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"The Mitre"

The Yearly Magazine

OF

The Bishop's School, Poona.

1953.

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CONTENTS

Editorial

IN the past, articles offered by the boys for inclusion in 'THE MITRE' have been written specially for it. The conditions under which these articles were written were such as to ensure that they were the original compositions of the boys over whose names they were written. Of course, previous study of relevant matter, and note-jotting, were permitted. This done, intending contributors (their name was legion) were assembled in their classes during school-time and wrote their articles, to an adequate time-limit and under surveillance.

In the present issue of 'The Mitre' a different approach was made in this particular: compositions already available in the answers to papers set in the Final Examinations of the School Year, or available in school exercises not demonstrably 'inspired' from 'outside', were laid under contribution. The best of these were chosen for 'The Mitre'.

The experiment was interesting as showing what quality of writing can be found in such conditions. It may be added that by far the larger number of items chosen were taken from the Final Examination answer papers, and required relatively little editing.

One item in the Contributors' Section—we'll leave you to pin-prick, pardon, pin-point it—comes from the pen of the indefatigable editor of our lively and irrepressible contemporary, 'Bismag', (sounds like an antacid, and is), formerly known as 'The Miterite'. That last name will tell you that it was someone's little brother. That someone was, and is, Us (shades of the stalking Fowlers!) We take one stride to its six or seven (or is it eight or nine?) little pattering steps. It's a shame not to let you into these

family jokes – 'Bismag' is our own little School Mag. and appears once every month of the school year; we appear once in that school year.

Well, here's our Magazine, then. Make it really ours by intelligent, constructive criticisms. It's the chronicle of our school activities, the mirror of what we are, measured by the standards of intellect, personality and character. If these activities and that intangible something called the Spirit of the School are fair to the eye and heart of a Sportsman, who is the essential Gentleman, these pages will reveal them truly.

Good reading and a happy holiday!

Staff and Prefects, 1953

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1953.

General Shrinagesh, Mrs. Shrinagesh, Members of the School Committee, Parents, Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys of Bishop's School, I have much pleasure in presenting my Seventh Report.

Each year I lay emphasis on the fact that our numbers have at last reached full capacity, and each year I am surprised to find how dramatically our numbers have far exceeded that of the year before. Today our total strength stands at 366 on rolls, of which 120 are Boarders; and, let me add, there is such a large waiting list, that if only we had the accommodation we would immediately be swamped out by at least 200 new entries. Yes, truly, God has blessed our work and we are moving forward all the time, from strength to strength in all things. I am very happy to make the observation that more and more Services parents and parents belonging to the Central Government Services are seeing the folly of taking their sons about with them at each and every transfer, which, of course, comes regularly every two or three years. In so many cases irreparable harm is caused to children by numerous transfers and consequent changing of Schools, and neither the School, nor, what is infinitely worse, the child can build up any kind of efficient stability. I take this opportunity of making a sincere plea for your boy and the School, by suggesting most emphatically that, having found a suitable School, you ought to leave your boy there, no matter what place your transfers may lead you to. No man's life was ever built on sentiment.

Our health last year was excellent, and this is another blessing for which we owe thanks to Almighty God. Month by month, with only one notable exception, the Boarders put

on weight as normally as any Day Scholar, and it is interesting to know that in the second half of last term, from mid-June to mid-December, throughout a period of six months, out of 120 resident Boarders, we did not have a single infirmary case. We are fortunate, and are very grateful indeed to Doctor Coyajee, Doctor Vevai and Doctor Kaikobad for their tireless and patient guard over our health. After the Annual Medical Examination last year I was informed that without doubt the boys of Bishop's were the most healthy among all the Boys' Schools of Poona: out of some 300 boys examined there was not a single case where anything serious could be reported medically.

In the Classroom, through monthly tests, 'satisfacits,' complaint books and the Red List system, we endeavour to achieve much, and we have quite a deal to be happy about. Due to our big percentage of Services and Central Government parents, Bishop's, more perhaps than any other School, has its boys continually under change of schools. I have already made a plea to parents about this earlier in my report. But, to come back to the point, we find much real gratification, in our work, at the progressive achievement of our boys who leave us to join other Schools. Last year we bifurcated Std. XI, the final class of the School: those who were found incapable of standing a reasonably fair chance of passing the Cambridge School Certificate Examination were segregated and placed in another class to take the S. S. C. Examination this March. I feel certain that this decision will result in a higher degree of success, both in the Cambridge School Certificate Examination as also in the S. S. C. Examination.

Our work on the games field has been just as progressive as ever; because of its character-building and health-giving qualities, we lay much stress on this side of our work.

Throughout the year we are striving conscientiously during our spare time, organising hockey, cricket, football, athletics, swimming, boxing, tennis and physical training in their due season. Other activities concern Scouting, Cubbing, Indoor Games, and Debating, for the last of which the Sub-Area has given a trophy for competition. Boys vie with each other in the noble art of words and the Sub-Area has gracefully presented a prize for Public Speaking.

The recent Government order banning these Schools from admitting any but those whose mother tongue is English has exercised our minds a great deal recently. In so many cases panic has overwhelmed us, and everywhere uncertainty overtakes us. If Government from the Centre would give a uniform policy to the whole Country, we would know what to do, and all Schools in this great Country could move, rightly or wrongly, towards one common goal. But alas! there lies the fundamental trouble. We must watch and see, but, whatever happens, these Schools will not, in this moment of trial, let the Country down in its attempt to achieve its aspirations. Assisted by the Cambridge University, these Schools for years have gone on improving their standard of Hindi, and, even now, we are not standing static in our endeavours towards this end. To accept a situation whereby we ostracise ourselves because our Mother tongue is English is just inconceivable; we will not do it. Should circumstances compel us, we will have to accept the unpopular alternative of teaching year by year, one standard at a time, through the medium of Hindi, until in 11 years all teaching and all learning shall be through the medium of Hindi, and a new type of School Master must inevitably take our places and consequently a new type of boy will evolve. Coming as it does at such short notice, grave injury will be done to the fundamental characteristics of these Schools, whereas if the process were spread out over a period of years the situation

could be saved. It is axiomatic that English is no longer the language of the English people; it is the world's esperanto and it is the very life-blood of fast-advancing civilisation. We cannot afford to neglect it whatever our National aims, and my plea is that, if we are to keep pace with civilised progress in every way, we must do so through the English language, and, like the study of all languages, it must be started very early, the earlier the better. It must commence in Std. I and it must be pursued energetically, relentlessly day by day, year by year, until life's end. In our own interests we cannot do without knowing English, and knowing it well; all learning may be through the medium of Hindi, but solidly behind all our learning must stand a real comprehension of the English language. Witness presently our Scholars as they come before you; note that the English prizes are won by all except the English boys. Paradoxical as it may seem, English is least of all the Mother tongue of the English!

I take this opportunity of thanking the School Committee for all their genuine assistance in the multifarious problems of the School, and the Staff for their love of, and devotion to, their work. In all things, despite inevitable criticism, there is a conscious reality in their work, which bears good fruit all the time, as our parents so very often testify. And mentioning this last sentence reminds me to ask you parents a big favour: if you have something to grumble about, please don't talk about it to your friends, but write me, 'phone me, or see me about it; I assure you I shall do all in my power, with all the enthusiam and sincerity I can command, to alleviate the troubles. If you have any suggestions please do come and discuss them; genuine and sympathetic co-operation and understanding are the only means by which any Institution can move forward all the time. While talking about our Staff I cannot go on without recording our very sincere thanks to our Honorary Members who so selflessly work on behalf

of the School. Both Mrs. Chinmulgund and Mrs. Verma are due our very warm and sincere thanks; if all our Mothers were as loyal to the aspirations and ideals of the Bishop's School, as indeed these two Mothers are, we would achieve success immeasurable by earthly terminology. There is a strength in enthusiastic Motherhood that knows no limitations! To you, Mrs. Chinmulgund and Mrs. Verma, the Bishop's School gives its affectionate, warm, and sincere thanks; we are grateful to you for all your efforts on our behalf.

I experience a feeling of unbelievable joy in being able to express to General Shrinagesh personally, this evening, my very enthusiastic thanks on behalf of the School Committee, the Bishop's School and myself for the numerous benefits we receive through the kind co-operation of the Army: for our playing fields, for our swimming pool, for a special block for the use of Services children, and for the encouragement in our work shown by the trophy the Sub-Area have presented to us for Public Speaking. The Army permeates into the very fibre of the School, and for all these benefits and numerous others, felt indirectly, we are most grateful. But we do not only take from the Army; we give back in service to her sons as well and fully as we possibly can, and our boys, served by us, go back to serve the Army through the Joint Services Wing. Each year more and more boys are becoming more and more conscious of service with the Army, the Navy and the Air Force, and each year sees more boys than ever striving hard to repay some of the good we have ourselves received. In this coming examination no less than 8 boys intend appearing for the Competitive Examinations of the Joint Services Wing. We thank you, Sir, most sincerely for all the benefits we receive at the generous hands of the Services.

