



THE MITRE



THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL, PUNE

1983-84

STAFF LIST

1983-84

Principal : Mr. B. W. Roberts

Asst. Vice Principal
(Head of Middle-School)
Mr. R. Ringrow

Headmistress
(Junior Section)
Mrs. L. Roberts

**First Asst. Master and
Boarding Supdt.**
Mr. C. D. Beaman

CLASS MASTERS / TEACHERS

'A' Section	'B' Section	'C' Section
K.G. Miss B. D'Souza	Miss S. Sharaballi	Mrs. M. Daniell
I Mrs. S. Oliver	Miss T. Pathak	Mrs. B. Smart
II Mrs. B. Morris	Mrs. H. Verma	Mrs. N. Aghaw
III Mrs. F. Daruwalla	Mrs. C. Jolly	Mrs. E. Thakore
IV Mrs. S. Mirchandani	Mrs. M. Postwalla	Mrs. B. Hussain
V Mr. A. Thakore	Mr. R. Barrow	Mr. J. Shepherd
VI Mr. S. Francis	Mr. M. Chavan	Mr. R. DeSouza
VII Mr. G. Aviet	Mr. W. H. Burton	Mr. M. Guzder
VIII Mr. S. Fernandes	Mr. V. Jagtap	Mr. R. Smart
IX Mr. A. Seymour	Mr. A. Fernandes	Mr. A. Pathak
X Mr. K. B. Singh	Mr. W. Daniell	

Subject Masters / Teachers

Mrs. V. Singh (Hindi)
Mr. N. K. Mogre (Marathi)
Mr. V. Jagtap (Sanskrit)
Mr. D. Choudhari (Craft)
Mr. W. Corda /
Prof. G. V. Pandit
(Commerce)
Mrs. K. Jadhav (Biology)
Mr. T. Charaniya (Maths.)
Mr. T. M. Sathyanarayanan
(Economics)
Mrs. C. K. Velu (Music)

P. T. Is.

Mr. B. R. Matkar
Mr. B. S. Ghodke

Mr. C. D'Monte (Library)
Mr. T. P. Donoghue
(Estate Supdt.)
Mr. S. Wells (Caterer)
Mr. C. Lee (Asst. Caterer)
Mr. C. B. Nair
(Nursing Supdt.)
Mr. R. Fox (Gen. Asst.)

Matrons

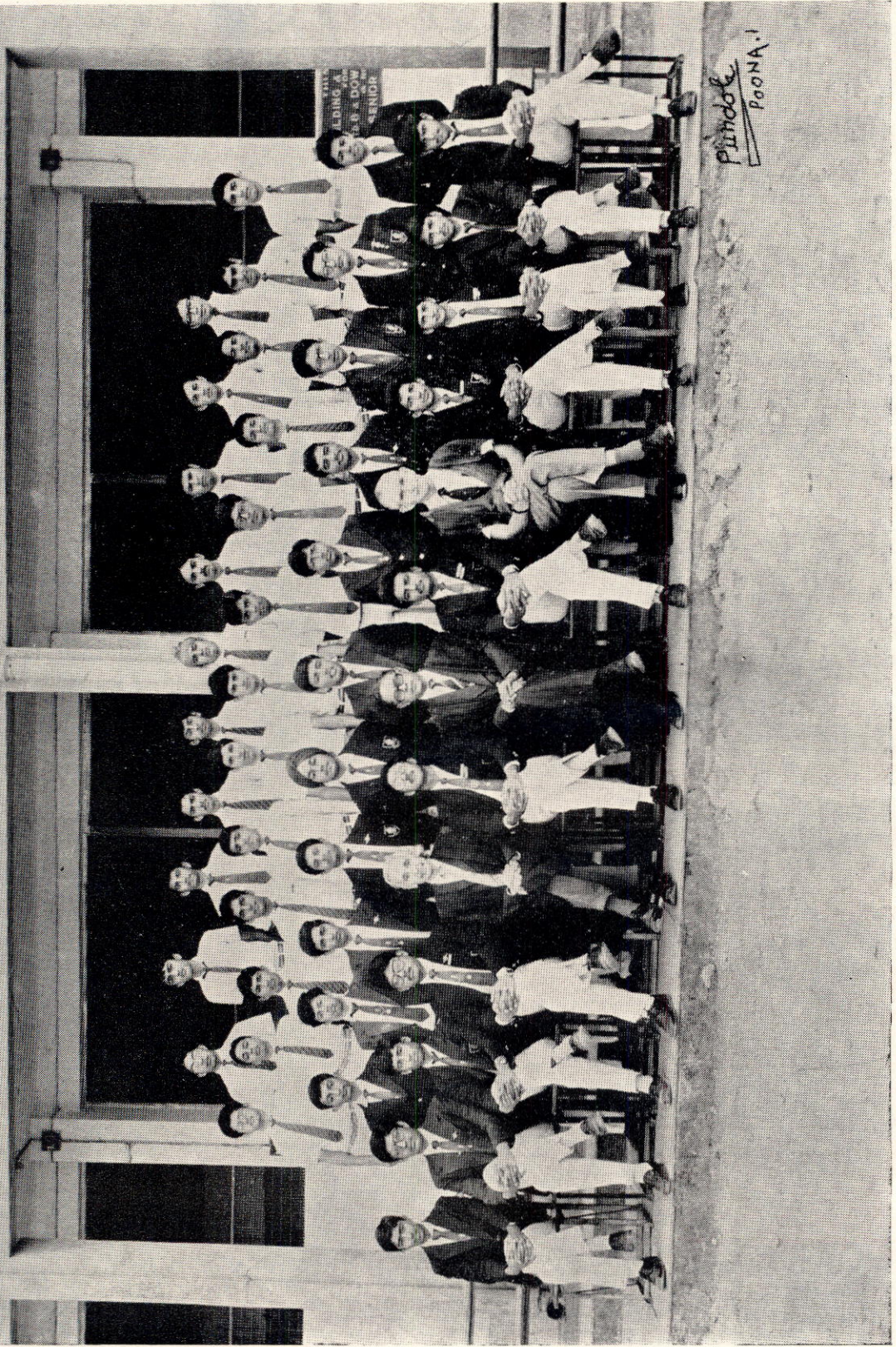
Mrs. N. Brown
(Nook / Cambridge)
Mrs. P. D'Monte (Jubilee)
Mrs. S. De Moore
(Simba)
Mrs. F. Lobo
(New New Dorm)
Mrs. M. K. Bajwa (Lunn)

Office Staff

Mr. A. R. Lobo
(Accountant)
Mr. V. K. Lele
(Steno/Secretary)
Mr. A. S. Nabar
(Accounts Asst.)
Mr. V. K. Deo
(Stores / Accts. Clerk)
Mr. R. S. Jagtap (Cashier)
Miss T. Netto
(Receptionist/Records
Clerk)



Pandora
Poonna.1



Pindole
Poonah

PREFECTS & MONITORS

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THE YEAR IN BRIEF

The School Year began on June 1st. The following were appointed the four senior prefects :- R. Khanna Head Boy, M. Mulla and K. Kundanmal Vice Head Boys, and A. Momin. These boys, along with the remaining Prefects, Monitors, and Assistant Monitors, were commissioned / appointed on June 7th.

I. C. S. E. results : The Opening Assembly of term was made more cheerful by the announcement of the ICSE results, received a few days previously. These were the best results for many years, as readers of last year's Mitre will know, with 39 first divisions (i. e. 60% and over), 36 second divisions, 1 third division and 1 failure. The best result was that of D. Das, with 10 points. So the new academic year began with morale high.

The first rain of the term came on June 15th but the Cantonment area had a light monsoon this year and there were comparatively few further wet days.

Boxing was the first event of the Monsoon term, along with the indoor games of Table Tennis and Badminton. The boxing finals were held on June 23rd, being only slightly interrupted by a light drizzle which entailed some swabbing and sanding of the canvas to prevent its being too slippery. It was nice to have Mr. Aspi Irani again as our Chief Guest. Besides making him work by presenting the prizes, we also got him into the ring to referee some of the bouts: so being chief guest is no sinecure!

The annual display put on by the Army School of Physical Training is always popular with the senior boarders, most of whom went to see it towards the end of June. They returned full of inspiration.

Football is the only outdoor game playable in the monsoon term, and in their first encounter the boys and staff teams drew 1-1. Later in the term Mr. Fletcher arranged for the school team to watch a football team on video. They certainly enjoyed it, but it is doubtful whether it improved their play! The fixtures against St. Peter's, Panchgani, brought the following results :-

Seniors (in Panchgani) drawn 1-1

Juniors (on the M. H. ground) we lost 0-2

Continuing with football, we entered three teams in the inter-school tournament—Juniors (most of our senior eleven), Sub-juniors, and Minis. (The Seniors in the tournament were from Junior Colleges) The Minis did particularly well, reaching the final. They drew against N. M. S. 0-0 in their first meeting, but lost the replay 0-2. The Juniors reached the quarter-final stage, whilst the Sub-juniors won some matches and lost others. Because of the shortage of fields, some of the matches were played at 8 a. m. and 9 a. m. : this was definitely not a good idea as it cut out all spectator-participation.

St. Peter's, Mazagon, sent their football team up here this year as last year we went down there. The match, a very thrilling one, was held on the race course and ended in victory for us 3-2. The next day the Staffs of the two schools organised teams and this game ended in a draw.

Our debaters had a big success in the Inter-school competition, beating the eleven other schools who took part. U. Madan and L. Dhansingani formed our team, the former also having the honour of being adjudged the second best speaker.

With our new school year starting in June, the prize-giving days were fixed for the end of the Monsoon term. To allow time for rehearsals, a "zero" period was introduced from August 1st onwards, at the end of the school working day. One advantage of this late date for the prize-days is that the I. C. S. E. boys can come and receive their prizes on the same occasion instead of having to have a separate one.

Before the Prize-days were reached, Independence Day was celebrated. Feeble though the Poona monsoon was, it chose to pour on August 15th. The Scouts braved the deluge to hoist and break the National Flag, whilst the rest of us had flag presentation and Assembly in Harding Hall. This was followed by the Senior School Elocution finals.

The Prize-days were on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 23rd and 24th. The dress-rehearsals of the Junior and Senior entertainments filled the whole of the preceding Monday morning - and pretty well exhausted everyone !

The Chief Guest for the Junior Prize Day was Air Commodore E. G. Salins, and his wife had the arduous task of distributing the prizes. He wrote "It has been a joy for me and my wife to be with you and participate and witness the activities of the evening. We wish the staff and the students continued success. God bless!" Little did he know of the unusual accident that two hours earlier had befallen the small boy who was to have presented a bouquet or garland : the 4½ year old lad fell into a degchi of tea ! The lid was off while the bearers were dipping jugs in to fill the boys' mugs, when two of the smallest boys rushed in and had a squabble over a mug, leading to the splash. Luckily a bearer with quick reactions hauled the boy out within seconds, but he was badly scalded and after first aid rushed to hospital for lengthy and painful treatment. Very fortunately the boy had fallen in sideways and not head first; otherwise this might have been a very tragic accident. As it was, the boy recovered and returned to school the following month, praise be.

The next day was the Senior Prize-giving day with Lt. Gen. T. S. Oberoi as chief guest. After the previous day's experience, we took great precaution to see that no more accidents occurred-whereupon the M. S. E. B. stepped in and produced a major current failure from half-way through the Chief Guest's speech and throughout the majority of the entertainment ! This was very sad as General Oberoi's speech was most interesting but inaudible because of the poor acoustics of the hall, and the entertainment was naturally also spoilt, though the Hindi play was more audible than the rest and therefore much enjoyed. The General wrote : "It was a great pleasure

to be with the students and staff and witness this superb function. It spells volumes of the efficiency of the Principal and staff and dedication of students. Everything they displayed was superb." We are most grateful to him for encouraging the performers by staying on right to the end despite the current failure. During the interval in the entertainment, he asked the Principal whether the school had a T. V. set and was told that we have a black and white one. Therefore he said that he would give us a coloured T. V. set, which would be lovely for the boys to watch. I wonder when it will come ?

At the final assembly of the term we were sad to say goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher who were leaving to enable him to take up an appointment as Vice-Principal of a school further South. The football players whom he had coached so keenly over the years presented him with a magnificent trophy to express their gratitude. Mr. and Mrs. Smart have joined to take over their teaching assignments.

During the monsoon break we had the sad death on duty of Ranga, the vegetarian cook for the past 30 years or so. Though he had been ill (with kidney trouble) for a long time, his death came suddenly; in fact he had already cooked the evening meal—brinjal pickle—and several boys and staff commented on its delicious taste. He will be greatly missed—may his soul repose in peace.

At about this time, as the kitchen gas-cooking ranges—the "chulas"—were getting in poor condition, they were replaced by new metal ones, a big improvement and easier to keep clean.

The autumn term began with the I. C. S. E. class having their Selection exams, and the idea was to get as much work done as possible throughout the school during September before preparations for Founders and athletics began.

We had two more extra-curricular successes in the middle of the month with the G. K. team coming first out of the ten schools taking part in the Poona Jaycees Competition and the Elocution team coming a close second to St Helena's in the Inter-school competition held at the Poona Club. M. Choudhari came 1st in the Junior section, and in the senior section Rohit Khanna was unfortunate in that one or some of the judges did not think his piece suitable (though the audience thoroughly appreciated it). In future those who organise such competitions should make clear beforehand what the rules and conditions are, to prevent disappointment.

The weekly Scripture Union meetings continue every Wednesday, and boys also enjoy attending the camps at Nasrapur. Mr. Francis took the Junior group there towards the end of September, and the Senior group went with Mr. Pathak and Mr. Singh in February.

The P. T. A., besides arranging the inter-house General Knowledge, also organises occasional lectures. One such was given by Group Captain Trilochan Singh on "Trekking", illustrated with slides, and it was most interesting.

October was as usual the Founder's month, and the zero period was re-introduced for the fortnight or so before Founder's Day to allow nearly an hour's practice each day for the P. T. display and the Thanksgiving Service before the normal class periods, each shortened by five minutes, started. At the Thanksgiving Service in St. Mary's Church on October 26th, there were, as introduced last year, two choir items, one by the boys' choir and one by the staff choir, this latter having about twenty members. The Principal's sermon is printed elsewhere in the magazine. It was altogether a most inspiring service and it is nice that each year the congregation includes an ever-increasing number of old boys and other well-wishers.

The exhibition attracted crowds, both after the service and after the P. T. display. This P. T. display has to be completed in an hour, as it is too hot for the spectators if it starts early and it gets dark quickly after the sun sets. The chief guest was Mr. K. S. Sidhu, Divisional Commissioner, Pune, and he wrote "An excellent P. T. display. A great deal of effort must have been put in to achieve perfect co-ordination and timing. The boys displayed unusual skill at the mat and the horse. The P. T. instructor, the members of staff, and students deserve heartiest congratulations. My good wishes."

The fete had a very special chief guest to open it – the boy who had fallen in the tea in August! In place of a bouquet or garland which he would not have appreciated, he was given an ice-cream which he certainly did enjoy. He then spent his coupons at the typically noisy fete stalls. I have never yet understood why the music played at the request stall has to be so loud as to be distorted, but I gather I am in a small minority in my lack of understanding and appreciation of the noise. The boys were most disappointed that this year St. Mary's school was already closed for their Diwali break and so the usual blue cloud did not descend on the stalls.

Founder's Week is a traditional occasion and few changes ever occur. So the week came to an end with the Cricket matches. The school team drew with the main Old Boys' team, and the staff team lost to another Old Boys' team, but a good time was had by all, and it was nice to have so many old boys present both there and at the other activities of the week.

This is a good opportunity to express once again our grateful thanks to the A. F. M. C. authorities for so willingly lending us their grounds for the Inter-House and Old Boys' and occasional other school matches. We are really fortunate to have their use and much appreciate their generosity.

Before the Diwali break began, there were two or three days of school. During these the exhibition was dismantled, some teaching was done, Athletics heats of field events started, and there was a most interesting afternoon for class 10 organised by Rotaract. In Harding Hall there has long been a framed list of the four Basic Rules of Life, and these boys were given three situations and asked to give their solutions applying these rules. Their eagerness to take part and their intelligent replies came as a pleasant surprise to the Rotaract organisers, who generously gave prizes for the best answers.

The class eight boys were unfortunate enough to have to miss the last day of their Diwali break as the English Evaluation test was held on it. Considering that it was a holiday, there was a remarkably good turn-out, only one boy being absent for no good reason. The Mathematics test followed the next day. The results were much the same as last year – our English is better than average whereas our Mathematics is below it.

The boys returned from their Diwali holidays and found themselves immediately continuing with field events and training for the Long Distance Runs. The day before the Runs, there was a P. T. A. meeting in the Hall, and then Friday November 11th saw everyone on the Race-course earlier than usual but to no avail as we had to wait for the horses to stop their training gallops. Once we got going, things went smoothly and it was a great moment to see the Head Boy, R. Khanna, breaking the Division 2 record by ten seconds.

As the Simba field was being levelled after the demolition of Jeejeebhoy dormitory, it could not be used for the Tug-of-War or the Athletics heats of Divisions 4 and 5. The Tug-of-War was therefore held on the stretch of ground between Staveley Road and the Principal's bungalow. The first day of pulls produced excellent competition with Bishop's locked for several minutes before beating Mansfield, and Harding similarly with Arnould, in their respective first pulls, and then the first named House in each case winning the second pull easily. The finals next day were an anti-climax, Harding beating Bishop's, and Mansfield beating Arnould for third place, although Harding and Bishop's needed a third pull.

Athletics heats of track events took place on November 17th and 18th, with Divisions 1, 2 and 3 on the Sub-Area ground and Divisions 4 and 5 back on the O'Connor field. Sports Day was the last Saturday in November. The Chief Guests were the Sub-Area Commander (Brigadier S. K. Dey) and his wife, and this year there were no worries about the weather which was as perfect as it could be for athletics. The Band of the 13th Bn., the Mahar Regiment, played for the March Past and also gave a fascinating display during the tea-break, the best we have had for many years.

A few days before this Poona was honoured by a short visit from the Queen who inspected a magnificent parade at the N. D. A. The senior boys got permission to rush off and watch her "motorcade" pass near the Wadia College, and a very few of the staff and boys were fortunate enough to watch the parade itself. If only she had spent the week-end here, she might have attended a service at St. Mary's Church, as many of us hoped she would.

The autumn term ended with some terminal tests and the P. T. A. G. K. elimination paper (to choose the House teams). The Boys beat the staff in a basket-ball match, which made the end of term especially nice for them. A bus load of boys and staff went to the N. D. A. in the afternoon after the final Assembly and enjoyed a first-class display of horsemanship, P. T. and Gymnastics, and Motor-bicycle riding.

During 1983, two of our staff – Mr. J. R. DeSouza and Mr. W. Corda – got married, and we give them our good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. F. D'Souza came and taught temporarily, and were replaced in early 1984 by two residential staff, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Aviet.

In the evening of the last day of term, sad news came from Vishakapatnam – Ravindra Bajwa, who was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Bajwa, and had had his schooling in Bishop's before joining the Navy, had been killed in a scooter accident there. Everyone expressed much sympathy for the bereaved family; Ravi was a greatly-loved young man.

The final term saw the boarders arriving back under great difficulty as there was an autorickshaw strike for two days. The first of the boys came by tonga from the railway station at about 5 a. m., paying a fairly reasonable rate, but as the day wore on some were forced to pay inflated rates for tongas and taxis.

Despite all this, there was a good turn-out with a larger number than usual present for the evening dormitory parade.

Class 10 had their Prelims starting on the second day of term; Class 9 took the opportunity to play the Staff at basketball a few days later and won easily. The School Hockey XI also beat the Staff team in the traditional opening match of the Hockey season.

Republic Day always comes early in this final term, and as usual, after the flag-breaking at the special Assembly, the P. T. A. Senior G. K. Competition took place. This was conducted by Mrs. Menon – a very courageous thing, as it was only a few weeks since her daughter had been tragically killed by a bus. It was a very exciting contest, with Mansfield beating Harding by only one point in the final. In the previous day's Junior competition, Harding had beaten Bishop's.

At the end of the Sports in November, the Head Boy had asked for a holiday and this was granted on a day to be chosen by him in the final term. He picked on the day after Republic Day, a Friday, to give a long week-end. This suited everyone quite well, though it was too early in the term for Bombay leave to be taken. The Young Adventurers were on a camp at Matheran, with Mr. Daniell, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Aviet from Republic Day morning till the Sunday afternoon.

January 30th is Martyrs' Day. We always observe the two minutes' silence faithfully at 11 a. m., and this year we had the inspiring film "Gandhi" screened on the Uppers in the evening. Many had seen it before, last year, but it is a film that repays a second viewing and we were very fortunate to have it on the anniversary of the Mahatma's assassination.

The Inter-House Basketball was very keenly fought, and the performance of Mansfield amazed everybody. However, the match of the tournament was the final one – Bishop's Vs Arnould – which ended in a 32-31 victory for the former.

Whilst the boys were preparing for and playing the last of the Inter-House competitions, the Staff had a Badminton tournament. Mr. Guzder won the singles, and Mr. Francis and Mr. Fox won the doubles.

As there was a shortage of fields – the army were unable to provide a grader in January and February – the Sub-juniors' Hockey matches were played after the Seniors and Juniors had finished theirs, allowing the class 10 boys to have their two weeks or so of Study leave. The overall result was a tie for first place between Bishop's and Harding, with another tie for third place between the other two Houses. Bishop's therefore were assured of being Cock House and were able to have their House Photograph taken at about this time along with the various other group photographs that appear in this magazine—Staff, Class 10 and so on.

One old boy who quite often gets his name in the papers is Ashok Captain, who keeps on winning cycle races, including the title "King of the Ghats." I feel sure that some of the credit for his fast cycling must be due to our insistence on punctuality, causing him to have rushed to school after getting up late or dawdling over his lunch! Congratulations, Ashok.

March brought the I. C. S. E. exams – and the hot weather. As St. Mary's have built a new School Hall, their school became a separate centre. So we had only our own boys here, though we shared invigilators with St. Mary's and Spicers to ensure that each centre always had a 'foreign' invigilator. The temperature towards the end of March reached 41° C. (105° F) – surely a record for the time of year?

Class 10 left and the rest of us had morning school. We were very sorry to see them go and gave the prefects, monitors, and assistant monitors a farewell lunch instead of a tea, which proved a good innovation. The following day was the boarders' farewell and as last year this was marred by an electricity failure – during which, I think, many boys took the opportunity to help themselves to rather larger second helpings than they would have been served with the lights on!

A more popular power failure came a few nights later as it put an end to night study, though the current came on in time for the "muggers" to carry on. Usually we can find electricity in some of the buildings as we have three or four separate phases in the school.

For the second time in a year or so, we had to rush for shelter during the screening of a film on the Uppers. The first time was during "The Four Feathers" and the second, at the end of March, was during "The Sound of Music." The storm here co-incided with the one in the film on this occasion, though luckily our rain was not as hard as the Salzburg rain. Mr. Jagos and his projectionist in each case transferred the equipment to the Hall where the show carried on but with the normal hopeless acoustics. There have been many good films shown during the year, and, of course, one or two "failures"; we are, as always, exceedingly grateful to Mr. Jagos for the trouble he takes despite the expenses he is put to (including such things as phone calls to Bombay and taxis to bring the reels) to see that we get films on schedule.

The school year ended with exams. Just before them we were cheered by the good news that Mr. and Mrs. Burton had been blessed with a daughter, and during them our much looked-forward to Colour T. V. reached Southern Command. General Oberoi had kept his word, given in August. Sensibly he had asked us to wait till prices stabilised (and also, to my way of thinking, manufacturing teething-troubles were sorted out), and he planned to come and hand it over personally. In the event, he was out-of-station but he asked Brigadier Hardayal Singh to do the honours, which he did at a special Assembly in the mid-morning of the last day of term. The three cheers raised by the boys and the staff were really heart-felt.

The last few days of term also saw the final demolition of Simba House, with the Senior boys making an efficient tug-of-war team to pull the walls down. The Principal quite lost his voice in all the excitement and dust!

The boys were free to go home on Friday the thirteenth of April (not so unlucky, therefore, for them), while the staff stayed on to complete marking and report-writing. Long, long promotion meetings were held, and on Tuesday, April 17th the report books were distributed and the year 1983-84 was over - except for the agonising wait for the I. C. S. E. results due at the end of May! These will appear later in the magazine.



An Inspiring Example

In the course of the year we derived pleasure and inspiration from seeing Mr. Rao Narayan Mapare at work. He caned a large number of school chairs with unerring skill, and this, in spite of the fact that he is blind.

Although born blind, Mr. Mapare was never an idle person. He did his schooling up to the S. S. C. level and then took a training for four years in the Technical Institute for the Blind in Rasta Peth. After that he worked five years in Siporex Ltd. until retrenchment left him without a job. However, his skill in caning chairs will never leave him totally unemployed. The Bishop's school motto is THOROUGH and that is what he exemplified in our presence.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT 1983-84

(given on the Prize Days, August 27th and 28th)

The school year 1983/84 was another good year in the life of the school, and in keeping with tradition full of activities from start to finish. Life in school continues to be governed by a set routine—classes, study, games, and "daily assembly". The school continues to enjoy a good reputation and can boast of high standards. It is ranked among the best in the State and nation and many of our embassies abroad recommend 'Bishop's' to parents who want to send their sons to India.

Strength

We have about 1500 boys ranging from 4 + years to 16 + years of whom about 240 are boarders. All our classes are overflowing and we just cannot cope with the pressure and demand for admissions. We are now at the end of August but the requests for admissions continue.

Discipline and Moral Values

Great stress is laid on maintaining good discipline and inculcating sound moral values, for we have no doubt that these are absolutely essential to the high aspirations of making our boys grow into good men. We believe that rules are to be obeyed, elders respected, and spiritual values preserved, if noble aims are to be achieved.

One of the good things about this school is the orderliness that prevails throughout the year. And I am certain that our 'daily assembly' with Bible Reading, Hymns and Prayers is the source of our countless blessings. We refuse to shake off the firm belief that God is the centre of our school, our refuge and our strength, and we make this known in our service of Praise and Thanksgiving held each year in St. Mary's Church.

The Prefectorial System

It continues to function well and serves as a means of training in good leadership. It has its faults but is successful. In 1983-84 Rohit Khanna proved to be an excellent Head Boy and he set new and higher standards. He was an excellent "all rounder" who set a good example and did an excellent job.

An integrated School community

It is most encouraging to see the way in which boys of many different religions, different communities, different socio-economic backgrounds, different castes, from different states and countries, from a great variety of backgrounds and cultures live and learn together here at Bishop's. We are always distressed and sad when we hear of the tragic and senseless murders and communal riots. We teach our boys to do all they can to work for unity and concord, and because the fabric of our school is essentially Christian we endeavour to spread Christ's message of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

Academics & ICSE Results :

We continue to maintain good academic standards throughout the school even though the Junior School claims to be the best. Though not always easy with large numbers, a fair amount of personal contact is maintained between teachers and boys. It is always a problem to get most boys to take their studies as seriously as games, but we do get quite a number who can be put in the category of 'good in games and studies.' The ICSE results were very good considering we give every boy a chance. 83 appeared, 2 failed, 50 boys got 1st Division marks and 31 2nd Division marks. One boy in particular scored over 90% in every subject except Hindi. Hindi is the weak point and if it was not for the poor Hindi results the overall results would have been excellent. Hindi needs serious attention and things can change if there is a determination to improve.

Games and other Activities :

A vital part of our education lies in our activities that are not academic. Our games activities are planned to help boys develop a sound character. One glance at our fixture card will show that we are busy with some sport or activity throughout the year. In fact we are left exhausted by the end of the year. The Inter-Class and Inter-House matches are keenly contested; however, the Inter-House spirit is much stronger. The competitions conducted in a spirit of healthy rivalry bring out the best in boys and when one sees the gallant efforts, the pluck and determination displayed, we feel it all worth while. A large number of boys and masters get involved in as many as 27 different games and activities. Traditions are maintained for what they achieve and the benefits enjoyed by all.

We had a fair measure of success in the Inter-School tournaments but always seem to be up against bigger boys because the criteria of age seem to be rather flexible with some of the local teams.

We always enjoy our fixtures with Barnes, Devlali, St. Peter's Mazagaon and St. Peter's Panchgani. We won and lost an equal number of matches.

Mr. Burton, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Francis and Mr. Fletcher were responsible for well trained football teams. The Mini's got into the finals of the Inter-School tournament but lost in the replay.

Mr. Seymour looked after debating and we won the Inter-School contest run by St. Mary's. U. Madan and L. Dhansingani did extremely well, the former getting the best speaker's award. Mr. Guzder along with Mrs. Velu and Mrs. Jolly look after the music section. They trained a much appreciated staff choir for the Thanksgiving Service. Mr. Guzder's boys did well in the School concert.

Mrs. Jolly still plays the piano for daily assembly and trains the School Choir.

Mr. Daniell and Mr. Burton were in charge of the DEAS and Young Adventurers.

Mr. Beaman's G. K. Team did well this year and came 1st among 10 teams in the Inter-School Quiz competition organised by the JAYCEES.

Mr. A. Fernandes and Mr. S. Fernandes continue to keep up the high standard of scouting and I am proud to say for the first time in living memory four boys were awarded the title of 'President's Scout' - M. Irani, S. Amnaji, H. Gokhale and S. Mirchandani.

Mr. R. Smart has taken over training the cricket XI and Mr. Shepherd is organising the Music Club which will be presenting some items today.

Mr. Chaudhari continues to organise educational tours and photography.

Mr. Ringrow and Mr. Beaman help in some form or another with almost every activity or function. And Mr. Lobo and Mr. Fox are always ready to help in any way.

It is most encouraging to see so many masters taking part in games, both as players and referees. The boys certainly love this and I want them to know that it is much appreciated.

Founder's Week :

It was well attended and went off well. In fact we had to play almost twenty a side in the Cricket matches to give many old boys a chance to play.

National Days :

These are observed and attendance is compulsory. On these days we have the usual Flag hoisting followed by elocution, debates, speeches and fancy dress.

Scripture Union :

Continues to be popular, with many boys attending the weekly meetings and annual camps.

Social Work :

Collections were made for servants, the Blind, Red Cross, Flood Relief and the Handicapped. We continue to support two orphans in Panch Howd and made a collection of toys and clothes for one of the hostels there.

T. V. :

In response to our appeal at Prize Day, Mrs. A. Doctor presented a TV for the Widows' Home, and Gen. T. S. Oberoi, GOC, - in - Chief, Southern Command, presented a colour TV for the Boys' Common Room.

Renovations & Improvements :

A number of Staff Quarters and the Common Rooms were renovated and a new metal cooking range was installed in the kitchen. Simba House and the cottages that were occupied by Mr. Irani and Mr. Lewis were demolished and our new sports field is taking shape. A lot of work has been done on the field with the kind assistance of the BEG and Col. Ganpatty and Col. Lamba. A considerable amount of work has been done in laying the foundation of a mini stadium. A cottage has also been built to replace the old servants quarters that were occupied by Mr. Irani.

P. T. A.

The PTA was active and many parents made a positive contribution in some way. Mrs. Menon and Mrs. David helped organise the G. K. and Dr. Mrs. Dham & Maj. Pritam Singh the fund-raising drive for the cooler fund which will be used for something useful. Mr. Bharucha has for years organised a car maintenance course and is getting the boys interested in gliding. Group Capt. Trilochan Singh gave a lecture with slides on 'Trekking'. Parents in general co-operate with the school which helps to make our task easier.

Staff :

During the year we bade farewell to Mr. & Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. Corda and Mr. Lele and welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Smart, Prof. Pandit, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Aviet. We thank those who have left for all they have done for the School and we also thank Mr. and Mrs. F. D'Souza who worked for two terms.

Ranga our old cook died suddenly and we miss him; he spent 30 years in Bishops. Rama and Lalitabai retired after many years of faithful service.

Mr. W. Corda and Mr. J. DeSouza joined the ranks of the married and we extend our good wishes to them.

Most of our staff are good workers and keen to see the School improve and there is no doubt that they make a valuable contribution with their good influence and by joining in the games played.

Thanks :

I wish to express my appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Roberts for her excellent work in the Junior School, which is a great credit to us; also to Mrs. Daruwalla who looks after the section in Mrs. Roberts' absence.

Thanks to Mr. Beaman for his dedicated work in the Boarding Section which has a fine reputation in foreign countries as well, and for his general all-round valuable assistance in administration.

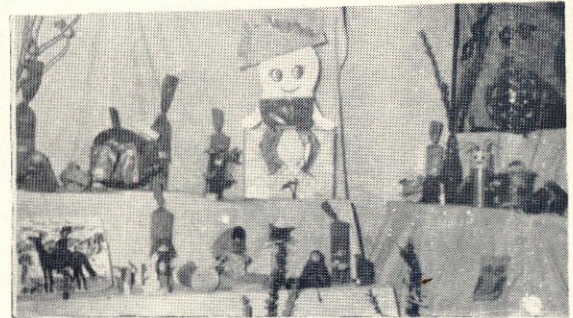
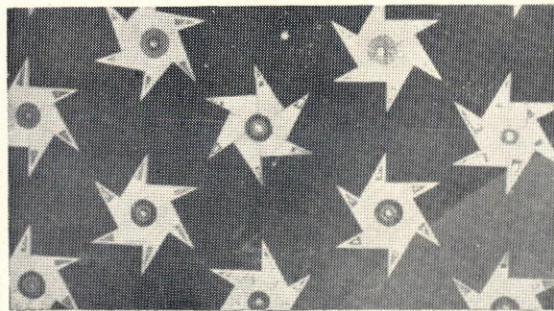
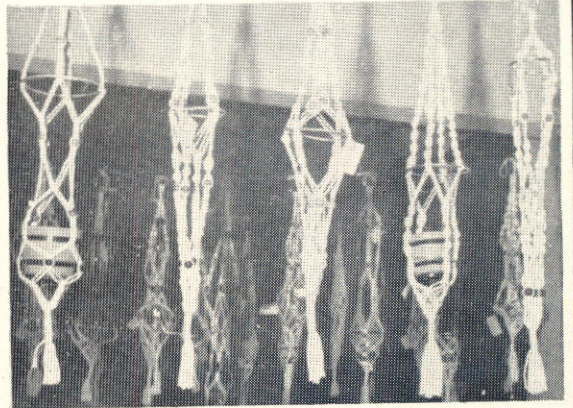
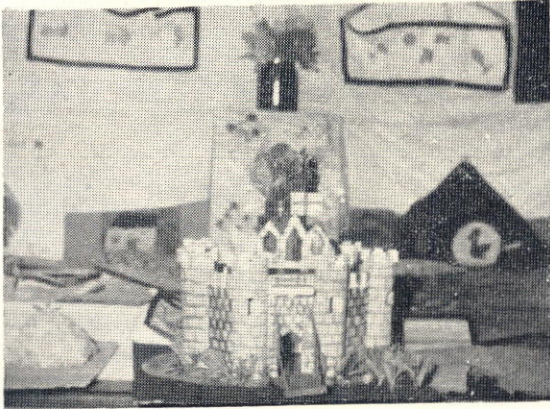
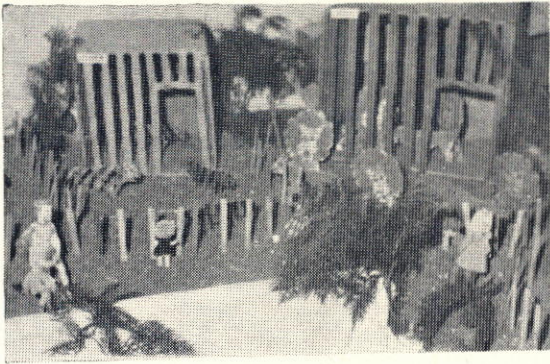
And thanks to Mr. Ringrow for all his valuable help and work in so many different departments covering games and academics and administration.

And thanks to all Staff and servants for their work during the year.

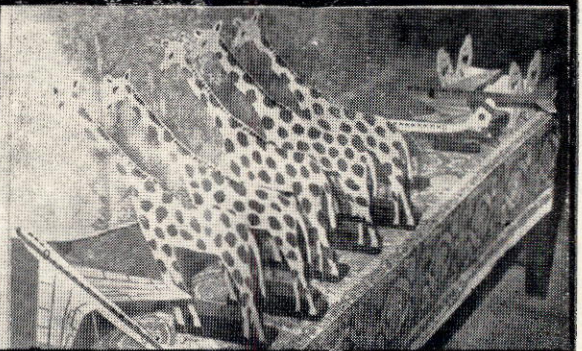
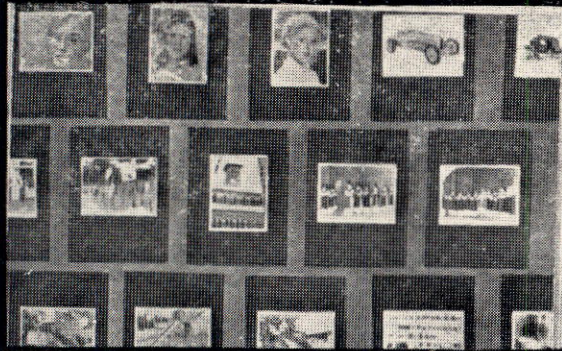
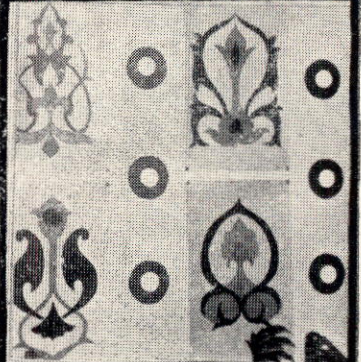
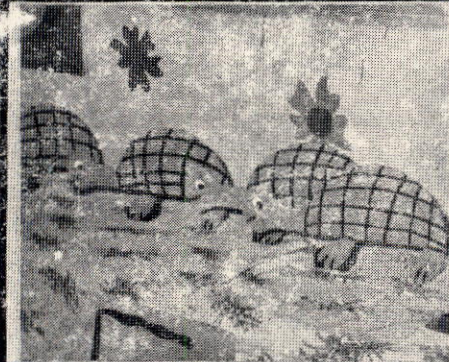
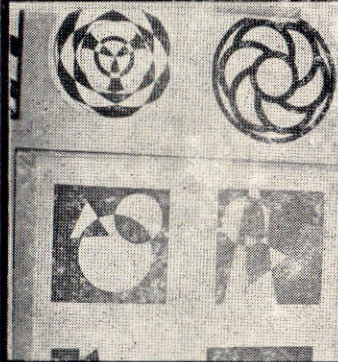
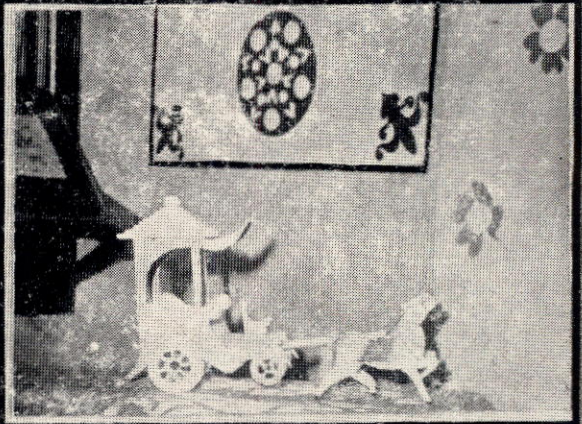
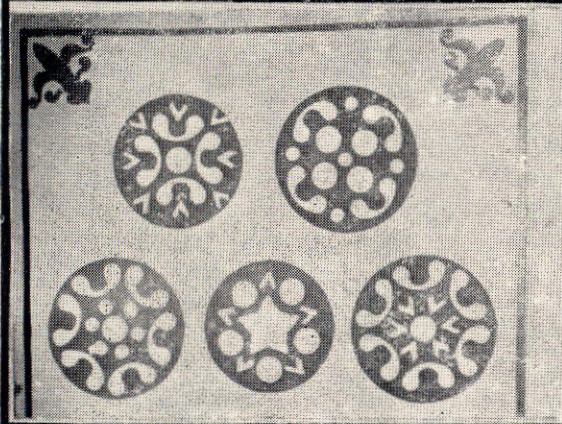
Traditionally high standards were maintained in the P. T. Display, Gymnastics, Art and Craft Exhibition etc., and the Chief Guest Mr. K. Sidhu, Divisional Commissioner, was very impressed with our efforts.

