There are dreams, dreams of peace, joy, ambition and achievement. I cannot imagine what this world would be without dreams.

Shirley Taylor



# The Man I Admire Most

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is a great man of my country. He is my favourite leader and the man I admire most. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth on November 14, 1889, he spent his childhood in the lap of luxury. After receiving early schooling from tutors at home, Nehru sailed for England at the age of 16. There he entered Harrow and after two years went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he specialised in Science. Later after taking a barrister's degree, he returned home in 1912 and followed his father's profession at Allahabad for a time.

From 1916 until Gandhiji's assassination in January 1948, Mr. Nehru's political life was deeply effected by his Master and Guide who always preached non-violent non-cooperation as a means for achieving freedom of India.

Mr. Nehru's sacrifices for the country's cause are unique. He suffered long confinements in British jails with a view to achieving human rights, the principles of which are elaborately set forth in the Constitution of the Indian Republic.

Since then the history of India has been the history of Nehru. His progressive and secular outlook have left an indelible mark on the constitution and foreign policy of India. He is in favour of a dynamic neutrality in International affairs. He does not wish India to align herself either with the Russian or with the American bloc. Often it is a very trying game — something like tight — rope walking. But so far, he has played it skilfully and well. The part he has played in bringing

peace to the Middle East and Kashmir has earned the praise of the most notable statesmen of the world. Wherever he goes, he is held in great esteem for his sociable and amiable manners, for his charming magnetic personality, for his astute statesmanship and quick grasp of surprisingly new situations. At the Colombo Conference, in London, in U.S.A., at U.N.O. General Assembly, he stole the thunder from everybody else and delivered some of the finest and most eloquent speeches.

Mr. Nehru's life has shaped India's history and not of India alone. His doings make world history. In March 1947, before India got full freedom, Mr. Nehru called in New Delhi the Asian Relations Conference, represented by 19 nations consisting of over half the world's population. Mr. Nehru in his capacity as President of the conference pointed the world's attention to Asia's emergence in world history after the sleep of centuries. His warning of "Hands off Asia" to the Western powers sent a flutter through the world. Once again, in January 1949, Mr. Nehru summoned the New Delhi Conference on Indonesia, as a result of which Indonesia won her freedom from the Dutch in 1950.

He does not wish to be routine-ridden. Often in his foreign tours, he has cut across official programmes to come into direct and living contact with the masses of those countries. His smile is winning and disarming. The eight terms of imprisonment he served in British Jails have left no bitterness in him against the British people. He stands head and shoulders

above the other politicians of the world. Four times, he was elected the President of the Indian National Congress. In times of emergency, he has taken bold decisions like the police action in Hyderabad, the recognition of Red China, sending of air borne troops to the valley of Kashmir, signing of separate trade pacts with Japan and China and boldly condemning the act of "Naked aggression" on Egypt by Britain, France and Israel.

His four-week tour to the United States made the American public conscious of the fact that a new star of hope and liberty had arisen in Asia a hope for world peace and freedom. Mr. Nehru was invited to address the General Assembly Session of the U. N. in Paris — an honour unique in the history of the world. He gave the Gandhian message of peace to the war weary world.

He said: "The lesson of history, the long course of history, and more especially the lesson of the last two wars, which have devastated humanity has been, that out of hatred and violence only hatred and violence will come."

At the Dominion Prime Ministers' Conference in London in January 1950, Mr. Nehru was the Central figure. His view point was accepted that the Republic of India could remain a member of the Commonwealth, no longer the British Empire or British — Commonwealth but only a Commonwealth of Nations. His contribution to bring about a peaceful settlement in Korea and Indo-China is remarkable. The far sightedness of his policy and sagacity of his decisions can be well appreciat-

ed if one considers dispassionately his approach towards Indo-Pakistan and international relations. Despite continued threats of mailed fists, Mr. Nehru has, in answer, stretched out his hand of friendship to the people of Pakistan. His tour of the foreign countries and Panch Shila have endeared him all over the world.

Nehru, besides being a great orator and a statesman, is also a good writer. In the words of John Gunther, he is one of the six best writers of English. His books like *Discovery of India*, *Glimpses of World History*, and an *Autobiography*, are worth reading.

Really, this man who works incessantly for the good of Mother India, of Asia, nay, of the world, is a marvel and a masterpiece of nature:

The Elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world

This was a man

Undoubtedly, among the Big Five of the world, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, is a national hero and an International hope. He is a man of exceptional intellect and literary gifts, a cultured gentleman with a winning personality. He has assimilated the best from both the Indian and Western cultures. He is a cosmopolitan idealist, often dreaming of beauty in Nature and Sublimity in man.

By  
Inderjit Singh Pardeshi  
Sub-Editor



# AN OLD BOY

Howard Cox left us at the end of 1957 after sitting for the School Certificate. In March he left for England to take a course in electrical engineering. To use his words: My first step was to find a firm for an apprenticeship in electrical engineering. I went to Standard Telephone and Cables where I had an interview with the Manager, but I am sorry to say that I was unsuccessful.

Anyway following up the disappointment I presented myself at the Youth Employment Service. I was helped a great deal and was put on to the Eastern Electricity Board. I decided to take up a course in power distribution. I went before a Board of three, the District Manager, Education

Officer, and Personnel Manager. I was more confident, and I was successful too. After a medical examination, I started work on the 16th April. The apprenticeship is for five years, at the end of which I can obtain a good job. The training is thorough, through several stages, and covers a wide area. At present I am doing workshop practice at Enfield Technical College. I work four days a week, and attend college one day a week. In September I start on the Ordinary National Certificate. After obtaining this I intend to go on for the Higher National. I like the work. Maths, and Science are the main subjects, and they insist on good results. The standard is high. My subjects are Maths., Electricity, Science and Engineering Drawing.

## SWIMMING

Although we were bestowed with a good monsoon, and a full pool, it seemed as if Nature did not want the annual inter-House competition to be held.

Originally planned for the 29th August, exceptionally early, for we usually have the competition in the third Term, a delay in the starting of the heats caused it to be postponed to the 10th and 11th September. All through the fortnight not a

cloud was in the sky, and the heats were finished in good time. But . . . comes the 10th. Morning sunny, the same with the evening. The first few events were completed when dark, ominous clouds loomed overhead and it was finished. The 11th evening was the same. And so as the Michaelmas holidays were on us the competition had to be cancelled again till the 22nd, 23rd, 24th September.

On the 24th September Nature tried her tricks again, but we stuck to it. Rain or hail could not drive us away and after seeing the determined look on our faces she gave up and left us to continue with the programme. At last we were able to hold the finals.

On the whole the competition was keenly contested, particularly on the boys' side, and swimmers were equally distributed between each House. With the

girls it was slightly different. Joan of Arc seemed to have all the fishes and ducks, and event after event found them piling up points till the others were far behind.

An untimely illness put Mr. Hoffman (originally in charge) to bed while Mr. Job and Mr. Pai Angle took over the job of organising. With them and Mrs. King and all the other members of the Staff the event was a success. The results are given below:

## SWIMMING RESULTS (Girls)

### 1 Length Free Style

1. G. Fernandes
2. A. Fowlie

### $\frac{1}{2}$ Length Over Arm

1. G. Fernandes
2. A. Fowlie

### 1 Length on Back

1. G. Fernandes
2. A. Akers

### $\frac{1}{2}$ Length Breast Stroke

1. D. Tarachand
2. A. Akers

### 4 Lengths Open (Seniors and Inters)

1. A. Harris
2. G. Fernandes

- Relay 1. Joan of Arc } Seniors & Inters  
2. Edith Cavel }

### INTERS

#### 1 Length Free Style

1. F. Minocheri
2. H. Brady

#### $\frac{1}{2}$ Length Over Arm

1. F. Minocheri
2. H. Brady

### 1 Length On Back

1. F. Minocheri
2. M. Irani

### $\frac{1}{2}$ Length Breast Stroke

1. H. Brady
2. F. Minocheri

### JUNIORS

#### $\frac{1}{2}$ Length Over Arm

1. L. Rhubottom
2. P. Montenay

#### 2 Lengths Free Style

1. L. Rhubottom
2. P. Montenay

#### 20 Yards on Back

1. C. Johnstone
2. J. Gardener

- Relay: 1. Joan of Arc  
2. Florence Nightingale

### Victores Ludorum

1. Seniors G. Fernandes
2. Inters F. Minocheri
3. Juniors L. Rhubottom

### Final Positions

1. Joan of Arc
2. Helen Keller



## SWIMMING RESULTS 1958.

### Midgets (Under 10).

2/3 length	1. K. Shortlands (G)	2. K. Momin (S)
1/3 length	1. K. Shortlands (G)	2. N. Tarachand (C)
1/2 length	1. K. Shortlands (G)	2. K. Momin (S)
	V. L.	
	K. Shortlands (G)	

### Novices (10 to 12)

1/2 length	1. R. Simmons (R)	2. C. Frederick (G)
1/2 length (back)	1. Bunny Irani (C)	2. R. Simmons (R)
1 length	1. Bunny Irani (C)	2. Vinod Isar (R)
1 1/2 lengths	1. R. Simmons (R)	2. C. Frederick (G)
	V. L.	
	R. Simmons (R)	

### Juniors (12 to 14)

1/2 lengths	1. R. Raymer (R)	2. S. Joowekar (C)
1/2 length (back)	1. S. Joowekar (C)	2. S. P. Malkani (C)
1 length	1. R. Raymer (R)	2. I. Mascarenhas (C)
1 1/2 lengths	1. R. Raymer (R)	2. B. Murray (S)
	V. L.	
	R. Raymer (R)	
4 length (open)	1. R. Raymer (R)	2. P. Jackson (R)

### Inters (14 to 16)

1 length	1. Alan Harris (G)	2. S. R. Irani (S)
1 length (back)	1. A. Bajaj (R)	2. Alan Harris (G)
1 1/2 lengths	1. Alan Harris (G)	2. I. Creed (R)
2 lengths	1. Alan Harris (G)	2. I. Creed (R)
	V. L.	
	Alan Harris (G)	

### Seniors (over 16)

1 length	1. G. Brackstone (G)	2. A. Roberts (G)
1 length (back)	1. A. Roberts (G)	2. G. Brackstone (G)
1 1/2 lengths	1. G. Brackstone (G)	2. R. Roberts (S)
2 lengths	1. G. Brackstone (G)	2. A. Roberts (G)
	V. L.	
	G. Brackstone (G)	
Open		
8 lengths	1. H. Power (S)	2. G. Brackstone (G)



Greaves House: Winners of: Athletics, Swimming, Cricket, Football.