I conclude by thanking you, Sir, and Mrs. Shrinagesh, for gracing our gathering this evening; I thank the

School Committee and all our friends for their presence here this evening, and I do this on behalf also of everyone in the Bishop's School. We go forward into this new academic year full of enthusiasm, ready in all things to meet the challenge of opportunities that lie ahead of us, and we pray God will give us grace and wisdom to meet our difficulties and overcome them triumphantly throughout the coming year.

Thank you, Mrs. Shrinagesh, and you, Sir, thank you all for coming.

Speech Day and Prize Distribution

19th March, 1954.

PRESIDENT :

Lt.-Gen. S. M. SHRINAGESH

G. O. C.-In-Chief, Southern Command.

Programme

1. Presentation of Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. S. M. SHRINAGESH to Members of the School Committee and Staff.
2. Presentation of Bouquet to Mrs. SHRINAGESH.
3. The Principal's Report for the year 1953.
4. Distribution of Prizes by Mrs. SHRINAGESH.
5. Address by the President.
6. Concert by the School.

CLASS PRIZES.

Std. III A.	Proficiency	Hussain Chinoy
	English	Mohan Raju
	Mathematics	Prabaker Rao
	Progress	Kenneth Whittenbury
Std. III B.	Proficiency	Shahrukh Paymaster
	English	Neville Mehta
	Mathematics	Gilbert Adams
	Progress	Saroj Das
Std. IV	Proficiency	Beau Ragbir
	English	Cyrus Mehta
	Mathematics	Kaiomars Anklesaria
	Progress	Terence Rowe
Std. V.	Proficiency	Zahir Chinoy
	English	Surendra Raju
	Mathematics	Michael Daniel
	Progress	Deepak Mantri
Std. VI.	Proficiency	Sassoon Daniel
	English	Mahyar Anklesaria
	Mathematics	Mahyar Anklesaria
	Progress	Shyamal Chakraverty
Std. VII.	Proficiency	Gautam Ganguli
	English	Gautam Ganguli
	Mathematics	Gautam Ganguli
Std. VIII.	Proficiency	Munir Chinoy
	English	Cyrus Sabavala
	Mathematics	Rajkanwal Raheja
	Progress	Mohan Daryanani
Std. X.	Proficiency	Neil Chinmulgund
	English	Neil Chinmulgund
	Mathematics	Kanwarjit Anand
	Progress	Russi Rastomji

CLASS PRIZES — Contd.

Std. X.	Proficiency	Farhad Ginwalla
	English	Philip Kushal Singh
	Mathematics	Philip Kushal Singh
	Progress	Leslie McLaughlin
Std. XI S S.C.E	Proficiency	Rodney McMullen
	English	Rodney McMullen
	Progress	Jitendar Shukla
Std. XI S. C.	Proficiency	Narayan Advani
	English	Narayan Advani
	Mathematics	Narayan Advani
	Progress	Rudy Ragbir

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Scripture .... Senior : Philip Kushal Sing
Junior : Ranjit Sant Singh

Art .... Senior : Philip Kushal Singh
Junior : Saleem Ahmed

General Knowledge ....
1 Senior : Neil Chinmulgund
Junior : Kaiomars Anklesaria
2 Senior : Gautam Ganguli
Junior : Surendra Raju

Music .... Senior : Neil Chinmulgund
Junior : Nersi Treasurywala

Mr. Mulleneaux's Cups for — Seniors:
Mathematics : Narayan Advani
Science : Faroukh Wadia

The Governor's Cups for
Proficiency : Narayan Advani
Progress : Rudy Ragbir
Best All-Round: Philip Kushal Singh

SPECIAL PRIZES—Contd.

Head Boy's Prize Cedric Sampson

Vice-Head Boy's Prize Robin Beck

Sub-Area Prize for Public Speaking : Farhad Ginwalla

Best All-Round Boy
- Arnould House : Philip Kushalsingh
- Bishop's ,, : Cedric Sampson
- Harding ,, : Peter Gilbert
- Mansfield ,, : Vijay Lad

Best Scholars : Beau Ragbir (Juniors) Narayan Advani (Seniors)

The Robey Study Cup Harding House

HOUSE AWARDS

Juniors—Harding Football, Athletics, Phys. Trg.
Mansfield Hockey.

Seniors—Bishop's Hockey, Tennis. Phys. Trg.
Harding Football, Cricket, Athletics.

Rex Ludorum
- Juniors. Eugene Hardaker
- Seniors. Cedric Sampson

Cock House HARDING HOUSE.

Concert Programme

1. **Play - "Bell the Cat."**
(The Junior School)

Scene 1.

Doctor	V. Mehta
Nurse	Z. Kothawala
Porter	J. Mody
Mrs. Ratberry	K. Rastomji
Patients	M. Daniel
	F. Dhondy, A. Kimber

Scene 2.

Court Attendants	R. Rashid, S. Irani
The Mayor	D. Mody
& the Actors of Scene 1.	

2. **Percussion Band of Std. III, Leader: Sayyad.**
3. **Hindi Play - "Interview."**
(The Senior School)

Manager	V. Saighal	Majake	I. Singh
Head Clerk	S. Mohamed	Narendra	S. Mehta
Gadabade	N. Daver	Bahira	G. Sapra
Gande	H. Singh		

4 **Piano Solo - "Ash Grove." K. Treasurywala.**
5. **Play - "Ivy Cottage." by Ernest F. Hill**
(The Senior School)

Reginald Boulton	Raoof Rais
Gertrude Boulton	Leslie McLaughlin
Dan Wheatley	Philip Kushalsingh
A Parson	Ja nes Venkataramiah
An Old Woman	Mayer Iny
A Postman	Jadhav Chandramohan
Sound Effects	Doulat Chhabria
Stage Property	Errol Gotting

6. **Violin Solo - "Humoresque." N. Chinmulgund.**
7. **School Choir and Orchestra**
"Bless this house." M. H. Blake
" See the Conquering Hero comes."
(Judas Maccabaeus) Handel.
THE SCHOOL SONG.

HARDING HOUSE NOTES 1953

House Master	..	**Mr. A. E. Mollan**
„ Captain	..	**W. Greene**
„ Vice-Captain	..	**P. Gilbert**

Once again we have won the House Championship although we did not feel confident of doing so at the commencement of the year.

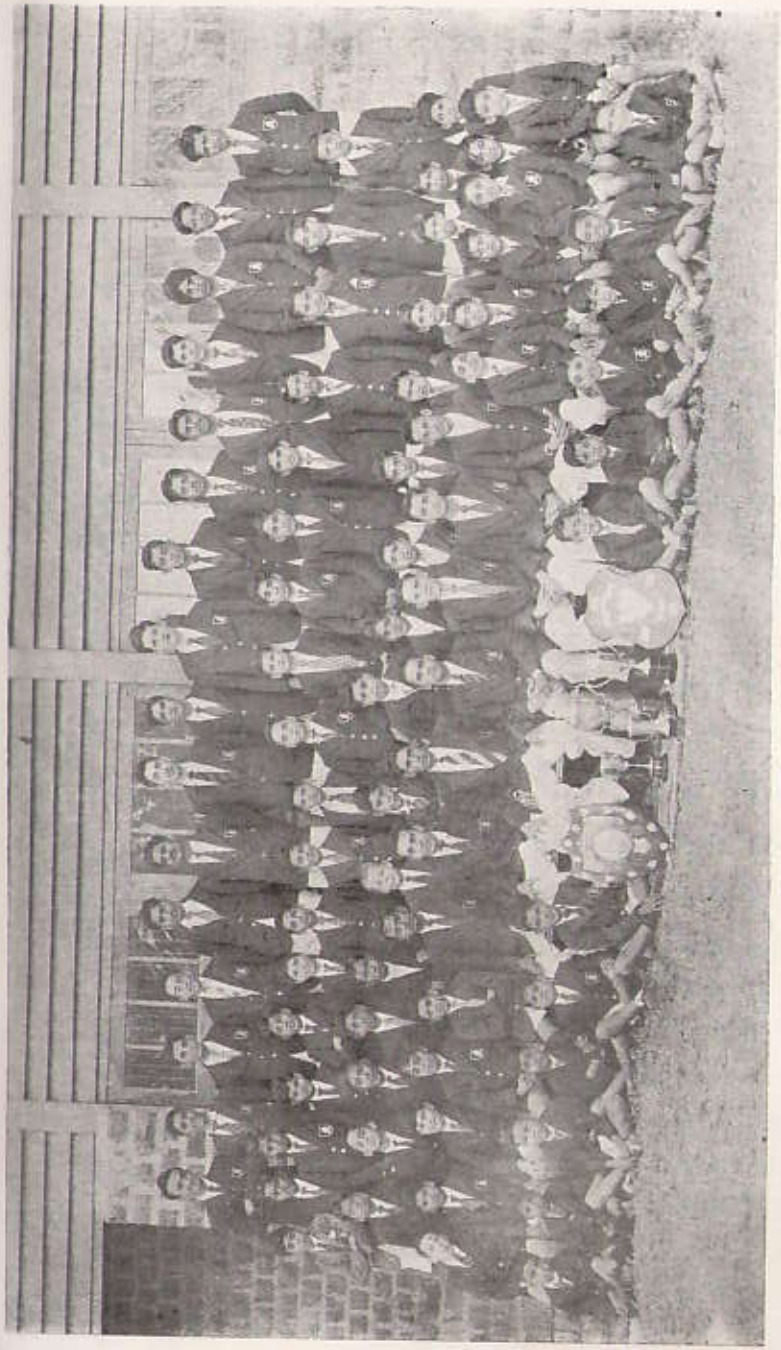
We began the year by losing the Hockey, but this defeat became the first stepping-stone to future successess. Both Seniors and Juniors gave of their best and contributed to the final well-earned victory. We won the Senior and Junior trophies for Football and Athletics. This year we also won the Senior trophy for Cricket and the Robey Study Cup.