Brig. Dey, Sub Area Commander, was the Chief Guest for the Athletic finals and Air Commodore Salins and Gen. T. S. Oberoi for the Prize days. Gen. T. S. Oberoi's remark in the log book reads as follows: "It was a great pleasure to attend the function. It spells volumes for the efficiency of the Principal and Staff and dedication of students."

So you can see what goes into the making of fine young men that go out into the world proud to be BISHOPITES.



JUNIOR SCHOOL EXHIBITION



SENIOR SCHOOL EXHIBITION

Health

We have had a year of good health in general and we are grateful for the services of Mr. Nair, our Nursing Supdt. and Dr. Khatri, our School doctor. I also place on record my gratitude to the doctors and nurses of Wadia Hospital who are always ready to help out when an emergency arises.

Apart from the usual broken limbs during the football season, we had an unusual accident. One little boy pushed another into a 'degchi' of boiling tea (not intentionally). Fortunately, the boy did not fall in head first and after appropriate treatment made a complete recovery from his injuries without any marks of disfigurement on his face. Subsequently, the little boy was the Chief Guest at the opening of our Fete, and started the proceedings for that day with a lick of an ice cream cone.

Special Achievements

In the history of Bishop's the name Ganguli (or Ganguly or Gangoli - spell it in whichever way you wish) has one point of notable significance, and that is, Academic Excellence.

In 1957 Gautam Ganguly stood first in the State of Bombay in the Cambridge School Certificate Examination and was awarded a gold medal.

Dipankar Ganguly after passing the ISC Examination with flying colours in 1966 went on to win a glittering array of awards in college, the last of which was first place in the MS Examination in General Surgery of Poona University.

Manomoy Ganguly did extremely well in the ISC Examination of 1973 and later won a number of outstanding awards in college and in the AFMC where he finished up with first position in the final examination.

Besides those mentioned, there have been many other Gangulys down the years who have done exceedingly well. But lack of space does not permit me to mention all of them.

We were glad to hear that Milind Bapat stood fourth in the MBBS examination of Marathwada University, and that Sunil Damle was fourth in the state in the UPSC examination for entrance to the NDA. He was 9th out of all those who appeared for the examination in the country. Ashok Captain continues to be very much in the news in the cycling world, and Homi Bhatena was even selected for the Asiads but unfortunately had an accident and appears to be out of cycling for the present.

Shashi Menon, who became a table tennis champion while in Bishop's, has for many years been on the International tennis circuit and has on several occasions represented our country.

Zavaray Poonawalla, who is well known to all of us, has a magnificent Stud Farm in Poona, and the Serum Institute of India, of which he is the head, has an excellent reputation for its modern and much improved methods of treating the much-dreaded disease of rabies. The Institute also has something new and better to offer for the treatment of measles.

G. Bambawale (1974), according to information recently received, has qualified for entrance to the IAS.

The Governing Body :

The Governing Body of this School is one of the best. They appreciate all that goes on here, and help with their co-operation and guidance. I have always enjoyed the confident feeling that they are solidly behind me to encourage and support. Thank you very much Mr. C. G. Young our Chairman, Rev. D. Rae, Mr. B. Peters, Mr. O. D. Bason, Mr. N. Frederick and Mr. E. Dique.

We owe much to these persons who are always ready to give of their time and be helpful in many other ways. One likes to go upwards with such support.

While I am on the topic of thanks I must say a very Big Thank You to the army authorities for the many ways in which they have helped us through the years, more so in the year 1983-84.—The G. O. C.-in-C Southern Command, General T. S. Oberoi who was the Guest of Honour at our Senior Prize Distribution last year, the Sub Area Commander, Brigadier Dey, and the Commanding Officers of the A. F. M. C., M. H., B. E. G., Provost Unit, Mahar Regiment, Signals, Southern Command P. T. School, the A. S. P. T. and the N. D. A. We do our best to reciprocate by giving priority to the children from the Army units when it comes to the question of admission. However, sometimes, through no fault of our own, we have to keep even these most helpful people waiting.

Conclusion :

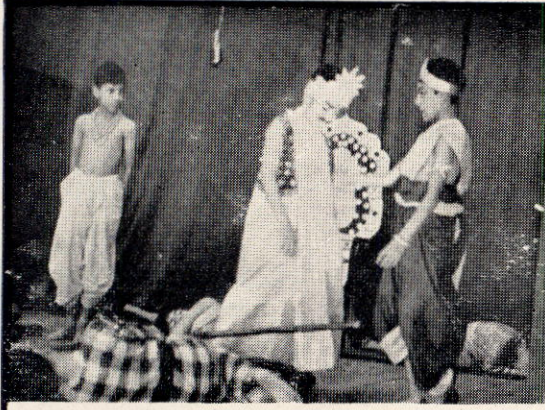
With so many forces tugging in so many directions we as Parents and Teachers must be clear as to what our aims are.

Our aims must be so to shape the lives of our boys by good training that they will in the years to come do something good and noble in the service of our land, and that they will treasure the values that will bring them to eternal life. We must do all we can to shape their character so that they will be strong enough to resist the many evil forces that would turn them away from the values set before them and the ultimate goal. It is a task in which you and I dare not fail in our efforts if we really want to be proud of our sons.

What is it you want for your son? Is your aim in sending him here merely to do well later because he will have the stamp of a good school behind his name, or that he will speak good English, dress well and be able to move about easily in elite circles — or that he will become a rich and famous doctor? What is it you want to boast about when you talk about your son? How many of you want to boast that he is a good man who will be a worthy son, a good husband and a loving father — that he cares for the sick and needy — that he is keen to uplift the down-trodden? What are the things that matter? Our aim should be the things that endure, for 'what gain is it if a man gains the whole world but loses his soul?'



ELOCUTION PRIZE GIVING



The nuns and others of the Junior School Prize Distribution Concert

CLASS PRIZES - 1983 - 84 (Junior School)

	Class		Class		Class	
General Proficiency	K.G.A.	A. Vaidya	K.G.B.	A. Thatte		
Reading						
English		A. Aina		W. Daniell		
Number Work		K. Ramchandani		A. Thatte		
Poetry		A. Harnesswala		A. Lulla		
Writing		V. Suttatti		A. Savant		
Hindi		M. Borsadwala		N. Shinde		
Progress		P. Bindra		V. Jagtap		
Art		N. Kakade		V. Shine		
Craft		S. Suttatti		V. Rana		
General Proficiency	1 A	A. Singh	1 B	D. Kanhere	1 C	A. Chrispal
English		A. Chowdhary		A. Kashyap		A. Chrispal
		H. Ranade		M. Poshtiwalla		P. Shetty
Hindi		R. Kothari		M. Motwani		S. Gheewala
Progress		R. Shah		V. Doshi		N. Vora
Writing		N. Ghule		M. Motwani		A. Chrispal
Art		M. Sharafali		R. Gill		R. Sengupta
Craft		D. Chatterjee		R. Irani		K. Joshi
Special Class Prize				A. Kashyap		P. Shetty
Reading		R. Kothari		G. Kanhere		S. Gheewala
Poetry		J. Merchant		A. Kashyap		A. Chrispal
General Proficiency	2 A	H. Murthy	2 B	S. Luthra	2 C	V. Arora
English		H. Mahajan		J. Ganguly		V. Arora
		P. Khanna		R. Ghai		A. Kaul
Hindi		S. Nadkarni		S. Gurdatta		S. Kohli
Progress		S. Jondhale		P. Bankar		M. Asnani
Art / Craft		S. Hegde		{ M. Bhangle		A. Malhotra
				{ A. Sawhney		
General Proficiency	3 A	A. Lateef	3 B	K. Katre	3 C	A. Balagopalan
English		A. Lateef		N. Lele		M. Nabar
Mathematics		C. Mehta		H. Banthia		{ M. Kaul &
						{ K. Taraporewalla
Hindi		S. Soni		S. Shrishrimal		K. S. Bagga
Progress		P. Nair		B. Sharma		S. Shaikhi
Art / Craft		{ R. Joshi		{ J. Mallick		{ A. Sinha
		{ D. Halstead		{ Z. Koreishi		{ M. Kaul
Cubs						M. Nabar
General Helpfulness		A. Alurkar		S. Mubarakai		
Science		A. Lateef		S. Gavandi		Y. Lalwani

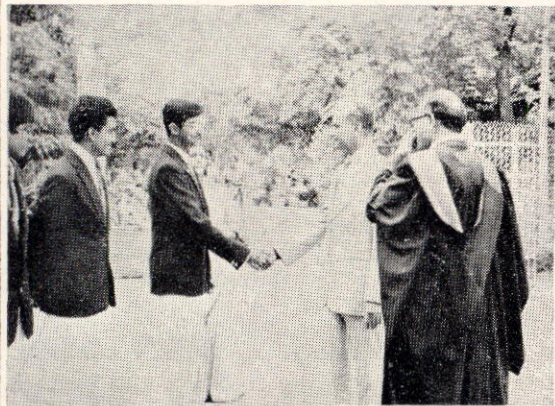
	Class		Class		Class	
General Proficiency	4 A	A. Yadav	4 B	R. Bharucha	4 C	H. Verma
English		A. Yadav		R. Bharucha		A. Jagmag
Mathematics		N. Borcar		{ S. Ramchandani		K. Minocher-Homji
				{ N. Kakkad		
Hindi		N. Grover		S. Rana		H. Verma
Progress		{ W. Bhonde		N Lahare		A. Thakore
		{ H. Mehta				
Art / Craft		{ S. Acharekar		{ V. Sarkar		{ R. Naik
		{ V. Shetty		{ A. Kadu		{ H. Verma
Science		N. Borcar		G. Patwardhan		H. Verma
Cubs		S. Das		S. Ramchandani		M. Bharmal
General Helpfulness		M. Baldota		Y. Doctor		K Minocher-Homji
Best Singer / Actor		{ V. Shetty		R. Bharucha		
		{ S. Acharekar				

SPECIAL PRIZES

Best Scholar Junior School - Upper Section	A. Yadav	4A
Best Scholar Junior School - Lower Section	{ A. Chrispal	1C
	{ A. Vaidya	KGA
Don Olliver Prize for Progress	N. Lahare	4B
Miss J. Wordsworth Prize for Perseverance	S. Sankpal	4C
The Parent-Teachers' Association Prize for Art	M. Kaul	3C
	A. Sinha	3C
General Helpfulness Junior School	P. Thomas	2B
	K. Minocher Homji	4C
	Y. Doctor	
Good Conduct	R. Singhal	2B
	N. Patel	4C
	S. Ramchandani	4B
	K. Kakade	1C
	A. Balgopalan	3C
Craft Junior School		
Best Cub	R. Shah	3A



JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION CONCERT



THE JUNIOR PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION 1983

After the deluge on August 15th, members of staff were prepared for a wet affair ! But mercifully Tuesday, the 23rd was an overcast, but dry day. The weather gods had spared us the ordeal of squelching through the mud, dressed in our best, to greet a damp Chief Guest - and the worse ordeal of keeping dry the two hundred odd youthful Einsteins, Kiplings and Lawrence Oliviers !

At 5.25 on the dot - the Chief Guest Air Commodore Salins and Mrs. Salins arrived. After the traditional greeting, school song and prayer, Mr. Roberts presented his report to a packed Harding Hall. Everyone was pleased to note that in spite of mumps, measles and other minor calamities Bishop's was flourishing. The Academic Year had been packed with activities and our I. C. S. E. results were good.

Mrs. Salins distributed the prizes to all deserving youngsters - special applause being reserved for 'Politeness and Courtesy', 'Gentlemanly Qualities' and 'General Helpfulness' - assets which seem to be fast disappearing in this jet, fast-moving Space Age. Air Commodore Salins congratulated the prize winners and, after a brief interval, the Junior School presented an evening of entertainment. Perhaps it would be a change to give the reader a sneak preview of what goes on before that "Perfect Day".

The K. G. item was "The Farm Yard". Mrs. Velu and the teachers of KG A and B had "bow-wowed", "mooed" and "chicked" for two solid months to bring the item on its feet. At one stage everyone in the Junior School had the farmyard melody running through their heads and bovine sounds could be heard everywhere. Sometimes poor Mrs. Sharaballi, who had just had an ulcer operation, wondered if she was developing another "in the wings" so to speak.

The Ones presented a Nursery-Land Pageant. Would Jack and Jill hurry up that hill? Not on your life! The four-and-twenty blackbirds insisted on bursting out of the pie prematurely. Mrs. Oliver was reduced to tears twice a day and had taken to muttering under her breath as soon as "Sing a Song of Sixpence" started.

The children from Two A, B and C chose an item that required a band, singing and rhythmic movement, "Any Old Toys". The boys of those classes, anything but "old", drove their respective teachers round the bend. Tambourines, triangles and bells resounded in a mixture of double, waltz and compound time. Mrs. Velu lost her voice and Mrs. Morris her baton!

The teachers of Classes III and IV (in a moment of sheer madness) decided to put on a combined effort - Scenes from "The Sound of Music". The nuns-to-be belonged to the order of the most disorderly. Mother Martha appeared with a black eye, Sister Susan gave someone a bloody nose and Sister Agatha was seen kicking Sister Mary Anne. Maria, the postulant, could never keep her mouth shut and, in faithful imitation of Mrs. Velu, lost her voice after shouting too much. Has anyone tried to teach a boy to walk and sit like a nun? Those bruised, dirty, band-aided knees were nearly the death of Mrs. Postwalla. Mrs. Jolly assumed a look of patient resignation - making the sign of the cross at all odd times and calling upon the intercession of all in Heaven - from her late Uncle George to St. Jude of Hopeless Cases.

The Hindi item organized by Mrs. Singh and Mr. Chavan seemed to be going great guns. Gopis, pehlwans and Krishnas clumped about the stage with complete disregard for any sort of stage instructions. The sound of the harmonium pervaded everywhere.

Through all the confusion, Mrs. Roberts kept her cool – assuring one and all that everything was perfect. The Dress Rehearsal was her Waterloo. When the lungis of one of the pehlwans fell down – exposing his bright blue jockey briefs – she collapsed completely and had to be revived with Tata's Eau-de-Cologne and coffee.

However, all these were “minor slips”. On the day the K. G's Farmyard was as peaceful and rustic as a summer's day. The blackbirds of Class I popped out just in time. (Nevertheless Mrs. Oliver had hysterics). Mrs. Velu recovered her voice, Mrs. Morris her baton and the Twos performed with gay abandon, co-ordinating everything perfectly.

The Gopis looked ravishing, the Pehlwan didn't lose their lungis, and the Peacock Dance was voted the most colourful item of the evening.

The Singing Nuns – led by an enchanting Maria – stole everyone's hearts. Could they possibly be boys? Impossible! The Von-Trapp children's “So Long, Farewell” left a lump in everyone's throat.

All in all – a most successful evening! Oh well! Do-re-me! – let's hope it is as good in 1984!

Mrs. M. Postwalla

☀ An African chieftain flew to the U. S. for a confab with the President and was met at the airport by a flock of newspaper reporters.

“Was your flight comfortable?” asked one of the reporters.

The chief exploded into a series of raucous noises: “Screech s-s-s-s, whistle, z-z-z-z, honk,” and then in perfect English added, “Yes, it was most pleasant.”

The reporter, not wishing to comment on the unusual noises asked, “Tell me, Chief, where did you learn such perfect English?”

After the preliminary series of whistles and honks, the chief replied, “Short-wave radio.”

☀ Two friends, who hadn't seen each other for some time, met. One was on crutches.

“Hello,” said the other man, “what's the matter with you?”

“Streetcar accident,” said the man on the crutches.

“When did it happen?”

“Oh, about six weeks ago.”

“And you still have to use crutches?”

“Well, my doctor says I could get along without them, but my lawyer says I can't.”

☀ A man who had been married for ten years consulted a marriage counsellor. “When I first married,” he said, “I was very happy. I'd come home from a hard day down at the shop. My little dog would race around barking and my wife would bring me my slippers. Now after all these years, everything's changed. When I come home, my dog brings me my slippers and my wife barks at me.”

“I don't know what you're complaining about,” said the marriage counsellor. “You're still getting the same service.”

Jokes supplied by N. D'Souza

SENIOR SCHOOL PRIZE DAY

It was a day of mixed fortunes as this article will tell.

24th August 1983 was the day when the Senior School stalwarts were to be given awards for various outstanding performances—a day also when a few of them got the opportunity to exhibit their talents before an audience in the midst of whom sat Lt. Gen. T. S. Oberoi, PVSM Vr. Ch. (GOC-in-C HQ Southern Command) who incidentally was our distinguished Chief Guest for that evening.

As 'Precision' is instilled into Army Personnel from the day they join the forces everyone knew that the General would arrive on time—he did so and the function got on its way.

The unassuming General gave away endless prizes and smiled and congratulated many winners that evening. (Men in high position must also learn to shake an endless number of hands and not get tired, I guess). Anyway the Prize giving got over eventually and there was a brief interlude of 10 minutes (stretched to 20) after which the variety programme was to begin.

Fate thought otherwise as a little earlier the current had failed and, despite telephone calls and crossed fingers (and toes too), the lights just failed to oblige.

Bishopites never say die and the function just had to go on. Gas lamps and emergency lights were soon arranged and the choir accompanied by Mrs. Jolly and Mr. Guzder sang two lovely songs which went well with the audience who, due to no fault of their own, were becoming restless.

The actors in the English play meanwhile were ready to go on stage but waited lest the lights obliged in a few minutes.

Meanwhile outside there was plenty of activity going on. The Principal and other Staff were trying to get an extension fitted up somehow or the other. Mr. Fox climbed a slippery roof and almost came tumbling down—I hear someone almost got shocked. Then, just as the extension wires had been connected and the switch was going to be put on, the current obliged.

Backstage there was a hustle of activity and "Dick Whittington" the Senior English Play directed by Mr. Guzder and Mr. Seymour began. It was a 25-minute play—quite hilarious and the actors did a swell job—R. Khanna (the head boy) as the aged Fitz-warren stole the show. The curtain was barely down and the audience were still applauding when the lights went again.

The Hindi Play nevertheless could not be cancelled after all the practice and hard work put in, so it was enacted by lamp light. "Parda Uthne se Pahle" was the title and it was directed by Mr. A. Fernandes whose hard work did not go unnoticed as the audience enjoyed the play. A word of praise for the actors who despite no lights and no mikes acted superbly. In between the two plays there was a tabla solo by little B. Jamuar of class 6—his quick fingers really beat the tabla well—I'm sure he will be even better in the years to come.

The function—although plagued by a little ill luck—went well and all who waited on and off stage deserve a "Well done!"

Mr. M. Guzder

D R A M A T R A U M A

I am very interested in games and I was overjoyed when I got into the Senior Football XI. Next to games, I like acting the best of all and my joy knew no bounds when Mr. Guzder asked me to play the part of Mr. Fitzwarren in our school play.

It all started when one day, during football practice, a boy came to me and said that Mr. Guzder wished to talk to me after the game. At the end of practice, I rushed to Mr. Guzder's house to be greeted by a throng of extremely tense-looking boys. It then dawned on me that I had come for an audition. In the beginning Mr. Guzder handed out several scripts and asked us to read through a part. He then asked us to say the part as best we could. I was one of the first and after saying my part, I was asked to stand to one side. I was then completely ignored till right at the end when Mr. Guzder told me I had been given the part of Mr. Fitzwarren.

I was overjoyed and dashed off towards home, pedalling for all I was worth. I was walking in the clouds as I thumped the doorbell. The moment I saw my mother's face as she opened the door, I knew what it felt like to land on the ground from fifteen hundred feet without a parachute. Looking around I realised that it was very dark and knew that my mother must have been worried stiff. The audition had taken a lot longer than I had expected and it was now 8 o'clock. What followed next seemed to me to be the two Great Wars and half a dozen others rolled into one!

My father's grim face confirmed my forebodings of trouble. His face was a very dark shade of red with a purple tinge on the tips of his ears. All of a sudden the pregnant silence was broken and my father began yelling and my mother began yelling, and my sister began howling, and the dog started barking to add to the general confusion.

When a semblance of order was restored, my father gave me a sound firing in front of everyone, with my mother chipping in and that impudent sister of mine goading them on. That ticking off made my ears burn with shame and I resolved never to be late again.

The next day I withdrew my name from the play. When I informed my mother of my decision, I expected gratitude but to my surprise she said "I talked it over with your father last night and you have got his permission to take part in the play."

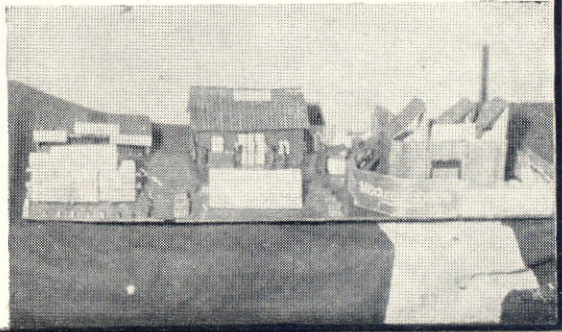
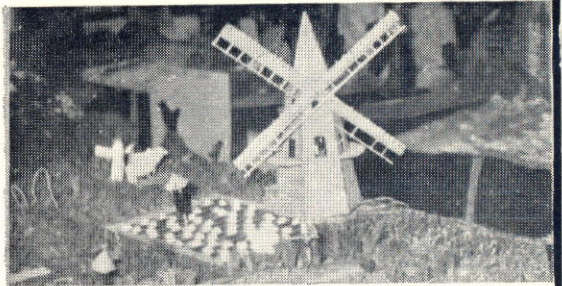
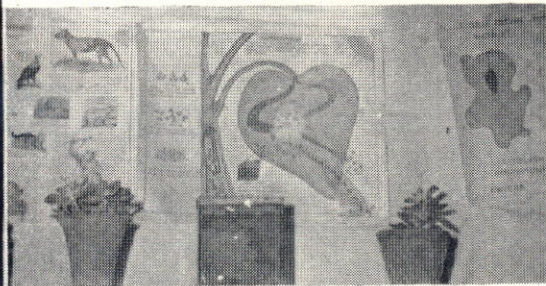
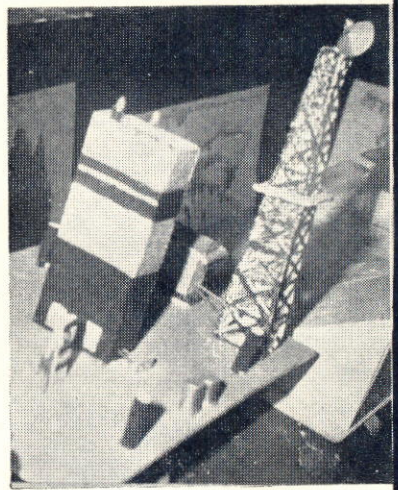
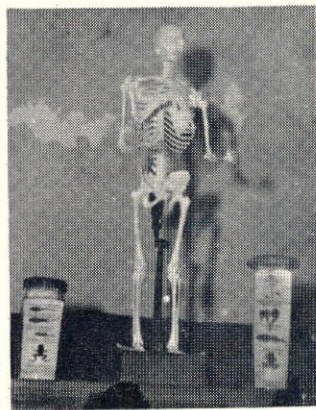
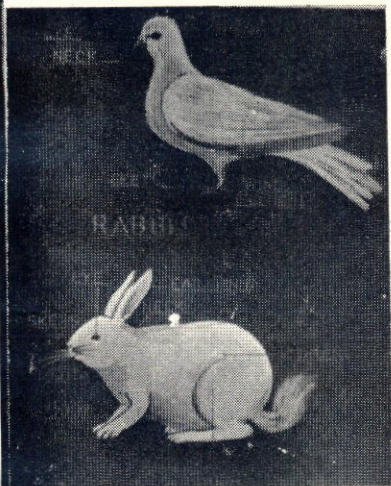
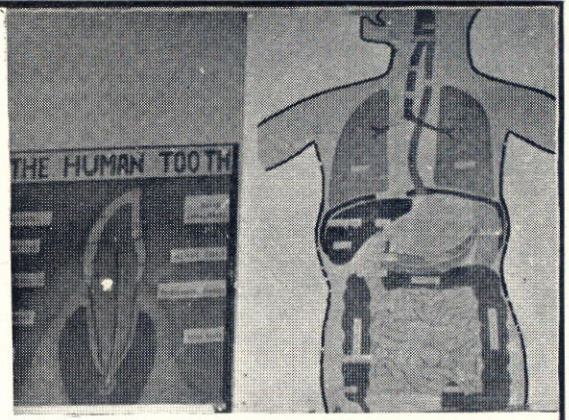
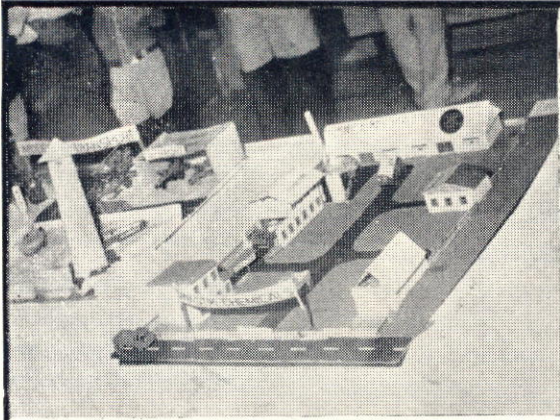
But it was too late! All my persuasive powers could not budge Mr. Guzder from his stand of not changing the one reshuffled member of the Dramatis Personae.

A. Banerjee, 10-C

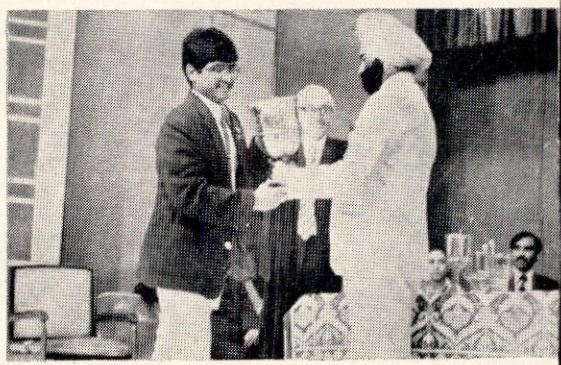
☼ A couple of gobs laying over for a day or two in Sweden decided to go to church. Knowing no Swedish, they figured to play safe by picking out a dignified old gentleman sitting in front of them and doing whatever he did.

During the service, the pastor made a special announcement of some kind, and the man in front of them started to rise, at which the two sailors quickly got to their feet, to be met by roars of laughter from the whole congregation.

When the service was over and they were greeted by the pastor at the door, they discovered he spoke English, and naturally asked what the cause of the merriment had been. "Oh", said the pastor, "I was announcing a baptism, and asked the father of the child to rise."

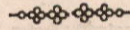


THE SENIOR EXHIBITION



THE SENIOR PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

CLASS PRIZES — 1983-84 (Senior School)



	Class		Class		Class	
General Proficiency	5 A	B. Shah	5 B	S. Kanetkar	5 C	G. Vathiath
English		B. Shah		S. Kanetkar		G. Vathiath
Mathematics		B. Shah		S. Kanetkar		G. Vathiath
Hindi		B. Shah		S. Kanetkar		A. Shetye
Progress		H. Phalke		T. Lunkad		S. Sachdev
General Proficiency	6 A	V. Gurunath	6 B	M. Choudhari	6 C	S. Badgandi
English		V. Gurunath		M. Choudhari		A. Lalla
Mathematics		V. Gurunath		M. Choudhari		S. Badgandi
Hindi		V. Gurunath		M. Choudhari		S. Badgandi
Progress		B. Savant		A. Sehgal		A. Melwani
General Proficiency	7 A	V. Sood	7 B	A. Teckwani	7 C	N. Somani
English		V. Sood		J. James		S. Mukherjee
Mathematics		A. Manghnani		M. Saund		N. Somani
Hindi		R. Neemuchwala		A. Borawake		G. Vikram
Progress		S. Javalekar		A. Malkani		M. Manik

The Anand Datta Prize for the Best Scholar in Class 7 A. Teckwani 7B

General Proficiency	8 A	S. Rao	8 B	D. Mukherjee	8 C	S. Gurjar
English		S. Rao		D. Mukherjee		S. Gurjar
Mathematics		S. Rao		D. Mukherjee		S. Gurjar
Hindi		S. Rao		K. Verma		S. Gurjar
Progress		N. Sohoni		S. Sayyed		J. Karamannu

The Rajendra Tembwalkar Prize for the Best Scholar in Class 8 S. Rao

General Proficiency	9 A	A. Gangoli	9 B	V. Mirchandani	9 C	R. Kapur
English		A. Gangoli		Z. Doctor		R. Kapur
Mathematics		A. Gangoli		K. Whabi		R. Kapur
Hindi		S. Sinha		S. Tupe		R. Kapur
Progress		M. Dehghan		G. Tilekar		H. Singh

Mrs. Anima Ganguly Cup for the Best Scholar in Class 9 A. Gangoli

General Proficiency	10 A	A. Master	10 B	R. Khanna	10 C	U. Madan
English		R. Shrivastava		R. Khanna		U. Madan
Mathematics		Meher Irani		U. Rao		G. Tharakan
Hindi		J. Bhojwani		R. Sasane		U. Madan
Progress		Meher Irani		D. Loya		R. Yathindranath

SPECIAL PRIZES (Middle and Senior School)



Mrs. Chinmulgund's Prize for General Knowledge	Middle School	S. Mukherjee
Handicraft	Senior School	D. Mukherjee
Art	Middle School	M. Choudhari
Dramatics	Senior School	R. Dias
	Middle School	M. G. Saund
	Senior School	R. Khokar
	Hindi	H. Chitnis
	English	R. Khanna
The Anis Jamadar Prize for Gentlemanly Qualities		L. Dhansingani
		E. Gaekwad
		K. Kundanmal
		Meher Irani
		S. Mirchandani
Prize for Public Speaking		U. Madan
Head Boy's Prize		R. Khanna
Head Boy's Cup for P. T.		K. Kundanmal
Major Khanolkar's Cup for Gymnastics		P. Borawake
Brig. R. A. R. O'Connor's Trophy for Leadership		R. Khanna
The Brig. Bagga Shield for P. T.		prize not awarded
Air Commodore Suri's Shield for Declamation		R. Khanna
Major Brown's Cup for Hindi		U. Madan
Major K. Chibber's Cup for Science		G. Tharakan
Mr. Mulleneaux's Cups for Mathematics		G. Tharakan
	Science	G. Tharakan
Governor's Cups for	Proficiency	U. Madan
	Progress	Meher Irani
Mrs. Gladys O'Leary's Cup for Social Studies		U. Madan
Principal (Retd.) Lunn's Cup for Geography		U. Madan
The Robey Study Cup	Senior	Harding
The Study Cup	Middle School	Harding
The Study Cup	Junior School	Arnould
Best All Round Boy in each House	Arnould	S. Kapur
	Bishop's	K. Kundanmal
	Harding	R. Sasane
	Mansfield	R. Khanna
		R. Khanna
Best All Round Boy in the School	Seniors	M. Mulla
Rex Ludorum	Juniors	R. Kapur
Best Scholar	Middle School	Bhaves Shah
	Senior School	U. Madan

HOUSE AWARDS

	Sub-Juniors	Juniors	Seniors
Long Distance Runs	Bishop's	Bishop's	Bishop's
Athletics	Bishop's	Bishop's	Bishop's
Hockey	Mansfield	Harding	Arnould
Foot-ball	Bishop's	Harding	Bishop's
Cricket	Arnould	Arnould	Arnould
Indoor Games	—	—	Arnould
Volley Ball, Basket Ball	—	—	Bishop's
Study Cups	Arnould	Harding	Harding
P. T. A. Rolling Trophy for General Knowledge			Mansfield
Cock House Runner-up			Arnould
Cock House			Bishop's

Bishop's House Notes

Guess what ? We're the Cock House again ! As is so common in Bishop's, it was the combined and unified efforts of every boy in the house, working as a team, that helped us to retain the Cock House Shield, the very epitome and symbol of supremacy and dominance in Sports (and now, also studies). It is not my aim to bore you with the usual mundane and hackneyed topics that are repeated year after year, but for the records, I'll just rush through them.

On the whole we did quite well in all the games, failing to a certain extent only in cricket – surprisingly, for this is usually our forte – indoor games (badminton and table tennis) and also in academics viz. the Study Cups. However, our future at least rests assured in the last mentioned since our Sub-juniors did very well in academics, coming second. It is advisable not to question or doubt the Senior or Junior Bishopites about their grey matter and wits for if you do, you are quite liable to face trouble with your colleagues. Touchy, aren't we ? But we insist, arguably may be, that we are, along with everything else, also the brightest house.

The events in which we struck the veritable pot of gold, so to say, were Athletics, the Long Distance Runs, Football, Basketball and Volleyball. Our performances in the last mentioned were a treat to watch. We did quite well in Hockey, losing only marginally to Arnould, due to our complacency in the Seniors (we had already clinched the Shield). This fact is vehemently denied by Arnould House who maintain the view that they were clearly superior. However, enough of that and on to individual performances. Sterling and inspired performances by our House Captain and his helpers M. Mulla and A. Mom in, Shakeel Momin, S. Sant Singh, K. Kundanmal to mention a few, all stalwarts in their own right, helped us a great deal in achieving our goal. I still remember Sant Singh sprinting away to his superb victory in the 100m., looking like some sort of Jesse Owens or Carl Lewis, fabricated by our imaginative minds – Bishop's House minds, to be precise.

Anyway, past glories are past glories and it is time to look forward to the year ahead of us. We should not get complacent, but try to emulate last year's feat. I voice the sincere hope that there will be a good response to my coercive persuasion, if I may say so, that the boys of our House will strive hard to retain the coveted Shield once more to underline the fact that we are the best.

In conclusion, I would like to thank our House Masters Mr. Guzder and Mr. Smart for their unflagging interest and keenness in us, which egged us on and enabled us to achieve victory. Thus, let me end on this triumphant note by quoting from our School Song (adapted with reference to our House), - "play up Bishop's, never let our colours fall!"

House Captain : M. Mulla
Reporter : A. Gangoli

Arnould House Notes

After losing the Cock house championship to Bishop's the previous year, we were determined to win the championship this time. "Arnould house", said Mr. Ringrow, "has always been in the hunt and never can their opponents underestimate them." We have had an impressive record over the last two decades and all of us in Arnould house had every intention of maintaining it.

Under the leadership of S. Deshmukh, Arnould house began its campaign for the Cock house cup with extremely high hopes, and a Bang! Our table tennis and badminton teams, playing exceptionally well, accounted for each of the other houses and romped home, the winners. We collected 7 points, which gave us a two point lead over second placed Mansfield. Arnould was in the lead and the race was on.

This triumph in the indoor games was a morale booster for our boys and it was with a certain amount of confidence that we began our outdoor games campaign. The first game on the outdoor list was football. We were very confident about football. Then disaster struck! Our fancied Seniors with many School XI stalwarts in their ranks were upset by underdogs Mansfield. To make matters worse, the match with Bishop's was a draw, and despite a win over Harding, we finished a poor third, with just 3 points. Our Juniors too, didn't play well, and finished third with just 3 points, and our Sub-juniors applied the killing touch to the disaster that had been football. They finished a shocking last, with just 1 point. This was our poorest performance in years. We aggregated just 7 points to finish last. We were pushed to the second place and Bishop's, who were now leading, were exactly 8 points ahead of us. We were naturally very worried, for if the gap between us and Bishop's wasn't closed up, then things might get out of hand.

We were pretty glum and gloomy, but not for long, for our cricketers were playing with a vengeance. Responding brilliantly to the need of the hour, the future Gavaskars and Kapil Devs reeled off victory after victory. It seemed as though the World Cup fever had caught up with us too, as our cricketers outplayed every team and won every single match, to finish the winners, with maximum points, 21! There was great jubilation in our ranks, and after the disaster of football, this superb performance was like water to a thirsty man. It also put us back in the lead and once again we were first.

Who could have even imagined that after the triumph of cricket, we would do as badly as we did in the long distance runs? Our seniors finished third, our juniors second and our sub-juniors third. It was not that everyone ran badly in our house; in fact a couple of our runners finished in the first three positions, but then, more boys ran badly than the ones who ran well. We were let down by the average boy, whose running was below average. The good runners in the other houses were of the same calibre as our good runners, but the average boy in those houses ran much better than ours, and the result - we finished third. We had been pushed to second place again. Bishop's, the winners of the Long distance, were now leading, by 10 points.