Winners of the Cross Country, Football and Hockey. Royal House.

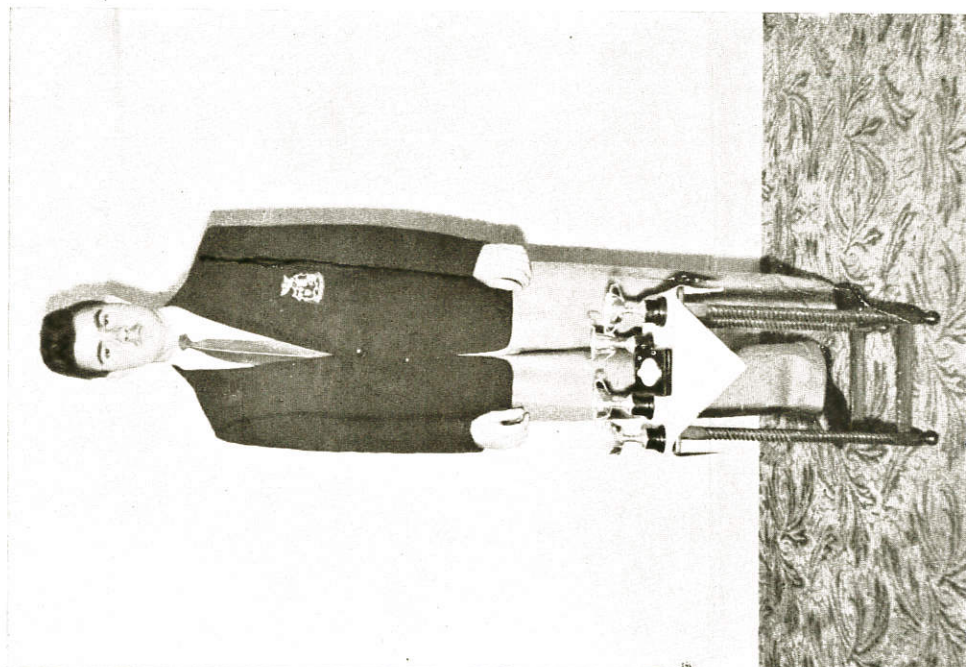




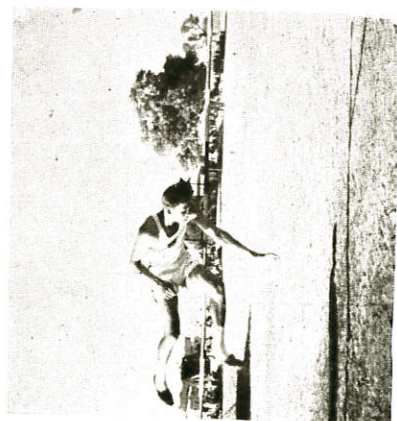
Seniors Hurdles.



Seniors High Jump - A. Roberts.



Howard A. Cox.



Seniors High Jump - G. Brackstone.



Seniors 100 yards - R. Dawes.

## Do You Know That...?

**A million:** to count up to a million it would take about 3 days 4 hours, 30 minutes and 13.9 seconds. To check, find out how much you can count in a minute and calculate how many minutes it would take to count up to a million, then convert the answer to hours and days.

**Mass of the Sun:** to express the sun's mass in tons, we would have to write down the figure 2 and follow it with 27 ciphers to show the number as 2,000 quadrillion.

**Sun's heat is enormous:** it has been determined that if the whole of the solar radiation could be concentrated on to a solid column of ice 3 miles in diameter stretching from Earth to the Sun — more than 92 million miles away — it would melt it in one second, and the resulting water would be turned into steam in less than five seconds.

**Distance of the Sun:** when we burn a finger we seem to feel pain at the same instant. Actually this is not the case, for an appreciable fraction of time elapses before the record of sensation reaches the brain. A shock of this kind is communicated by our nerve impulses at a speed of about 100 feet a second or 1637 miles a day. The distance of the Sun is so great that if we could imagine a young child with an arm so long that he might reach up and touch the Sun with his fingers, he would have time to grow to a ripe old age and die before the sensation of pain was communicated to the brain from his fingers. That is to say, he would not live long enough to feel the pain of this gigantic burn.

**Sun's orbit:** the Sun is no exception to the general rule of revolution, for with its attendant planets it is moving through space at a speed of 200 miles per second, travelling around the centre of gravity of its cosmic system. At the speed it requires 250,000 years to complete a revolution in its gigantic orbit. How many times the Sun has circled its orbit cannot be determined nor has ever accurately been estimated. According to some authorities, it must have made thousands and hundreds of thousands of complete revolutions.

**Why Venus is so bright:** Venus the evening star, which is about the same size as the earth, is surrounded by a dense atmosphere that reflects a large proportion of sunlight.

**Saturn's Ring:** the beautiful planet, Saturn, is surrounded by a ring system. The 'rings' are not solid but are made up of tiny bodies each revolving in its own orbit around the planet, so that they may be regarded as a huge number of tiny satellites.

**Mars:** there are canals on Mars, which run in straight lines, taking the shortest route from point to point. These are artificial, made by the inhabitants to lead water from the melting polar ice-caps. This planet supports vegetation and it has an atmosphere. But clouds are unknown, therefore there is no rain. It is believed that there is existence of intelligent life on Mars, but it is not certain that the inhabitants have the same features as we have.

S. Singh  
Std. XI



# CARTOON QUIPS

Many a true word is spoken through false teen. A doctor will order you to stop working and take rest, and will then send you a bill that will keep your nose to the grindstone for six months.

A conference is a gathering of important people who, singly, can do nothing, but together, can decide that nothing can be done.

A street lamp never hits a motor car except in self-defence. The greatest General to emerge from any war is General Taxation. The difference between a man and a woman buying a hat is about four hours.

In the old days spirited chargers carried noble knights on their backs. Nowadays spirited chargers run all the grain shops and grocery stores. Nothing recedes like success.

The life of man: school tablet, aspirin tablet, stone tablet.

Sometimes when we look at the headlines we are not sure that the fellow who cannot read is missing much.

The modern teacher believes that spanking misses its aim. If so, the method must be different to what it was when we were at the receiving end.

Some people are bent with work; others get crooked trying to avoid it.

Some animals can understand but cannot talk; whereas it is just the other way with some human beings.

We would like an alarm clock that goes off when we are ready to get up.

Hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil, and you will never be a success at a tea-party.

R. Dawes  
Std. X.

# THOSE VERBS

A boy who swims may say he swum,  
But milk is skimmed and never skum,  
And nails you trim, they are not trum.  
When words you speak, these words  
are spoken,  
But a nose is tweaked and can't be  
tweeken,  
And what you seek is never soken.  
If we forget, then we've forgotten,  
But things we wet are never wotten.

And houses let cannot be lotten.  
The goods one sells are always sold,  
But fears dispelled are not despold,  
And what you smell is never smold.  
When young, a top you oft saw spun,  
But did you see a grin e'er grun,  
Or a potato nearly skun?

R. Dawes.  
Std. X.

# The Annual Athletics

It is common knowledge that we, today, are well entrenched in the age of speed. The wheels of the sleekest diesel-electric locomotive seem to hiss: Speed! Speed! More Speed!

The breaking of the sound barrier is a thing of the past. No one bats an eyelid when a baby moon whirls around the Earth at 19,000 miles an hour.

Well, I don't mean to imply that any fantastic feats of speed were made during the annual athletics meet. But both track and field records which seemed to have been permanently established began to topple like so many idols.

It was a grand day for the sports from the point of view of the weather. The field was what one might call an athlete's paradise, in a manner of speaking. This and the success of the meet was due in very large measure to the Sports Master, Mr. Soares, who spared no pains in

endeavouring to make it a miniature Olympic meet.

We got off to a good start at 3 p.m. with a smart March Past of athletes, both girls and boys. What made it spectacular was the pipe band of the Artillery Centre, resplendent in their red tunics and navy blue trousers, like something taken from the pages of India's past.

