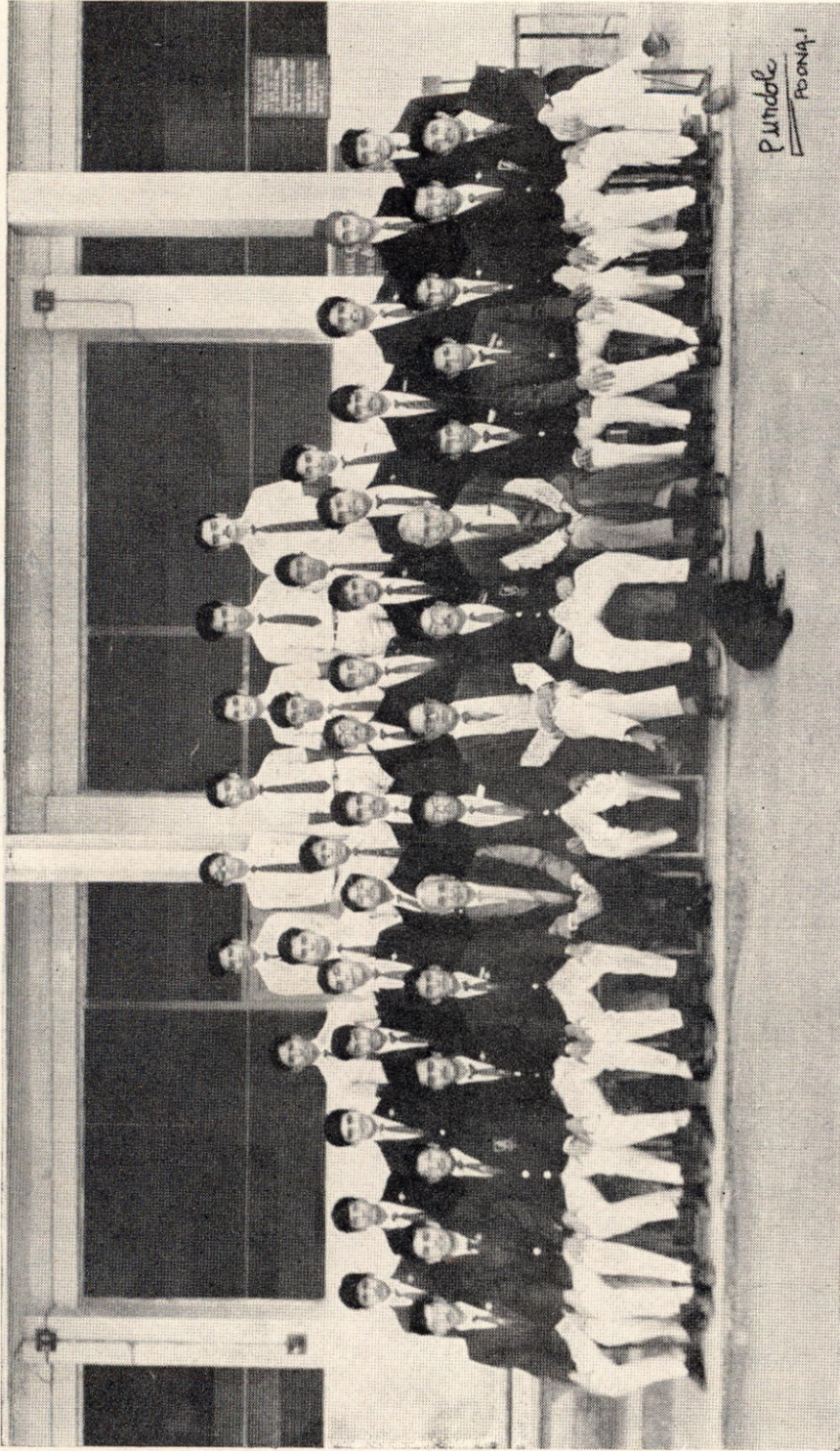


DAGA.C.



THE STAFF



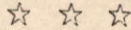
PREFECTS AND MONITORS

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The Year In Brief

The first day of term was Tuesday, June 5th. At Assembly that day, the Principal announced the appointments of V. Mubarakai as Head Boy, A. Deshmukh and Sayeed Momin as Vice-Head Boys, and A. Gangoli as Senior prefect.



The monsoon started with a very, very heavy downpour early in the first week of term on June 7th. There had been some rain that afternoon-sufficient to disrupt games—but that was nothing compared to the way the heavens opened a few minutes before the end of evening study that day. Sensibly, the Master-on-duty kept the boarders in their class-rooms, and tuition masters their students where they were, instead of sending them for supper, assuming that after ten minutes or so it would ease off. Nothing of the sort happened! Over an hour later it was still pouring down as hard, keeping everyone stranded. After an hour and a quarter, i. e. at 8-45 p. m., it was not quite so heavy and so it was decided to go for supper. Without gum-boots it was impossible to wade through the deep water—so the boys were advised to remove their shoes and socks and paddle and splash their way across to the dining hall, where all the middle tables were awash. It was like a picnic-cum-buffet! However, all credit to the boys for their excellent discipline in the unusual situation. They fully earned their 'lie-in' next morning. It was discovered from the newspaper that over 60 mm of rain had fallen in the downpour. After that, the monsoon in Pune was fairly normal, though slightly less than usual in this part of the cantonment.



The next day the ground had dried out enough for the opening Staff v Boys football match, won 2-0 by the boys—a good augury for them.



The weather was still damp enough to prevent any practice for the commissioning of prefects ceremony, which therefore had to be postponed for a day or two. Finally it was held after lunch on Wednesday, June 16th.



A day or two after this the Boys again beat the Staff at football—this time by 5 goals to nil. The staff suffered another defeat the following week (3-0) and felt they had done a lot to raise the boys' team's morale! All this time, boxing practice had been going on, as boxing is the first event of the year. The elimination rounds were on June 25th, 26th and 27th, when there were some excellent well-fought bouts. The finals were on July 4th—a bit later than planned, because of the weather and a restricted holiday. Mr. Aspi Irani was once more an enthusiastic Chief Guest and referee. The M. O. D. commented in the Log book that it was good to see the sporting spirit of the Head Boy and two Vice-Head Boys, all three of whom took part in the finals with the two Vices actually meeting each other (in a good, clean fight). All-in-all, it was one of the best evenings of boxing we have had for years, a fitting climax to the whole competition.



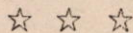
We congratulate the Principal, Mr. Roberts, on being appointed to the ISC Council and on being given the honour of being the chairman of the Association of Heads of Anglo-Indian Schools for the year.



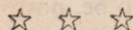
The Senior boys love their socials, whether they are hosts or guests. Towards the end of June they invited St. Helena's over and started in Harding Hall. After some time the lights failed and, as the MSEB said there was no hope of the current coming on for some time, everything was transferred to the Music Room where there was still current. They had hardly got going there when the current there also went off, and I felt very sad for them. However, to my, and, of course more so, to their relief, this was of very short duration and the rest of the social went well, and all of them seemed to have enjoyed themselves.



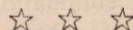
There was a very informative and interesting film-show, lecture, and question-and-answer session on "Rabies" put on for classes 7-10 and their teachers by the Serum Institute early in July. Mr. and Mrs. Z. Poonawala and a team from the Institute dealt with all our queries so well that there was always a queue of questioners at the audience-microphone trying to glean as much information as possible in the all-too-short time at our disposal. This was an especially topical talk as there had been a suspected case of rabies in a dog in the servants' quarters, and Mr. Poonawala had generously donated some of his Human Diploid injections for Patchie, Blackie, and Mitzie as a double-precaution since these three dogs were already protected against rabies by regular injections of the normal vaccine.



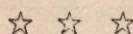
T. A. B. injections were given to the boys and some staff and servants by Dr. Khatri and his team in the middle of the football season. The members of the School Mini, Junior and Senior teams did not take them at this time, therefore, but other boys still managed to play their class-matches that evening after them. There were many absentees next day!



Football keeps on cropping up in these notes this year—but with good reason. In the inter-school tournament, the juniors drew their first match and the Seniors won theirs, both against Ornella's. Then came the annual St. Peter's, Panchgani, fixtures. Their seniors came here and we won 2-1, and there was the same result in the following match when the two staff teams played. Up in Panchgani, our Juniors had been less successful, losing 0-1.



To break off from football for a moment, it's worth mentioning that teams of boys took part in two other activities during this period: one was a Geography exhibition at Dastur girl's School, where, under Mr. Smart's direction, the boys produced some good models on the Nagas and were placed third. The other was a Model United Nations Assembly held at St. Helena's. One of our teams, V. Gupta and H. Gokhale representing Yemen, came back with a cup. Congratulations to all who took part.



Back to football again—the senior team and a staff team spent the last week-end of July as guests of St. Peter's, Mazagaon, losing both matches 0-3 and 0-8 respectively. Morale was raised again when the next day the Seniors beat J. N. Petit 3-1—obviously the train journey and the Bombay climate had put them off. The inter-class football tournament finished at about this time, with 10A emerging the winner of the Bajirao shield.



Attention was now divided between the Olympics and the inter-school football tournament. In the latter our Juniors reached the semi-finals, where they were beaten by National Model School 2-1. Then our Seniors reached the finals and also played against National Model School—the result a 0-0 draw. All the Senior boarders and many staff had been taken to watch this. The match had to be replayed next day, and the same boys and staff and a large number of day scholars saw history being made—we won 2-1. In the past we had shared the trophy on at least one occasion, but this is the first time that we have won outright. That is why the Olympics took second place in Bishop's this year! We had a special holiday on August 17th to celebrate.



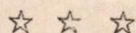
On Independence Day we followed our usual routine for the day with a special Assembly, Flag-raising, and an inspiring address by the Principal stressing National Integration and the love we should have for each other, regardless of caste and creed. This was followed by the Elocution finals of the Senior and Middle schools. One of the judges, Mr. M. David, acting as spokesman for the others, commended the boys on their excellent performance and announced the winners: R. Bharucha and Y. Doctor in the class 5 and 6 group, A. Chawla and M. Choudhari in the class 7 and 8 group, and M. Irani and A. Ram in the class 9 and 10 group.



Besides inter-house and individual Badminton tournaments, we also entered three teams (Minis, Juniors and Seniors) in the inter-schools tournament. G. Marolia, one of our sub-junior team, reached the quarter finals. The Seniors reached the semi-finals, where they lost to our traditional rivals, who had a superb team, St. Vincent's.



All this time—believe it or not!—some studies were going on and we were also preparing for the Prize distribution Days. To make as little interruption as possible to classes, a zero period at the end of the day was introduced for the last three or four weeks of term so that boys could be freed for rehearsals whilst the rest got on with their homework or other private studies.



Assembly on Monday, August 27th, was held on the Basketball court as Harding Hall was being prepared for that evening's Junior Prize giving and Entertainment. It was a very special Assembly as it was attended and addressed by Mr. A. E. Lunn who had been

Principal for over 25 years till he left at the end of 1972. This was his first visit since then, and for the week or so he was here he was all over the school whenever he was not out being entertained by old boys, staff, and many other of his old friends in Poona. He was the guest-of-honour at both Prize-givings, and his comments in the Log-book are lovely to read :-

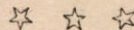
“Looked around the school and was amazed at the tremendous expansion of lovely new buildings; and the Jeejeebhoy playing grounds were just impressive; they are a wonderful addition to the planning of the school. Well done and congratulations” and “The Prize Distribution was an emotion-filled occasion; it was very good. The Senior Prize Distribution will live with me, as did the Junior one yesterday, for many a day to come. May God bless Bishop's and all of you who contribute towards its progress”

On the first day of the short Monsoon Break, there was a special lunch with the staff, the next day the old boys had a special Dinner for him, and on the last evening of his stay there was the AGM and Social of the Anglo-Indian Association, and between times visitors came to meet him at all hours in the school guest room. In fact, he had so many visitors that he must have been exhausted by the time he flew home !

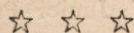


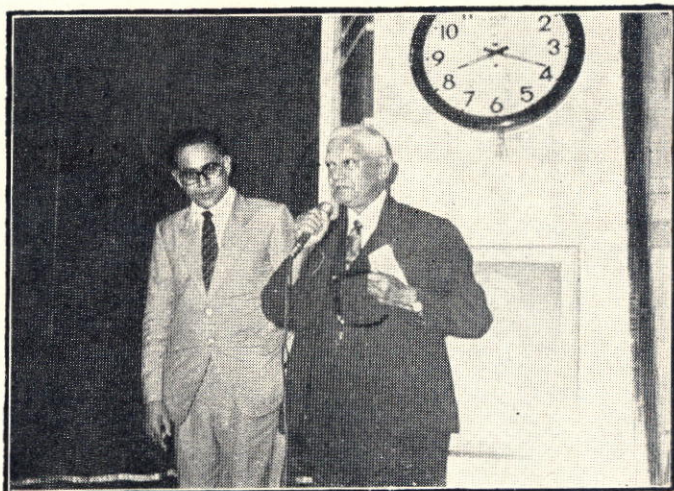
As Id came soon after the end of the monsoon break, the Moslem boarders from out-station were allowed to stay at home, while the rest got down to normal classes again. Soon the ICSE class had their Selection exams and there was, for a time, an “academic” air around the school. Some boys took part in Inter-school elocution and others in the Inter-school G. K. (coming second in this), and the winners of Prizes in these went proudly to the Nehru Memorial Hall to receive them.

The P. T. A. meeting for the Autumn term was held on September 27th and there was quite a good turn-out of parents. In the monsoon term there had been an Open Day, when parents came to meet their sons' teachers in the classes. On both occasions, as always, the lower the class the larger the number of parents.

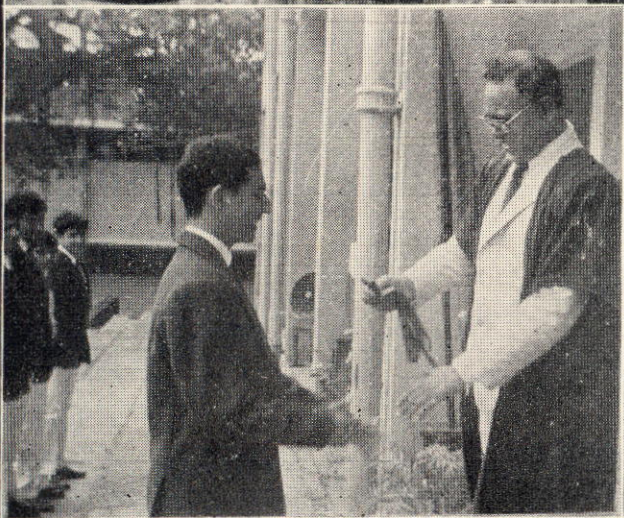
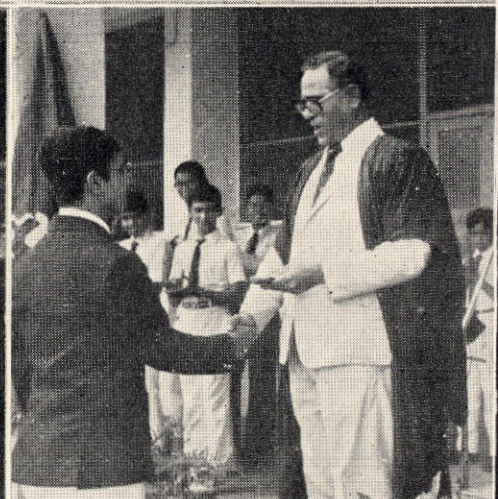
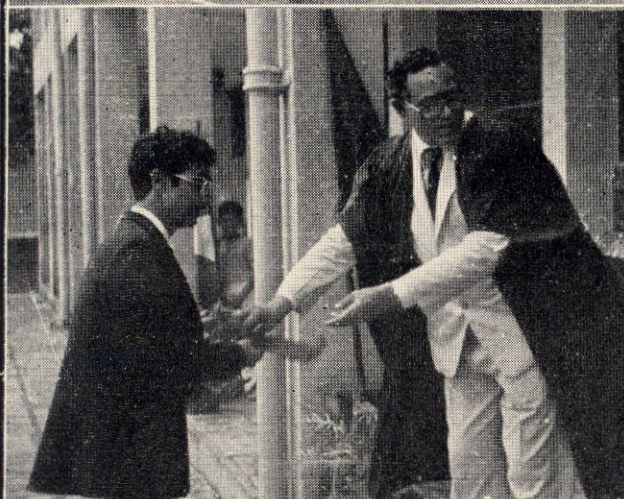
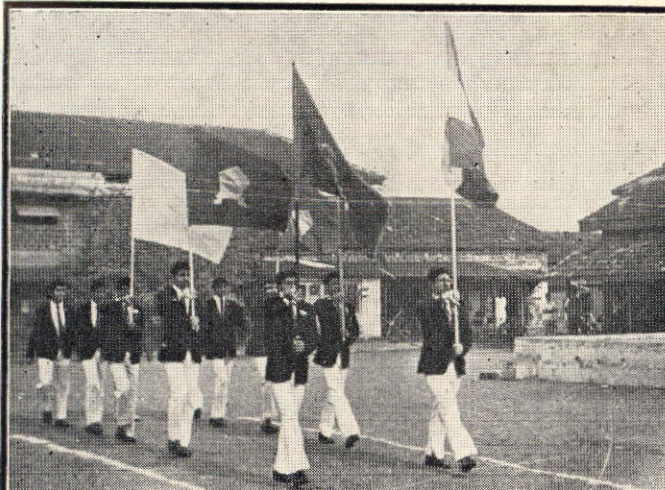


October 1st brought the zero period again, this time at the start of the day, to give time for P. T. and Gymnastics practice and Choir practice, leaving the rest of the day for academics. This has worked well in the past and also worked well this year. Assembly was held on the Jeejeebhoy ground, where the P. T. display was to be held, to save time. P. T. practice for the display was held daily, though poor Mr. Matkar and Mr. Austin had to keep on re-marking the field because of some heavy rain-showers in the evenings which washed the markings out.





Ex. Principal Mr. Arty Lunn Chief Guest at our Junior & Senior Prize Distributions—meets Staff, Boys and Retired Servents

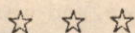


THE COMMISSIONING OF PREFECTS

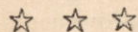
Inter-House Cricket was played during October at week-ends, and then Founders' Week was upon us. This followed the traditional pattern, with the Thanks-giving Service, Craft Exhibition, and P. T. display on the first day, the fete on the second day, and the cricket matches on the third day. Each year it is gratifying to see more and more visitors and old boys joining us in St. Mary's Church. Once again the Staff choir as well as the Boys' choir gave an item. The Principal's sermon is given elsewhere in this magazine. The exhibition was up to its normal high standard and large crowds visited it. For the first time, the P.T. display was held on the newly-levelled Jeejeebhoy ground, where the spectators were able to make use of the stands, which were sufficiently completed just in time for this as a result of last minute efforts. It was discovered too late that we could have started at least quarter of an hour earlier; then we should have finished the display in something brighter than twilight which only dimly illuminated the impressive final item—the Senior Mass P. T. The guest of honour was Brigadier Hardayal Singh, who commended the boys and P. T. I's on the display.

The fete was its normal noisy self, but several people missed the Candy Floss stall which for some reason was not organised this year. Mrs. Menon declared the fete open and the rush began and continued unabated for four hours or so.

The cricket matches against the Old boys were played in a very friendly atmosphere, the more serious of the two being that between the School 1st Eleven and the recent Old boys. This year, neither the school nor the staff had any success, and the old boys enjoyed their victors' lunch in Harding Hall along with the defeated Present.



The end of Founders' Week brought a welcome nine-day break over Diwali. The few boarders who stayed behind had quite a good time with frequent swimming trips and visits to the cinema, a picnic at P. Patil's farm, and fireworks (despite the untimely rain on Diwali evening itself.) The coloured T. V. which the army gave us last year was watched a lot, as it has been throughout the year—it's a very popular pastime.



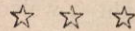
October 31st was a sad day, not only for us but for the whole nation. We could hardly believe it when we heard that Mrs. Gandhi had been shot at and wounded seriously by two of her own body guards. The B. B. C. said that she had, in fact, died. The school was assembled and told the grim news of the shooting, a short tribute was paid, and arrangements were made for the day-scholars to get home as speedily as possible. Her death was confirmed by All-India Radio later, and next morning the boarders and boarding staff had a solemn assembly and lowered the National Flag to half-mast, and the flag was lowered to half-mast daily. The coloured T. V. was installed in the Hall to enable all who so desired to watch the funeral, and there was a large, respectful audience throughout. The senseless communal killings that followed the assassination horrified and made us take precautions to keep our boys safe but fortunately Pune remained calm.



The school re-opened on Monday, November 5th, with a further tribute to Mrs. Gandhi at Assembly, and then we had to return to routine. In the evenings the heats-cum-finals of the field events were held, the Principal left for some important ISC Council meetings in Delhi, and then another tragedy struck, this time a more personal one: Mr. C. G. Young, the chairman of our Governing Body for many years, died on Friday, November 9th, shortly after paying a visit to some repair work going on in the school. Mr. Ringrow, the Vice-principal, called everyone to the Hall for a condolence meeting, and then we all went to the Uppers where a period of silence was observed and the School flag was lowered to half-mast. The school then dispersed sadly for the week-end, a true friend of the school having passed away so unexpectedly. The funeral service was held at St. Paul's Church next morning with the prefects and monitors acting as pall-bearers and many staff and some other boys in the congregation, whilst the remaining boarders from class 4 upwards walked to the cemetery at Hadapsar where, joined by a few more day-scholars, they lined the path from the entrance-gate to the grave and then attended the actual burial. Fortunately they were able to find room in a school bus for the return journey. A very warm tribute was paid to Mr. Young by Mr. Roberts at the first Assembly after his return. A further tribute to Mr. Young appears later in this magazine.



Two other deaths of people closely connected with Bishop's took place during the first half of this academic year—Mr. E. J. Oliver, who had taught English and French for many years, and Dr. Levi of the N. Wadia Hospital, who had treated so many of our boys and staff there. Staff, Boys and servants have also suffered some personal losses, and at the time we offered our sympathies in each case, and we repeat them now.



The Tug-of-war, which is part of the Athletics Competition, took place on two afternoons on the Jeejeebhoy ground, with Arnould the overall winner. In the mornings of these days the class 8 boys had their subject evaluation tests in English and Mathematics. The results were much as usual, the English being above the national average and the Mathematics below, but there was a slight improvement in our average Mathematics grade over last year's.



On November 17th, some sports finals were held in the morning, and in the afternoon we entered four teams for "Inquizit"—a General Knowledge quiz. Out of 34 teams in the eliminations rounds, eight were selected for the finals. Of these eight, two were from Bishop's and we could have had a third but the people running the quiz decided (unilaterally) that some other school's team should be given a chance. In the end, our two teams were placed fourth and sixth, missing third place by one mark. It was quite a well-run competition except that it lasted for too long—1.15 till 7 p. m., a marathon.



Sports Day was Saturday, November 24th. Major General Virendra Mohan was the Chief Guest and gave away the trophies. Only one new record was set—in Division 5 the 200 metres. The opening march past was in last year's order; and the closing one in the order of merit in this year's sports; there was a big change in this with Harding coming first instead of third. So much effort goes into sports and so much time goes into them that it is a pity that more parents and guardians do not come to watch the finals. Those who do come see a sports meet that is quick-moving and entertaining. Many people have said that for this reason they enjoy our sports more than those of other schools.



The cold weather this year started in the second half of November. Everyone expected a freezing winter therefore, but it was not to be as the weather became mild again. In fact when the Long Distance runs were finally held after several postponements because of Mrs. Gandhi's death etc., on the last but one day of the autumn term, it was the warmest day for them that we have had for years. The overall House results as good as clinched the Cock House for the year with Harding in an almost unbeatable position.



After a gap of several years, the Festival of School Choirs was resumed this year in December. Nine or ten schools took part, and our items drew very enthusiastic applause from the packed audience in Gulati Hall. Doordarshan took a few pictures of the occasion, and these were screened a few evenings later on the Marathi news, though unfortunately without sound.

During the Winter holidays, two of our staff got married to each other—Mr. Guzder and Miss Gomes. Congratulations!



As soon as the final term began, Class 10 got down to their 'prelims', starting with Science practicals. The army kindly sent a grader to work on the fields on the race-course so that hockey could be played there, and games were also played on our own Jeejeebhoy field, the venue for a Staff v boys match which ended in a 4-all draw.

Republic day was on Saturday, but there was a good turn-out of boys both for the flag-raising, and for the Senior inter-house G. K. competition (won by Arnould). The Junior competitions were held the following week, having had to be postponed as the Hall was earlier still being used for the Prelims. Arnould triumphed here also, but unfortunately G. K. does not count towards Cock House.

On Sunday February 10th the boarders were awakened with the sad news of the death of Chinnathambi, the non-vegetarian cook for about 30 years. He had been working till about three days previously when he found his shortness of breath made it impossible. In past years many visitors to the Principal's house who were served the normal school food cooked by 'Thambi' had commented on its excellence, and we all felt

proud of this and realised how fortunate we were to have someone of his calibre. He came early each day to the kitchen and worked long hours, excelling himself on special occasions such as the Farewell Dinner. The boys and a few senior residential staff, who paid their last respects as the hearse left his quarters were saying goodbye to "a good and faithful servant" with sadness and gratitude for all he had done. R. I. P.



During the year the Dining-Hall has lost two familiar faces through retirement and illness. Rama Pratap had to retire and Baburao Kulkarni has taken on lighter work. Lalita Shankar Naik has also retired from her work as an ayah.



The Cock House competition was decided definitely only by the last event— Hockey— and so these matches were played with even more interest than usual. Allowing for the points for study, which continue till the final examinations, Harding's hockey result was good enough to settle their being the Cock House for the first time since the 60's. Congratulations ! It was a good idea to have a special house lunch in celebration of this achievement.



Another special meal, this time for the staff, was a dinner on February 23rd to welcome the Rev. D. L. Rae as the new chairman of the school Governing Body. A special guest was Mrs. Young, who heard some more glowing tributes to her husband in the speeches before the food was served.



At the end of February the ICSE exam started with Science practicals— a reversion to the original and better practice. Holidays for the State elections and Holi came, and then the written papers began on March 8th. This year we welcomed Miss D. Lawrence as supervising Examiner and some boys and girls from Class 10 of Hume McHenry School as examinees in our hall. It was a warm welcome, as summer started early ! The unseasonably hot weather brought a lot of sickness in the school, with fevers and bad throats, but most of the examinees managed to keep healthy, none, in fact, being absent for any paper.



We started morning school timings on March 12th—a bit belatedly, but who can foretell that the hot weather will start earlier than usual ? This meant two different sets of timings for Class 10 and for the rest. In the event, this proved no real problem, being merely rather inconvenient.

There was a farewell lunch to the whole of Class 10 with their teachers on the day of the last Science Practical. As last year, this was a very pleasant occasion and we hope it will become a regular feature. The day after the written exams finished the boarders had their farewell dinner to the Class 10 boarders and to the day-scholar

prefects and monitors. For once the electricity did not fail! This was fortunate as some staff and boys, connected with Mr. Shepherd's Music Club, gave several electrically-amplified musical items with flashing coloured lights—a very popular innovation.



Anything to do with animals and their welfare can always be sure of support in Bishop's. Many boys bought Beauty Without Cruelty Greeting cards, and several boys went in for S. P. C. A. essay and painting competitions, in which Ashok Lalla won first prize, Bhavesh Shah second prize, and Timothy Wright and S. Murthy third prizes.



During the final term it was decided to collect money to pay for a holiday for the orphans of Panch Howd. After a slow start, money began pouring in and even some "lost property" was sold, until Rs. 7000/- was collected and handed over to the Sister in charge. The children are to have about three weeks in Bombay, and the amount we sent includes about Rs. 1000/- over the sum required for fares and basics; so they should be able to have a treat or two. Earlier in the year the boys had donated a large sum for a heart operation. This was, however, too late for the intended case and was kept in reserve for a similar case which might crop up. Sure enough this did happen in March, and the money was sent. The boys also give for the Blind and for the Leprosy Mission and some other causes. So they can enjoy their occasional extra and personal luxuries with a clear conscience.



The Final Assembly of the school year was on Friday, April 12th. At it we said goodbye to all who were leaving, including, among the staff, Mr. and Mrs. Daniell, Mrs. Thakore, Mrs. Velu, Mr. Postwalla and Mr. Donoghue, and wished them well. Then the staff got down to work again, completing their mark-books and so on, ready for the long, painstaking promotion meetings leading up to the issue of report books to parents on Tuesday, April 16th. A School year, full of both success and sadness, was at last over.

DONATION

The donation of Rs. 15,000/- given by Mr. Bhagwandas Gopaldas through his daughter Mrs. Chainani in memory of his wife Shrimati Devi Bhagwandas will be utilized for providing Demonstration tables in the New Science laboratories as soon as the same is completed.



PRINCIPAL'S REPORT 1984 - 85

I have great pleasure in presenting this my 13th Report.

The year 1984 - 85 has been another good year in the life of the School, and it can be said that our School continues to make all round progress in all spheres, and there is a sense of joy and satisfaction because one can sense a growing appreciation of our work and all that Bishop's stands for.

Numbers

We have about 1550 boys including 240 boarders which is more than we should have. Our classes are bursting at their seams while the pressure for admissions continues relentlessly, well into the second term of the School. In fact we have reached the stage where I dread the start of the year with people coming to me from all directions. I earnestly wish that important people would not try and pressurise me to admit sons of their friends and relatives once the classes are full.

Values

Bishop's stands for good discipline, high moral standards, respect, obedience etc. and the firm belief that we need God as the centre of our School if we are to achieve our high and noble aims. Scripture reading, prayers and hymns continue to form part of our daily worship.

Prefects and Head Boy

We had a fine lot of Prefects led by a very fine Head Boy, Varzavand Mubarakai. He was a good boy, sincere in all he did, and maintained good all-round standards.

Social Service

Along with the usual good work done throughout the year for the leprosy mission, the blind etc. our boys made a special collection of Rs. 7000/- for 50 needy children and 6 members of Staff of the Panch Howd Mission to have a two week holiday by the sea. The boys also made a contribution of Rs. 3,000/- towards the heart operation of Saira Abdul Rehman. Our boys are encouraged to give and not to count the cost, and to be concerned about those less fortunate.

Examination Results

The ICSE Results were very encouraging. 93 boys appeared, 60 obtained 1st Division, 32 2nd Division and one boy 3rd Division. There were no failures and our top boy scored over 90%. It was pleasing to note an improvement in the Hindi results.

Activities

We continue to have a crowded programme of games and activities throughout the year with Inter - House and Inter - class competitions designed to create a healthy, sporting atmosphere. All this helps the boys to build a fine character. We also have a number of Inter - school fixtures. This year our Senior team won the Inter - school Football trophy. This performance was specially creditable because our boys are much younger than those of other schools. Mr. Burton, Mr. Daniell and Mr. Francis were responsible for the well-trained football teams. The Minis did quite well and got as far as the quarter finals.

Debating is popular under Mr. Seymour and we have won in Inter - school contests.

Mr. Guzder, Mrs. Velu and Mrs. Jolly looked after the music and our School Choir was much appreciated at the Festival of School Choirs last December. Mrs. Jolly plays the piano at daily Assembly. Mr. Daniell and Mr. Burton were in charge of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Mr. Beaman was in charge of the G. K. team which did well and won honours in inter - school competitions.

Mr. A. Fernandes and Mr. S. Fernandes continue to be in charge of Scouting, and three scouts have achieved the distinction of becoming President's Scouts.

Mr. Smart looks after the Cricket XI, Mr. Shepherd the Music Club and Mr. Choudhari organises educational tours; he is in charge of the photography club.

It is encouraging to see young masters involved with games and activities encouraging our boys. It has helped to create a very healthy atmosphere in the School.

Prize Days - Mr. Lunn's Visit

We invited Mr. Lunn to be the Chief Guest at the Prize Days, and both these days were very memorable indeed. Mr. Lunn spent 10 days here as our guest and we were able to organise get-togethers of old boys, staff, servants and his friends. We were glad to do this for Mr. Lunn who was the Principal of the School for over 25 years. Mr. Lunn thoroughly enjoyed his visit and will remember this for years to come. Mr. Lunn paid tribute to the progress and development of Bishop's.

Scripture Union

Scripture Union continues to be very popular and we have weekly S. U. meetings and annual camps. The return of Mr. Rod Gilbert will no doubt have a good effect on this work. It does help to improve the tone of the school.

Staff Changes

During the year the following staff left: Mrs. Mirchandani, Mr. & Mrs. Daniell, Mr. Joshi, Mrs. Velu, Mrs. E. Thakore, and Mr. Donoghue, and the new ones who have joined us are Mr. & Mrs. Pope, Miss Vincent, Mrs. Guzder, Mr. Gomes, and Miss Firoz.

Mr. R. Barrow abandoned his post in the school.

We wish to welcome the new ones and extend our very good wishes to those who have left.