Special mention must be made of Salim Ahmed and Peter Gilbert, for their achievements on the Sports field. ("Our Senior Relay team won the Inter-House Relay trophy due to the splendid efforts of Greene and Gilbert"—House Master).

Congratulations to all those who helped in each activity and may the spirit displayed this year continue and improve throughout the coming years.

" KEEP THE BLUE FLAG FLYING!"

WILLIAM GREENE.



Cock House, 1953
Harding

BISHOP'S HOUSE 1953

House Master: **Mr. W. J. Wright**
House Captain: **C. Sampson**
Vice Captain: **J. Chandramohan**

1952 saw us Cock House, but 1953 was not to be successful.

In the 1st. Term the Hockey was decided with our Seniors winning all their matches and showing their superiority over all the other teams – a happy contrast to that of the previous year. The Juniors, however, were very unlucky, especially at the final moment of converting, and tied for second place with Harding. The sum total, however, left us 1st. on the board.

The 2nd. Term did not improve the luck, but left us in a worse position. N. Balasingam and R. Evans left us before the commencement of the Football Tournament, and R. Chhitwal, our best Junior, could not complete the Tournament as scheduled as the matches were postponed due to the rain. This brought us down to 2nd. place and the situation remained the same through the Athletics and Cricket.

The Final Event saw us once again coming into our own, for we walked off with the Tennis. The final position saw us 2nd., which, taking everything into account, was very creditable to our 3-year-old House.

At the end of the year we bade farewell to C. Sampson, who had been House Captain for two years, and Head Boy for his last year in the School, and we wish him the best of luck for the future.

MANSFIELD HOUSE NOTES 1953

House Master .. **Mr. L. Francis**
„ Captain .. **R. Beck**
„ Vice-Captain .. **R. Mc. Mullen**
„ Prefects .. **D. Dodri, I. Mordecal.**

The Juniors commenced the year well by coming first in Hockey, but this year we have had very little support from our Seniors. In previous years it was the Seniors who upheld the House, but this year the Juniors took over. It was a great pity that we came third in the Inter-House Championship, and it was the second time that Bishop's House has managed to beat us.

Our Juniors did exceptionally well during the whole year's progress, and managed to secure second place in every game. On the other hand, our Seniors let us down, and they usually found the third or last place vacant for them. We would have definitely come second in the Championship had our Seniors showed up better and won a couple of games.

I must, however, emphasise that the spirit of the House during the whole year was excellent, whether we faced victory or defeat, and we got all the backing we needed.

In concluding, I must thank Mr. Francis, the House Prefects, and all the boys for their kind co-operation throughout the year. I shall be among the Seniors leaving School this year, and shall do so with much regret. I wish Mr. Francis and the House, including next year's Captain, the very best of luck in 1954 and all the coming years.

May we keep on striving and always keep our 'Red Banner' Flying.

ROBIN BECK.

ARNOULD HOUSE NOTES 1953

House Master .... **Mr. P. D. Bunter**
„ Captain .... **A. R. Carroll**
„ Vice-Captain .... **S. Mohomed**

We started this year with great odds to face, and we decided to face all of them with grim determination.

The Hockey was quite a 'flop' for us, in both Seniors and Juniors, and we came last.

The next Term there was football and we determined to make a more successful show. We did not have a very good selection of players as compared with the other Houses, but we did our best and went all out from the beginning, and we beat Bishop's and Mansfield in the Seniors, and lost to Harding by a very untimely goal. Our Juniors proved less successful, however, but achieved third place.

Athletics proved, however, to be the wosrt branch of outdoor activity of the year for us.

We started out practising, and when the test came the most commendable athlete in our House was Jimmy Venkataramiah. He really made a splendid show, and just missed the Victor Ludorum for his age group. A. Gasper also ran well and was the most outstanding Junior in Arnould.

We ended up last in the House Championship but we should always remember that "It's not the triumph but the struggle that counts."

ARNOULD HOUSE NOTES—Contd.

In concluding, I wish to thank Mr. P. Bunter for giving us all the help and backing we needed, and the House for giving their very best in all they did.

I wish the Arnould Captain for 1954 all the best and the House in general a very successful year.

A. CARROLL,
House Captain.

Hockey First XI, 1953

HOCKEY NOTES 1953.

Two full-sized fields complete with goal posts, nets and boards, and a smaller one, all on the Race Course, gave 276 people as much hockey as they more or less wanted.

This year members of the Staff, and Students of the Training College, joined in the Senior League and games were fixed on all days from Monday to Thursday, both days inclusive.

Results of the Inter—House League:

Juniors:	**Seniors:**
1. Mansfield	1. Bishop's
2. Bishop's / Harding	2. Harding
	3. Mansfield
4. Arnould.	4. Arnould.

Unfortunately the Cathedral School could not procure a ground when we went down to Bombay in September to play our Inter-School Games, and so there was only one "high light" of the year: the annual fixtures with St. Peter's Panchgani.

It is true we won both games, but the Juniors (under 15) played a very scrappy match and managed to get 2 early goals which remained unaltered to the end of the games.

Team:

D. D'Souza

D. Singh C. Cursetji

S. Ahmed P. Hunt P. Kushal Singh

N. Chinmulgund V. Lad R. Law J. Venkataramiah (Captain)

E. Hardaker

In the other game the Seniors (under 18) excelled themselves and "taught St. Peter's how to play the game as a

HOCKEY NOTES—Contd.

Team"—so said their Hockey Master—and won comfortably by 4 goals to nil.

Team: N. Davar

C. Sampson (Captain) R. Rais

R. Beck K. Merchant R. McMullan

I. Singh S. Bahadur A. Rais R. Ragbir C. Hunt.

On the 1st. Term's piay R. Marshall and N. Balasingam were awarded Colours, and just before the fixture with St. Peter's C. Sampson and A. Rais won the same distinction.

W. WRIGHT,
(Secy.)

Football First XI, 1953

FOOTBALL NOTES 1953.

For the first time in many years Bishop's entered a public tournament, being represented in both the Senior and Junior sections by our First Eleven teams. The Junior Eleven was entered in the Under-Fourteen Division and the Senior Eleven in the Under-Eighteen, which meant that we had to drop three of our regular First Eleven players on the grounds of age.

Outstanding in the Senior team were Sampson, the Captain, Darius Mody, Philip Kushal Singh and Claude Hunt. Others who put up a good show were Itbar Singh, Arif Rais and Wordsworth. Robin Beck did not live up to the promise he showed last year and though he tried hard was rather disappointing in the form he displayed. In the Juniors Salim Ahmed and Lad played well, Ahmed especially showing great promise. He has speed and is not afraid to tackle any and every one. Hardaker is inclined to be a rather selfish player and should try to combine with the team as a whole.