There was a large gathering of visitors and parents. The Rev. Canon D. G. Stevens presided.

Well, the sports were on, and all competitors went all out to give of their best. Competition was keen all the way through. During the interval the band entertained the spectators with some lively tunes. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Stevens.

Then, for about twenty minutes the band played the Retreat. This brought to a close one of the most successful meets we have had. The names of the winners of awards and the events now follow:—

# RESULTS OF ATHLETICS 1958—Boys' Events

## MIDGET DIVISION.

### 50 yds.

1. S. Tejapaul	S 7.6"
2. P. Bose	C
3. Md. Razvi	C

### 100 yds.

1. K. Momin	S 15.1"
2. S. Tejapaul	S
3. Md. Razvi	C

## Long Jump

1. P. Bose	C 10' 11"
2. L. Kerr	R
3. S. Tejapaul	S

## High Jump

1. P. Bose	C 3' 3"
2. S. L. Singh	G
3. S. Tejapaul	S

## Victor Ludorum:

PAUL BOSE	C
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**NOVICE DIVISION.****100 yds.**

- |               |         |
|---------------|---------|
| 1. J. Simmons | C 13.7" |
| 2. M. Murray  | G       |
| 3. F. Suttle  | S       |

**220 yds.**

- |               |         |
|---------------|---------|
| 1. J. Simmons | C 33.2" |
| 2. D. Godbole | C       |
| 3. R. Gaikwad | C       |

**Long Jump**

- |                  |          |
|------------------|----------|
| 1. F. Suttle     | S 12' 3" |
| 2. R. Gaikwad    | C        |
| 3. S. S. Chandok | R        |

**High Jump**

- |                 |          |
|-----------------|----------|
| 1. C. Frederick | G 3' 7½" |
| 2. M. Murray    | G        |
| 3. R. Gaikwad   | C        |

**Victor Ludorum :**

JOHN SIMMONS C

**JUNIOR DIVISION.****100 yds.**

- |                |         |
|----------------|---------|
| 1. S. Murray   | G 12.1" |
| 2. Md. Khan    | S       |
| 3. I. Merchant | C       |

**220 yds.**

- |                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. S. Murray    | G 27.4" (Rec) |
| 2. Md. Khan     | S             |
| 3. Md. T. Badri | R             |

**440 yds.**

- |                 |         |
|-----------------|---------|
| 1. S. Murray    | G 66.7" |
| 2. Md. Khan     | S       |
| 3. Md. T. Badri | R       |

**80 yd. Hurdle.**

- |                  |               |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Md. T. Badris | R 11.9" (Rec) |
| 2. S. Murray     | G             |
| 3. P. Jackson    | R             |

**Long Jump**

- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Md. Khan    | S 15.10" (Rec) |
| 2. S. Murray   | G              |
| 3. I. Merchant | C              |

**High Jump**

- |                  |         |
|------------------|---------|
| 1. S. Murray     | G 4' 3" |
| 2. P. Jackson    | R       |
| 3. S. P. Malkani | C       |

**8 lbs. Shot Putt**

- |                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| 1. S. Murray    | G |
| 2. P. Jackson   | R |
| 3. Md. T. Badri | R |

**Discus. (small)**

- |                 |         |
|-----------------|---------|
| 1. S. Murray    | G 76.1" |
| 2. Md. T. Badri | R       |
| 3. M. Khan      | S       |

**Victor Ludorum :**

STEPHEN MURRAY G

**INTERMEDIATE DIVISION.****100 yds.**

- |                   |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| 1. A. R. Zarawani | G 11.9" |
| 2. H. Power       | S       |
| 3. A. Shah        | R       |

**220 yds.**

- |                   |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| 1. A. R. Zarawani | G 26.6" |
| 2. D. Collins     | R       |
| 3. A. Shah        | R       |

**440 yds.**

- |                   |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| 1. A. R. Zarawani | G 59.2" |
| 2. H. Power       | S       |
| 3. A. Shah        | R       |

**880 yds.**

- |                   |            |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1. A. R. Zarawani | G 2' 25.9" |
| 2. H. Powar       | S          |
| 3. E. Khonji      | S          |

**110 yd. Hurdles (low)**

- |                   |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| 1. A. R. Zarawani | G 15.4" |
| 2. A. Shah        | R       |
| 3. H. Power       | S       |

**Long Jump**

- |                   |          |
|-------------------|----------|
| 1. H. Power       | S 15' 5" |
| 2. A. Shah        | R        |
| 3. A. R. Zarawani | G        |

**High Jump**

- |                   |           |
|-------------------|-----------|
| 1. A. Shah        | R 4½' 8½" |
| 2. H. Power       | S         |
| 3. A. R. Zarawani | G         |

**12 lbs. Shot Putt.**

- |                   |            |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1. D. Collins     | R 24' 10¼" |
| 2. A. R. Zarawani | G          |
| 3. A. Shah        | R          |

**Discus (Youth size)**

- |               |   |
|---------------|---|
| 1. D. Collins | R |
| 2. P. Sanker  | C |
| 3. M. Hussain | G |

**Javelin (small)**

- |                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. D. Collins  | R 109' 3" (Rec) |
| 2. H. Powew    | S               |
| 3. S. R. Irani | S               |

**Victor Ludorum :**

ABDUL REHMAN ZARAWANI G

**SENIOR DIVISION.****100 yds.**

- |                    |         |
|--------------------|---------|
| 1. R. Dawas        | G 10.4" |
| 2. G. Brackstone   | G       |
| 3. A. R. Shariffee | G       |

**220 yds.**

- |                  |               |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. R. Dawas      | G 23.6" (Rec) |
| 2. G. Brackstone | G             |
| 3. A. Roberts    | G             |

**440 yds.**

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. G. Brackstone   | G 53.8" (E. Rec) |
| 2. R. Dawas        | G                |
| 3. A. R. Shariffee | G                |

**880 yds.**

- |                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| 1. G. Brackstone | G 2' 10.3" |
| 2. O. Raymer     | R          |
| 3. J. Jacobs     | S          |

**110 yd. Hurdles**

- |                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. G. Brackstone | G 15.1"            |
| 2. R. Dawes      | G 15.0" (Rec heat) |
| 3. R. Roberts    | S                  |

**Long Jump**

- |                  |          |
|------------------|----------|
| 1. G. Brackstone | G 19' 1" |
| 2. R. Stewart    | R        |
| 3. A. Robert.    | G        |

**High Jump**

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. A. Roberts | G 5' 3¾" (Rec) |
| 2. R. Dawes   | G              |
| 3. B. Power   | S              |

**14 lb. Shot Putt**

- |                  |           |
|------------------|-----------|
| 1. G. Brackstone | G 32' 11" |
| 2. R. Dawas      | G         |
| 3. O. Raymer     | R         |

**Discus**

- |                  |          |
|------------------|----------|
| 1. R. Dawas      | G 82' 6" |
| 2. G. Brackstone | G        |
| 3. A. Roberts    | G        |

**Javelin**

- |               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| 1. R. Dawes   | G 126' 8½" (Rec) |
| 2. A. Roberts | G                |
| 3. O. Raymer  | R                |

**Victor Ludorum :**

GORDON BRACKSTONE G

**One Mile (Open)**

- |                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| 1. G. Brackstone | G 5' 16.9" |
| 2. O. Raymer     | R          |
| 3. A. Wasti      | G          |

**Hop, Step, & Jump. (Open)**

- |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. G. Brackstone | G 38' 10½" (Rec) |
| 2. B. Power      | S                |
| 3. A. Roberts    | G                |

**Old Students' Race (100 yds.)**

- |                |       |
|----------------|-------|
| 1. K. Reynolds | 11.3" |
| 2. S. Munshi   |       |
| 3. G. Cole     |       |

**Junior Relay 220, 110, 110, 220 yds.**

- |                  |          |
|------------------|----------|
| 1. Greaves House | 1' 32.1" |
| 2. Spence House  |          |
| 3. Candy House   |          |

**Senior Relay 220, 440, 220, 440 yds. (Bakshi Cup)**

- |                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Greaves House | 2' 44.1" (Rec) |
| 2. Royal House   |                |
| 3. Spence House  |                |

**Open Relay 220, 440, 880, 220 yds.**

- |                     |          |
|---------------------|----------|
| 1. 10th Field Regt. | 3' 47.6" |
| 2. Arty. Centre     |          |
| 3. Locating Battery |          |



**Hard Lines Cup (Barrow)**  
**SPENCE HOUSE**

Points	Division	Jr. Relay	Sr. Relay	Total	Position
Candy	42	3	—	45	4th.
Greaves	172	10	10	192	1st.
Royal	66	—	7	73	3rd.
Spence	65	7	3	75	2nd.

**Championship Cup (Henry Down)**  
**GREAVES HOUSE**

**Girls' Events**

**SENIOR DIVISION.**

**100 yds.**

1. M. Dawes	H.K. 12.6"
2. P. Bennett	E.C.

**220 yds.**

1. M. Dawes	H.K. 29.6"
2. P. Bennett	E.C.

**80 yds. Hurdles.**

1. S. Taylor	H.K. 12.6"
2. A. Akers	J.A.

**Long Jump**

1. A. Akers	J.A. 13' 11"
2. P. Bennett	E.C.

**High Jump**

1. A. Akers	J.A. 4' 4½"
2. D. Tarachand	H.K.

**Javelin**

1. G. Almeida	F.N. 79' 9" (Rec)
2. V. Smith	E.C.

**Discus**

1. B. Peters	F.N. 66' 9½" (Rec)
2. G. Almeida	F.N.

**Shot Putt**

1. B. Peters	F.N. 25' 5"
2. G. Almeida	F.N.

**Victor Ludorum:**

AUDREY AKERS J.A.