Worse was to follow. Athletics became our Waterloo. Again it was the same story, the average boy let us down. We had many runners in the finals, but that doesn't help much, because the bulk of the points scored come from the numerous non-finalists. So poor was our performance, that we finished a disgusting last. Of course, our boys were pretty ashamed about it all, but then they had no one to blame but themselves. Arnould house had reached its nadir. Worse, the Cock house championship was virtually out of our grasp, with the leaders, Bishop's, bagging an almost unreachable lead of 24 points.

There was still some hope, and we were determined to win basketball and volleyball. But we were beaten in volleyball and basketball, which were supposed to be cakewalks for us. We even lost to lowly Mansfield. As a result, all chances of winning the Cock house cup were gone and we would have to fight hard to retain our second position, for Mansfield were hard on our heels.

Hockey saw our seniors winning and coming first, but our juniors and sub-juniors finished third and last respectively. It was shocking! By now there was speculation that Arnould might finish third or even last.

The Robey Study Cup saved us from further humiliation. There was the consolation of knowing that, "so what if we can't run, at least we can mug." Yes, it was some consolation, but then, no one could hide the fact that the year 1983-84 had been a very poor one for Arnould house. We finished second overall, but then, we had been convincingly beaten by Bishop's, the Cock house. Performance wise, our seniors played very well, but our juniors and sub-juniors let us down badly. But we, everyone in Arnould house, hope that the boys will learn from their mistakes and do better in the year 1984-85. All the best to them.

S. Deshmukh
U. Madan

Mansfield House Notes

As the Std. 10 examinations finished before the end of the last term, the Std. 10 boys left much earlier than the rest and, therefore, the House Captain was asked to write the House notes before the results of the Study Cup were out. At the time these notes are being written Mansfield is third, just seven points behind Arnould and only five points ahead of Harding. So the Study Cup results could easily leave Mansfield in second place and just as easily in fourth place. So the House Captain writes these notes hoping for the best.

The year saw a slight rise in the fortunes of Mansfield. The Sub-juniors and Seniors did well in almost all the events and Mansfield would have been an easy second had our juniors not taken last place in every inter-house event. The Sub-juniors and Seniors contributed 25 and 28 points respectively towards the Mansfield total before the Study Cup results, whereas the contribution of the Juniors was a meagre 5 points.

Indoor games, i. e. Table Tennis and Badminton, were the first of the inter-house fixtures. Thanks to the efforts of U. Rao, the House Vice-Captain, and A. Master, we came second.

Indoor games were followed by football. Mansfield house's weakness in the Juniors was all too evident and they came last. The Sub-juniors came third and the Seniors missed first place by not being able to score a goal against Harding. At the end of the Monsoon term, Mansfield, Arnould and Harding were level on points.

The Winter term saw Mansfield House take a beating in Cricket, but doing reasonably well in Athletics and the Long Distance Runs. In Cricket, our Juniors were last again but this time the Seniors also came last and it was the Sub-juniors who salvaged some of the Mansfield house honour by coming second. The Sub-junior team Captain V. Sood played quite well in the matches. Ominous for Mansfield after this Cricket disaster was the fact that Arnould had gained the full 21 points from Cricket and Harding was not too far behind us.

Later on during the Winter term Mansfield made a recovery in the Long Distance Runs and Athletics. Also our point difference with Arnould was lessened to quite an extent as Arnould could manage only the last place. The Juniors once more came last in both the Long Distance and Athletics while the Sub-juniors and Seniors came second. The House Tug-of-War team came third. In the Long Distance Runs V. Jachak did well to come first in Division V while in Division II the victory stand stood occupied by three Mansfield house boys. R. Khanna, following two months of practice, set a new record in Division II. In Athletics, V. Jachak claimed the Victor Ludorum for Division V and R. Khanna claimed the Victor Ludorum in Division II. Also showing talent was R. Neemuchwalla who claimed first place in the sprints in Division IV.

In Volleyball, Mansfield had to be content with third place as the Bishop's and Arnould teams were far superior to ours. Basketball was played towards the start of the last term. Mansfield came second unexpectedly, upsetting what everyone thought was a vastly superior Arnould House team. Thus we managed second place in the combined event of Volleyball and Basketball.

Hockey was the last event on the inter-house competition fixture card. The Juniors once more had no difficulty in claiming last place while the Seniors came third. However, due to good combination and a great effort our Sub-juniors turned the tables on Harding's Sub-juniors to claim first place.

In this manner the inter-house competition for the year 1983-84 came to an end with Mansfield not quite sure where she stood.

Regardless of whether the results of the Study Cup are favourable to us or not, this year there was a marked improvement in the interest taken by the boys in the activities of the house. The smallest chaps were ever-willing to come for practice long before the events started and it was only a handful of Senior boys in Classes IX and X who proved themselves to be bunkers par excellence. I hope the younger chaps don't follow the examples set by them next year; the fortunes of the house depend on the trends they set. I am proud to add that this year for all events in which there was mass participation it was Mansfield that commenced practice before any of the other houses. This was probably the main reason for the Mansfield House Sub-juniors winning the hockey and the fact that more boys took an interest was clearly evident in Long Distance Runs and Athletics where Mansfield who had been hanging on to the bottom of the ladder moved to second place in both events. I am quite certain that if the Mansfield house boys maintain or take greater interest in the activities that go on in school Mansfield will surely do better.

Before concluding, it would be inappropriate if I did not thank our House Masters - Mr. S. Fernandes and Mr. W. H. Burton - for the personal interest they took in the house. Mr. Fernandes has been the Mansfield house-master for years and is often seen telling boys of the exploits of Mansfield house in the years gone by. He is always ready to give advice to his House-Captain and is always there on the field to raise any flagging spirits when the chips are down. Mr. Burton, who became Mansfield House-master just this year, is himself quite a sportsman. He took a great interest in the house relay teams and I am sure he has a lot that Mansfield will be happy to gain from him.

Also on behalf of the Mansfield house boys I'd like to thank Mr. Matkar, Mr. Ghodke and their assistant Clement for all their efforts in trying to supply the proper kits to all houses for matches and preparing and marking out courts and fields and tracks. I'd also like to thank all the House Prefects who were a big help in organizing practice, etc. and took a lot of interest in the boys of the house. In this respect I'd like to extend special thanks to the Vice-Captain U. Rao who was a perfect example of dedication to the interests of the House. He attended every session of practice without fail, never refused to help out and was often seen in action for the house.

In conclusion I'd like to congratulate the Cock House for this year - Bishop's, but I hope sincerely that next year it is none other than the Mansfield House Captain who will be seen holding aloft the Cock House trophy.

R. Khanna

Harding House Notes

The year 1983-84 saw Harding house slip down from its "traditional" third place to fourth.

The long distance runs in which we were last reflected lack of practice, effort and determination. Practice is indispensable for this event and those who put in the effort reaped a rich reward in the form of points for their House. Our Seniors, Juniors and Sub-juniors could collectively gather only seven points out of a total of twenty-one.

Athletics saw us in our "traditional" third place to which our boys seem to have become so accustomed that a change would be something in the nature of a shock! The entire house contributed only nine points.

Football was one exception to the general run of things. We did better than usual and came second, thanks to our Juniors who won all their matches and our Sub-juniors who won two out of their three matches. Our Seniors have been a continuously impeding element in all games and contributed one point (which is a bonus for having played all the matches.)

Indoor games, comprising table - tennis, badminton, volley - ball and basket-ball, proved to be a disaster and a thorough nightmare for Harding house. All that the entire house could gather from a total of fourteen points was two; once again both of these were bonus points !

Tug-of-war was the most pleasant surprise for a change. Determination could clearly be seen and all the sweat that the boys put into their tugging was rewarded with a first place - that really gave us a nice feeling.

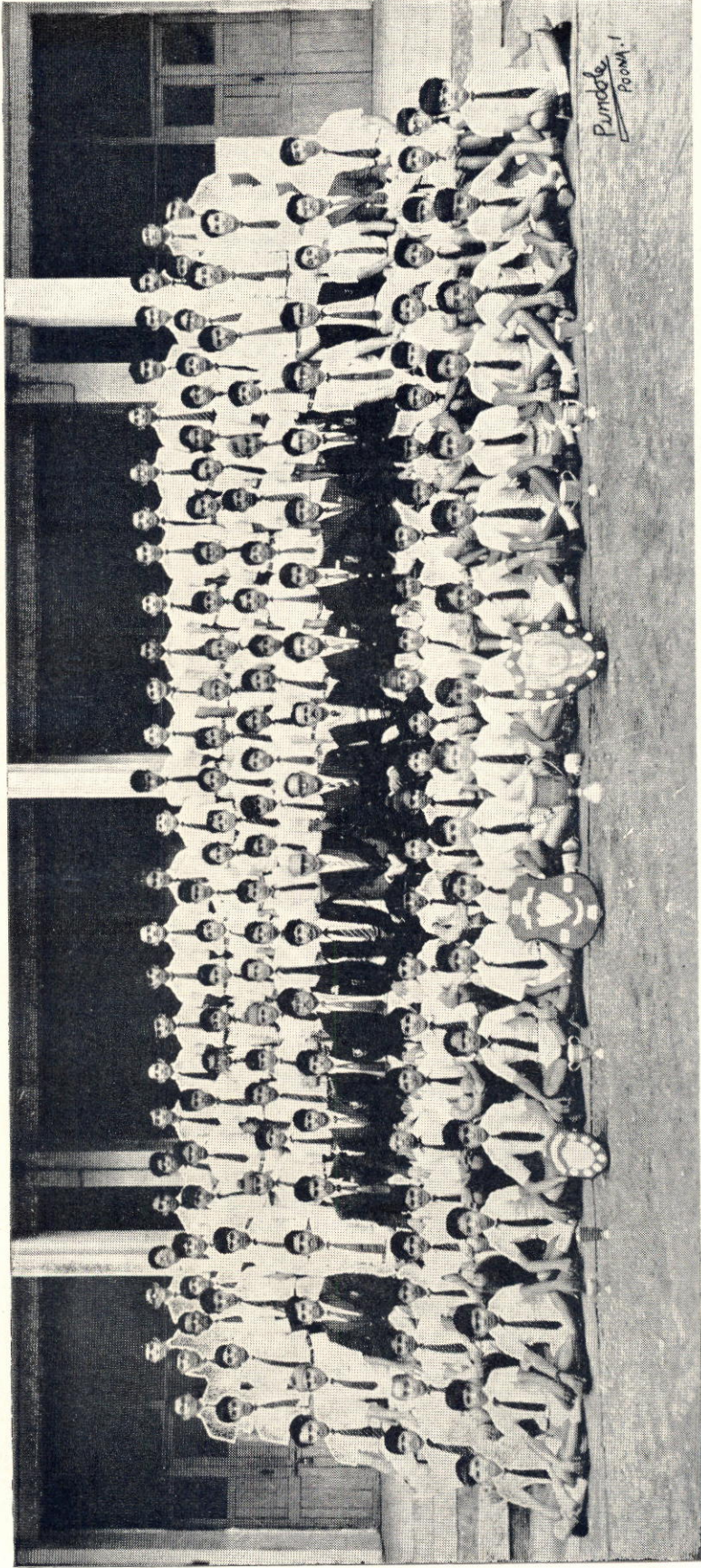
Though we were placed third in cricket, it was a very good effort on the part of the Seniors and Juniors who managed to gain eight points out of a total of fourteen. However, this time our Sub-juniors did not live up to expectations. They lost all their matches and contributed a solitary bonus point.

Our Seniors were placed third, but it was an honourable third. After having won against Mansfield, we lost to Arnould and Bishop's by the narrow margins of twelve and ten runs respectively.

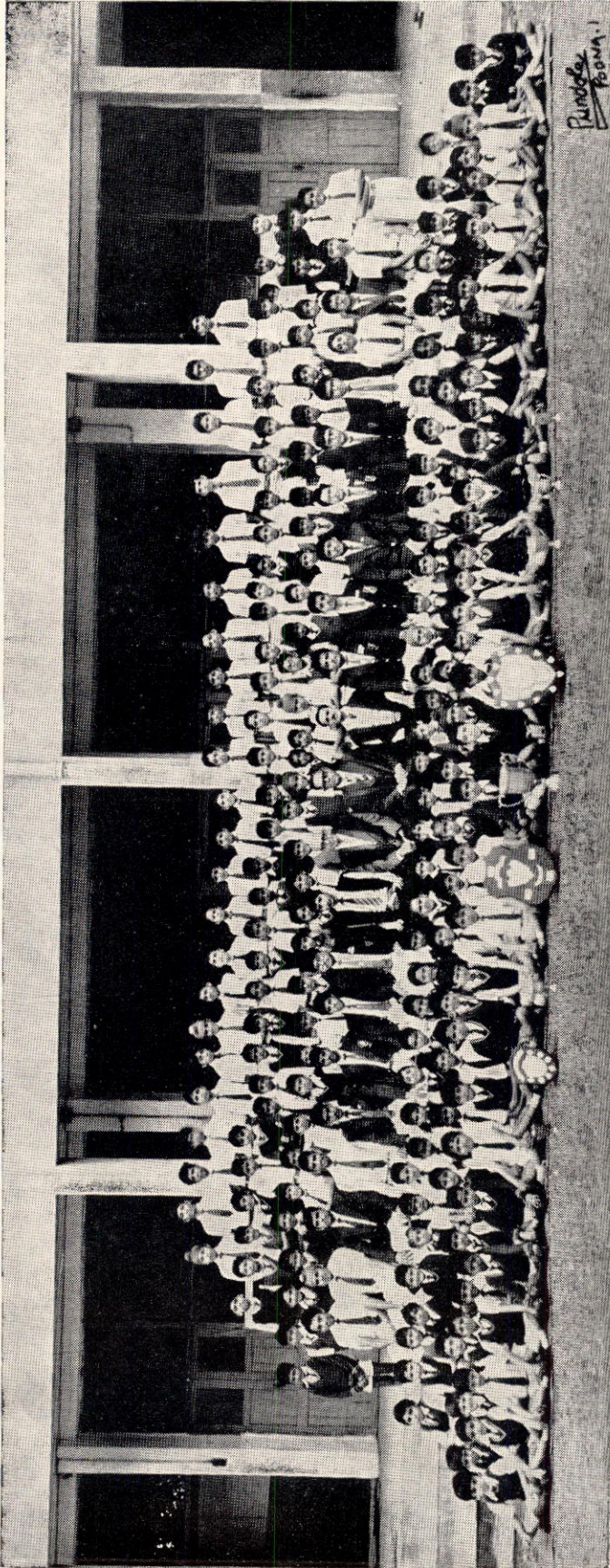
The main reasons responsible for this downfall from the third to the fourth position, I would say, were : firstly, the lack of a sense of achievement for we haven't achieved much in a long time, and lack of determination. This factor has been responsible for keeping Harding house tied down to the third position for so many years in the past and the descent to fourth position now. That sense of wanting to achieve something better, of wanting to excel in a particular sport, of wanting to be at the top and the determination to get there was not present. The zeal to be the best, is what is required to achieve something better and it was this aspect that was unfortunately absent. The boys of this house have been content to see themselves in third place.

Secondly, the lack of a sustained effort on the part of our teams saw the other houses luxuriously ahead of us. Our teams seemed to take every game so casually that one could not but see us touching rock bottom.

Surprisingly, Harding House has the largest number of boys in the entire school and it was shocking to note that not even half of them turned out for practice. The excuses that they gave for being away from practice were ridiculous and under such circumstances, the House Captain was obliged to choose a team from whoever was present.



COCK HOUSE — BISHOP'S (SENIORS)



COCK HOUSE—BISHOP'S (JUNIORS)

The Seniors are supposed to set an example for the Juniors and the Sub-juniors, but the attitude which most of them held in their minds was absurd. Some went to the extent of believing that they were doing a favour to the House master, the Captain, the Vice-Captain and the entire house by participating in a game. This is very unfortunate if such boys happen to be from class ten and especially if they happen to be Prefects, Monitors or Assistant Monitors.

Where the Sub-juniors and Juniors should take an example from remains a mystery to be solved. Nobody does anybody a favour by playing for his house. On the contrary I would say that it is a boy's duty to play for the house. Such wrong attitudes and thoughts must be removed from the mind by every individual of the house if the house is to achieve anything at all.

Last but not the least, I would like to thank Mr. W. Daniell and Mr. M. Fletcher, our house masters, who were a source of constant encouragement to the boys and guided them at all times. That their best efforts met with a poor response is regrettable.

Mr. Fletcher left Bishop's to join Stanes High School in Coonoor in the Nilgiris.

Thank you Sirs ! I wish the future house captain all the best and hope the entire house will do much better in the coming year.

Rahul Sasane
Rohit Pandhare

Cock-House Points 1983-84

(In the order that events were completed)

		Indoor Games	Football	Cricket	Long Distance Runs	Athletics	Volleyball & Basketball	Hockey	Study	Total	
COCK-HOUSE											
BISHOP'S 104 Points											
RUNNERS-UP											
ARNOULD 83 Points											
Senior	Arnould	7	3	7	3	3	4	7	5	39	
	Bishop's	3	7	5	7	7	7	5	3	44	
	Harding	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	7	16	
	Mansfield	5	5	1	5	5	4	3	1	29	
Junior	Arnould	—	3	7	5	3	—	3	5	26	3rd HARDING
	Bishop's	—	5	3	7	7	—	5	1	28	68 Points
	Harding	—	7	5	3	5	—	7	7	34	
	Mansfield	—	1	1	1	1	—	1	3	8	
Sub-Junior	Arnould	—	1	7	1	1	—	1	7	18	4th MANSFIELD
	Bishop's	—	7	3	7	7	—	3	5	32	65 Points.
	Harding	—	5	1	3	3	—	5	1	18	
	Mansfield	—	3	5	5	5	—	7	3	28	

Inter-Class Bajirao Football 1983-84

The Bajirao inter-class football shield tournament is a very special event in the life of Bishop's. Each class team, from standard 5 upwards plays against five other class teams and finally the highest scorer receives the shield.

One of the many good things about our school is that everyone is given a chance to play or is encouraged to be a good spectator. Mr. K. Singh organises the matches and many other masters act as referees.

It was the second week of June, when the boys practised vigorously with zeal and in right earnest. On the 27th of June, 10A collected at the Race Course watching their mighty opponents, 10B, walking towards the field. A remarkable match was played in which 10A beat 10B by one goal.

On the 29th of June 10A met 9B and gained a resounding 4-0 victory. In the last match 10A was drawn against 10C, a supposedly weak team. The result was a tame draw.

In the Juniors, 8A, and in the Sub-Juniors, 6C, were declared first on the goal averages.

For their good performances the Seniors and Juniors were given Merit Certificates and the Sub-Juniors received a big cake and finally the 10A captain lifted the 'Bajirao Shield' for 1983-84.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the class Masters for selecting their teams. Special thanks to Mr. K. Singh for organising the matches and, despite the many odds, for keeping the flames of football alive in Bishop's.

The 10 A TEAM : R. Khatnani, S. Grover, P. Sapare, R. Sadhwani, E. Gaekwad,
S. Dubey, M. Irani, J. Bansode, S. Bahl, A. Jhangiani,
H. Borawake, R. Khatri, P. Jain, R. Mutha.

Ernest Gaekwad, 10 - A

FOOTBALL 1983-84

Football, the most popular game in the world, receives avid patronage in Bishop's. When compared with other games played here, the Football season is the most active and lasts the longest. I guess the main reason for the game's lively existence in school is the massive participation it affords. On a field at the race-course, at the height of the football season, it is not uncommon to see a twenty-a-side game in progress. Of course, all that's required to get a game started is one football.

The Football season this year commenced with the boys showing the same lively enthusiasm for the game as they do every year. Within a week from the time that boys got back to school, practice for the School Senior, Junior and Sub-junior XIs was in full swing. Those not involved in these practices spent their time gearing up for the Inter-class tournament.

The inter-class football tournament started, following the Boxing finals, on the 27th of June and continued till the 18th of July. As always, the matches were played on the Race Course and many of the matches were keenly contested as Mr. Beaman, who was a regular spectator, will testify.

FOOT BALL

SCHOOL
JUNIOR XI



SCHOOL
MINI XI

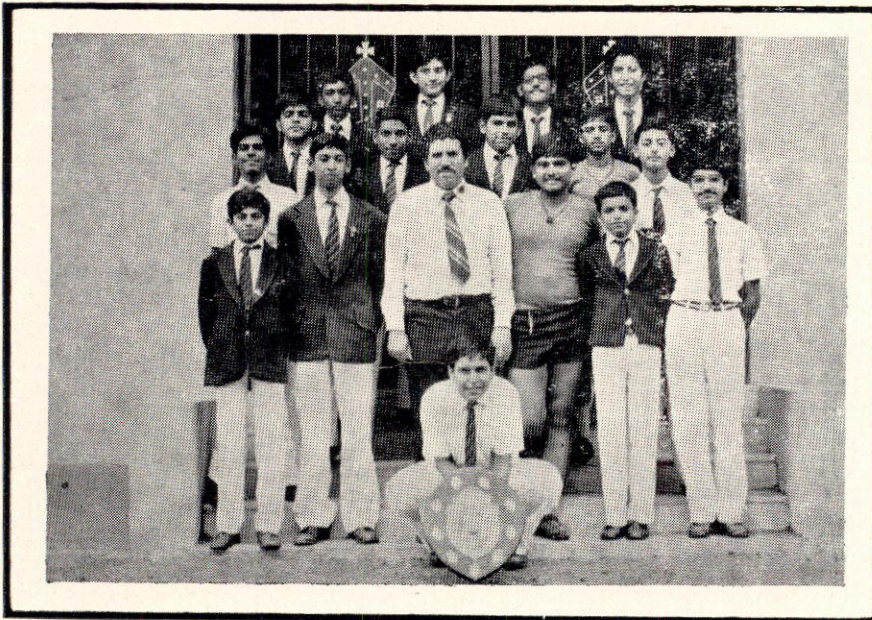


FOOTBALL
AGAINST
ST. PETERS
MAZGAON



THE SPORT ON WHICH WE SPEND MOST TIME

SCHOOL FOOTBALL XI



WINNER OF THE BAJIRAO FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT

In the Sub-Junior category which is classes 5 and 6, 6C proved to be the best, winning 3 of their matches, drawing 2 and losing none. Class 6B was the Runner-up. In the Junior category, i.e. Class 7 and 8, the best team was class 8A who won 4 matches but lost by a solitary goal to class 7A. However, 7A was held to draws by other classes and had to be content with the second place. The coveted Bajirao Shield was claimed by class 10A for the second year running. They won 4 of their matches and were held to a draw just once. Class 10B were the Runners-up.

On the 16th of July, the School XI and the Junior XI played against their counterparts from St. Peter's, Panchgani. These matches are an annual event and are looked forward to with great keenness by both sides. This year our Senior XI went up to the Table-land while the St. Peter's, Panchgani Junior XI came down to Pune. As always, the Pune match, this year the Junior match, was played on the M.H. ground. The Junior match ended in favour of the St. Peter's team, the score being 2-0 at the final whistle. This was particularly due to a poor show by the Junior deep defence of our side. All the same the match was watched, and enjoyed by all the boarders and a number of dayscholars. On the following day the victorious team was given a cheering farewell by the boarders. Meanwhile phone calls had come in from Panchgani giving information that the Senior match had been drawn 1-1. From what the Senior XI players said on their return it could be made out that it had been a keenly contested match with both teams trying hard to get that crucial decider. Thus ended a week-end of feverish activity with the scales tipping slightly in favour of St. Peter's, Panchgani.

The following weekend the boys had an opportunity to see their Senior XI in action. Since St. Peter's, Mazagon, had invited us over to their school for a match last year, it was up to us to invite them over to Pune this year and on the 23rd of July their Senior XI played our school team on the Race Course.

The game was watched by the boarders. Naturally, as usual, the day-scholar attendance was discouraging. It turned out to be a game well worth watching. The two teams were quite evenly matched though at half-time, the score was 2 — 1 in our favour. The second half saw the visitors pressing home the equalizer and for some time it seemed that the match was going to end in a draw. But then came the match-winner from S. Kapoor who made sure that not just the ball, but also the opposing goalkeeper ended up in a heap within the goal-mouth. The victory greatly improved the spirits of those that had seen the Junior XI go down to the St. Peter's, Panchgani team just the previous week. The following day, boys from both teams teamed up against a combined team of the Bishop's staff and the St. Peter's staff. The match resulted in a 3-3 draw. When the visiting team left later that day they were in high spirits and promised to beat us next year. We in Bishop's sincerely hope that this match against St. Peter's, Mazagon, becomes an annual fixture.

Our school teams, having gained sufficient practice, were now geared up for the Inter-school Football Tournament. Barring one player all members of the school team were Juniors under inter-school age limits. So the School XI entered the Junior category, the Juniors were in the Sub-Junior category and the Sub-Juniors in the Mini category.

Of the three teams our school entered in the tournament, our Sub-Juniors put up the poorest show. Quite against expectations they did not manage even to qualify for the quarter-final round. Our Juniors played more promisingly by reaching the quarter-finals where they were soundly beaten by Loyola's High School by seven goals to one. Surprisingly enough, 3 of the goals against us were self goals.

It was only the Minis, under the guidance of their coach, Mr. Francis, that never let our colours fall. They went through to the final without a hitch. In the qualifying rounds they beat rivals St. Vincent's by a solitary goal and followed this up with a draw against Vidya Bhavan which saw them through to the quarter finals. Here they played Dastur High School whom they beat by 2 goals to nil. By then the Sub-juniors and Juniors were out of the tournament so all hopes were pinned on the Minis. The following day saw the Minis beating Petit School 1-0 and making it to the Final! Spirits soared high in school as the news spread. On the 5th of August, the Final against the National Model School Minis (or were they Majors) was played on St. Vincent's ground. Happily there was a large turnout of day-scholars besides the boarders to cheer the Minis. After seeing the N. M. S. Minis coming on to the field, one felt that our boys were really going to need all the cheering we could give them. Within minutes of the kick-off whistle, it was clear that our tiny forwards would need more guile than they had to get through the over-sized N. M. S. defenders. Nevertheless, each player played a great game and they held their opponents to a goalless draw. A re-match to be played on the following day was announced. So the next day our beleaguered Minis took to the field again. This time the N. M. S. team gave no quarter and won the game 2-0. All the same it was a great performance by the Minis and I am sure that no one in school has any other opinion.

Due to our prolonged involvement in the Inter-School Football Tournament and because of the Table-tennis and Badminton championships, which took an extra long time this year, the Inter-house Football matches scheduled to start on the 1st of August were postponed to the 17th of that month. All houses managed two weeks of practice so no one can plead insufficient practice. According to popular opinion Bishop's was tipped to come first with Arnould, Harding and Mansfield following in that order.

On the first day chinks in the Arnould armour began to show while Bishop's lived up to their reputation. Arnould played Harding while Bishop's was pitted against Mansfield. The Harding Sub-juniors won their match 1-0 while their Juniors trounced the Arnould Juniors 3-0. In the Senior match, however, the Arnould forwards were too much for the Harding defence which ought to congratulate itself on letting only one goal through as four of the Arnould forwards were in the school team.

The Bishop's house Sub-juniors won their match against Mansfield 2-1, and their Juniors thrashed the Mansfield Juniors 4-0. In the Senior match due to a fine performance in the goal by Mansfield goalkeeper V. Mubarakai, the Mansfield house team was able to hold Bishop's, led by School XI Captain M. Mulla, to a goalless draw.

The second day saw Arnould succumbing to Mansfield and Harding to Bishop's. The Mansfield house Sub-juniors won their match by a solitary goal while the Juniors lost theirs to Arnould by 2 goals to nil. The Senior match between Arnould and Mansfield was a battle between the Arnould attack and the Mansfield defence. Mansfield emerged winners by a solitary goal.

The Sub-junior match between Harding and Bishop's was a 1-1 draw. In the Junior match both teams had more than their share of Junior and Sub-junior XI players and it was a good match which resulted in a 1-1 draw. In the Senior match it was Bishop's all the way, easily beating Harding by 4 goals to nil.

During the first two days a total of 24 goals had been shot but on the third day only 4 goals were added to this tally. 4 out of 6 matches ended without a goal being shot. The Arnould Vs Bishop's Sub-junior and Senior matches were goalless draws while the Bishop's Juniors narrowly beat their opponents by 1 goal to nil. The Bishop's-Arnould Senior match, though it ended without any goals being shot, had its share of excitement, and was also of pretty good standard as all but four members of the School 16 were playing in that match.

The Harding-Mansfield Senior match saw the Harding boys in a do-or-die effort to defend their goal and they were successful in this respect as the match ended in a goalless draw and the Mansfield team was deprived of the chance to come first in the Senior matches. In the Junior match the Harding Juniors beat Mansfield easily by 3 goals to nil. Of the 28 goals scored during the tournament, 9 were scored against the Mansfield house Juniors who got in no goals in return. The Sub-junior match was played with a lot of zest with both teams not giving ground and the match ended in a draw.

The results of the Tournament were :

	A	B	H	M
Seniors	3	7	1	5
Juniors	3	5	7	1
Sub-juniors	1	7	5	3

These results put Bishop's right on top of the pool in the hunt for the Cock House Trophy with the other three houses level 8 points behind Bishop's.

This year, at the end of the Monsoon term i. e. in August, the school bid farewell to Mr. Fletcher. Since 1978, Mr. Fletcher had been the master-in-charge of preparing a school football team and none can say that he did not do his job well. I gathered from my friends in the school XI that Mr. Fletcher rarely missed a day of practice, made sure the team did its exercises and then gave them a good game. He never let the boys go home without giving them a short talk after the practice. He rarely got angry at things and people and was very patient. Under his guidance the school team reached the Inter-school final in 1981. The teams he coached had tremendous confidence in him. There were no objections raised when he asked the team to play with 9 full backs and just 1 forward in a crucial match against St. Vincent's and we beat them by 2 goals to nil in that match. In another match against St. Vincent's it was to quite an extent because of Mr. Fletcher's talk to the team at half time that they won the match at 3-2 being down 0-2 at half time. Mr. Fletcher was himself a keen and clean player and never turned down an invitation to join the boys in a game. Off the field as well, Mr. Fletcher was a friendly, helpful and hard-working man and I am sure that with these characteristics in him he will do well in life. Our best wishes will always be with him.

At this stage it would also be appropriate to thank Mr. Daniell who was the second master-in-charge of the school team. He has also, over the last 6 years, put in a lot of hard work in organizing the school team. He has often been the one who raises the spirits of the team on occasions when the chips were down.

Also on behalf of all football playing boys in school, especially the boarders, I would like to thank Mr. Matkar, who, right from the beginning to the end of the Football season, is pestered endlessly by boys wanting footballs from his kit-room. Thank you, Mr. Matkar.

The article would not be complete without the mention of out-standing footballers in school this year. Four members of the School team were given Football colours at the P. T. display on Founder's Day. They were: M Mulla, who was the Captain of the School team and a very shrewd and respected one at that. He had the full confidence of the team and without him on the field, the team was like a fish out of water. S. Deshmukh was also given School colours in recognition of his brilliance as a mid-fielder. A. Momin, the bastion of the Bishop's defence for two years, was also awarded colours. Finally, R. Sasane, the school left-winger who really put his foot down with some great left-kicks especially in matches against Vidya Bhavan and St. Peter's, Mazagon, was also a recipient of the School colours. Other impressive footballers were W. Nelthropp, the std.9 panther-like right-winger and the goalkeeper, K. Kundanmal, who took up goal-keeping only this year and found himself extremely adept at the art. Among the Minis also there were some promising players such as S. Kadu, the tiny but extremely keen Mini XI Captain, Asif Momin, the goalkeeper who played a vital role in getting his team to the Finals, and H. Fernandes, the plucky mid-fielder who unfortunately left school soon after the football season. On behalf of the members of the three school teams I would like to thank Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Daniell for preparing the Senior XI, Mr. Burton for preparing the Junior XI, and lastly but not the least Mr. Francis who was the Mini XI coach.

With House matches having finished and results having been declared another long season of Football came to an end in Bishop's and the boys turned their attention to Volleyball and Cricket.

R. Khanna, 10 B

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS

Barring perhaps Football, Athletics is easily the most popular sport in Bishop's and is handled more grandly than any other event. All boys in and above Std. 3 take part unless medically unfit. Athletics therefore has the largest participation. The boys are arranged in divisions according to ages in the same way as is done for the Long Distance Runs and points too are given in accordance with excellence of performance - they range from 5 to zero.

As it was not possible to finish all the events in a few days without missing a lot of classes, the field events and a few of the track events had to be held after school over a period of about three weeks. Unfortunately the number of boys, especially day scholars, who came to see the after-school events was pitifully small. Some of the events were very exciting, especially the High Jump in Divisions II and III.

On the 15th of November, after school once more, the Tug-O-War eliminations were held. After drawing lots it was to be Mansfield against Bishop's and Harding against Arnould. The winners would meet in the finals. The first pull between Mansfield and Bishop's lasted a full six minutes. It was a see-saw battle until Bishop's finally triumphed. In the next pull the Bishop's boys proved they were better by winning in under a minute. Harding showed themselves to be a stronger team than Arnould by tugging them over the line in quick time. On the following day all boys from std. 3 upwards filed onto the ground in front of the principal's bungalow, house-wise, to witness the finals. The first tug was between Mansfield and Arnould to decide third place. Mansfield won quite easily. The final between Harding and Bishop's was a

keenly contested one. The first pull was won quite easily by Bishop's. The second pull saw the Harding House team in good fettle and by a very determined effort they pulled the Bishop's team across the line. The third pull was also a long one, with boys from both houses wildly cheering their teams on. Once more it was Harding that prevailed over Bishop's. This made them the winners of the Cup.

During the next two days there were no classes as the Athletics Heats had to be completed. The Division IV and V boys had their Heats on the O'Connor field while the three other divisions had their Heats on the Sub-Area Ground. The Div. V had 50, 80 and 200 m to run while boys of the other four divisions had their 100 m, 200 m and 400 m heats. The boys with the six best timings were chosen for the finals. On both days there was a festive atmosphere with boys thoroughly enjoying the healthy competition. There were of course a few boys from all houses who 'bunked' the heats, but they were fittingly dealt with on the following Monday. Some of the finals were held on Saturday the 19th as all the finals could not be held on Sports Day. Div. V had their 50 m finals while Div. IV had their 200 m finals and the other three divisions had their 400 m finals. On the 21st and 22nd Div. I and II had their 1500m and 800m heats-cum-finals. During the next three days all boys from Divisions III, II and I spent the afternoon at the Sub-Area Ground practising for the March-Past. In the midst of a lot of complaining and shirking Mr. Ringrow managed to conduct two or three full practices on all three days, with the help of Mr. Matkar and the House masters. In spite of the shams the boys put up, even Mr. Ringrow admitted that by the third day the boys were definitely marching respectably. After the March-Past finalists had their practice sessions and the house-captains conducted selections for their relay teams and then instructed and trained them in the art of baton changing—a most important aspect of any relay race.

At last the long awaited Sports Day arrived. November 26th was a very busy day. Early in the morning the school sweeper Ramdas went and cleaned up the place. Later on all the equipment required on the ground, the prizes, the score-boards, a number of tables and the victory stand, etc. were taken to the ground in trips by a tempo. The Head Boy with a battalion of boarder helpers did all the hard work of arranging the chairs, helping to put up the numerous tents, helping to re-mark the track and putting flags all around the track.

After lunch at 12.30 the boarders left for the Sub-Area Ground at 2.00 p. m. where all the boys were asked to assemble. After attendance was taken boys were dispersed to their respective Pavilions where they sat according to houses. Boys taking part in the March-past took their places on the track all smartly turned out in their long trousers, P. T. shoes and house shirts. The Chief Guests Brigadier and Mrs. Dey arrived punctually and the opening March-past started on the dot of 2.45 p. m. with the regimental band of the 13th Mahar Regiment playing the kind of music that almost forces you to keep in step. After the taking of the oath, Brig. Dey declared the Meet open. All the remaining track finals were held that day including the Junior, Sub-Junior, Senior events and the Medley relays. There were races held for the Junior School boys and a Staff Race and a Guests' Race. They were all keenly and merrily contested. The Old Boys, Staff and present boys relay race was won easily by the old boys. All these events were held amidst an atmosphere of gaiety with the boys of each house vociferously cheering their runners. Fortunately this year the Rain gods did not patronise the event. After all the races were over, the results were declared. Bishop's house retained the first place, coming first convincingly in the Sub-Junior, Junior and Senior Divisions. Mansfield

House was jubilant when its boys were told to move to second place for the final March-past after occupying the last place for the past two years. Harding House was third and Arnould had to be content with the last place. Then followed the March-past with the houses marching in order of merit. After the March-past Mrs. Dey fulfilled the tiring task of giving away certificates to the winners of events of all the five divisions. After the prize-giving the Head Boy assisted by the prefects directed the clearing up and dismantling operations and later that evening the duty master, Mr. Daniell, aptly summed up in the log book "Specially noted and commendable was the discipline and behaviour of the boys, throughout the afternoon, under the supervision of the prefects - particularly during and after the prize Giving."

Unlike last year when all the divisions were dominated by one or two boys, this year there was more competition.

The Victor Ludorum for Division V was claimed by V. Jachak of Mansfield House. He won the 50 m and the 200 m races in his division and was second to A. Jadhav of Harding in the 80 m race. Jachak's timing in the 200 m was a mere .2 secs away from the record for that Division, a fact which I am sure hardly anyone in school is aware of.

In Div. IV K. Ghuman of Bishop's House proved to be a better all-round athlete than R. Neemuchwalla of Mansfield house. Neemuchwalla claimed the 100 m and the 200 m races with Ghuman getting the second place in both events. But Neemuchwalla failed to qualify for the 400 m final where Ghuman claimed the first place. The Long Jump was claimed by P. Deshmukh of Arnould house. The Sub-Junior 4x100 metres relay was a very close race with Neemuchwalla almost making up the gap between him and Ghuman in the last lap.