Mr. Young's Death

I am very sad to report the death of Mr. C. G. Young. As you all know, Mr. Young was an old boy of the School who served on the School Governing Body for many years as a member and for the last nine years as Chairman of the Governing Body of the School Society. He deeply loved the School and made an everlasting contribution to it. He took keen interest in all matters and was a great councillor and friend to me. A more detailed account of him will appear in the School Mitre. But in this Principal's Report I wish to place on record my deep and sincere gratitude for all he meant to me and to the School.

Mrs. Young and her daughter Mrs. Rosalind Barrow have donated a rolling trophy which will be known as the George Young Rolling Trophy. This trophy will be awarded for study in the Middle School. I hope this will encourage the boys to follow his example and work unsparingly.

School Governing Body

I wish to thank the School Governing Body—Mr. Bason, Mr. Dique, Mr. Frederick, Mr. Peters, Mr. Barrow and Rev. Rae for their support and good wishes at all times. We are indeed fortunate that Mr. A. E. T. Barrow has agreed to be a member of our School Governing Body and we feel deeply honoured to have him on the Board. I wish to extend special thanks to our new Chairman, the Rev. D. L. Rae, for all his help and guidance. Rev. Rae takes keen interest in all School matters and is a great source of encouragement and strength to me in my task of running the School. The school is fortunate to have Rev. Rae at the helm of its affairs.

Renovations, Repairs and Buildings

During the year much work was done on the new Sports Field and stadium across the road. Staff Quarters near Jeejeebhoy Grounds were fully renovated. In fact several rooms which the sitting tenants had allowed to collapse had to be rebuilt. Work has also begun on the second floor of the Junior Block. Jubilee Block was also given a face lift, and extensive repairs carried out in some of the old buildings of the School.

P. T. A.

The P. T. A. was fairly active and parents like Mrs. Menon, Dr. Mrs. Dham and Major Pritam Singh did a lot to collect funds for either a water cooler or some other amenity. Mr. Bharucha as usual conducted the popular car maintenance course and Mr. Z. Poonawalla gave a lecture with audio-visual aids on Rabies. The help and co-operation of parents is appreciated.

Boarding Section

Mr. Beaman continues to keep this section in fine shape and our boarders are well looked after.

Chinatambi, our old cook died suddenly and we miss him; he spent over 20 years in Bishop's.

Junior and Middle Sections continue to maintain high standards under Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Ringrow respectively.

Health

It has been good apart from the usual epidemics of 'Flu', Measles, Mumps and Chicken pox. Mr. Nair does a good job looking after the boarders and Dr. Khatri is our visiting doctor. I wish to thank them both and also the nurses and doctors of Wadia Hospital who are ever ready to help us out in an emergency.

Computer Studies

We shall be going into this and seeing how best it can be introduced as a Sixth subject choice for our boys in the ICSE. We shall first start with a Computer Club next month.

Special Achievements of Ex-Bishopites

We keep getting news of Old Boys who are doing well. K. V. Nadgauda stood First throughout in the Poona Engineering College and was awarded the Gold Medal for this. Naushad Forbes was awarded The Walter J. Gores' award

in the Stanford University for Excellence in teaching. Major Dr. Krishnan has specialised in Reconstructive Plastic Surgery and Milind Bapat stood 4th in the M. B. B. S. of Marathwada.

Gratitude

I wish to express my gratitude to the staff of all categories, servants, friends, the Army Authorities, for all their contribution and work. Co-operation and help is so important in making Bishop's what it is. I specially thank Mr. Ringrow, the Vice-Principal, Mrs. Roberts, Head Mistress of the Junior Section, and Mr. Beaman, Boarding Supdt. for their good work and unfailing support. I would also like to thank Mr. Lobo, Mr. Fox and Mr. Nabar who help in many ways and Mrs. Daruwalla who assists Mrs. Roberts to look after the Junior Section.

Long Service

Mr. N. Mogre, Mr. A. Fernandes, Mr. R. Ringrow

I am pleased to announce that Mr. Mogre, Mr. A. Fernandes and Mr. Ringrow have served the school for over 34 years, 30 years and 25 years respectively. I wish to congratulate them on behalf of Bishop's and to extend gratitude for all they have done, and are still doing, for the School. We shall ask the Chief Guest to present them each with a token of our appreciation.

Closing Remarks

A new India is in the making, swift changes are taking place, social values are in a flux and the old order is vanishing. All of us are caught in the whirl of rapid developments in the field of science and commerce. T. V. & videos are reaching out to remote areas and computer technology is becoming freely available to all, and the real danger is that we can so easily lose sight of our aims and goals.

Teachers, Religious leaders and parents have to make a serious effort to make sure the boys whom God has committed to our care do not lose their way. We have to instill into our boys an awareness of what is good and

noble. Also in a world where scientific achievement is being much sought after our children must not be deprived of the value of Art, Music and Literature or given the notion that these be considered inferior and for duds, or that philosophy is for fools.

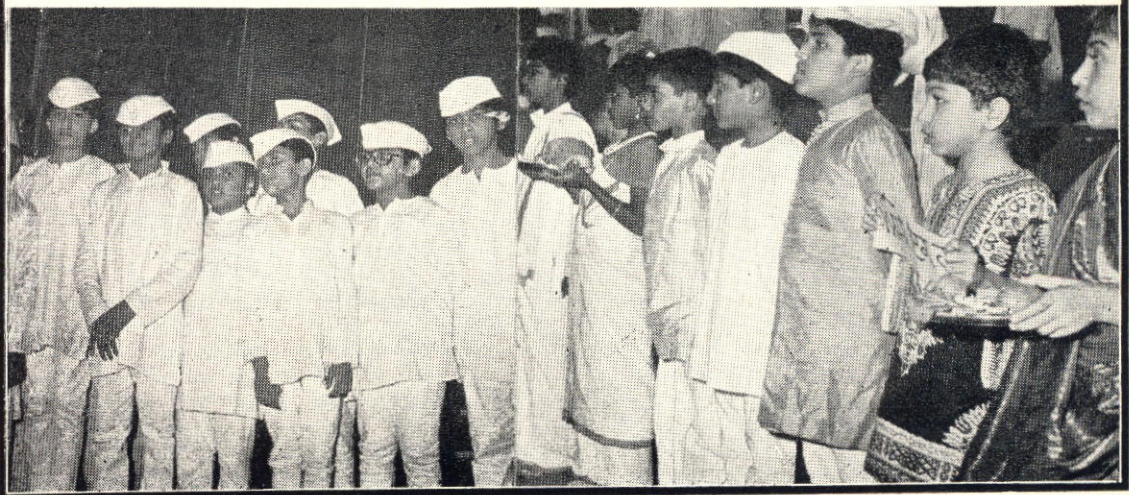
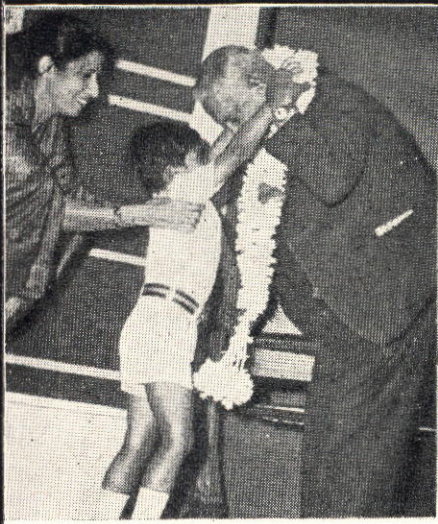
A growing number of parents are so busy with their own pursuits that they are hardly aware of the problems and needs of their sons in this electronic explosion of new ideas and knowledge, and I must warn them that if they fail to guide their sons personally, they could well regret it later, and also that this task is more important than all others, for it concerns the future of their son. May God make us worthy of this task.



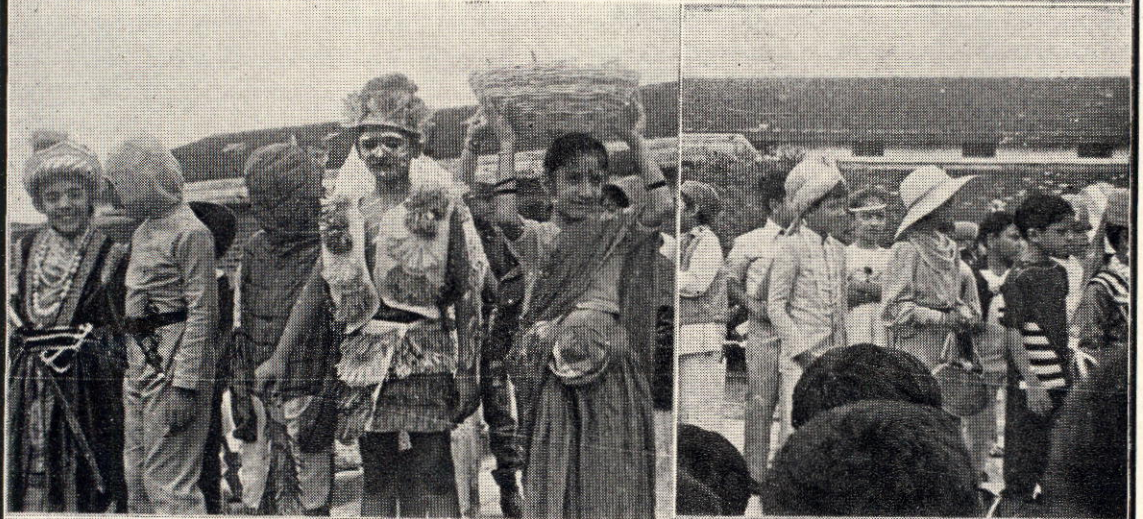
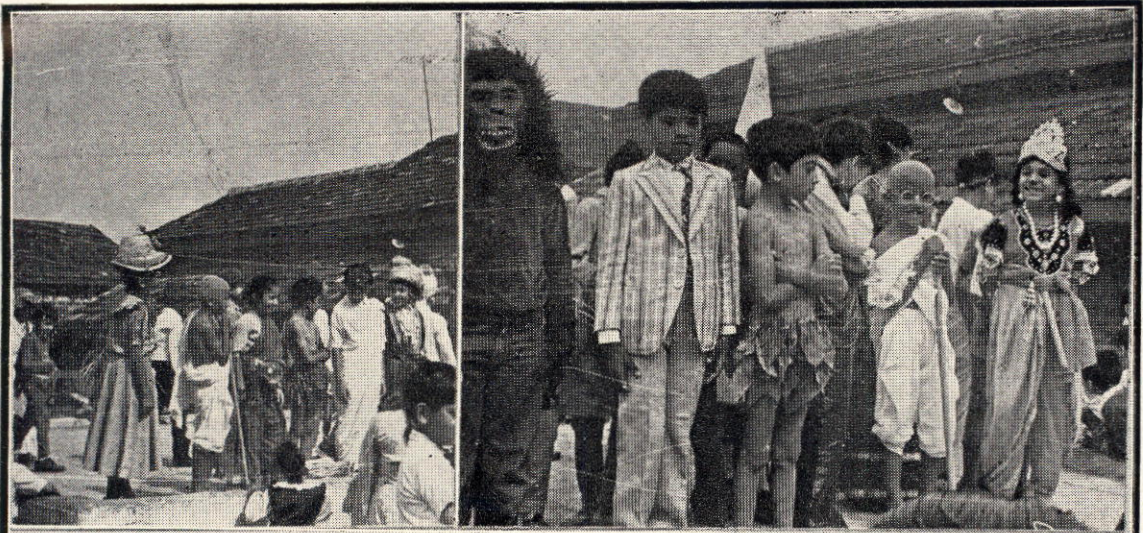
1985/86 FIXTURES

Readers may like to know the dates of some of our activities during the year :—

Wednesday, October 16th	—	Thanksgiving Service, Exhibition of Art/Craft etc., P. T. Display.
Thursday, October 17th	—	Annual Fete
Friday, October 18th	—	Cricket matches (i) Past V Present (ii) Past V Staff
Saturday, November 30th	—	Sports Day
Monday, March 3rd to Thursday, March 13th	—	I. C. S. E. Examinations



JUNIOR SCHOOL HINDI PLAY



JUNIOR SCHOOL FANCY DRESS ON INDEPENDENCE DAY

PENNIES FOR A PRINCIPAL

This year there was something special about the Junior School Prize Distribution at Bishop's, because the Chief Guest himself was a very special person—their own beloved ex-principal, Mr. A. E. Lunn. One could feel the excitement, eagerness and spontaneous love with which this grand old man was being welcomed not only back to Bishop's, but literally into the hearts of everyone—Mr. Roberts and his staff, students, parents and his old friends. One could feel the tremendous rapport between Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lunn, as the two principals quoted nostalgic memories, humorous incidents and exchanged reminiscences of bygone days.

The K.G. item was an original rendering of the catchy tune, "The Bare Necessities", "from Disney's film of Kipling's 'The Jungle Book'." This song was given a truly quaint and delightful twist to suit the tots from K. G. They explained their simple bare necessities in school, priding themselves in being Mom's and Dad's special recipes. But they looked utterly lovable at the end, when they revealed their bare necessities in clothing, twenty pairs of chubby bottoms wiggled and swayed with great gusto in colourful briefs.

The Percussion Band featured boys from Std. II, who played a medley from 'Mary Poppins' with remarkable sense of rhythm, timing and impeccable synchronization. They were alive and spontaneous, yet a touch of professionalism came through in their formal bows, achieved with a sense of perfect dignity.

The Puppets of Std. I started off on strings, which were dropped later, giving them, wider opportunities for movement and animation. Even here, the children switched from jerky, stilted movements to wide flowing gestures with unison and ease. Could this item be symbolic of greater watchfulness and control exercised on the young in the Junior School, which later, over the years, automatically gives way to a sense of freedom, tempered with voluntary instead of enforced discipline and responsibility?

Though the world encompasses five major continents, ultimately human ties forge a closeness which undoubtedly brings us to a universal conclusion that, "It is a small world after all,"—a world which finally brought Mr. Lunn back to familiar surroundings, cherished friends and a new but equally dear set of boys. This message was conveyed with utmost conviction by Stds. III and IV in their musical skit, "It's a small world." The stage held men and women from several nations who started off by vying with each other about physical prowess and political supremacy. But they ended on a note of unity, admitting and realising that friendship goes far beyond social, religious and even international barriers.

The Hindi play emphasised National Integration, which alone can hold us together in these turbulent times. Armed forces from the three defence services marched on in smart colourful array, pledging their loyalty and support to our late Prime Minister, Shrimati Indira Gandhi. The boy playing this role did so with tremendous pride and confidence.

But the highlight of the evening was Danny Kaye's immortal song, "The Five Pennies", vocalised by a superb choir of boys from Stds. IV & V. It was sheer heaven listening to these boy sopranos harmonising this melody with radiant joy and unbelievable tenderness. Later, Mr. Lunn was presented with a beautiful card. On the cover was a Junior Bishop's School scamp, in a total state of disarray, yet lovable as ever. And inside were 5 gleaming half pennies—they were offered to their beloved Ex-Principal, 'FROM BISHOP'S WITH LOVE'.

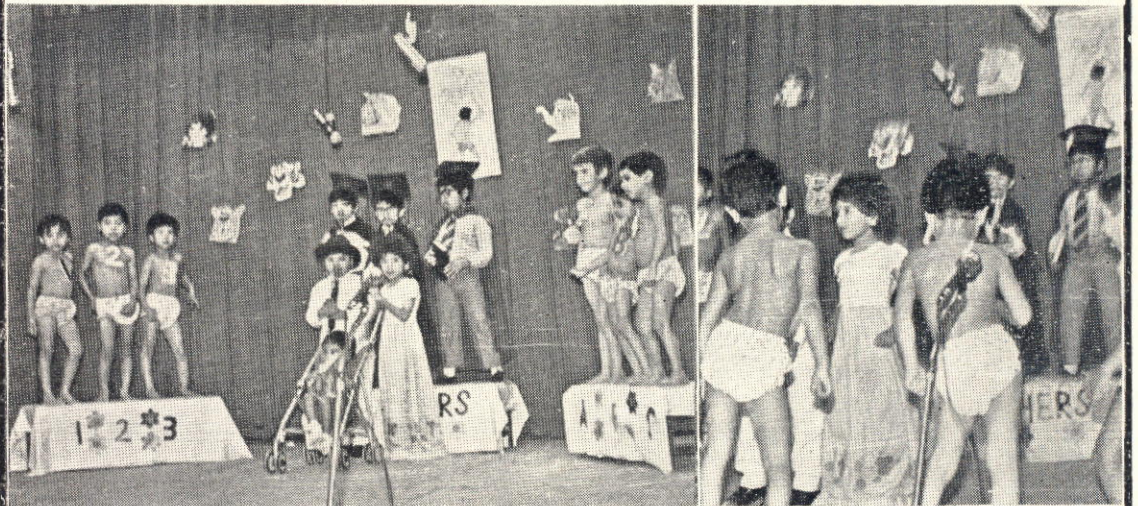
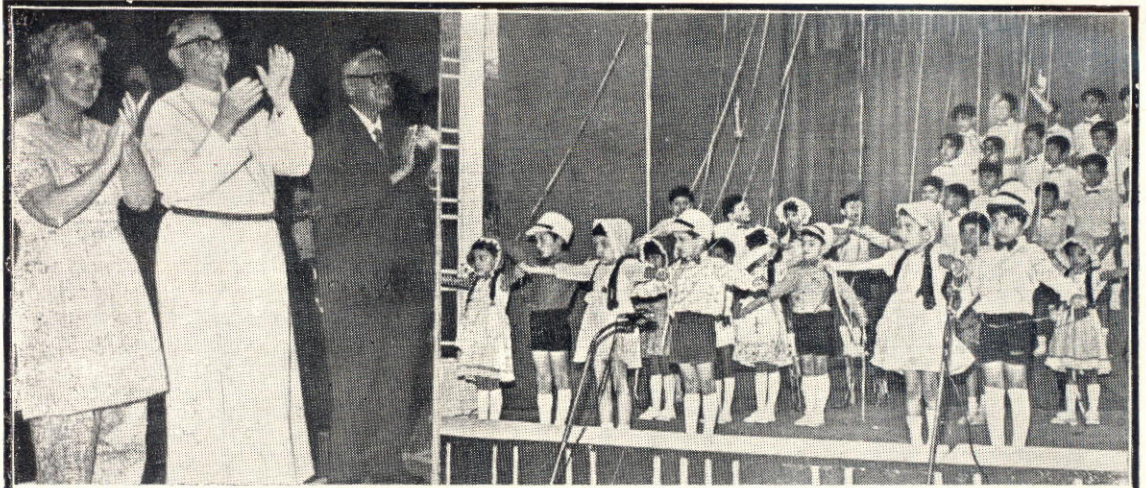
The entire programme had a "touch of class"—it smacked of originality, coupled with a real sense of humour. All credit to Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. M. Postwalla and Mrs. C. Jolly. The creative ideas were well executed by an efficient, dedicated crew of all the Junior teachers who helped with unstinted loyalty and co-operation.

We are certain Mr. Lunn left the portals of the Bishop's Hall that day, a happier, RICHER man! Just those "five pennies" will keep him a millionaire, always—a millionaire with magic memories that can and will renew themselves at every bend, as he treads life's path with love and grace.

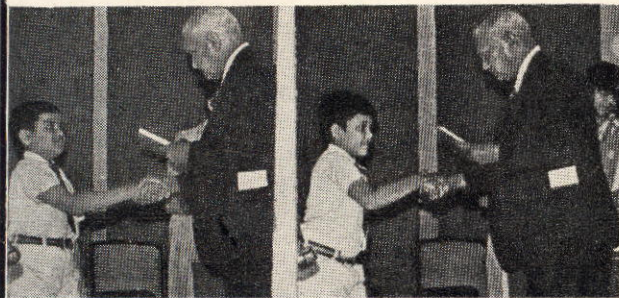
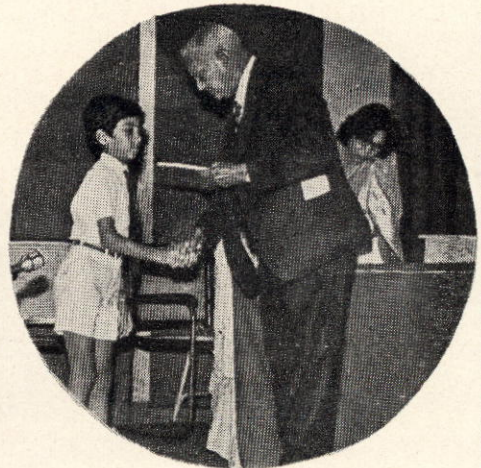
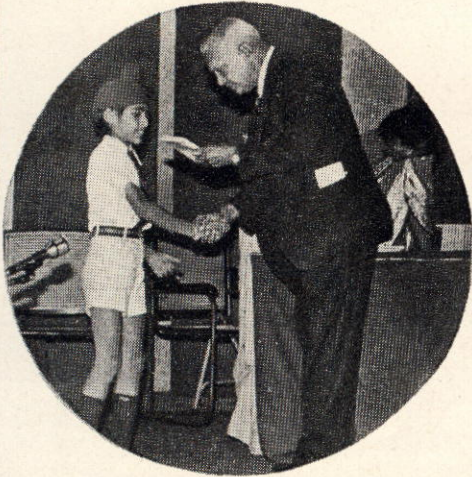
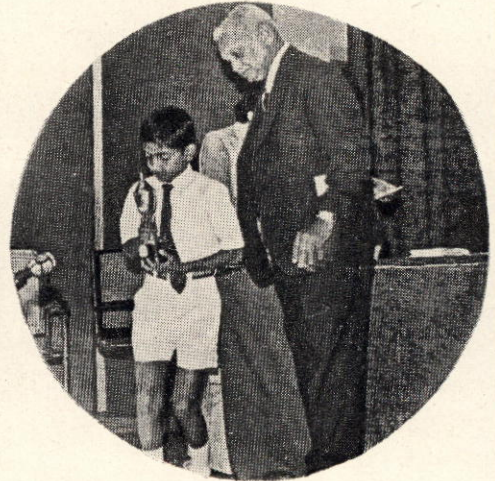
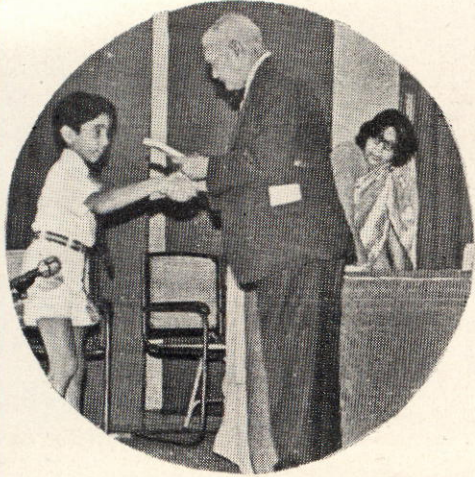
—By Mrs. F. Bharucha

CLASS PRIZES 1984-85 (Junior School)

	Class		Class		Class
General Proficiency	KG A	S. Arora	KG B	A. Chadha	
Special Class Prize		P. Kapila			
English		S. Williams		Y. Kanthi	
Mathematics		P. Bhonsle		A. Chadha	
Hindi		R. Shine		S. Peerzada	
Writing		S. Pingle		A. Chadha	
Elocution		T. Sinha		Y. Kanthi	
Reading		A. Rihan	}	A. Chadha	
				N. Patuck	
Art		A. D'Cruz		R. Kotwal	
Craft		P. Jachak		N. Varma	
Progress		S. Jachak		R. Kashid	
General Proficiency	I A	K. Shrishrimal	I B	GVS Karthik	I C S. Karthik
English		V. Saraf		GVS Karthik	S. Karthik
Mathematics		S. Suttatti		V. Rana	S. Lalwani
Hindi		H. Banatwala		A. Savant	S. Lalwani
Writing		A. Vaidya		N. Shinde	S. Karthik
Elocution		A. Aina	}	R. Ambardar	V. Nadkar
				S. Khirid	



JUNIOR SCHOOL CONCERT



JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE GIVING

Reading		P. Parekh	{	H. Poonawalla		V. Vivek
Art		K. Merchant		A. Girniwalla		S. Karthik
Craft		M. Poonawala		H. Mewada		S. Karthik
Progress		A. Kuwad		V. Shine		S. Yardi
				M. Chauhan		
General Proficiency	2 A	A. Singh	2 B	G. Kanhere	2 C	A. Chrispal
English		A. Chowdhry		G. Kanhere		K. Joshi
Mathematics		R. Kothari		S. Sanghvi		A. Chrispal
Hindi		A. Singh		M. Khatawalla		D. S. Duggal
Writing		N. Chopra		M. Motwani		—
Elocution			{	A. Kashyap		H. Sundaresan
Science		D. Chatterjee		G. Kanhere		—
Art		V. Jachak		T. Habib		—
Craft		S. Rihan		A. Varma		A. Jaiswal
Progress		A. Malhotra		J. Tecksingani		A. Jaiswal
				R. Sharma		K. Bansode
General Proficiency	3 A	A. Agarwal	3 B	S. Luthra	3 C	V. Arora
English		P. Khanna		S. Luthra		A. Kaul
Mathematics		A. Sanghvi		S. Luthra		V. Arora
Hindi		S. Hinduja		A. Gupta		S. Kohli
Elocution		A. Guzder		K. Patel		A. Jaitha
Science		{		R. Ghai		N. Nadkarni
Art		A. Agarwal		G. P. Rao		M. Calcuttawala
Craft		P. Khanna		R. Awale		H. Sekhon
Progress		M. Munderoina		P. Bankar		A. Pansare
		H. Gavandi				
		S. Raut				
General Proficiency	4 A	A. Lateef	4 B	V. Katre	4 C	A. Balagopalan
English		{		V. Katre		M. Nabar
Mathematics		A. Lateef		Z. Koreishi		A. Balagopalan
Hindi		D. Halstead		S. Shrishrimal		M. Kaul
Elocution		C. Mehta		{		A. Balagopalan
Art		S. Soni		R. Chatterjee		
Craft		S. Soni		S. Williams		
Progress		S. Soni		S. Shrishrimal		{
Special Class Prize		—		J. Mallick		M. Kaul
				J. Sodhi		S. Goel
				S. Gavandi		S. Chinoy
						{
						M. Kaul
						A. Sinha
						M. Mujpurwala
						—

SPECIAL PRIZES

Good Scholars Junior School—Lower Section

{	P. Kapila	KGA
	S. Kanodia	1A
	A. Kashyap	2B

Upper Section

Special Prize for English

{	S. Gavandi	4B
	A. Sinha	4C

Special Prize for Proficiency

{	R. Rajan	4B
	A. Lateef	4A

Best Scholars

C. Kanodia 4B

Don Olliver Prize for Progress

{	G. Kanhere	2B
	A. Katre	4B

Miss J. Wordsworth Prize for Perseverance

S. Irani 3B

The Parent-Teachers' Association Prize for Art

M. Calcuttawala 3C

Elocution Prize for Junior School

G. Mahindra 4C

Prize for Best Actor

S. Williams 4B

S. Williams 4B

General Helpfulness Junior School

{	N. Godiwala	3A
	A. Chaure	3B
	S. Chawla	3C
	A. Alurkar	4A
	R. Joshi	4A
	H. Boyini	4B
	A. Pandharpurwala	4C
	G. Mahindra	4C
S. Goel	4C	

Good Conduct & Gentlemanly Qualities

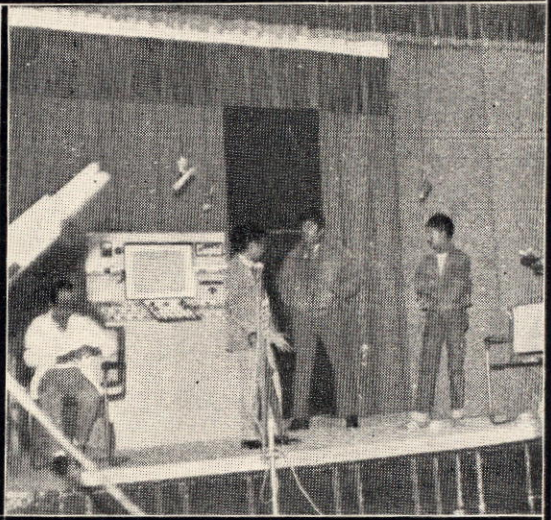
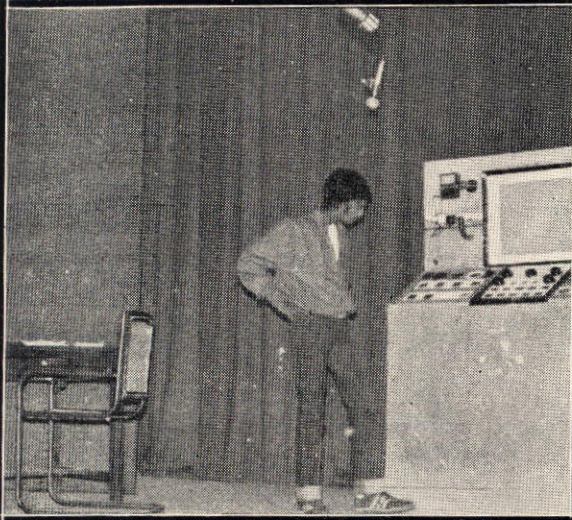
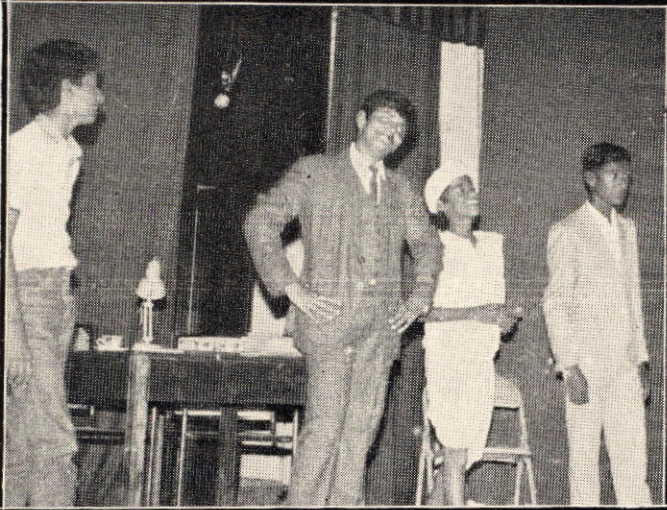
{	N. Lele	4B
	K. Taraporewalla	4C
	R. Sangtani	4C
	S. Chinoy	4C
	Z. Chinoy	4C
	R. Patel	4C
C. Sukhia	4C	

Best Cubs

{	K. Cooper	3A
	S. Luthra	3B
	M. Gurnani	3C
	M. Gopinath	4A
	V. Katre	4B
M. Nabar	4C	



THE SENIOR PRIZE GIVING



THE SENIOR SCHOOL CONCERT

THE SENIOR SCHOOL SPEECH DAY AND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

For the Juniors it's fun - "Will mummy see me?" "Will I look nice?" "Will miss be happy?" "Is my costume ironed?". For the Seniors it's a challenge. Will they put up a creditable performance? Will their day not be an anti-climax to the day before? Will the time and energy consumed in practice sessions be worth it?

Eventually it was Tuesday the 28th August '84 5.30 p. m. - Mr. A. E. Lunn the chief guest had already met the staff the day before and so with a smile and a wave of the hand he led the staff in.

Surprisingly, this year the hall was quite full of eager parents and friends of the school.

Mr. Lunn was then garlanded by a tiny tot who tripped and almost broke the garland and then wanted to garland Mr. Roberts thinking he was the chief guest.

The prayer, school song and Principal's report were then gone through followed by the Prize Distribution, till about 6.30 p. m. after which a weary Mr. Lunn (he shook about 100 hands) was taken to tea at the Principal's bungalow.

The 15 minutes' interval as usual took 25 minutes giving the actors time to get ready. After 3 requests over the P. A. system and any amount of bells, everyone was inside again.

The programme began with 2 group songs by the choir with Mrs. Jolly at the piano. This was followed by some western music by the school band led by Mr. Shepherd,

While this was going on, the stage was being set for the Senior English play 'Data Date' directed by Mr. M. Guzder. The hall was dark when the curtain opened to display on stage a large computer - blinking and emitting strange sounds. It was the invention of Charlie Cool and Jim Jetset (A. Ram & A. Jetha) who planned to become high flyers by Match Making with the help of "Cupid" the computer. Harold Kendel (K. Aga) - the reluctant customer - excelled with his timid ways when confronted by Phil, the friendly salseman (Z. Doctor) who was anything but friendly.

The Date (V. Jiwatram) looked real scary. The play went well with the audience and was the best in many years. All the actors excelled themselves. A. Ram and Z. Doctor stole the show. (Special thanks to Mr. Choudhari for the realistic computer).

A Flute and Piano recital by U. Kothawala and Z. Lateef followed the English play and the two budding musicians of Bishop's school enthralled the audience.

The last item on the programme was the Senior Hindi play 'Rang men - Bhang'; directed by Mr. A. Fernandes it was quite hilarious and the audience enjoyed the humour. V. Gupta as the Warden and S. Deshpande as Maryal were definitely outstanding.

Mr. Lunn thoroughly enjoyed the programme and so the hard work put in was worth it.