Besides these League tournaments, our Open Eleven played several matches, but did not do as well as usual. The Senior League was won by Ornella's High School and we were runners - up. However, in the Exhibition Game arranged between our two schools on the occasion of the distribution of prizes,we defeated them by four goals to two. We came third in the Junior Section.

We lost to Cathedral this year, by two goals to one, but defeated St. Peter's in both the Senior and Junior games, though they gave us a very good game.

The Rest of the School played in the Internal League Tournaments, and I must thank the members of Staff, the

FOOTBALL NOTES—Contd.

Senior Boys, and the Students of the Trainining College, for all the help they gave in playing and refereeing these matches.

The results of the House Tournaments will be found elsewhere in this magazine in tabulated form.

Colours were awarded to Cedric Sampson and Darius Mody.

L. FRANCIS.
(Football Secy.)

Cricket First XI, 1953

CRICKET NOTES 1953.

The Cricket Season opened with net practice every evening by classes, and with the usual weekly fixtures with other Schools and Clubs.

In September the School XI went to Bombay to play the Cathedral School, to whom we lost after a stiff fight, this being the only match that we lost during the Cricket Season.

In October our Seniors went to Panchgani for the usual annual fixture with St. Peter's. The game was well contested by both teams, but, unfortunately, owing to heavy rain in the evening, the match was drawn in favour of St. Peter's, as they had a lead of a few runs.

The Juniors, who remained behind to play the Juniors of St. Peter's, shared a similar fate. Owing to the weather this match was also drawn.

A Combined School Touring Team from Bombay met us on the S.P. College ground and was beaten by us by over a hundred runs. Another outstanding match was one played against a Scratch team which included a good few seasoned players from various Colleges. Here again The School XI played good cricket and defeated one of the strongest teams they had played up to then.

In spite of strong opposition the School XI played exceptionally well during the whole season and gave as good as they got. Many a good team had a 'leather hunt' where it expected an easy victory.

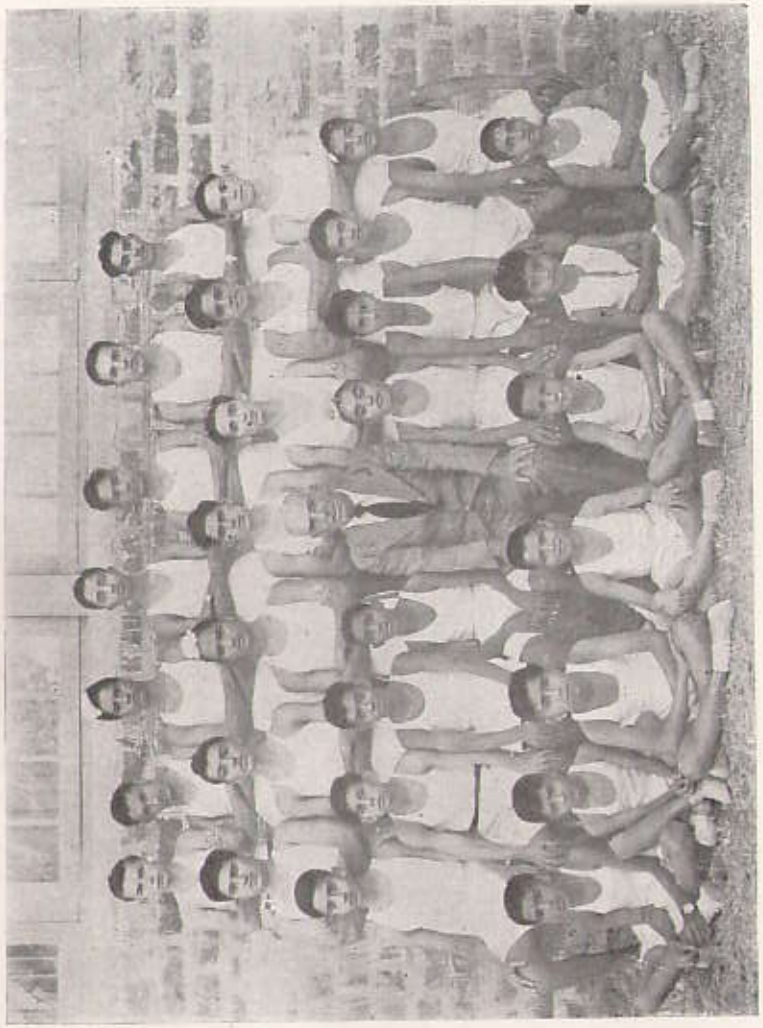
The Cricket Season concluded with the House Matches, which were well contested. The final results were: Harding

CRICKET NOTES—Contd.

House Seniors won; and their Juniors drew against Bishop's and Mansfield Houses.

This was a very successful season: out of eleven outside matches we lost one, drew one, and won the rest. We are hoping to do as well in the next season. Athough we shall lose a few of our good players there are others who are ready to fill their places; and we are Sure they will do their best to back up the team in every way.

A. HOOTON-ROWE,
(Secy.)



Prize Winners, Athletics, 1953

ATHLETICS 1953

The Inter-House Athletic Sports once again proved a great success. After the numerous records broken in 1952 one was of the impression that 1953 would be a lean year for record-breaking.

This thought, however, proved to be wrong, as there were no less than twentyone records created in the sports finals of 1953. Several competitors did exceptionally well, which can be seen from the results.

Everyone who took part did their best and deserve congratulations.

There are many promising young lads in the school, and we can look forward to some keen competitions in the future.

The Finals were held on the Sub-Area Track on November 16th. Brigadier A. D. Verma presided and Mrs. Verma distributed the trophies.

The following are the results:—

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS FINALS 1953

JUNIORS :

CLASS V		House	Time
Cross Country	..1. Saunders G.	(B)	19′ 10⅗″
	2. Vasandani L.	(H)	(School Record)
800 Metres	..1. Saunders G.	(B)	3′ 2⅗″
	2. Perkins R.	(H)	(School Record)
50 Metres	..1. Ramdas B.	(H)	8⅗″
	2. Verma R.	(A)	

INTER - HOUSE ATHLETICS FINALS —Contd

CLASS V

80 Metres	..1. Ramdas B.	(H)	13⅖
	2. Perkins R.	(H)	
High Jump	..1. Dhawan A.	(M)	3′ 4″
	2. Chibber A.	(H)	

CLASS IV

Cross Country	..1. Singh Av.	(M)	15′ 29⅖″
	2. Lad U.	(A)	(School Record)
800 Metres	..1 Singh Av.	(M)	2′ 45⅗″
	2 Adams G.	(B)	(School Record)
400 Metres	..1. Singh Av.	(M)	.. 71⅕″
	2. Lad U.	(A)	(School Record)
200 Metres	..1. Singh Av.	(M)	
	2. Sant Singh R.	(B)	
100 Metres	..1. Singh Av.	(M)	15⅕″
	2. Sant Singh R.	(B)	
High Jump	..1. Singh Av.	(M)	4′ 1″
	2. Sidhu M.	(M)	(School Record)
Long Jump	..1. Lad U.	(A)	12′ 8″
	2. Singh Av.	(M)	

CLASS III

Cross Country	..1. Hardaker E.	(M)	15′ 32⅖″
	2. Singh D.	(H)	(School Record)
800 Metres	..1. Ahmed S.	(H)	2′ 35⅖″
	2. Singh D.	(H)	(School Record)
400 Metres	..1. Ahmed S.	(H)	66″
	2. Singh D.	(H)	(School Record)
200 Metres	..1. Ahmed S.	(H)	28″
	2. Verma S.	(M)	

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS FINALS—Contd.

CLASS III

100 Metres	..1. Ahmed S.	(A)	13⅘″
	2. Hardaker E.	(M)	(School Record)
High Jump	..1. Gasper A.	(A)	4′ 4″
	2. Singh D.	(H)	(School Record)
Long Jump	1. Ahmed S.	(H)	15′ 2″
	1. Verma S.	(M)	(School Record)

SENIORS

CLASS II

Cross Country	..1. Singh I.	(B)	21′
	2. Venkataramiah J.	(A)	
1,500 Metres	..1. Singh I.	(B)	5′ 16⅖″
	2. Venkataramiah J.	(A)	
800 Metres	..1. Singh I.	(B)	2′ 21⅘″
	2. Venkataramiah J.	(A)	(School Record)
400 Metres	..1. Singh I.	(B)	60″
	2 Venkataramiah J.	(A)	(School Record)
200 Metres	..1. Venkataramiah J.	(A)	27 1/10″
	2. Lad V.	(M)	
100 Metres	..1. Singh I.	(B)	13⅖″
	2. Venkataramiah J.	(A)	
High Jump	..1. Bahadur S.	(H)	4′ 8″
	2. Lad V.	(M)	
Long Jump	..1.Singh I.	(B)	18′ 4″
	2 Venkataramiah J.	(A)	(School Record)
Hop, Step & Jump	1. Lad V.	(M)	36′ 2″
	2. Bahadur S.	(H)	
Putting the Shot	..1. Singh I.	(B)	26′ 9″
	2. Davar N.	(A)	

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS FINALS—Contd.