In Division III yet another see-saw battle was witnessed between K. Chavda of Harding House and D. Inamke of Bishop's. Chavda claimed first place in the 100 m and 200 m and came second in the High Jump and third in the 400m. This left him clear of Inamke by a narrow margin of two points as Inamke won the 400 m, came second in the 200 m and Long Jump and third in the 100 m. R. Kapur of Arnould House claimed the Long Jump event while Z. Unwalla of Bishop's house won the High Jump. The Junior Relay was claimed by the Bishop's house quartet who left rivals Harding a comfortable 6 metres behind.

In Div. II R. Khanna of Mansfield house shared the first place in the 100 m with W. Nelthropp, also of Mansfield house. But he claimed the first place in the remaining track events - viz. the 200 m, 400 m, 800 m and 1500m. Excepting the 100m, his timings for the four other track events compared favourably with performances in the same events in previous years. Incidentally M. Mulla of Bishop's House who was the Div. II champ last year did to some extent disappoint his Bishop's house supporters partly because of an injury and partly because of lack of practice. However he claimed the Long Jump and the Shot put events. In the Triple Jump, S. Rizvi of Harding house, better known as a sprinter, sprang a surprise by leaping to first place while K. Kundanmal of Bishop's claimed the High Jump after a tense competition with Mulla, the second-placed, and A. Shinde of Arnould was third.

S. Santsingh of Bishop's was the best all-round athlete in Division I. He finished first in the 100 m and 200 m dashes establishing himself as the fastest boy in school. He also took first place in the High Jump, Triple Jump and Long Jump. A. Deshmukh of Arnould also had a rich haul claiming the 400 m, 800 m, and 1500 m races. A. Momin of Bishop's claimed the shot-put.



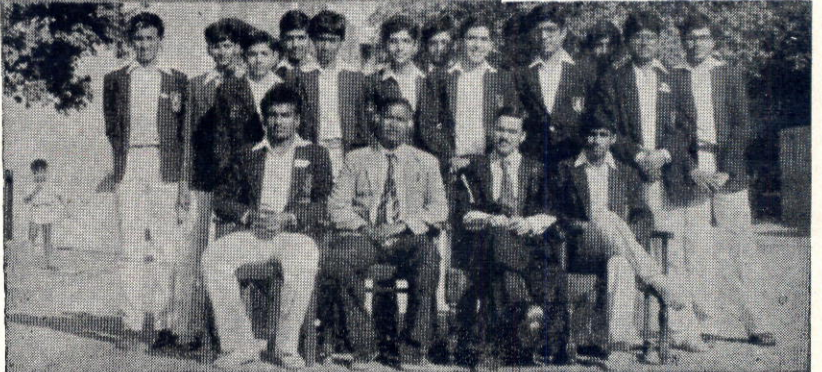
OUR GYMNASTS



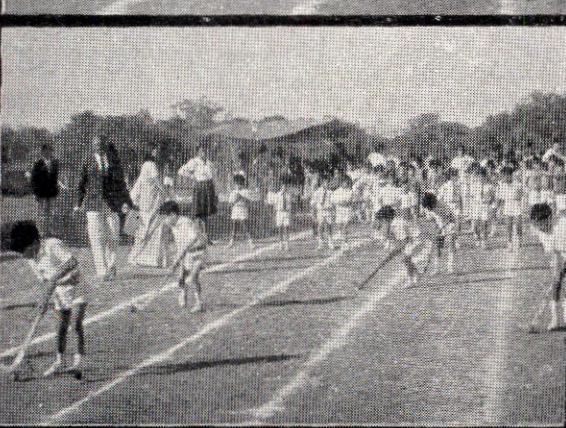
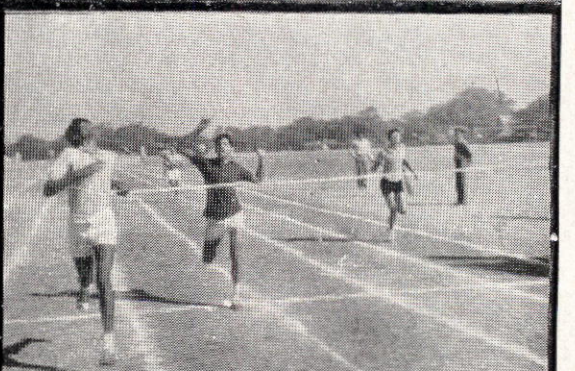
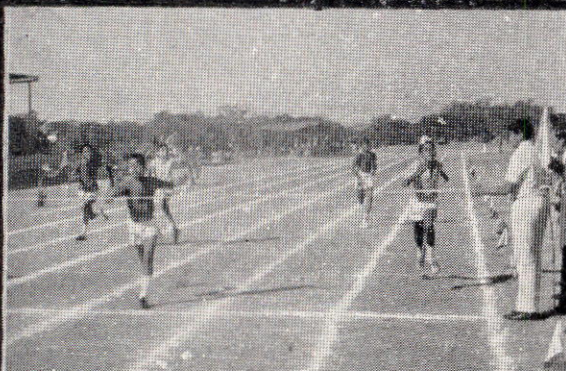
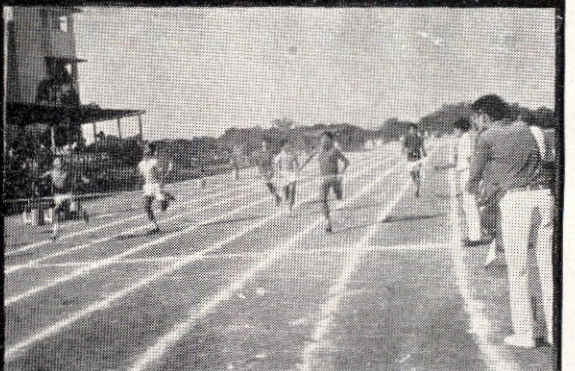
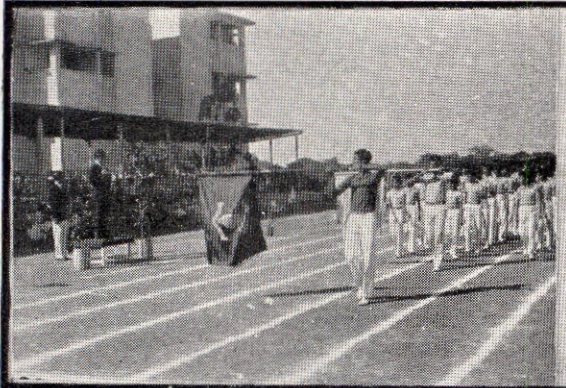
SENIOR HOCKEY XI



OUR BOXERS



OUR CRICKETERS,
SENIOR XI



TO THE GLORY OF SPORT

The Bishop's house superiority over the other houses was evident throughout the season and the final standings only served to make this fact more clear. In 4 divisions Bishop's house got the most points while it was only in Div. II where they were beaten by Mansfield. The final standings were :

	A	B	H	M
Sub-Juniors	1	7	3	5
Juniors	3	7	5	1
Seniors	3	7	1	5

R. Khanna, 10 B

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS

DIVISION V

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time / Dist.
50 metres	V. Jachak	A. Jadhav	I. Nimbalkar	8.0"
80 metres	A. Jadhav	V. Jachak	I. Nimbalkar	13.0"
200 metres	V. Jachak	I. Nimbalkar R. Girme	}	32.3"
Victor Ludorum	V. Jachak			

DIVISION IV

100 metres	R. Neemuchwala	K. Ghuman	S. Kale	14.8"
200 metres	R. Neemuchwala	K. Ghuman	R. Sharma	31.2"
400 metres	K. Ghuman	R. Sharma	P. Deshmukh	73.6"
Long Jump	P. Deshmukh	R. Sharma	C. Shinde	11.8"
4x100 m Relay	Bishop's	Mansfield	Arnould	62.0"
Victor Ludorum	K. Ghuman			

DIVISION III

100 metres	K. Chavda	Y. Irani	D. Inamke	12.0"
200 metres	K. Chavda	D. Inamke	R. Kapur	27.5"
400 metres	D. Inamke	R. Kapur	K. Chavda	65.2"
Long Jump	R. Kapur	D. Inamke	M. Sabarwal	15.6"
High Jump	Z. Unwalla	K. Chavda	N. Vastani	4.6"
Junior 100x200 x 200x100m Relay	Bishop's	Harding	Arnould	87.8"
Victor Ludorum	K. Chavda			

DIVISION II

100 metres	W. Nelthropp	R. Khanna	M. Mulla	12.6"
200 metres	R. Khanna	M. Mulla	W. Nelthropp	25.3"
400 metres	R. Khanna	A. Shinde	S. Desai	59.2"

DIVISION II (Cont'd)

800 metres	R. Khanna	A. Shinde	S. Daswani	2' 24.5"
1500 metres	R. Khanna	A. Master	S. Momin	5' 4 9"
Long Jump	M. Mulla	R. Khanna	U. Rao	17' 0"
High Jump	K. Kundanmal	M. Mulla	A. Shinde	4' 10.½"
Triple Jump	S. Rizvi	M. Mulla	R. Khanna	34' 8"
Putting	M. Mulla	R. Khokar	H. Singh	32' 1"
Victor Ludorum	R. Khanna			

DIVISION I

100 metres	S. Sant Singh	A. Momin	S. Momin	12.0"
200 metres	S. Sant Singh	A. Momin	E. Gaekwad	25.0"
400 metres	A. Deshmukh	S. Momin	E. Gaekwad	61.0"
800 metres	A. Deshmukh	S. Momin	S. Sant Singh	2' 27.7"
1500 metres	A. Deshmukh	S. Momin	E. Gaekwad	5' 14.6"
Long Jump	S. Sant Singh	E. Gaekwad	A. Deshmukh	15' 7½"
High Jump	S. Sant Singh	H. Borawake	E. Gaekwad	4' 9"
Triple Jump	S. Sant Singh	A. Deshmukh	A. Momin	36' 2"
Putting	A. Momin	H. Borawake	N. Somji	30' 7"
Senior Relay				
200x400x400x200 Relay	Mansfield	Arnould	Bishop's	2' 54.6"
50x50x3x100 m.	Bishop's	Harding	Mansfield	54.8"
MEDLEY RELAY				
Tug-O'War	Harding	Bishop's	Mansfield	
Victor Ludorum	S. Sant Singh			

Athletic Records

Division I (Over 16 years)

100 metres	11.4 sec.	C. Hunt B	1956
200 metres	23.8 sec.	H. Saunders B	1958
400 metres	54.4 sec.	H. Saunders B	1958
800 metres	2 min. 12 sec.	S. Sojwal H	1971
1500 metres	4 min. 48.2 sec.	W. Green H.	1952
Cross Country	27 min 29 sec	M. Patel A	1961
Putting the shot	41 ft. 7 in	P. Hunt B	1956
Long Jump	20 ft. 7 in	C. Hunt B	1956
Triple Jump	43 ft.	C. Hunt B	1956
High Jump	5 ft 7½ in	C. Hunt B	1956
Relay 200, 400, 400, 200m	2 min. 47.2 sec.	Bishop's	1954
Long Distance	17 min. 40.4 sec.	C. Meagher	1976

Division II (Under 16 years)

100 metres	12 sec.	S. Damarwala	1969
200 metres	24.2 sec.	D. Sayers A	1969
400 metres	55.4 sec	S. Salvi A	1981
800 metres	2 min. 15 sec.	D. Atkins M	1967
1500 metres	4 min. 49.9 sec.	G. Unni B	1974
Cross Country	28 min. 9 sec.	A. Patel A	1962
High Jump	5 ft. 2 in	R. Singh A.	1971
Long Jump	19 ft. 4 in	A. Brown B	1956
Triple Jump	39 ft. 9 in	A. Brown B	1956
Putting the shot	35 ft. 9 in	A. Kochhar H.	1967
Long Distance	18 min. 13 sec.	R. Khanna M.	1983

Division III (Under 14 years)

100 metres	12.4 sec.	G. Tur M	1959
200 metres	26.2 sec.	M. Peter B	1970
400 metres	60 sec.	R. Padukone M	1971
800 metres	2 min. 33.2 sec.	V. Mehta B	1954
Cross Country	21 min. 21 sec.	H. Mann M	1963
High Jump	4 ft. 10 in.	G. Tur M	1959
Long Jump	17 ft. 1½ in.	R. Pears A	1963
Relay 100, 200 200, 100m	1 min. 25.1 sec.	Mansfield	1980
Long Distance	9 min. 5.1 sec.	R. Khanna M	1982

Division IV (Under 12 years)

100 metres	14 sec.	A. Verma A	1971
200 metres	28.6 sec.	S. Baljit Singh M	1979
400 metres	68.4 sec.	S. Baljit Singh M	1979
		S. Baljit Singh M	1979
Cross Country	24 min. 24 sec.	I. Philipowsky	1963
Long Jump	14 ft. 11 in.	A. Verma A	1971
High Jump	4 ft. 1 in.	A. Singh M	1953
Long Distance	9 min. 43 sec.	M. Elangbam H.	1971

Division V (Under 10 years)

50 metres	7.6 sec.	S. Mazumdar M	1977
80 metres	11.8 sec.	D. Vaidya A	1958
200 metres	32.1 sec.	S. Sondhi M	1978
Cross Country	17 min. 14.8 sec.	P. Ahluwalia B	1967
Long Distance	10 min. 4 sec.	R. Sharma B	1982

THE LONG DISTANCE RUNS 1983-84

As the school academic year had been altered to a June to April year, it was found convenient to hold the Long Distance Runs in the month of November instead of its usual date sometime during the beginning of February. In a way, this change had an advantage as it allowed boys to practise for a longer time. When the Runs were held in February, boys could not practise for more than 3 weeks or so whereas now that the Runs are held in November they can practise non-stop right from the second week of September.

Barring this change, the Long Distance Runs were held in exactly the same manner as they are held every year. This year the Great Day was the 11th of November and as usual, a Friday. This is done so that boys may relax their muscles over the week-end.

For those readers unfamiliar with the Long Distance Runs, a brief explanation might be helpful. All boys from Std. 3 and above are expected to take part in these Long Distance Runs, unless, of course, they are medically unfit. Boys are grouped into divisions according to their age. Boys over 16 are in Division I, those from 14 to 16 are in Division II, those from 12 to 14 are in Div III, those 10 to 12 years old are in Div IV and those under 10 years are in Div.V. The Long Distance Runs are an Inter-House competition and points that a House gains as a result of the performance of its boys count towards the Cock House Trophy. The Div. V, IV and III boys run one round of the race course while the Div II and Div I boys do two rounds. Depending on the time the boys take to complete the course they get points - 5 points are given for the better timings and as they get slower the points given fall to 4, 3, 2, 1 and finally zero. Each division has its own points requirements.

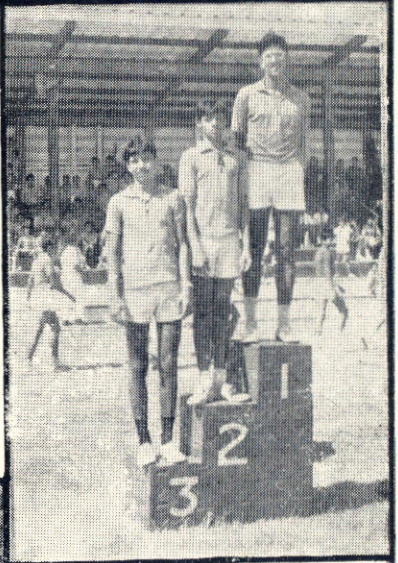
As on all Long Distance Runs Days, the boys gathered on the Race Course for Assembly at 8.40 a.m. A few general instructions regarding discipline were given after which boys of the four Houses dispersed to the pavilions allotted to them.

The first event was the Div. V race in which a total of about 200 boys took part. This year was typical of the confusion in which this race always starts. One saw the House Captains gesturing wildly in an effort to make their boys understand the numerous last-minute instructions and the boys jostling about excitedly as though they were getting ready for a picnic. Under the charge of their prefects, the boys were taken to the starting line. Once the boys had taken their positions on the starting line and were ready to get cracking, Mr. Matkar brought down his white flag and away went the runners. A few fell and one or two got tripped accidentally as they got off the mark. This did not make much of a difference in a very long race. Some of the competitors started off as if they were doing a 100 metre dash. After the crowd of boys had gone past the first curve, the time-keepers and prefects returned to the pavilion.

Soon Mr. Daniell, the Master of Ceremonies, making good use of his binoculars spotted a red shirt leading the field followed by a yellow and then a blue after whom the whole crowd followed. Boys of each House identified their champion and waited for the leader to come into sight. After about 8 minutes the leader V. Jachak of Mansfield House was clearly in view. He was followed by I. Nimbalkar of Bishop's and then R. Girme of Harding. These positions remained unchanged till the end of the race and Jachak finished the course in 10 min. 30.2 secs. This was 26 secs. behind the Record timing for this Division.

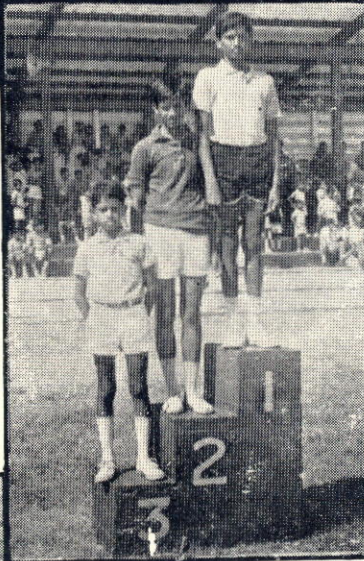


LONG DISTANCE
CHAMPIONS

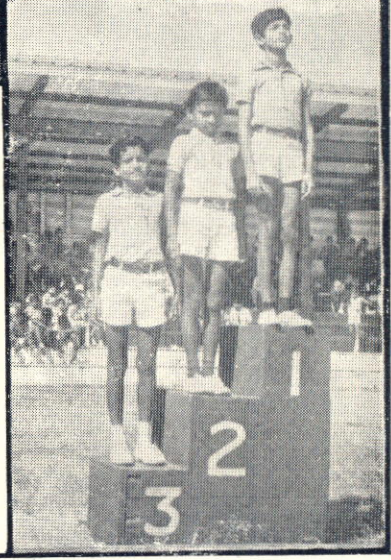


DIV. I

DIV. II



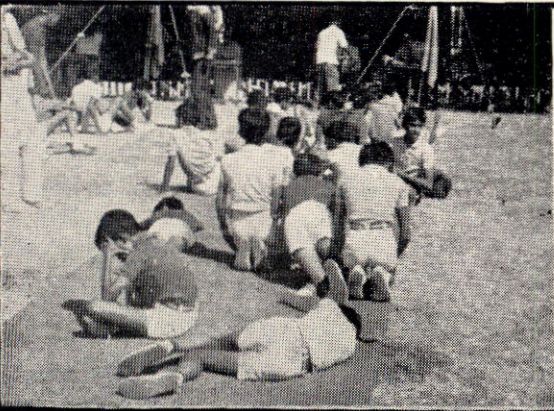
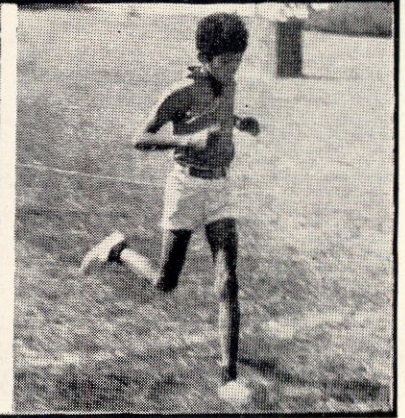
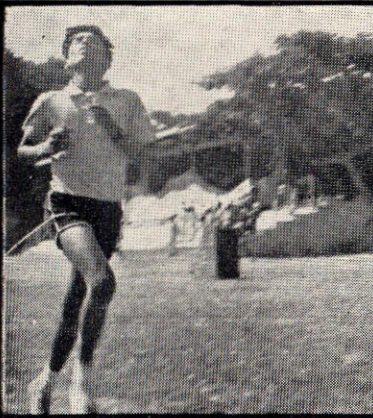
DIV. III



DIV. IV

DIV. V

THE LONG DISTANCE RUNS



Once round the Race Course For Juniors and twice for Seniors is no laughing matter

Next came the Div. IV Race. Once more there were about 200 boys taking part, but it was considerably easier to get them organised. Down went Mr. Matkar's flag and they were off. Naturally this was a faster race and K. Ghuman of Bishop's was the leader all the way. His timing of 9 min 51 secs. was just 8 secs. slower than the 13 year old record of 9 min 43 secs. He probably came closer to the record than any winner of this race in recent years. He had put in a fair amount of practice and deserved his victory. However, he and his father must have been a little disappointed at his not having attained the second objective, a new record. In second place, but a full 31 secs. behind Ghuman, was S. Bakshi of Arnould and third came R. Sharma of Bishop's.

As the Division I boys had to do two rounds of the course, they were started off along with the Div. III boys so as to save time. Everyone was quite keen on seeing the out-come of the Div I race particularly because S. Momin of Bishop's House, who was the winner last year of the Div. I race, had put in a lot of practice and was expected to clock a good timing. Also running was A. Deshmukh of Arnould who won the Div. II race last year.

In the Div III race it was almost certain that D. Inamke of Bishop's would be first and he did not disappoint anyone when he finished the course in 9 min 39 secs., leaving R. Kapur of Arnould about 50 metres behind him. P. Patil of Bishop's house surprised everyone by claiming the third place ahead of many other fancied runners.

In the mean time Shakeel Momin had completed his first round and was far ahead of A. Deshmukh which made it more or less clear as to who would win. After a gruelling 18 min. 55 secs of running Shakeel finished his second round about 180 metres ahead of rival A. Deshmukh. The third place was E. Gaekwad of Harding.

The final event of the day was the Div. II race. R. Khanna of Mansfield had already cracked the record for this division by 15 secs. a week prior to the Runs. It was left to be seen whether he could do it again and make his record official. Stop-watches clicked as Mr. Matkar brought down his flag for the last time that day. Khanna set a blistering pace completing the first round in 8 min 30 secs. He led all the way and finished first with a new record for Div. II of 18 min 13 secs, which was 10 secs clear of the 10 year old record set by G. Unni. The second place was taken by another Mansfield House boy, A. Master, who was surprised at his own performance. In the third place was yet another Mansfield boy, M. Irani.

This article would be incomplete if mention were not made of those hundreds of other boys who took part in these races for the sake of getting points for their Houses, though they had no hope of doing well individually. By taking part in these races, the boys lived up to the true spirit of Bishop's School sportsmanship. However, sad to say there were those few who stayed at home or 'bunked' the Runs. Unfortunately they never realise what they miss by staying at home. Besides the races there is another purpose in these Runs and that is to bring out the best from the boys and promote that feeling of oneness in them that is so important to have in a school. And of course there is also that atmosphere of festivity that prevails among the boys that day which those boys staying at home miss altogether.

On all such occasions there are always a number of people who put in a lot of hard work behind the scenes. Mr. Matkar, as usual, was the one who did the most of the running around during the preparations for the Runs. Without his earnest efforts these races could not have been a success. His kit-room attendant, Clement, was also a big help. A thank you also to the House Captains who took their boys for practice and prepared the House lists for the races and to Mr. Ringrow and Mr. Beaman who looked after the general organisation. Their keen minds did not miss out a single detail. A special thank-you to the medically excused boys who were spread out around the course on the look-out for anyone overcome by fatigue. They spent the whole morning in the sun and even missed all the fun back in the pavilion. Last but not least, a thank you to the Junior school teachers who spent the major part of the morning doling out biscuits and mugs of juice to the boys while Mr. Nair was constantly busy giving medical attention to anyone who needed it.

Finally, I'd like to give a few words of advice to any future would-be champions. Practice makes perfect—this is a never-failing maxim that all aspiring athletes must follow. To perform well one must be fully in tune with the event one is taking part in. One cannot hope to see a satisfactory improvement in one's performance year by year without practice, and that too, long before the event is due. Practice not only improves the runner's performance but it also makes the runner familiar with the course, it gives him confidence and it tells him exactly how much he is capable of. In the case of the Long Distance Runs especially, every session of practice gives a little bit of extra stamina to the runner, stamina which is the all-important factor in Long Distance running. Of course, while practising one must have one's stop-watch to record any improvement, and all practice sessions must occupy the full attention of the runner.

I'd like to end on that note wishing all the boys the best of luck at next year's Long Distance Runs.

R. Khanna, 10 B.

☀ Teacher : What do you mean by punctuated ?

Boy : A taxi driver punctuated his tyre in front of our house and spent an hour repairing it !

☀ Two boys conversing on the strength of their respective fathers :

1st boy : You know the Pacific Ocean ? My father dug the hole for it.

2nd boy : That's nothing. You know the Dead Sea ? Well, my father killed it !

☀ Teacher to boy : When do you like school best ?

Boy : When it is closed.

☀ Subhash to Ramesh : If you saw a tiger escaped from the zoo standing a few paces away from you, what steps would you take ?

Ramesh : Very big ones.

☀ Teacher to pupil : Why do elephants have trunks ?

Pupil : Because they can't afford suitcases.

☀ Kamal to Vimesh : Why was Subhash suspended from school ?

Vimesh : He was found counting ribs during the Biology examination.

Compiled by
Amit Taneja, 8B

BOXING

The scene is suffused with a gray blanket of gloom. The sky is overcast with dense, dark clouds occasionally grumbling their threats, perpetuating a damp spirit with a fine sprinkling of rain. Undeterred, the scene below, in rank defiance of the weather gods, is the setting of an event for the bold in spirit. The square ring which would soon be the centre of all the action stands in silent anticipation. The ropes wrapped in blue and red ribbon are tightly strung to bear the weight of the battling boxers. The chairs circling the ring fill with excitement as the boys scramble for a ring-side seat; a vantage point to cheer on his hero. The boxers with probably that peculiar feeling in the gut and a slight trembling in the legs glove-up in the dressing room.

As of previous years - even this year Mr. Aspi Irani is a prominent figure on the occasion. He has been and continues to be part and parcel of the Bishop's School boxing tournaments. As Chief Guest today, for what we know of Mr. Irani, it is expecting too much of him to stay confined to his seat: he believes in active involvement, so he does his bit as a judge and referee. Mr. Irani is a prominent member of the Indian Amateur Boxing Federation and was a judge at the IX ASIAD held in New Delhi.

The stage is set, R. Khanna, Head Boy, extends a welcome to the Chief Guest and other spectators and after a brief announcement turns to the boxers who are to fight the first bout of the evening. They are in the ring in their respective corners, R. Isaacs in the Red corner and Y. Punjabi in the Blue corner. Evident from the elimination rounds, both are powerful little sluggers with the right amount of potential for the making of very good boxers in time to come.

R. Khanna introduces them and leaves the rest to the referee. The gong for the first round is sounded and from the very word 'Go' it is a battery of well directed punches, dancing feet and keenly swerving bodies; this continues through all three rounds. In the latter half of the third round sheer determination is the sole driving force. In the end the judges have a tough time deciding the winner. You could reach out and feel the silence in the moment before the results are declared. The announcer declares Red the winner. R. Isaacs has won by virtue of his better co-ordination.

The other six bouts that follow in the Junior section are full of hard-hitting punches and bleeding lips, enough to have the air filled with a relentless staccato of yelling in between rounds to cheer on the boxers, giving them that do-or-die spirit. The yelling in the third round is even at a higher pitch; a constant chant ... counter chant of 'Com'n Blue', 'Com'n Red' reaches a high crescendo. R. Sharma a seasoned little slugger is almost knocking the hash out of P. Sapare, a taller but less powerful opponent. However P. Sapare takes the punishment unflinchingly, throwing in an effective punch now and again, taking Sharma by surprise. There are intermittent moments of disappointment when the bouts have to be stopped in between rounds to wipe away the rain water in the ring and saw-dust from under the canvas is thrown on it to prevent the boxers from slipping.

The four senior bouts that follow are less exciting. Ironically the boxers lack the style and class displayed by the younger pugilists. Few boxers stray from the general flaccidity exhibited by most. K. Kundanmal and Arif Master, fighting against each other, put on a good show. Though the weights are tipped heavier on Kundanmal's side, Arif Master doesn't give way - standing his ground he fights till there's no more fight left in him, eventually losing on points.

In the last bout, in the heavy weight (64 Kgs and above), with M. Mulla fighting against S. Dubey, there is more uproarious laughter in the air than there is the usual frenzied cheering. M. Mulla, the obviously better boxer, has S. Dubey sliding round the ring with an occasional thud on his tender rear when the going gets rough. This bout ends the tournament on a light note. The judges are given time to decide the special prizes and after a short encouraging speech by the Principal, Mr. B. W. Roberts, Mr. Aspi Irani, the chief Guest, gives away the prizes with a word of encouragement and advice for each boxer.

Mr. A. Seymour.

RESULT OF THE BOXING TOURNAMENT

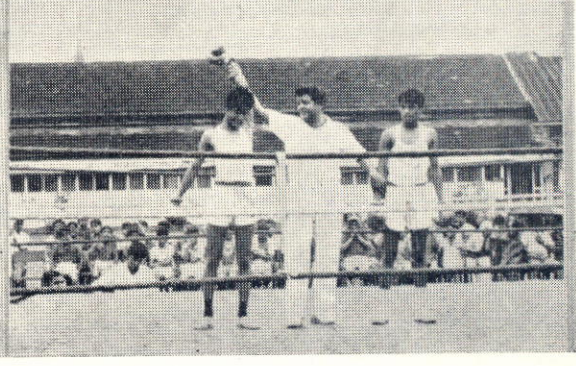
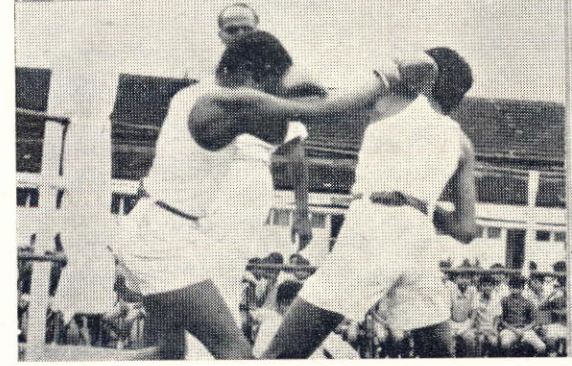
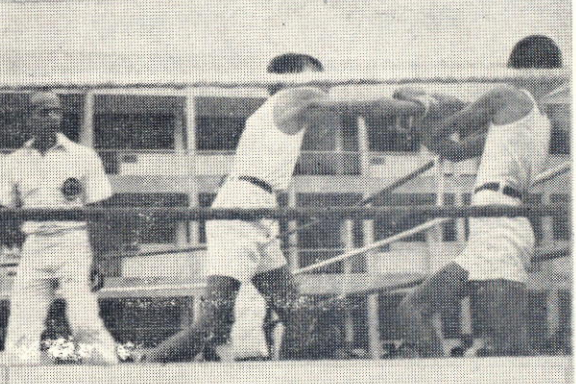
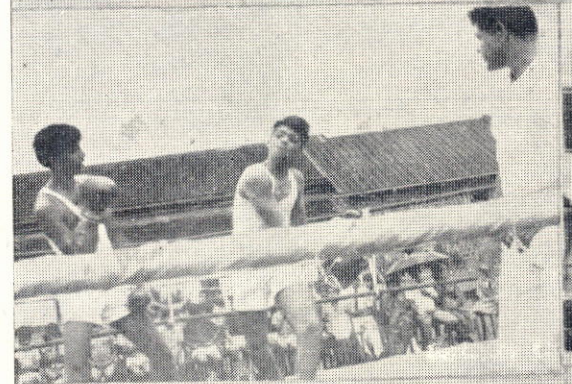
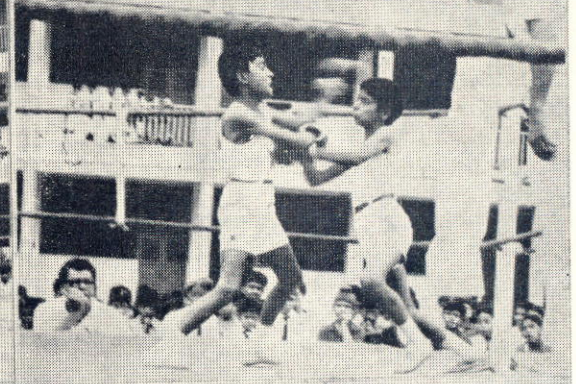
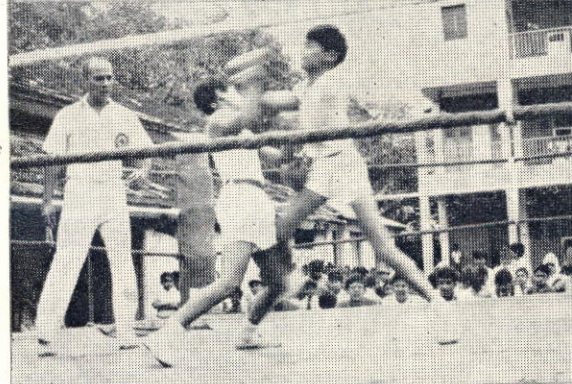
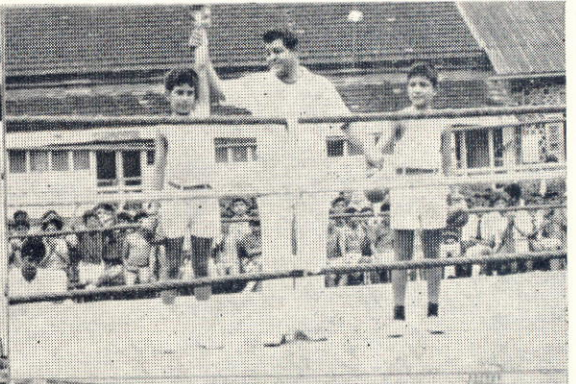
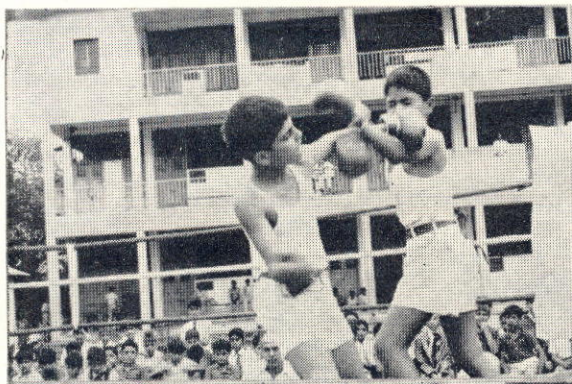
JUNIORS

WINNER	WEIGHT	RUNNER-UP
1. Isaacs R	Feather	Punjabi Y
2. Rajnoor J	Light	Jadhav P
3. Sharma K	Welter	Sapare P
4. Momin, Sageer	Welter	Lahare S
5. Irani R	Light Middle	Jolly N
6. Momin W	Middle	Irani F
7. Momin A	Light-Heavy	Langrana J
8. Irani Y	Heavy	Dias R

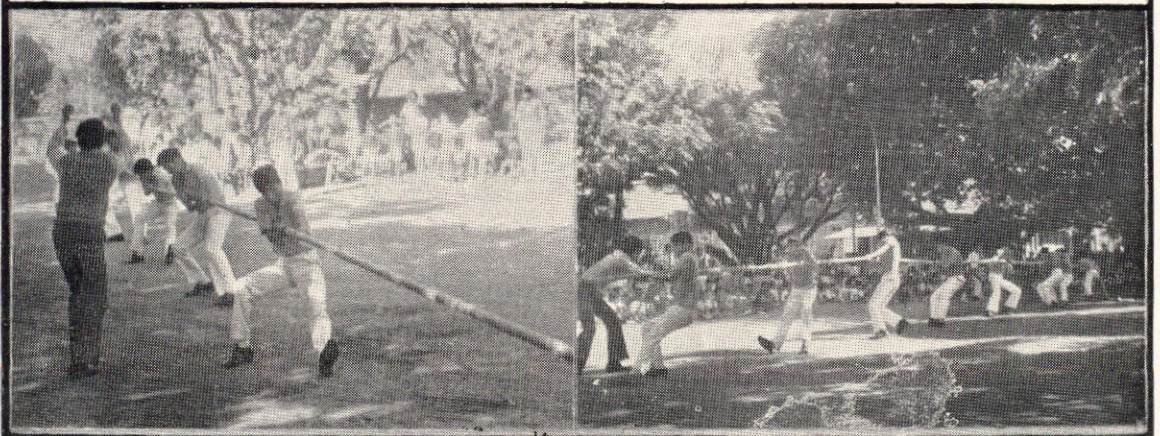
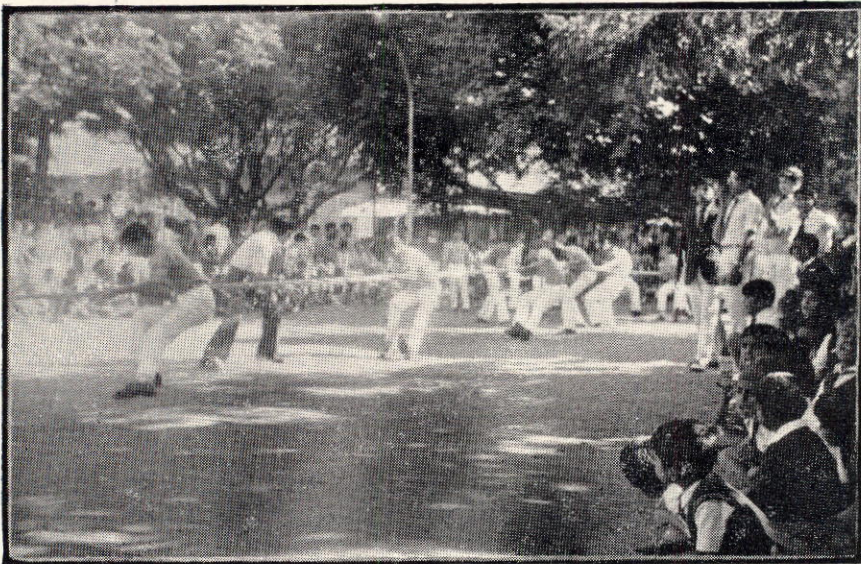
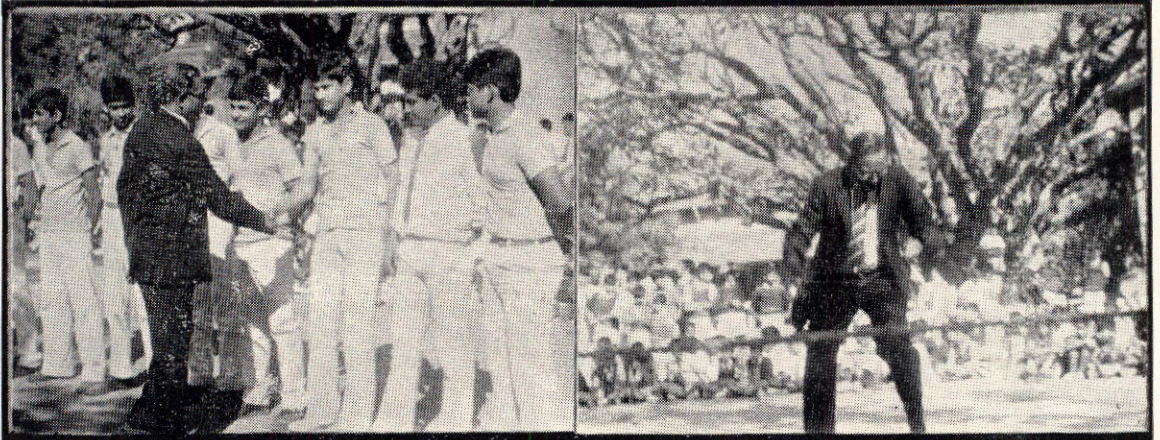
SENIORS

9. Tilekar G	Light-Fly	Wadhvani P
10. Wood E	Fly	Sawhney I
11. Singh H	Welter	Malkani M
12. Deshmukh A	Bantam	Momin, Shakeel
13. Sequeira E	Feather	Momin, Sayeed
14. Kundanmal K	Light	Master, Arif
15. Mulla M	Heavy	Dubey S

Best Boxer (S)	Kundanmal K
Best Loser (S)	Master, Arif
Best Boxer (J)	Momin W
Best Loser (J)	Jadhav P
Rookie of the Year	Isaacs R



BOXERS IN ACTION



TAKE THE STRAIN!