CLASS PRIZES - 1984-85 (SENIOR SCHOOL)

General Proficiency	5 A-M. Rajopadhye	5 B-S. Ramchandani	5 C-V. Kalra
English	J. Shergill	S. Bakshi	H. Verma
Mathematics	M. Rajopadhye	S. Ramchandani	N. Patel
Hindi	N. Borcar	} S. Ramchandani S. Rana	H. Verma
Progress	U. Shinde		K. Pardeshi

General Proficiency	6 A-B. Shah	6 B-S. Kanetkar	6 C-G. Vathiath
English	B. Shah	S. Kanetkar	G. Vathiath
Mathematics	B. Shah	S. Kanetkar	G. Vathiath
Hindi	P. Tripathi	S. Kanetkar	A. Bhangle
Progress	S. Mitra	T. Lunkad	B. More

General Proficiency	7 A-T. Wright	7 B-M. Kelkar	7 C-R. Kulkarni
English	T. Wright	M. Choudhari	A. Lalla
Mathematics	H. Bandani	M. Kelkar	} S. Badgandi R. Kulkarni
Hindi	S. Bakshi	M. Kelkar	
Progress	J. Akkalkotkar	K. Patil	R. Khole

The Anand Datta Prize for the Best Scholar in Class 7

T. Wright

General Proficiency	8 A-V. Sood	8 B-A. Teckwani	8 C-N. Somani
English	U. Kothawala	A. Teckwani	Y. Goyal
Mathematics	A. Manghnani	A. Teckwani	S. Mukherjee
Hindi	S. Jawalekar	S. Shome	S. Jayaswal
Progress	D. John	A. Singh	M. Manik

The Rajendra Tembwalkar Prize for the Best Scholar in Class 8

A. Teckwani

General Proficiency	9 A-S. Rao	9 B-D. Mukherjee	9 C-S. Gurjar
English	S. Rao	A. Ram	S. Gurjar
Mathematics	S. Rao	P. Mutha	N. Naresh
Hindi	V. Mathur	A. Tilak	S. Gurjar
Progress	N. Sohoni	M. Agarwal	R. Khare

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

S. Rao

General Proficiency	10 A-A. Gangoli	10 B-P. Thakrar	10 C-R. Kapur
English	A. Gangoli	P. Thakrar	R. Kapur
Mathematics	N. Goyle	A. Sethi	R. Kapur
Hindi	A. Gangoli	V. Mirchandani	S. Palesha
Progress	K. Jilkar	J. Kochhar	R. Sethi

SPECIAL PRIZES (Middle and Senior School)

Mrs. Chinmulgund's Prize for General Knowledge	Middle School M. Kelkar
Handicraft	Senior School S. Gurjar
Art	Middle School M. Choudhari
	Senior School M. Poonawala
	Middle School M. Choudhari
	Senior School M. Poonawala
Dramatics	Hindi { K. Dhavale
	S. Sen
	English A. Ram
The Anis Jamadar Prize for Gentlemanly Qualities	H. Gokhale V. Jiwatram
	Z. Latif M. Luthra
	V. Magotra S. Marolia
	A. Mirpuri S. Rizvi
	K. Whabi V. Yellore
Prize for Public Speaking	H. Gokhale
Head Boy's Prize	V. Mubarakai
Head Boy's Cup for P. T.	A. Deshmukh
Major Khanolkar's Cup for Gymnastics	P. Borawake
Brig. R. A. R. O'Connor's Trophy for Leadership	V. Mubarakai
The Brig. Bagga Shield for P. T.	—
Air Commodore Suri's Shield for Declamation	M. Irani
Best Scholar in English	A. Gangoli
Major Brown's Cup for Hindi	A. Gangoli
Major K. Chibber's Cup for Science	H. Gokhale
Mr. Mullenau's Cups for Mathematics	N. Goyle
Science	M. Irani
Governor's Cups for Proficiency	A. Gangoli
Progress	J. Kochhar
Mrs. Gladys O'Leary's Cup for Social Studies	A. Gangoli
Principal (Retd.) Lunn's Cup for Geography	N. Grover
The Robey Study Cup Senior School	Mansfield House
The Study Cup Middle School	Bishop's House
The Study Cup Junior School	Arnould House
Best All Round Boy in each House	Arnould R. Kapur
	Bishop's Harjeet S. Makkar
	Harding S. Rizvi
	Mansfield V. Mubarakai
	V. Mubarakai
Best All Round Boy in the School	Seniors A. Deshmukh
Rex Ludorum	Juniors S. Kadu
Best Scholar	Middle School B. Shah 6A
	Senior School A. Gangoli

HOUSE AWARDS

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

FORMER PRINCIPAL MR. A. E. LUNN'S VISIT TO BISHOP'S SCHOOL

The end of August 1984 was a period of reunion, reminiscing and rejoicing in Bishop's, for Mr. Arty Lunn, Principal of this school from 1947-1972, was back on the campus for a week-long stay in the course of which he was to preside over the Junior & Senior School Prize Distributions. One might say he came, he saw, he conquered, for, as of old, his warm-hearted friendliness drew a constant stream of old boys and friends to see him and to invite him to their homes for breakfast, lunch, tea or dinner, and, when all these normal meal times had been filled up, to an in-between meal or party. Fortunately Mr. Lunn was in good health and was able to stand the strain of a very heavy schedule of engagements, many of them arranged on the spur of the moment.

At the Prize distributions Mr. Lunn expressed deep appreciation of the all-round advancement made by the school under the direction of Mr. Roberts — new buildings had come up in several places, a good playing field was nearing completion, the list of activities in which the boys participated was staggering and, last but not least, with all these things going on, the ICSE results were excellent. Mr. Lunn also congratulated the Junior school on the very fine entertainment they had put on on the day before, (he was not able to comment on the Senior concert because that took place after his speech). His address ended with a few words of cherished remembrance of many who had served the school with loyalty and dedication during his time but had now passed on : Dr. Coyaji, Dr. Jal Vevai, Mr. Tom

Sewell, Fr. Huntley, Major Brown, Mrs. Winnie Carrol, Mr. Bill Wright and a host of others. Mr. Lunn had a special word of praise for each of the persons he mentioned by name, and, as a mark of appreciation and respect he asked the audience to stand while he said a few words in their remembrance.

“ They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them.”

On the night following the Senior Prize Distribution an excellent dinner get-together at the Blue Diamond was organised by Ajit Jagtap, Rustom Jeejeebhoy and a number of other old boys of the Lunn-Olliver era, for old boys and staff of that period. It was good that Ex-Vice-Principal, Mr. Don Olliver and Mrs. Olliver were able to be present at what turned out to be a really heart-warming occasion.

No less pleasing was another Burra Khanna in the school hall on the following night for all Ex-Bishopites, Mr. & Mrs. Roberts and the Staff who were here in Mr. Lunn's time. On this occasion the past of many generations put their heads together and talked of events and incidents of their respective times. And the centre of all this was Mr. Arty Lunn. Behind the scenes it was Chandramohan Jadhav, headboy of 1954, who was the moving spirit for the happy occasion. He was ably assisted by Keith Venkatramiah, Samir Bodas, Anand Kudanpur and other old boys.

Sometime in the course of “Lunn week” there was a Staff lunch at which Mr. Lunn got acquainted, or renewed his acquaintance with the members of the staff. Then, as past and present Principals were obviously in a relaxed, indulgent mood and the members of the Governing Body were likewise inclined, the teachers (office and other staff too) found no difficulty in entering into the joyous spirit of the occasion and a good time was had by all—dancing, games and friendly banter.

Last but not least, Mr. Lunn attended the Annual General Meeting of the Poona branch of the Anglo-Indian Association of which he had been President throughout his 25 years as principal of Bishop's.

Well, a week had passed and the next day Mr. Lunn was on the plane to return to his home in Dehra Dun. Although retired, he lives a ‘re-tyred’ life there and the day is not long enough for all the things he has to do. However, we do hope he'll be able to reply in the affirmative in the not-too-distant future to at least one of the many invitations we send him to attend our school functions.

R. Ringrow

Harding House Notes

House Masters : Mr. W. Daniell
Mr. J. Shepherd

House Captain : S. Rizvi

It has been another year, another experience, and an added dimension in the process of growing up.

1984-85 began for me and my colleagues on a completely new note. We had been given the honour of upholding the age-old traditions of Bishop's and preserving its motto 'Thorough', as well as leading Harding House in its quest for the Cock House Trophy.

The House system means gruelling but fair competition between the houses in the various inter-house tournaments. Each house gives of its best in striving for the much coveted Cock house trophy.

For the first time in years almost all the houses had an equal chance of victory. Each house possessed balanced skill and determination. It is therefore needless to state that the battle was on from the very word 'Go'.

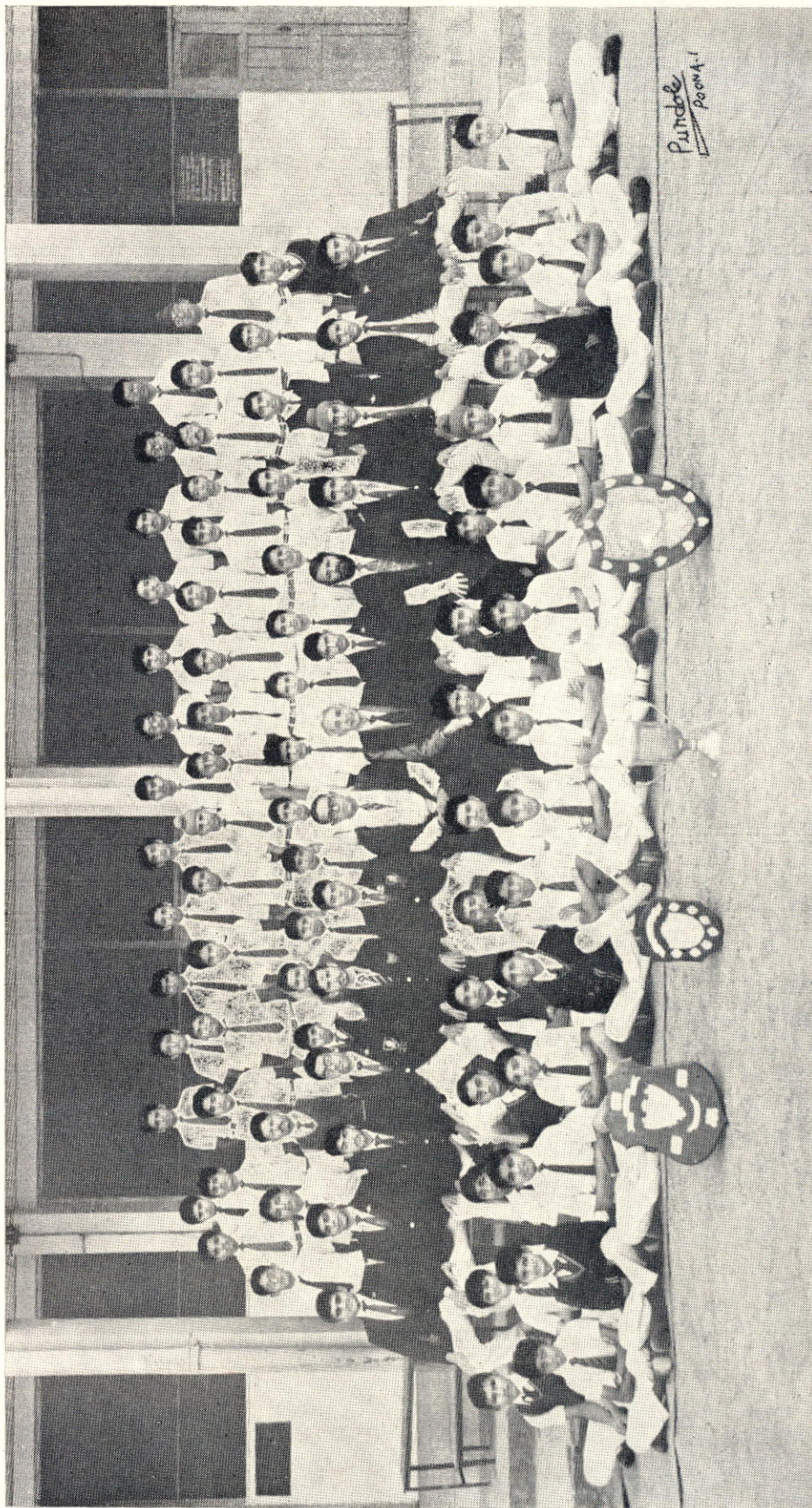
Indoor Games : Table Tennis and Badminton were the first events. Here Arnould and Bishop's houses had an edge over us. Their stalwarts like R. Kapur and V. Magotra managed to break through our giants N. Jiwatram and R. Ovalekar after a fight. This saw Harding in third position while Arnould and Bishop's shared the glory.

Football saw the tempo increase and the competition got keener; our juniors set the pace by getting first place; our Sub-juniors did well to secure the runner-up position while despite the gritted teeth and tough feet of our seniors they came third.

On to Volley ball and Basket-ball (combined events). Here again it was an uphill task, with Inderpreet Sawhney making class recoveries and deliveries in Volleyball, helped by team mates, and Vinod Jiwatram along with his sturdy team, exhibiting a fast clean and calculated game of Basketball. Their efforts brought us second place.

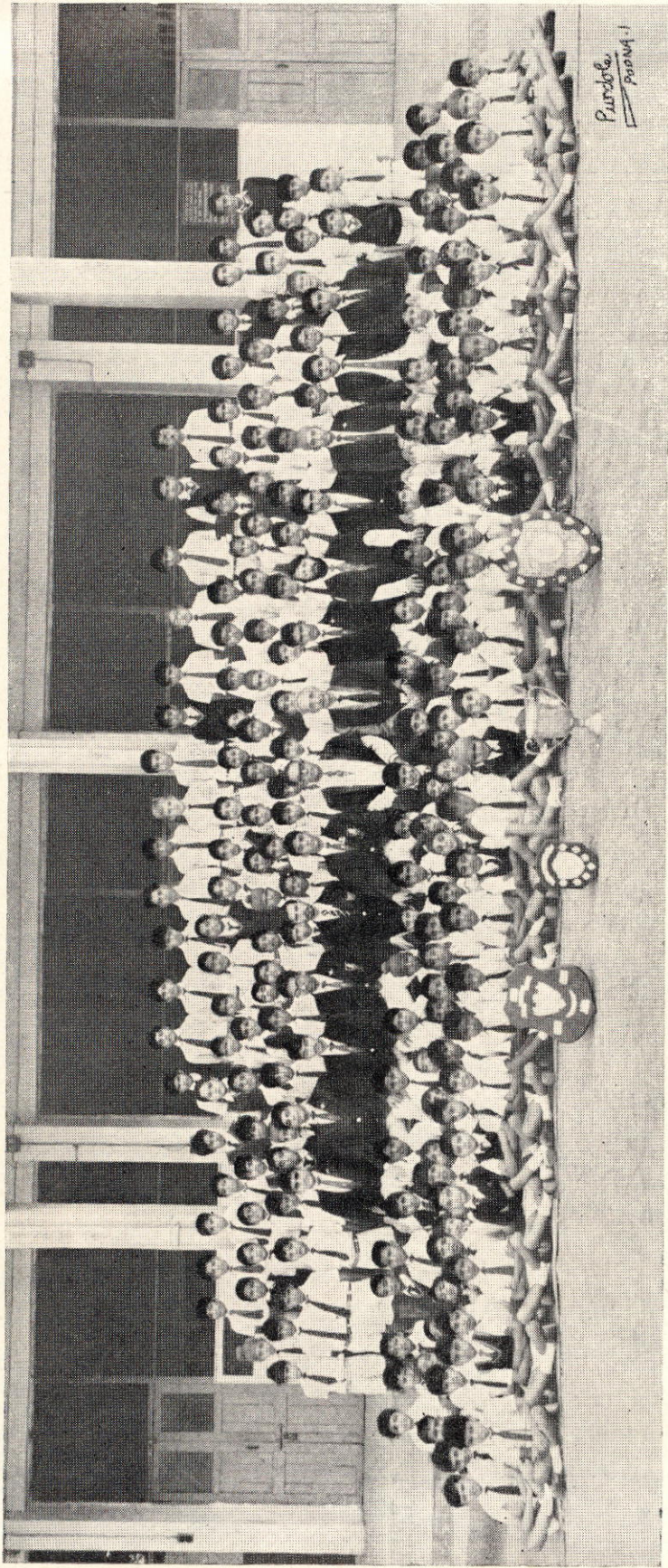
Cricket was next. Here while our wickets tumbled in the seniors and sub-juniors who got third and fourth places respectively, our Juniors again saved the situation by securing second place. We took this set-back lightly because we knew our House master would not be angry with us. Cricket is not his favourite game and although he made a valiant effort to train us, he himself landed in the sick bay after batting the ball with his feet !

It was still anyone's trophy. Fortunately however our fleet-footedness in Athletics gave us a bit of an edge. I was happy to win the championship in Div. II. The tremendous effort put in by all our boys resulted in Harding making a clean sweep in every division.



Pundole
Poona-1

COCK HOUSE - HARDING (SENIORS)



Purdue
Purdue!

COCK HOUSE—HARDING (JUNIORS)

In the long distance runs we shared first place with Bishop's house in the senior division, came first in the juniors and second in the sub-juniors.

With all this we gained a very modest lead. Hockey and the study cup remained as the deciding factors. It seems that it was more brawn than brain that brought us the Cock house, as we did rather poorly in the hunt for the study cups. In Hockey we secured first place in the sub-juniors and second in the juniors. In the seniors S. Khemlani proved that his team mates could rely on his excellent goal-keeping.

My colleagues and I have realised that everyone has his share of failures and successes. But the important thing is taking each victory or defeat in one's stride and in the true spirit of sportsmanship. Year after year we have struggled to be the Cock House, and finally after eighteen years we have succeeded.

My thanks to all the members of the house for their co-operation throughout the year. We who are leaving wish each of you remaining behind further success under the guidance of the next House-Master.

We are also happy to have given Mr. Daniell, as he stated at the Cock house lunch on Sunday 17-3-85—"the best farewell gift possible-Cock house." It was the first time Harding had won it during his eight years of House-mastership. We shall miss him and we wish him all the best.

S. Rizvi

Remember : Never was good work done without much trouble.

— Chinese proverb.

Bishop's House Notes

House Masters—Mr. M. Guzder
Mr. R. Smart

House Capt. — S. Momin
Vice - Capt. — Harjeet Singh Makkar

We also ran !!

No, I think that would be putting it too mildly. We ran really fast but lost by a short head-I think that sounds better and gives a more true picture of the tremendous effort of the boys of Bishop's house and its enthusiastic masters.

We make no excuses for not completing the hat-trick (we were Cock House in 82-83 & 83-84)—probably we had become a trifle complacent.

Sayeed Momin and Harjeet Singh the Captain and V. Captain of Bishop's House made an all-out effort commencing June '84.

Indoor games got us off to a superb start and we made off with the T. T. championship, but unfortunately lost to Harding in Badminton, who we knew were going to make us fight in every other game as well.

Football followed and probably our boots were not as hard as the others—we got just 11 points and trailed Harding in the steeple chase for Cock House.

Not beaten so easily, we played hell with the bat and ball, pounding other teams to pulp except for Arnould with whom we tied for first place. It was quite an achievement as Arnould were the acknowledged Cricket masters.

Athletics came next—would we run, jump and throw well enough to pip the others ?

Although Mr. Guzder, Mr. Smart and Mr. Postwalla were out with us daily, we just never made the grade and managed to secure the second place to Harding with Arnould breathing down our necks.

The Long distance runs were our forte and we had quite a few self-assured campaigners who responded well. We emerged first along with Harding whose multitudes got them their points—not forgetting the yells from the sidelines. At this juncture Harding was ahead by just 4 points.

We pinned our hopes on hockey but failed to keep up the scorching pace and came home trailing Harding by 6 solid points who by now were sure of Cock House.

In studies we did well—much ahead of Harding but not well enough to make up the lost points of the past.

Sayed Momin and Harjeet Singh were crestfallen no doubt—it could have been a hat-trick, but as the saying goes “There’s many a slip between the cup and the lip”—we will try again and much harder—Congrats Harding.

S. Momin

Arnould House Notes

House Masters – Mr. A. Seymour
– Mr. S. Francis

House Captain – A. Deshmukh
Vice Captain – R. Sabale

The year 1984–85 proved “Cloudy with bright intervals” for Arnould house. The academic year was not too successful, despite the untiring efforts of our house masters Mr. Seymour and Mr. Francis and our house prefects R. Sabale, R. Kapur, M. Irani and G. Tilekar. Nevertheless all the Arnould house boys put in their best effort, and a spirit of sportsmanship lingered on to the very end.

Success heralded the first term. Our badminton and table-tennis champions won a smashing victory over the teams of the other three houses though they faced stiff competition.

The results of the inter-house foot-ball matches that followed were quite good too. Our senior team proved excellent. The skill and tactics that every player of the team displayed was absolutely remarkable. This resulted in another victory for Arnould house. Unfortunately our Junior and Sub-Junior teams could not make it as well as the Senior team did, and hence stood second and fourth respectively. Anyway, altogether we stood second in the inter-house football matches which was an achievement.

The volley ball and basket ball matches were a superb start to the second term. Our volley ball team was fantastic. They won the tournament with ease. This greatly raised the spirit of the Arnould house boys, who were now determined to win the basket ball matches too. This was not accomplished too successfully as Harding house put up a neck to neck fight with us, and finally just managed to win over us. Here the Arnould house basket ball team must be congratulated for trying so hard to win the matches. However their effort was not in vain, as, including volley ball along with basket ball we stood first.

Cricket was another interesting event of the term. The Arnould house junior cricket team excelled by bagging the first place which was a flying start. Our senior team too did extremely well and topped the list along with Bishop's house. Our Sub-juniors, as our bad luck would have it, only managed a third place. But soon worse luck was to follow.

The short-distance and long-distance track events were to be held that term too. It was our seniors who let us down this time. Owing to the speed of the other house seniors, Arnould house seniors had no choice but to accept defeat and stand fourth. Our Sub-juniors and juniors did not fare much better either. They both stood third. Altogether we just managed to scrape into the third place which was a bitter disappointment.

Now our hopes lay entirely on our Hockey teams, who had been rigorously practising and were determined to win. And even though the Hockey matches fell amidst the preparation for the I. C. S. E. examination for most seniors, they played with all their might and won an amazing victory. Our Juniors secured third place and our sub-juniors did unexpectedly well by coming second. So for the overall we almost reached what we had aimed at by standing second.

Finally the results of the cock-house were announced. Though it was expected, many Arnould house boys registered slight shock to hear that we stood third. Nevertheless all of us kept the thought in our minds that winning and losing is all part of the game.

In conclusion Arnould house is deeply grateful to Mr. Seymour and Mr. Francis for the keen interest taken by them in all the events concerning our house. And I, as house captain, would like to wish Arnould house a successful 1985-86.

Mansfield House Notes

House Masters – Mr. W. Burton
– Mr. L. White

House Captain – V. Mubarakai
Vice Captain – W. Nelthropp

Mansfield house, this year, has not kept up to expectations. Every year the out-going house captain always wishes Mansfield house the very best in securing the Cock House the following year. This year saw Mansfield house at its worst. There were not many participants, and even those who could participate did not do so. However, though we have been the weakest house this year, we bravely took part in every event and caused a major upset in many games. The sportsman spirit is what counted most.

The year began with indoor games. Table-tennis and badminton were the first games to be played. Mansfield met with disastrous results. In table-tennis, we lost to Arnould, Bishop's and Harding. In badminton, we beat Bishop's but lost to Arnould and Harding. In the overall result, Mansfield stood last.

Football was the same old story. In the Seniors, we lost to all the other houses. The Juniors followed in the footsteps of their Seniors. The only commendable result came from the Sub-juniors who drew their match with Harding and beat Arnould and Bishop's. But their good performance did not stop Mansfield from obtaining the last position in the overall result.

In cricket, we seemed to have had an easier time. Perhaps the boys realised that the last place was not always meant for them. The Seniors beat Bishop's but lost to Arnould and Harding. The juniors lost to Arnould, Bishop's and Harding. The Sub-juniors once again came to the rescue by beating Arnould and Harding though they lost to Bishop's. In the overall placing, Arnould and Bishop's were placed first while Harding and Mansfield were placed third. W. Nelthropp and V. Mubarakai put up a beautiful performance in the Seniors, who, though having the weakest team, defeated the toughest team, viz. Bishop's.

Athletics was a repetition of our earlier results. Mansfield came last once again. W. Nelthropp was the champion who did a lot in this field in Division 1.

In the Long Distance runs, Mansfield occupied the fourth position (saying fourth is better than saying last every time). A new-comer, N. Singh, dazzled everyone by taking the first place in Division two and that too without practice.

In volleyball, Mansfield house caused the destruction and downfall of the other houses when they beat a strong team like Bishop's thereby bringing some excitement into the anxiously awaited results. Arnould also suffered because of Mansfield's good game.

Mansfield never had any chance in basketball as most of the players had hardly been on the basketball court and never knew how to play the game. However, they played well and put up a good resistance against some of the other houses. In the overall results of volleyball and basketball, Mansfield could not be shaken from the fourth position.

The last inter-house feature was Hockey. Here at last the Seniors displayed some skill and drew their matches with Arnould and Harding, the two best teams in that division. We however lost to Bishop's 1-2. The Juniors lost to all three houses. The sub-juniors drew with Arnould but lost to Bishop's and Harding. Thus Mansfield came last.

On behalf of the Mansfield house boys I'd like to thank Mr. Matkar and Mr. Austin for all their efforts in trying to supply the proper kit to all houses for the matches and preparing and marking out the courts, fields and tracks. All this involves a lot of hard work. I'd also like to thank all the House Prefects who were a big help in organising practices, etc. and took a lot of interest in the boys of the house. I would also like to thank our House vice-captain W. Nelthropp who really proved his worth on the field in organising and playing all games. I wish a few others had participated in Division one and helped Wayne.

Before ending, I would like to thank our House Masters Mr. W. H. Burton and Mr. L. White for the interest they took in the house. Mr. Burton took great interest in helping Mansfield house for the relay teams and he himself is a good sportsman.

In conclusion, I'd like to congratulate the Cock House for this year—Harding, but I hope next year it is Mansfield house. It's all up to you chaps !

V. Mubarakai

Cock-House Points 1984-85

(In the order that events were completed)

		Indoor Games	Football	Cricket	Athletics	Volleyball & Basketball	Long Distance Runs	Hockey	Study	Total	OVERALL TOTAL
Senior	Arnould	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	6	3	6	1	7	3	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	COCK-HOUSE HARDING 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ Points
	Bishop's	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	6	5	3	6	1	1	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	Harding	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	2	7	5	6	5	5	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	Mansfield	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	2	1	2	3	3	7	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Junior	Arnould	—	5	7	3	—	3	3	5	26	RUNNERS-UP BISHOP'S 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ Points
	Bishop's	—	3	3	5	—	5	7	7	30	
	Harding	—	7	5	7	—	7	5	1	32	
	Mansfield	—	1	1	1	—	1	1	3	8	
Sub-Junior	Arnould	—	1	3	5	—	3	5	7	24	3rd ARNOULD 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ Points
	Bishop's	—	3	7	3	—	7	3	5	28	
	Harding	—	5	1	7	—	5	7	1	26	
	Mansfield	—	7	5	1	—	1	1	3	18	
											4th MANSFIELD 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ Points.

BADMINTON

The hall is hushed and except for the sound of a shuttle cock being hit and the squeaking of shoes, no noise can be discerned. The faces of the competitors are peaked with tension and finally one of them hits out and the other triumphantly jumps into the air, having emerged a victor. He is R. Kapur who emerged the school champion and his opponent is S. Marolia the runner up.

The badminton season is characterised by many such scenes, all so typical about it. This year very keen interest was taken to popularise this sport. The draws for the junior and senior tournaments were very well drawn up and fairly planned. After the eliminations, the finals were held together. In the Seniors R. Kapur won the singles and A. Gangoli & S. Marolia the doubles. Then came an unexpected bonus - a school team was to be formed and we were to enter the inter school tournament.

In due course the choosing was completed and soon we were off to our first match against Moledina school. Both our teams won and in the individuals in the sub-juniors too, our representatives won easily. However the eliminations proceeded and the going out tougher. We won our second match against N. M. V., 3-0, and so did our juniors. Finally our juniors lost in the quarter finals to Loyola's but deserved victory against S. S. P. M. S., 3-1, to enter the semi-finals. It was truly an unprecedented victory and was far more than we had expected. However we unfortunately lost in the Semi-finals to a far superior and tougher team from St. Vincent's, after a tough fight, 3-1. In the sub-juniors too G. Marolia did the school proud by entering the finals but lost to a boy from Vincent's. Thus ended the inter-school tournament and I am sure that we performed very creditably. However it also signalled the end of the season and thus the racquets were reluctantly put away. In conclusion I would specially like to thank Mr. Guzder and Mr. Thakore for the immense interest shown in this sport this year in particular. They truly helped to enhance its popularity in Bishop's and I am sure will continue the good work in the following years,

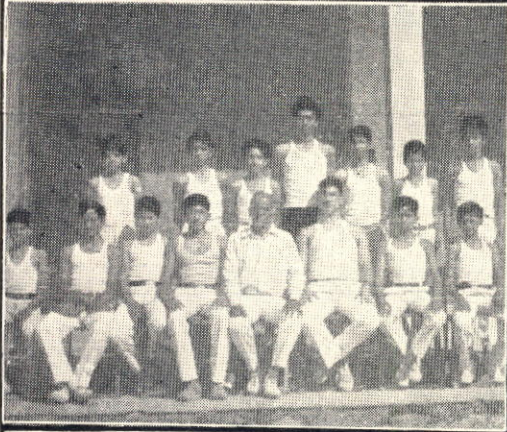
A. Gangoli, XA

TABLE TENNIS

Mr. Aitkins,, the previous master-in-charge of table tennis had left, and the boys foresaw a lean table tennis season. But it was not to be so, as they soon realised, for large numbers of boys flocked into the hall in order to get some practice before the matches were due to begin. They were greatly encouraged by Mr. Aviet, the new master-in-charge.

Mr. Aitkins was much respected and renowned for his game in Bishop's and more so, for the manner in which he mixed with the boys and made himself one of them. We do miss him a great deal in Bishop's.

On the other hand, Mr. Aviet, an excellent player himself, has quite won the favour of the boys with his friendliness and he seems to be a perfect replacement.