**INTERMEDIATE DIVISION.**

**100 yds.**

1. H. Brady	J.A. 13.9"
2. J. Frances	J.A.

**220 yds.**

1. H. Brady	J.A. 32.5"
2. D. Blunt	H.K.

**80 yds. Hurdles**

1. J. Peacock	J.A. 15.3"
2. I. Williams	F.N.

**Long Jump**

1. I. Williams	F.N. 13' 1"
2. H. Brady	J.A.

**High Jump**

1. F. Minocheri	J.A. 3' 11¼"
2. I. Williams	F.N.

**Javelin**

1. A. Johnstone	F.N. 57' 7½"
2. I. Williams	F.N.

**Discus**

1. I. Williams	F.N. 57' 8"
2. M. Laurenson	F.N.

**Shot Putt**

1. F. Minocheri	J.A. 22' 2½"
2. H. Brady	J.A.

**Victor Ludorum:**

IRENE WILLIAMS F.N.

**JUNIOR DIVISION.**

**100 yds.**

1. M. Arklie	F.N. 14.5"
2. B. Jacobs	

**50 yds.**

1. S. K. Singh	E.C. 7.8"
2. B. Jacobs	E.C.

**50 yds. Skipping**

1. B. Jacobs	E.C. 8.7"
2. R. K. Trilochan Singh	E.C.

**Long Jump**

1. M. Arklie	F.N. 10' 9¾"
2. R. K. Singh	E.C.

**High Jump**

1. M. Arklie	F.N. 3' 4¾"
2. B. Jacobs	E.C.

**Victor Ludorum:**

MOIRA ARKLIE F.N.

**NOVICE DIVISION.**

**100 yds.**

1. A. Harris	J.A. 16.2"
2. J. Roberts	J.A.

**50 yds.**

1. J. Roberts	J.A. 8.6"
2. R. Williams	F.N.

**50 yds. Skipping**

1. R. Williams	F.N. 10"
2. U. Waje	E.C.

**Long Jump**

1. R. Williams	F.N. 8' 9"
2. A. Harris	J.A.

**High Jump**

1. J. Robert	J.A. 2' 8½"
2. A. Harris	J.A.

**Victor Ludorum:**

RUBY WILLIAMS. F.N.

**Junior Relay.**

1. Florence Nightingale
2. Edith Cavell
3. Joan of Arc.

**Senior Relay.**

1. Joan of Arc	2' 1.2"
2. Edith Cavell	
3. Florence Nightingale.	

**Barrow Hardlines Cup**

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

**Wilson Cup for the Champion House**

JOAN OF ARC HOUSE.



## The Ex-Students' Visit

The visit of the ex-students to our school, is an event which is looked forward to by all concerned. This year the ex-students came up on Sunday the 9th November and returned to Bombay on Wednesday the 12th November. There were about 9 girls and 30 boys, and this year they stayed in the hospital.

On Sunday morning, they went to Church with the boys and girls. After Church, at 10.30 A.M., there was a cricket match between the old students and the present students, which was won most naturally by the present students, as I think the old students' joints had become a bit stiff. In the evening we had Brothers Hour as usual, and chapel after that. After supper, the Prep House children spent an enjoyable hour lighting fireworks, which had been bought for them by the generous ex-students.

Monday the 10th was a school day, but Mr. Coles gave us the last period free as we had to dress for some of our athletics finals which were being held after tea. The ex-students went for a picnic to the Pandu Lena caves, some 12 miles from school. They returned at 3 o'clock, and by 4.15 we were all down at the field ready for the last rehearsal of the march-past. After the finals, we went up to our dormitories at 6 o'clock, and the Juniors got decked up for their 'social' which was to be held after supper. All the prizes and most of the "eats" were given to the Juniors by the ex-students. When the Juniors returned from the 'social', we were given a most interesting account of it. They had had money prizes for every game, and one of

the ex-students who must have been finding his pockets very heavy, lightened them by throwing out a handful of change and telling the Juniors to grab as much as they could. Altogether they had a most hilarious time.

Tuesday the 11th was a lovely day right from the start. After breakfast at 9 o'clock, there was an assembly, and prizes were distributed for the girls and boys' swimming, the boys' Cross Country and for all the finals that had been completed. The lucky boy to get the best cricketer's cup this year, was Suresh Oza. This cup was from the ex-students. After the prize distribution at 10 o'clock, the ex-students played net ball matches against the School net ball A and B teams, but, unfortunately for them they lost both the matches. Our athletics finals were to be held that afternoon, starting at 3 o'clock sharp. The artillery band was there to play the music for the march-past. It all looked very grand, with the band in front and the school marching in perfect time behind. After the oath had been taken, there was a fanfare of trumpets and then the school marched off. After the finals, the Rev. Canon Stevens made a speech and then, Mrs. Stevens gave away the prizes. After the prizes had been given away, the artillery band played some more music for us. After supper, the Senior boys and girls rushed up to their dormitories to dress up for the dance which was to start at 8.30 p.m. and go on up to 12 o'clock. The dance hall was full and it looked like a picture out of a book, with the gaily dressed people gliding around on the dance-floor.

(Continued on Page 39)

## Helen Keller House

*Presidents :* Mrs. Solders  
and Mrs. Soares.

*House Captain :* Doreen Rhubottom

*Vice Captain :* Shirley Taylor.

*Motto :* Courage is Destiny.

We began the year with new hope and good cheer. Although "tops" at neither studies nor sports, Helen Keller House still bears up and holds her head high.

The athletics did not show us at our best, but we still claim the fastest runner in the Girls' section of the school. Doreen and Norma Rhubottom deserve mention for the good work done during the Badminton tournament. Doreen was adjudged the best badminton player.

In the Aquatic sports we sprang a surprise by securing second place. For this we owe much to our Juniors, particularly to the splendid efforts of Lorraine Rhubottom, the Junior individual champion.

This year the House has worked as a whole with every girl doing her best. We had the distinction of winning at least one cup, the Dormitory and Weekly Order cup.

We are losing an invaluable member in Shirley Taylor who is leaving school after sitting for her School Certificate. We wish Shirley very great success in her endeavours. We are sorry to lose our House President Mrs. Soares who is leaving us after a short stay in the school.

Keep your heads up Keller House, and good luck to each one of you.

Doreen Rhubottom.

(Continued from Page 38)

The girls' and the boys' bands played popular tunes for some time. That night, everyone returned to his or her dormitory very tired but very happy.

Next day, which was to be the last one of the ex-students' visit, saw them just as cheerful as ever. They had a hockey match against the boys, which they lost. The bus came for them at 2.30 P.M. and

they departed with many reluctant good-byes.

Everyone agreed that the ex-students visit had been a very enjoyable one and during their stay all had been in a state of ecstasy.

Daisy Tarachand  
Std. X.



## Greaves House

Courage is Destiny is the watchword of our House. Inspired by this motto, we have striven to attain our destiny. Our House has benefited much by the untiring efforts of all the boys. Their efforts are united and their zeal enthusiastic. In connection with House honours, I can say that we won the Cricket, Swimming and Athletics. We shared first place with Royal House in Football, and in the remaining games we were placed second, except in the Cross Country where we lagged behind and got the fourth position.

With reference to individual efforts we owe much to Gordon Brackstone, the stallion of the fold, Rodney Dawes, Abdul Zarawani, and Stephen Murray. This year among those who won the Victor Ludorum, three were Greaves boys, Gordon Brackstone in the Seniors, Allan Harris in

the Intermediate, and Keith Shortlands in the Midgets. In the Athletics three of our House boys won the Victor Ludorum. They were Gordon Brackstone in the Seniors, Abdul Zarawani in the Intermediate, and Stephen Murray in the Juniors. In the Cross Country only one came first. This was Shankar Thakur who was first in the Midgets division.

I cannot conclude this precis on the House without expressing our heartfelt thanks to our House Presidents, Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Alexander. With their talks and help we were able to attain the standard that we did. To those we leave behind, we ask them to strive hard and retain these present glories.

A. Roberts.  
House Captain.

## Candy House

This year we have made considerable progress, as far as our games are concerned. We are still a strong opposition to the other Houses. I feel that if we can remain united in all our efforts we can achieve much. I have noticed that when we have all striven for one object we have succeeded in our attempt.

This year, I have no need to tell you, that we were outstanding and I am thoroughly satisfied with the way the House looked forward to each and every sporting event, and the way we took defeat and victory. The human mind is constructed in a peculiar way. When we have been victorious, through this peculiar construction, we have become over confident,

and due to this irritant in the mind, we have lost many of our matches.

I must say that we put ourselves out for the P. T. competition, and though we were not the best, I am, and I am sure my House Captain is also, completely happy and satisfied with our performance.

I am sure that if we continue like this, and that next year we get a few more energetic boys, we will go forward with greater strength, and will be a formidable opposition to the other Houses, and above all we will fulfil our motto, Never Give In.