Scouting in Bishop's

Scouting really shot off the launching pad this year with one Scout, Satin Mirchandani (pardon me for blowing my own trumpet) qualifying for the President's Scout Award and being awarded the Golden Cord on Independence Day, followed by H. Gokhale and V. Gupta who were awarded the Golden Cord in November.

Our first camp for the year was a First Class Training camp held at the Local Headquarters in August '83 amidst soggy and dull weather conditions. However, the trainees braved it in the true Scout spirit. Three Scouts, Satyajit Deshpande, Amirali Jetha and Kamal Sharma, completed their First Class shortly after the camp, and are at present aspiring for the President's Scout Award along with Marzban Irani who completed his First Class a few months later.

The second camp, and by far the most important, was held at the Sai Village Training Complex in Bombay. It was a State-level First Class Rally at which each district sent its contingent. All the six Scouts representing Pune District were from our school. We enjoyed the Rally thoroughly, and were placed third in Maharashtra after East and West Bombay respectively. We were visited at our campsite by the National Commissioner and the State Chief Commissioner, and also some Guiders from Papua New Guinea.

The third and final camp was held during the bone-chilling month of January and was, like the first camp, a First Class Training camp. The eight trainees looked forward to their first guard detail with the typical enthusiasm that disappears after twenty minutes of walking around in the night with chilled feet and drooping eyelids. The eight Scouts are at present working hard towards obtaining that elusive goal – the First Class Award.

Our meetings have been held on the terrace of Lunn Block throughout the year, and have been well attended. Mute testimony to the popularity of Scouting in Bishop's is the fact that there are three separate units (Troops) – this as compared to only one last year. Our library has been expanded, and the Scout Notice Board outside class X/C has been made good use of for official notices.

Our Scouts continue the good work in the form of traffic duty on Exhibition road, and their numbers have swollen. The Fete was a great success for us, as, true to tradition, our combined stalls netted far more than any class.

A fairly large number of Scouts from our School attended the Grand Campfire at the Local HQ to commemorate the Platinum Jubilee of World (and Indian) Scouting, and gave a good account of themselves.

Organizations, like ships, do not function on their own, and we are extremely grateful to Mr. A. Fernandes and Mr. S. Fernandes for guiding the "SS 1st Poona" through sometimes troubled waters in order to achieve the above honours.

Scouting has lived on for 75 years in this world (and in Bishop's), and I have every reason to expect that it will last for another 75, though I may not live to see it.

Satin Mirchandani
Troop Leader

FOUNDERS WEEK 1983

Founder's Week is a great tradition carried out by Bishop's in sincerity and regularly. The 'behind the scenes' preparation is tremendous. The final credit for its success goes not only to the members of Staff who help and guide, but also to the boys who finally put up the 'Show'. Thus, the hectic preparations culminated in a wonderful three-day activity for Founder's Week 1983.

Wednesday 26th October witnessed orderly preparations for the Thanksgiving Service held in St. Mary's Church at 9-30 a. m. The service was well attended by the students from Classes 7 to 10, most of the boarders, and members of Staff and well-wishers. The service was conducted by Rev. J. W. Adams, and Mr. B. W. Roberts, the Principal, delivered the thought-provoking sermon which is recorded elsewhere in this Magazine.

The Thanksgiving Service was followed by an interesting Art and Craft exhibition. Each School subject displayed was handled very well. The lay-out was 'way-out'. It would be apt to mention the Junior School separately. Their exhibition was held in the Gymnasium and the display showed the skill of the teachers and the small boys in as great a capacity as the Seniors.

The P. T. Display in the evening is best summed up by the Chief Guest for the occasion—Mr. K. S. Sidhu, Commissioner Pune—"An excellent P. T. display. A great deal of effort must have been put in to achieve perfect co-ordination and timing and the boys displayed unusual skill at the Mat and the Horse. The P. T. Instructors, the members of Staff and Students deserve heartiest congratulations. My good wishes "

Thursday, 27th October saw a hustle and bustle from early morning. It was the day of the 'Fete' and boys were busily grabbing space for their class stalls. Space was not the only thing encroached upon; desks, chairs, benches, tables and what-have-you were freely 'borrowed' from others causing all concerned to guard their property zealously.

At 9-15 a. m. the Fete was opened by J. Kakade, a young boy in the Kindergarten. Instead of the traditional garland, he was given a mouth - watering ice-cream cone - much to his delight.

The fete was well attended in spite of the absence of St. Mary's and St. Helena's students. The various stalls housed a variety of games testing either the skill or the luck of those participating in them. Loud music and 'request' announcements filled the background, amidst the noise emanating from the campus. By 2-00 p. m. all was over and everyone took advantage of catching up on some rest before the third day of activity which would bring Founder's Week to a close.

Friday, 28th October was the last day in the celebration of Founder's Week. It was Cricket from 'morn' till noon. The School 1st XI V the New Old Boys and the Staff V the Old Old Boys; the venue was the A. F. M. C. Ground. Both matches were thoroughly enjoyed by all. The first match was drawn due to the time factor. In the latter, the Staff proved to be older than the Old Old Boys and lost by 32 runs (only).

The matches were followed by lunch in the School dining hall. The Principal expressed pleasure in meeting so many old boys and thanked all the participants for the lovely get-together.

Founder's Week had drawn to a close. All that took place is now only nostalgic memories. We, in Bishop's, look forward to celebrating Founder's Week in the year ahead with as great a zeal and pomp as, if not greater than, those that have preceded this year's.

Principal's Sermon Founder's Day 1983

"May the words of my mouth and the meditations of our hearts be always acceptable in Thy sight O Lord our strength and our Redeemer"

On this Thanksgiving Day 1983, with all its hopes and memories, it will be well for us to give thanks unto God by whose will and mercy we have been strengthened and sustained these past 119 years. It will be well to allow our minds to dwell for a brief while on those who loved and served this School, those who built us here a goodly heritage and God who has crowned our school with honour and length of days. It will be well for us to remember our founders and benefactors. It will be well to remember men like Samuel Brierly, Bill Wright and a host of others who loved and laboured for this school, for them and others who took delight in giving of their best. It will be well to thank God for brave hearts and faithful souls, for their courage and faithfulness that have preserved this school of ours. It will be well to thank God for those who have done their duty to their homes, our school, our nation, and to God for blessing them with that deep sense of devotion to duty that has enabled them to be worthy sons and citizens, worthy followers of the Lord.

It is now our turn, our turn to do our duty and it is only by doing our duty and doing it well that we can show that we are worthy of our heritage.

This then will I seek to impress upon your minds today that all Bishopites be worthy sons by doing their loving duty towards their parents, that we all do our loyal duty towards our School, that we forget not in the years ahead to do our national duty, and above all these that we never fail in fulfilling our duty towards God our creator and that in the end we become worthy of his great gift of everlasting life. Let us first turn our thoughts to :

Our duty towards our parents and our home

Home is the place where all sides of our character are revealed, for living together often brings about clashes and misunderstandings. Tender feelings sometimes get hurt, and it must be our constant endeavour to make home a place where there is patience and forbearance, gentleness and charity.

It is our duty to show consideration for others, to be slow to see faults and take offence and to be willing to overlook mistakes.

Parents make us debtors by their lavish generosity, and help us by their love and encouragement. Often boys get the wrong idea that because their parents are responsible for bringing them into the world it is their duty to do everything for them. Only a selfish unworthy and ungrateful child will think in such terms. A wise son will hear the instructions of a father, he will write them on the tablets of his heart, so that he grows in wisdom and in understanding. God commands us to honour our parents, and this means being just and honest to them. It means treating them with respect. It means loving our home. It means that our hearts must be drawn towards them. It means we must find pleasure in making them happy with our deeds. That we should rejoice when they are glad, and grieve with them when they are sad. That we should think about them and care for them.

We must always obey them, and not be like the prodigal son who scorned the love of his father and went astray.

It is our duty to be faithful and loving in our homes, and, remember, those who are best at home are best everywhere else.

There is an old saying that 'Charity begins at home', so let the blessed light of your life first be shed in that most sacred of all spots. Of course it must not stop there, and brightening your own home it must lead to your being a blessing outside. It must expand your desire to enrich the lives of others far beyond the home, it must spread to your school, to society, the Country and the world.

Secondly. Our duty towards our School

Generations of Bishopites have come and gone; some are remembered for their great and noble deeds, others have left no memorial, but this great school which is so dear to all of us grew from strength to strength because of their love, courage and devotion to duty. The school is illuminated and enriched by the lives of those that love and serve it.

In a few years from now another generation will take our place, other lips will sing the hymns we sing today, other hearts will pray our prayers, other hearts will battle against the very sins and failings which we have known so sadly and so well, and life in Bishop's will go on. It is then our privilege and responsibility as the present custodians of this school to maintain the high all-round standards and jealously guard its honour and reputation.

It is sad when sin and evil take hold of a school or its members. It is sad when any of our members bring shame and dishonour to its good name. There are some who are ever ready to pull us down, so all the more it becomes our inescapable duty to retain and improve what is best in it. It our duty to endeavour to make our school as a field which the Lord hath blessed that whatever is good, true, noble and of good report may for ever flourish and abound in it.

It is our sacred duty to spurn what is evil, and be worthy Bishopites. Evil spreads or takes command, and the good boys though in a majority remain silent. May God grant unto each one here today courage to do our duty towards our School, and always give of our best to it.

This school is among the finest gifts that God has given us and it is our duty to preserve it and nurture it with loving loyal service so that it may ever please God to bless it and through it to bless each one of us.

Thirdly. Our National Duty

It is not enough to be just good Bishopites and good sons or morally upright. We also have individual and collective responsibilities and duties as a nation. We must believe in this and must be like those with a mission for our people and our land. There is a duty, a high and terrible duty, to root out the evils that surround and beset our land. To fight corruption in high places and serve the poor and down-trodden. A duty to work for peace and harmony among the people of a land plagued with communal riots and senseless murders. A duty to bring the healing touch. A mission to bring back law and order. And none of us dare fail in this duty as individuals or groups, for otherwise we are all doomed to an awful fate. We hear of dowry deaths, bonded labour, of child abuse and harijan killings. There are such sad problems which loom before the nation today. There is a sound and valid demand that whether we be in high public places or a common man in the street that by protest, by service, by taking active part with those who dare refuse to allow this sad and sorry state of affairs to continue, we as individuals, a school Community, as members of any party, as social workers, rest not till the evils that are a blot on the fair name of our nation are vanquished for ever.

When you grow up and find yourselves in rich comfortable homes, executives of big firms, bosses of prestigious factories or concerns, inheritors of big fortunes, and tend to get complacent let these words haunt you, have you abandoned your duty towards your nation? Look around and see the sufferings of our people and shut not the sight of it from your mind. Remind yourself of your duty. God has given you riches and talents to use for others, not for selfish gain.

And finally. Our Duty towards God

It is our prime duty to love God, to delight in Him, to lean on Him, to trust Him, to praise Him. To pour out our fears and sorrows to Him, to think of His presence and to yearn for communion with Him.

When Jesus Christ was asked what is the greatest commandment, His reply was 'Love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength'.

There are boys who are afraid to be called 'saints', but as I have said several times before it takes more courage to be a Saint than to follow the crowd. It requires a lot of 'guts' to be different. I wish that all here were saints, then I would certainly have no fear for Bishop's School.

We cannot hope to love God without knowing him. For this it is necessary that we remove the things that separate us from Him. If we desire to love God we must not have idols in our hearts. God hates sin and evil desires.

To keep Him in mind we must pray to him and it is by our prayers that we will come to know more and more of God, for he reveals himself to those who earnestly seek after Him.

May God give us all to know the comfort of this love, for we all, rich or poor, teachers or taught, high or low, can never be happy without it.

It is our duty to shun the evil ways of Satan, and all the attractive fascinating ways in which he constantly seeks to lure us.

Remember my friends that the Lord searches all hearts and understands every plan and thought.

When Jesus was tempted by Satan in the wilderness he resisted him and said "Thou shalt worship the Lord and Him only shalt thou serve".

Remember then your duty towards your parents and your home so that they are proud and happy with a worthy son; remember to do your duty to your school so that you bring honour and glory to its name; do your duty towards your nation so that it marches towards peace and prosperity, and never for a moment forget your duty towards God, so that your soul is preserved for evermore. And in the words of the anthem sung by the boys and staff, may our Precious Lord lead us on one day at a time – may He lead us every step every mile of the road.

FAREWELL LUNCH

There was, as usual, a farewell meal for prefects and monitors immediately after the last ICSE examination paper. This year, instead of a tea at 5 pm., which is an inconvenient time for day scholars, there was a lunch. In every way this proved a much better arrangement. The class X boys and their teachers came closer together over a plate of delicious biriani followed by the best ice-cream one had tasted in a long time. The Principal, who was in a good mood, (he always is on occasions of this kind), expressed his sincere thanks to the Head Boy Rohit Khanna, the two Vice-Head Boys, Mehboob Mulla and Kumar Kundanmal and all the prefects and monitors who had carried out their duties with a sense of responsibility and had done much to make 1983/84 a very successful year.

Each succeeding year should fulfil the Olympic motto *Citius, Altius Fortius*, meaning faster, higher and more strongly, in the broader context of everyday life. The 1983/84 batch of Class X prefects, monitors and other boys lived up to expectations and were well deserving of the praise and good wishes expressed by the Principal on his own behalf and on behalf of the Staff.

At the time of writing this article the class X boys have already been away for some time, but the contact with them is very much alive.

The Rao Sahib Kurup Inter-School Debate

The annual Rao Sahib Kurup debate was held at and organised by our neighbours St. Mary's. It was a feast for the audience and of course for the teachers present because the topic for the debate was, 'Our education system is obsolete, and not in tune with the needs of the students.' The chair person for the debate was Mrs. Menon.

From the word go, the debate was a battle of words and fire. Each speaker was extremely eloquent and very convincing. The speeches were excellently written. It was interesting to see the speaker for the motion who had just proved an important point being contradicted and 'out-pointed' by the speaker against the motion.

Our speakers, Laju Dhansingani and Umesh Madan, had prepared themselves thoroughly. They were full of confidence. According to them, they did, however, lose much of their confidence on hearing the speakers from St. Helena's and St. Mary's school speak. A little girl from St. Mary's, who could barely reach the mike, stole the heart of the most appreciative audience with her superb eloquence.

Our speaker for the motion, L. Dhansingani, was soon called on to speak. He used his loud and well-modulated voice to full advantage. He presented his arguments in an excellent way. He also added a touch of humour—"the worst kind of worms are the book worms." He deservedly received a loud round of applause.

Some time later, our speaker against the motion, U. Madan, was asked to speak. His speech was extremely powerful and spoken as though he was a dragon breathing fire. It appeared as though he was telling his opponents and all those present, 'You'd better agree with me, or else!'

The last speaker finished his speech. Now came the moments of tension. The judges had gone out to make their decision. Mrs. Menon, who is an old friend of Bishop's, and who was the chair person, kept the audience thoroughly amused with some classic anecdotes about orators.

'The results . . . ' Mrs. Menon's voice descended on all present.

'Third prize — St. Helena's School' . . . Claps

'Second prize — St Mary's School' . . . louder claps

A silence followed and — — —

'The winners — The Bishop's School' There was a brief lull, and then the clapping began. Our speakers seemed to be too stunned at first, but in a moment their faces were lighted up with grins of triumph.

Mrs. Menon spoke again. This time about the little girl who spoke for St. Mary's. Her reward for her brilliant speech — a special prize from the chief guest. "The best speakers, Reshma Chitlekar from St. Helena's and U. Madan from Bishop's" Thunderous applause followed. Mrs. Menon had a little comment to make. 'U. Madan,' she commented, 'scared me.'

Our speakers returned to school. In their hands was a huge shield. Within seconds a crowd collected and cheering broke out. The girls from St. Mary's were quite awed by the performance of our speakers, and boy, so were we.

U. Madan, 10 C

THE P. T. A. JUNIOR G. K. COMPETITION

Harding Hall was packed to capacity. There was an aura of excitement about the audience. They were all waiting excitedly and expectantly for the Junior General Knowledge Competition to begin.

Like previous years, this year's Junior G. K. Competition too was held on the 25th January and was in no way less exciting than those of previous years.

The draw pitted defending champions Arnould against Harding, and Bishop's against Mansfield. Mr. Beaman occupied the Quiz Master's chair and the quiz got under way.

The Arnould-Harding affair was a very close one. The two teams were racing neck to neck, answering every single question. The battle of wits seemed to be approaching stalemate, when Arnould decided that T. A. B. inoculations prevented cholera (which was wrong, much to the relief of the Harding supporters) and it was all over. Harding got the bonus point, answered their own question and won, by just 3 marks!

The inevitable low chatter in the audience followed but stopped as soon as the two teams, Bishop's and Mansfield, stepped on the stage. Both teams were brilliant and answered without hesitation. The wide range of knowledge possessed by the teams impressed every one. However Mansfield made an error and Bishop's forged ahead. They consolidated their lead and won convincingly.

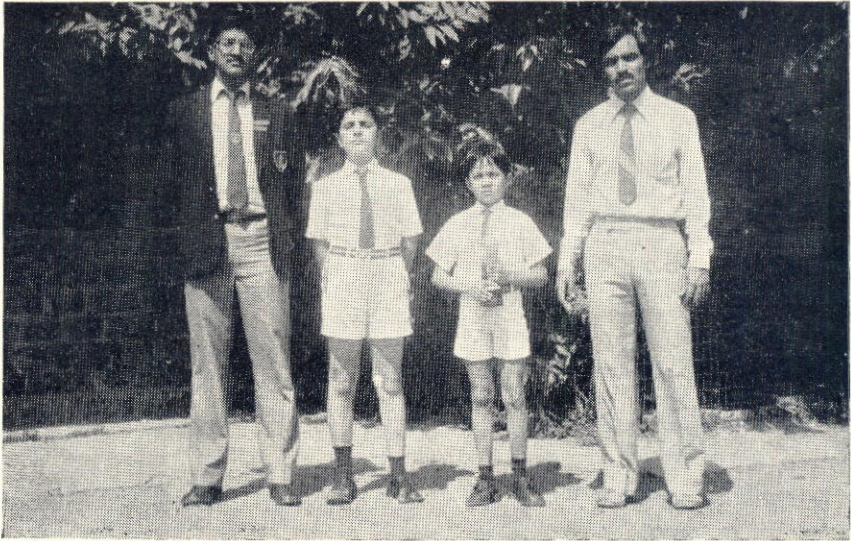
Harding now faced Bishop's. Mr. Beaman began firing question after question at the two teams. The quiz master who had had a bad day, seeing all his questions answered so competently, now retrieved much of his honour. Some questions puzzled everyone including the audience. However, the two teams did manage to answer most of the questions.

The competition ended after each team had been asked twenty questions. Bishop's, despite putting up a spirited fight, lost to Harding. Harding gained points at crucial junctures and as a result were crowned as the Junior G. K. Champions.

There was great jubilation in the Harding Camp. Many enthusiastic youngsters gave vent to their feelings by doing African style victory dances, though on a small scale.

However, all feelings of disappointment among the others vanished soon afterwards and the day ended on a happy note, for the boys had realised that they did not have to carry any chairs.

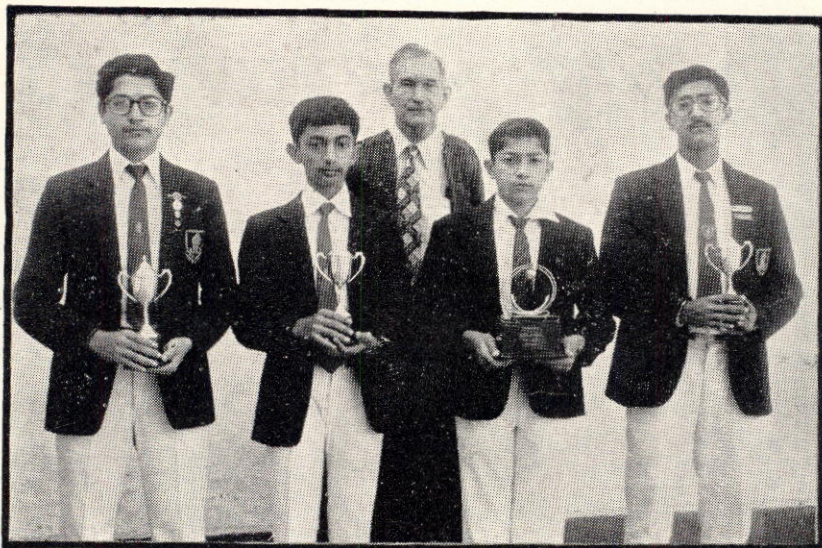
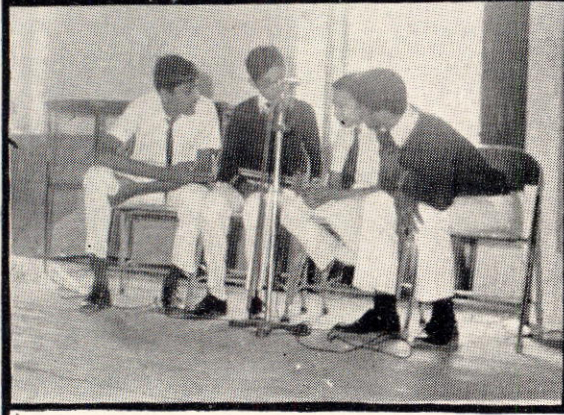
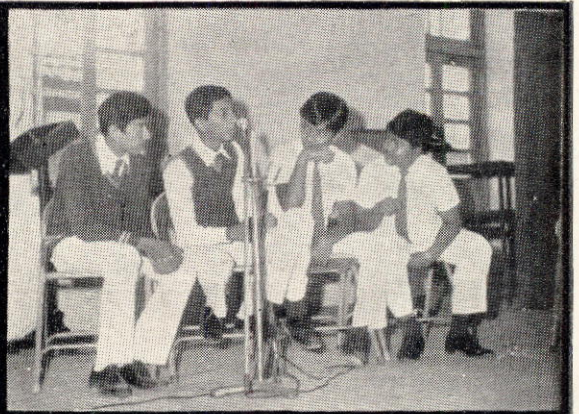
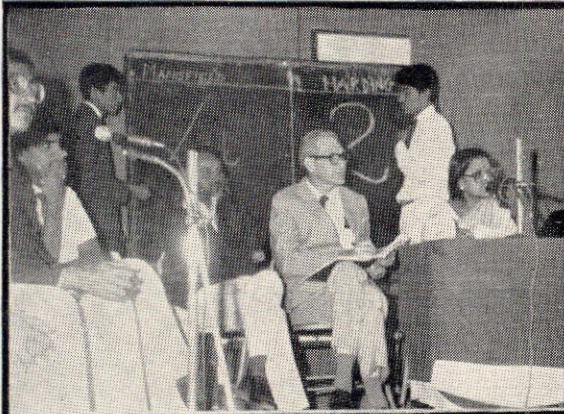
Umesh Madan, 10C



INTER-SCHOOL CHAMPION DEBATERS with their Guru



Inter School Elocution. Mark Chaudhari won the first prize



THE BRAINS OF BISHOP'S

INTER - HOUSE G. K. (Seniors)

The Razor's Edge

The function for Republic day was the Senior G. K. competition. Mrs. Menon, who was once from St. Mary's School, had once again agreed to be the compere and once again Harding Hall was ready for action. Mrs. Menon was flanked by Mr. Beaman the official score-keeper and Mr. Ringrow the time-keeper. After the boys had settled in the hall the team captains chose the chits which decided which team would be up against which team; Harding Vs Mansfield, in the first round with Bishop's Vs Arnould in the second round.

Harding Vs Mansfield :— Both teams started well, but after a few questions, the questions became tougher and the teams answered less than before. Mansfield won easily, but most of the questions were answered by the audience. Mansfield went into the finals.

Arnould Vs Bishop's :— Both teams got their set of hard questions. They did well and were level at 14. Then Bishop's didn't answer twice giving Arnould the lead. Arnould maintained the lead and won the round to have a berth in the finals.

BATTLE ROYAL - FINALS

Mansfield Vs Arnould :— Anxiety for the team captains, excitement for the boys. The teams were well matched and they showed so by starting well. Suddenly Mansfield went into the lead. Arnould's captain, Madan, brought Arnould back into the fray and both teams were level at 18 points, and just a pair of questions to go.

Question to Arnould - " Who wrote the book, the Razor's Edge ? " Ten seconds up and no answer and Mansfield knew the answer, the correct one; S. Maugham. They got a point and eventually triumphed by the " Razor's Edge."

Achievements :— Winner	—	Mansfield
Runners-up	—	Arnould
Third	—	Bishop's & Harding

Mrs. Postwalla was the highest scorer amongst the audience.

All put together, one can say that it was a highly competitive and thrilling quiz competition.

Vivek Magotra, 9-A

A Report on the Branch of the Young Adventurers in the Bishop's School – from its establishment in the school till date

The 'Young Adventurers' Formation Camp at SNEHASEVA on October 1st and October 2nd '84.

With all the prerequisites for camping arranged and at hand, we left for the site at 6-30 am on Saturday, 1st October by the school bus. The party comprised thirty enthusiastic Young adventurers and six senior students, who went along to assist in the organisation of the camp. After a picturesque drive (which at places got rough) we arrived at 'Snehaseva' where the party having been divided into groups to share the work-load diligently executed the tasks assigned to them. While one group immediately organised the 'cook-house' to refresh the party with a 'cuppa' and then prepare the lunch, the other group dexterously set up the tents. Both groups, having accomplished their tasks in good time, were given time-off to enjoy their mugs of not very scalding tea, and ponder over the idea of being away from home on a camp.

After this short respite, the six 'seniors', who had joined the camp to complete the requisite number of hours of socially useful work, necessary for the I. C. S. E. examination, and a few of the more domesticated 'adventurers' got down to giving the final touch to the lunch; while Mr. Burton and the majority of the party left camp to hike in the surrounding country with the objective of surveying the area and familiarising themselves with it— returning as hungry as hunters, after a wild goose chase, which statement is meant lightly since they in reality located the route to the 'Sinhagad' fort in the vicinity, as well as a natural reservoir used by the village folk for irrigation. Lunch was served at 2-00 pm and thirty minutes later preparations were in progress for tea, which was served up at 4-30 pm. This continual reference to the 'cook-house' and eating should not be taken as the sole purpose of the camp; much more was achieved and will be dealt with in subsequent paragraphs.

The next item on the agenda was a trip to Khanapur village proper, where our young adventurers went to different directions in their groups, to meet and interview the village folk. In spite of their diffidence at the onset of this slated business, they returned feeling elated and successful, as was apparent from their beaming faces and pages full of information.

Before dinner, which was at 9-00 pm, a meeting was called to discuss the trip into the village, and to exchange notes. It was this half hour of sharing each group's findings that proved not only educational but also gave more meaning and the correct perspective to the over-night camp, making it more than just another pleasure trip. The following information is the collective record of the findings of each group.

Khanapur village is approximately two hundred years old, lying at a distance of twenty-four kilometers from Pune, on the Pune-Panshet road. The 'Patil or Mukhya' (headman) of the village is Shri Dinkar Yashwant Jhavalkar, commonly addressed as 'Appa'.

Population — Approximately 3,500.

Religion — The people are predominantly 'Vaishnavas', worshipping Lord Vithoba who is believed to be an incarnation of Vishnu. A few worship Rama and Krishna. It is encouraging to note that this village knows no caste distinction, as is revealed by the fact that in this remote place Brahmins and Harijans live as neighbours.

Occupation — 80% of the people are involved in agriculture and cattle rearing. The remaining 20% are traders and basket weavers.

Crops — Rice, Jawar, Ground-nuts and Chawlai are the most common, while maize and sugar-cane are grown in moderate quantities.

Amenities — The village is supplied with tap water from tube wells, and electricity. There is a metalled road (in need of repair at intervals), which had been built by the villagers themselves at a wage of fifty paise per day.

Transport — The bullock-cart is still the most popular mode of transport. A few inhabitants have their own motor-vehicles (two wheelers). The state transport runs three buses to and from Khanapur to facilitate contact with urban life.

Education — There is one school—The Mahatma Gandhi High School—supposedly founded during the British Raj which in its early years imparted education till Std. IV. Today it caters for students till Std. XII, and as observed, a number of students attending this school come by ferry from villages across the Mulla-Mutha river. The construction of a new school, The Marathi High School, has been proposed.

Medical Facilities — There are two dispensaries in the village. One of them is a Government Clinic, the resident Medical Officer of which is Dr. Modak. The village also has one veterinary clinic.

Recreation — The popular forms of outdoor recreation are Wrestling and Volley Ball. The television is another popular means of recreation and relaxation. There are two public televisions installed in the village—one by the Gram Panchayat and another by the Maharashtra Bank, which has a branch in the village. A very few affluent families have their own television sets; among these is Shri Vansobe the richest man in the village, who owns approximately 30 acres of land.

Social / Commercial aspects — The village has about twelve shops; one of them is a tea stall at the bus stop. Firewood is the most common fuel used, but there are about three 'Gobar gas' connections. Khanapur is 50% self sufficient, depending on the outside for the requirements of more luxurious living. The most conspicuous by its absence is the wine shop and local brewery.

There are five Muslim families in the midst of a predominantly Hindu society, living in harmony with the rest.

Three divorces have been recorded in Khanapur in 1983.

There are a remarkable number of law graduates in the village.

Political affiliation — The majority support in the village goes to the Congress I.

With the completion of the session, during which the aforementioned information was revealed, and after dinner was done, everyone retired to their tents, except those on first watch at night, who would wake the next four after an hour take to the second watch ... and so on till dawn.

The next day, Sunday 2nd October, was again busy with the usual activity around the camp. After lunch each group dismantled their tents and returned them to the warden of the site. At 4-00 pm the party started on the return trip, stopping at the village to take photographs of the more prominent figures there.

To sum up, it may be said that with the successful completion of this camp, the Young Adventurers at Bishop's have found a definite footing and the requisite perspective.

W. D.

The Four Way Test From The Boys' Point Of View

At assembly one morning, Mr. Ringrow made a rather unusual announcement; he asked the Std. 10 boys to come to the Harding Hall during the eighth period as some people were coming to give us a talk. This sparked off a lot of speculation amongst the boys, for everyone wondered what the talk was about.

Well, all the doubts were dispelled that afternoon because a group of distinguished Rotarians descended upon us; with them they brought the 'Four Way Test'.

The talk began with one of the Rotarians telling us about the Rotary club, which he said was an international organisation the membership of which was given only to selected people.

Then we were handed a cyclostyled sheet each which contained five case studies; on the top it said 'The Four Way Test For All Action'.

1. Is it the TRUTH ?
2. Is it FAIR to all concerned ?
3. Will it build GOODWILL and better FRIENDSHIP ?
4. Will it be BENEFICIAL to all concerned ?

We were told that while trying to solve the problems set we were to keep the 4 questions in mind.

The first case was about the dilemma of a Rotarian doctor, (all the people with problems were Rotarians!)

He has on his hands a rich patient with an incurable disease and a short life expectancy; should he reveal these facts to his patient or his relatives ? One of the boys suggested that the patient should be told, to which one of the Rotarians said, "What if the patient dies of shock ?" Then another student suggested that the relatives should be told. The objection to this was that the relatives might scheme to take away all the money. This got me thinking that the doctor should use his discretion to decide if the patient will be able to take the shock.

If he is not, then only should he tell a responsible relative. I suggested this and guess what it was the right answer !

The second case was one where there are two brilliant students A and B who are friends. A is wealthy while B is not. During their final exams B's mind goes blank and he pleads with A, who is sitting near him, to tell him the right answer. He is seen by the invigilator who asks A what B was talking about. What should A say ?

This problem had the students foxed for a long time. There were a lot of suggestions. One student with a religious turn of mind went to the extent of suggesting that A should tell a 'white' lie to the Supervisor and he went on to back up his statement with a quotation from the Gita ! But the answer that took the cake was from Amar Mavinkurve who said A should tell the truth. Even if the school expels B, A can give B some financial help (as he is rich) so as to prevent the ruining of B. This answer was the right one.

The third problem set was about a Rotarian who is standing at the junction of 4 roads. A man comes running from Road A and dashes along Road B. Moments later another man comes from Road A with a knife in his hand. He threatens the Rotarian and demands to know which road the other man has taken. What should the Rotarian do? To this problem came the answer from Vivek Gupta; the Rotarian should first reason with the man and after dispossessing him of the knife help him to find the man.

Of all the problems set I found the fourth problem the toughest and a lot of credit goes to Somji for getting the right answer. The problem concerns an eminent Rotarian barrister who is approached by a man who pleads the case of a friend who has committed murder. He puts the case fairly and after due consideration the barrister says that the murderer has a good chance of being let off. On this the man confesses to the barrister that he is the murderer. What should the barrister do? Well, it seemed to me that there was no possible answer to this. It was a choice between the devil and the deep blue sea; for if the barrister helped the man it was not fair, nor could he not help the man as it did not build goodwill and friendship. The right answer here was that the Rotarian should ask the man to confess to the police and then help to defend him. The important point here is that the law states that a man is not guilty until his guilt is proved, and even then he has a right to defend himself.

Then came the best part, the prize giving. All the boys who had hit upon the right answer were presented with a book. I was extremely pleased to get a book on word puzzles which turned out to be extremely tough. After this we were congratulated on our showing and were told that we had fared better than a group of adult Rotarians!

There was not enough time for the fifth case study, much to the disappointment of some boys. Rather than let it go waste I think it better to set it to you, the reader.

PROBLEM.

A Rotarian doctor visits his friends Mr. & Mrs. A one evening. They give the doctor the good news that the marriage of their son has been settled with the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. B. The doctor happens to be the family doctor of Mr. & Mrs. B. and knows that a hereditary disease runs among the females of that family and there are great chances that Miss B will be affected by this disease. Should the doctor inform his friends, Mr. & Mrs. A. about this or not?

Anirvan Banerjee
I. C. S. E. 10 C

☀ Knock ! Knock !

Who is there ?

Opportunity.

Don't be daft, opportunity only knocks once.

☀ Teacher : What are your favourite numbers, Susie ?

Susie : 147, 293, 78 and 42.

Teacher : Good. Now I want you to add your favourite numbers together.

Susie : Er ... I think the numbers I really like are 2 and 2.

☀ Val : Why are you so late to school this morning ?

Hal : I squeezed too much toothpaste on my brush and it took me an hour to get it back into the tube.

Compiled by : Kapil Dhatingan, 8-B

Bishop's School Boys Indoctrinated in the 4-Way Test

(From the Bulletin of the Rotary Club of Poona)

Realising the importance of the 4-Way Test, as enshrined in the Vocational Service Programme of Rotary, for the budding citizens, our Club through five of our Rotarians engaged the students of Bishop's School in a discussion on the relative subject. Rtn. B. H. Vacha, the Director of Vocational Service and Rtn. Pradeep Rathi, the Chairman of 4-Way Test Committee, assisted by Rtns. G. Rashid, Nozer Homji and S. M. Masani met the Bishop's School boys on October 31st, 1983 in the Assembly Hall of the school and elaborated on the significance of the test.

Rtn. PDG. Gustasp Rashid who was the moderator, presented the background of the history of Rotary, explaining that Rotary was an international organisation spread over 158 countries. He also explained how Rotary helps the students in presenting higher studies abroad through the programme of Rotary Foundation Scholarships and developing their stature to become ambassadors of goodwill in foreign countries. The boys were reminded that morals and ethical standards have nose-dived the world over and the only escape from the prevalent degeneration is to have a resort to straight living free from malfeasance.

Adopting the case study approach, four questions were put to the students involving business and professional ethics. Their replies were tested by the four Rotarians who acted as judges. As the formula of the 4-Way Test was provided to the boys in advance, their replies as to how they would think and act on the problems confronting them had to have a bearing on what is the Truth, what would be fair to all, what would build Goodwill and Friendship and how their behaviour or action would be mutually beneficial.

On the basis of the replies given by the students on the four questions, token prizes were awarded to them by the judges.

Judges :	Winner of the Prize
Rtn. S. M. Masani	Master A. Banerjee
Rtn. B. H. Vacha	Master A. Mavin Kurve
Rtn. Nozer Homji	Master N. Somjee
Rtn. P. R. Rathi	Master Vivek Gupta

It was indeed encouraging to find that the school boys evinced a lot of interest in the Rotary Programme presented to them. They participated with diligence and showed their keenness to learn the philosophy elevating the 4-Way Test.

Mr. R. Ringrow, the Vice-Principal of the Bishop's School, thanked the Rotary Club for organising the programme.