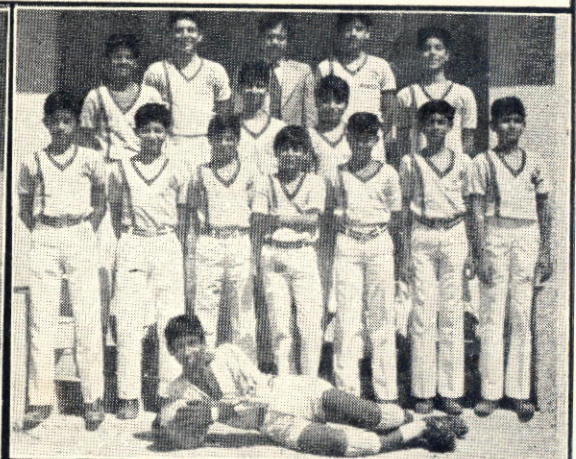
GYMNASTS



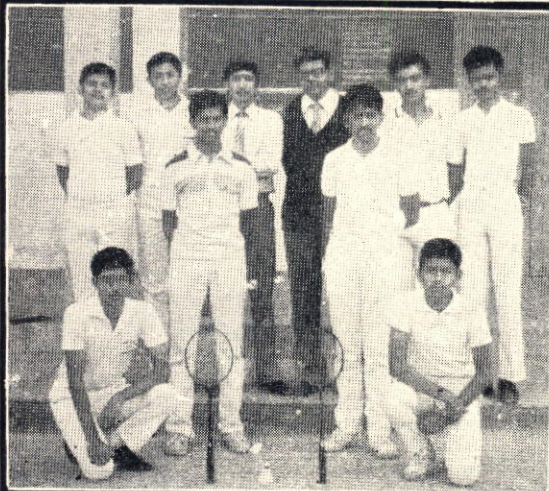
BOXERS



THE HOCKEY TEAM



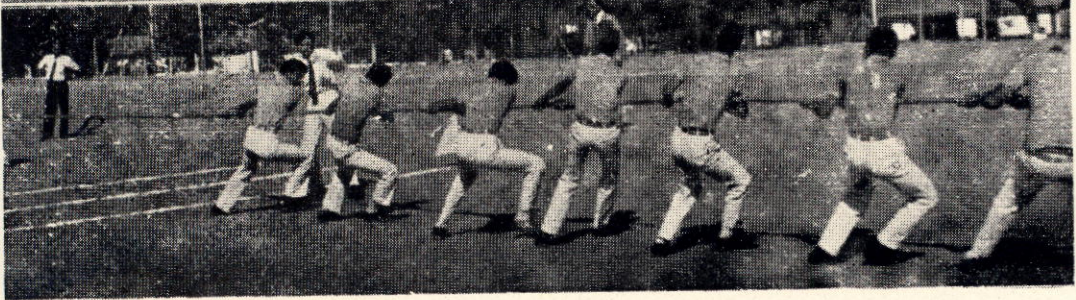
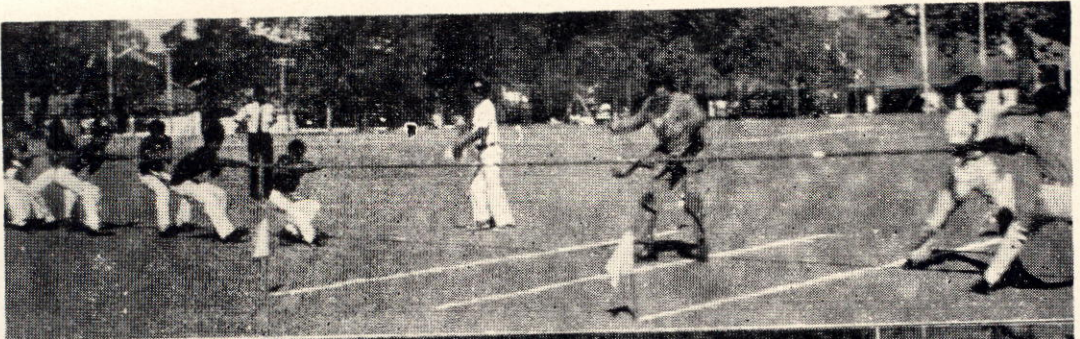
THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



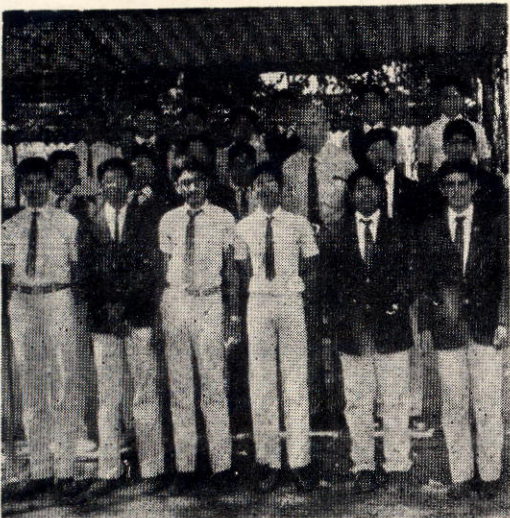
OUR BADMINTON AND



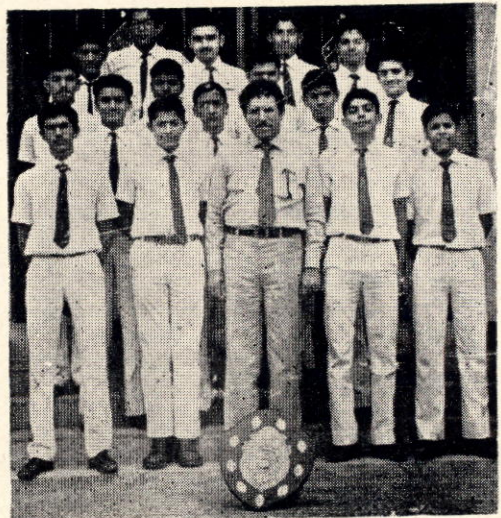
BASKET BALL STARS



IT'S NO EASY MATTER



Mr. Beaman with his 'Know - Alls'



Baji Rao Football

The day of the finals arrived as the season reached its climax. The much-expected finalists came face to face, and as the Principal entered the hall, a hush fell over the spectators and the matches began.

In the first match, A. Ghule matched his skill against R. Kapur, who was tipped to win easily. Both the players were spectator-shy, and showed a great deal of nervousness, resulting in a lack-lustre and a boring game. Surely, had they been playing their natural game, it would not have ended thus. Nevertheless, R. Kapur won the first two games quite comfortably, but lost the third; this created a sensation, and all looked forward to a keenly contested fourth game. They were disappointed. There were a few exciting rallies, in which R. Kapur got the better of R. Ghule and hence bagged the Senior Singles title.

The next match was the Senior doubles in which N. Jiwatram and S. Kriplani played S. Patel and S. Momin. The first two games were won by Jiwatram and Kriplani and everybody was sure that they would win the third. Then came the 'Bolt from the Blue'. The leaders were stunned by S. Patel's lightning speed services and Momin's smashes as they forged ahead to collect the senior doubles title by winning the last three games.

All players showed nervousness and I am sad to say that the games were not of as high a standard as had been expected.

The Junior Singles between S. Kadu and R. Neemuchwala was surely the saving grace of the day. The spectators were treated to some superb T. T. by these two. The match was hard fought throughout with long rallies smashes and spins. Kadu lost the first two games but punched Neemuchwala right in the nose in the next two. With the scores levelled at two all, an exciting fifth game followed in which Neemuchwala got the better of Kadu. Better luck next time Kadu.

In the last match, the Junior doubles, Dieter Thomas and Neemuchwala played against Meherhomji and Bajaj. It was an exciting match, but the spectators did not cheer very much because they had just seen a breath-taking encounter. Bajaj and Meherhomji, though quarrelsome at times did manage to win over their opponents by three games to two, and hence captured the Junior doubles title.

Thus ended another T. T. season in Bishop's. There were many who tried hard but could not reach the finals. All the best to them for the future.

The Juniors displayed much cunning and skill, and I am sure that with a little exposure to outside schools, under the able guidance of Mr. Aviet, they will earn a place of honour for the school in the inter-school arena in the years to come.

Lastly, on everybody's behalf I thank Mr. Aviet, without whom the season wouldn't have been a successful one.

R. Kapur XC

Inter-House Basketball Tournament

The Basketball season for the academic year 84-85 started earlier than usual. The matches were held in December instead of the customary period in February. The court had been renovated recently and practice took place with great vigour and enthusiasm.

Harding House started off as the favourite to win this tournament. They didn't have any members of the Globe Trotters but certainly had the top players in school playing for them.

7th Dec. : The first match took place between Bishop's and Harding. The two A. F. M. C. referees who had been called (thanks to Mr. Daniell) asked the two teams to line up. And then, the match started and immediately bounced into the usual rhythm of a basketball match with Harding taking the lead in the first minute. Even though Bishop's played well, it was evident right from the beginning that Harding was superior. Harding won the match comfortably.

The second match, between Arnould and Mansfield, was a totally one-sided match. Arnould defeated Mansfield by a margin of well-over 30 points.

8th Dec. : The matches were held on a Saturday for the first time. The first match between Mansfield and Bishop's was not at all exciting. Bishop's easily won.

The second match, viz. between Arnould and Harding, was the much-awaited one. It was the 'Clash of the Titans'. Both teams played well and the difference between the scores never exceeded more than two points. Three minutes were left and still the scores were level. Then suddenly, Harding's captain broke away and dropped the ball into the basket. Another basket followed this before the final whistle was heard. A jubilant cry went up as Harding house supporters rushed to congratulate their team.

10th Dec. : The match between Arnould and Bishop's was a good one. The former had really to fight it out before they won the match.

The last match was played between Harding and Mansfield. As expected Harding won (even though only substitutes played).

And thus ended a memorable basketball season. Harding house won this tournament. I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Daniell the very keen moving spirit behind Basketball in the school.

V. Magotra X A

BAJIRAO FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT

We became 10A with the coming of June 84. Ten of our best sportsmen were lost to the other two sections in the process. People already had eyed us as the most studious class, though a bit talkative and now they called us bookworms, students who did not turn an eye towards sport. We set out to prove these people wrong, at the same time keeping up our academic work.

Not only the players but also the ever interested classmaster Mr. Singh, who put everything into making 10A the most highly esteemed and praised class at the end of the year, deserves the praise for what they achieved in the Bajirao tournament.

If an opinion poll had been held before the tournament and the school asked its views, most probably the school would have voted 10A 4th seed after 10B, 10C and 9C who were expected to vie for top honours. But as the last day but one of the tournament dawned, we, fresh from a 2-0 victory over 10B, were ready to face the next challenge coming from 9C who had managed to salvage a draw with 10B, but in turn had been crushed by 10C, who were engaged in a keen tussle with 10B that day.

By half time we were down in the dumps. In a "full half" no goal had been shot by either of the two sides. We were lagging behind in the goal average. Captain Gangoli tried to raise his team's spirit while Vice Captain Magotra stood cursing himself for missing certain opportunities which he called "pot shots".

With the start of the second half another blow was awaiting us. A goal was shot, not by us but against us. Every player was thinking in terms of defence, but Gangoli far from thinking so, removed me from my half back position and put me in the front-line as by then I had luckily managed to keep ahead in the matter of shooting the most number of goals in my team. The result was good, but not excellent. We managed a goal with Magotra's constant attacks, but could do no more.

We came off the field an exhausted team only to learn that 10C, whom we had expected to meet on equal terms on Monday, had scored a convincing victory over 10B by a substantial margin. 10C were now not only far ahead of us in goal average but also had a point lead on us. We were depressed, for now the only way of retaining the shield was to beat 10C. A draw would not matter. A win was needed if we wanted to keep up the tradition of 10A, who had won the Bajirao Shield on two previous occasions and thus could be champions for the third year running if we did win it again.

A week-end was enough to renew our spirits even though the thought about the recent match with 9C persisted.

On Monday morning an order was issued by Mr. Singh that if any boy failed to turn up to cheer his team, marks would be deducted from his Chemistry test. The boys turned up in large numbers. The tension mounted as strategies were discussed in the 10A classroom at the end of each period and spies were planted during breaks in the 10C area to get information on the opponents' strategies. We busted a dozen spy-rings that day but failed to catch the king-pin in pulsating chases through corridors, toilets and the basketball court. This was of course all for the fun of it as, even if certain strategies were agreed upon by the whole team, nobody would bother to think about them once the match was underway.

Both teams were in high spirits as they went on to the field. Certain players as they entered the field started "freshening up", by turning their limbs through all possible obtuse angles.

The whistle was blown by the referee, Mr. Matkar. The sides charged. I sat in the goal viewing the match which progressed mostly in the midfield or 10C's half during the first period of the match.

As the first half neared its end I had not made any saves which could be termed as sensational (nor did I make any in the match). Suddenly out of the crowd of backs and forwards at midfield ran out a few 10C players with our backs in hot chase. The ball was kicked forward and as I moved forward and collected the ball a human avalanche descended upon me. I struggled out of the melee and looked up at the referee, Mr. Matkar. I saw that he was pointing at the penalty mark and directing me to place the ball there. I staggered up to the spot in an angry mood and placed the ball on the ground with an action that showed my anger. The rest of the players who seemed to have a dazed look on their faces till then now recovered and moved towards Mr. Matkar as if to protest, but at a signal from Mr. Singh who was watching the match keenly from the side-lines the protest move was stopped.

I stood with my arms outstretched and feet wide apart, a stance I had seen many a goal keeper taking, and fixed my eyes upon the ball. The player, Bhojwani, was standing tense, ready for the kick as silence reigned over the field. Bhojwani moved and "WHAM" ! The ball steadily rose and sailed over my head while I stood in exactly the same position in a state of extreme excitement with no movement but that of my eyes that followed the ball. A cheer rose from the side-lines and for the second time in the match a human load descended upon me, only this one was embracing & hugging. The ball had not only sailed well over my head but over the goalpost as well.

As the end of the match approached I was asked to move into the forward line. The last 60 seconds were left when the centre forward, Dehgan, gave a pass to Oswal, left out, who in turn passed it to me, left in. I deflected the ball towards the centre and the goal-keeper, Khemlani, charged forward to collect it only to realise that Magotra was sprinting towards it. Khemlani retreated but tripped and fell. He changed the fall into a dive with expertise thus proving that his coaching in "Hongkong" had not gone wasted, but the ball was through, the goal was shot, the match won. Magotra had shot the winning goal. Mr. Singh congratulating us declared that the Chemistry test scheduled for the next day was postponed by a week.

That Thursday the whole of 10A sat in the Chemistry laboratory and each player related to his fascinated friends his share in the spoils in that Monday match at a party, the expenses of which were borne by M. Irani. He could not take part in the class matches due to the fact that he was a school Junior XI player but he took keen interest in the proceedings of the tournament.

M. Luthra, 10A

FOOTBALL

With the academic year starting in June, the first thing to hit one in the face is football. This football season is welcomed by the boys as well as a few of the staff. Therefore, to give vent to their exuberance in embracing the football season, the staff and boys settled down to their first 'kick-off' encounter. In an exciting match, the staff and the boys held on to their age-old tradition-the staff refusing to win and the boys keen on not losing. Thus each team was rewarded in obtaining their goals; the boys scored two goals and the staff, none. During the season, the staff and boys met regularly almost every weekend on the Race-course field and fought over possession of a lonesome ball-the youthful boys invariably getting the better of the ageing staff. Sad to say, this year one could not witness the traditional closing football match between the staff and the boys. I'm sure that the staff would have got the better of the 'swollen-headed' boys this time.

'Swollen-headed' did I say? Well they had adequate reason for this. However, let's get over with recalling their earlier failures so that we can treasure their final victories with fond memories of the glory they have brought to Bishop's.

The inter-class football matches commenced on 9th July and ended on 1st August. The results of the matches are as follows :—

Places	Seniors	Pts.	Juniors	Pts.	Sub. Juniors	Pts.
First	10 A	9	8 C	9	6 C	10
Second	10 C	8	8 A	8	(5 C 6 B)	(6 6)
Third	9 A	6	8 B	7	—	—

The inter-house matches were played over a period of three days i. e. 20th to 22nd August. The matches were well contested by the houses and their players and the cheerers played their part well. The results were as follows :—

Places	Seniors	Pts.	Juniors	Pts.	Sub. Juniors	Pts.	Overall	Pts.
First	Arnould	7	Harding	7	Mansfield	7	Harding	15
Second	Bishop's	5	Arnould	5	Harding	5	Arnould	13
Third	Harding	3	Bishop's	3	Bishop's	3	Bishop's	11
Fourth	Mansfield	1	Mansfield	1	Arnould	1	Mansfield	9

A combined team of the staff and senior XI ran through the Old boys scoring a 5-2 victory. However, the very same combination failed to get the better of the AFMC who beat us 7-0. The senior XI lost to the Old Old boys and also to the AFMC 1-2 and 0-3 respectively.

With eagerness, everyone looks forward to the annual fixtures with St. Peter's Schools, Panchgani and Bombay. On 21st July, St. Peter's, Panchgani, came down with their senior XI and staff teams. The evening witnessed two splendid matches. Bishop's were victorious on both counts, with a 2-1 margin. In a well-played match between the boys, Bishop's swung into the lead through a superb goal by R. Kapur. But hardly had they turned back

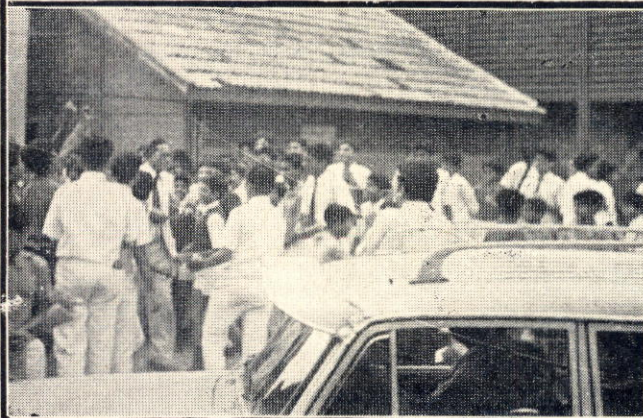
when St. Peter's scored the equalizer. Next followed a battle for supremacy and S. Momin sent home the winning goal. In the staff match, Bishop's trailed by a 1-0 lead in favour of St. Peter's. Mr. Burton brought the score to a 1-1 level when he converted a direct kick into a goal. With this serving as a booster, Mr. F. D'souza clinched the match in favour of Bishop's with a 2-1 victory. Our juniors who had gone up to Panchgani played on Tableland where they lost narrowly, by a solitary goal, after putting up a tremendous performance.

The following weekend viz. 28th July was the fixture with St. Peter's, Bombay. This time the senior XI and a few members of the staff went down to Bombay. Our boys were unable to get through the 'hardy' St. Peter's boys and faced a well-fought defeat of 3-0. The staff along with the substitutes of the senior XI faced a humiliating defeat of 8-0 the following morning. A vote of praise goes to V. Mubarakai our senior XI goalkeeper. He brought about spectacular saves that won him showers of praises on the field and a Rs. 50/- award when he was adjudged the "Man of the Match". I wonder if the St. Peter's girls had anything to do with his success !! ?

One thing I can definitely say is that the Rs. 50/- went a long way during the Inter-School football tournament here in Pune. There could have been no better goalie than V. Mubarakai who helped tremendously in bringing honour to Bishop's. Of course, it was not only him but also many others, in fact the whole team, that needs applause. However, I shall save that for the end.

Let me begin with our Mini team. At the inter-school meet, our Minis were real dwarfs compared to the 'Giant Minis' from the other schools. Head and shoulders above ours and kicks that would leave a 'senior' gaping made it all the more difficult for our Minis to forge their way through the League. It's sad to see our Minis struggle against these 'giants' and one wonders—where's justice and sport? Though our Minis failed to reach the quarter-final knock-out stage, their game did not lack the lustre and skill that was needed out on the field. Theirs was an excellent game of passing whenever the ball was in their possession. Against the formidable St. Vincent's they were able to draw 1-1, Vinod Patil being the scorer; but they lost to N. M. S. Perhaps if they had more than two teams in their pool, they might have proceeded further up in the tournament. Credit for their good game goes to Mr. W. Daniell and Mr. R. Smart their coaches. Incidentally, Mr. Daniell had a tough time in choosing his team as the number of enthusiasts who turned out for selection far exceeded the requirement for two teams, let alone one.

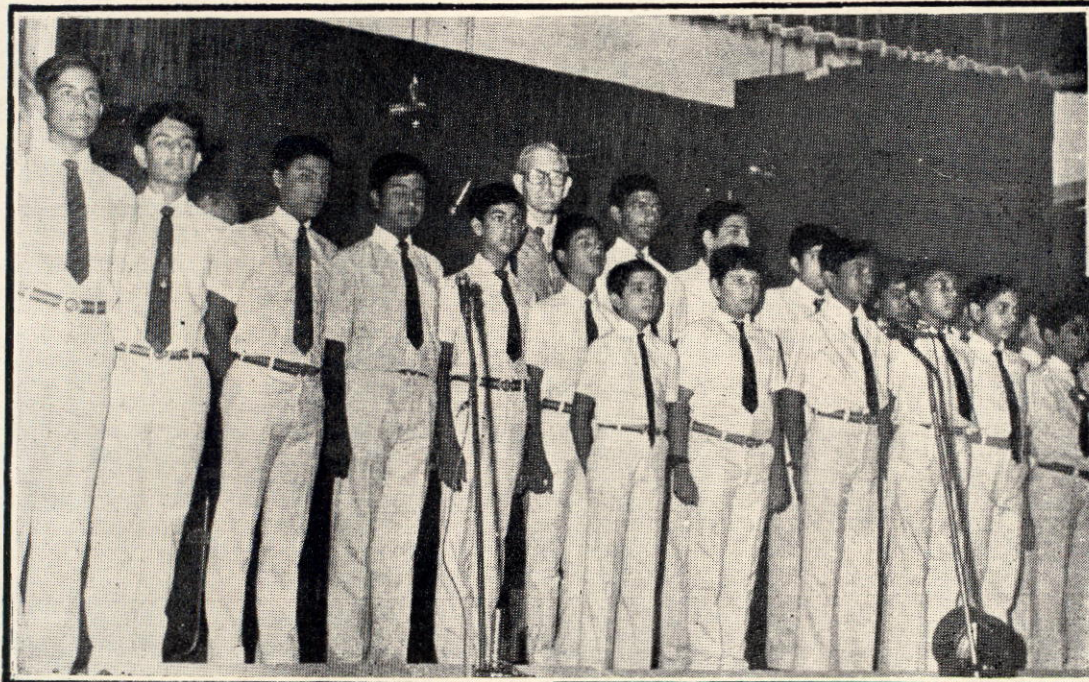
Our Junior XI fared better at the inter-school tournament. Under the able guidance of Mr. Francis and the unseen direction of Mr. Shepherd, the Juniors shaped up to stand against stiff opposition, fighting their way through a host of teams to make it to the semi-finals. Their first match against Ornella's required them to put to use all the skills they had learnt. After a good game they drew 0-0. When they played S. S. P. M. S. (day) next, they gained an easy 2-1 victory when P. Patil and R. Ovalekar scored. This victory spurred them on and when they next met J. N. Petit, A. Akkalkotkar scored a hat trick (3 goals) and S. Kadu scored one to have a 4-2 lead over their opponents. This qualified them to



The Seniors win the Inter School Football Championship outright for the first time



PROJECT ON NAGALAND
OUR ENTRY IN AN INTER-SCHOOL STATES PROJECT



THE SCHOOL CHOIR

enter the Knock-out part of the tournament. Here they first met N. M. S. It was really a hard struggle for them but they were able to defeat them by a solitary goal. Their next challenge came from the S. S. P. M. S. (boarding). These made up for their day-scholar brothers by defeating our Juniors 2-1. Our Juniors had put up a good show, but the solitary goal by A. Akkalkotkar was not enough and in defending their goal from further invasion they failed to improve their score. This defeat saddened them because they failed to qualify for the finals. However, their game was noteworthy and interesting. We hope that they will do better when they reach the Senior division next year, following in the footsteps of the present Seniors.

The School XI created history in Bishop's when they lifted the Cup in the Senior division of the Pune Inter-school Football tournament. This is the first time we have been the exclusive winner. We had shared the Cup as winners on a previous occasion. Our boys are comparatively the youngest in this division as it includes the 11th and 12th standard boys of other schools (we have only till the 10th) and this made their performance all the more admirable. In the pre-interschool tournament period, the Seniors had built up a poor reputation regarding their performance on the field. In fact, when they returned from the first match of the tournament against the formidable Ornella's, Mr. Beaman had inquired by how many goals they had lost. He was taken aback when told that Ornella's were defeated by 3 goals to 1. A. Deshmukh, R. Kapur and R. Sabale were the scorers in this match. With one victory behind them, the Seniors plunged into the next match running riot on the field. Each player seemed keen to be a goal hunter and on twelve occasions they beat the S. S. P. M. S. (day) goalkeeper in a 12-0 victory. The successful goal hunters were A. Deshmukh (5), R. Sabale and R. Kapur (2 each), D. Inamke, S. Momin and A. Ghule (1 each). Spurred on by the praises they received, they were determined to force their way into the knock-out part of the tournament. Their third match against J. N. Petit seemed chicken-feed to them when A. Deshmukh, W. Nelthropp and A. Ghule scored a goal each to clinch a 3-1 win.

Now the team had reached the knock-out part of the tournament. They knew that they would meet tough opposition and stiff resistance on the field and if they wanted to erase the previous reputation they had, they had to emerge as Winners. To achieve this goal would definitely not be easy, but they had determination and a strong backing from their coaches and a host of other well-wishers.

St. Vincent's proved no easy prey for them in their quarter-final match. Both teams were well matched and if I am to be fair, our team did suffer against their continuous pressure. They missed innumerable chances of scoring and 'Lady Luck' seemed to be on our side. But if they were good, then we were definitely better because we edged them out of the tournament defeating them by a lone goal scored by A. Deshmukh.

The semi-final match was against Vidya Bhavan. A. Deshmukh and W. Nelthropp fought through the Vidya Bhavan defenders and each was able to score once. A little before half-time, the skipper A. Deshmukh had to leave the field after a serious nose

injury. This created a major set back in our team. The players were confused and ran around wildly. Their good play slackened. The whistle at half time was a saving grace. Once their skipper returned to the field after half time, the players regained their original composure and excelled themselves in their game, to enter the finals.

In the finals, our Seniors faced N. M. S. and also a chance of procuring the coveted Cup. They failed to be impressive on the field. They lacked all the skill they had displayed on previous occasions. It just did not seem to be their day. This was very disconcerting to those watching and cheering. The school had gone through a great expense of hiring a bus to take some of our Senior and Middle school boys to watch this 'battle of the giants'. The Principal, Mr. Roberts, and many other members of staff had come to witness this great battle. How disappointing and bleak things looked at half time. The players perhaps sensed this and struggled during the second half. However, if they failed to score to their advantage, they at least defended their goal against attack and at the close of the game the score stood at 0-0.

A re-play was scheduled for the next day. Again a host of members of staff and boys turned out to see which way the wind would blow. Who that day would fall, by the 'kick of the ball'? The boys appeared to be renewed with vigour. There is a little secret to this. They had been playing continuously day after day, matching their skills and strength against tough teams and were surely fatigued. Sheer exhaustion caused a poor performance in their first match against N. M. S. To prepare themselves for the re-play, they were given extra rest and this did wonders to them. From start to finish the N. M. S. were helpless. Our game was far superior. When W. Nelthropp drove home the first goal, everyone was happy. This made the boys strive harder still to create a wider gap and W. Nelthropp for the second time slammed in a goal when he received a timely pass from A. Ghule. The game ended on a glorious note, for Bishop's was the winner. The Cup was theirs exclusively, not to be shared by anyone.

Ashok Deshmukh as the skipper of the team did an excellent job. He really sewed the team together and handled them well. The team was chaotic when he had to stay out for some time, during their game against Vidya Bhavan, due to a nose injury.

Remember, earlier in the article, I had mentioned something about Rs. 50/- going a long way. Well, that Rs. 50/- stretched throughout the period of the inter-school tournament. V. Mubarakai was at his best in the goal. Hardly any goals were scored against us and a couple of them were through the generosity of our players who were determined to beat Mubarakai at his own game.

Though I've mentioned only a few names, the success and credit of this victory goes to all the players who worked as a team to produce the results they did. Each player held firm his position and contributed his mite in achieving this victory. Last, but not the least, appreciation for the coaches Mr. Burton and Mr. White who helped the team attain this victory.

W. H. B.

The Annual Inter-House Athletic Meet

The day of reckoning had dawned at last—Saturday, the 24th of November 1984—the day for which there had been practices and rehearsals. Almost all concerned had swallowed plenty of dust, become a few shades darker in the hot sun and dodged class when the opportunity presented itself, but it was part and parcel of Sports Day. 10.30 am.—the chairs had not arrived, the boarders (our eager working force) were nowhere to be seen, the measuring tape could not be found and someone had marked the wrong staggers—end of Scene I.

2.30 p. m.—a well laid-out field, flags fluttering in the breeze, guests pouring in, boys lined up for the March past. The scouts on duty gave the warning whistle, it passed down the line : our Chief Guest, Major General Virendra Mohan, Commandant Command Hospital, Southern Command, had arrived.

He was led by the Principal to the saluting base, the Band struck up and the show was on.

The boys marched past, House-wise, with Bishop's House—last year's Champs—in the lead, followed by Arnould, the Band, Harding and Mansfield. One could not help commenting on the good marching. Where were the sloppy ones? Where were those with two left feet and robot-like gait? They were all there but probably the occasion had smartened them up.

The officials took their places and the 100 mtr. Div IV athletes came speeding along. V. Jachak of Mansfield was an easy winner in 15.3 sec.

Next came Div. I—100 mtr. In it were the top athletes of the school. It was a nail-biting finish with W. Nelthropp breasting the tape at 12.2 secs with A. Deshmukh just a pace behind.

The Victor Ludorum winners in Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 were A. Deshmukh (A), S. Rizvi (H), S. Kadu (A), M. Kelkar (B), & M. Dhillon (B). Special note must be made of S. Rizvi of Harding who in the Div. II 100 mtrs. clocked the fastest time in the school i. e. 12.1 sec—he sure is a very promising athlete and will go far with a little coaching. Also, of M. Dhillon (B) of Div. V who set a new record in the 200 mtrs. with a timing of 32.0 secs.

The relays were well contested with Arnould winning the Senior, followed by Bishop's and Harding winning the Medley, followed again by Bishop's.

The Junior School races drew the most applause. Adam and Eve and the tempting apple, the three-legged race, Jumping Jacks and little bunnies (that's what they looked like)—they were winners all.

The parents and visitors race attracted about 15 couples and was won by Sqn. Ldr. and Mrs. Cooper.

The Old boys race was once again a fast affair won by the past Boys with the present team a good second.

The overall standings at the end were Harding, Bishop's, Arnould and Mansfield. The Final March past was in that order and the Houses formed up for the prize Distribution.

There was much cheering and clapping as representatives of each House brought back trophies and Harding was declared the Champions.

Major General Virendra Mohan gave a short talk in which he praised the high standard of the Sports and even gave a holiday to be kept in reserve (we were given that holiday in March '85 but unfortunately the Head boy V. Mubarakai, who requested it, had already left school by then).

After the customary 3 Cheers for the Chief Guest, the guests departed. Within minutes the chairs had been folded by the boys (mostly boarders), and everyone returned home and to school happy that all had gone well.

Faster, Higher and More Strongly had been our motto and we had all strived to maintain it.

M. G.

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS 1984-85

DIVISION V

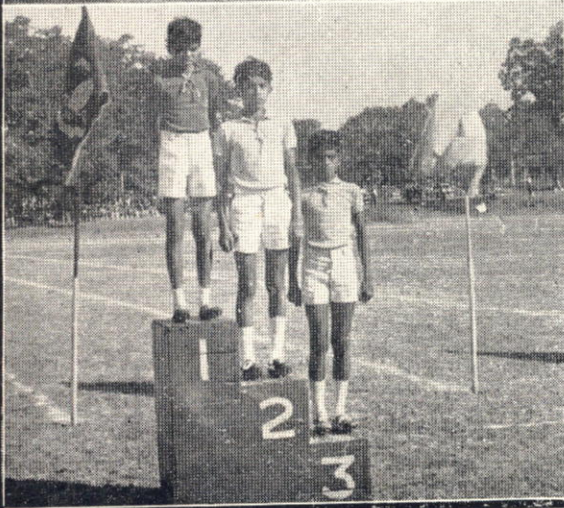
Event	Ist	2nd	3rd	Time/Dist.
50 metres	M. Dhillon	C. Rana	R. Cooper	8.3"
80 metres	R. Awale	M. Dhillon	H. Boyini	12.8" secs
200 metres	M. Dhillon	H. Boyini	R. Cooper	32.0"
Victor Ludorum	M. Dhillon			(new record)

DIVISION IV

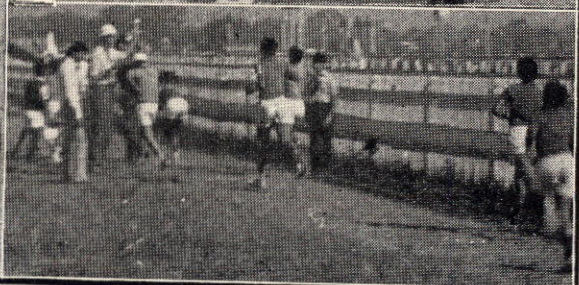
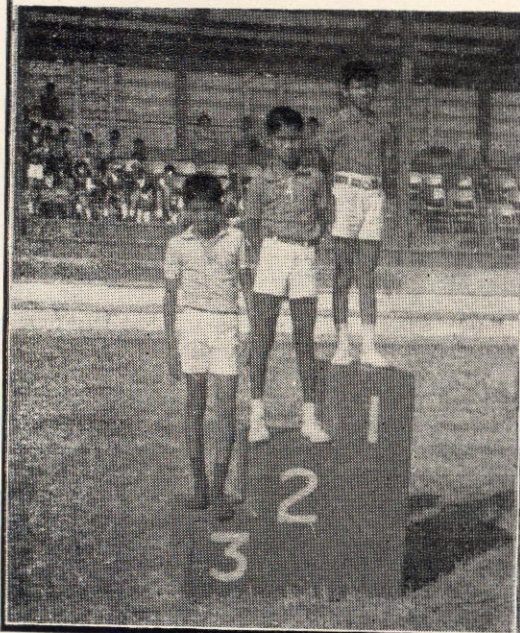
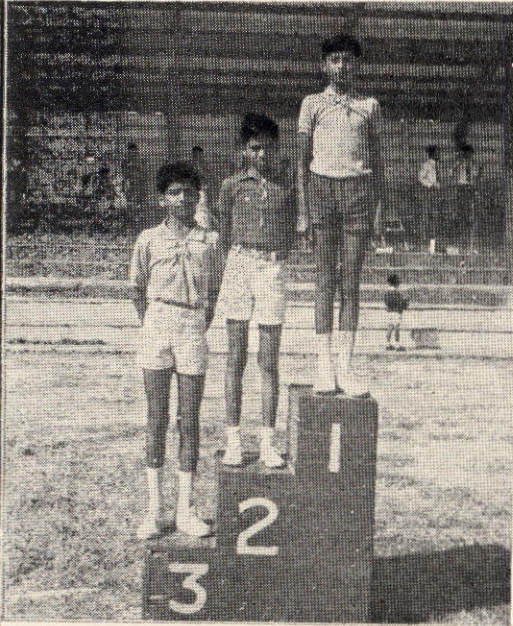
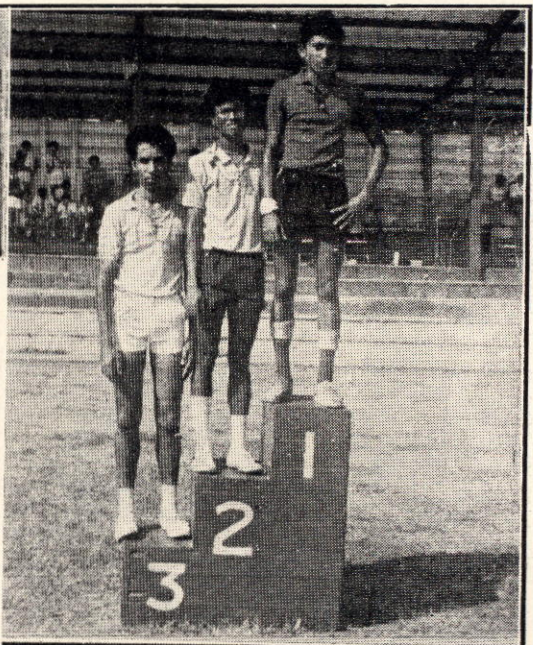
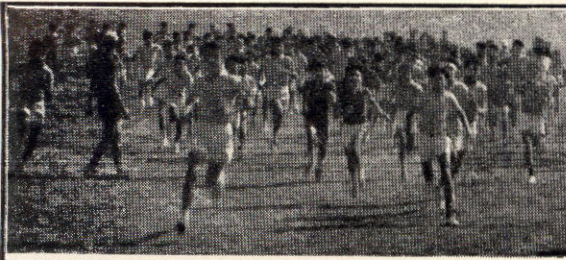
100 metres	V. Jachak	A. Jadhav	I. Nimbalkar	15.3"
200 metres	A. Jadhav	M. Kelkar	S. Patil	31.4 secs
400 metres	M. Kelkar	T. Khanna	R. Isaacs	74.5"
Long Jump	M. Kelkar	V. Jachak	T. Khanna	11.8"
4 x 100 m Relay	Bishop's	Harding	Arnould	63.0"
Victor Ludorum	M. Kelkar			

DIVISION III

100 metres	S. Kadu	P. Patil	P. Borawake	14.0"
200 metres	P. Borawake	S. Kadu	P. Patil	28.7"
400 metres	P. Borawake	H. Talera	A. Borawake & S. Kadu	66.9 secs
Long Jump	S. Kadu	R. Neemuchwalla	D. Kadu	13.9"
High Jump	R. Sood	A. Momin	J. Rohamare	
Junior 100 x 200 x 200 x 100 M Relay	Harding	Bishop's	Arnould	88.2"
Victor Ludorum	S. Kadu			



ATHLETICS ! ATHLETICS !! ATHLETICS !!!