Suresh Oza.  
Vice Captain

## Florence Nightingale House

*Presidents:* Mrs. E. Mackenzie,  
Miss R. Athavle and  
Mrs. M. Bissett.

*Captain:* Gladys Almeida

*Vice Captain:* Scarlett Harris.

"Unity is strength" is our motto, but this year, united though we were, our strength seemed to fail us!!

Although we did not win any of the House challenge cups we contributed towards the Games and Sports of the School in no small measure. Two of us, Cynthia Mannas and I won our colours in the School Hockey XI and I continued to play Goal Defence in the School Net-ball team for the 3rd year in succession.

We hoped very much to be able to win the Inter-House cup for Athletics again this year, but in spite of a valiant effort we lost it to the Joans by 4 points, thus gaining the Barrow Hard Lines cup. We should like to congratulate Irene Williams, Moira Arklie and Ruby Williams on winning the Intermediate, Junior and Novice champion-

ships, and were sorry to be without Cynthia Mannas, one of our shining lights, who fell ill just before the finals. In the Inter House P. T. competition both Scarlett and Cynthia gave creditable performance as Senior gymnasts even though they did not make the grade.

For many years Miss Brown was one of our House Presidents, and we were grateful for her sympathetic understanding and encouragement in all our House activities. We were sorry to lose her when she became Block Mistress of Haig Brown. In August, we welcomed Mrs. Bissett and I would like here to express my gratitude to our three House Presidents for their help and guidance throughout the year.

Gladys Almeida.



## Edith Cavel House

*Presidents :* Mrs. D. Frederick  
and Miss F. Henricus  
*Captain :* Pamela Bennett  
*Vice Captain :* Vera Smith  
*Motto :* Firmnes in Action.

We are a family of 36 girls and two House Presidents. At the end of last year we bade farewell to Miss Mane and Miss Doutre who were our House Presidents, and welcomed in their places, this year, Mrs. Frederick, our ex-block mistress and Miss Henricus. The latter, as Art Mistress, has certainly used her talent to help us in many ways, particularly in repainting our House banner, and we wish to thank both her and Mrs. Frederick for their co-operation.

In sports and Games we have played an active part and there has been very keen competition between us and the winning House. We have excelled in Hockey, winning the Inter-House challenge cup. Four of us, Vera Smith, Cynthia, Zarina Patternot and I, were members of the School Hockey XI, and I was adjudged the Best Hockey player of the year.

In the Inter House P. T. competition we were placed second, Alice Fowlie carrying away the prize for the Best Senior Gymnast.

We are proud of Cynthia Watts who was not only Head Girl for 1958, but was also

elected the Best Girl of the year gaining the Lumley Medal, the most honoured award of the School. We hope that next year it will be another Cavel. Cynthia leaves us at the end of this year, and we wish her the very best of luck.

For two years running we won the Taiyebally Study cup standing first out of all the Houses in the School, but we have not been so fortunate this year. This is something that the Cavels must try to regain next year, as the most coveted trophy of the School.

Cavel House is greatly indebted to the House mistresses whose continuous encouragement has brought us whatever successes we have gained. In spite of falling off slightly this year, I am sure, with a little more effort, we can regain the top position we have held in the past.

Good-bye Cavels, and the very best of luck. My thoughts will be with you always.

Pamela Bennett.

## Joan of Arc House

*Presidents :* Miss D. King and  
Miss D. Meneaud.  
*Captain :* Annette Harris  
*Vice Captain :* Audrey Akers.

The Joan of Arc House consists of a group of 36 girls, sturdy, determined, enthusiastic and very united. Because of this we are proud of the fact that we have held the Keily All Round Shield for 6 years without a break, and carried it away, with little difficulty again this year, winning the Net-ball, Badminton, Volley Ball and Throw-ball, the P. T., Swimming and, after 8 years, the Athletics. This has been a particularly good finish to my three years of captaincy of the House, for I leave School this year to venture forth into the world as a stenographer.

In winning the Athletics, we were proud also to be the first House to win the lovely silver cup presented to the Girls for the Senior Relay by Lt. Col. Wilshaw, Commandant of the Arty. Centre, and Mrs. Wilshaw, an old girl of the School.

Apart from winning so many of the Inter House challenge cups, our Joans have acquitted themselves with honour in the School teams. Audrey Akers, Gladys Fernandes, Patsy Akers and I played in the School Hockey XI for the 3rd year in succession, and the four of us were also members of the School Net-ball team. We

have also "bagged" several of the individual trophies and gained many of the individual awards. June Frances won the Junior Gymnasts prize; Patsy Akers was adjudged the Best Net-ball player; Farida Minocheri won the Swimming Championship of the Intermediate division, Gladys the Senior championship. Gladys was also adjudged the Best Swimmer, Best Table Tennis player and Best Prefect for 1958, while Audrey Akers won the Senior Athletic Championship and was adjudged the Best All Round Sportswoman.

We congratulate these and are proud of them. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking our House Presidents, Mrs. King and Miss Meneaud for their encouragement and support. Wedding bells are to peal for us just after Xmas. Miss Meneaud is to become Mrs. MacInnes. We wish both her and Mr. MacInnes much joy and happiness in the future.

In conclusion I wish my Joans continued success. With their grit and determination I know they will continue to uphold our House motto of "Never Give In".

Annette Harris.



## Per Ardua Ad Anjineri

That means you cannot get to the top of Anjineri without "blood and toil, tears and sweat." Being short of ready cash we decided that we would save on coolies and carry most of our baggage up the hill ourselves. The collecting spot was the Domestic Science Room. Loads were arranged, tested for weight and either added to or made lighter as we decided who should carry each particular pack. We vowed that we would take nothing but bare essentials but still there was a fair-sized mountain when it was all assembled. Derek and Vyvil, being our only two first class Scouts, were detailed to stow the bedding rolls on top of the bus and though we were somewhat doubtful whether they knew their knots thoroughly we must confess that nothing fell off either going or coming. So we arrived at the foot of the hill and the strong men prepared for action. Sherpa porters and even Tensing were not to be compared with them though the hill did begin to look as high as Everest.

It was hot too and it really was amazing how much came out of the bus besides thirty human beings. Packages like corpses were laid out at the side of road. The Guides set out like so many Florence Nightingales, ladies of the lamp, with a lantern a piece and white haversacks as if they were St. John's Ambulance men. Behind them trailed the strong men, each pair with a bamboo staff on their shoulders and a bedding roll slung between, a long line of stretcher bearers following the nurses. Even so there were enough loads for some dozen of the villagers to hump.

Whereas the strong men had made light of their packs and set off with a jaunty spring in their step, the locals grumbled at the weights and staggered under them hoping we would be conscience-stricken and offer them more reward.

Pride bore our strong men through the village though struggling now with their loads. Gradually first one and then another made a quiet deal with the professionals. Bedding rolls were discarded, sacks of rice dropped by the way side and low and behold, the villagers were soon carrying twice as much as had seemed humanly possible at first. As we toiled upwards a few more annas changed hands. Head loads became higher and more bulky. The strong men, now without any pride at all, concentrated simply on dragging themselves up the track. If it were possible some would gladly have been carried themselves but strong men could not descend to that last indignity. At last, panting and puffing, strung out over a mile or so we reached the top. What we reckoned would cost us Rs. 7 or 8 for the few porters we were going to employ, cost in fact nearly twice as much. Never mind, we thought, by the time we went down again there would at least be no stores to carry.

We settled in. Lunch, cooked before we set out was no great difficulty. But there were other meals too, two days of them to plan for. The Guides insisted they alone could prepare the meal we had brought for dinner, so the Scouts were banished. Soon eyes were smarting with the smoke of damp wood gathered for the fires. There

were tears too from cutting up onions. Appetising smells came from the kitchen but for a long time nothing else. Seven o'clock was supper time or so we thought! Polite enquiries at 7.15, 7.30, 7.45 brought forth replies—"Another ten minutes", "the meat is not quite done", "a little more wood will bring it to the boil". It was getting serious now. Were we to be cheated and sent supperless to bed? At last at 8.30 came the chink of plates. By that time we could have eaten a horse and judging by some of the comments that is what we did. A fiery steed, indeed, a real tough old warrior, seasoned with the greater part of the condiments meant to last two days. Still we were hungry and tired and soon were all asleep.

The Scouts were up early the next morning and breakfast appeared on time. Once more the Guides were trusted, well, hardly trusted, with preparations for lunch. But they made no mistakes. It was the best meal of the camp and on time too. Luck was with us that day for the Scouts turned out a grand supper. Honours were even on the day's cooking. On to the last day. The Guides' breakfast was as good as the Scouts' had produced the day before. One more meal remained and if the Scouts made no mistakes they would romp home winners with the cooking honours. Over anxiety was their undoing. There was so much raw material left over and no one wanted to carry it down the hill again. "Let's try and use it all up", they said, "Let's put in a little more rice, a little more dhal, and a few more potatoes." The result? Lunch was late and it was too stodgy. Try as we might we could not get more than half of it inside us. The score thus worked out:—Scouts, a good breakfast, a first class supper and a not

so good lunch: Guides, a good breakfast, a not so good dinner but an excellent lunch. Honours were even.