I. C. S. E. RESULTS — 1983-84

There are no divisions for the ICSE. Those given are based mainly on the percentage requirements for the SSC. The Honours Section is based on the old ISC grades.

No. of boys who appeared for the examination 83

No. of boys successful in the examination 81

No. of boys who failed the examination 2

PASS PERCENTAGE 97.6%

Result showing Division based on percentage basis

1st Division (60% & over) 50

2nd Division (45%—59%) 31

3rd Division (36%—44%) Nil

Failures (on aggregate or no. of subjects) 2

Total 83

Analysis of Results - Subject-wise

Grade Subject	1 Very Good	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Pass %age	Teachers
			Credit			Pass		Fail			
English	3	5	12	14	37	8	4	-	-	100%	Mr. C. D. Beaman Mr. W. Burton
Hindi	-	-	2	6	25	37	8	2	-	97.5%	Mr. S. Fernandes
History, Civ. & Geog.	4	9	23	22	16	6	3	-	-	100%	Mr. R. Smart Mr. W. Daniell
Mathematics	6	11	14	18	19	8	4	3	-	96.4%	Mr. L. Charaniya
Science A	-	5	7	8	8	1	3	-	-	100%	Mr. K. Singh Mr. A. Pathak
Science B	3	8	10	14	7	8	1	-	-	100%	Mrs. K. Jadhav
Commerce	4	6	17	19	18	5	-	-	-	100%	Mr. W. Corda & Prof. S. Pandit
Economics	1	1	2	3	6	1	-	-	-	100%	Mr. Satyanarayanan
French	1	-	-	1	1	-	-	-	-	100%	Mr. C. D. Beaman (Tuition)

Analysis of Science Results – Subject-wise

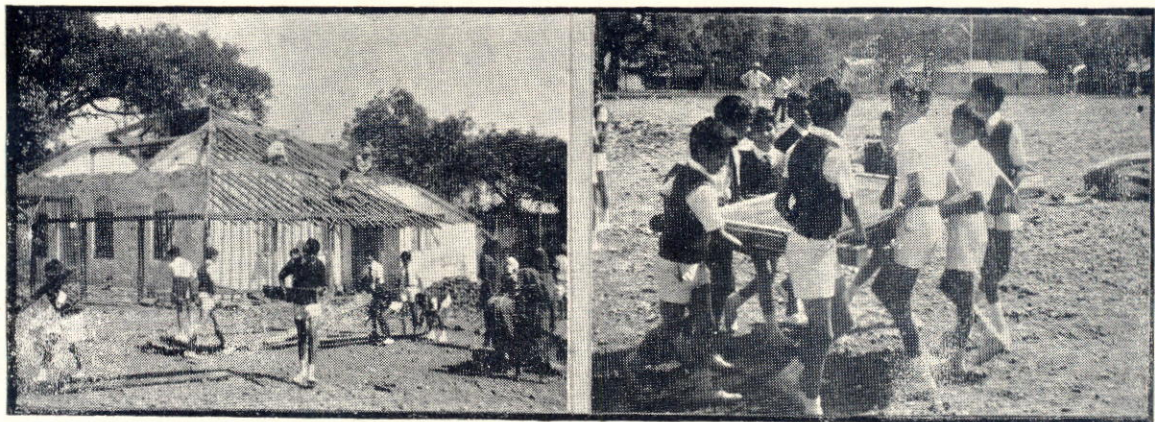
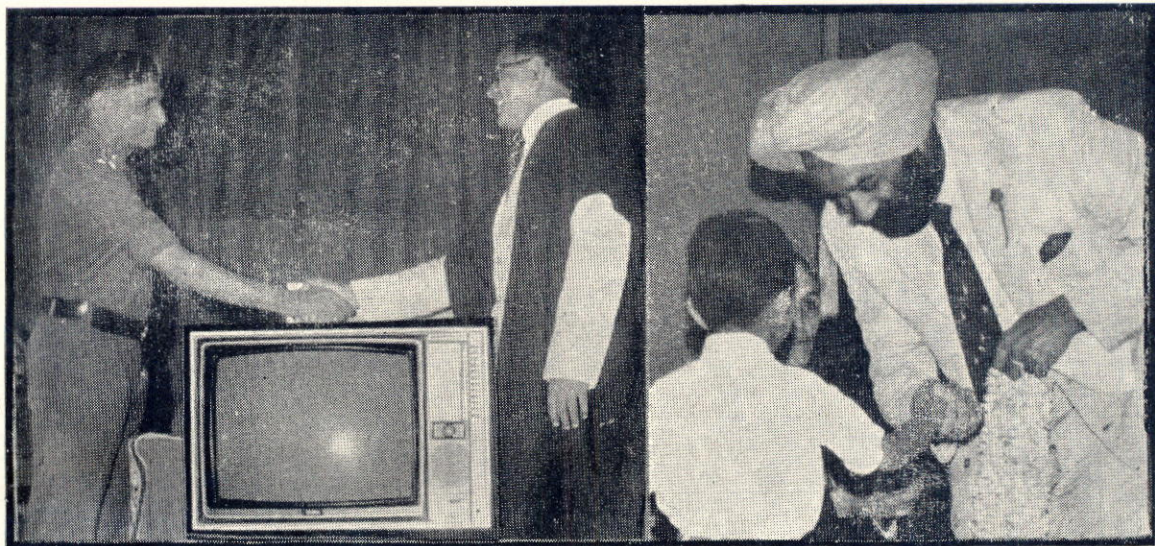
Grade Subject	A Very Good	B Good	C Credit	D Fair	E Poor	Pass %age	Teachers
Physics Alt. A	4	17	10	1	–	100%	Mr. A. Pathak
Alt. B	–	8	20	19	4	92.2%	
Chem. Alt. A	1	8	11	8	4	87.5%	Mr. K. Singh
Alt. B	6	23	15	7	–	100%	
Biology Alt. A	–	12	16	4	–	100%	Mrs. K. Jadhav
Alt. B	12	21	17	1	–	100%	

HONOURS LIST

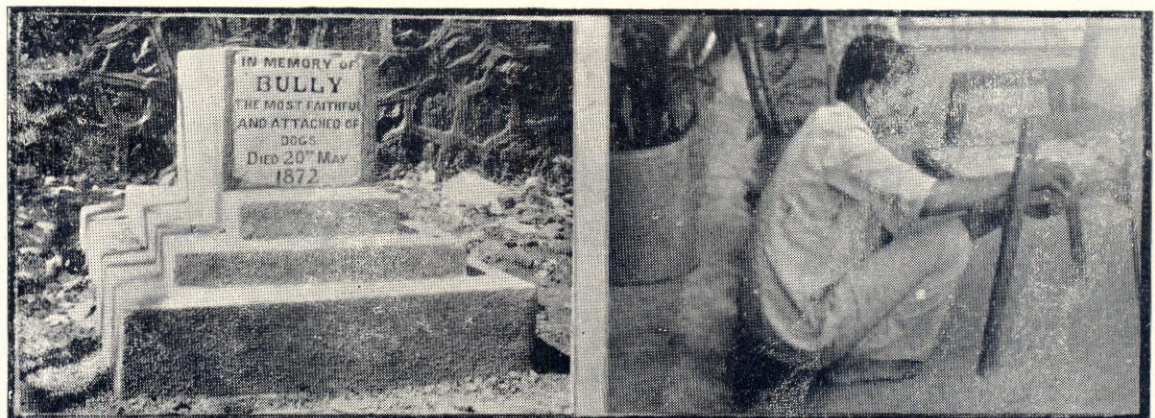
(Boys obtaining 24 points and less ...
based on the old ISC grade system)

	Pts.		Pts.
Madan U.	... 10	Nathani S.	... 21
George T.	... 11	Shrivastava R.	... 21
Mirchandani S.	... 12	Easwaran V.	... 21
Khanna R.	... 14	Jain P.	... 21
Shah A.	... 15	Shrivastava B.	... 21
Choudhary R.	... 15	Pangam N.	... 21
Banerjee A.	... 16	Jinnah S.	... 22
Mehta M.	... 16	Dhingra D.	... 22
Rao U.	... 17	Rajesh S.	... 23
Marvinkurve A.	... 18	Saha R.	... 23
Khokar R. S.	... 18	Khare D.	... 23
Shah, Sunil	... 19	Bhojwani J.	... 23
Sasane R.	... 19	Irani, Meher	... 24
Srikanth S.	... 19	Jadhav A. D.	... 24
Hardikar S.	... 19	Dhansingani L.	... 24
Pandhare R.	... 21	Jhangiani A.	... 24
Master A.	... 21	Chitnis H.	... 24
Ranka R.	... 21		

Erig. Hardayal Singh presents the School with a Colour T. V. Set on behalf of Lt. Gen. T. S. Oberoi

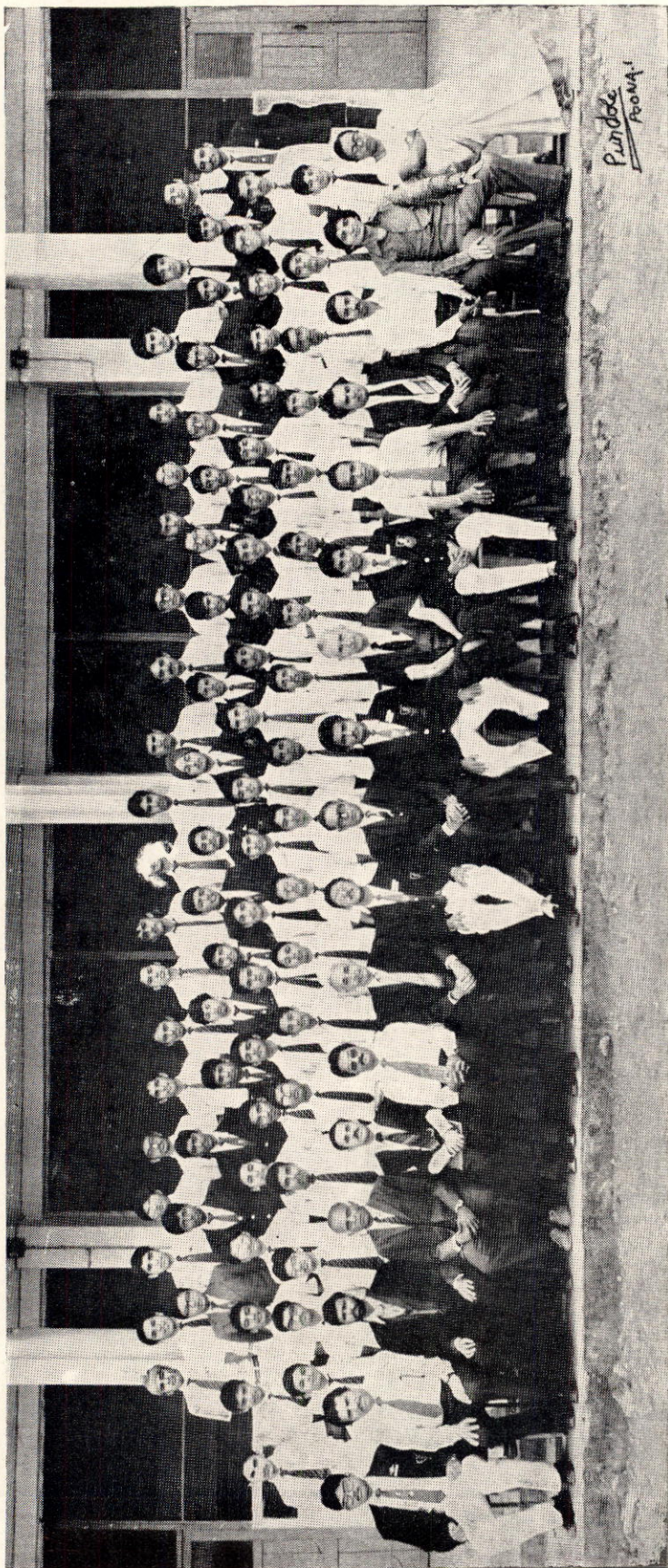


Socially Useful Workers



A Remembered Dog

A Blind Man's Skill



ICSE CLASS—1983 - 84

ICSE EXAMINATION RESULTS

(SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES)

1st DIVISION WITH HONOURS

(Boys getting 24 points and less—based on the old ISC grades)

	Pts.		Pts.		Pts.
Madan U.	10	Sasane R.	19	Jinnah S.	22
George T.	11	Srikanth S.	19	Dhingra D.	22
Mirchandani S.	12	Hardikar S.	19	Rajesh S.	23
Khanna R.	14	Pandhare R.	21	Saha R.	23
Shah A.	15	Master A.	21	Khare D.	23
Choudhary R.	15	Ranka R.	21	Bhojwani J.	23
Banerjee A.	16	Nathani S.	21	Irani, Meher	24
Mehta M.	16	Shrivastava R.	21	Jadhav A. D.	24
Rao U.	17	Easwaran V.	21	Dhansingani L.	24
Marvinkurve A.	18	Jain P.	21	Jhangiani A.	24
Khokar R. S.	18	Shrivastava B.	21	Chitnis H.	24
Shah, Sunil	19	Pangam N.	21		

OTHERS OBTAINING 1st DIVISION

(60% and over)

	Pts.		Pts.		Pts.
Samtani R.	25	Bahl S.	26	Phulphagar M.	27
Daswani S.	25	Gupta V.	26	Kundanmal K.	27
Kapoor S.	25	Malkani M.	26	Gaekwad E.	27
Khatnani R.	25	Somji N.	26	Diwan H.	27
Shinde A.	25	Beri V. K.	26	Nair G.	27

2nd DIVISION

(45%—59%)

Yathindranath R.	27	Shah M.	30	Ghuman H. S.	33
Sadhwani R.	27	Phillip S.	30	Ganglani R.	33
Jessani R.	28	Chandra R.	31	Irani M. E.	33
Naik K.	28	Bansode J.	31	Zaveri U.	33
Khatwani A.	29	Grover S.	21	Desai S.	34
Salgaonker S.	29	Sapare P.	31	Mane V.	35
Kashyap S.	29	Kumtekar M.	32	Loya D.	36
Borawake H.	29	Momin S.	32	Momin A.	37
Kalsekar P.	29	Prabhune N.	32	Mulla M.	37
Khatri R.	30	Sanghvi U.	33		
Dubey S.	30	Shaikh I.	33		

OLD BOYS' CORNER

1. **S. Handa** — I. S. C. 1974. Did Hotel Management and is now manager of the Turf Club, Poona.

2. **Bruce Philipowsky** — Passed I. S. C. in 1964. Has been in Germany for many years. Took a degree in Computer Science in Germany. Visited the school in September 1983. Permanent address : 14, Hastings road, Agra 282 001.

3. **Prashant Dolas** — I. C. S. E. 1981. Is now in class XII of Poona College. Address : Bishop's School.

4. **Rajinder Verma** — I. C. S. E. 1981. Is now in his 2nd session at the N. D. A. Address — ALFA Squadron N. D. A.

5. **Hemant Nerurkar** — Left in class 6 in 1960. Completed B. Sc., D. M M. Now Manager OHI Technical Products, P. O. Box 889, Muscat, Sultanate of Oman.

6. **Firdosh Anklesaria** — Passed S. S. C. from Bishop's in 1964, was a First class student. After attending Wadia College for two years he moved on to California for further studies. He finished his Master of Arts degree from the University of San Francisco with History as his subject. He also secured a California teaching credential. He has since then taught at both the school and university levels in California, Germany and Italy. He is currently at Notre Dame International School at Rome. Address : C/o Notre Dame International School, Via Aurelia 796 00165 Rome, Italy.

7. **Darius Jal Cursetji** — Left school in 1964. Did the B. Com. He now has a restaurant on Moledina Road and also does some farming.

8. **Hasan Ali R-Kassim** — S. S. C. 1964. Joined the family business in Bombay and has been doing that ever since. Married with one son. Address : C/o Abdulla Kassim 20/22 Lohar Chawl Bombay 2. Tel. 312931.

9. **Vardon T. James** — I. S. C. 1974. Is now the Proprietor of V & T Enterprises, Civil Engg. Works and of Abumagid Overseas Consultants. Address : 28 Pali Mala Road, Bandra, Bombay 400 050. Tel. 532355.

10. **Akil Ansari** — I. S. C. 1969. Did MBBS from Sion Hospital Medical College. Then did MS from the same college. Is at present working at Bagwadi Hospital, Borivili, Bombay as a Registrar in Surgery.

11. **Ramesh Bapat** — SSC 1966. Did B. Sc. then M. Sc., then Diploma in Marketing Management and Computer Programming. Is now working as a Marketing Officer in Western India Erection. Address : Res. - 1962 Madiwale Colony, Poona 411 030. Office-Plot No. 20, Parvati Poona 411 009. Tel. Off 440991 or 470345.

Further information gleaned from Ramesh Bapat.

12. In 1974, Ramurthy, better known as Thumbi in school and

13. Prashant Bhawe (ex-Bishopites) stood 1st in B.E. (Mech.) and B. E. (Metallurgy) respectively and

14. Ramesh stood 1st in the M. Sc. (Geology)

Ramurthy and Prashant Bhawe are now working in the USA having finished M. S. (Master of Science).

15. **R. Ravishankar** — ISC 1973. Is now a Captain in the AMC. He is a RMO. Address : EBS Babygarh, Dist. Ghaziabad 245 201.

16. **Nand Kumar Raghunathan** — Class X of the ICSE 1976 batch, left in Nov. to do the exam through Mt. St. Mary's in Delhi — an excellent student. Did B. A. (Eco) and MBA and is now working in Bombay in the Associated Cement Co. as Executive Assistant to the Managing Director.

17. **Sanjay Phillip** — Passed the ICSE in 1978 and is at present doing hls last year B. Com. at Wadia College. He is planning to do his MBA. Address : 143, Shastri Apts, 4, Moledina Road, Pune 1. He misses the school and appreciates what it has done for him.

18. **Riaz Unwalla** — Passed the ICSE 1981-82. Is at present doing his HSC in Ness Wadia College of Commerce, planning to go into Computers. Really missing school and the great times he had. Address : 164, Shastri Apts., 4, Moledina Road, Pune 1.

19. **Kilkilraj Bhansali** — Passed in 1968. Completed B. Com. from National College, Bombay and got into construction. Is at present residing at Tulip Bldg., 3rd floor 3rd Pasta Lane, Colaba, Bombay 5. " I am proud of my school and what it has done for me."

20. **Reggie E. Aaron** — Passed in 1973. Completed B. A. from Wadia College Pune. At present in business as real estate advisor. Address : Shireen Villa 15, Tadiwalla Road, Pune 1. " I am proud to be the product of Bishop's School."

21. **Mahendra G. Patel** — SSC 1964. Did B. Sc. and went to Nairobi and became a Pharmaceutical representative and is now with his brother Kiran — together running the family concern.

22. **Kiran Patel** — SSC 1963. B. Sc. Agri. Went to Nairobi. Worked for the Wheat Board for 3 years and then took over the family business — Pharmaceutical Mfg. and Printing. Present address : P. O. Box 42338 Nairobi.

23. **Ramesh Patel** — SSC 1963. Did B. Com. Bombay and then did C. A. London. Is now staying in America.

24. **Mahendra Patel** — SSC 1962. B. Sc. (Agri.) Masters Degree in Dairy Technology. Has settled in America.

25. **Iqbal Tejani** — ISC 1968. Did B. Sc. (Hons) and Diploma in Export practices and is now an expert in exporting goods. Address : 2/7 Sadhu Vaswani Kunj. Pooná 1.

26. **Sunil Damle** — Stood 1st in the UPSC examination for entrance to the NDA. He was 9th out of all those who appeared for the examination in the country.

27. **Nitin Dhoka** — ICSE 1975. Has now completed his B. E. (1st class with distinction) and will be going to the USA to do his M. S. (Master of Science). Poona Address : 31, Bhavani Peth, Poona 411 002.
28. **Anil Santram** — ISC 1961. Batlivala and Karani, Foreign Exchange and Share Brokers, 76, Janpath, New Delhi 110 001. Phone : 32650, 350732, 320036. Telex : 4076,
29. **Shivshankar Sastry** — Passed out of Bishop's ISC 1971. Completed MBBS and M. S. (Surgery) at Jipmer, Pondicherry. Address : 17, Sir Krishna Rao Road, Basvangirdi, Bangalore 560 004.
30. **Dnyaneshwar More** — ICSE 1978. Is now a very successful farmer and is doing TY B. A. Address : Post Gunware, Taluka Phaltan, Dist. Satara.
31. **Deepak Mantri** — Passed out in March 1960. Completed D. E. E. through C. Wadia Institute and is presently doing Agriculture in Sangli and Sangli District. Poona Address : 33/11, Prabhat Road, Pune 411 004.
32. **Kiran B. Kadam** — ICSE 1976. Completed B. E (Mech) from Poona University in June 1983. Now Marketing a West German Product (Drum & Container Pumps) in India. Intends manufacturing them in two years from now with German technical know-how. Address : 83/2, Parvati, " Chintamani ", Poona 411 009.
33. **Afzal Lokhandwala** — ICSE 1976. Has been around Europe and was in the USA for 2 years. Since then he has taken over as Executive Director of MEK Engineering Works Ltd. Address : " Satyam " Naupada, M. G. Road, Thane 400 602. Phones : 506586, 506589, 506593.
34. **Sajid G. M. Momin** — ICSE 1976. Passed XII from Wilson College Bombay. Failed to get admission for MBBS, hence joined the Government Dental College and Hospital Bombay. Passed in 1983. Now doing the Internship at the hospital. Planning to do further studies, and if not, then starting practice. Address : 43, Bengalpura, Bhiwandi, Thana 421 302.
35. **Wilson V. Desai** — Left school in the 9th std. 1979. Passed XII from a local college at Miraj. Later on took up the Diploma in Pharmacy course. Finished it and is at present studying in the Miraj Medical College doing his 1st year MBBS. Address : Wanless Hospital, Miraj 416 410, Dist. Sangli.
36. **Himanshu J. Mehta** — ICSE 1978. Address : 524 E. Palm Ave, 8 Burbank CA. 91501, USA. Currently studying Electronics. Left for USA in 1979 — is a very keen golfer — his handicap is 10.
37. **James Samuel** — ICSE 1977. did the B. Com degree from BMCC college and is on the way to becoming a CA. He also plans to do M. Com. He misses his old school. Address : St. Crispin's House, Karve Road, Poona 411 001.
38. **V. P. Pratapa Rao** — ISC 1968. joined the Medical college at Mysore and did BDS. — is now in the Indian Army Dental Corps serving in the Sultanate of Oman on deputation. Address : NOB. V. P. Pratapa Rao. I. A. D. Corps., Dental Officer, UAG Hospital, P. O. Box 18051, Salalah, Sultanate of Oman.

39. Rustom N. Jeejabhoj — left in 1966. attended Ness Wadia College and graduated with Honours in the B. Com. — completed LLB from Poona Law College in 1976 : practised law for two years in Poona and Bombay, branched out into business later. “ My old school and the times here are indelible on my memory and I return here often to feel the ‘ Bishop’s Boy ’ again. Poona address : Viloo Villa, 1 Church Road, Poona 411 001.

40. A. Krishnan — Cambridge School Certificate 1962. followed by Wadia College and All India Institute of Medical Sciences. Passed MBBS, a Gold medallist, Poona University. Passed MS, Gen Surgery — 1st in Poona University.

At present serving as a Major in the AFMC, Poona.

41. Hussain Saboowala — visited the school and carried back fond memories. He remarked on the numerous changes for the better. Address : Saifi Building, 4th Floor, 7th Cooper st. E — R — Road, Bombay 3.

42. Ajay S. Dabholkar — ICSE 1976. did his BA in Politics through Wadia College and has been selected for the O. T. S. Madras.

43. Rathin Sinha — left in class 7, 1964, and joined JN Petit; after a year in Wadia College he joined the IIT in Bombay and did his B. Tech (Mech). He is now running Sheet metal Press parts factory in Pimpri. He has a son in Bishop’s.

44. Amit Kochhar — scored 85% in his class XII examination.

45. Chetan Shetty—ICSE Feb 1980; went through classes XI & XII in St. Vincent’s — scored 95.5% in P. C. M.— is now in an Engineering College — 3rd year mechanical Engineering. Chetan takes an active interest in JAYCEE activities.

46. Vivian G. Coelho — ISC class of 1970 — did B. Com. and took a masters degree in management through the SYMBIOSIS Institute— is now working for a computer company in Poona. Address : 115, St. Patrick’s Town.

47. Aslam Momin — ICSE 1975. B. Com. in 1981 followed by a course in financial management — is in business now. Address : 277/80 Jaitoshpura, Kotergate, Bhiwandi, Dist. Thana.

48. Akram Momin—ICSE 1976. did class XII and is now in the dyeing and processing business.

49. Salim Momin — ICSE 1979 — did — D Pharm — is now working in Nair Hospital, Bombay. Akram’s & Salim’s addresses are the same as Aslam’s.

By the way, they say if you throw a stone in Bhiwandi you will hit a Bishop’s school Momin !

50. Suresh R. Jain — passed ICSE Feb. 82 — passed the HSC in March ’84 with first class marks and will now be doing the B. Com. degree.

51. J. S. Cheema — joined St. Mary’s school, Poona in 1954 and thereafter was a Bishopite for a year, apparently long enough to make him want to visit the school in 84. He is now a film producer — produced a Punjabi film Chaan Pardasee which won a National Award in 1981 — is currently shooting a Hindi film at Loni and has taken time off to visit the school.

OLD BOYS PRESENT AT THE FOUNDER'S FETE/CRICKET MATCHES

1. Maj D. Ganguly—AMC Passed I. S. C. (XI) in 1966 securing a First Division and winning the Hindi prize. Did pre-medical from Nowrosjee Wadia College and passed with a First Division standing 2nd in the university. Joined A. F. M. C. in 1968. Won the following prizes—

- (a) First M. B. B. S.— stood 1st and got the Physiology medal
- (b) Second M. B. B. S.— stood 1st and got the Forensic Medicine and Pharmacology gold medals.
- (c) Final M. B. B. S.— stood 1st in the university and got the Obstetrics and Gynaecology gold medal
 - won the Kalinga trophy for best all-round out-going student.
 - won the President's gold medal for getting the highest number of marks in first, second and third M. B. B. S. combined.
 - Joined the AMC in 1972
 - Went on deputation to the Sultanate of Oman from 1975 to 1978
 - Passed M. S. (General Surgery) from Pune University
 - At present, Lecturer in Surgery in A. F. M. C.

2. Manjot Singh Marwah—Passed I. C. S. E. in 1978. Doing Final year B. Com. in the Ness Wadia College of Commerce. Represents the college in Badminton and Swimming.

3. Sunil Chugani— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1980. At present doing F. Y. B. Com. in Ness Wadia College.

4. Madanlal Ahuja— Passed the IXth Std. in 1976. At present doing Computer Hardware-Sales Representative for Chemitex Pvt. Ltd. 3rd Floor, Hornby Building, next to Bank of Cochin Bldg., Bombay V. T.

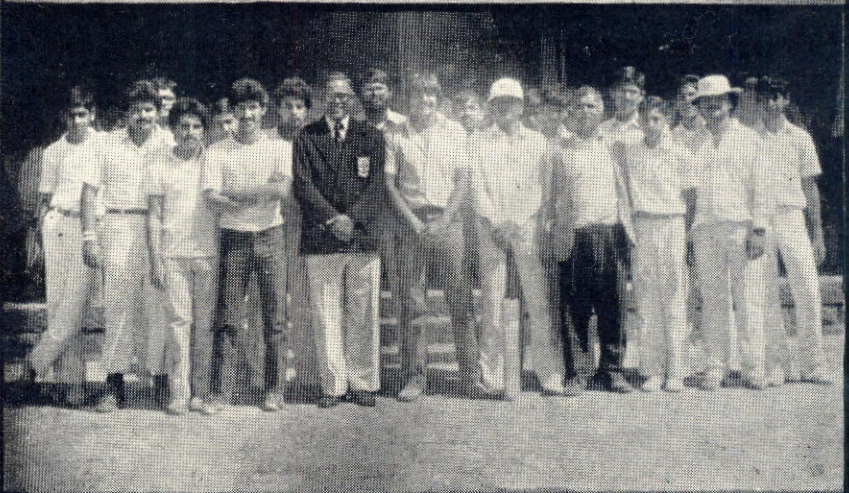
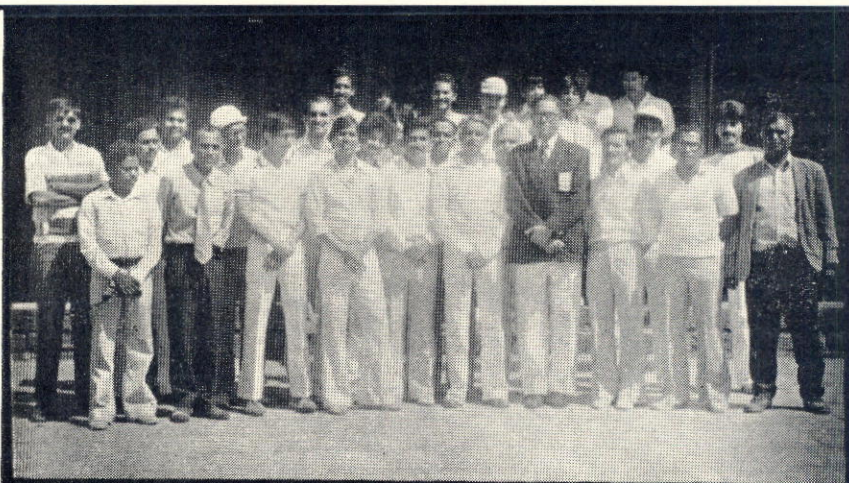
5. Suresh T. Nanwani— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1980. At present studying S. Y. B. Com in Ness Wadia College of Commerce. Passed the F. Y. B. Com. with a First Class (68%). Success attributed to Bishop's School.

6. Ronnie Mehta— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1980. 45% in I. C. S. E. Passed in Hindi. Thanks to Mr. Fernandes. At present doing F. Y. Com. from Bombay University. 75% in H. S. C.—thanks to Mr. Ranade. Advise students to attend Ranade's classes.

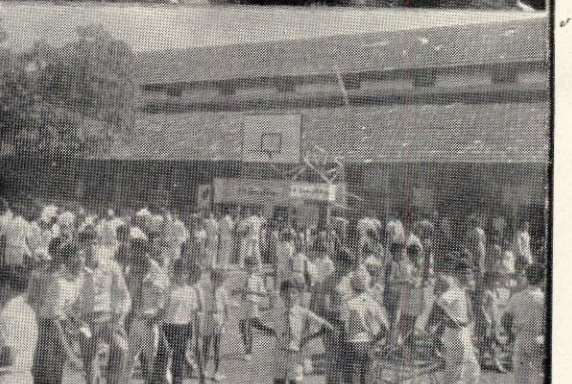
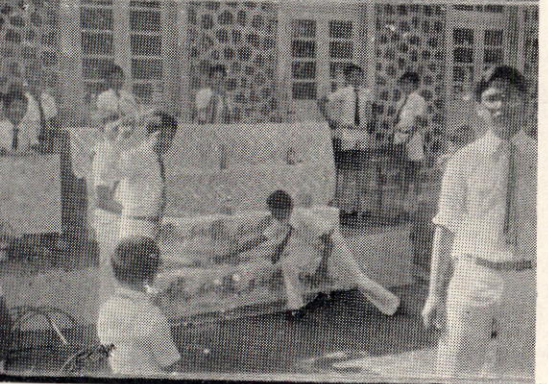
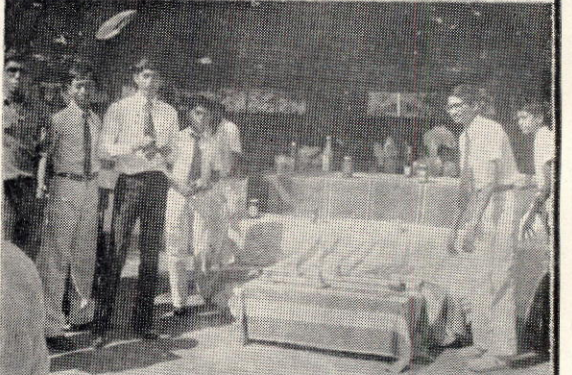
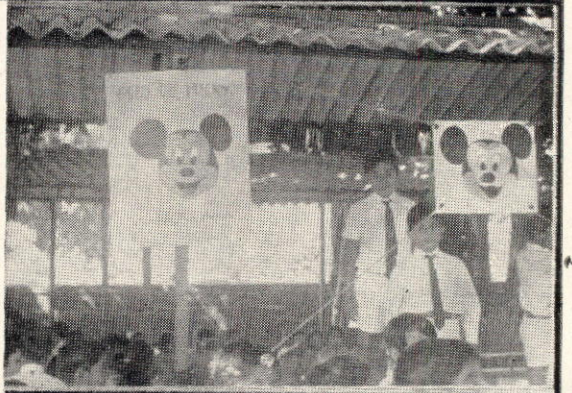
7. Amin Irani— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1980, F. Y. B. Com., from Ness Wadia College 60%; S. Y. B. Com. 78%. Played for Maharashtra for the last 6 years and as Captain for the last 3 years cricket.

8. Sidney Young— Left school in 1976. Passed S. S. C. Won the best vocalist award in Bombay at a contest. At present at Pune playing as a musician for JET SET. Had a stint in a couple of Hindi films.

9. Viren Malelu— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1976. Completed B. Sc. (Physics) from Nowrosjee Wadia College in 1982.



PAST & PRESENT MEET IN HAPPY REUNION



THE FETE IN FULL SWING

10. **Yashi Kant**— Passed in 1981. At present doing F. Y. Bachelor of Engineering at Maharashtra Institute of Technology, Pune.
11. **Ajay Sharma**— Passed in 1982. At present doing 12th Std. in Commerce at Ness Wadia College, Pune.
12. **B. S. Chakranarayan**— Passed in December 1975. Practising in the Poona Courts as an Advocate.
13. **Raju Shingote**— Passed in 1972. At present in Export business.
14. **Chandramohan Jadhav**— Headboy 1954. At present in Atlas Copco, Pune.
15. **Y. R. Purandare**— 5, Ashokbam Society, Pune 411 016.
16. **Vasu Shamsett**— Passed in 1955. At Present a jeweller on East Street.
17. **Charles Sen**— Passed in 1973. At present working as Sales Officer for a Delhi firm.
18. **Anil Kochhar**— Passed in 1967. Passed M. B. A. in 1971. Own industry in Pimpri.
19. **Amit Kochhar**— Passed in 1982. Studying in the 12th Std. in St. Vincent's Junior College.
20. **Jayant Patole**— Passed I. C. S. E. in Feb. 1981. At present doing S. Y. B. Com. Address—1/B, Staveley Road, Pune-1.
21. **Mahesh Rane**— Passed in 1978. At present doing S. Y. B. Sc. Padamji Park.
22. **Rajesh Rane**— 1969-1976. At present doing B. Sc. at Fergusson College. Address 799/5 Padamji Park, Pune.
23. **Amarjeet Singh Rajpal**— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1982. Studying in Ness Wadia College of Commerce in the 12th Std.
24. **Aliasger K. Polan**— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1982. Studying in Ness Wadia in the 12th Std. Selected for State Athletics.
25. **Uday Dabholkar**— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1974. At Present running a printing press at Shivajinagar, Pune.
26. **Sham Rathi**— 671, Raviwar Peth, Pune 411 002. Doing cloth business at the above address. Passed I. S. C. in 1971. Passed B. Sc. from Fergusson in 1974. Also playing badminton.
27. **Mervyn Raymond**— 2, Jubilee Mansion, Clare Road, Byculla, Bombay 8. Left in 1974. At present working for Hotel 'Holiday Inn', Juhu, Bombay as a Security Officer.
28. **Ashok B. Chakranarayan**— Passed out from Bishop's in 1960. Teaching in the Fergusson College, Geology dept. from 1970. At present doing research for the Ph. D. at Poona University. Address : No. 8 A, Fergusson College Campus, Pune 4.
29. **Mohan N. Mogre**— Passed I. C. S. E. in 1979. Studying in Arts & Science College, Secunderabad, Osmania University, Final Year.
30. **Anil Sharma**— Passed school in 1977. At present doing his final year in Nowrosjee Wadia College and specializing in Psychology.

ADVENTURE AT THE CIRCUS

One day my father, my mother, my sister and I went to see the Jumbo circus. We started at one thirty p.m. As we sat down, we saw a kangaroo and some monkeys doing clever things. Then we saw lions jumping from a ring of fire. I began to tease the lions and show them monkey faces, just as the monkeys did to me. One of the lions saw me and thought I was a monkey. He did not jump from the ring of fire, but he ran after me. I ran as fast as I could, but the lion was faster than me. At last I jumped into a swimming pool. Then after an hour the lion left me. When I got out of the swimming pool I could not find my family. I left the circus and went home. I found my family praying to God. How glad they were to see me. God had helped me after all.

Rommel Dongre, 3 A

A HOLIDAY WITH MY FAMILY

One day my family and I went to Delhi to spend my holidays there. We went to Delhi by train. We went by the train which was called Jammu Tavi. We were excited to see the tall hills. We ate sandwiches, wafers, sweets, cakes and had cold drinks. Then it was afternoon. The sun was shining brightly and we got bored, so we played games, like cards, and chess. When we finished the games we read books. After a while we reached Delhi. There we stayed in a hotel.

Next morning we woke up and went to the shops of Delhi and bought many things. We liked Delhi very much and stayed there for many days.

Chandan Mehta, 3 A

Lost At The Fair

One day there was a fair at Sarasbaug. I asked my father to take us to the fair. My father said "Yes". So in the evening we got ready and went to the fair. I was excited to see lots of things. We took our tickets and went in. First we went to a dress shop. We brought a dress for my sister. Then we went to the other shops and bought many other things. I saw a toy shop and I ran to see the toys. Then after seeing the toys I was going to my mother, but reaching the shop I found she was not there. I was frightened. I was lost. I began to shout for my mother. I ran here and there, but could not find her. So I went to the police man and told him my address and he took me back home. I was happy to be home with my mother and father.

S. Gavande, 3-B

A Visit to the Sweet Factory

On 8th December, my classmates, teachers and other boys of 4 B & C, went to a sweet factory called R. K. Food Products. We went there in the school bus. It did not take a long time to reach the sweet factory. When we reached the factory, we were told to sit in a room.