LONG DISTANCE RUNNERS

DIVISION II

100 metres	S. Rizvi	R. Sabale	R. Somji	12.2''
200 metres	S. Rizvi	R. Sabale	R. Somji	25.7''
400 metres	S. Rizvi	D. Inamke	R. Somji	58.6 secs
800 metres	D. Inamke	R. Sabale	S. Rizvi	2.28.5''
1500 metres	D. Inamke	R. Sabale	S. Patole	5.24.8''
Long Jump	S. Rizvi	Jacob John	D. Inamke	17'4''
High Jump	I. Sawhney	R. Sabale	A. Gangoli	4'8''
Triple Jump	S. Rizvi	R. Sabale	D. Inamke	37'5''
Putting	R. Sabale	S. Kirpalani	D. Inamke	25'9''
Victor Ludorum	S. Rizvi			

DIVISION I

100 metres	W. Nelthropp	A. Deshmukh	N. Karale	12.2''
200 metres	W. Nelthropp	A. Deshmukh	S. Momin	25.3''
400 metres	A. Deshmukh	W. Nelthropp	S. Momin	57.3 secs
800 metres	A. Deshmukh	S. Momin	H. Dehghan	2.25.1''
1500 metres	A. Deshmukh	W. Nelthropp	S. Momin	5.5.6''
Long Jump	W. Nelthropp	A. Deshmukh	N. Karale	17'2''
High Jump	K. Whabi	A. Deshmukh	W. Nelthropp	4.9''
Triple Jump	A. Deshmukh	N. Karale	W. Nelthropp	36'1''
Putting	K. Whabi			
	W. Nelthropp		N. Karale	25'7''
Senior Relay 200x400x400x200				
Relay	Arnould	Bishop's	Harding	2.54.1''
50x50x3x100 M				
Medley Relay	Harding	Bishop's	Arnould	55.3''
Tug O' War	Arnould	Bishop's	Harding	
Victor Ludorum	A. Deshmukh			

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.	1972
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	32.0 sec.	M. Dhillon	1984
Cross Country	17 min. 14.8 sec.	P. Ahluwalia B	1967
Long Distance	10 min. 4 sec.	R. Sharma B	1981

BOXING

The ring is all set, the Boxers tense. It is the Boxing finals.

Possibly ours is the only school in Poona, which still has boxing. Unfortunately, this manly and character building sport has lost much of its popularity because of the brain injuries, and sometimes deaths, that have followed in the wake of professional boxing. Apart from the known damage, people are afraid of lesser effects which may not be discernible, but do affect a person's life thereafter.

Bearing these hazards in mind, Bishop's conducts boxing with due regard to the inherent dangers. As far back as is known, there have been no adverse effects which have arisen as a result of Boxing in Bishop's.

The boys run towards the chairs to get a proper seat from which they can cheer their favourite boxers.

This year again, the Chief guest is Mr. Aspi Irani, who in previous years was the Chief guest many times. He is a member of the Indian Amateur Boxing Federation, and was a judge at the IX Asiad held in New Delhi.

The Head Boy V. Mubarakai welcomes the Chief Guest, the judges and the spectators. He then calls out the names of the two boxers for the first bout of the evening. R. Isaacs in the Blue Corner and J. Isaacs in the Red Corner — both good boxers and brothers.

The gong for the first round is heard, and the boxers begin, with quick moving hands and feet, and keen and sharp reflexes. Some of these bouts are difficult for the judges to decide the winner, as both the boxers have boxed very well. The referee declares the winner. J. Isaacs has won. Later he was declared the Rookie of the year.

The bouts following are Senior bouts, the more interesting ones this year, as the last year's Juniors are now Seniors.

These bouts are full of hard-punches, bleeding noses and lips which seem to encourage the cheerers. K. Sharma, an excellent boxer, is taking full advantage of his skill and weight, and thrashing Tilekar, a good but not quite good enough boxer.

Y. Irani and K. Whabi are not to be missed out as they put up a good display for the evening. The weights though tipped heavier on Whabi's side don't deter Irani from giving of his best. He returns blows just as he gets them. Whabi eventually wins by just a mere point. And Irani is awarded the "Best Loser" cup.

In the Mosquito Weight, S. Momin won against A. Deshmukh, a strong experienced boxer though the boys expected Deshmukh to win. The bout was an interesting one, with hard punches and quick reflexes. Momin won the Belt for the "Best Boxer" in the seniors.

After some time the judges decide the special prizes, and after a short encouraging speech by the principal, and an inspiring one by Mr. Aspi Irani the Chief Guest, the latter gives away the prizes. The Head boy V. Mubarakai grabs the opportunity to ask for a holiday from the Chief guest. And after a holiday is given, there is loud applause from the boys and three cheers from the Head boy for the Chief Guest ending in a loud "Hip, Hip - Hooray !"

K. Arokiaswamy, VIII A

RESULTS OF THE BOXING TOURNAMENT

JUNIORS

WINNER	WEIGHT	RUNNER-UP
1. Isaacs R	Feather	Isaacs J
2. Rajnoor R	Light	Lahare S
3. Mogre V.	Light Middle	Nariman M
4. Fernandes B	Middle Weight	Sayed S

SENIORS

1. K. Sharma	Bantam Weight	Tilekar G
2. E. Wood	Midget Weight	Sawhney I
3. S. Momin	Mosquito Weight	Deshmukh A
4. Whabi K	Light Weight	Irani Y
5. N. Bhangle	Light Heavy Weight	Vaswani K
6. Sabale R	Heavy Weight	Mubarakai V

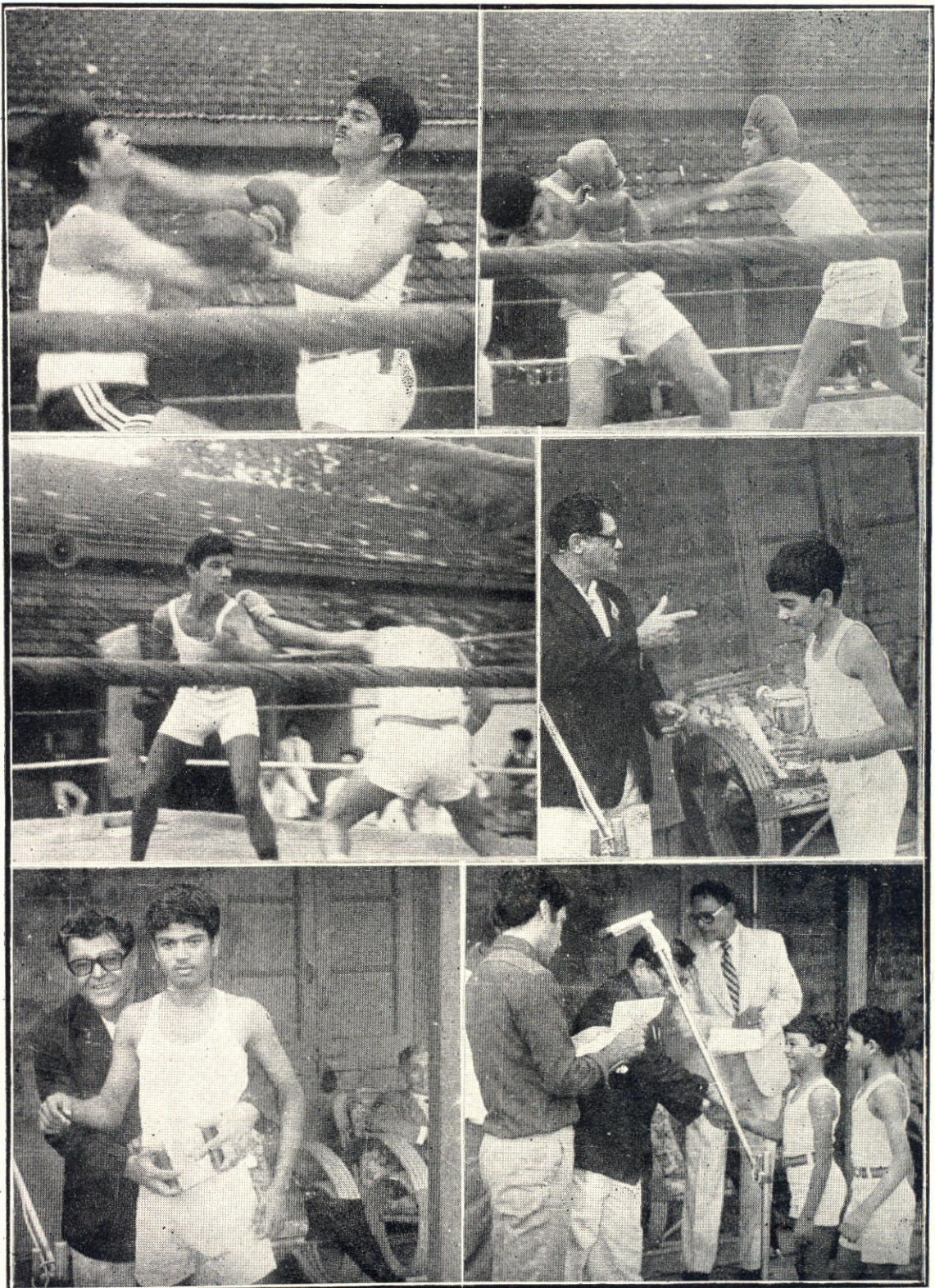
Best Boxer (Seniors) : S. Momin

Best Loser (Seniors) : Y. Irani

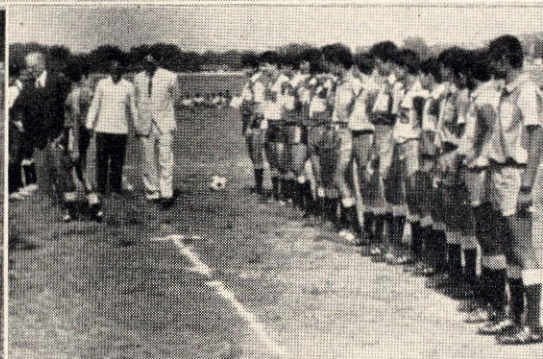
Best Boxer (Juniors) : R. Radhakrishnan

Best Loser (Juniors) : H. Mehta

Rookie of the Year : J. Isaacs



THEY CALL IT BOXING



FOOTBALL AGAINST ST. PETER'S, PANCHGANI

CRICKET

Obviously the most popular game in our country, cricket is received with the same enthusiasm in Bishop's. This year was no different from past years and the moment the cricket season started there were numerous games going on all over the school. During breaks, P. T. periods and after school, the vicinity was rendered dangerous by hard-struck balls whistling past one's ear or head.

Soon the House Matches drew near and there were many aspirants for the House teams, but inevitably only a small number could be chosen. At about the same time, the school senior XI was also being chosen. The master-in-charge, Mr. R. Smart, took a keen interest in this and, apart from choosing the boys to represent their school, also had the pitch on the Jeejeebhoy ground prepared and organised quite a few matches.

All this formed part of the preparation for our traditional match against the Old Boys' XI for the founder's week celebrations.

The House Matches were played and generated a lot of interest, especially among the seniors in which Arnould & Bishop's emerged joint winners. Finally the focus shifted to the senior XI whose cricketing skills were honed up to a fine level. Eventually the day of the long awaited match arrived and the team led by R. Sabale walked out to meet the formidable old boys.

After being put in to bat the Senior XI team quickly lost a few wickets but eventually managed to muster a respectable total in the allotted 30 overs. However the bowlers could not contain the Old Boys who emerged triumphant by 7 wickets.

Thus ended an exciting match, but more was yet to come. A few matches were organised against Old Boys, certain clubs and outside teams. Out of 4 matches played we managed to win one but lost the other three. However the morale of the team was not affected. The curtain came down on cricket for the year with the end of the season.

I would like to add my thanks and appreciation to Mr. Smart for his unflagging interest in us. I would also like to voice my hope for continued interest in this game in the future.

May the sturdy willow and glistening ball rise to all their glory next year.

Amit H. Gangoli XA
(Vice Captain) Senior XI

Special Note : Purazar Gowadia Class 8 B played for Maharashtra State and was a reserve for the West Zone Team in the under 15 tournaments. In the Maharashtra State Tournament he took four wickets in a single match and scored 18 runs—a very commendable performance for a boy who had not closed 13 years of age at that time.

SCOUTING IN BISHOP'S

Scouting shot off the launching pad last year and now has landed on the moon. One of our scouts — S. Mirchandani — got the opportunity to attend the coveted "President's Scout Award-Giving Rally" in Delhi. The rally was scheduled for the 26th of January 1985, but was postponed. What a pity! H. Gokhale and V. Gupta are eagerly waiting for their turn to attend the next rally. This year the troop produced three more President's Scouts — A. Jetha, K. Sharma and S. Deshpande.

The first camp of the year was held in July '84. It was a 'Tenderfoot' training camp and was held on the premises of the local headquarters. The scouts had made good preparation by clearing the ground of long grass which had sprung up during the rains. The rains were expected but it turned out that they were waiting for us to have a camp. The rain came down in thundering torrents and we were then doomed to spend the night in the pavilion. There we could squeeze in some teaching sessions, though they were not so thrilling as the outdoor experience. Nevertheless the scouts enjoyed themselves and it was a great experience for them.

The next camp held was also a 'Tenderfoot Training Camp.' A long camp was possible as the scouts had Diwali Holidays. The scouts who attended the camp gained practical knowledge in tent-pitching, cooking etc. They started their day with great enthusiasm but ended it with sleepy night duties.

The troop continues to hold its meetings on Fridays. The Court of Honour of Wednesdays forms a prominent and important feature of the troop's activities. Here the Patrol leaders get together and decide what activities will be held on Friday. Fridays are reserved for group teaching, inter-patrol competitions and games.

The scouts continue to assist in traffic control on Exhibition Road. They do good work in the form of parking lot management and traffic control on the occasions of school functions. This year the scouts did a good turn by helping to find a girl who had wandered away from her father and got lost.

The scouts did very well indeed in the Annual Fete. Their stalls collected large profits. They helped to raise money by selling Raffle Tickets. The amount collected was contributed to the Pavilion fund. 'Kharee Kamai' cards were issued and the scouts did various jobs to earn money.

Scouting has landed on the moon and is now proceeding to undiscovered galaxies under the expert guidance of experienced scouters like Mr. S. Fernandes and Mr. A. Fernandes.

· BON VOYAGE !

Hemant Gokhale
Troop Leader

FOUNDERS' WEEK CELEBRATIONS

Founders week was round the corner and everyone in school had been preparing intensively for fifteen days for the celebrations.

All the classes of the junior school had been practising for the drills over and over again. The teachers had put in a lot of effort in training their boys for the items they were to put on for the P. T. display. The senior school also had been working hard for their items. The staff and school choir had been preparing for the Thanksgiving service at the St. Mary's church too. Mr. Choudhari, our Art and Craft master, had begun getting together all the various pieces of art and craft skilfully finished by our boys. All the class teachers and masters were organising the stalls their classes were to run for the annual fete. It was an extremely busy fifteen days.

Soon Wednesday the seventeenth arrived and all the staff and boys came to school looking their best. The boys were led in an orderly manner into the church. As one entered the church one could see numerous candles flickering on the altar at the opposite far end amidst the artistically arranged flowers, fruits and loaves of bread. A gleaming brass-studded cross crowned the marble altar. The rays of morning sunlight filtering through the intricately worked stained window panes lent an air of serenity to the atmosphere. The service went off very well with the rich varying tones of the organ echoing through the church. Both the boys and the staff choir gave an excellent performance. The service was a superb start to the Founders' week celebrations.

The evening of the seventeenth provided a grand show of colourful and gay drills, gymnastics, ground work, horse-work and finally a spectacular mass drill by standards eight, nine and ten. The evening's success was all a result of the untiring effort of the masters, lady teachers and boys.

Then there were the Art, Craft, Chemistry, Biology, Physics, History, Geography, Commerce and Economics exhibitions. The models on various topics and works of art and craft were indeed a fabulous sight to behold.

The next day was our Annual school fete. The chief guest, Mrs. Menon, graced the occasion. This proved a grand success too, with all credit going to the classes and their teachers. There were several exciting games to be played, tempting prizes to be won, tasty snacks and a well run request stall managed by the X's.

The last of the week's celebrations was on Friday the nineteenth of October. Everyone had been eagerly awaiting the two cricket matches that were to be played, the first one being our Senior cricket team versus the old boys team. The old boys won a smashing victory, but our senior team played with a great spirit of sportsmanship and received loud applause too. The second match was the staff against the old boys. The latter emerged victorious from this match, though the staff team put in their very, very best effort.

Everyone went home at one o'clock with a light feeling in their hearts. Sorry, not quite everyone; the cricket teams and some of the old boys who had been spectators at the cricket match, went to a specially arranged lunch in school, where, I'm told, the food was good and the atmosphere of happy reunion was very much in the air.

SERMON... THANKS-GIVING SERVICE 1984

(by the Principal)

" May the words of my mouth and the meditation of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight O Lord Our Strength and Redeemer "

Rafer Johnson the great sportsman was the proud and privileged athlete to carry the Olympic flame up the Colisium Tower to light the torch at the site of the 23rd Olympiad. He was the last torch bearer in a torch relay across oceans and continents, to bring the flame from Olympia to Los Angeles. From New York to Los Angeles alone the flame was carried over a distance of 13000 km. through 33 states and 1500 towns, and it is estimated that 30 million people gathered en-route to cheer the torch bearers. This torch was a beacon light to sports lovers all over the world.

The ancient Jews had a law that the fire burning upon the altar must never go out and it was the sacred duty of the keepers to ensure it was always shining bright by night and day. It was never allowed to be dimmed and above all it was never to go out. It was to be "continual", symbolising the consecration of the worshippers and calculated to keep alive in men's hearts the thoughts of perpetuity.

But it is not the Olympic torch or the Jewish Law to which I desire to draw your attention as we meet again in St. Mary's Church for our annual Thanksgiving Service. I would rather seek earnestly to focus your attention on the symbolic torch we carry as a school both individually and collectively, and to the fact that God wants us to stand out as shining lights before men's eyes. God desires that we Bishopites, the torch bearers of a sacred flame handed on to us by our worthy forerunners, may be so illuminated by His holy light that our lives may illuminate the lives of all our members and the society in which we live.

It is important that the light which guides and enlightens us never be allowed to grow dim or be extinguished. We as torch bearers are entrusted with the task to see that this torch is as bright today in our hands as it was 120 years ago when in the hands of Rev. Fenton and his small band of Bishopites. We carry this torch but a little way and then pass it on to others; it is therefore our privilege and responsibility as custodians of this light to so guard and care for it that it will still shine brightly when our work is done, that it will never be dimmed or desecrated and when we deliver the beacon to others it will be brighter and more enduring.

Of the many holy and noble thoughts that emerge from such meditation I have chosen to focus our attention on four, namely that the torch we carry will :

(i) light up the path we tread, (ii) that it lights up our personal lives, (iii) that it spreads to every nook and cranny of our school and (iv) beyond that, the beams extend to the far corners of our land.

Firstly then the torch that we carry must Light the Path we tread.

Most of us are afraid of the dark, and if we are left alone in the dark we grope about as if blind, and we sometimes stumble and fall. We lose our bearings and pray for some light to show us the way and to enable us to see. Light is the agency by which objects are rendered visible and without light our eyes would be quite useless.

The Bible tells us that when God created heaven and earth, the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the earth, and the first thing that God did thereafter was to create light.

When sailors on board a ship in dark stormy waters see the distant gleam from a light house their fear and despair are turned to hope and joy, for they can then steer their ship safely through the tempest and avoid the dangers along the shore.

If we are to see the pitfalls and dangers ahead, the torch we carry must light up the path we tread. If we are to stick to the right path we must have a torch that is lit up by the brightness that comes from the very countenance of God. Only then shall we clearly see the beautiful deceptive signposts designed by Satan to sidetrack us, to tempt us to stray away from the road that leads to heaven. Satan has cleverly placed attractive dens of pleasure to attract us away from the straight and narrow path, attract us to the streets of sin and wickedness, to taste of forbidden fruits. These artificial dazzling lights are pretty and alluring, and all too easily we are drawn away by their outward appearance. But if God's holy light is our guide and His word a lamp unto our feet, we will have the true light to see clearly the path we have to tread, and the Bible says that to walk in the light brings salvation. So no matter how tough the road, how dark the encircling gloom, Our Heavenly-Father will lead us by His kindly light over the difficult and dark days for He himself is the way.

Secondly the torch must Light up our Lives, our thoughts and deeds,

For Jesus bids us shine in this world of darkness with a pure light, like a candle burning in the night.

When you study the topic of light in Physics you will learn about the different sources of light but the Physics books will not tell you that Jesus is the "Light of the World" and, if we desire that our lives shine like stars and our hearts and minds be filled with light, we must have Him as our Master and guide.

The beauty of any object becomes clearly visible only when light falls upon it. If it is kept in a dark corner its beauty is hidden. So also a life rooted in God. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai his face was shining bright for he had been in the presence of God. A life with Jesus as the source of light will be spiritually illuminated, it will be lit up with holy thoughts and desires, it will be a saintly life! You may ask how can a young boy aspire to be a saint? Every boy can be a saint if he hates evil, if he detests the use of abusive language, if he believes in honesty and truth, if he has the courage to resist enticing temptations, if he has the courage to oppose the bullies who choose to spread evil deeds and coerce boys to do wrong. May God grant that each one of you here today will be filled with a strong desire to be saints filled with light.

If you want to see the sun-rise on Mount Everest you go to a place called Tiger Hill near Darjeeling. Just before dawn the whole sky is like a dark canvas and nothing is visible — then suddenly the peak appears followed by other snow capped peaks and mountain ranges. It looks as if an invisible hand is painting the scene in the sky, and in a little while we behold the most beautiful sight. So it shall be with our lives if we let God's light fall upon us. We will be lighted up with a new touch of spiritual beauty if we cling to heavenward aspirations.

Sometimes we shut ourselves in with false and frivolous beliefs, we recede into the dark canyons of our minds and build around us obstacles that cut off the light — we forget that God has demanded that we let our light so shine before men that they see our good works and glorify our Father in Heaven. If we remove the mental blocks that would cut off the spiritual enlightenment that comes from the Divine Master, then we shall surely shine with intensity — Yes like that of Moses and our transfigured Lord.

Thirdly we must all seek to be the agents by which our SCHOOL IS FILLED WITH LIGHT.

Like the candles which light up the altar of this beautiful Church today, we must let the light of our lives permeate throughout the school. It should be our endeavour and desire to let it brighten every nook and corner and every aspect of our school life in Bishop's. The Holy light reflecting from Bishopites should be found in every classroom and dormitory, in our Halls and playing fields, wherever we eat or rest or play. The beauty that we behold in our Church today should be symbolic of the beauty of Bishop's. And this will be so if we abhor all that darkens and defiles our corporate life in school. If at assembly each day we light up the candles on the altar of our hearts our school will be filled with glorious light. Every time we resist the temptation to act or speak in a way that would be a blot on the fair name of this school, every time we shun the boys that would be agents of darkness by foul words or deeds, every time we uphold what is true and noble, we remove the obstacles that would shut out the Divine Light. Evil creeps in and takes hold when we allow a small dirty group to take command for they extinguish the light that would expose them and make them run for the cover of darkness. God grant that our school will be so lighted up that there will be no areas of darkness anywhere in it for evil to flourish and the intensity of the light from it may extend far and wide.

And Finally the Light from our lives and our school must LIGHT UP OUR LAND

Next week many of you will celebrate the festival of lights known as 'Diwali'. Diwali comes soon after the monsoon season is over. People repair their houses, throw out all the rubbish, clean and colour-wash their rooms and light up their homes with the traditional 'deeyas'. Many are happy on this occasion. But there are black clouds over our land and not all the 'deeyas' from the Himalayas to Kanya Kumari and from the Bay of Bengal to the Rann of Kutch can remove the darkness that covers this land so dear to us. There are dark clouds of caste wars and communal riots, foul murders

in the name of religion, senseless killings of innocent people in Punjab, Assam, Bhiwandi and Hyderabad. There are clouds of corruption in high places, and bonded labour is rampant in our towns, cities and villages. Evil customs of dowry and greed that claim the lives of innocent young women. Scandalous conditions of dirt, disease, under-nourishment, insecurity, ignorance and injustice. Death at the hands of dacoits and terrorists stalks our city lanes and country paths. Clouds of Hate and Strife have surrounded our peninsula and rule the hearts of many. The lights of love are low and dim and darkness reigns over the face of India. There is untold sorrow and darkness in the hearts and lives of millions and cries of help can be heard from every hut. Never before in the history of this land has there been such a great need for the light of love and peace, of mercy and truth.

It is our task and privilege to spread the light of peace, unity and brotherhood to every nook and corner, to light the hearts and minds of all we meet to pass it on. We may be able to boast that all our villages are electrified, but that will be a hollow boast if Hindus, and Muslims, Christians and Parsees, Sikhs and Jains and people of different languages, castes, creeds and states do not live in peace and harmony

Everyone of us is as much to blame as the culprits of Bhiwandi, Assam, Punjab and Hyderabad, for we have refused to share the responsibility to light the lamps of love. We rather choose to reflect our prejudices and the prejudices of our elders. We accept and perpetuate the false beliefs, dowry demands, and caste hatred. We are guilty of destroying the 'deeyas' of love and understanding.

We all blame the Government, police, army, a political party etc. for the darkness that prevails, for the awful shadows across the length and breadth of India, yet in the years to come, some of us may be as guilty as the worst of them. If in the years to come anyone of you hates your friend sitting near you today because he is a Hindu or Christian or Sikh, or Parsee or Muslim or of any faith you do not like, or because he is of a different caste, you will become an agent of darkness.

My young friends, God is calling each one of us here today to bring light to those that sit in darkness, he is calling us to light up our lamps and dispel the shadows of sin and ignorance of hate and evil that abound. He challenges us to get out from our comfortable homes to see the shocking conditions around us. He calls us to be channels of His love till His love reaches every soul that lives in our land.

“ IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND THE SON AND THE HOLY SPIRIT
.....AMEN ”.

**The Governing Body's appreciation of the late Mr. C. G. Young
former Chairman of the Governing Body and Society of
the Bishop's School, Pune**

Mr. C. G. Young, who died suddenly on the 9th of November, 1984, had had a long and extremely valuable association with the Bishop's School, Poona. He had been a Member of its Governing Body for 20 years, and served as its chairman from 1975 until the day of his sad and unexpected death. He took pride in the fact that he was himself an ex-Bishopite, and this, of course, gave him an unrivalled personal knowledge of events and personalities connected with the School, going back some 50 years or more.

He exercised his Chairmanship in a benevolent yet firm manner, and had a very high and extremely prayerful sense of his responsibility towards the School. Living close by, as he did, he was able to maintain a constant contact with the day-to-day life of the School. He evinced a keen interest in all its affairs, not least in the welfare and personal concerns of its Staff and Servants; and he was a recognised and familiar and respected figure to even the youngest and smallest boys of the School.

Long experience of public service, and the exercise of authority which that entailed, had given him valuable insights into the practical problems of administration. He realised very fully the importance of good and healthy inter-personal and public relationships in the life of any institution. During the somewhat 'troubled' years of 1977-79, he proved to be a source of strength and unflinching support to the School Administration, a greatly valued friend and counsellor to its Principal, and a courageous and unapologetic defender of the School against much widespread and popular misunderstanding, and even deliberate misrepresentation.

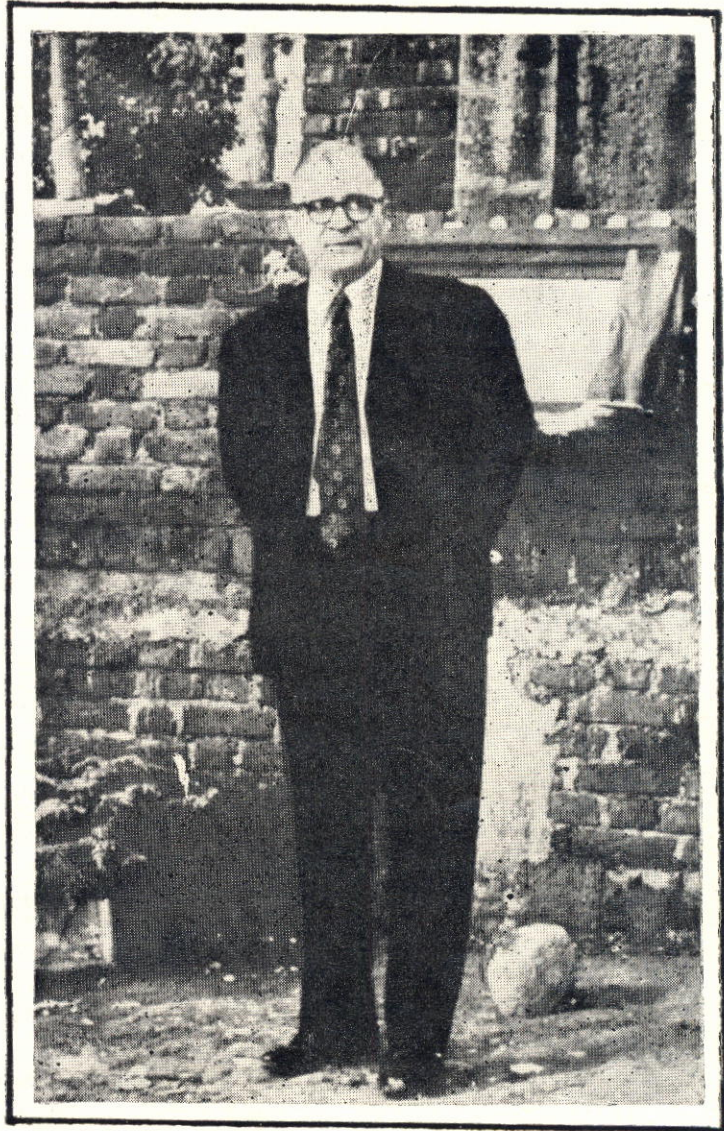
He was a warm, friendly and compassionate man, very approachable and with a lively sense of humour. These qualities, together with a strong personal faith in God, a quiet dignity of personality, complete integrity of character, clarity of purpose and an alert and unflinching attention to detail, gave distinction to his exercise of the Chairmanship of the Bishop's School.

He had a lively, constructive interest in all aspects of the School life, warmly appreciative of every fresh evidence of the School's progress and achievements, and full of encouragement for every effort made in the interests of the School. He took an active and formative interest in many and diverse matters relating to its development, amongst which may be mentioned the completion of the Junior Block, the new Science Block, the erection of the compound wall and the fixing of the new gates and the development of the Jeejeebhoy ground. Moreover, he took a keen interest in all the steps that have led to the present financial stability and thoroughly sound accounting system of the School.