Monday night was undoubtedly Ram Tambe's night. At the camp fire he was in great form. He was a realistic drunkard one minute, the next a clumsy village barber. Then he became a diamond thief tracked down by a patrol of Scouts, and later, a wrathful Maratha farmer waiting impatiently for his train. By the way of variation he produced a conjuring trick or two and on to the best item of the evening—his realistic impersonation of a well known School master. There were other good things; Derek's Zulu, Vyvil's harmonica solos, Scarlet's song and Bruce's "Dream, dream, dream." Soon after, we were all in the land of dreams only to be awakened early next morning by Dolly's small voice at half past five pleading with Bruce to take her for a nice walk to the Sadhu's cave. Goodness knows what she was dreaming about.

The tiger reported on the other side of the hill turned out on fuller investigation to be the woman-eating panther beyond Igatpuri. That seemed far enough away for safety but the girls insisted on their windows being curtained with sacking in case he should look in and feel hungry again. We did see wild animals though; a snake which was not at all friendly towards Derek; monkeys which seemed as interested in us as we were in them, and crabs, crabs, crabs, buckets of them. Everybody collected them but it was left to pervin to deal with them. She spent a long time dismembering them for Norma's crab curry. Most people liked it but not Betty who as a result was very sick all night. Then there was Clarabel the young buffalo,



delighted to have us for company. When we went swimming she swam too. When we went for a walk she accompanied us. Being only a calf she had no respect for our flag staff and used it repeatedly as a scratching post. One evening she played her own brand of musical chairs—one stuck on each horn to the accompaniment of squeaks and squeals from the girls. On the whole she was well behaved and did not press her attentions too far, unlike another of her tribe, a misguided cow who was discovered in the Scout's quarters quietly browsing around.

What else? The upside down girl who had to stand on her head before one could see her badge the right way up. Pathetic cries, from Fredun mostly, for water! water! He might have been the Ancient Mariner bemoaning, "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink." There

was the lake full to the brim but not a cupful for a thirsty soul till it was boiled. He must have drunk not only boiled water, but boiling too straight off the fire, so impatient was he.

We did not have a theme sung but it might well have been the old favourite just slightly changed:—

"There were six brown bottles carried up a hill,

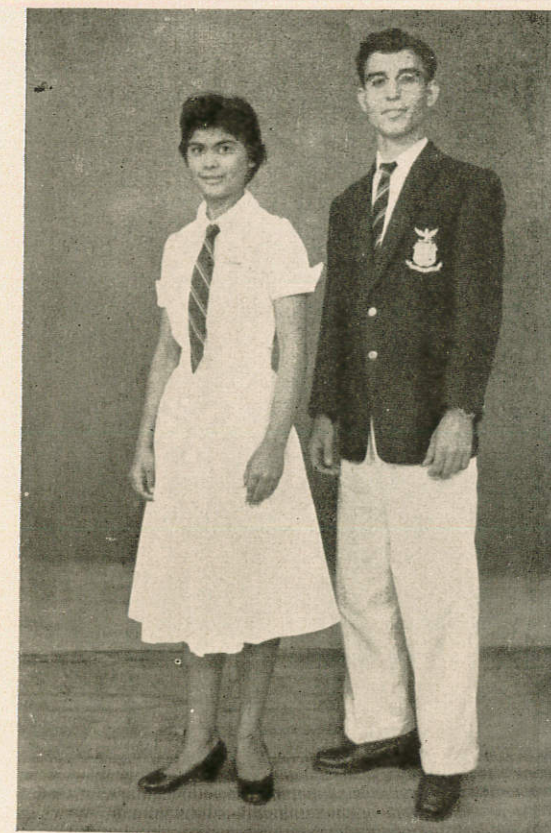
Six brown bottles carried up a hill,

And as one brown bottle did accidentally spill."

There were five brown bottles carried onward still."

By the time we returned home there were just two brown bottles still not added to our bill.

Debater of the Year: D. Wainwright.

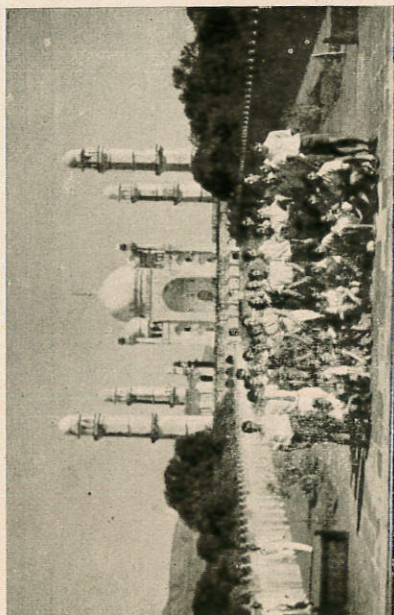


Lumley Medalists:  
Cynthia Watts, Abdul Khonji

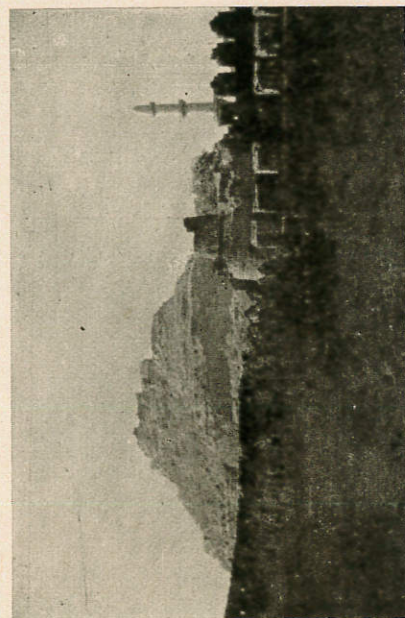


School Choir

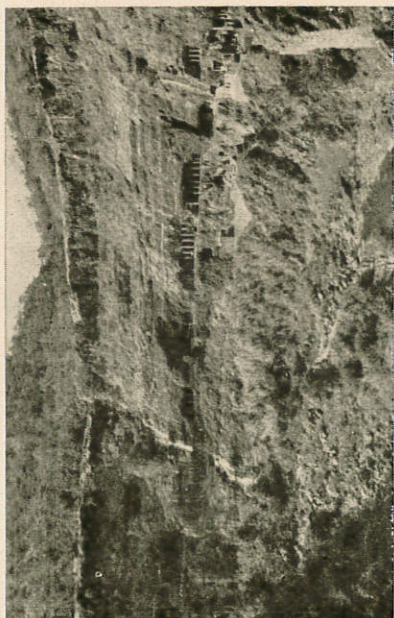




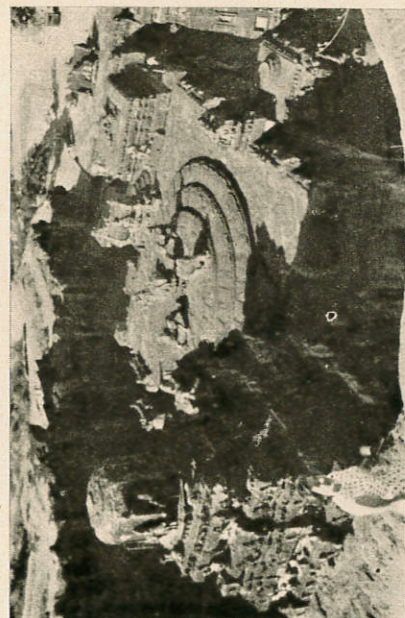
Bili ka Maqbana.



Daulatabad Fort.



Ajanta Caves.



Kailasa Temple.

## Excursion to Aurangabad

As the third term drew on, we history students eagerly looked forward to the prospect of a tour of Aurangabad — a city which literally breathes history. Glowing tributes paid to Ajanta and Ellora had for long whetted our appetites and we were particularly anxious to behold for ourselves the evidence to be found in the paintings, sculpture and architecture in these caves, of the remarkable progress made by Indian civilization during that glorious and unforgettable period 270 B.C. to 700 A.D. Besides these Buddhist, Jain, and Hindu works of art, our tour of Aurangabad would embrace visits to historical monuments associated with leading Muslim and Mughal personalities with whom our studies had often brought us in contact. It was therefore with great gladness that we welcomed the Head Master's announcement that all arrangements had been made, and on the 19th of October 1958, a party of thirty three boys and girls, in charge of two members of the staff, Mr. MacInnis and Miss Meneaud, left for Aurangabad by the Kashi Express.

The journey though rough and tiresome, was one that I shall never forget. The boys were organized into four groups, each headed by a group captain, and it was his duty to see that the boys and the luggage entrusted to his care reached the other end safely. At Deolali we knew that time was short, so each group haphazardly picked a third class compartment and dumped the luggage aboard. Unfortunately for us the occupants of the compartment we picked cared little for the comforts of their fellow passengers. This gave Bhupendra Kholi ample opportunity to exercise his

loud voice in protest of their inconsiderate behaviour. At ten minutes past twelve we reached Manmad and managed, by the skin of our teeth, to catch the metre gauge train that would take us to Aurangabad. At Manmad the luggage offered us some trouble but finally we managed to pile it into a fairly empty ladies compartment. Somewhere along the line the lunch box was relayed to the different compartments where the boys had found place. Fruit and water came next. The hours dragged slowly by, and in these hours which seemed like passing minutes we conversed with appreciation of the scenery through which we passed. We reached our destination at 3.30 p.m.