CLASS I

Cross Country	1. Greene W.	(H)	19′ 27⅗″
	2. McCarthy F.	(A)	
1,500 Metres	1. Greene W.	(H)	4′ 49⅖″
	2. Beck R.	(M)	
800 Metres	1. Greene W.	(H)	2′ 15″
	2. Beck R.	(M)	(School Record)
400 Metres	1. Greene W.	(H)	56⅘″
	2. Gilbert P.	(H)	(School Record)
200 Metres	1 Chandra Mohan	(B)	25⅘″
	2. Beck R.	(M)	
100 Metres	1. Gilbert P.	(H)	12⅖″
	2. Chandra Mohan	(B)	
High Jump	1. Hunt C.	(B)	5′ 2″
	2. Sampson C.	(B)	(School Record)
Long Jump	1. Greene W.	(H)	17′ 5″
	2. Chandra Mohan	(B)	
Hop, Step & Jump	1. Beck R.	(M)	37′ 6″
	2. Greene W.	(H)	
Putting the Shot	1. Greene W.	(H)	34′ 6″
	2. Sampson C.	(B)	(School Record)

VICTOR LUDORUM

Class V	G. Saunders	(B)
Class IV	Av. Singh	(M)
Class III	S. Ahmed	(H)
Class II	I. Singh	(B)
Class I	W. Greene	(H)

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS FINALS—Contd.

INTER - HOUSE RELAY

Juniors	**1. Mansfield**	1′ 30⅗″
	2. Harding	(School Record)
	3. Arnould	
	4. Bishop's	
Seniors	**1. Harding**	2′ 51⅗″
	2. Mansfield	(School Record)
	3. Bishop's	
	4. Arnould	

INTER - HOUSE CHAMPIONHSIP

Juniors	**1st.**	**Harding**
	2nd.	**Mausfield**
	3rd.	**Arnould**
	4th.	**Bishop's**
Seniors	**1st.**	**Harding**
	2nd.	**Bishop's**
	3rd.	**Mansfield**
	4th.	**Arnould**

T. SEWELL
(Secy.)

SWIMMING 1953

There was no Inter-House swimming competition in 1953.

Shortly after the school opened in January, we had a few cases of Chicken-Pox, and could not use the Pool.

Later the Pool was closed for five weeks, and we were not able to fit in the Swimming and Diving during the first term of the year.

We are hoping for better luck in 1954.

T. SEWELL,
(Secy.)

INDOOR GAMES

Indoor Games have continued to attract more and more enthusiasts each year. Table Tennis is still, by far, the first preference of the boys.

In our annual Table Tennis contest with Panchgani the the honours were even. At Panchgani our Seniors won a thrilling victory over their opponents, while at Poona our Juniors came off second best although they had victory within their grasp. In the final and deciding round our Juniors had established a very comfortable lead, but it was heart-breaking to see them lose point after point and the game into the bargain, through over-confidence, or perhaps nervousness.

Playing badminton against the Cathedral High School, Robin Beck gave an excellent account of himself, earning well-deserved laudatory comments from the Press.

It is not the winning or losing that is the criterion of the game. Play the game always, boys, even if you are denied the victor's meed.

Best of luck always.

E. J. OLIVER,
(Secy.)

SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S NOTES 1953

We started the year with twelve prefects, eleven from the Senior Cambridge class and one from Std. X. During the second term we had to say goodbye to N. Balasingam and R. Evans. This left us with ten prefects to carry on. In the middle of the second term R. Andrews was appointed Boarder Prefect. In the first term we had hockey and more hockey due to the cancellation of swimming. This year many boys took part in League matches due to the improvement of hockey fields on our 'good old' race-course. We were also able to decide our Inter-House table-tennis competition. During this term we had a few stray cases of measles.

As soon as we returned from our summer vacations, the Senior Cambridge boys were given their Preliminary exams. and those who failed were given the option of going down to Std. X or taking the S.S.C. Examination. Thisterm we had soccer. Our school entered in the Inter-School soccer tournament, in which we were close runners-up, though many of our good players could not take part due to the age limit. House matches and League matches were played as usual. We also 'warmed up' in cricket at the end of the term. The third term had hardly started when we heard the news that we were soon to visit Cathedral, Bombay. There was great excitement, for we were to participate in swimming, football, cricket and indoor games. I am sorry to say it but this year Cathedral swept us off completely. They were victors in nearly everything, thus completly avenging their previous year's defeat. We decided not to come back empty-handed and managed to capture the badminton, though only just. We enjoyed our stay there. It was a great occasion for fostering friendship between the two schools, which we hope will grow from year to year. As soon as we returned from Bombay, we had to face the demands of athletics. Though

this was not a record-breaking year like last year, still eighteen records were broken and some of the events were keenly contested. After athletics we managed to find time to finish our cricket House matches. Tennis was played last as usual and Bishop's House proved much superior to the other Houses. This year many activities like swimming, boxing, indoor games were withdrawn due to the shortage of time. Last but not least, we had to face the final exams., and we are now eagerly waiting for the results. At the end of the year Harding House was Cock-House.

Before concluding, I must thank the Headmaster and the members of the staff for the valuable advice they tendered us from time to time. I must also thank the Prefects and my Vice-Head for their efficient co-operation throughout the year. I wish the next year's Head Boy, the Prefects, and the boys of the Bishop's School, the very best of luck.

"Play up Bishop's; never let our colours fall!"

C. SAMPSON

1st. POONA TROOP SCOUT NOTES 1953

The year began extremely well for the 1st. Poona. Though it was the camping season we had very few camps, which, however, the boys really enjoyed.

During the Second Term we were attending a '1st Class' training camp every Sunday, and within a couple of weeks we had a large number of 1st Class Scouts, and I was proud to be the T. L. of such a group of them, who really did their very best. We were then told by the G. S. M. to concentrate more on proficiency badges, which we did; and some of us became entitled to Green and Yellow Cords.

I must relate something that was a great achievement by some of the Scouts. The G. S. M. had suggested that we should go on a hike from Katraj to Singhad, and so we set off on it. However, the first attempt was not successful, so we had another shot at it, this time there being just a few of us, under our Assistant Scout Master, A. Dalaya. The trek was approximately 9 miles, and, by Gad, it was tough going. I must make special mention of, and congratulate, R. Singh, who put up really well with the hardships and faced them like a man. "Good show, Rajendra!" Yes, we achieved what some thought the impossible. Over and down hills, through rain and slush—yes, it was tough. We owe a great deal of our success to our leader of the trek, Mr. Dalaya.

Towards the end of the year we were preparing for our Annual Camp Fire Concert. The G. S. M. had told us that many parents and friends were looking forward to it, and it was left for us to see that it was a success. We all did our best and rehearsed our items several times till we thought they were worth putting on. As things turned out, it was a

splendid show, we were told. It was grand seeing such a turn-out of parents and friends, the best we've ever had for a 'Camp Fire.'

In conculsion, I must thank the G. S. M., and A. T. L., E. Gotting, who did his work efficiently and helped me a great deal. Lastly, I must wish the 1st Poona the very best for the future. May they always remember "Be Prepared."

P. K. GILBERT,
Troop Leader.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP 1953.

HOUSE	Work		Hockey		Football		Cricket		Athletics		Tennis		TOTAL POINTS
	SR.	JR.	SR.	JR.	SR.	JR.	SR.	JR.	SR.	JR	SR.	JR.	
HARDING (COCK HOUSE)	7	5	5	4	7	7	7	5	7	7	5	—	54
BISHOP'S	1	1	7	4	4	1	5	5	5	1	7	—	39
MANSFIELD	5	3	3	7	1	5	1	5	3	5	1	—	31
ARNOULD	3	7	1	1	4	3	3	1	1	3	3	—	20

Football XI
Inter-School Tournament (Juniors), 1953

Football XI
Inter-School Tournament (Seniors), 1953

MY LIFE AS A BIRD

I am a parrot. One day when I was in the forest a boy caught me and put me in a cage.

I did not like to stay in the cage. My master's name was Gladstone. Every morning before going to school he used to wash me and give me water, seeds, and some fruit. Then I liked to stay in the cage. One day he called some boys to see me. When the boys were playing one boy put his hand into the cage and I bit him and he did not put his hand in again.