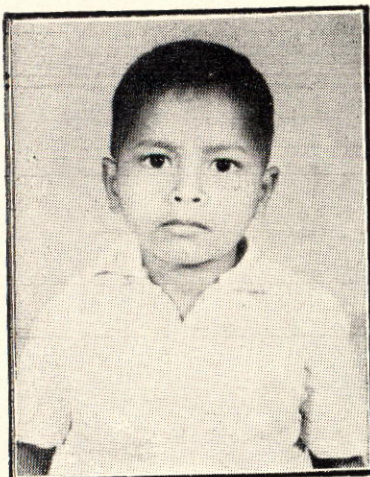
George Young proved himself a most acceptable and likeable colleague to all who had the privilege and pleasure of serving on the Board of Bishop's under his mature, wise and able guidance.

At their meeting the Governing Body gave thanks to Almighty God and resolved to put on record this sincerely held appreciation of his sterling services to the School. It also resolved to convey this Minute of Appreciation, along with an expression of continuing affection and respect, and assurance of care and prayer for their well-being and encouragement in the face of their great personal loss, to his widow, Mrs. Dulcie Young, and to their only daughter Rosalind, with her husband and family in Australia.

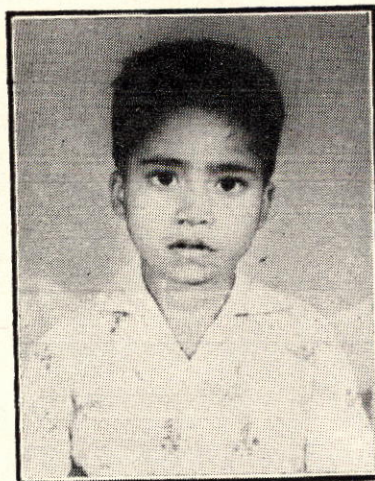
Rev. D. L. Rae



THE LATE MR. C. G. YOUNG

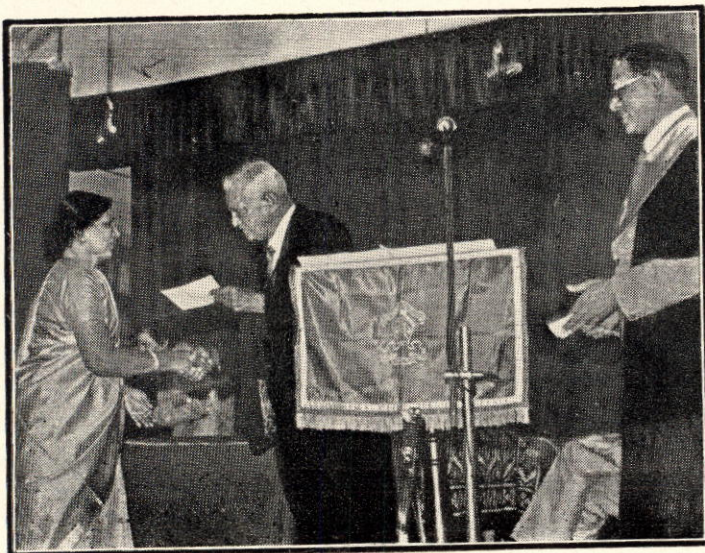


Samson Hiwale



Sanjay Bhadkar

Two boys of St. Edward's School, Panch - howd,
whom Bishop's has the privilege of supporting.



A cheque being handed over to Mrs. Luther
for the Leprosy Mission work.

THE FAREWELL DINNER

“Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort.” —William Shakespeare

When we say Farewell in Bishop's we really mean it, for however noisy, troublesome and at times irritating too the boys may have been before, by the time they come to the end of their school tenure they are almost all perfect gentlemen. Of course you do get the defiant loner or the black sheep as you may term him but then which of us is perfect?

It had been well thought about ages ago by our forefathers in Bishop's that nothing pleased a boy more than eating a good meal, so what better way to say goodbye to the outgoing 10th Standard?

This year the dinner was on the 16th of March and began at 7.15 p.m. The boarders of Class IX—the official organisers—had made sure the hall looked its best and the general feeling was that the decoration and lights made the place look real ‘groovy’!! Congrats Class IX (hope none of you have to do it again next year)

The food was well prepared and there was plenty of it; of course there were some complaints of slow service and forgetful bearers but Harding Hall and Bishop's School is no 5 Star hotel. The ice-cream that followed was delicious but some tables baffled the caterers Example: 14 boys and two staff at a table—when passed round, 20 ice-creams were not enough and 2 more were sent for—guess we like ice-cream too much or we are bad at maths.

Meanwhile autograph hunters were making the rounds making sure they always remembered us; there was an announcement from ‘on stage’ that a ‘super entertainment’ was to follow.

There were ‘oohs’ and ‘aahs’ of excitement from one and all. On came item No. one in the form of Mr. Chavan who recited some of his own poetry and a few jokes (that's what I think they were meant to be) The boys clapped and cheered after he had finished and our ‘poet’ was so thrilled and inspired that he recited two more poems, to which some boys responded with ‘wah wah’!! and ‘Kya baat’.

‘The band’ performed next. Mr. Shepherd on the guitar (lead and rhythm), Dhavale on the bass guitar, Mr. D. Pillai (our drum coach) on the drums and later Mr. Seymour on the mouthorgan. Mr. Fox and Mrs. Verma were our crooners and they really had the audience swinging (their discs may soon be available so watch out).

Speeches came next. Mr. Roberts invited V. Mubarakai the head boy along with the two vice head boys A. Deshmukh and S. Momin on stage to say a few words.

All three said (one after the other of course) that they had enjoyed their stay in Bishop's and were now sad to leave. They also thanked all the staff and servants for helping them enjoy their stay here.

Mr. Roberts spoke next. He praised the three leaders of Bishop's and lauded their excellent team spirit during the year. He voiced his hope that all those passing out remained true Bishopites always—that they rejected the path of evil, refused to give in to temptations—in general that they never let Bishop's colours fall.

“If we do meet again we shall smile;
If not, then this parting was well made.”

(M. G.)

The Choir And The Festival Of School Choirs

The spirit of Christmas was in the air, and the Festival of School Choirs, which had been revived after thirteen years, was to be held on the Twelfth of December 1984 at Gulati Hall.

Preparation for the festival had begun a month ago at our school. Mrs. Jolly, Mrs. Postwalla and Mr. Beaman had together selected two lively, delightful songs, well suited to the occasion. One of them was a Negro Spiritual, 'Just a Closer Walk with Thee.' The other was one of the songs from the world famous musical 'The King and I', 'I Whistle a Happy Tune.'

Mrs. Jolly gave the choir excellent support on the piano, and the choir was superbly conducted by Mrs. Postwalla. Along with Mr. Beaman's constructive criticism and the helpful advice rendered by him, our school choir surpassed all expectations.

A mass choir was also organised in which approximately 10-15 selected students from each of most of the choirs participated. So a few senior boys of the school choir were trained for the mass item in which they sang 'India Arise', a song that awoke in one's heart the joy and pride of India.

Soon the much awaited evening arrived, and at around quarter to six all the Bishop's School Choir boys, dressed in starched white uniforms, lined up just outside the Gulati Hall. All the other school choirs, too, were in their best. Altogether excitement prevailed in the air.

It was not long after the last rays of the sun disappeared and the sky was flushed pink and orange tinted with mauve, that the deep red curtain rose on the first choir.

All the schools gave of their best, and the feeling with which they sang and the joyous spirit was commendable 'par excellence'.

The Bishop's school choir was outstanding and gave a classic performance. The varying rich tones and cheerful presentation of the songs received loud applause after the first and an 'encore' after the second—though this was not able to be given as the programme was already lengthy.

Thanks to Mr. Beaman, Mrs. Jolly and Mrs. Postwalla, the Bishop's school choir was a grand success.

The show was brought to a close with 'India Arise', sung with great emotion and fervour proving a splendid Grand Finale, which left the audience inspired and enraptured by its hypnotic enchanting melody.

Arun Ram (IX B)

All this public performance was a fitting sequel to the 'domestic' work of the choir which leads the singing at the daily assembly and at the Annual Thanksgiving service, at which an anthem is also performed. Without such regular practice, the boys would not have been able to put on such a fine performance as they did at the Festival. Mrs. Jolly joins me in thanking the boys for their enthusiasm and willingness to learn. We both enjoy being associated with the Bishop's choir.

C. D. B.

The Inter-School Debate At St. Mary's

It was a bright sunny afternoon when we walked across to St. Mary's School with feelings of excitement and expectancy. We were on our way to the Inter-school debating competition. Accompanying our speakers, A. Ram and V. Menon, were a few other enthusiasts and two of our masters. On reaching the St. Mary's Hall we were welcomed by Miss Irani.

The Hall was full of charming girls from St. Mary's and St. Helena's as well as other students from many schools participating in the competition. When the debate was about to begin, girls were still pouring in in unprecedented numbers.

At last the debate began, that is, after Mrs. Mathews, the Principal of SMS, had given a short welcoming speech to the gathering and had introduced the judges and Chairperson—Mrs. Menon.

There was a brief silence and then a beautiful, charming girl from St. Mary's School, with a Diana-Spencer-Cut, presented a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Menon. The rules and regulations were stated by Mrs. Menon and the competition began with the Vincentians speaking first. After them, students from many schools presented their points of view on the topic, "Religion is the Only Hope for Mankind."

About halfway through the debate there was silence in the hall and Mrs. Menon said, "And now we have the Bishop's School". Although the odds were against us our speakers spoke eloquently and convincingly. As the competition continued, sitting through the debate became rather wearisome until Madhuri Gurjar, a bespectacled, studious-looking girl from SMS, brought us back to life with her high spirited speech which had enough humour and good sense to remove the cobwebs from our minds. After the speech we had no doubts which way the shield would go and our judgement proved correct. St. Mary's were the winners. St. Helena's were second and Bishop's third. We had thought that we might possibly come second, but St. Helena's beat us to this position. All the judges looked wise, well-informed, and just, so we had no doubt at the end that St. Helena's were, indeed the second best team on the occasion.

M. Irani & K. Jilkar X A

- ☆ An old man was taking a walk in the cemetery. It suddenly started to rain, Sheltering under a tree he met the cemetery gardener
"Terrible weather we're having", he commented.
"Aye", agreed the gardener, "but this is only a shower. The ground needs the rain. It is sure to bring things up".
"I sincerely hope not", replied the old man, "I have two wives buried in there."
- ☆ Museum Curator : That's a 5000 years old vase you have just smashed.
Visitor : "Thank heaven, I thought it was a new one."

The Senior Inter House G. K. Competition

The Senior Inter-House General Knowledge Competition was held on Republic Day after the Flag Hoisting Ceremony. In this competition, for the first time, the last question was worth 5 marks. The question contained three clues. If the team to whom the question was given answered after being told the first clue, they got 5 marks, but if they waited for the second clue before answering, then they got 3 marks. If after two clues, the team failed to answer then the question would be passed on to the second team. If the second team managed to answer, they got $1\frac{1}{2}$ marks, but if they failed, then the third clue would be given to them. If the team answered correctly, they got 1 mark, but if they gave a wrong answer, the question would be passed back to the former team who would get 1 mark if they answered the question. But if they failed to answer then the question would be passed on to the audience and neither of the teams would get any marks.

In the first round it was Bishop's against Harding. It was a keen round with both teams equal halfway through the round. But slowly, fancied Bishop's broke away and won the round. There had been a bit of controversy about a couple of questions. To cite a suitable example : "Who is the English cricketer who has a cricketing father born in India?" Bishop's answered Colin Cowdrey. The questioner gave them another chance and they answered correctly. The controversy was raised by the Harding house team as giving a second chance is in general against the rules. But Harding had to settle with no marks for that question.

In the second round, it was Arnould against Mansfield. This round was extremely close and the final score read 20-19, to show how close the round really was.

The final was a keenly awaited contest, Bishop's against Arnould. It was a battle of fluctuating fortunes. First, Bishop's got a good lead, then Arnould equalised and got a lead of five marks. But Bishop's again got the upper hand. This went on for some time before the last round of five point questions. Bishop's had been leading by a mark till then, but they failed to answer even after two clues. The question was passed on and pat came the right answer from Arnould and now Arnould had the lead. The last question of the competition was now asked. The last question had a first clue which was tough with Arnould failing to guess but the second clue was "her father was the Earl of Spencer" and cries of "Oh!" went all round the hall. Arnould gave the answer (Diana Spencer) and were the Jubilant Winners of the P. T. A. Rolling Trophy.

B. James IX B & D. Mukherjee IX B

- ☆ Arun : "Why are you running so fast?"
- Karan : "I saw a snake but it turned out to be a stick."
- Arun : "Then why are you shaking?"
- Karan : "Because the stick I picked up to hit it with turned out to be a snake."
- ☆ "I finally cured my kid of biting his nails."
- "Really. How did you do it?"
- "I knocked his teeth out"

The Middle and Senior School Elocution

"How sweet" "So nice" were some of the remarks heard after the middle school elocution contest. This made the senior school even more determined to do better than the middle school. This spirit of competition made the contest a total success.

This contest was held on 15th August, 1984. The boys competing in the Elocution competition came to school with excitement showing on their faces. After the flag hoisting and the Principal's speech all the Bishopites went into Harding Hall to witness the Elocution competition.

First the fives came on to recite their poems. Riyaz Bharucha recited the poem "Two's Company" and it was very entertaining. He came first in this category followed by Yohan Doctor who recited "I Like Boys the Best". Even after trying their utmost the sixes could not overcome the fives.

The sevens came on to recite. Anmol Chawla recited the poem "The Crocodile's Toothache" and it was liked by many. He came first in this section. After a very keen competition Mark Choudhari was a close second. Both these boys were from 7B. Neville Postwalla, Umeed Kothawalla and Niyaz Bharucha tried their best but could not beat the sevens.

The nines came on to recite with much enthusiasm. The competition in this category too was very keen. Amirali Jetha and Naresh Nandkumar recited very well but could not beat Marzban Irani who came 1st and Arun Ram who came 2nd. As soon as Marzban Irani came on to the stage and said "About 90% of the world are Fools!!" the whole crowd started smiling and as he went on they occasionally rocked with laughter.

Mr. Michael David gave away the certificates to the winners. He also gave the boys a few points on how to improve their style of oration to become the future Mark Anthony!

Mark Choudhari, VII B

- ☆ "Oh bother!" said Count Dracula, as he sank his fangs in his victim's neck.
"Wrong blood group!"
- ☆ Then there was a miser from Jaipur who went to Kashmir on his honeymoon alone.
His wife had been there before.
- ☆ Pilot to Tower : "Out of gas. Three hundred miles over the Atlantic. What shall I do?"
Tower to Pilot : "Repeat after me. Our father who art in heaven"
- ☆ Q. Who is a man who causes 'spirits' to appear before you?
A. A bartender.
- ☆ An Irishman walked down the road punching women, kicking dogs and cursing children. He was going to confession and didn't have enough material

I. C. S. E. Results 1984-85

There are no divisions for the ICSE. Divisions shown here are based on the percentage requirements for the SSC. The Honours list is based on the former ISC grades. Boys obtaining 24 points and less are placed on the School Honours list.

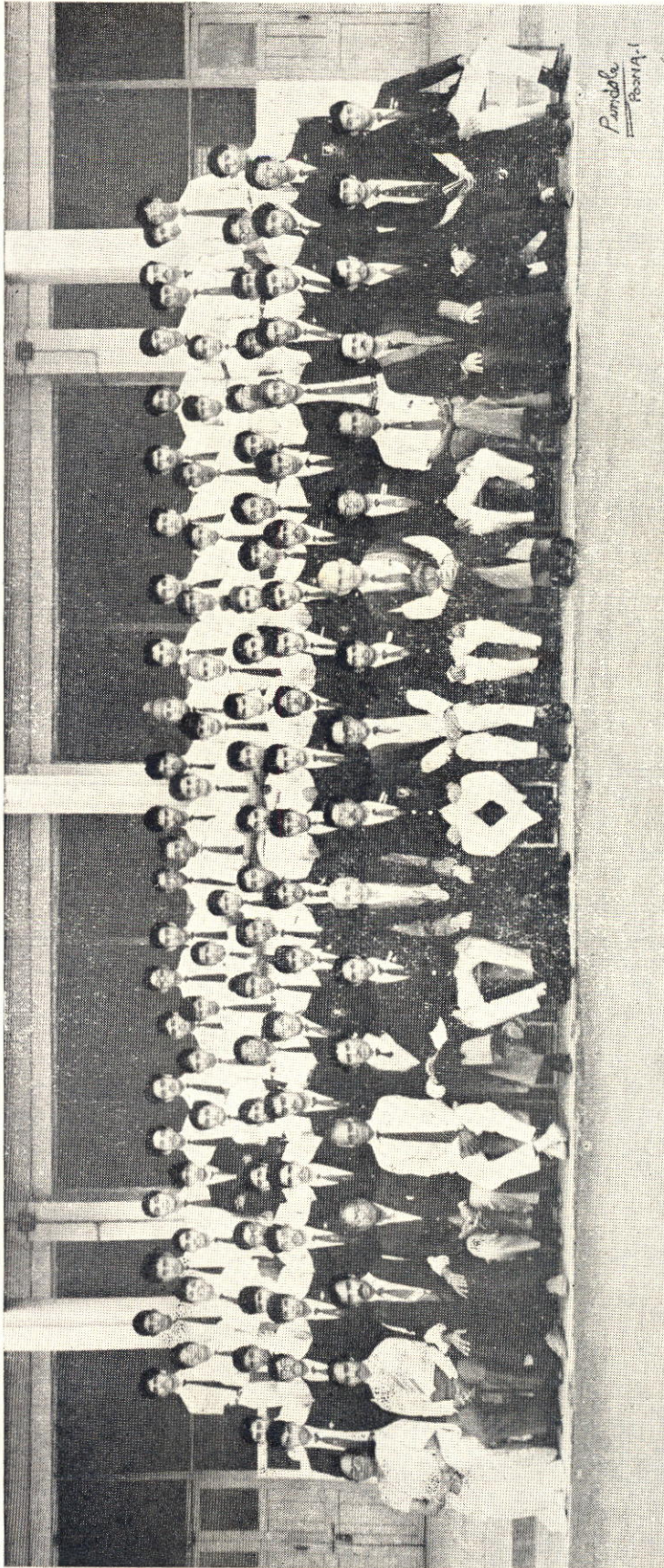
No. of boys who appeared for the examination ...	93
No. of boys successful in the examination ...	93
No. of boys who failed the examination ...	Nil
PASS PERCENTAGE ...	100%

Result showing Division based on percentage basis

1st Division (60% and over) ...	60
2nd Division (45% — 59.9%) ...	32
3rd Division (36% — 44%) ...	1
Failures on aggregate or No. of subjects ...	Nil
Total	93

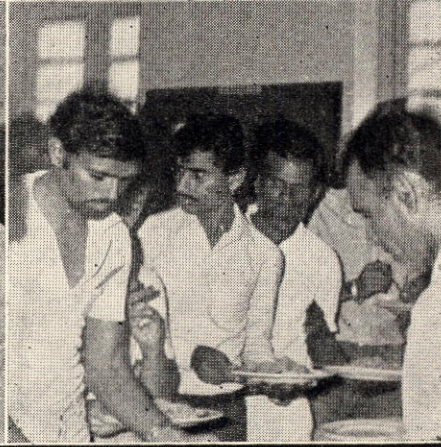
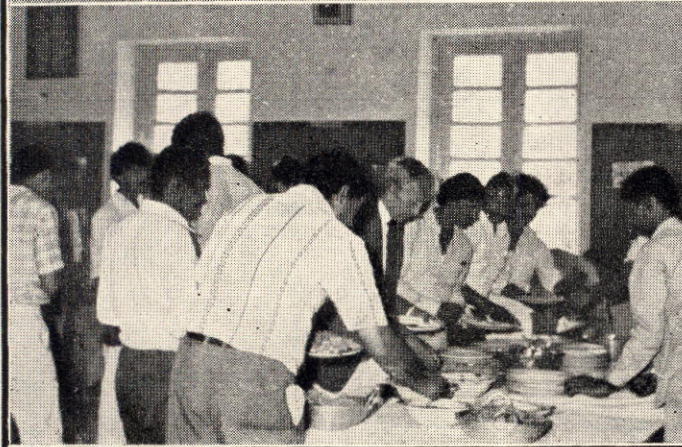
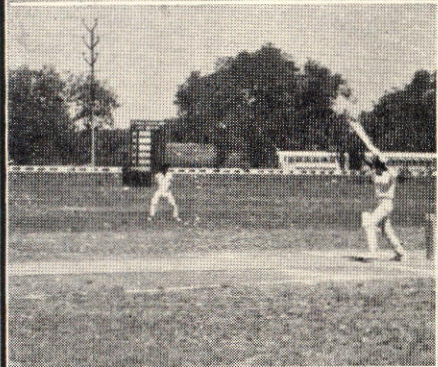
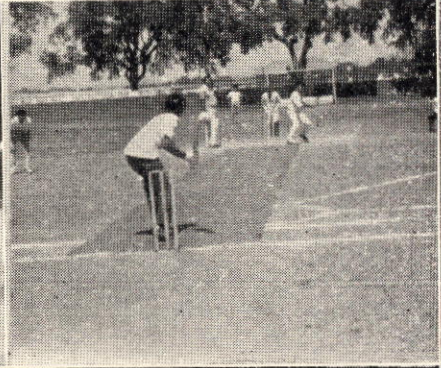
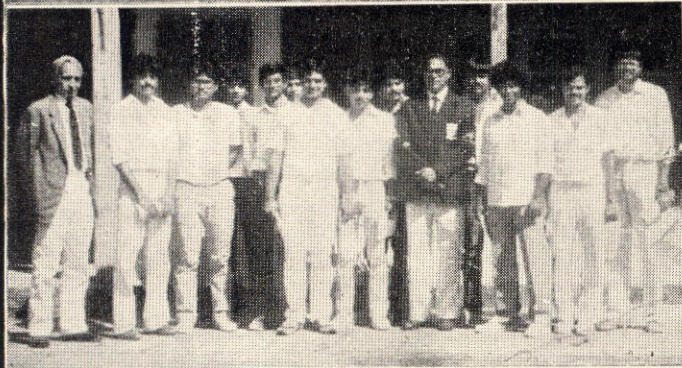
Analysis of Results — Subject-wise

Grade	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Pass %age	Teachers
Subject	Very Good		Credit			Pass		Fail			
English	21	18	20	18	15	1	-	-	-	100%	Mr. C. D. Beaman Mr. M. Guzder
Hindi	2	7	14	17	34	8	5	1	-	98.9%	Mr. A. Fernandes
Mathematics	3	17	9	17	29	6	8	3	1	95.7%	Mr. A. Seymour
History, Civics & Geography	7	3	10	15	38	13	5	2	-	97.8%	Mr. W. Daniell Mr. R. Smart
Science	7	11	21	20	24	7	3	-	-	100%	Mr. K. Singh Mrs. K. Jadhav Mr. G. B. Joshi
Economics	-	3	3	7	13	7	2	-	-	100%	Prof. Satyanarayanan
Commerce	-	2	1	11	25	19	-	-	-	100%	Prof. S. Pandit
French	-	-	1	-	-	3	1	-	-	100%	Mr. C. D. Beaman (Tuition)



Pundale
Bani-1

ICSE CLASS 1984-85



PAST & PRESENT MEET IN HAPPY REUNION

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	-	17	29	12	-	100%	Mr. G. Joshi
Alt. B	8	15	12	-	-	100%	
Chem. Alt. A	5	31	18	4	-	100%	Mr. K. Singh
Alt. B	13	17	5	-	-	100%	
Biology Alt. A	-	2	16	34	6	89.7%	Mrs. K. Jadhav
Alt. B	4	18	13	-	-	100%	

HONOURS LIST

Boys obtaining an aggregate of 24 points or less
(based on the old ISC grades)

	%	pts		%	pts		%	pts
Gangoli A	90.2	8	Mathure R	77.8	16	Ranka A	70.7	21
Gokhale H	88.7	9	Malkani H	77.7	16	Jilkar K	69.3	22
Sinha S	87.5	10	Gupta V	77	16	Wadekar V	69	23
Goyle NK	86	10	Nirmal M	76.7	16	Barawkar R	68.7	23
Dhingra S	84	11	Mehendale M	77.2	17	Khandelwal A	67.7	23
Irani M	83.3	12	Sharda C	77.2	17	Nathani A	67.5	23
Bhattacharya N	83.5	13	Luthra M	77	17	Johar S	67.5	23
Magotra V	82.2	13	Pole K	75.7	18	Dehgan M H	66.8	23
Vartak S	80.1	14	Agarwal M	74	19	Jiwatram V	66.3	24
Mirpuri A	81.2	15	Sibal S	73.2	20	Kolte N V	66	24
Grover N	80.5	15	Thakrar P S	72.2	21	Patel S	66.8	24
Kapur R	80.3	15	Khandelwal M	71.3	21	Mohorikar N	66.5	24
Marolia S	78.3	16	Mirchandani V	70.7				

OTHERS OBTAINING 1st DIVISION

(60% and over)

Oswal K	65.7	25	Khemlani S	63.3	26	Shah D	61.3	27
Sethi A	64.8	25	Banij wadkar S	63.2	26	Rizvi S H	61.8	28
Chawla M	64.5	25	Mirchandani R	63.5	27	Tupe S	60.5	27
Wadhvani P	64.5	25	Wasu V S	63.3	27	Sawhney I	60.3	28
Kale V	64.2	25	Whabi K	63	27	Palesha S	60	27
Sethi R K	64.3	26	Memon M	62	27	Rathi D	60	27
Latif Z	63.8	26	Shaikh N	62	28			
Makkar H S	63.8	26	Cementwalla Q	61.7	27			

2nd DIVISION (45% - 59.9%)

	%	Pts		%	Pts		%	Pts
Shah S K	59.33	29	Mubarakai V	56	31	Saraf P K	51	33
Rana R S	59	29	Dhanda S	55.3	30	Patole S D	50.7	35
Sarkar S	59	29	Kishnani S	55	30	Bhojwani S	50.3	34
Ghali S	58.7	29	Bhowmick M K	54.8	31	Shewale N	50.3	34
Yellore V	58.2	29	Khanwalkar S	54.3	32	Mehendaley A S	49.9	34
Mirchandani S	58	30	Bhapkar R C	53.5	32	Mahtani S	50.3	35
Unwalla Z	58	30	Doctor Z	53.5	32	Solanky B	49.1	35
Jamuar V	57.7	30	Wood E	53	33	Saraf, Sanjay	47.2	36
Bhatnagar R	57.7	30	Tilekar G	52.8	33	Sabale R	46.3	37
Sachdev P	57	31	Jiwatram N	51.7	33	Deshmukh A	45.7	36
Vaswani K	56.5	31	Kochar J	51	33			

3rd DIVISION

Momin S 44.3 % 38 Pts.

OLD BOYS' CORNER

Some of the Boys at the Dinner in School in Honour of Mr. Lunn

There were approximately 70 Old Boys

1. **Z. A. Madraswala** : 1946, is now a Business Executive. 13 Phayre Road, Poona 49. Tel. 64779.
2. **Ajit Mirchandani** : is a Technical Director, C/o Advani Oerlikon. Chinchwad, Poona 19, Tel. No. 84560.
3. **V. Shamsheer** : Owns a Jeweller's shop, East street, Poona 1.
4. **Anant Khudanpur** : 1971-80 is at present studying in B. M. C. C. and is doing his T. Y. B. Com. Holder of an NCERT scholarship.
5. **Basheer Sheikh** : is studying in Nowrosjee Wadia College, doing Science. 72, Krishna Kunj, Old Pool Gate Poona 1.
6. **Rajeev Samtani** : is studying in Ness Wadia College of Commerce. Is a member of APSCON and the secretary of the English Association, Rajkamal Bldg., Pudumjee park, Pune 2 Tel. No. 20614.
7. **Sachin M. Joshi** : is studying in Std. XII, Science, in Fergusson College, 34, Velankar Nagar, Pune 411 009, Tel. No. 470271.
8. **Akbar M. Shetranjiwalla** : is at present doing Commerce Std. XII in Ness Wadia, 59, M. G. Road, 1st Floor Camy Pune 1 Tel. No. 444957.
9. **Dilip Lad** : Passed out in the year 1958. Padma Vilas, Pune 1
10. **Shapoor H. Irani** : is a Chartered Accountant, U. K. 9, Castellino Road, Pune 411 002 Tel. No. 21605.

11. **Bharat Tripathi** : is doing his T. Y. B. Sc. at Fergusson College, 17, Latesh Society, Pune 411 002. Tel. No. 60883.
12. **Rajendra Kumar More** : is in std. XII at Poona College. Represents his college in Hockey, Football, Cricket. 10/183 Mira Society, Shankarshet Road, Pune 411 009.
13. **Tufel Taheer** : is doing Business (Interiors). Shangrila Apts. 31, Koregaon Park Road, Pune 411 001.
14. **Nadar Alnajjar** : in Std. XII at Ness Wadia. 21/4B Bund Garden Rd. Pune 1.
15. **A. Krishnan** : is a Doctor-Specialist in Surgery and Reconstructive Plastic Surgery, A. F. M. C. and Command Hospital. Major A. Krishnan No. 77, Kanaiya Society, Pool Gate, 2393, General Thimmayya Road, Poona 411 001.
16. **Uday Dabholkar** : Owns a Printing Business. 24/1, Dabholkar Sadan, Shivaji Nagar, Pune 411 005.
17. **Ajay Dabholkar** : was awarded the Sword of Honour for being the best cadet of the O. T. S. Madras. He also received the silver medal for being second in the overall order of merit.
18. **Farhan Kanga** : is studying in Std. XII at Ness Wadia. 9, Galaxy Gardens Koregaon Road, Pune 1.
19. **Amarjeet Rajpal** : is doing his F. Y. B. Com. in Ness Wadia, 16 Cycle Society, Quarter gate, Pune 1.
20. **Killilraj D. Bhansali** : 26/27, Tulip Bldg., 3rd Floor, 3rd Pasta Lane, Colaba Bombay.
21. **Reggie E. Aaron** : Tadiwala Road, Pune 411 001.
22. **Krishna Baxi** : 2A, Gharoandan Apartments, I. B. V. Road, Sadhu Vaswani Chowk, Pune 411 001 Phone 61563.
23. **Gulam Hussain Khumree** : 12 Napier Rd., Pune 411 001.
24. **Sqn. Ldr. M. D. Marker** : 24/3, Golibar Maidan, Pune 411 001.
25. **Vijay P. Samuel** : St. Crispin's Home, Karve Rd., Poona 411 004.
26. **James Samuel** : Same as above.
27. **Ajay H. Gangoli** : AFMC Boys' Hostel, I Term MBBS, Pune 40.
28. **Arun Menon** : is doing his F. E. (mech.) College of Engineering Karad 415110.
29. **Ashish Sinha Roy** : 91/6, Mira Society, Shankarsheth Road, Pune 411 001.
30. **Lt. C. S. Patham** : is an Indian Naval Officer. Emily Villa, 085, Padumjee Park, Pune 411 001.
31. **Mohmedali Taherbhoy** : was in school from 1960-70. He has his own Business. 44, M. G. Road, Pune 411 001 Phone 64097, Resi 63129.
32. **Terence Dunn** : passed out of school in 1970. He has his own business. Emily Villa, 985, Padumjee Park, Pune 2.
33. **Jimmy Cooper** : is in Business. 21, Dr. Ambedkar Road, Pune 1.
34. **Soyes N. Latif** : owns a business. 5, Napier Road, Pune 1.

35. **Khozen N. Poonawala** : 2419 A, East Street, Camp, Pune 1.
36. **Chavan Jaisingh I** : Passed out in 1976. C/o Lt. Col. I. G. Chavan, 127 Asha Deep, Vadgaon, Belgaum 590 005.
37. **Jamshed Frenchman** : is studying in std. XII, Commerce. 1A Lt. Col. Tarapore Road, Pune.
38. **Chandramohan D. Jadhav** : Head boy in 1954. He was at the Founders' Cricket matches. He played a leading role in getting the old boys together to meet Mr. Lunn and he continues to take a keen interest in maintaining a connection between the present and the past.
39. **Rohit Khanna** : Head boy 1984. Top of the class in St. Columba's School, New Delhi, and taking a keen interest in a wide range of extra-curricular activities, which is not surprising. He was an outstandingly good Boy and all-rounder in School.
40. **Kumar Kundanmal** : Vice Head Boy 1984. Came all the way from Sri Lanka specially to be present during the Prize Distribution. Is at present studying in the United States.
41. **Laju Dhansingani** : 1984, also came all the way from Sri Lanka specially to be present during the Prize Distribution. Is studying in the U. K. and is on the Dean's List (which is a high academic honour) at his University.