Then we were taken to a hall where biscuits were made. There was a big machine in the hall. There was a lot of dough which was put into the machine, and when the dough came out of the machine it was in the form of biscuits. Then the biscuits were put into the oven and when they came out of the oven they were baked and brown.

Next we were taken to a very big room where sweets were made. The sweets were put into some small holes in a machine. There many sticks were attached to a machine. When the machine moved round and round, the sticks quickly went through the holes of the sweets and turned into lolly-pops. Later we were given wafer biscuits, chocolates and lolly-pops. After we ate them, we were taken to a garden to play.

After some time we went to school at 1-00 p. m. Then I sat in my car and went home. I enjoyed the visit to the biscuit and sweet factory.

Vikram Shetty, 4-A

A SATURDAY IN SCHOOL

Saturday is always a good day for all Bishopites. It marks the beginning of a happy week-end. Though it is a day of fun, in this month of February not too many spend this day in idling and fun. It is because the Final Examinations are fast approaching. I am here to tell you about some activities of Bishop's School on Saturday.

The day starts with the noise of the youngsters and the monitors shouting to keep them quiet. After their bath and breakfast, the youngsters run away and sink into their oceans of fun. Some of them play marbles, some play hockey or football, others practise catching a ball and others play simple games such as hide and seek, having mock battles etc. Quite a few enjoy bicycle-riding but the major part play hockey. Some boys study for the Examinations that are near at hand. The older ones study for the I. C. S. E. while quite a number practise for the Hindi Rashtrabhasha examination.

Most of the masters are busy teaching or coaching the children in the various subjects. Some are busy correcting tests, others go out to do a bit of shopping and other things which cannot very easily be done on the normal Monday to Friday working days. The heads—the Principal and his aides—are the busiest. They are the ones who have to look into the financial matters, admission of boys in the school, long interviews with some parents or important persons, the progress of the school, the care of the hostels and boarders, and the bad boys who are to be expelled from school. They have to fix the salaries of new servants and often all the time that they get is to drink a cup of tea. So mostly the school runs well, due to the hard labour put in by the heads of the school.

About noon the boarders after getting tired sometimes go to the library to read the newspaper or books. The library is kept clean and tidy by the school librarian. Then the boarders go for lunch and after that go to sleep for two hours. After waking up they go for tea and again play games and thus the time passes. Then they have their bath and watch television or chat. After that they dine and then go to their hostels where they make preparations for the next day by polishing their shoes, washing their socks etc. Finally they joke and retire to bed. Thus ends a gay Saturday in Bishop's School.

B. Shah, 5-A

An Encounter with a Ghost

In this world it is very rare to meet a ghost that is not evil. I am one of those fortunate ones who were lucky enough to meet a good ghost. It is a very rare fortune to be proud of.

It happened like this. I was returning home late in the night after the fun and joy at my friend's birthday party. I had come on my bicycle. There was no arrangement of lights near my friend's house and it was pitch dark when I started for my house. My cycle had a light and I could see what was ahead of me. It was a long and lonely road and as I was alone, fear soon took hold of me. I decided to take a shorter route to my house and thereby cut short the creepy feeling that had come into my heart.

This route in fact was the haunt of the ghost, unknown to me then. Everything was peaceful when all of a sudden a cloud of dust rose and there was a fearful laughter. I was shocked for a moment. Then what I saw the next moment surprised me. It was a ghost, but it had no fearful face and it shone like the moon. It walked up to me and spoke in such a calm voice that my fears were removed and I guessed it was not harmful.

The ghost was surprised that I was not afraid of him. He placed his hand on my shoulder. I felt that it was very cold. The ghost then told me about his life. About two thousand years ago, he was a temple priest and was a very proud man. He thought he only had the right to preach. Once a saint visited his village and his preaching influenced all the villagers. Soon the villagers grew to respect the saint more than the priest.

The priest began to hate the saint and spoke badly of him. He once publicly insulted the saint. When the saint was alone, the priest had once in anger injured him. The saint had forgiven him, but God did not. After his death God changed him into a ghost. After that he had performed many penances, led a simple life and never troubled anyone to attain his normal form. The ghost then said that in a year he would attain salvation. He said that after getting salvation a beautiful red flower would grow on the tree.

Saying this he disappeared. I reached home amazed at this strange incident. After a year when I went to the tree a red flower was there in full bloom. I concluded that the ghost had attained salvation.

I have become famous in my society and time and again I repeat this incident to everyone. I think that night was my luckiest night.

This incident has a moral, that is, never to insult or be rude to saints. Always be courteous to holy people.

Bhavesh K. Shah, 5-A

☀ A young couple were discussing astrology.

“What sign were you born under?” she asked.

“The stop sign,” he answered.

“The stop sign?” she puzzled. “What on earth do you mean?”

“Oh,” he replied, “my mother wasn't able to reach the hospital.”

THE RED FEATHER GANG

Once in the city of Wellington there was a gang of robbers. Wherever they robbed they left a small red feather. Because of this they were called "The Red Feather Gang." Not even one agent of the gang was caught.

Henry, a young detective, got interested in it. One day he went to meet a friend of his called Mike. As Henry entered Mike's house, he saw two large red feathers on the wall. Henry got suspicious. Henry offered Mike a small pen in which he had hidden a small T. V. camera. Then Henry returned home and switched on the T. V. He saw Mike changing his clothes and opening a secret door. Then everything became dark.

Henry got angry and he switched the T. V. off. For two days, it happened like this. On the third day, there was a black-out. After some time he saw a light. Then he saw that Mike entered the hall. Then Mike sat on a golden chair. All the men and women in the hall stopped dancing and bowed. Henry guessed that Mike was the boss of the Red Feather Gang. Henry leapt from his chair, put on his Jungle Boots and went off with his pistol. When he went through the door and came to a passage, he saw two guards.

Henry hit the guards and gagged them. Then disguised as one of the guards, he walked off to the hall. As soon as he entered, he foolishly jumped to give Mike a flying kick. But Mike ducked cleverly and Henry landed in a heap of drums (barrels) and became unconscious. When he revived he found himself tied in the treasure room. Luckily the pen which he had given to Mike was also there. He kicked the pen, so that it was facing him. Fortunately, the police arrived at his house at that very moment and put on the T. V. Henry spoke through the pen and it was heard over the T. V. The police came and caught the robbers and Henry was rewarded.

Rohas Nagpal, 6-B

My Beloved Country

I am very proud of my country - India. India is a vast country where the main occupation is agriculture. But most of the farmers live in poverty.

In India we have elections every five years. The last elections were held in 1980 in which Mrs. Indira Gandhi was elected as the Prime Minister.

The capital of India is New Delhi. There are twenty-two states and nine union territories.

The highest peak in the world is Mount Everest in the Himalayas which are in northern India. For thousands of years many different civilizations have flourished here; and today India is a strong, vibrant nation with many castes and creeds living together. But sometimes there is violence in the country which is very sad because all Indians should live together in a spirit of true brotherhood. India has produced many great leaders like Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru and Lal Bahadur Shastri. India gained Independence from the British in 1947. India has made great progress in the last 25 years. All students and young people in our country should study hard and work hard so that we all continue to feel proud of our beloved country. Every Indian, rich or poor, should respect India's rich and varied heritage and pledge to do his best to be an honest and upright citizen.

Ashok Lalla, 6-C

The Autobiography of a Football

I was born in a football factory in Delhi. I was then packed and sent to a sports shop with many other footballs.

Soon I was bought by a boy who treated me badly and kicked me over a wall. I went rolling merrily until I banged against another wall with a thud. The boy didn't bother about me and I was left in that dark, dingy place inside the garage.

The next morning a driver came into the garage, found me lying there and took me to his master, after which I was given to his son. His son washed and dried me clean and inflated me with air. Soon I was feeling fresh and fit and enjoyed being kicked about by the boy.

After a few days the boy took me to his school for an inter-class football match. I vividly recall how the boy shot a goal in that match and we beat the other side by a solitary goal. However I didn't last the whole match. A boy headed me high into the air and I landed back with a hard thud onto a jagged stone which tore my bladder. I was out for the rest of the game. I thought that perhaps my master would now abandon me to my fate and leave me to shiver on the field as I was of no use to him. But my master was kinder than I thought and he took me home and mended my tear.

One evening I saw my master bring home a red football. He then started using the new football for class matches and played with me in the house.

Well, my friend I must say Good Night as my master is going to sleep and I'd better not exchange news with the new football, as it might disturb my master.

Ashok Lalla, 6-C

THE 'IDEAL' JOURNEY

As I climbed down the stairs of my house my parents reassured me that the railways were without doubt a very comfortable way to travel. I think the last time they went by train was in 1965 and I do believe the railways have changed since then, but for better or for worse?

My parents were flying to Delhi and I was to go and stay with some friends in Bombay. It was my first journey by train and so I left my house half an hour before the departure of the train. I had with me seventy rupees; sixty five for the ticket and the rest to spend as I liked. My parents dropped me off at the station and then carried on to the airport.

Hardly had I arrived at the station when a porter grabbed one of my bags and disappeared into the huge rush swarming there. I was very obliged to follow him. When I finally caught up I explained to him that I still had to buy my ticket. "Bless the Devils", he said. There wasn't a rush at the ticket counter. After having paid my seventy rupees, I received my ticket with one rupee change. At that time the man poked his head out and said "Poona to Bombay is sixty-eight rupees, and I have no change."

So I had to content myself with a rupee only. After waiting for about five minutes an announcement was made saying that the train was an hour late. Having no choice I sat on my baggage and waited impatiently.

About ten minutes later I went to get myself a cup of tea. Sadly, I parted with my last rupee. As I was leaning on the counter ready to drink my tea, a little brat of about six or seven years of age came and spat into my tea making me spill it all over myself. I got up to chase the boy but soon changed my mind on seeing his six-foot tall, thick bearded father, now storming along with him. Even though I was twenty-one, I knew it would be better to avoid a quarrel with such types.

I waited impatiently for the train to arrive. By this time scores of people like me had settled down on their baggage to wait. Little did I realise at that time my wallet was stolen, but I did find out when it was too late; I was in the train.

When the train arrived and I was at long last ready to leave for Bombay, I found my seat and when I was seated, I realised sitting here was not all sweet fun. On one side was a mother who had four children, who took great pleasure in crying at the same time. On the other side a big man, carrying a huge trunk on his knees, sat reading a newspaper.

At our first stop, that was Chinchwad, I was thrown out of the train as I was found to be without a ticket. It was then that I came to know that my wallet had been stolen. So there I was at Chinchwad without a paisa to spend. After about half an hour of trying to get a ride back to Poona by car with no success, I tried to get a lift back by bullock cart.

Finally a man in a bullock cart agreed to take me back to Poona. Later I found out the name of the man was Ramandas Mangaldas Bhosale Gaikwad. I wondered how he remembered such a long name. Three hours later we reached Poona. I was hot, tired, hungry and in a foul mood. I walked the last half a mile to my house as he couldn't take me to my doorstep.

As I had no key to the house I had to get the spare key to our house from our neighbours. They were surprised to see me back and knowing there was no food cooked at home, they invited me over for dinner. I most happily went over.

After this I decided that I had completed my first and last journey by train and hopefully my first and last journey by bullock cart. I think it would be better to walk from Pune to Bombay, but never again by train. Never!

Umeed Z. Kothavala 7A

TICK TOCK

Sunil Roy was the biggest show-off I have ever met in my life. He came to school with the tallest tales and the most fantastic possessions. He boasted about his father's new car, his uncle's new motorbike or his brother's latest tape-deck. We were shown his video games (which he never loaned), his imported badminton racquet (he couldn't play for nuts) and his Adidas shoes (he always came last in sports). But one day he came to school with something old - very old ! It was his great-great grandfather's pocket watch, an antique. He placed it on his desk for every-body to admire. By lunch-time we were sick and tired of his watch.

When my friends and I came back after lunch, Ravi remarked, "Look at the carelessness of Roy. He has forgotten his watch and left it on his desk." "I wish I could blow it up," muttered Sanjay. When he said this a wicked idea came into my head, so wicked that at first I thought that I would not carry it out; but when I told my friends about it, they shouted with glee.

One of Sunil Roy's weaknesses was to believe any story, no matter how tall. When he came swaggering back from lunch, his watch forgotten about, he found a group of frightened-looking boys whispering in a corner. Of course, he and his satellites asked what was wrong. Sanjay, who is an excellent actor, told him that Mr. Roberts had received an anonymous phone call saying that a time bomb had been planted in one of the classrooms. Many of his friends did not believe the story but Roy's face grew white. "How do you know when a time bomb has been planted?" he asked. "You can hear it ticking," I replied. There was complete silence in the room and then Sanjay whispered, "Listen boys!" We listened intently and sure enough a faint ticking sound could be heard near the waste paper basket. I boldly walked up to the basket and kicked it aside. The ticking sound had been coming from a box which was hidden behind the waste paper basket.

We planned that the joke would end there, but something startling happened. One of Roy's friends picked up the parcel and threw it straight into the fish aquarium which was on the window sill. The box sank peacefully to the bottom and the ticking stopped. Roy's colour returned and he got his voice back.

Mr. Ringrow came into the class and at once everybody kept quiet. Then Roy's voice piped up. "Sir, we have found the time bomb. We cleverly threw it into the tank. The school is saved." "What time bomb?" asked Mr. Ringrow in an irritated voice. "Don't waste any time! Turn to page 62."

Roy looked round and saw the grim faces. As the lesson proceeded he sorted out things for himself. We could see him hunting feverishly for his watch. As Mr. Ringrow left the classroom, Roy dashed to the fish tank and removed the "time bomb". He opened the box and removed a dripping antique watch silenced for ever. We couldn't get into any trouble as it was his own friend who threw the "wretched thing" into the water.

Now if Roy opens his mouth to boast we only say "tick tock" and that is enough to keep him quiet for the time being.

N. Postwalla, 7-B

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- ☀ Betty : "So he's teaching you how to swim—what have you learned so far?"
Hetty : "That he's 25, single and has a good job."
 - ☀ Then there was the fellow who bought an electric blanket for his mother-in-law and tampered with the wiring. "If it works," he says, "She'll be the toast of the town."
 - ☀ A young mother dashed into a chemist's shop carrying her infant child. "My baby swallowed a 22 calibre bullet," she cried. "What shall I do?" "Give him a bottle of castor oil," replied the chemist calmly, "but don't point him at anyone."
 - ☀ A stringless violin was displayed in the window of a second hand shop, with this sign :
"This is yours for £ 10 .. no strings attached."

How I bought and kept a Pet during the Winter Vacation

My vacation had just started and I thought of buying a parrot.

I took permission and money from my mother and went on my bike to the market. I parked my bike and went into the pet store. There was everything in there from trained beetles to wild piranas.

I chose a beautiful parrot with a perch, paid the shopkeeper and went out.

The parrot had a bright green body, with a yellow band around its neck and a long tail. It had already been trained to speak, whistle and imitate any bird or animal.

At home, I trained it some more, and before a week had passed, it could answer questions put to it, answer the door bell with a shrieking "Who's there?", wake me up early in the morning, not to mention the baby who would wake up and cry instantly, causing the parrot to imitate it.

I named it Polly, and when scolded it would say "Poor Polly."

Once I left it alone and on returning found that it had escaped. A search revealed that it was upstairs. I went there and found it teaching the dog some manners like "Wipe your feet", "blow your nose" and "sneeze in your hankey." The dog barked and Polly returned it with a fierce growl which made the dog slink away.

I also taught it to say words like "Pop goes the weasel" and "God save the King." Sometimes it got mixed up and said "Pop goes the King" and "God save the weasel."

Since the holidays were coming to an end, I thought of selling it. I took it to an auction where a rich man started bidding for it. After some time he asked me if it really talked. I answered that it had been bidding against him all the while! The sheepish man took the parrot away.

I had a good laugh about it at home, though I felt sad to lose such a nice pet.

Renji Prabhakaran, 8-A

Oh ! What A Journey

It was early in the morning when I started out for Delhi in the Rajdhani Express. It was a pleasant trip until we stopped at Jabalpur station in the afternoon for a few minutes. Feeling rather hungry, I stepped out of my bogie and went to the "Sher-e-Punjab" nearby for some snacks. I had hardly bought the snacks when I heard the whistle and seeing the train leaving the platform, I rushed out not bothering to pay for my food.

By leaving the restaurant without paying, I had started a line of waiters and the owner chasing me. The waiters, still with trays in their hands, and I with my food, zigzagged our way through the crowds of people. In the hurry I dropped some dal on a sleeping man who sprang up like a jack-in-the-box and boxed the waiter closest to me. This started what was to be the big fight. The waiter boxed back and soon both sides had a large number of supporters. To end it all, after starting all this, I wasn't even able to catch my train.

As I stood there looking at the Rajdhani disappear over the horizon, a strong arm grasped my shoulder, an arm of a policeman, followed by the crowd of participants of the big fight, all of them itching to get their hands on me. Luckily, I was in the hands of the police or I would be a horrible mass of broken bones by now.

At the police station I was fined so much money that I couldn't even buy a crumb of bread. The refreshments for which I had not paid had fallen on the way in my haste.

I went back to the railway station thinking of a possible way to reach Delhi. Suddenly an idea struck me, an idea that could either make me reach Delhi safely or put me in the pen for the next two years. That evening as the Secunderabad-Delhi Express pulled into the platform I rushed into one of the bogies and hid myself in the toilet. I was so nervous that I remained in there till the end of the journey to Delhi. Luck was with me and no one asked me for my ticket when I came out of my hiding place in the toilet.

I got off in all the rush and, hiding in the crowd, managed to get past the gate.

To this day I remember that as a tension-filled journey, but now it no longer bothers me. On the contrary it gives me a good story to relate.

Ravi S. Pittie, 8-A

"SCAR - WARS"

It is a quarter to one. The scorching beams of the sun beat down mercilessly on my tanned skin bathed in perspiration. I scramble across the undulating field, which is covered most generously with rough pebbles and gravel, my mind clouded with fear and tension.

Someone screams, "Look out!" I screech to a dusty halt, just in time to see a spherical missile hurtling towards me at breakneck velocity. I duck, and the deadly object breezes past my head, taking a couple of hairs with it. I let out an enormous sigh of relief and - bop! Something crashes into the top of my head and I konk out.

You probably think I am describing some ridiculous nightmare. Ha! Nightmare indeed. If only it was one. No, dear reader, you couldn't be more mistaken. Every minute detail of my description is as real as real could possibly be.

Every day during the lunch hour in school, I experience this terrifying ordeal. As soon as the lunch bell rings boys of every class grab stumps and cricket bats and balls and rush off to catch the best pitches on Simba House field. And the games commence.

Amidst complete pandemonium, umpteen cricket matches take place, with each pitch about a yard's distance from the next.

And yet, almost miraculously casualties are very, very few. After all, how many jinxed people like myself can you possibly get in one school? The most remarkable aspect of these matches is that the players seem quite, quite oblivious of the fact that they run a grave risk of receiving deeply trenched heads and apparently enjoy themselves tremendously. The end of the lunch break which I consider a boon actually brings them great regret!

The prospect of going through my ordeal daily was horrifying, and so, I resorted to my ingenuity and came up with a marvellous method by which to prevent the infliction of any more crevices on the top of my head.

Thank God for helmets!

by S. Rao, 8-A

BRIDGES

Bridge building is one of the most exciting tasks of the civil engineer. Using modern materials and modern methods of construction, he can build very long, slender bridges across wide rivers, estuaries and deep valleys.

There are four basic types of bridges, the beam, the arch, the cantilever and the suspension bridge. The choice of a particular type to carry a road or railway over say a stretch of water depends on many factors. They include the span, or width to be crossed, the depth of water, the nature of ground on each side and under the water and whether ships have to pass underneath. Each type of bridge has certain features to make it suitable for a particular crossing. But no matter what type of bridge is chosen, it must have firm foundations both on land and in the water.

When the foundations have been laid and the bridge piers have been built, work can begin on the upper part of the bridge. This superstructure includes the bridge deck, which carries the load or railway tracks. Sometimes work proceeds from the bridge piers outwards until the structures meet in the middle. A steel scaffolding is needed to hold the structures until they meet.

Beam Bridges :— It is the simplest kind of bridge of all : it consists of a long beam of timber or steel supported at the ends by piers. But the span cannot be too long for the sheer weight in the middle will make the bridge collapse.

Arch Bridges :— For greater spans an arch bridge can be used. They can be built of stone, brick, concrete and steel or a combination of these materials. Steel arch bridges can span the greatest width.

Cantilever Bridges :— It is made up of two identical but separate parts. Each part consists of a beam that is supported by a pier about half way along its length. One end of the beam is anchored to the bank while the other end merely projects outwards towards an identical beam projecting from the other bank. The parts which overhang into the center are called Cantilever Arms.

Suspension Bridges :— It is a spectacular structure in which the road literally hangs in the air from a pair of cables carried by two towers, one on or near each shore. The suspension cables are made of strong, tight bundles of steel which are anchored firmly behind the towers.

Suspension bridges can span much greater widths than any other kind of bridge.

K. Verma, 8-B

The Introduction

Suddenly a silence engulfed the room. No more pellets were shot, no more bits of chewing gum were stuck on the teacher's chair and no more cartoons of the teacher were drawn on the board. The reason behind all this was the arrival of the new teacher. The only positive thing done was in placing "Croaky" on the teacher's table. Croaky is my pet frog, smooth and slimy, having a pair of dirty yellow eyes, one of them damaged. Her webbed feet and oily grin are worth watching. In short she is a "frog-like frog."

As the teacher entered the classroom, the boys stood up, all of us trying hard to stop our giggles. "Good morning," she wished us brightly and kept her handbag on the desk. "Please sit down. I am your new English teacher," she continued. Then there sounded a croak.

On having discovered the origin of the croak her face paled as if she had seen a ghost. She shuddered and blinked and then confirmed to herself that it was no dream but a fine amphibial specimen on her table, grinning maliciously at her.

"Er ... !" She cleared her throat. Her words were followed by a resounding "croak". Again she started to say something but her incomplete word was again followed by another croak.

Madam "Croaky" now decided to take some action against this sudden newcomer to the class. She made an attempt on the teacher's handbag, but was unsuccessful. Once again she tried and this time she leapt on the unsuspecting teacher's hand, missing the handbag.

The English teacher shuddered and dropped her handbag on the ground with a piercing scream. Croaky was delighted and leaped in a trice on the handbag and dived into its interior to rummage its contents. After some time, she emerged clothed in some sort of face powder dragging along with her a handkerchief smelling of perfume. She used a few croaks to emit wisps of face powder that had somehow got lodged in her throat. Then suddenly, realizing that she had been the centre of attraction, she hopped outside the classroom.

"Outrageous ! what impudence !" when our teacher had found her voice once again. "Whose brain - child was this idiotic trick ?" She thundered on, "Of course, I wasn't scared of **that** amphibian," emphasizing the word 'that'.

Then she raged on, "Who is the person responsible for this dirty trick, stand up !"

I promptly stood up.

"So you have the audacity to engineer this dirty trick !" She lectured, "If you have any more biological specimens please put them on the table," she continued in an acid tone assuming that I was already a burnt - out rocket.

"I have three more frogs and a lizard," I replied, trying my hardest to keep a straight face. My partner suppressed an untimely giggle.

Eh ? what ! No - no - no, er you are such a good, nice boy, please don't take them out," she suddenly burst out. "I am not a bit afraid of them, but do be a good boy and keep them where they are," she continued.

Just then then the bell rang.

"Er well I must go" she started hurriedly. "I I really enjoyed this period, boys." She continued doubtfully. "So did we," we all chorused heartily. "Miss, but you didn't tell us your name !"

"Well, you didn't give me a chance to introduce myself" she remarked coldly. "All this time you were giving me your own introduction."

Saying this she stormed out of the room.

A Trip to a Wild-Life Sanctuary in Assam

During our winter vacation, we decided to visit our cousins in Assam. So after getting the necessary requirements and after purchasing tickets for the train journey, we set out on the long trip to distant Assam on the north-east border of India. Assam is a state famous for its wild-life sanctuaries and forest-reserves, but the most well-known of all these is the Kaziranga wild-life sanctuary famous for the one-horned rhinoceros found there.

After three tiring days spent in the train, we reached Dispur, the capital of Assam, where we were received by our cousins and their parents. They took us to their residence. That night, we spent the time in fun and merriment.

We were woken up very early by our parents the next morning. On our asking the reason, they replied that we were to go to the Kaziranga wild-life sanctuary. We had heard and read about this abode of wild animals and were therefore very excited to know that now we were going to see it.

We dressed as fast as possible and set out towards the centre of excitement in my uncle's car. By mid-afternoon we reached our destination. There was an elephant stand there, where one could hire elephants on which one could look around the sanctuary. We hired three elephants and having sat on them we went into the thick grass jungle. Here and there, there were small pools and one could find some clear stretch of land near the pools, otherwise it would be thick grass reaching up to the shoulder of the elephants.

Hardly had we gone a few metres when we spotted a female rhinoceros tending her new-born. The mahouts or elephant riders did not go too close to the rhinoceroses because in this period, female rhinoceroses are usually aggressive and fearless and she might have attacked the elephants if they had gone any closer. We met many other rhinoceroses but most of them, accustomed to the elephants' daily trip of showing the people around the sanctuary, did not run but stood their ground.

As the elephants trudged on, chomping the small grass and tasty shrubs that came their way, we saw a brown patch in the distance. On nearing it, we found that the brown patch was nothing but a herd of swamp deer. On our approach, they backed away and stood looking at us from some distance.

Leaving the deer to graze, the elephants resumed the journey. Now and then we heard the distant trumpeting of wild elephants. Suddenly, we came to a clearing amidst the tall grasses. In the centre, there was a small lake with about thirty or forty wild buffaloes slushing about in the muddy water of the lake. On sensing our approach, the buffaloes lifted their heads. They were a magnificent sight – ebony black bodies and heads with majestic horns protruding from them. Again, we moved away.

After some time, we moved towards the elephant stand. Then we went towards Dispur after an exhausting but enjoyable day.

There were many other places I visited in Assam, but I rated Kaziranga as the most enjoyable.

When I Grow Up

Ever since I could walk and talk my mother had been nagging me with the question "Son, what would you like to be when you grow up?" As far as I remember, I used to answer her, "First let me grow up." "No," she used to insist, "You must have an aim. And then strive to achieve it."

I gave wings to my fancy. I saw myself as a boxer punching the noses and tummies of my opponents. And then there I was in the towering personality of Amitabh Bachchan. And there came into my world of fancy Kapil Dev and Sunil Gavaskar. But these images faded quickly. The image which stayed with me for the longest time was that of a police officer. No one could be as smart as a police officer who rushed through the streets with the siren of his van attracting everybody. I approached my mother and said "Mother, I have decided to become a police officer."

"No, my son," she replied, "You know one of your uncles went mad after he ordered a firing causing the death of a dozen people. Why don't you become a doctor? You see in your father's family as well as your mother's family there is a battalion of engineers. But doctors you can count on your fingers."

So that was the guideline. I should become someone who could not be found among my relatives. And there I am flying high in the air—wading through the stars trying to land on Saturn or Uranus because someone had already landed on the moon. I open the window and try to study the planets and take photographs. Oh! I have hit something. I see the danger signal. I get instructions from the computer to bail out. The parachute doesn't open and I land with a big bang.

"Hey, what is this?" I hear my brother yelling. My parents rush in and switch on the light. There I am—the supersonic pilot flat on the floor tightly holding on to the mosquito net.

My father seems to have understood. He tells my mother, "Why don't you leave it in the hands of the Lord?"

by B. James, 8B

☀ Lou : "Is your brother nearsighted?"

Stu "I'll say he is—he counts elephants in his sleep."

☀ A visitor once went to Lock Ness

Met the monster—who left him a mess;

They returned his entrails

By the regular mails

And the rest of the stuff by express.

☀ "You seem to have plenty of money in your pockets these days. Not like the old days when you were always broke," said one office worker to another. "You must have found a lucky charm or something."

"Yes, I have," said the other as he pulled a rabbit's foot from his pocket.

"So that's what brings you your luck, eh?"

"In a way, yes. My wife touched it when she went through my pockets one night and hasn't been through them since. She must have thought it was a mouse."

THE TREASURE HUNT

It seemed as if the rain would never stop. The flash flood was one of the most feared things in the desert along with the "Khamsin" or Devil Wind. El-Rashid huddled closer behind his camel, sheltering himself from the sandladen wind. It was nearly noon, yet the desert was cold, clammy and evil. Torrents of water were gushing around him, as he watched with fear. His heart cried with anguish as he saw the camel, laden with food, lose its footing and be carried down in a 'wadi' formed by the cutting action of the water. The wind whistled and moaned, as the ground became more and more wet, almost like quicksand. El-Rashid felt a stunning blow at the back of his head and fell down unconscious.

The sun glared down upon the desert. El-Rashid started. The magnificent desert had never ceased to awe him. It was two days since the storm had struck. The dunes showed no sign of the storm, and carried on and on in a never-ending journey. Half buried under sand, a giant Saguaro continued its lonely vigil while the sun sank lower and lower, bathing the desert in an orange glow.

It was getting chilly. El-Rashid and his companions huddled around the fire. There was excited murmuring. The next day they would sight the legendary tomb of the Emperor Pasoda-El-Kunkamhen. But El-Rashid was worried. They had hardly any supplies left and they were almost a week away from his home—the adobe town of Hadaba. Supposing it was a wild goose chase? All his money had gone into this trip. He felt foolish now.

The midday sun saw El-Rashid and his companions jabbering excitedly as they caught the first glimpse of the tomb on the horizon. They pitched camp several miles away from the tomb and waited till the sun came down.

El-Rashid was wondering, rather late, what could have hit him on the head on the day of the storm. He was worried about the honesty of one of his men, an African native called Kumolo. El-Rashid was aroused from his reverie by his companions, who called him to celebrate. El-Rashid joined in half-heartedly. He could feel death around him, surrounding and grinning at him mercilessly. The dark shadows of the ever-shifting dunes forebode evil. He went to sleep early, with a troubled mind.

El-Rashid and his men started with wonder. The tomb was honey-combed with small tunnels and the largest tunnel showed something glowing like sapphires and rubies. They had found the treasure.

Kumolo stepped forward, gun in hand. 'Nobody move' he barked. 'I take treasure, you die.' He menaced. 'Throw guns down'. El-Rashid and his men obliged. El-Rashid knew that this was going to happen.

Kumolo slowly backed into the tunnel and disappeared from sight.

Suddenly a scream was heard accompanied by furious hissings along with the scream of a tortured soul. Kumolo came rushing out, with eight horned vipers attached to his skin. Suddenly the tomb seemed to be alive with snakes coming from the tunnels. El-Rashid fled.

El-Rashid dropped down with exhaustion. Two days and all their water was finished. The sun beat down mercilessly. His tongue bloated in his mouth and he felt very, very dry. His companions crawled with him. An hour later they were dead from lack of water and exhaustion.

Their skeletons would gradually crack and disintegrate. The desert keeps its secrets and the sacrilege of Pasoda's tomb had been avenged.

The wind blew over the caravan, gradually covering it with sand, while the camels disappeared over the horizon.

Milind Nirmal, 9-A

THE BERMUDA MYSTERY

The Summer vacation had begun. I was going on a holiday with my parents to Bermuda.

In high spirits we reached Bermuda on a hot Sunday afternoon. We checked in at a tourist resort which was near the airport. That day we just relaxed as we were tired from the plane journey.

The next few days we did nothing but sight-seeing around the place. The city was crowded as this was the 'on-season' for tourists.

We were very much aware of the incidents taking place around the Bermuda Triangle, and naturally were interested to go there. It was not difficult to go there as one had to just hire one of the speed-boats which were readily available.

So the day and date was set for a trip around the Bermuda Triangle. We enquired around the harbour for speed-boats which were hired out. Sometimes we were intrigued by very cheap offers but when we went and saw the boat it would be in bad condition. Anyway we got ourselves a boat which was quite good. The price for hiring was fairly high, but this wasn't India where one can haggle.

We decided to set out in the morning and return by noon. All of us were buying cameras or camera film rolls and things like that. My mother went and bought a carton of 'Coca-Cola' cans and some snacks. The next day we set out in our speed boat, named 'Glory'. It was about 8 o'clock. We passed an American ship which was a tanker named U. S. S. Challenger. After about five minutes I looked back to see the ship cruising along.

When I looked back I was stunned. There was a green fog around the ship and slowly it was fading away. I told everyone to look. The motor was cut out and everybody was looking at the ship fading away. It was becoming invisible. This was actually the impossible taking place. Suddenly the ship appeared, but not in the same place but about eight kilometers away. To make sure I took photographs of it. Again the ship disappeared. I took a photograph of the ship in mid-invisibility. The ship then did not appear again. We were all in a daze. Immediately we went to the spot where the ship had been; looking down we saw nothing.

When we went back my camera was missing. So were the other cameras. They had just disappeared.

Even though they say "Seeing is believing" I still don't believe it,

Vivek S Magotra, 9A

DEATH ROW

As soon as I saw his face, I could tell that he had important news. Without pausing to greet me, he said, "Son, I have some bad news for you. The president of India has rejected your appeal."

I looked at him. He was my uncle, my lawyer. I knew that he was trying hard to hold back his tears, but I was happy. I would be with Mala in a few days' time, I was going to die. No, the rejection of my appeal did not sadden me. Yes, the only thing was the injustice.

He had raped my wife. He was the son of a minister, so he went scotfree. Mala had killed herself. And he, he was not even questioned by the police!

I killed him. I burnt those hands, I burnt those eyes. I pulled out each of his teeth, his nails, I made him beg for death. I made him die screaming in pain, in agony. I cut his face, his body, I mutilated him. And then I fed him to the dogs. He had died too soon, but I was happy. Mala had been avenged.

No one of course came to know about his misdeeds. I was branded as a maniac, one who killed for pleasure, the murderer of the innocent son of Shri Lakshaman Sharma, the murderer who murdered without reason. I was sentenced to death by hanging. He was made "Son of India", and I was spat upon by the whole world.

For a whole year I had been languishing in the Tihar jail, in the death row. And I was bored. They tortured, hit me everyday, but it did not affect me, for now I was no longer bored. I was writing, writing my life story, telling the public about justice and justice in India. I wanted the whole world to know about it, to make the world scream for justice.

Of course, they banned my book. But it was printed secretly. Enraged, the people of the country protested. They were beaten up by the police, they were forced to stay still, unprotesting.

I was waiting for the day of my death. Strange, I knew just when I was going to die, 4 a. m., the 25th of July; no soothsayer had ever made such an accurate prediction.

Today was my last day on earth, my last meal. I pulled the blanket around me, and lay there staring at the ceiling, thinking of my parents, relatives, my family. Scenes of my life swept past me, I felt a little sad. I lay there thinking. I got drowsy, and fell asleep. I dreamt of my mother, my father; she was crying and he too was crying. I had seen them for the last time today, oh she was so sad. And my father, poor man, my sister, no no ... I awoke with a jerk. I drank a glass of water. I looked at my watch ... 3 a. m. They would soon be coming for me.

The sentry opened the door and I was led out. They had their guns out; what, did they think I was going to run? I began walking, I went up a flight of stairs and towards the central courtyard. On my way, I heard Mohammed shout, "See you tomorrow." Mohammed was being hanged the next day. He was my friend.

We reached the gallows. I climbed three steps and stood on the platform. The magistrate came to me and asked me if I had any last wish. I asked for a drink. I was given one. My will was with my uncle. Eyes to Sunil the blind boy, kidneys to... oh, they had put the black cloth over my face. And the rope. So this was it. For a moment there was silence, then someone gave the command and I ...

Umesh Madan, 10-C

“ Oh, Captain ! Our Captain ! ”

Captain James Whitstone (Retd.) sighed contentedly. The morning had been all he could have hoped for. The weather was beautiful and the sea was calm. Above all, the catch had been extremely good.

Whitstone had retired from the Royal Navy three years before, and had bought a small cottage in a village near the sea. Being a sailor at heart, he had decided to live off the sea as the fishermen did. This decision was also aided by the fact that a good deal of his savings had been used up in fighting a divorce petition by his wife (now his ex-wife). That set-back in itself was enough for him to be disillusioned, but being directed to give half his pension to his wife had been too much. To the delight of his wife, he had disgustedly signed over the other half to her as well, and had returned to this quiet village.

Now on this beautiful morning, he had been going over his haul of prawns which had been lured and trapped in the numerous prawn pots attached to each long rope, of which he had many. He had rowed out early that morning and brought in the lines.

It was at this time, when he was removing prawns from the last line, with his dogs Blackie and Patchie faithfully sitting by his side, that the local gangster chief's henchmen arrived on the spot. Ever since Whitstone had come to the village and had started to earn his living from the sea, the gangster chief Giovanni Capucchi had threatened him and demanded protection money from Whitstone. Capucchi called this a “ percentage ” and the reason he gave for demanding it was that because of Whitstone's prawn pots, some of his “ other interests ” were suffering.

Whitstone had flatly refused and had told Capucchi and his men in blunt language to get off his property. The ceaseless harassment of the ex-naval officer had started then. Now it seemed that Capucchi's men were up to some more mischief.

The three gangsters came at him from different directions, thus effectively blocking any escape bid. They told him in no uncertain terms that his refusal to pay them a “ percentage ” would produce dire results. The officer - turned - fisherman, in answer, whipped a knife out of his belt and, moving fast, impaled one of the gangsters on it. The other two stood in frozen immobility and then suddenly moved, removing their pistols from shoulder holsters. The old man didn't have a chance, and was shot in cold blood by the gangsters.

The two dogs, frightened by the noise and blood, sped away immediately. The load of prawns was “ taken into custody ” by Capucchi, and the body of Whitstone was dropped into the ocean. All this was done clandestinely, with not even the local policeman getting to know about it.

The dogs, meanwhile, maddened by the sight of their master's blood, roamed the house ceaselessly. During the early hours of the morning they lay on the beach, close to the house.

Capucchi, meanwhile, was also on the beach. It was on a business matter (import business actually). A tramp steamer of his was offshore, and a boat had gone to it to bring the cargo of drugs ashore. The dogs, awakened by the sound of the boat, saw Capucchi. The murder of their master still fresh in their minds, they crept towards him.

Suddenly, with terrifying roaring and snarling, they fell upon him. Being alone, he was defenceless. When they left him he was unconscious and his face and hands were like lumps of raw meat.