Within twenty minutes we presented ourselves at the Tourist Home. A bare hall with two bathrooms at one end was all the accomodation shown us. We had come with bed linen but no mattresses expecting to be supplied with these as well as cots. It was disappointing but it takes more than such slight inconvenience to daunt the boys of Barnes. Before night fall we had made the best of sixteen mattresses, that Mr. MacInnis had tactfully talked out of the manager, and the room looked more inviting. The girls, under Miss Meneaud, had a room to themselves and having three beds among five of them they were a little better off than we were.

That night we had our first view of the city which is about a mile and a half from the Tourist Home. The shops and buildings were colourfully illuminated and decorated in preparation for Dassera and looked fairly attractive. After spending a



short time in the city we trekked back to the Tourist Home arriving in time for dinner.

Before dinner, grace was said by the 'head boy' of the tour — Abdulla Karmastaji, and we all sat down, in the fairly comfortable dining room wondering at the large steel plates set before us. The long awaited supper started off discouragingly with a teaspoon of salt each. The end took longer than we expected and all of us left the hall highly satisfied with the quality, quantity and taste of the food provided.

Next morning after a welcome breakfast we left for Ajanta. The seventy odd miles were covered in about three hours. We lunched beside a rippling stream and after a little rest we began our ascent to the caves.

The caves of Ajanta are situated on a crescent shaped rock which overlooks a lovely glen. For about a thousand years from 200 B.C. to 800 A.D. the pious hands of the Buddhist monks chipped out sermons in stone, with chisel and mallet, from the living rock fashioning lofty and spacious shrines and monasteries.

The twenty nine caves at Ajanta consist mainly of two kinds. Chaityas (chapels) and Viharas (monasteries). We began the long walk in high spirits and each cave we entered fascinated us by its beautiful paintings. The guides of each important cave told us exciting stories about the paintings; which they said drew their themes from Buddhist folk lore and related the many legends woven round the life of Buddha. In and out of each cave we walked, finding more and more to compel our interest and excite our admiration.

Those of us who had brought cameras along busied ourselves with focusing them on beautiful paintings or more often than not, on the more handsome members of

the party. Half way between the caves was a well of clean water and this was a welcome sight to many of us who had parched throats. The few of us who had brought water bottles replenished our stocks and we all set off again refreshed and revived. All the caves were more or less on the same style, but each had its own characteristic feature. Though the dominant motif is religious, the paintings in their range and treatment are in reality an epic of the life of the people during six to eight centuries. Here in vivid colours we saw a whole age come to life. At the head of the caves we came to a steep waterfall called the Waghra Falls, underneath which was a huge cavern. The more active and adventurous of us were soon exploring the cavern and delighting in the roar and spray of the water as it emptied itself into the ravine. We had tea and were then driven back to the hostel. Dinner was followed by a little recreation in the form of games and community singing and then we retired for the night.

The next day saw us heading towards the mausoleum of Rabia Durani, wife of Aurangzeb. This beautiful piece of architecture is modelled on the Taj, and is popularly known as Bibi-ka-Maqbara. The great door at the gateway is plated with brass and along the edge is written "This door of the noble mausoleum was made in 1089 A.H. when Ataullah was chief architect by Hinba Rai." Again the Cameras clicked and before we had reached the actual tomb each camera had taken a view of the grand mausoleum. In the centre of a raised platform which is about 15 feet high and about 50 feet square stands a large dome made of pure marble. Beneath this is the tomb of Aurangzeb's wife. Those who wish to enter are supposed to remove their shoes, and so on that day there were no less than sixty shoes of different shapes and sizes and colours, all littered about the floor. At the four

corners of the raised platform were four minarets. Climbing the winding stairs to the top was a real experience. At one stage it was completely dark inside and one of my friends who was behind me laid hands on some one, and thinking it was me said "It is dark in here isn't it? The next instant he realised his mistake and became profuse in his apologies, for he had touched no Barnes School boy, but another tourist who happened to be a girl.

The Pan chakki, or water mill which we visited next is perhaps the prettiest and best kept shrine in this part of India. Behind this is the shrine of Baba Shah Muzaffar, a Chishti, and spiritual preceptor of Aurangzeb. As we entered we saw a large brimming tank of clear water. This tank is filled by water which the guide told us came through a pipe from a hill seven miles away. This water was used long ago to turn a great wheel or chakki which in turn used to grind flour. The overflowing water passes through a narrow conduit and comes out again into an underground hall which was used, the guide told us, by religious mendicants. The guide also showed us a 200 year old jar, which was used to store oil for lighting purposes. Some tough boys tried to lift the heavy vessel but to their surprise they could not move it an inch! We were shown ancient weapons, cloths and a large chain of beads, which was used to recite prayers in those days. After visiting the tomb of Baba Shah Muzaffar where once again we reluctantly took off our shoes, we set off on the 22 mile ride to Ellora.

Before we began our inspection of the caves we had our lunch under the shade of a tree which had around its base a cemented platform about five feet high. For all our precautions however the hungry hawks, that circled above our heads and kept us in constant fear of losing our food made good use of an opportunity given to them by one of our extra careful school boys

After lunch we commenced the long tour. We started with the Kailasa temple which is the most important feature of the caves. Some of our camera boys, who had spent lavishly on rolls at the Ellora canteen, were out to get their money's worth, and not less than fifteen snaps were taken at the temple. It is a marvellous structure, shaped and carved wholly out of rock. The back wall of the court pit in which it stands is over 100 feet high; the court itself is 276 feet long and 154 feet broad. A rock screen pierced by a fine entrance passage closes the court on the west side; near it stand two gigantic elephants. Between the screen and the temple and connected with both is a fine nandi shrine, 26 feet square and two storeys high, with a stone flagstaff on either side. Beyond this is the temple, which rises 96 feet above the floor of the court. It consists of three parts — a porch — a central hall 57 feet by 55 feet borne by 16 massive square columns arranged in four groups of four each and a dark shrine 15 feet square inside. The temple is full of numerous carvings each representing scenes from various epics. Here also on one of the side wall we saw various scenes from Ramayana and Mahabharatta exquisitely carved in stone.

The Ellora group of cave temples is the largest and most varied of all and comprises twelve Buddhist, fifteen Brahmin, and five Jain works. Perhaps this is the reason why a few girls did not complete the rather long walking trip. Anyway after seeing the various carvings on the walls of the caves we were all tired. The bus with its comfortable seats was a welcome sight.

Next on the list was Lord Shiva's temple or the Shri Grashneshwar Mahadeva temple — I hope I have got that right. Here some of our Hindu boys very solemnly range a bell and said some prayers.



Aurangzeb's rather neglected and shabby tomb was our next halt, and it is a wonder how this great man who built so many wonderful buildings and tombs for others should lie beneath a simple piece of cloth. It is said that his tomb cost only Rupees fifteen and twelve annas (75 naye paise); his shroud only rupees five; and this was collected by the sale of caps made by the emperor himself! The Great Puritan of India and the last of the Great Mughals was definitely not so great at making caps. The marble wall around the tomb was built only 36 years ago by the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The last but most interesting sight was the Daulatabad Fort. This is a 13th century fortress built on a huge conical rock of granite and about 500 feet high. The outer walls of the fort from the first line of defence and inside the walls is the Char Minar, a minaret of Turkish form, which rises 100 feet above the ground. Here, after some courageous boys and girls had made their way to the top, we had our tea. We were all extremely tired and the tea did little to quench our rising thirst. Many of us wondered how we could ever get to the top. After tea we passed through a gate which formed the inner line of defence. Both these gates are defended by iron spikes against battering by elephants. After ascending a steep flight of steps we came to a platform on the edge of a ditch. Here on the right we passed the Chini Mahal where Abul Hasan Tana Shah the last king of Golconda spent 13 years of imprisonment. Close by on a bastion is a gun 21 feet 10 inches long called the Kila Shikan or Fort Batterer. The moat we crossed by a narrow stone bridge at the end of which the road ascends to the Balakot by rock cut chambers and dark passages full of traps for the enemy soldiers. The guide, to the accompaniment of horrified gasps from the fair sex, told us gruesome stories of how these

traps worked. The boys as usual were quite pleased to hear stories of poisoned nails; boiling oil, dark passages that led nowhere and hollows that ended up in the deep moat. Fifty feet higher up we emerged from the passage. This point was formerly covered by an iron shutter 20 feet long and 1 inch thick made in ribs which in case of siege was heated red hot so that if assailants should have penetrated so far they would have encountered a fiery roof quite unapproachable. After climbing another hundred steps we reached the citadel itself; on a platform 160 feet by 120 feet. Here on a bastion is a large gun, which, Tavernier says, was raised to its place under the directions of an European artilleryman in the service of the great Moghul.

Daulatabad was the capital of the Yadava Kings of the Deccan. In 1293 Alauddin, afterwards Emperor of Delhi, took the city. In 1338 Muhammad bin Tughlak attempted to make this his capital, but the enterprise proved a costly failure. Later it was absorbed into the Moghul Empire.

Our return from Daulatabad heralded the end of our historical excursion. We were sorry, but realised that all good things must come to an end. The tour had been interesting, informative, and thoroughly enjoyable.

That night we packed most of our things and went to sleep conscious of the fact that it was our own last night in Aurangabad.

The next day started early for us and after a hurried breakfast we bid goodbye to the Manager and attendants of the Tourist Home. Seven thirty saw us on the platform, awaiting the arrival of our train. After a smooth journey we arrived in Deolali.