One day he gave me some fruit and water but he was in such a hurry that he left the cage door open. When I saw the cage door open I flew away.

G. P. RAO,
Std. III.

A RUPEE

I am a rupee. I lived underground as silver. One day a few men came for some silver and they began digging. They got me out.

I was taken to the Mint. A man took me. He had a hole in his pocket. He put me in it. When he was walking I slipped and I fell in the gutter. The old man didn't know.

When I fell in the gutter a girl came out of the market and picked me up. She put me in her purse. Again I fell and the girl could not find me. I was taken to the Mint again when I was old.

G. SAUNDERS,
Std. III.

A RAINY DAY

One day I was playing football with my brother when suddenly it began to rain and we ran home. At first we began to play Ludo, but we very soon got tired of it. Then we played Snakes and Ladders, and again we got tired, of that. We stopped all the games and began to wish that it had never rained. Then we looked out of the window to see how it rained and we saw a poor man and his dog in the rain dripping wet. We took pity on him and took them both in. The dog started to shake the water off his wet coat and splashed all the water on me and I was very angry. I went by the fire and dried myself. We had a hot cup of cocoa each and gave the dog a few biscuits. By this time the rain had stopped and it was time for bed so we went to sleep, and dreamt all about our rainy day.

C. MEHTA,
Std. IV.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

Not 'How did he die?'
But 'How did he live?'
Not 'What did he gain?'
But 'What did he give?'
Not 'What was his station?'
But 'Had he a heart?'
And 'How did he play His God-given part?'
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.

(With acknowledgments)

FLASH

Once upon a time I had a dog called 'Flash'. He was a very playful dog, but he was also a very good watch-dog. When I came home from School, he always came rushing at me with joy. He was always licking me when he was happy, and whenever I called him. When I threw the ball, Flash always used to run and fetch it. One day I went swimming, and Flash came with me, and had a lovely time swimming also. But he was very sad indeed to come out.

Then one day my sister wanted a cat. So my father bought her one, but a cat with kittens. The cat always used to lick herself and her kittens to give them and herself a bath. But you all know that cats and dogs are 'bitter' enemies, so they fought. My sister blamed poor Flash and I blamed the cat. At last I managed to make the cat and Flash friends, but only for a while. One dayt hey had another fight. The cat scratched Flash, and Flash was about to bite the cat, when it was saved. And why? Because I said, "No, Flash, don't do that." At once poor Flash obeyed, but the cat "meowed" to my sister. My sister came, but before that I said, "Naughty little cat, oh no, you won't get away with this!" My sister was in a furious temper and shouted at me **and Flash.** She took the cat away and said, "You villain, Suresh, I'll never speak to you again!"

Now, folks, how would you have felt at this? I haven't given the cat a name in this story. Well, my sister says that she can never think of a name, because of the noise made by Flash!

S. RAJU,
Std. V.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD'S TOY

I started out in life as a lump of wood in a forest. I had been there for many years. Then one day some wood-cutters came by on their rounds, They found a nice piece of wood (which was me), cut me down and put me with other pieces of wood in their cart. Then they rode back to their village, where they began to sell us in the market as firewood. After a while a man came along and asked for a good strong piece of wood and I was picked out. The man (whose name was Merry Jim because he was always happy) took me to his house and with a knife started to whittle me in the shape of a ship. After a few hours I was finished and he was so pleased with me that he decided to go down and sell me to some rich people in a city near-by who had a child and wanted something nice for him to play with. Merry Jim sold me for a good sum of money (because I was so good). He was happy at getting such a good price for me and he went back to his village, where he makes boats to this day. As for me, I live happily, and keep getting painted and looked after safely so that I may not fall out of repair, and here I am to this very day.

J. JOHNSON,
Std. VI.

Girl: *"What's the difference between dancing and marching?"*
G.I.: *" I don't know."*
Girl: *" That's what I thought. Let's sit down."*

(*With acknowledgments*)

IN A LONDON FOG.

A thick fog darkened the streets of London. It was about eight o'clock at night, but with the thick fog it seemed as if it were past midnight.

In one of the streets a police constable was on duty. He was Police Constable Robertson. He had been a constable for six years, but had never before experienced so thick a fog. Nothing could be seen except a very dull light about fifty yards away. All was still in the street. Suddenly Constable Robertson heard the report of a gun, a piercing scream and a wild laugh. Of course it was his duty to see what it was about, but something in his heart told him to stop. Nevertheless he ran to the place where the scream came from and there saw something that gave him quite a shock. Near a fence a man was lying dead with a curious look of fear on his face. Constable Robertson was afraid. Here he was, in a dark street, the only man, perhaps, who could stop burglaries and robberies, with a man lying shot just in front of him. But he was a courageous man. He started a search for the Killer, when he heard a laugh. There was something familiar about this laugh; it was the laugh that he had heard just after the report of the gun. Quickly he turned round and found himself facing a man.

He was a white creature. In his right hand there was a pistol. Robertson tried to shout for help but could not. The words would not come from his mouth. The man took one look at the constable. Then with a laugh he disappeared into the darkness.

G. GANGULI,
Std. VII.

MY IDEAL HOLIDAY

I am a city dweller. For a holiday I would like to go to a distant village or a small hill-station. In a city one hears nothing but the noise of the traffic, clicking typewriters, and the chattering of people. When I take a walk in the city, I return home tired and dirty, carrying a package which is too heavy for me to carry.

To dwell in a cottage in the country has always been a dream to me. In the early morning before the sun is up I would go for a walk. As the sun is coming up the birds after their rest are twittering merrily. From far away is heard an owl before it goes to its day-time rest. The rays of the sun light the forest and open plain alike with a beautiful warm glow of colour. At such times one can marvel at Nature. The flowers are beginning to open in all their colours, untouched and spoilt by the hand of man.

In the afternoon I would go to a waterfall with a pool formed where the water comes to level ground. Here, resting in the shade of giant trees, I would study plants, which is my hobby. Then to bathe and swim in that pool under the waterfall would be one of the most pleasant experiences one could have. At night when I am in bed I would hear the beasts of prey of the Indian Jungle roaming round for food, and roaring. Thinking of the wonders that God has made, and of man's inventions, I would fall asleep.

Here a man can see the way of the Jungle, where the young and helpless learn to outwit their enemies through speed and craftiness. Here in a stream he can watch the beautifully coloured fish through the crystal-clear water.

Man has made many wonderful things but God has made things that are more wonderful and beautiful. If I ever have such a holiday as this it would always remain in my memory.

P. K. MENON,
Std. VIII.

MY FAVOURITE HERO IN HISTORY

My favourite hero in history is Akbar, who is generally known as Akbar the Great. When I arrived in India from South Africa about six months ago, I did not know anything about Akbar, as in South Africa we learnt only South African history. On reading the story of his life and reign I was enchanted, and because of this read the story over again.

As the days went by, I craved more and more to learn all I could about this man who is described as the most just and famous ruler of India. I bought a book that depicted all the events of his life, and read it. Nearly every night I used to think about Akbar, picturing him regaining lands which his father had lost, and seeing him watching and supervising the building of Fatehpur Sikri, the remains of which still stand. I could imagine him fighting against odds in Gujerat.

I rate him higher than any other person whom I have heard of–Elizabeth I, Asoka, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Grenville, not to mention Robin Hood and Dick Turpin. His reign I would describe as the most wonderful one in history. It is, as estimated by many great students of history, a reign that will never be forgotten as long as there will be history.

M. DARYANANI,
Std. VIII.

What you wish you were, that's your IDEAL. What people say you are, that's your REPUTATION. What you know you are, that's your CHARACTER.

(With acknowledgments)

SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND

My name is Ian Jones. I was going to Australia in the year 1880 on the merchantman "Neptune". The ship was on its way from Portsmouth to Sydney via Cape Horn and Tahiti. In the Pacific Ocean about 500 miles from Tahiti the ship encountered a hurricane. For three days she was tossed about at the mercy of the wind and waves, and was leaking badly. Then the order came to abandon ship.

The Captain and sailors got away in the life-boats, leaving me and another sailor, Masterman Ready, on board. Those who had left the ship were never heard of again. We were helpless. All that we could do was to tie ourselves to the broken mast to prevent ourselves from being washed overboard. We prayed to God that we might be saved. Then, utterly exhausted, we fell asleep.