The paradox of the whole thing is, while Whitstone was not even remembered, the police commissioner of that area came to Capucchi's funeral, and mumbled a few words about his "tragic and untimely end", and about his "being a true son of his country". Capucchi, incidentally, still held an Italian passport, though he had been residing in England for seven years.

Satin Mirchandani, 10-C

B R R R R R I. C. S. E. !

"Relax"! Yes, that word accurately describes the mental condition of the ICSE '84 boys on the day the Prelims got over. Some started planning invasions of the movie halls, others started looking around for books, and as someone put it, "Now we are going to have "Mujja Beejja." There was the tendency to 'stretch the legs' through numerous expeditions to the places of entertainment, going over to Main street for ice-creams and a good look at the girls and may be a chat or two with them. Of course, such physical exercise is good but then, none of the boys made any attempt to stretch any of the numerous neurons and cells in their respective brains, which was very unfortunate. This trend of thinking, expeditions and the stretching of the legs continued merrily for a while till some 'wise guy' remarked that the ICSE was just four weeks away!

It was as though someone had the boys by the throat. The choking sensation experienced on the realisation of the unwanted affinity, and this burst of affection from the wretched Exam, can only be compared to the choking sensation experienced when someone has you by the throat. It was some time before the boys recovered from the shock and became rational enough to begin preparing, or at least thinking about preparing for the ICSE. This transition from the real to the unreal or rather from the unreal to the real would have been a very slow process, but its velocity was greatly accelerated by the more than occasional prod and often the whip from our dear teachers. They regularly reminded us, threatened us of the consequences, pleaded with us, tried to convince us, that it was high time we began preparation for the ICSE in earnest. Of course, the general feelings about our teachers' zeal can be compared to the feelings which arise when the announcers on the national network remind the viewers of some wretched interview between two lousy looking old men, with squeaky voices, in a boring programme called Focus.

But yet, the regular reminders had their effect, and by the time the study leave arrived, everyone was sufficiently serious or at least pretended to be serious about the ICSE. The inevitable countdowns had begun, and they created the same flutter in our hearts, as had the countdown on Rakesh Sharma's flight. Fellows talked of "D-DAYS", others moaned about their lack of knowledge in Maths or Science or whatever, others 'mugged', test papers were passed back and forth, declarations of, "I am going to fail," were made in a tone similar to the tone used in the declaration of the American Independence. Fellows talked of points, percentages, discussed their ultra - poor Prelims results, told each other about how the girls across the wall were mugging away, and cursed them. They talked of "Judgement days", the end of the world, "Doomsday" disaster, discussed the prospects of cheating, leaking papers, jackpots, the number of sheets that must be written, projects - the frenzy and the nervousness of the boys, their attempts at humour, the extra loud laughter, all pointed in the direction of the fast approaching doom.

Of course, there were those who pretended to be unconcerned, but all pretence vanished on the day study leave began. Gossip, which had hitherto concentrated on the word 'doom', now transferred allegiance to the word 'hours'. Fellows talked of mugging five hours a day, mockingly accused others of mugging eight hours a day, speculated on the 'dark horses' in the batch, bets, positions - and insisted that they themselves were not studying at all.

A couple of days before ICSE, we went to school and were allotted our seats, reminded of our serial numbers, requested not to forget pens, ink, pencils, rubbers and, most important, not to forget ourselves at home. The boys surveyed their surroundings with the same dread as Louis XVI walking up to the guillotine. There was some revelry, but none of the laughter was sincere.

The day had arrived! Trembling boys reached school, told each other how they had forgotten their way to school. School itself was quite a spectacle, boys standing in corners and laughing or at least trying to laugh, boys walking up and down the basketball court, mugging, boys banging their heads against walls, boys looking glum, some passing Mr. so and so's jackpot, S.M.S. jackpots, best o' lucks, - and yes, everyone had suddenly developed a marked interest in medicine. This marked interest was displayed by the boys who went around counting heartbeats, feeling pulses and studying each other's red and sleepy eyes. Some washed their faces, queued up in the toilets and believe me, the queues were long; others drank water ... and then came the announcement, 'Line Up!' It had begun.

Once it began, it moved with the speed of the Rajdhani Express. The scenes I have just described were common for the next few days, the next few eventful days.

There were the boys yelling and jumping and shouting 'Easy'! others giving vent to their sorrows through an emphatic "***?***" some discussing answers, accusing each other of being wrong, comparing, counting the number of sheets they used, totalling probable marks, eating, mugging, crying. But all this followed a paper. What happened before? Well, the first thing the boys used to do, when they entered the Hall, was to look out of the windows,

at the windows of the hall across the wall, for the obvious reasons. Boys insisted that the sight of the blessed countenances considerably lightened their spirits. There was the inevitable chatter, last minute discussions, and then the suspense while the question papers were being distributed. "Start writing!" Pens scratching away, heads bent over answer sheets, other heads looking at the roof, thinking, stern invigilators stomping about, sometimes like marauders looking for prey and sometimes like holy men looking for sick to cure. "Half an hour left!" String to tie the papers given out, requests not to hang ourselves with the strings, "Five minutes, tie your papers," the last-minute frenzy of writing and then "Stop writing". Papers collected, the boys walked out of the hall, in a variety of moods, good and bad. Then the journey back home or to the dormitories, and then the mugging. This went on 'merrily' for six days. Then it was over!

Well not exactly over, for the boys still had to blow up the laboratories, I mean do the practicals. They did so without incident and mishaps. And so, the Examinations were over. OVER in capitals. Fourteen long years, we had prepared for the ICSE, and now it was all over. We felt a trifle nostalgic, even sad. Since the ICSE was over, we could each 'stretch our legs' to our heart's content, but we were sad about leaving school. We were pleased that the Exams were over, but we missed school, and the excitement of B r r r r ICSE.

Umesh Madan, 10C

THE POP/ROCK REPORT — 1983

Writing an article about the pop or rock music scene in the year 1983 should not be a difficult job for anyone, because all that one would have to write is 'Michael Jackson'. This singer from the USA has become like a demi-god to millions of fans all over the world. Yes, the year 1983 undoubtedly belonged to the sensational 'Michael Jackson' and his phenomenally successful album, "Thriller". The album was a smash hit, and has so far sold more than 25 million copies, which is an all-time record! The previous record was held by the album "Saturday Night Fever". Such has been the popularity of 'Thriller' that it has been on the top 5 album charts for more than 75 weeks. Four singles from the album, which incidentally won the Grammy for the best album of 1983, have been No. 1 songs. They are 'Beat It' which won the Grammy for the best rock song of the year, 'Billie Jean' which won the Grammy for the best R & B song of the year, 'Thriller' which won the Grammy for the best pop song of the year and 'The Girl is Mine' (with Paul McCartney). As you all probably know Michael Jackson got 8 Grammy awards, including one for the best rock vocals-male for the song 'Beat It'. (A gentleman called Alan Yankovic recently released a comic song 'Eat It'. Its tune is just like that of 'Beat It'. It is rumoured that Michael Jackson actually liked the song)

The Police, a British group, were not far behind. Their album, 'Synchronicity' gave 'Thriller' some very tough competition, and became the second biggest selling album of 1983. A single from the album, 'Every Breath You Take' was a smash hit and won the Grammy for the best new song of 1983. The Police incidentally pocketed a total of 4 Grammy awards.

Two other artists, Lionel Ritchie and David Bowie, were very successful too. Lionel Ritchie, the former lead singer of the American group 'The Commodores, released the album 'Can't Slow Down', which hasn't slowed down in its climb to the top of the charts. At the time this article is being written, it is the No. 1 album in the UK.

'All Night Long', a single from the album, was another smash hit, and was a No. 1 song in many countries.

David Bowie, an American artiste, who also acts in motion pictures (Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence), produced a classic dance album, 'Let's Dance', and it was the fourth biggest selling album of the year.

The album 'Flashdance', which was the soundtrack of the motion picture of the same name, was the third biggest hit of the year. The album which was produced by Giorgio Moroder, featured various artistes like Irene Carra and Donna Summers. Two singles from the album, 'Flashdance-What a Feeling' from Irene Carra and 'Maniac' from Michael Sambello became No. 1 songs and the former song got Irene Carra a Grammy for the best pop vocals-female.

Billy Joel a British artiste, kept up his excellent brand of music by producing a superb album 'An Innocent Man', which did extremely well. 'Uptown Girl', a single from the album, was a terrific hit and was No. 1 in many countries. It was No. 1 for 8 weeks in the UK.

Other successful albums were:- 'Cargo' from the Australian group Men At Work. The album was second in overall sales in the USA. 'Overkill', a single from the album was a No. 1 song. 'Touch', the first album by the British group, The Eurythmics, was a very, very successful one. The single, 'Sweet Dreams', which was taken from the album, put the Eurythmics on the list of No. 1 song producing groups. 'H20', the album by Hall & Oates, which also contained the supremely successful, 'Man Eater'. 'Rhythm of Youth', the first album by the British group, Men without Hats, was also very successful. A single from the album, 'The Safety Dance', was a No. 1 song, and in my opinion, the best dance song of the year. 'Colour by Numbers' from yet another British group, Culture Club, did remarkably well. 'Karma Chameleon', a single from the album (which was their first album), was among the 5 biggest hits of the year, and won Culture Club the Grammy for the best new artistes of the year. Another British group Duran Duran did very well with their album 'Duran Duran'. Other No. 1 songs of the year were 'Islands in the Stream' from the Americans — Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton, 'Give it up' from K. C. and the Sunshine Band. 'Telephone' from the British singer Sheena Easton and 'Love is a Battlefield' from Pat Banatore, an American artiste who got a Grammy for best rock vocals-female.

That was the music scene in 1983. Of course, I may have forgotten to mention some hits, so I apologise. Dear readers, have you all heard any of these songs? You must have, but if you haven't, make sure you do. You will really enjoy yourself. And here is a bit of advice to all music fans. If you want a clear idea of the hit songs at any moment, tune in to the pop music programmes on the B. B. C. or Radio Australia.

Umesh Madan, 10-C





हिन्दी विभाग

अफ्वाह

— उमेश मदान

मिर्जा हफीज खाँ शर्माजी की ओर बढ़े ।

“मियाँ, तुम जानते भी हो, तुम्हारे साहबजादे क्या क्या गुल खिला रहे हैं,” वह बोले ।

“जी नहीं... हाँ, यह अवश्य जानता हूँ, कि उसे कल एक बड़ी अच्छी नौकरी मिल गई,” शर्मा जी ने उत्तर दिया ।

“क्या! मतलब आप को कुछ मालूम नहीं! अरे मियाँ—कुछ सुना नहीं आपने ?”

“जी नहीं,” शर्मा जी बोले ।

“आप भी यहीं उसपर इतबार करते हैं...अभी चुष्तु की माँ कह रही थी.....।”

“क्या कह रही थी, वह गपौड़ी बुढ़िया,” शर्माजी गरजे ।

“अजी, सारा मुहल्ला कह रहा है,” मिर्जा बोला ।

“क्या कह रहा है ?” शर्मा जी चीखे ।

“यही कि आपके बेटे विवेक माथुरजी की बेटे सुमन के साथ.....।”

“मिर्जा! ” शर्मा जी के क्रोध की सीमा न थी । मिर्जा, जबान संभाल कर बात करो,” वह चिल्लाए ।

“अजी मैं तो चुप हो जाऊँगा,” मिर्जा बोले, “पर सारे मुहल्ले की क्या आँखे बंद हैं? आपकी तो ज़रूर हैं। नहीं तो इन लड़के लड़की का ऐसा मेल जोल... कितनी शर्म की बात है। आपके साहबजादे को किसी की आबरू तक का खयाल नहीं। और वह सुमन! आजकल की लड़कियाँ.. हूँह।” मिर्जा साहब फूँफ-कारते हुए चले गये ।

अफ्वाह फैल गई। आखिर समय ही कितना लंगता है? मुहल्लेवाले हाय हाय करने लगे। घर घर में इस बात की चर्चा होने लगी। लोग कहने लगे, “कलियुग आ गया है।” अन्त में मुहल्लेवालों ने एक सभा का आयोजन किया। आखिर मुहल्ले में ऐसा गंभीर मामला हो, भई मुहल्ले की भी कोई इज्जत है।

पंचायत बैठी। मुल्जिमों को पधारने का निमन्त्रण दिया गया। पर मुल्जिम पंचायत में नहीं पधारे। जाँच करने पर जान पड़ा मुल्जिम घर पर नहीं हैं। अवश्य वह गुलछर्रे उड़ा रहे होंगे। आने दो उन्हें।

मुल्जिमों को घर तो लौटना ही था। उनके घर लौटते ही मुहल्ले की पंचायत फिर बैठी। भीड़ भाड़ काफी थी। सभी “कलियुग” को कोस रहे थे।

मुल्जिमों को पंचायत के सामने पेश किया गया।

“सुमन!” मिश्राजी ने डाँटते हुए कहा। सुमन के पिता, माथुरजी का चेहरा शर्म से छाती में धँस गया।

“सुमन, तुम अब तक कहाँ थी,” मिश्राजी ने पूछा।

“जी, जरा बाहर गई थी?” सुमन ने उत्तर दिया।

“और तुम विवेक?” मिश्राजी काफी अच्छा चीखते थे।

“मैं भी ज़रा बाहर गया था” विवेक ने उत्तर दिया।

“तुम कहाँ गये थे? साफ साफ बोलो!” मिश्राजी की आवाज़ में तीखापन था।

सुमन और विवेक चुप।

“मैं बताता हूँ ये दोनों कहाँ थे” पंडित चौबे चीखे।

“मैंने सुमन को पिक्चर हॉल की ओर जाते देखा। हॉल के भीतर वह विवेक के साथ... क्या बताऊँ।” पंडितजी चुप हो गये।

“यह कलमुहा विवेक सुमन का हाथ पकड़—और उसके चेहरे पर.. कहने में लज्जा आती है,” चुष्तु की माँ बोली।

“ओह! हे भगवान!” सभा के सभी लोक बोले तभी विवेक बोल पड़ा। “पंडितजी, आपने हमें हॉल के भीतर यह सब करते देखा?” उसने पूछा।

“हाँ” पंडितजी ने उत्तर दिया।

“और चुन्नु की माँ आपके साथ थी?” विवेक ने पूछा।

“हाँ” पंडितजी बोले।

“हम जो हॉल के भीतर कर रहे थे, आप तभी जान सकते हैं, अगर आप खुद पिक्चर हॉल में प्रस्तुत हों। क्या मैं जान सकता हूँ, आप चुन्नु की माँ के साथ हॉल में क्या कर रहे थे? विवेक ने प्रश्न किया।

“क्या?” चुन्नु के बापू उठ खड़े हुये। “अबे पंडित के बच्चे ...।”

“झूठ! हम हॉल में नहीं थे” पंडित बोले।

“तो फिर आपने हमें देखा कैसे?” सुमन ने पूछा।

पंडितजी चुप।

“वैसे पंडितजी,” सुमन बोली “मैं लड़कियों के व्यायामघर में थी। आप वहाँ क्या कर रहे थे।

“चुन्नु की माँ!” चुन्नु के बापू गुस्से में थे। चुन्नु की माँ गायब।

पंडितजी बोले, “हँह...हँह हैं हैं...पूजा का समय ...हँह हैं, मैं चला।”

“अबे कहीं जाता है।” चुन्नु के बापू बोले।

पंडितजी माग खड़े हुये, चुन्नु के बापू उनके पीछे।

पंचायत ने मुल्जिमों को बाइज्जत रिहा किया।

पर लोगों को चुप कौन करेगा। इसलिये दोनों परिवार शादी के लिये सहमत हो गये। सुमन का विवाह विवेक से हो गया।

एक नई अफ्वाह फैली है। गत सप्ताह सुमन और विवेक ने खुद फँलाई थी, ताकि जलदी से जलदी उनका विवाह सम्पन्न हो।

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सूक्तियाँ

सब कुछ एकदम स्पष्ट होने पर ही निर्णय लेने का आग्रह जो पालता है, वह कभी निर्णय नहीं ले पाता।

सुख वह उत्तेजना है जिसे असर कर बैठने को संतोषजनक जगह मिल गई हो, तो भी एक न एक ऐसी रग सदा बची रह जाती है जो जब तक फडकती रहे।

सफलता और असफलता हम उन्हें परस्पर विरोधी मानते हैं लेकिन वास्तव में ऐसा है नहीं— वे जो हमजोली हैं— नायक और सहनायक।

शरीर के मामले में जो स्थान साबुन का है वही आत्मा के संदर्भ में आँसू का।

कोई व्यक्ति यदि यह जानते हुए भी छायादार वृक्ष लगाने लगता है कि वह उसके साए तले कभी

नहीं बैठ पाएगा तो इस का सीधा अर्थ यही है कि उसने मानव जीवन के अर्थ को खोजने की शुरुवात अवश्य कर दी है।

गम को शराब में डुबो देने के लिए जो लोग जीते हैं उन्हें यह बता देना चाहिए कि गम को तैरना भी आता है।

सफेद झूठ पानी के बाहर पेड महामत्स्य सदृश होता है, यह फडफडा सकता है, भंयकर उछल-कूद मचा सकता है किंतु यह आपका कुछ बिगाड़ नहीं सकता। आप बस शांत बने रहे और यह अपने आप मर जाएगा।

आप उठे न उठे, दिन तो उगेगाही।

—संग्राहक—

जय पड़ौसी !

उमेश मदान, १० क

१ - वाह भई दूरदर्शन

अजी, पाँच हजार की टीवी खरेदी थी। सोचा था, शाम के समय घर बैठे मनोरंजन हो जाएगा। पर हमें क्या मालूम था कि मनोरंजन सिरदर्द के रूप में आ समाएगा।

टैलिविज़न चलने की देर होती है, कि बस, पड़ौसियों की तो कतार लग जाती है। पहले शाम-प्रसादजी, फिर शर्माजी, मदनमोहनजी और धीरे धीरे सारा मुहल्ला घर में एकत्रित हो जाता है। हमारे मुहल्लेवाले, सभी चार पाँच बच्चों वाले हैं। इसलिये प्रत्येक घर से एक टुकड़ी हमारे यहाँ पधारती है। अब आपही बताइये, अगर इतनी टुकड़ियाँ घर में प्रवेश कर जाएँ तो भला क्या हो सकता है।

मोहल्ले में रहना है, इसलिये हँसते हुए सबका स्वागत करना पड़ता है। स्वागत के पश्चात, प्रार्थना प्रारम्भ होती है। ढाई हजार के सोफे पर मिनू की माँ मिसेज़ शर्मा और श्रीमती तिवारी बैठती हैं। प्रत्येक का वज़न अस्सी किलो से कम न होगा। बच्चे सोफे पर कूदते हैं! मेरा तो दिल रुक जाता है। जब समस्त आ जाते हैं, तो कोई बड़ी बेशर्मा से पूछ लेता है, "क्यों भई चायवाय हो जाए।" उल्लू का पट्टा! महीने में पाँच सौ तक की चाय बिस्कुट यह लोक हजम कर जाते हैं। और गपशप! झगड़े! सभी वहीँ होता है। बच्चे गेन्द खेलते हैं। मारपीट होती है। कुछ टूट गया, तो बच्चे की माँ कहती है, "हँह हँह, बच्चे हैं!" अरे, एक दिन टीवी टूट गया तो! बच्चे

हैं कि राक्षस! आप को क्या बताऊँ, आपको उन्हें देखकर आश्चर्य होगा। परदों से झूलते हैं, घर के सभी शीसे कुर्सियाँ.... पागलखाना है!

मज़ा तो आता है पिव्चर, चित्रहार व लूसी के समय। पिव्चर चलती है तो माथुरजी "रनिंग कमेन्ट्री" देते हैं। सभी अपने विचार एक साथ प्रकट करते हैं—मच्छीबाज़ार! चित्रहार में अगर भंगडा आ रहा हो, तो बच्चे, उनके माता-पिता, सभी भंगडा करते हैं। हाय! मेरी तीन हजार की कारपेट, चार हजार की.. भगवान का गुक्र है, चित्रहार में तांडव नृत्य नहीं दिखाते-वर्ना! और अगर हम कहें, आज बाहर जाना है तो वह लोक कहते हैं, 'घर खुला छोड़ दीजिये, घर तो अपना ही है।' लगता तो ऐसा ही है जिस तरह ये लोग हमारे घर आते जाते हैं.. खैर पड़ौसी है!

हमने तो भई हार मान ली। अब आप ही बताइये हम क्या करें—टीवी बेच दे, वाह! क्या तरकीब सूझी है। वैसे भी हम कोई भी प्रोग्राम देख नहीं सकते, और तब तक नहीं देख सकेगें जय तक "जय पड़ौसी का घर, जय उसकी चाय और जम उसकी टीवी" का नारा हमारे मुहल्ले में रहेगा।

२. हमारा टैलिफोन, पड़ौसी का टैलिफोन

जैसे मैंने कहा, मुहल्ले में रहना हो तो हर बात का स्वागत मुस्कान से होना चाहिये। अच्छा, अब अगर रात को एक बजे कोई टैलिफोन करने आ जाए तो फिर आप कितनी देर मुस्कुराएंगे।

नया नया टैलिफोन लगा था। पूरे तीन सौ की रिश्वत देनी पड़ी थी। पर मई टैलिफोन। समाज में टैलिफोन वाले का ऊँचा स्थान होता है!

हम भी कुछ "ऊँचाई" का अनुभव करने लगे। हमारे पड़ौसी वैसे तो टीवी देखने आते ही थे, अब हमारा टैलिफोन उनके आने एक और कारण बन गया। पड़ौसीजी पधारते, पाँच मिनट का भाषण देते, जिसमें टैलिफोन पिलने पर काफी उल्लेख किया जाता। समाज में "ऊँचे" स्थान की भी बात होती। मख़बन अच्छी तरह लगता फिर वह टैलिफोन करता।

कुछ समय बाद मखन लगाना समाप्त हुआ। वह लोग बड़े "डाएरेक्ट" हो गये। आते, फोन करते, हाँ चाय तो पीनी ही थी, और चले जाते।

हमने एक बात "नोट" की, कि कभी कभी वे लोग बहुत चिल्ला कर बोलते थे। न जाने क्यों ?

फिर रात को फोन आने लगे। इसको बुलाना, फलाने को बुलाना ! रात में तीन चार आ ही जाते।

अब तो हमारा टेलिफोन कम्युनिटी नल जैसा हो गया था ! एक दिन वर्मा जी आए। "ट्रंक कौल" थी ! "लाइन" चार घंटे बाद मिली। तब तक एक बज गये थे। एक बजे तक वह हमारे घर बैठे रहे। एक बात हुई, फिर चाय। फीर वर्मा जी हमारे यहाँ ही सो गए ! कहते थे रात को श्रीमती को जगाना नहीं चाहता !

इस तरह फोन होते रहे। फिर "बिल" आया। पूरे बारह हजार का ! लण्डन की चार "ट्रंक कौल" और न्यूयॉर्क छः ! बम्बई की बारह ! पॅरिस की दस ! वगैरह वगैरह। बारह हजार ! अब समझ में आया, वह लोग जोर से बात क्यों करते थे। बेशर्म निकम्मे, चोर... !

अजी, मेरे बाप ने भी कभी ऐसा "बिल" न भरा होगा। मैं भला क्यों भरता ! मैं पुलिस के पास गया। रिश्वत नहीं पड़ी। वहाँ मेरा एक पुराना मित्र बनसोडे, उप कमिश्नर है। अंत में मैंने केवल बीस रुपयोंका बिल दिया। बाकी ... पता नहीं क्यों आजकल लोग फोन क्यों नहीं करने आते।

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शेर की शाम की चाय

उमेश मदान, १०० क

भई, जंगल में सैर करने में आनन्द तो बहुत है, परन्तु यदि शेर सामने आकर खड़ा हो जाये, तो भई आनन्द तो को भूलना ही उचित है।

यह कहानी कुछ दिनों पहले की है। हाँ, आप समझेंगे (कहानी पढ़कर) कि यह लेखक झूठ बहुत बोलता है। मगर झूठ मैं बोलता नहीं। फिर भी आप मेरी बात का यकीन करें, कहानी तो मैंने लिखी है ही।

हाँ, तो कहानी का प्रारम्भिक और एकमात्र दृष्य है, गुजरात का गिर वन। अब आप यह मत पूछिये कि

मैं गिर जंगल में "सैर" क्यों और कैसे कर रहा था। बस, भाग्य से, या कहिये दुर्भाग्य से, मैं उस दिन गिर जंगल के सब से घने हिस्से में प्रस्तुत था। शाम हो चुकी थी। मैंने शाम की चाय पी ली थी और अब सैर कर रहा था। लगता था पशुओं ने शाम की चाय पी ली थी। अहा, कितनी शीतल हवा चल रही थी। कितना आनन्द आ रहा था। मैं अपने से बहुत प्रसन्न था। मैंने आकाश की ओर नज़र उठाई। बादल बढ़ रहे थे। लगता था, वर्षा अवश्य होगी। मैं आकाश के इन बादलों में खो गया।

एक भयानक आवाज़ मेरे कानों में पड़ी। मैं आकाश की बादियों से धरती पर लौटे आया। यह आवाज़ क्या थी। जैसे ही मैं धरती पर लौटा, उस आवाज़ ने मेरा अभिवादन किया। पर अभिवादन कौन कर रहा था ? ओहो .. मेरा अभिवादन कर रहे थे, शेर गम्बर सिंह !

शेर साहब बड़े ही डरावने लग रहे थे। लंबे पीले, सोने जैसे चमचमाते बाल, काली चमकती आँखे, वाह ! क्या "बोडी" थी। लंबे चमचमाते दाँत, नुकीले...हे भगवान ! वह मुझे देख रहे थे। शेर साहब की दृष्टि में भुख की निशानी थी। लगता है उन्होंने शाम की चाय नहीं पी थी। वह गुर्रा रहे थे। मैं बुरी तरह डर गया था। आँखे बाहर निकल आई थीं, गला सूख गया था। मैं थर थर काँप रहा पसीना बड़ी मौज से बह रहा था।

पर भगवान ने अगर हमें डरने का गुण दिया है तो बहादुरी का गुण भी दिया है। क्षण भर में मेरी आँखें शेर साहब के चेहरे से हट निकट के एक वृक्ष पर पहुँच गईं। वृक्ष की वह टहनी काफी ऊँची थी। क्या मैं वहाँ पहुँच सकूँगा ! शेर साहब गुर्राए। मैंने शेर से कहा, "भाई साहब आप क्यों चिन्ता करते हैं; मैं उस वृक्ष पर नहीं चढ़ सकूँगा। मैं इतना निर्दयी नहीं हूँ कि आप की शाम की चाय आप से छीन लूँ। पर मुझे आप से यह बताते हुए खेद है, कि आज की शाम की चाय इतनी स्वादिष्ट न होगी, क्योंकि मुझमें माँस की कमी है। खैर अब आप मुझे, "ससपैस" में न रखें, जलदी से मेरा काम तमाम करें। अरे शेर के बच्चे, जलदी कर साला ! कहीं "एलफ्रेड हिचकॉक" से "ससपैस" करने का तरीका तो नहीं सीख आए आप।

यकायक शेर आगे बढ़ा। एक जबरदस्त दहाड़ और वह कूद पड़ा। मैंने किसी लंगूर की तरह एक ओर छलाँग लगाई। शेर साहब ऊपर से निकल गये। पर कितनी देर तक मैं लंगूर बना रहूँगा ? अब तो उस वृक्ष पर चढ़ना ही पड़ेगा।

शेर साहब मुझे और मेरी ओर बढ़ने की तैयारी करने लगे। मैंने मन ही मन गाली दी। मैं झट से निकट के वृक्ष के सामने जाकर खड़ा हो गया। शेर साहब को मेरी यह हरकत पसन्द न आई। "चार्ज !" और शेर साहब राजधानी ऐक्सप्रेस की भाँति मेरी ओर बढ़ चले। अब तो मृत्यु पक्की थी !

टार्जन के बाप ने भी कभी ऐसी छलाँग न लगाई होगी। मैं क्षण भर में उमेश मदान से टार्जन बन गया। जज्जजूममम..... मैं पेड़ के ऊपर और शेर साहब ? हुआ यह कि मैंने ऐसी "टार्मिंग" से छलाँग लगाई, कि शेर जी को वृक्ष दिखा ही नहीं। उन्होंने भी छलाँग लगाई सीधी पेड़ पर। घडाम ! इस तरह विश्व मुक्केबाजी प्रतियोगिता में उमेश मदान ने शेर गम्बर सिंह का "टैक्निकल नाँकआउट" कर दिया, और विजयी करार दिये गये। जी हाँ, शेर साहब बेहोश हो गये, और मैं भी बेहोश हो गया। पर भाग्य से मैं होश में जलदी ही आ गया। शेरसाहब अभी भी अपनी बेहोशी की दुनिया में खोए हुए थे।

मैंने निश्चय किया कि इस ही क्षण वहाँ से रफू-चक्कर हो जाऊँ। ना जाने शेर साहब ने उस दिन शाम की चाय पी भी थी या नहीं।

इस तरह मैं, "मनुष्य मसाला बादशाही हड्डी कच्चा माँस शाहजहाने कबाब" से फिर उमेश मदान बन गया।

मैं जब शाम को घर पहुँचा, तो मेरे माता पिता मेरे लापता होने का कारण पूछने लगे। भई, सब बोलने की आदत तो मुझे है, मैंने बक दिया।

कुछ दिनों के पश्चात मालूम हुआ, गिर के शेर शाकाहारी हैं !

हवाई रोमांच

उमेश मदान १०. क

“कृपया अपनी सीट बेल्टस बाँध लीजिये।” एयर हॉस्टेस की मधुर आवाज़ मेरे कानों में पड़ी। मैं इंडियन एयरलाइन्स की उड़ान नं. ६०२ में सवार था, और बम्बई से कलकत्ता सफर कर रहा था। मैंने तुरन्त अपनी सीट बेल्ट बाँध ली। “इतनी मधुर आवाज़ में मुझे कोई कुछ करने को कहे तो मैं तुरन्त वह कार्य कर दूँगा” मैंने मन ही मन कहा।

न जाने कब हवाईजहाज़ ने दौड़ना प्रारम्भ किया। देखते ही देखते, किसी पक्षी के समान, यह उड़नखटोला गगन की ऊँचाइयों को फाँदने चल दिया। पर कितनी शान्ति से उड़ रहा था वह। यह महसूस भी न हो रहा था कि वह पृथ्वी से मीलों ऊपर उड़ान भर रहा है। मैं “एयरबस” विमान में सवार था। इस विमान की गति अच्छी थी, कलकत्ता तीन घंटे में पहुँचने की क्षमता रखता था।

मैं बड़े मजे में था। आराम से अपनी कुर्सी पर बैठा था मैंने इधर उधर नज़र दौड़ाई। कुछ युवतियों पर नज़र रुकी, फिर विमान के पिछवाड़े की ओर मुड़ी।

मैं स्तंभ सा हो गया। मेरे कुछ पीछे दो व्यक्ति बैठे थे। एक ने वर्दी पहन रखी थी, जिससे वह पुलिस का अफ़सर मालूम पड़ रहा था। दूसरे व्यक्ति का चेहरा डरावना था। लाल फटी फटी आँखें! घुंघराले गंदे बाल! बड़ी हुई दाढ़ी, लंबी मूँछें! उसके चेहरे पर क्रोध की छाप थी। और शैतान की भी। उसके शरीर से मानो अंगारे बरस रही थीं। वह एक दुष्ट व्यक्ति था। गुण्डा बदमाश था। उसके दोनों हाथ

हथकड़ियों में बंद थे। वह किसी जंगली जानवर की तरह लग रहा था, वह भी ऐसा जानवर जो कैद हो। पुलिस अफ़सर के पास बन्दूक थी। मेरा डर कुछ कम हुआ। उस बन्दूक के डर से वह बदमाश कुछ ना करेगा।

पूछताछ करने पर मालूम पड़ा, उस व्यक्ति को कलकत्ता ले जाया जा रहा था। वहाँ से उसे बंगलादेश भेजा जा रहा था। वह व्यक्ति खूनी था, बंगलादेश में खून कर भारत भाग आया था। हमारी पुलिस ने उसे गिरफ्तार कर लिया था।

मैं अपना भोजन समाप्त कर, आराम से बैठा था। यकायक, पीछे से एक विचित्र आवाज़ आई। मैंने मुड़ कर देखा—हे भगवान! पुलिस अफ़सर लहू से भीग रहा था। उसके गले में काँटा और छुरी घँसे थे। वह मृत्यु लोक की ओर बढ़ रहा था। उधर खूनी ने अफ़सर की पिस्तौल छीन ली थी। मैंने देखा एक दो स्त्रियाँ बेहोश हो गई थीं।

ठाएँ! एयरहॉस्टेस का मृत शरीर धडाम से गिरा। उसकी आँखों के बीच एक छेद था, गोली का। बेचारी, बेकसूर मारी गई! कुछ लोक चीखने लगे।

शोर शराबा सुन, विमान के कप्तान वहाँ पहुँचे। खूनी ने गोली चलाई। गोली कप्तान के पैर में जा लगी। वह लड़खड़ा कर गिर पड़े। खूनी ने पिस्तौल से निशाना साधा, गोली चलाने को तैयार हो गया। कप्तान का अंतकाल निकट था।

मैंने आँखें मूंद ली। ठाएँ ठाएँ.. ठाएँ लगातार पाँच विस्फोट हुए। मैंने आँखें खोलीं। देखता क्या हूँ खूनी मर गया है। उसके चेहरे के चीथड़े हो चुके हैं। दो गोलियाँ उसके सिर के पार हो गई थी। पर यह गोलियाँ...कप्तान के हाथ में पिस्तौल थी। मेरे साथ बैठे व्यक्ति ने कहा, कि जब ऐसे खतरनाक व्यक्ति विमान में सवार होते हैं, तो कप्तान के पान बन्दूक होती है।

पर गोलियाँ तो पाँच चली थी...ओह! एक गोली एक युवति को लगी थी। छाती में खून बह रहा था। मैं उसको ओर लपका। बेचारी!

(पृष्ठ ८ पर देखिए)

स्थानांतरण

हमारी यह छोटी सी जिन्दगी यँ तो बड़ी ही सुन्दर है, पर विचित्र भी है। जिन्दगी में परिवर्तन भी अवश्यम्भावी है, और सेना जीवन में यह परिवर्तन तो हमेशा ही लगा रहता है। एक तरफ पुरानी जगह छोड़कर जाने का गम, और दूसरी तरफ नयी जगह का बेहद लुभावना आकर्षण और देखने का उत्साह। यही उत्साह आकर्षण इनसान का जीवन उमंगोंसे भर देता है।

मेरे पिताजी सेना विभाग में चिकित्सक हैं। हम सब दिल्ली में चार साल से रह रहे थे, और एक दिन हमको यकायक यह समाचार मिला कि उनकी बदली अब दिल्ली से पुणे हो रही थी। वहाँ के सेना चिकित्सक विभाग में उनकी जरूरत थी। अचानक ही उनकी इस बदली की खबर को सुन कर हम काफी उदास हो गए क्योंकि दिल्ली में मन लग गया था। पर नयी जगह को देखने के उत्साह ने हमें व्याकुल कर दिया। तैयारिया होने लगी, और आखिर में हमारा सब से बिदाई लेने का दिन आया। आँखों में आँसू लिए पर होंठों पे मुस्कान लिए हम ने यात्रा शुरू की। यात्रा हंसते गाते पूरी हुई। इस मनोरंजन यात्रा से हम थके हारे पुणे पहुँचाँ दिल्ली की गरमी से हमें यहाँ का मौसम बड़ा ही लुभावना व राहतमंद लगा। हमारे यहा रहने के लिए सेना की तरफ से एक घर दिया गया। पर जब तक हमारे किसी अच्छे से स्कूल में दाखिला न मिल गया तब तक हम चिंतित रहे। खैर भगवान की दया से यह चिन्ता भी दूर हुई। घर तो हमें बड़ा ही अच्छा लगा, हालाँकि बाहर का इलाका बड़ी बुरी स्थिति में था। घर की सफाई करते एक महिना बीत गया। फिर पिताजी अस्पताल और हम अपने स्कूल जाने लगे। मैंने कुछ मित्र भी बना लिए और

उनके साथ आराम से स्कूल जाने लगा। यह स्कूल बड़ा अच्छा लगा, परन्तु अपने पुराने स्कूल की याद आते ही मैं बड़ा उदास रहने लगता। खैर, स्थानांतरण के समय तो ऐसे समय आते ही हैं, जब पुराने स्थान की याद आते ही उदासी छा जाती है।

खैर, हमारी दोस्ती हमारे पड़ोसियों से हुई तो हम उनके साथ मिल-जुलकर रहने लगे। घर को सुधारने में कई दिन लगे। पर देखते छः महिने बीत गये, और हमारी यादगार धुंधली सी होती गई। दिल्ली के आगे तो पुणे शहर कुछ भी न था, फिर भी धीरे-धीरे हमें यही जगह अच्छी लगने लगी। पर आज भी जब हमें दिल्ली की याद आती है, तो आँखें छलछली जाती है।

Sandeep jayaswal
class-VIII sec-C

(पृष्ठ ७ पर से)

विमान में डॉक्टर सफर कर रहा था। उसने कप्तान के घाव पर पट्टी बाँध दी। युवति का घाव भीषण था। चार घंटे के अन्दर अस्पताल पहुँचना... वर्ना।

तभी विमान का "एन्जिनियर" आया। जो पाँच गोलियाँ चली थी, उसमें से दो विमान के ऐसे हिस्सों में लगी... विमान के पहिये नीचे करना असम्भव हो गया था।

खूनी मर चुका था। डाक्टर ने उसे एक ओर लिटा दिया। पर वह युवति, और कप्तान! अस्पताल! और विमान का उतरना असम्भव!

हम बच गये। सभी बच गये। विमान के उप-कप्तान ने अपने शानदार विमानचालन और भगवान की दया से हम बच गये।

आज भी मुझे जब उस भयानक वार्दात की याद आती है तो पसीना छूट जाता है। अभी भी छूट रहा है। पर सच कहूँ, भई डर तो लगा ही, पर... मजा आ गया।

क्यों, कहानी कैसे थी! सच तो यह है कि मैंने विमान से कमी सफर किया ही नहीं!

०००

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