OLD BOYS AT FOUNDERS' FETE 18-10-84

1. **Lloyd Sequeira** : 1974, Passed his M. B. A. in 1980. At present works as a credit officer in Muscat, Sultanate of Oman. C/o Bank of Oman Bahrain & Kuwait, P. O. Box 4708, Ruwi, Sultanate of Oman.
2. **Aman Vij** : 1983, Right now studying in Ness Wadia, Std. XII 21/4 B, Bund Garden Rd., Pune 1.
3. **Samuel Korabandi** : At present he is studying in Ness Wadia, Std. XII. 47, Krishna Kunj, East Street, Pune.
4. **Dharmendra Sadhwani** : He studies in Std. XII in Ness Wadia. 171/4, Shastri Apts., 4 Moledina Road, Pune 1.
5. **Aliasger K. Polan** : is doing his F. Y. B. Com. in Ness Wadia. Represented State of Maharashtra in Athletics. 719, Raviwar Peth, Pune 2.
6. **Sandeep Samtani** : Head boy 1980-81. Manufacture of "Nine a. m." shirts.
7. **Manoj S. Malkani** : 1984, Studying in Ness Wadia, Commerce. 1/10, Guru Prasad, 24, Bund Garden Road, Pune 1.
8. **Sandesh Charnalia** : 1979 (left School) finished his schooling privately in Bombay, took a course in acting. At present he is assisting Mr. Ashish Roy with the film 'Ambar'. Hopes to get a break in films.
9. **V. Menon** : Left school 1982. Studying science in Vidya Bhavan.

10. **Satin Mirchandani** : ICSE 1984 – was recently presented with the President's Scout Award from the President himself in New Delhi. He was the first boy from Poona to receive this award after a lapse of ten years. Satin is also in charge of an important Quiz programme held in Poona for school and college students. Finally Satin was one of the three boys from Bishop's who were awarded a National Talent Search Scholarship.
11. **Sanjay Dubey** . 1984, He is studying Science in Nowrosjee Wadia.
12. **Ajay Shah** : 1984, Std. XI, Science Nowrosjee Wadia.
13. **Arun Menon** : 1982–Now doing Mechanical Engg. in Karad.
14. **Ajay Gangoli** : 1982–At present in A. F. M. C. 1st term.
15. **Sunil Shah** : 1984–Studying in Std. XI, Science, Nowrosjee Wadia. Thankful to Bishop's.
16. **S. Rajesh** : 1984–Studies in Nowrosjee Wadia, Std. XI.
17. **Riaz Unwala** : 1982. Doing B. Com. at Ness Wadia.
18. **Rakesh Jain** : 1983 (std. IX) Studying in B. M. C. College std. XI. 321/3 Bhawani Peth, Shanti Nagar Society, Pune 2.
19. **Madanlal Ahuja** : Passed std. IX in 1983. Studies in Vimlabai Garware College (Technical). 266 Bhawani Peth, 10/5 Vir Bharat Society, Sapika Lane, Pune 2
20. **Ramesh Mutha** : Owns business Hardware, Computers. 1161/10 Gopi Niwas, Gharpure Colony Poona 5.
21. **Bhanu Shunashbana** : 80, St. Patrick's town, Poona 13.
22. **Dhananjay Khare** : 113–D, D-Flats, College of Military Engg., Dapodi, Pune.
23. **Manoj Phulphagar** : Passed out 1983-84. 8/371 Adinath Society, Pune 37.
24. **Vivek Beri** : 1983-84, 24/B, Gultekdi, Arman Apts., Pune 37.
25. **Shivraj Desai** : 1983-84. 27/2C. Somwar Peth, Virja Colony, Pune 11.
26. **Ajay Jadhav** : 38/10 Prabhat Road, Poona 4. Passed out 1983-84.
27. **Randip Singh Khokar** : 1983-84, 6, Telco Senior Officers' Society.
28. **Deepak Chopra** : Studying in Ness Wadia College, Std. XII. 5/77, Mira Society S. S. R. P. Pune 9.
29. **Arshad Akkalkotkar** : Studying in Ness Wadia Std. XII. Represented Maharashtra State in Football. 600, Sachapir Street, Pune.
30. **Sanjay Ghule** : Studies in Ness Wadia, Std. XII. Played at Inter-state, district level in Handball. 104, Chetna Apts., Esst Street, Pune 1.
31. **Niranjan B. Mewani** : Studying in Poona College, Std. XII. 150/10 Mira Society Salisbury Park, Pune 1.
32. **Shahin Hashemi** : Studying in Fergusson College, Std. XII. Tulsidas Apts., Flat No. 42, Pune 1.
33. **Rahul Chandra** : 1983-84. Studying in College (Science) 185/11, Meera Society Salisbury Park, Pune 1.
34. **Sayed Reza Ajdar** : Left in Std. IX in 1982. 384, Bhavani Peth, Jai Society, 4/5, Opp. Poona College, Pune.

Old Boys At Founder's Cricket 19-10-84

1. **Damodar Menon** : ISC 1967-Did a degree in Economics then studied law, did MBA : Computers, is now General Manager for Crushwell Engg. Pvt. Ltd., also Chief Executive of his own management and consultancy.

2. **Jimmy Cooper** : 1948-B. Com. has his own business.

3. **Sanjeev Kapur** : (1983-84) XI Commerce Poona College-Playing inter-college hockey and football. Popular in college for sports and owes it all to Bishop's.

4. **Rajendra Kumar More** : (1982-83)-ICSE at present in Std. XII, Science, Poona College-playing inter-college football. Thankful to Bishop's.

5. **Shain Rathi** : (1963-71) ISC; B. Sc. in Fergusson College. At present doing Cloth Business at 671 Raviwar Peth. Has interest in Cricket and Badminton.

6. **Viren Malelu** : (1976) Passed B. Sc. (Physics) employed by Shipping Corporation of India, working on oil tanker 'Abu Kalam Azad'.

7. **Varun Mathur** : 1978, Doing final year in Medicine at A. F. M. C. (Any one interested in bird-watching may contact him.)

8. **Saad Momin** : (1974-79) At present doing textile engg. 9 Bengal Pura, Bhiwandi.

9. **Anil Sharma** : (1971-77) Doing Business Management at IMDR Pune. 28/2, Koregaon Park, Poona 1.

10. **Momin Arif** : (1977-84) Studying in Std. XII, Commerce, in Akbar Peerbhoy College, Bombay.

11. **Sandeep Samtani** : Head Boy 1980-81. Manufacturer of '9 am.' Shirts. 23 Park View, Little Gibaj Road, Malbar Hill, Bombay.

12. **Ashok Chakranarayan** : 1960. Teacher in Fergusson College. 8, Fergusson College Campus, Pune 4.

13. **Chandramohan D. Jadhav** : Headboy 1954. At present with Atlas Copco, 8/134 Meera Housing Society, Shankarshet Rd., Pune.

14. **Terence Dunn** : 1970. Selling anything and everything. 985, Emily Villa, Pudumjee Park, Pune 2.

15. **N. Nadkar** : 1960-67. E/13, Hermes Tower-618, Sachapir St., Pune 1.

16. **Dilip Lad** : 1953-58. Manager of a Tea Estate in Kerala. Padma Vilas, Wanowrie, Pune 40.

17. **Anil Seth** : B. Sc., M. B. A. 74, Bateh Engineers, Contractors & Builders, 21/4, Bund Garden Rd., Pune.

18. **Michael James** : 1963-70. Airport Representative for U. T. C. Travels. 9, Castellino Road, Pune 1.

OLD BOYS

who visited the School in the course of the year

1. **Shyam K. Sapra** : 1950-58. He did exceptionally well in School, College, State and Club in swimming, cricket, and badminton. At present dealing in import and export of Radio electronics and Computer peripherals. 291, Earlsfield Rd., London SW 18, 3DF Ph. No. : 01-870 4989.

2. **Major George Saroea A. S. C.** : 1957-1964. Visited Bishop's on 17-9-84. C/o Lt. Col. T. L. Chandran, 34 Officers Colony, Banaswadi Rd., Bangalore 33. Tel. No. 578319.

3. **Capt Joe Saroea** : Also visited Bishop's on 17-9-84. 194, Mountain Regiment, Artillery C/o 56 A. P. O.

4. **Manish Sujnani** : ICSE 1982-83. Now doing a diploma course in Mechanical Engg. T. A. X. 6 Adipur, Gujarat.

5. **K. V. Nadgauda** : ICSE 1977. Was an excellent student and was on the merit list of class XII. He was 1st throughout in the Poona Engineering College and ended up by coming 1st among all the branches and winning the gold medal.

6. **Sanjay K. Jadhav** : ICSE 1981. At present doing his F. Y. B. Com. in St. Vincents' College of Commerce. He is good at football and played for his college. He also plays for a club. 774, Tabut St. Camp, Pune 1.

7. **Hakikat Sharma** : ICSE 80-81. Doing his F. Y. B. Com. in Ness Wadia College and is part time model. 28/2, Koregaon Park, Poona 1.

8. **Ajay Sharma** : ICSE 1982. He is at present studying in F. Y. B. Com. in Ness Wadia and is a part-time model. 28/2, Koregaon Park, Pune 1.

9. **Sanjeev Bagai** : Left the school in class VI in 1975. He has vivid memories of Bishop's, expressed appreciation for the various improvements made by the school.

10. **Devdatta V. Kulkarni** : ICSE 1980. At present doing his B. E. in Electronics in Davangere in Karnataka. Stood first in the first year.

11. **Sushil Kaul** : Left school in March 1979. Passed ICSE from St. Mary's, Bombay, with a first class. At present doing his B. E. (Mech) C/o R. A. E. Society's College of Engg., Pimpri, Pune 411 018.

12. **Naushad Forbes** : ICSE 1975. The Stanford Observer had this to say about Naushad who was one of the recipients of 'The Walter J. Gores award for excellence in Teaching', Stanford's highest recognition for Teaching, during the 93rd Commencement Exercise June 17, 1984. Forbes was praised for "exhibiting quality in every aspect of his Teaching especially the organisation, clarity and creativity of his lectures" and "for stimulating and nurturing an unusual blend of students in Industrial Engg. 133", an accounting course.

13. **Ashwani Keshwani** : Left Bishop's in the year 1974, Class 7. Was a brilliant student and secured the General Proficiency Prize from class 1 to class 7. At present he is an Engineer and will be working for Bharat Forge in the near future.

14. **Rev. Victor Yardi** : has been appointed Fr. Superior of the Oxford Mission in Calcutta.

15. **Ashok Charles** : ICSE 1978. At present doing his M. A. in Sociology, having already obtained a good degree in Science. He does Christian Counselling with college students.

16. **Pramit Singh** : was top of his class while here in Bishop's; left in class IX because of his father's posting; finished the ICSE with a very good result and is making excellent progress in his further education in Delhi.

17. **P. V. Mantri** : S. S. C. 1963. Did his B. Com. At present working with Telco as Accounts Officer. Is also studying Accounting. 33/11, Prabhat Rd., Lane No. 5, Pune 4.

18. **U. Madan** : ICSE 1983-84. Studying science at Cathedral School, Bombay. Continues to be at the top of the class. Umesh was one of the three boys from Bishop's who were awarded N. T. S. scholarships. 4-B, Janjira Chambers, Nathalal Parekh Rd., Colaba, Bombay 400 039.

19. **Vishal Bhonsle** : ICSE 1968. Is now practising as doctor in Salisbury Park, Pune. P. O. Mutha Apts,

20. **Nitin Kunjir** : At present doing his F. Y. B. Sc. 68, Yerwada, Pune 6.

21. **Kevin Boyle** : Left Bishop's in class VII in 1972. He has happy memories of his days here-is at present working on Gettysburg Oil Rig-he hopes to own a tea plantation before long, but that does not mean he will cease to be an oil man. Kevin continues to have a very honest, sincere, pleasing personality.

22. **Reuben Chowdhary** : 1984-is now studying at Fergusson College. He was one of the three boys from Bishop's who won NTS scholarships.

23. **Amar Mavin Kurve** : 1984 Now in Loyola was among the boys who were successful in the NTS written examination.

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- ☆ A drunk motorist caught for speeding explained to the policeman that as he was too drunk to drive safely, he was hurrying home before he caused an accident.
 - ☆ "I thought you were supposed to come yesterday to repair the door bell."
"I did, madam - I rang twice and got no answer."
 - ☆ "I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go anyway?"
"It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one direction and headed in another."

THE DARK CIRCLE

The dark circle is an organisation started by probably a maniac. Its main work is breeding anti-social elements and spreading anti-political propoganda. The police have no clue or proof which could catch the dark circle at its work and thus put an end to the nefarious deeds of this member of the International Crime Organisation (ICO). The following events took place just a few years after this organisation was formed.

The Crime Boss (CB), head of the dark circle, had called a meeting of the organisation. Unfortunately, while dressing, he accidentally knocked over a bottle of perfume over the front of his suit and delayed considerably while he changed his suit. It was a miracle as to how he reached the headquarters after his T875 Jalopy model got punctured twice and the gas ran out once. He finally reached the headquarters in a dishevelled state of body and mind.

"Prime Minister Ramakrishnamurthy is definitely a political menace and it would be a favour to the world if he was.....er, accidentally removed.", announced the CB. He banged his hand hard down on to the table. "Ouch!" the CB had not noticed the thumb tack on the table. "Anyway, as I was saying, it is the political duty of the dark circle to remove people like Ramakrishnamurthy and spread political unity." The CB lit a foul smelling cigar and placed his boot-clad feet on the table, oblivious of the fact that a heel of his boot had been removed during the exertions of changing the tyre. "That is why, gentlemen," CB announced dramatically, "I have called here, today with us, the Black Assassin!" (BA). There was a round of clapping at the table and the BA turned around dramatically on his swivel chair to face the audience. Steel hissed against the leather of his jeans and his hand flickered bringing out a Colt model. He pressed the trigger point-blank at the CB, who toppled backward over his chair when he saw the gun, and lit a cigar on the gas flame at the end of the muzzle of his colt. "Consider your work done!"

II

The Prime Minister's Ambassador had a bomb in its bonnet. The BA had placed it there in the guise of a workman and had emerged with an oily face and equally black and oily hands due to a faulty tank.

The Prime Minister's garage was full of rats. It was one particularly inquisitive rat who climbed up into the bonnet to search for a place to sleep. Unfortunately for the rat and the car, the rat nibbled at a certain wire protruding from the tank and activated the bomb. All that was left of the car the next morning was the chassis and the blackened walls of the garage.

III

The BA was not frustrated. He had just finished modifying his express .205 calibre rifle for a long-range accurate shot. He tied it professionally to the chassis of his car (The BA was an avid reader and had read F. Forsyth's 'The Day of the Jackal' recently). The Prime Minister was to make a speech the following day at the Red Fort. The Black Assassin had reconnoitred the ground before-hand and had chosen the spot from where he would shoot Ramakrishnamurthy. The Parapet had a clear view of the stage and there was an easy escape route.

IV

Meena had come back from the market. She had handed over the money she had earned to her mother but had kept back 25 paise for herself, with which she now played on the pavement in front of the Red Fort. Suddenly her coin rolled away and underneath a large red Lamborghini 1973 model. As she scrambled underneath the Lamborghini to fetch her money, she saw the protruding muzzle of the BA's gun. Meena had never seen a gun in her life before and took it to be the exhaust pipe of the car. She plugged the aperture with a piece of wood, and pushed it far down, a trick she had learnt from the urchins who were her play-mates. Retrieving her coin, Meena skipped happily away, pleased with her day's work.

V

The BA adjusted his sights and aimed the hairs of his telescopic sights at the side of the head of Ramakrishnamurthy. Just a few hours earlier, he had arrived in what he fondly called his 'red monster' and braked sharply at the sight opposite to his parapet and escape routes.

He squeezed the trigger softly. His heart stopped beating as suddenly the gun burst in his hands, blinding him and blackening his face. He fell backwards from the parapet and landed on his behind. He raced for his car and gunned it into ignition, cursing all the while. Unfortunately, his 'red monster' took a turn too sharply and it collided with a truck, destroying the 'red monster' and its occupant effectively.

EPILOGUE

Prime Minister Ramakrishnamurthy had had a narrow escape. Now he was unwinding in his palatial home at Delhi, filling his bulging waist. His cook brought him two large trout, fried and stuffed. Ramakrishnamurthy gobbled at them greedily.

Suddenly he was seized by a paroxysm of coughing. His whole great frame racked with it and his vulgar coarse features were distorted with pain.

It was printed the next day in the newspapers that Prime Minister Ramakrishnamurthy had died late the previous night of choking on a fish bone. The CB was pleased at last.

Milind Nirmal X A

P O V E R T Y

"Sir please give me a rupee, please Sir," a little voice cried out near my side. I looked down and saw a little girl of about ten years of age with parted hands and hopeful eyes looking at me.

She was dressed in a tattered and torn dress, her hair looking like an unruly mop. She was barefoot and her nose was running. She was the typical picture of India's poverty. Pity filled my heart but angrily I said, "Why do you beg? Why can't you work and earn money?"

Back came the reply, "I've tried Sir but nobody seems to want to give work to such a small girl."

“Don't you have any parents to look after you?”

“I do Sir, but my father is in jail for something he did not do, my mother is very ill. I searched everywhere for work but to no avail. I then resorted to begging.”

Hearing this I thought back for a while and then cursed myself for being so selfish and not parting with a rupee.

“Take me to where your mother is,” I said. She skipped along in front and I followed. We went straight for some time and then turned right into a narrow lane full of muck. Following her, as she jumped over puddles of mud with ease, my foot went into a mud puddle. “Oh! “☆☆☆☆☆” I abused. She turned and looked at me as if very surprised and then came to me and removed what mud she could with her hands. With difficulty we finally managed to evade all obstacles and reached our destination.

It was a small dilapidated hut, and not much of a hut either as half of it was broken. In one corner on the floor lay her mother all bundled up with blankets. I went up to her. She was delirious, muttering and mumbling all sorts of things. I felt her forehead. It was burning hot. “She will have to be admitted in a hospital” I said gravely. The girl nodded, tears filling her eyes. “Stay next to your mother while I call the ambulance. And here,” I said, giving her five rupees, “Go get yourself something to eat.”

She escorted me out into the road and I ran home and rang up the Government hospital in that locality. I went back and waited outside that little lane. Soon I could hear the siren of the ambulance.

I ran to the girl's house, but she met me halfway, “Come fast, my mother is tossing and turning and getting a lot of pain.” I ran behind her not bothering where I put my leg. As I reached the hut the girl was inside shouting, “Mother, mother please don't leave me and go, please.”

Her mother opened her eyes, looked at her daughter, raised her hand with great effort and uttered, “Dau-dau...” and her hand fell down. The light in her eyes vanished and for a while there was a sudden silence, a torturing silence which was suddenly broken by the wail of the ambulance's siren.

The scene was shocking now that I had actually seen and experienced it in real life, unlike the experiences while reading a book which described the scene. I just stood there at the doorway a blank look on my face, tears rolling down my cheeks unaware that the ambulance people were taking the body to the morgue.

The little girl was also shocked trying to stifle her sobs, and from that day onwards I took her to be my sister, helping her a lot but at the same time teaching her that God helps those who help themselves.

M. Irani, X A

☆ Husband : A man who was incomplete until he was married, but now is really finished.

☆ Woman, deaf in left ear, with hearing aid, would like to meet a man, deaf in right ear with hearing aid.

Object : Stereo

COMMUNALISM

While our country was grieving over the death of our beloved Prime-minister, Smt. Indira Gandhi, the whole atmosphere of grief and sorrow was shattered by the sudden outcome of the communal riots in Delhi. Soon they spread like wild fire all over India. So our thirty-fourth Republic-Day showed the sordid spectacle of thousands of people dead in the communal blazes.

Communal riots are just unwholesome political legacies. This was seen in the communal riots which partitioned our country. Those riots appear to be a far-off spectacle in the minds of our people. But the sense of religious differences is still in our minds.

This is proved by the fact that ever since independence, time and again, communal frenzy rises up in the name of religion. Our country has provided home for so many people of different races. Yet today the monster of communalism is still in our midst.

Turning through the golden pages of history, you never hear or read the name of 'Communal riots'. So many emperors have come and gone showing tolerance and respecting others' religion. For example Akbar the Great and Shahjahan were foreigners but showed equality. They respected others' religions and treated their subjects with equality. Then also all the Hindu rulers were never united. This is why the mutiny of 1857 ended up in utter failure. This is because of dis-unity and lack of a single and strong leadership. The Rajputs thought that they were too superior to make alliance with the Marathas, the Marathas thought they were too good and could do everything on their own and so on. These were old days. But today when our outlook has widened, modern education has found its way even to the remotest parts of the country, religious maniacs are still prevailing. We cannot just sit back and let the anti-social elements go to work. It is our moral duty to protect our country not only from external disturbances but also from internal ones.

If we want to live with our heritage and culture and want to see our country on the road of progress, we must get rid of this monster of communalism from our minds.

Religion is strictly a private matter, one with no connection with the political and economic spheres. To quarrel in the name of religion is the main irreligious act of man.

So the need of the hour is that we solemnly pledge to live with mutual fraternity, peace and prosperity for ever. This will be easy if we respect each other's religion. Let us prove that we are the sons of the same soil. Our unity lies in our diversity.

Vinay Mathur, IX A

THE WALLET

I walked excitedly down the footpath, but the man was nowhere in sight. The rush was great and though I rushed along, jostling among the people, I was not successful in catching up with the man. Presently, I gave up hope and stood there, deciding what was to be done.

It had all begun when my mother had told me to buy a loaf of bread. It was just past five in the evening, and the people were going back home, after a hard day of work. The man in front of me, who was wearing a simple cotton shirt and blue trousers, had dropped his wallet, and now I was debating what to do with it.

I bought the loaf of bread and returned home, not telling anyone about my find. I rushed up to my room, closed the door, and curiously took out the brown leather wallet. My heart was beating fast, when I opened the wallet, and saw the amount of money inside. Two hundred and twenty six rupees and a card came out of the wallet. I was excited at seeing so much money. "Finders keepers, Losers weepers." I thought sourly, and hid the wallet in my drawer. I had not put the card away and I saw what was written. "Mr. Mohan Das, 4 Ishwar Bhawan, 'The Gem,' Poona 411 001", the card read. I recalled that 'the Gem' was a jewellery shop, where my mother had been several times. I put the card in my pocket and went out to play.

After dinner, though I was sitting and staring at my History book, my mind was yet on the money, and what I would do with it. Soon I finished my home-work, and switched on the radio. There was a play going on. A man had found a wrist watch on the road. They had shown how he had inquired about the watch, found the person, and returned the watch.

My mind stirred as I switched off the radio and the light, and got into bed. My thoughts were fighting with each other. The Devil told me to keep the money, the Angel told me to return it. After a long time, the Angel finally defeated the Devil and I dozed off. I had decided to return the money.

The next day, I set out on my cycle after breakfast. 'The Gem' was not far away and I parked my cycle outside the shop. The shopkeepers had just opened their shops and settled for a hot, summer day's work. As I went in, Mr. Mohan Das came in from the back door, and asked me what I wanted.

I returned the wallet, explaining how I had found it the previous day. Mr. Mohan's face lit up, he looked very happy, and he extended his arm. We shook hands, as he thanked me. He offered me tea, but I said that I had just had breakfast, and went off. I returned home, my heart warmer than before.

A PERFECT REWARD

I walked excitedly down the footpath as the town clock struck ten. It was a marvelous morning. The sun shone brightly overhead while the birds were, as always, engaged in their twittery symphony, with the wind providing its own obbligato of sound as it rustled through the leaves. Just the type of day to hold a town function, which was precisely what was going on at the town hall, at that moment.

The streets were desolate and devoid of life as the whole town had gathered in the hall for the tenth anniversary celebrations of our town. I had been delayed, but nevertheless couldn't have missed much. Suddenly my ears perceived a harsh, droning sound, like an aeroplane, which grew increasingly louder. I looked up at the sky and there it was.

The pilot was obviously in trouble. The plane swayed from side to side, and then, to my horror, cascaded down to earth. It disappeared behind some trees in the distance, and a few minutes later, a dull explosion came to my ears. I turned and raced home to fetch my bicycle.

I was completely exhausted when I reached the trees and, dropping my cycle to the ground, raced around them.

The mass of twisted, tangled metal lay surrounded by obliterating flames, as smoke billowed incessantly into the clear, blue sky, blotting out the sunlight. For a moment, I stood petrified in horror, then cautiously circled the wreckage, searching for a way in. The front windshield had been smashed and I thought I saw something red on the metal. In desperation, I charged through the scorching flames, and made for the cockpit door. I wrenched it from its charred hinges and thrust my head in.

My stomach turned a somersault and landed on its back. The man there was dead, he had to be. His face was sheathed with blood, plastering his hair to his brow. Apart from his head and shoulders, the rest of his body was engulfed in the tangled metal. Yet something inexplicable within me convinced me that this man was not dead yet. I tried futilely to pull away the metal, then picked up an iron rod that lay opportunely by my side and attacked the metal in furious frustration. My time was running out. I couldn't imagine just when those petrol tanks were going to blow sky-high. I forced the thought out of my mind, and continued my assault. Then the metal budged and elation spread through me as I continued with inspired vigour.

Five minutes later, the metal was free and I flung it off in triumph. The legs of the pilot weren't at all a pretty sight, but that was the last thing I had time to contemplate. I mustered all my last reserves of energy and lifted the man into my arms, turned, and raced blindly through the flames. I kept running towards the clump of trees, but before I got there, the plane exploded.

The tremendous roar deafened me momentarily as the shock waves sent me mercilessly reeling across the ground. I came to a stop a few metres away and lay sprawled on the ground as my eyelids drooped over my eyes and my stomach muscles relaxed. But I shrugged off the exhaustion, rose shakily to my feet, and tottered towards the pilot, who lay in a woeful heap a few feet away. I carried him to the trees and as I began to tear my shirt into strips to bandage his gaping wounds, I slumped back against the bushes and was instantly asleep. When I gained consciousness, I looked around, but there was no blazing wreckage, no gory pilot. It was a hospital room, and my father stood by my side, beaming at me as he pumped my hand warmly in relief.

A few weeks later, I was discharged, and the pilot left another couple of weeks later. He stayed at our house for a week, then went home. A few days later, he returned, and mysteriously drove me away for a surprise. I couldn't imagine what, but as we neared the aerodrome, the light dawned. He had become aware of my infatuation for aeroplanes, and it seemed, he wished to reward me for saving his life, in the best way possible, as far as I was concerned.

S. Rao, IX A

The Aeroplane — Boon or Curse ?

Almost a century ago, when the first aeroplane flew, people thought that if man could fly like the birds then that would be his greatest achievement. The people thought about the time they would save if they could travel by aeroplane. Over the years this dream of travelling fast and saving time has come true but with these dreams man has again shown that he has an uncanny knack of changing a once-thought peaceful machine to an airborne terror.

No doubt the aeroplane has its advantages. It can take you from London to New York, across the Atlantic, in just over two hours while a ship will take a few days. Many lives have been saved by the aeroplane. May it be delivering a human heart or a bridegroom, the aeroplane has always shown that it can be trusted. These are some of the advantages of the aeroplane which have made people say that it is a boon but this is not true altogether. Till today there have been quite a few air crashes and many people do not travel by plane as they are scared that the plane may crash. In 1939, when the second world war started planes were already being used in the army. As the war progressed, these planes got better and better in their own little ways. Planes were built to fight planes, some were built to bomb cities and cause destruction and some were built to spy on the enemy. By the end of the war, the plane had proved its deadliness. It could come dropping out of the sky and send you to your master without his prior permission. Some planes would drop napalm bombs which could scorch thousands to death.

Today, with the development of Nuclear weapons, planes are used for dropping them on targets. By building such planes man has proved himself wrong, as in the beginning of the century he had boasted that the aeroplane would be a boon to the world. It is a boon, no doubt, but a terror too. As I am writing this composition, I am remembering the woman who said "How beautiful!", when she first sat in a plane, and also the pilot who said "Oh! God what have I done" when he dropped the bomb on Hiroshima.

N. Sohoni, IX A

MIDNIGHT MIRAGE

I walked excitedly down the footpath with my torch throwing its poor light on what lay in front of me. I had seen bright lights in the sky which caused my T. V. to go hay wire and if I was not dreaming I even saw my book disappear into the screen after which a hazy form, which looked like a 4 legged creature with a light within it, appeared on the screen. I remembered the T. V. serial 'Project U. F. O.' and at once I went out with my torch.

My dog was also whining along with me down the footpath. His sixth sense was better than mine and he was leading me. Still I could see he was doing it reluctantly. At last I reached a clearing from where my dog suddenly barked and ran back. To tell the truth my hair stood on end too when I saw a foot print with 3 pointed toes 'glowing' on the ground. It was then that I started receiving psychic messages. Something said - "Do not be afraid" and then my mental vibes grew stronger and I saw the same thing I had seen on my T. V.

The creature beckoned to me and I followed it inside a dark saucer-shaped vessel. I learnt that the creature was from a planet outside our galaxy and had come here to collect some common bushes which were very valuable to it. It 'said' that the ship worked on thought and mental power and that was how it was communicating with me. It made me swear that I would keep its visit a secret. I was rewarded for helping it in its search in a very strange way. Its 'fingers' glowed and it touched my head with them. I fainted as a very great force went through my brain.

I found myself at home again when I woke up and I thought about what had happened. I wondered if all I saw was a dream or not - I was feeling hungry and tired and I wished some food would just come to me. I was surprised when a leg of chicken came floating through the air into my hands! I was gifted with a strange, strong mental power.

Malcum Nariman, IXA

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

Hello, I'm Fred the Daschund and I thought I should tell you what it's like living a foot off the ground. So I think I'll tell you of the time my owner Mrs. Peabody took me to the Supermarket.

I was rudely awoken at an unearthly hour, and in front of me was shoved my breakfast, a bowl of 'Bono' dog food, braised chicken, my favourite kind. The much despised collar and leash was forced on to my neck and I was yanked out of the door into the cold morning air. We had not been walking for long when the ubiquitous Mrs. Brown appeared and I sat down and waited while Mrs. Brown gossiped about this and that. "These women," I thought "I'll never understand them!". Finally we managed to escape and we set off, full speed, to the supermarket. We entered through the silly automatic doors and the struggle began. The supermarket was a hive of bustling humans, rushing here and there, shouting, screaming and shoving. In the commotion, I was trodden on and kicked around. "Stupid, uncaring idiots!" I thought. I sought shelter from the melee of arms, legs, bags and trolleys in a small, low trolley. Without warning, an attendant pushed the trolley accidentally

and off I sped. "At last, revenge!" I thought as bags and people were sent flying by the runaway trolley. In my lust for vengeance, I did not notice that I was heading for a stack of 'Bono' dog food tins. With a crash the tins were sent flying in every direction, raining down on helpless shoppers. I too got battered and bruised, and as I staggered up I noticed Mrs. Peabody and a very angry-looking manager approaching me. The manager violently picked me up and gave me a boot in my tender posterior. I turned a graceful somersault and landed with a 'thud' on the floor. I got his message, and, as dignified as I could be, I left the supermarket and went home.

So that's my story. I hope you now realise that it's not an easy life being a dog. Or, putting it in your words, "It's a dog's life!"

Timothy Wright, VII A

WHAT A DETECTIVE!

'Kurush Aga—the one and only detective for any problem,' read the newly painted board which was hung outside my house. Lately I had been so engrossed in reading detective stories that in my holidays I started my little hocus-pocus office, for one can call it no more than that. But little realizing what skill goes into being a successful detective, I boasted to my friends that to solve a mystery was no more than child's play for me. My so-called office was only my garage with a shabby table, a chair, a broken telephone and a magnifying glass. Despite the severe criticism I had to face from my friends I made up my mind to have a peep into the seemingly exciting new world of detecting mysteries. Unfortunately for three days no one came. I felt very discouraged but kept saying to myself, 'Patience, Kurush, patience'.

Then one fine day a small man no more than four feet tall entered my office. I was over-joyed to finally have my first customer. He seemed more like a child and every five minutes he would giggle. I found this very peculiar. He gave his name as Mr. M. Orbeth. Mr. Orbeth's problem was that he had lost a diamond worth ten lakh rupees and that he suspected his business partner of stealing it. "Well", I said in a rather confident tone. "This is quite a simple problem". I thought that the proper way to begin was by looking and acting real cool and confident in a James Bond manner, pretending that I already had everything solved. Then I made a poor effort to try and show my detective reasoning. I made some very stupid suppositions; for example I said that maybe one of your relatives could have taken the diamond and I made a huge list of about fifty names of Mr. Orbeth's relations. When I asked him whether I could come to see his house he got red and absolutely refused. Then saying no more he left.

For hours I thought of this puzzling case. I kept reading the names so as to get some clue. Then suddenly the door opened and a note was dropped. Then just as quickly as the door had opened it closed. I got up in great enthusiasm to chase the enormous person. But the next minute the great detective found himself on the floor. Apparently I had clumsily tripped over the telephone wire. My determination and courage were turned to sadness and despair as I heard the footsteps getting fainter. A golden opportunity had slipped through

my hands. The mysterious note told me to keep off this case. Aha! now I felt like a real Sherlock Holmes. I examined every millimetre of the paper with my magnifying glass and found some finger-prints. But I discovered that they were my own. I also thought the writing was familiar.