The next morning I was the first to wake up. The hurricane had abated and the sun was shining in a cloudless sky. I untied myself and looked around and perceived that we were floating towards an island. I woke Ready up and showed him the island. We were jubilant, and gave thanks to God for bringing us safely through the hurricane. Now we set about making a raft so that we might go ashore. We nailed planks to some barrels that we found aboard and soon had quite a serviceable raft. About four hours from the time I had first seen the island the ship grounded on the shelving shore of the island. Ready and I then lowered the raft onto the water and we poled ourselves ashore.

The island had a beach which was about fifty yards broad and sloped upwards to a wood. We then looked around to find a suitable place to build a shelter. At last Ready found a clearing in the wood, quite close to the beach, where we could put up a shelter. We went back to the ship

to see what we could find there, because we knew that with the next storm the ship would be washed away.

In the hold I found a cow, two goats and some poultry, and, after a time, the two ship's dogs, which were overjoyed to see us. Ready came upon some chests of clothes and food, which we would need. We got the animals and poultry on shore and went back to the ship to get what else we needed: guns, food, clothes, planks, sails, and other things that would be of use. Then with the wood we set about building the shelter. In time we had put up something that would weather any storm and, in case of attack by natives, serve as a fort.

The years passed and as we explored the island we found many things which were useful to us. Our livestock had increased considerably from the time we had come ashore, and we lived quite happily, only wishing, however, that we could get home. Then in the tenth year of our exile something happened which was to affect the lives of both of us deeply.

I was walking along the beach one day when I saw a huge footprint. It could not have been Ready's or mine, so I went and called him to see it. He saw it but could not suggest how it came to be there. We went cautiously along the beach, following other similar footprints, and on topping a rise we saw savages. They were undoubtedly cannibals as we could see the remains of some unfortunate person. Suddenly the dogs began to bark and the savages saw us and began to chase us. We made for our shelter and barricaded it. The savages attacked it without heeding the casualties we inflicted upon them. For an hour we continued fighting, and then our ammunition began to run out. Seeing that we were not firing as often as before the savages stormed our shelter and

SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND—Contd.

broke down the door. We used our guns as clubs and fought to keep them out but were driven back. Ready was wounded and fell down, and I thought that all was lost, when I heard a volley of musketry and the natives began to run away. Then I saw some British sailors, led by an officer, driving the remaining savages off.

Next I turned to see how Ready was. The poor man was mortally wounded, and begged me not to take him away from the island but to bury him close to where we had lived so long. Then he died. I was very sad, because I loved him very much.

After burying him I went to see the Captain of the ship to thank him for saving me. I then asked him how it was that his men were on the island at that time. He said that as his ship was passing the island he heard shots and shouting and concluded that someone must be in trouble; so he sent two boats full of men to see what it was. They saw what was happening. What followed has already been told.

I readily accepted the Captain's offer to take me on board, and in about an hour we sailed; but, as we did, I stood on deck watching the island, with my eyes full of tears, until I could see it no longer.

N. CHINMULGUND,
Std. IX.

A RUSTY OLD SWORD TELLS ITS STORY

As you can perceive, I rest here on the wall with rust covering my once-shining body. I am in the last phase of my life, which will end in a few years. At present I am old and wretched but three hundred years ago I was the best ally a man could have in a hand – to – hand battle. Let me tell you my tale, which goes back into the misty past.

I am a war veteran, and have fought in a hundred skirmishes. Many a man has breathed his last when my keen blade has touched him. Through many battles I have escorted my warrior safely, striking terrible blows in his defence. At last, however, the day came when I missed my mark and the opponent succeeded in killing my master. I still have engraven in my heart the scene of that last battle when I changed hands.

My next master was a chief in Scindiah's army, who. liking my looks and sharpness, chose me as his auxiliary. With him I went to many battles and more than once helped to defeat British armies in the field.

Let me relate to you an incident that took place in the sixteenth year of my life. The British Army came to fight with my master's forces, but we with traditional bravery defeated them on the Ghats. My master's forces cut through their ranks and I myself had a few fierce slashes at tempting throats. We forced them to make a most humiliating treaty Oh! how I laughed at the vanquished swords!

The most important turning - point of my life was on my hundredth birthday. I now belonged to the grandson of the famous Mahadhaji Scindiah. We were inside the impregnable fortress of Gwalior, closely besieged by the

English Army. I was yearning to cut a few throats and drink the nectar of blood but my master refused even to listen to my entreaties. Then after a tiresome wait of six months the enemy succeeded in entering our fort. What, however, surprised me most was that they won, but I think that was due to their sudden onset and superior discipline. Oh, how their swords mocked me! They almost made me sink with shame.

Once again I changed hands, and went to an army colonel. He kept me most carefully greased, and I began to love him with my heart and soul. I fought for him in many battles and saved his life more than once. Under him I fought against the Mahrattas, Rajputs and Sikhs, and we succeeded in defeating all of them. At last my beloved master was slain in an ambuscade in the Burmese wars. I was picked up by a British soldier, who kept me carefully, and I led him through many victories and preserved his life in many retreats.

Then a hundred years ago I fought my last battle. It so happened that, the ruler of Jhansi having died and left no heir, the State was annexed by the British Government. At this the Queen of Jhansi rebelled. Let me describe my last battle following upon this revolt.

The Queen and all her men were besieged by us in the historic fort of Jhansi This Queen had the courage of a lioness. She was a born leader of men, and even I and all my brothers were impressed by her inspiring speeches to her men. She herseff was dressed in armour and sallied forth onto the field with thousands of her followers. She faced the cannon boldly and seemed not to have any fear of death. Of this I can assure you, she killed many men. At last a musket

shot silenced her brave and throbbing heart. I saw her fall off her horse and even my iron heart could not resist weeping. There never was a nobler woman or a braver one than the gallant Queen of Jhansi. I was on the opposing side, yet I could not help but admire her. At her death her followers surrendered and I was cheated of my rightful due of throats.

My master retired soon after this and took me as a souvenir to Europe. For a hundred years have I hung on this tapestry, sighing for the days gone by which will never return. I often wish time would go back, little realising that in this state of mine I would crumble at the slightest touch.

RAJENDRA SINGH,
Std. IX.

TAKE TIME

Take time to work—it is the price of success.
Take time to think—it is the source of power.
Take time to play—it is the secret cf youth.
Take time to read—it is the fount of wisdom.
Take time to pray—it is the path to heaven.
Take time to be friendly—it is the road to happiness.
Take time to laugh—it is the music of the soul.

(With acknowledgments)

FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND

This last week has been a very busy one for us all. We have had a great amount of work to do: spring-cleaning, painting, arranging the furniture, and doing all the usual household chores. We have long been saving up for a house of our own. For the past few years the idea was there: nothing definite in form; just an obscure objective. Previously the farm was a ridiculous distance away; now we are admirably situated near to it.

The new home is a delightful cottage, a mile out of Tupham. It has a distinctly Elizabethan touch, with its decoratively carved lattice windows and thatched roof, though this last has now an asbestos ceiling in support. Inside, we have an electric cooker, heater and oven. We also have a septic tank at the back. In the front garden space there is a lovely close-clipped lawn, with a diminutive but powerful fountain rotating incessantly and keeping the flowers and lawn fresh. On the mahogany front door is an antique knocker with the Devil, a hideous object, engraved on it.

We have a few stately elms surrounding us, spreading their protecting branches over the garden, diffusing the sunbeams, and laying a cool mantle of shadows over us throughout the day. It is a most exhilarating locality, and I am naturally tremendously elated. As I glance out of my window I can see the beautiful hills in the distance. Today they are splashed with dark purple shadows from the clouds sailing majestically above them like wonderful castles. The forests cover the lower regions of the hills like a blanket thrown at random, but the peaks are bare and rugged, and have a charm, strange and fascinating but incomprehensible.

As I meditate and record my thoughts here, the sun has been setting, glowing like a fiery ball. The sky is

tinged with an exquisite intermingling of colours and contrasts; while a faint breeze ripples the calm, crystal surface of the lake in the distance. Twilight is slowly creeping up, and the shadows are lengthening.

P. KHUSHAL SINGH,
Std. X.

Justice Brown was presiding over an action for damages when the following dialogue between lawyer and witness took place:

"Did you see the witness knocked down?"
"Who, me?"
"Yes, you."
"No, not me."
"Did you see the defendant at all?"
"Who, me?"
"Yes, you."
"No."
"Then why are you here?"
"Who, me?"
"Yes, you."
"To see justice done."
"Who, me?" demanded Justice Brown.

(With acknowledgments.)