*(Continued on Page 51)*

## The Head Boy

It was during the second World War, in 1942, on the fifth day in October that Bihar heard an infant cry. That was me. After the war I spent my childhood in Jubbulpore. But a few years later I went back to Patna where my education began in January 1949.

I was admitted into St. Michael's School conducted by the Irish Christian Brothers. After studying for eight years as a boarder I came to Poona in 1956 due to my father's transfer from Kashmir to Poona. He is in the Army. Due to the lack of vacancies in the schools in Poona, I joined Barnes High School on the 28th January, 1957. In the middle of the year I was made a Prefect and House Captain. In the following year I was chosen Head Boy.

It was here that I learnt to take responsibility, to lead and to take part in all games. All this helped me a great deal, for when I appeared for the entrance examination to

the National Defence Academy, I got through with ease. In the second week of January 1959, I shall be joining the National Defence Academy at Khadakvasla. This Academy has the distinction of being the only Academy in the World where cadets are trained in all the three Services.

After a training of two years in all three services the cadets are given the opportunity to choose the Service they would like to serve in. They are then given a year's further training. I have decided to join the Army. After a training of three years at the Academy I will go to the Military College at Dehra Dun for a year's training. The following year I shall get my commission.

Now that I have finished my School Certificate I have to leave school. It is a melancholy thought. It is the closing of a chapter. The song is ended, but the melody lingers on.

*(Continued from Page 50)*

The excursion had been a grand success thanks to Miss Meneaud and Mr. MacInnes. We had been able to see with our own eyes, India's ancient glory and I am sure that those who make the trip will agree with me when I say that if a tourist has not seen the caves at Ajanta and Ellora he has seen nothing! For a lover of art the visit is a pilgrimage, for other sights

of past glory enshrine a nobler monument of man's artistic achievement.

We owe our deepest thanks to Mr. Coles, the Head Master and Mrs. Fernandes and Mr. Eastwood for making this excursion possible. We hope that excursions like this will become an annual feature in Barnes.

Ronald Pinto  
STD XI



# School Diary

## JUNE

- 9th : Boarders return to school.
- 10th : Second Term begins.
- 12th : Football practice begins.
- 14th : School go to a film at the Cathay.  
A seniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 21th : A juniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 22th : A debate is held in the Hall.
- 28th : A public holiday.

## JULY

- 1st : Girls' table tennis tournament starts.
- 5th : School go to a film at the Cathay.  
A seniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 7th : Football tournament begins.
- 12th : Standards 1, 2, 3a, 3b, 4a, 4b, perform their plays in the Hall.
- 19th : Juniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 25th : Football tournament ends.
- 27th : A debate is held in the Hall.
- 28th : A public holiday.
- 29th : Final practice for the Cross Country race.
- 31st : Cross Country finals.

## AUGUST

- 1st : A public holiday, Standards Va, Vb, V1a, V1b, stage their plays.
- 3rd : A debate is held in the Hall.
- 4th : Cricket practice begins.
- 9th : School go to a film at the Cathay.  
A seniors' social is held.
- 15th : Independence Day.
- 23rd : A juniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 28th : A public holiday.
- 31st : A debate is held in the Hall.

## SEPTEMBER

- 1st : A public holiday.
- 3rd : Terminal examinations begin.
- 6th : A public holiday.
- 12th : Second Term ends.
- 13th : Michaelmas holidays begin.

- 22nd : Third Term begins. Cricket tournament starts.
- 26th : A public holiday.

## OCTOBER

- 1st : Bombay School of Art examinations begin.
- 2nd : A public holiday. Mahatma Gandhi's birthday.
- 10th : Girls' hockey tournament ends.  
Globe trotter Roy Marion gives a talk in the Hall.
- 11th : School go to a film at the Cathay.  
A seniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 12th : School XI play a cricket match against the M.E.S. We win.
- 18th : A juniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 19th : A debate is held in the Hall.
- 21st : A public holiday.
- 27th : Heats for the athletics begin.

## NOVEMBER

- 1st : School go to a film at the Cathay.  
A seniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 2nd : A debate is held in the Hall.
- 8th : Trinity College of Music examinations. A juniors' social is held in the Hall.
- 10th : Sports pre contested finals held.
- 11th : Diwali. Athletics finals.
- 12th : Cricket match against the Old Boys.
- 16th : Cricket match against South Devlali.  
We win.  
Final debate in the Hall.
- 20th : Final examinations begin.
- 24th : School Certificate examinations begin.
- 30th : Carol Service in the evening.

## DECEMBER

- 3rd : Seniors' and juniors' socials held in the Hall.
- 5th : Prize distribution. Standards IX and X stage their plays.
- 6th : School closes for the winter vacation.

# HISTRIONICS

## "The play's the thing"

According to custom, in the line of light entertainment, we were to stage Class plays. This was announced by the Headmaster at the commencement of Term. As Standards I to IV were to put theirs on first, they got busy choosing suitable plays and rehearsing. The teachers concerned were busy most of the time with their practices. It was a difficult job as most of the very young children had difficulty with the language. However, the teachers persevered, and on the 12th July the school auditorium was packed. Standard 1 staged The Old Woman in The Shoe, in which Mrs. Frederick herself very gallantly took part as the Old Woman. The play was very pleasingly performed and there was much applause from the audience. Standard 2 then put on their performance, Catherine and Fredrick, a very catchy and interesting one. Then came Standard 3a and Standard 3b with The Magic Boots and A Reporter In Fairyland respectively. Both these plays were well done by the small performers, the Reporter in the second one getting quite a thrill from his assignment in the Land of Make Believe where he met a number of strange but interesting folk. Standard IVa put on that children's favourite, Alice In Wonderland, and IVb The Queen Of Hearts. Both plays were delightful and received loud applause.

The Junior school were now finished with their plays, and the Middle school got ready for theirs. On the 1st August Standard Va staged theirs called The Ogre, with Paul Bose as the voracious Orge. He was no cannibal mind you, but rather an epicure, who chose his delicious morsels with care and an eye to beauty. This play was enjoyed very much. Standard VIa put

on Catching A Lunatic. Nina Singh as the housewife who had been warned about an escaped lunatic took no chances, and way-laid any wayfarer who passed her home thinking him to be the Lunatic, during the course of which she bagged a couple of football stars who were on their way to an important match. The comedy ended in the Police Inspector pacifying Nina Singh after her mistake at the same time commending her for her courage. Standard VIb's play was The Man In The Brown Hat, based on the stage play The Man In The Bowler Hat. Errol Harris as the crook, his assistant Iqbal Merchant, Colin Monnier as the Policeman, Jacqueline Yardley as the crook's wife, and Hilary Brady their daughter, and Subash Joowekar as the man in the brown hat, gave as pleasing and entertaining a performance as one could expect.

At the end of the month, the 30th to be exact, the rest of the Middle school put on their plays. Standard VIIa performed a very creditable version of Aucassin and Nicolette in verse. It brought considerable applause from the audience, for the performance of this rather difficult play was no mean achievement for fourteen-year olds. Bernadette Preston as the indefatigable Aucassin, Zarina Paternott as the fair maiden Nicolette, and Harry Power as the unrelenting father gave as realistic a picture of those far offdays when chivalrous knights went through hell and high water for the pining maiden that they loved. The Cast was quite a large one, each one playing his or her part with credit. The next play was the one by Standard VIib, Queer Street, a humorous and entertaining comedy. Standard VIII then staged The Ugly Duckling. This play was faster and more vigorously performed with Moham-



med Tahir Badri playing the part of the king with great effect, Hillary Garrett his queen, Jennifer Preece the daughter, and Joshua Jacobs the royal usher. Apart from the appropriate and lavish costumes, the play was well done, with Mohammed Tahir Badri displaying much histrionic talent.

There was quite a lull after this till Prize Day, the last day of Term, when Standards IX and X were to put on their plays. The intervening period was spent in rehearsals, and Standard IX went all out in preparing a very elaborate set and appropriate costumes for their Period play. She Stoops To Conquer. Came the day. After the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Batty, and the singing of the holiday song by all assembled, the curtain went up on Standard X's play, The Crimson Coconut, a farce by Ian Hay. Daryl Collins playing the part of a waiter in a Soho restaurant was the central figure in a light comedy created around a supposed bomb, the crimson coconut. He was ably supported by Farok Irani as a detective on the heels of two anarchists,

Nitro Gliserinski and his wife who played rather difficult roles well, and Mr. Jabstick, Vyvil Paternott filling the role, a fussy, irascible man, and his charming daughter Nancy, appropriately played by Gladys Fernandes. This absolute farce almost came to grief when the lights failed shortly after the play had started. Fortunately there were two expert electricians on the scene, who saved the situation, particularly for Standard IX who came on next. For a class of teenagers the play was put across well. The introduction of the Cast was quite interesting, the Chorus introducing them after the style of a mannequin parade. The play was abridged and adapted to suit teenagers. All the players performed their parts well, Barry Power taking the part of Mr. Marlowe, E. Khonji his father, K. Elavia as Mr. Hastings, Angela Fernandes as Constance, Blossom Peters and Doreen Rhubottom as Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, Maya Jhangiani as their charming and provocative daughter, and Munawar Hussain as the incorrigible Tony Lumkin.