THE CHANGING SKY

This dwelling place of the Gods, this yet unexplored region whose boundaries extend into limitless space, presents an everchanging appearance to the eyes of us on earth. The person who originally coined the phrase "as blue as the sky" must have confined his views to a very narrow sphere, for the sky certainly does not remain blue permanently. The changes in the sky may be witnessed at different times, the best being at sunrise, at sunset, at night and during a storm.

As the first rays of light brighten the eastern sky, the sombre clouds are tinged with orange. The steely fingers of dawn reach tentatively across the horizon and soon the few clouds in the sky begin to glow with a golden colour. The sun now makes an appearance and begins its daily journey across the sky, which has just undergone a gradual transformation from the greyish color at dawn to a deep azure.

As the sun reaches its zenith, the sky remains a deep Prussian blue and the great, white, snow-like, billowing clouds move across it, obscuring the sun for a moment now and then and blotching out patches of the gorgeous unbroken blue.

A sunset sky is perhaps the most beautiful appearance of this heavenly domain. The sun sinks down the horizon in the west and takes on the appearance of a golden ball. This yellow orb of fire sinking in the western sky tints all the sky around with gold. As the sun sinks lower and lower, the golden tints become split up into a number of bright beams. The western sky seems to be made up of a number of fantastic shapes and forms of clouds whose colours are varied from deep red and rose to grey and blue. Gradually as the sun sinks lower still, even these gorgeous hues fade and a grey mantle seems to come down upon the sky.

THE CHANGING SKY—Contd.

The shades of night fall and the myriads of stars and planets glow against a background of pitch. The big, yellow moon starts on its nightly journey across the heavens and the stars twinkle in the black velvet sky. As the moon reaches higher in its path, the sky around is bathed in silvery light and appears like a realm of fairies, a place to be seen in a dream.

The sky assumes its most awe-inspiring form during a storm. Dark, menacing clouds loom above the horizon and drown the fierce rays of the sun in a sea of darkness. The clouds change silently, each taking up its ordered position, ready for battle. The sky grows ever darker as the storm's mirk threatens over it. A lance of lightning strikes through the assembled ranks of the clouds and soon the rain begins to fall in a deluge. The lightning continues to pry and slash at the unbroken gloom of the sky, imparting to it a weird look.

Of all the diverse aspects of nature, the views afforded by the constantly changing sky are perhaps the ones which appeal the most to the aesthetic sense of man. Once seen, they dwell in the memory like a delicate lasting fragrance.

N. K. ADVANI.
Std. XI

"ARRE BHAI" - E. J. O.

Bhai, how one can to write one article ?

Why for you talk in such riddle? Manyfracturers make articles like dhotis, lungis, langots etc.—agreed. Retailors sell before-mentioned articles—also agreed. But tell me how you can write one dhoti or how I can write one lungi or how anybody in whirld can write one langot?

Bhai, you have completely got bull by tail. Ophcoss dhoti, lungi and langot is article no doubt, but article is also name oph what one can write in newjpapers, magjynes, pirrodical etc. etc.

Now pint is made clear. But tell me, bhai, what mad dog has bited you to dobble in non-consumer articles when prophet is more easily made by selling consumer articles with much less botherification ?

Bhai, what to do? But fact of matter is as under. One head-eater of school magazine called "My Turr" is coming regularly to self's shop for purchasement of cigars. In course of chit-chat he has bitterly complaint how he is phinding it dipphicult to bring phorth issues of "My Turr" for lack ol countrybrewshuns. Bhai, must always to keep customer happy. Iph, phrom my side, I can write one article he wilf also, from his side, increase daily conception of cigars. And also persuade family and friends to do same.

But first of all, bhai, how much you have studied in ejjucation ?

Up to F. R. C. S.

Then, bhai, you must have persecuted studies in fareign? Also you must have qualiphied for "Englynd - returned"

No bhai, I have only persecuted studies in India and qualiphied for municipal-school-returned. F. R. C. S. is

degree which means "First Reader Completely Studied." After this I have immiyjetly jyned in bijness-line.

Toba, toba. Why you have not joined in prophessor line ?

Kismet, and force of circumcision have combined to atom-bomb rosy future. But coming back to brass ticks tell me how I can write one very joking kind of article for to make bonefide members and defaulters oph "My Turr" grin from year to year

Bhai, writing article like drama, poitry is not same thing as selling articles like dhoti and lungi but one can write phirst class without exertion to brain.

Jest for an example ?

One must to read phoreign pirrodicals-the more phoreign the better. Jest phor one example, iph you have read in one Newjhiland magjhine one article which has made stomakk pain with lawfing then you must send same article to "Ills-Treated Weekly" and win prize in bargain. Sotosay you can kill same stone with two birds.

Onedurphul! Must to admit you have more idiyas in brainbox than tadpoles in stinknant pool.

Also iph you are only reading magjhines of Bharat like phamous "My Magjhine" of Madras then you must dig out back numbhers of twenty to twenty-phive years and pass them on to editors under own name and address.

I am very much "thank you" to you phor kind sujjestions received and oblige, phor which I shall pray phor kind self's health and longivity. Immijetly I will put into practice above sujjestion on editor of "My Turr."

CHAY - RIO

Speech Day

The Annual Prize Distribution was held on the 19th March 1954. Contrary to our worst fears, the evening turned out to be delightfully cool, and the programme for the evening had a happy launching. After the Members of the School Committee and Staff had been presented to Lt.-General and Mrs. Srinagesh, a bouquet was presented to Mrs. Srinagesh. This was followed by the Principal's Report for 1953, and then Mrs. Srinagesh was asked to distribute the prizes. Her gracious charm as she did so must have made those prizes doubly welcome.

Next followed a short address by General Srinagesh. After congratulating the Principal, Staff and boys of the School on the gratifying conditions evidenced in the Principal's Report, he turned to the boys. He impressed on them the value of Keeping Fit – a theme dear to his heart – and as a soldier stressed the need for discipline in this important particular. He ended a very happily worded speech with his good wishes for the continued well-being of the School.

Now came the Variety concert, which proved to be a great success.

The youngsters opened the Concert with the Percussion Band, conducted by Azim Sayeed, and their two items were appreciated by all present. This was followed by a small play, "Bell the Cat," acted by the Junior Section of the School. This was based on the Aesop Fable of the same title, and the young actors seemed to enjoy it as much as the audience themselves.

A Hindi play followed, the first of its kind ever attempted in this School. It turned out to be surprisingly good, and Mr. Karmarkar, the Hindi Master, who produced it, is to be

congratulated on a really fine performance. The best actors in this play were undoubtedly Davar, Itbar Singh and Saigal. In essence it depicted a series of interviews for the post of clerk in an office, the various types of young men that appeared for the interview, and their attitude towards their would-be employer and the job.

Now came a one-act play, "Ivy Cottage", staged by the Senior School. The Boltons, a couple up from town for a holiday in the country, are in raptures over "Ivy Cottage", which they have rented, and its idyllic surroundings. Soon visitors from the village drop in. The mixed effects of all these 'visitations' is to drive the Boltons to a state where the lady hysterically but determinedly quits the scene for air less heavily charged with gloom and doom, and her husband is left cackling like a village idiot. The sketch relies for its effects on the distillation of fun from the more uncommon of the commonplaces of English country life with its quiet tempo and quaint undertones. The boys taking part in it did well: they entered into their parts with real understanding. We enjoyed in particular the verve and gaiety of Raoof Rais as Mr. Bolton; and we had our blood beautifully curdled by the owner of the mad laugh, Eccentric Sam alias Major Banks' Parrot alias Poor Old Simon, all of which characters were perpetrated perfectly by Daulat Chhabria alias Sound Effects alias "Noises Off".

Mr. Francis, who produced the sketch, deserves our sincere congratulations.

The School Choir and Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Bunter, were in excellent form, and their renderings of 'Bless this House', 'See the Conquering Hero Comes' and the School Song were much appreciated by all.

The Teacher's Prayer

Great Teacher of the universe, we pray
Grant us Thy grace and light to see the way.
Help us to see it and pursue it now
So, travel-wise, we may teach others how.
Help us to teach each craft and tool and skill
As instruments of Thy eternal will.
Help us to teach the ritual of art
So reverence may sanctify the heart.
Help us to teach how numbers and their laws.
Reveal Thy wisdom as the final cause.
Help us to teach the history of man.
With hope in triumph of Thy Master plan.
Help us to teach fraternity and good
Within the sanction of Thy Fatherhood;
To teach the unity in all we see
By teaching the community in Thee.
We ask Thy blessing and Thy love divine
To help us teach: and be the glory Thine.
And may ours be the satisfaction won
When in Thine eyes our teaching is well done.

—*Leon Mones.*
(*With acknowledgments*)