After some time I thought I saw some body eavesdropping so I quickly hid behind the door. My heart was in my mouth as I summoned up all my courage to open the door. At last I did so and leapt on the intruder. To my surprise it was my friend Arun. I felt extremely embarrassed as I apologised. But before I could ask him what he was doing he burst out laughing when he saw the board outside. I was most offended by his laughter. He again roared with laughter. Then he told me the bitter truth of this case. This whole case was a prank which my friends had decided to play on me and the customer was my friend's cousin. The note had been dropped by Arun himself. I was furious when I learnt that I was the victim of such a mean prank. But what I learned from this prank was that whatever one does, it requires a certain amount of knowledge and skill. What we read in novels is exciting and a good pastime but reality is quite different.

Kurush Aga VII A

F O W L P L A Y

I glanced at the clock on the wall. It was now three hours since my parents had left for that party and I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast. My stomach rumbled. It echoed throughout the empty house. In fact it was so empty that my mother would have compared it to my head!

I finally decided that I would give in to my pangs of hunger and make my own meal. It will be easy, I thought, for I've seen my mother making the dinner hundreds of time. It will be no problem. So I thought; little did I know of the dilemma that lay ahead.

I rolled up my sleeves and set to work. I took a suitable recipe book from the shelf and gathered the ingredients and placed them on the table with the utmost disorder. My mind worked as methodically as a haywire computer. 'First, take one kilo of chicken and boil.' Easy. I put the chicken in a frying pan and put it in the oven and left it, as instructed, for ten minutes. 'Secondly, take ten eggs, beat them in a bowl and add two teaspoons of cinnamon and one clove of garlic with a pinch of salt.' No problem. I took a bowl and put ten eggs in it. Then with a spoon I smashed, crushed and whisked the eggs and added two teaspoons of cinnamon. Or was it thyme, or rosemary? Who cares? I thought. Then one clove of garlic. How much is a 'clove'? A hundred grams? Must be. So, in went one hundred grams of garlic into my concoction. Then I added some salt-ten grams to be exact. How was I to know how much a 'pinch of salt' is? Finished that, now for the next instruction. 'Remove the chicken and let it simmer over a low flame in the sauce made in step two.' I removed the chicken. It was still cold. But naturally, I thought. Dead chickens are cold, and this one certainly wasn't alive and kicking! I poured the sauce, if it could be called that, over the chicken and turned on the gas. That's that! I thought, with great relief. I never thought cooking would be so easy. I just couldn't wait to devour my luscious dish.

I took it off the flame five minutes early, supposing that five minutes would make no difference. I put it on the table and with great gusto I dug into my masterpiece. To my dismay, when my fork pierced the chicken a stream of scarlet blood trickled out. I cut into it, and saw a gruesome looking set of intestines, kidneys, and other offal things. I was flabbergasted. Where had I gone wrong? What mistake had I made that had produced such disastrous results? Surely my sauce would be edible at least. I cautiously tasted a spoonful of sauce. It was absolutely awful!—like rotten eggs mixed with salt.

I threw the whole fowl concoction out of the window and sat down in total, hungry despair. I searched the cupboard for some morsel to eat, and there in the cupboard I saw something that made me cringe: my dinner, nicely prepared, was there on the shelf. All my efforts were for nothing! I banged my head on the wall, and a hollow sound resounded through the house. Perhaps, I thought, my mother is right. My head is empty! That night's episode convinces me that may be it is!

Timothy Wright, VII A

THE GNOME, THE WHISTLE AND THE PACKET

Today is the big day, the day when Mum goes shopping, but today is no ordinary shopping day because Mum is going to buy a packet of my favourite cereal, Fun Crunch cereal. This cereal not only tastes good but for a month with this new cereal you get a free gift.

When Mum returned the first thing I did was to open the cereal packet. As I opened it something fell out, a whistle. "What use is a whistle?" I said to myself. I put it in my pocket and went to play.

After a nice game of soccer I went home all dirty and untidy. As soon as my Mum saw me she told me to have a quick bath and come down for supper.

After supper I ran to my room to examine my whistle. I blew it once and to my surprise there appeared a tiny little gnome, an ordinary garden gnome, who at once said, "Your wish is my command." I started in astonishment, and then I said, "What?". The tiny gnome spoke up a little and said, "The owner of the whistle is my master. Anything he tells me to do I obey."

While I was in bed my father came in to kiss me good night. The light was turned out and it was hard to see anything. He poked his clumsy fingers into my eye and kissed my nose and finally walked out. All night I thought of the fun I could have with my whistle.

Next day was school again. I had a quick breakfast, popped the whistle into my bag and went to school.

On the way to school my friend challenged me to a cycle race. Now even though my friend is a big muscle man, I was still a big show-off. So I agreed. Within ten minutes he was well in the lead.

Now as you know I am a big show-off and I am also a bad loser. So I took out the whistle, blew it softly and as soon as I could say 'Abra-cadabra', the gnome appeared. I told it to boost my speed a little so that I could win the race.

Suddenly to my surprise I went racing forward at a very fast speed. As I passed my friend, I smiled. He nearly fell off his bike in astonishment. I arrived at school exactly 2 minutes before my friend, who came forward puffing away to school.

During the P. T. period the P. T. master was absent and an old man came as a substitute. He wore an old sports uniform, that was old and hole-ridden. He was probably in his late sixties or more. He had a band of hair at the back of his bald head; his socks dangled around his bony ankles and his trousers ballooned out from his painfully thin thighs.

We began by practising some basket-ball. I knew he could never throw the ball high enough to get a basket so I thought I could have some fun.

I took out the whistle and brought the gnome out; I told it to make the basket ball half full of lead. It was done. The P. T. master wheezed as he picked up the ball, put it by his shoulder and got ready to shoot. As soon as he moved his arm the ball fell on his feet. He jumped higher than he ever jumped before. The whole class rolled about in laughter, and in the confusion I dropped my whistle. Somebody trampled on it and that was the end of my mischief.

Jonathan Wright, VI B

A NOISE IN THE NIGHT

Last night I woke up. I heard a strange noise. It came from the garden. It sounded like "WOOOOO". I felt afraid and was about to scream for my parents, but then I thought that I shouldn't be a sissy so I went to see for myself. And guess what I saw! A man sat under a tree. He was completely covered in white.

I tip-toed to the tree and climbed up slowly, but it was too late. The man saw me and called me down. A shiver ran down my spine but I did as I was told. The man then told me he was the ghost of a dead-man.

I asked him why he had come to my house. He told me that he used to stay there. Once he did not pay his rent which he had to pay every month. So the landlord threw him out. He had no place to stay and he was caught in a storm. A bolt of lightning struck him and he died. He came back to see his house.

Then I told him to stop the noise or he would wake up my parents. He said he liked to scare people but if I said so he would. (My parents still wonder why I remind them to pay the rent for our house).

Sammy Williams, IV B

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

One fine day when my father returned home from his office, he brought us some good news. He said that we were going to the West Indies by ship for a holiday.

The next day we were at the docks waiting for the passenger ship which was called "Alassirri". It was a West Indian ship. Soon it arrived at the Bombay docks and it took very little time for it to berth. Soon we were aboard the ship. Then we started our long journey.

After 20 days when we were in the South Atlantic ocean, a terrible storm arose. Our ship rocked and pitched. I was swept over board. There was a wooden plank floating on the water and I quickly caught hold of it. The plank was swept forward and after many hours I reached a deserted island. I roamed for some days until I discovered a cave with some strange paintings and carvings in it.

After 2 weeks on the island I heard a helicopter roaring above the island. At once I started to make a bonfire by striking two stones together over some dry grass. Next to the bonfire, with a thick stick I wrote an S. O. S. signal in the mud. Immediately the pilot in the helicopter who saw the bonfire landed on the island. I rushed to the helicopter and I found my parents. I hugged them. I told them about the strange and beautiful cave as we flew back to the ship.

The next day we came back to the same island and went into the cave which I had discovered. We investigated and found out that it was a cave in which early man must have lived.

When we got back to Bombay, I was a hero and I was rewarded for my fantastic find. My father said "I hope you become an explorer. But don't fall into the sea too often."

Andrei Mishra, IV B

A SPACE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

One sunny morning I went into space with my father and Rakesh Sharma. Rakesh Sharma was going to the moon. He decided to take my father and me into space because we were very interested in space work.

We set out on our journey on the 28th March 1985. At eleven thirty we were in the sky and our rocket's speed was 300 km. per minute. Then from the window I caught sight of something like a space ship. I told my father what I had seen and he reported it to Rakesh Sharma.

Rakesh Sharma ordered his men to turn on the T. V. screen to find out if the spaceship had come from Earth or some other planet. The ship was on the screen. We saw that the ship had no writing on it but only a star. We were all curious and we decided to follow it. After a few moments we saw something very unusual ahead. It was a planet which could hardly be seen because it was very far and small. I shouted out to the other astronauts. Rakesh Sharma saw the planet and he at once ordered his men to turn in its direction. We landed on the planet and climbed out of the space ship.

Rakesh Sharma saw a very strange man. He had wrinkles all over his body. With him were a group of robots with stars on their chests. We captured the strange man and the robots by attacking them from all sides. We explored the planet. We found jewels of different colours, the size of rocks. We also found some monuments of ancient kings.

The strange man seemed very scared and eager to make friends. We met many more people like him. They could not talk, but made signs to show that we could take whatever we liked from their planet. We also gave them a watch, camera and radio.

We returned home and told everyone about the great discovery we had made. Scientists saw the jewels and photographs of the space people and were very pleased. They put the jewels into the museum. Mr. Rajiv Gandhi gave us many awards, and it is thanks to us that India is the richest country in the world.

Rupesh Banthia, IV B

G R E E D Y

Once there was a greedy boy who was a potmaker's son. One day his father gave him lots of vessels to sell in the village market. On the way the boy thought to himself, when I sell the vessels I will get plenty of money.

As he was walking along he thought, I can enjoy myself when I go to the village. I can play, eat and have fun.

Thus while going he tripped over a stone. His basket of pots fell down and were broken to pieces. The greedy little boy had to return home sadly with nothing left.

Talrez Hanif H., II B

T H E G R E E D Y F O X

Once upon a time there was a greedy fox. One day he stole a lump of cheese and ran to a well. He looked down and what did he see? He saw his own reflection. He thought that it was another fox with a lump of cheese. The fox wanted that too, so as he opened his mouth his own lump of cheese fell out and he was left with nothing.

Akshay Kashyap, II B

G R E E D Y T O M

One day Tom decided to steal apples from Mr. Jones's garden. He got little John to help him. Although Tom was bigger and bolder he knew that he would not be able to steal the apples without John's help. So he promised his friend half the apples. Into the garden they went, John climbed the tree, while Tom stood on guard. Luckily there were two nice red apples on the tree, one for each. They quickly plucked the apples and went out of the garden. Once they were outside the garden greedy Tom refused to give his little friend his apple. So they began to fight. Now the owner of the garden came out to see what the noise was about and soon found they were fighting over two of his apples. He got angry and gave them a good spanking and took back his apples. In the end greedy Tom not only did not get his apples but got a hard spanking as well.

Govind Kanhere, I B

हिन्दी - विभाग

बिछड़ी हुई प्रिय नेत्री के यादमें.... ।

अक्टूबर की सुहावनी-हल्की जाड़े की मुमधुर स्पर्श दिल लुभा रही थी। किसी को क्या पता था कि यह सुहावने सुबह की आड़ में हत्यारों ने हमारे मातृभूमि के सबसे उत्तम फूल को तोड़ लेने के निश्चय में घात लगाये हुए हैं। उन निर्दयी लोगों ने यह भी न सोचा कि उस फूल के दिल में उनके लिए कितना ही दर्द, सहानुभूति एवं प्यार था। जिनके दिल की हर धड़कन देश के हर प्रांत, हर क्षेत्र के कोने कोने बसा था, वह फूल इस मातृभूमि की माता थीं, कन्या थीं, बहु थीं बेटे थीं। वह महिमामयी जननी की रूप श्रीमती इंदिरा गांधी थी।

उस अक्टूबर ३१ की सुबह वह देश के ही काम, से प्रति-दिन के नियमानुसार ढंग से अपने निवास स्थान से निकली ही थी कि उनके ही प्रिय अंगरक्षकों ने क्षुद्र हिंसा भावना के शिकार होकर उनके ऊपर अपने कठोर लोहअस्त्र के अंगारे दाग दिए जो आज भी उतना ही ज्वलन्त रूपसे हमारे हृदय दग्ध कर रहा है। हमारी प्रिय नेत्री की हत्या की खबर सुनकर भारत का बच्चा बच्चा रो पडा होगा। देशभक्ति में ही उनका जीवन व्यतीत रहा और देश की भलाई सोचते-सोचते ही उनका अन्त हुआ।

श्रीमती गांधी का जन्म उन्नीस नवम्बर १९१७ में इलाहाबाद में हुआ। श्रीमती गांधी, श्री जवाहरलाल व कमला नेहरू की इकलौती पुत्री थी। उन्होंने विदेश में, एवं शान्तिनिकेतन में रविन्द्रनाथ टागोर के स्नेह छाया में शिक्षा प्राप्त की। स्वभाव से ही गम्भीर और अन्तर्मुखी थीं। देशभक्त माता-पिता का प्रभाव उन पर भी पडा और उन्होंने जल्द ही देशसेवा में लग कर उनकी मदद की। तेरह वर्ष की छोटी अवस्था में उन्होंने 'वानर सेना' का संगठन किया, जिसने कांग्रेस को देश की स्वाधीनता संग्राम में सहायता की, उनका विवाह २६ मार्च १९४२ के वर्ष श्री फिरोज गांधी से हुआ। इस बीच वह देश के काम में लगी रही और उनके पिता श्री जवाहरलाल नेहरू ने उनका पूरा साथ दिया। उनको बहुत दुख झेलने पडे व कई बार जेल जाना पडा। पति फिरोज की मृत्यु से उनके देशसेवा के काम पर कोई असर न पडा। स्वाधीनता के बाद पंडित जवाहरलाल नेहरू पहले प्रधानमंत्री बने। श्री जवाहरलाल नेहरू का देहांत मई १९६४ में हुआ। उनके बाद श्री लालबहादुर शास्त्री प्रधानमंत्री बने। जुलाई १९६४ में वह सूचना व प्रसारण मंत्री बनी। श्री लाल बहादुर शास्त्री के बाद, जनवरी २४, १९६६ के साल श्री इंदिरा गांधी को प्रधानमंत्री बनाया गया। उन्होंने बड़ी ही दक्षता के साथ हमारे देश का नाम संसार के हर क्षेत्र पर ऊँचा रखा।

पृथ्वी के हर देशों से शान्ति व मैत्री स्थापना करना उनका सपना था। आंतरराष्ट्रीय मैत्री सम्मेलन में उनका कार्य आदरणीय है। उनके कारण हमारे देश ने विज्ञान, खेलकूद व शिक्षा के पथ पर बहुत प्रगति की है। पर, देश को प्रगति के पथ पर अग्रेसर कर के इंदिरा गांधी हमसे बिछड गई। अभी भी बहुत सपना बाकी है, बहुत कार्य अधूरे हैं। वह हमारी देश की माता थी और उनके मृत्यु के बाद हमारा देश अनाथ हो गया है। श्री महात्मा गांधी की मृत्यु के बाद हमारे

देश में एक बार फिर अंधकार छा गया है । प्रकाश फिर से बुझ गया है । इंदिरा गांधी तो न रही पर उनकी यादें सदा हमारे दिल में रहेंगी । वह अमर आत्मा हमपर बहुत जिम्मेदारी छोड़कर चली गयी है । पर, देश के हर प्रगति पर उनका आशीर्वाद हम लोगों के साथ रहेगा ।

संदीप जयस्वाल, ८-सी.

चतुराई का फल ।

किसी गांव में एक बुढ़िया रहती थी । उसका एक बेटा था जो कि शिकार खेलने का बड़ा शौकीन था । जब उसका बेटा केवल चार वर्ष का था, तभी उसके पिता का स्वर्गवास हो गया । बुढ़िया का सहारा केवल बेटा ही था । बुढ़िया काफी पैसेवाली थी । उसे अपने धन और बेटे से बड़ा मोह था । उसका बेटा जब भी शिकार खेलने जाता, तो बुढ़िया काफी उदास हो जाती । उसने बड़े प्रेम और स्नेह से अपने पुत्र का पालन-पोषण किया ।

एक दिन बुढ़िया का बेटा अपने मित्रों के साथ शिकार पर गया हुआ था । अचानक दोपहर के समय यमदूत का दूत बुढ़िया को लेने आया । यमदूत ने बुढ़िया के घर का दरवाजा खटखटाया । बुढ़िया का वक्त आ गया था और दूत उसे लेने आया था ।

बुढ़िया चौंकी, उसने दरवाजा खोला । सामने यमदूत को देखकर वह घबराती हुई बोली, “कैसे आना हुआ सरकार !” यमदूत बोला, “यमराज जी ने तुम्हें बुलाया है । हम लेने आए हैं ।” “मुझे कुछ दिनों का समय दे दीजिए ।” हमारा काम समय देने का नहीं है । यमदूत अकड़कर बोला । “मैं आपके पैर पडती हूँ । मुझे कुछ दिनों की मौहलत दे दीजिए । सिर्फ दो वर्ष महाराज ।” “लेकिन उस समय तुम अवश्य तैयार रहना ।” यमदूत बोला । “जो आज्ञा ।” बुढ़िया बोली । यमदूत चला गया । बुढ़िया अपने बेटे को खूब मिठाई खिलाती, और ममता भरे नजरों से सहारा करती । धीरे-धीरे दिन गुजरने लगे । दो वर्ष भी बीत गए । उसके जाने का दिन पास आने लगा । लेकिन बुढ़िया फिर भी मरना नहीं चाहती थी । ठीक समय पर यमदूत आया और चलने के लिए कहने लगा । लेकिन बुढ़िया ने गिड़गिड़ाते हुए एक दिन की मौहलत और मांगी । “नहीं, अब तो तुम्हें चलना ही पड़ेगा ।” यमदूत बोला । “मुझे एक काम करना बाकी रह गया है । कल आप मुझे जरूर ले चलना ।” बुढ़िया बोली । “ठीक है ।” यमदूत बोला । “लेकिन, ठहरिए, इस कागज पर लिखते जाइए कि मैं कल तुझे लेने आऊंगा ।” यमदूत ने लिख दिया । परन्तु कल होते देर न लगी । यमदूत आया और बुढ़िया से चलने के लिए कहने लगा । बुढ़िया ने यमदूत को वह कागज दिखाया, जिस पर लिखा था कि मैं कल तुझे लेने आऊंगा । यमदूत बेचारा वापस लौट गया । दूसरे दिन यमदूत आया । बुढ़िया ने वही कागज फिर सामने रख दिया । यमदूत अपनी गलती पर पछताता हुआ वापस लौट गया । एक दिन यमराज को ध्यान आया, तो उन्होंने यमदूत से पूछा, “क्यों भाई ! तुम जिस बुढ़िया को लाने वाले थे वह अभी भी क्यों नहीं ले आए ?” यमदूत ने पूरा किस्सा सुनाया और अपने गलती की माफी मांगी । यमराज यमदूत को लेकर बुढ़िया के घर पहुँचा । बुढ़िया ने तब भी वही कागज दिखाया । यमराज बुढ़िया की चतुराई पर काफी प्रसन्न हुए । उन्होंने बुढ़िया से कहा, “मैं अगले जन्म में तुम्हें एक अच्छे घर में भेजूंगा । अब तो मेरे साथ चलो ।”

बुढ़िया ने अपने बेटे को निहारा और यमराज के साथ चल दी ।

- ☆ हवाई जहाज का यात्री—यह पैराशूट तो ठीक है न ?
- कप्तान—यह तो छलाँग लगाने पर ही पता चलेगा ।
- ☆ चेकर साहब एक महिला से, “माँ जी अपका टिकट तो धीमी गाडी का है, आप तेज गाडी में कैसे बैठ गई है ?
- महिला ने उत्तर दिया, तो मैं क्या करूँ, अपने ड्राइवर से कहें कि गाडी धीरे चलाए ।”

नैनीताल का सुहावना सफर

हमारी मातृभूमि बहुत ही विशाल है। देश में कई क्षेत्र हैं जिनकी भाषा अलग, परिधान अलग विशेषताएँ अलग, तरीके अलग और ढंग अलग। वैचित्र्यमय भारत देश हर देशों से अलग है।

भारत के उत्तर प्रदेश में कछुए की पीठ जैसा एक पठार है उसे प्राचीन काल में कुर्माचल नाम से पुकारा जाता था। इसी का अपभ्रंश है "कुमायूँ"। यह प्रदेश हमारे प्राचीन इतिहास में बड़ा महत्व रखता था। वनवास के समय पांडवों ने यहाँ निवास किया था। कुमायूँ प्रदेश में नैनीताल की सुन्दर नगरी बसी है। यह नगरी पर्यटकों का स्वर्ग है।

पिछले जाड़े में मैं अपने परिवार सहित नैनीताल की सैर करने निकल गया। रेल ने काठगोदाम स्टेशनपर ही हमें विदा किया, क्योंकि यही इस लाइन का अन्तिम स्टेशन है। यहाँ से हमने बस द्वारा नैनीताल की यात्रा की। यात्रा काठ गोदाम से ३५ किलोमीटर दूर पर्वतों की चोटियों में खेलती हुई नैनीताल की नगरी है।

नैनीताल आकर हम ने आगन्तुकों के ठहरने के होटल में ठहरे। हमारा सामान एक कमरे में रखवाने के बाद हम ने वही कार्य किया जो नैनीताल आनेवाला व्यक्ति प्रथम दिन ही करता है— नौका-विहार ! उस दिन चाँदनी रात में हम नौका-विहार को निकले। उस चन्द्रिका-चर्चित रात्रि का नौका-विहार हमारे दिल के लोगों के मस्तिष्क को गहराई तक छू गया और वह चिरकाल तक मीठी स्मृतियों की याद दिलाता रहेगा।

नैनीताल समुद्र तट से प्रायः १८०० मीटर ऊपर है। हिम से ढके श्वेत पर्वत भगवान शंकर के अट्टहासों के संगठित समूह जान पड़ते थे। नैनीताल में पर्यटकों की सुख-सुविधा के लिए नैनीताल में एक छोटा-सा बाजार भी है। नैनीताल में अनेक सुन्दर शिक्षा संस्थाएँ और विद्यालय भी हैं। यह नगरी हर प्रकार से मनोरम है।

नैनीताल की रमणिक नगरी की शोभा का खूब आनन्द उठाकर हम लोग लौट चले। जिस दिन हम चलने लगे उस दिन बर्फ गिरने लगा। इतना प्यारा दृश्य देखकर हम बड़े खुश हुए। नैनीताल की नगरी मानो श्वेत दुशाला ओढ़े हमको विदा दे रही हो। प्रकृति के पालने में पली उस अपूर्व नगरी से तृप्त नेत्रों और खाली जेबों के साथ हमने विदा ली।

☆ मोहन—(डाक्टर से) जरा देखकर बताइये कि मुझे क्या बीमारी है ?

डाक्टर—तुम्हारी आँखें खराब हैं।

मोहन—आँखें खराब हैं ! आपने कैसे जाना ?

डाक्टर—जानता कैसे ? तुम्हें दरवाजे पर टंगा इतना बड़ा बोर्ड दिखाई न दिया कि यह 'पशु चिकित्सालय' है ?

‘ एक समस्या यह भी ’ !

यों तो जिन्दगी में कई घटनाएँ घटती रहती हैं पर कुछ तो ऐसे होती हैं जो दुखदायी एवं अविस्मरणीय होती हैं। ऐसी ही अविस्मरणीय घटना मेरे साथ भी घटी थी जिसका दुःखद परिणाम मैं शायद जीवन भर भूला न सकूंगा।

मेरे नाना जी व नानी जी बँगाल के एक छोटे से गाँव के जमींदार थे। गरमी की छुट्टी बिताने मैं उनके गाँव पहुँच गया।

छोटा सा गाँव था, चारों तरफ हरियाली, तालाब व जंगली जानवर थे जिन्हें देख कर मैं खुशी से नाच उठता। आम के बाग में मैं दिन भर रसीली आमों का मजा लेता। वहाँ के कुछ लडकों से मेरी मित्रता हो गई और दिन भर हम जगह जगह घूमते, खेलते, कूदते रहते।

एक दिन मेरा एक मित्र जिसका नाम आशु था, मेरे पास आया और कहने लगा कि गाँव में मेला लगा है। मैंने मेला कभी नहीं देखा था इसलिए मैं तुरन्त मान गया और निश्चित दिन हम मेला देखने निकल गए। आशु पहले ही चला गया था, और जब हम पहुँचे तो हम ने देखा कि वह एक बुढ़िया औरत के पास खड़ा था और उसे कुछ खाने को दे रहा था। सफेद चिथड़े में लिपटी वह बूढ़ी औरत उसके तरफ हाथ उठा कर कुछ बोलने की कोशिश कर रही थी पर वह गूंगी होने के कारण कुछ बोल न पा रही थी। हमे देखते ही आशु उसे छोड़ कर मेरे पास आ गया और हम मेले का आकर्षण देखने लगे। चाट, जलेबी, रसगुल्ला और तरह-तरह के स्वादिष्ट व्यंजन खा कर हम घर सांझ को पहुँचे। घर पहुँचते ही मेरे पेट में जोर का दर्द शुरू हुआ। कुछ दवाई की गोली खा कर मैं लेट गया। नानाजी ने अपचन की दवाई दी थी।

उधर आशु को भी जोर का पेट दर्द सताने लगा था। अनपढ़ माँ बाप ने उसके तरफ ज्यादा ध्यान न दिया जिसके परिणाम स्वरूप उसे उलटी होने लगी। वह काफी देर तड़पता रहा और जब उसे रात के एक बजे मेरे नानाजी के पास लाया गया, तब तक वह निढाल हो चुका था। हमारी पूरी कोशिश के बावजूद वह सुबह तक चल बसा। घर में ही नहीं पूरे गाँव में मातम छा गया। दो दिन तक कई गाँव वासियों को पेट दर्द और ज्वर दस्त सताता रहा। किसी ने इस बीच यह अफवाह फैला दी कि दूसरे गाँव से जो बुढ़िया आयी थी वह डायन थी और मेले में लडकों पर जादू टोना किया था। बस फिर क्या था, गाँव के लोग इस खबर को सुनते ही क्रोध से पागल हो गए। अंध विश्वास, बेरोजगार लोगों ने मिल कर उस बुढ़िया से जब पूछा कि क्या वह डायन है, तो बेचारी गूंगी होने के कारण जवाब न दे पाई। वह बस कुछ बुदबुदाने लगी। फिर क्या था लोग उस पर पत्थर, ईंटों, लातों की बौछार करने लगी। नटखट प्यारा आशु के मृत्यु से गाँववाले जैसे पागल से हो गए। उनमें सोचने समझने का शक्ति न रही। सब उसको मारते-मारते मार ही रहे। वह वहीं पसर गयी।

किसी ने भी उस सफेद चिथड़े में लिपटी उस बुढ़िया का प्यार न देखा, उसकी ममता के तरफ किसी का ध्यान न गया। उसका रोना उन कठोर हृदय को पिघला न सका। गाँव वाले उसको खींचते हुए मेरे नानाजी के घर ले आए। मुझे उस बेचारी की हालत देखते ही चक्कर सा आने लगा। रोता रोता मैं भीतर जाकर अपने नानाजी को बाहर बुला लाया।

मेरे नाना जी को जब उस बात का पता चला तो पहले तो उन्होंने गाँव वालों को बहुत डाँटा पर बाद में उन्होंने उन्हें समझाते हुए उस बुढ़िया की कहानी सुनायी। वह दूसरे गाँव में अपने बेटे के साथ रहती थी। लडाई में उसके बेटे की मृत्यु ही गई थी। तब से वह पागल सी जगह जगह घूमती रहती एवं दूसरे बच्चों को देख कर उन्हें अपना बेटा समझती थी। वह उनको अपने बेटे की तरह आशीर्वाद देती और प्यार करती। उस ममतामयी माँ का कथन सुनकर गाँववालों को अपनी गलती का एहसास हुआ। आशु, मूझे व अन्य गाँववालों को एक दूकान से चाट खाने की वजह से अपचन हो गया था। गरमी के मौसम होने के कारण चाट खराब हो गया था, और उस खराब चाट की वजह से आशु चल बसा था।

उस बेचारी बुढ़िया का कोई दोष न था। उसने तो गाँव के अंधविश्वासी का फल भुगता था। ऐसे ही कई निर्दोष लोगों को डायन, चुडैल समझ कर मार दिया जाता है। आखिर यह अंधविश्वास कब तक चलेगा। यह समस्या आखिर कब हल होगी? क्या यह अत्याचार कभी खत्म न होगा। कोई है, जो इन सवालों का जवाब देगा।

श्रद्धांजलि ।

जैसे जैसे वक्त करवटें लेता है, जीवन मृत्यु का खेल निरंतर चलता ही रहता। इस खेल में कई लोग हमसे बिछुड जाते हैं।

इसी तरह हमारे देश का मधुमय गायक मुकेश भी हमसे अचानक बिछुड गये। सिर्फ रह गई उनकी यादें जो हमारे हृदय में सदा अमर रहेंगी। उनके सुमधुर गायन, दर्दभरा संगीत आज भी हमारे दिल में उतना ही मीठा, अनिवर्चनीय एहसास जगाता है।

उन्हे भूल जाना जितना नामुमकिन है, उन्हें विसर जाना उतना ही असम्भव है। अपने जीवन में मुकेशने दस हजार से भी अधिक गीत गाये हैं। यह गीत तो लोकप्रिय हुए ही परन्तु साथ में मुकेश ने संगीत संसार में अपने लिए एक अलग स्थान बना लिया। तब से आज तक मुकेश के सभी गानों में एक अलग ही अन्दाज है, एक अलग ही कोशिश है। शायद इसीलिए लिए अनेक प्रशंसकों की संख्या अनगिनत है।

अपने जीवन में गाये, चुने हुए प्रसिद्ध गीतों की मालिका प्रस्तुत करना भी सम्भव नहीं। १९७४ में राष्ट्रीय फिल्म पुरस्कार समारोह में मुकेश को 'रजनी गंधा' के उनके गीत 'कई बार यूँ ही देखा है' के लिए वर्ष का सर्वश्रेष्ठ गायक घोषित किया गया, मुकेश के गीत सब के होठों पर थे। ५३ वर्षीय मुकेश का जन्म दिल्ली में सन् १९२३ में हुआ था। १९४० में वे बम्बई चले आए। यहाँ से उनका एक संघर्ष का दौर शुरू हुआ। कोई नयी आवाज संगीत संसार में अपने लिए सहज ही स्थान नहीं बना लेती है। फिल्म 'पहली नजर' के एक गाने ने संगीत की दुनिया में तहलका मचा दिया गीत के बोल थे "दिल जलता है तो जलने दे, आँसू न बहा, फरियाद न कर" और गायक थे 'मुकेश'।

उनका देहान्त २७ अगस्त डेट्रोयट (अमेरिका) में हृदय गति रुक जाने के कारण हुआ। वे वहाँ लता मंगेशकर के साथ गायन के दौरे पर गये थे। आज सुप्रसिद्ध गायक, मुकेश हमारे बीच न रहे परन्तु उनकी आवाज, उनके गीतों के द्वारा, सदा सदा अमर रहेगी।

चला मैं साईकिल सीखने

नया वर्ष, १९८५ प्रारम्भ हुआ। जैसे हर एक को नए वर्ष के प्रारंभ में अच्छे ख्याल आते हैं, वैसे ही मुझे आए। विचार आया कि हर रोज मैं एक अच्छी चीज सीखूँ। परन्तु आप यह तो जान, गए ही होंगे कि मेरे जैसे हरफनमौला व्यक्ति के मन में कब से नेक विचार आने लगे। वह तो ऐसा हुआ कि जब पिताजी ने मुझे नव वर्ष की शुभकामनाएँ दी तो बोले, 'बेटा, अगर लायक बनना चाहते हो तो यह मटरमश्ती छोड़, हर रोज एक नई चीज सीखो'।

नव वर्ष का पहला दिन। अपने विचार के अनुसार मुझे उस दिन कुछ अच्छी चीज सीखनी थी। मैं सोच में पड़ गया कि क्या सीखे। सब कुछ तो आता था हमें। रोना-धोना, लडना, चिढ़ना, पीटाना पिटाना आदि। रो-घोकर अपना काम करवाने में तो मैं मास्टर था।

खैर उस दिन कुछ न सीखा। मैं चला जा रहा था पैर घिसता हुआ कि मेरे मित्र, जो की साईकिलों पर सवार थे मेरे बगल से मस्तानी चाल में पैडल मार निकल पड़े और थोड़ी देर में आँखों से ओझल !! मुझे उनसे ईर्ष्या हुई। सोचा, काश मुझे भी साईकिल चलानी आती। जब मैं रिक्शा से स्कूल पहुँचता, तो मुझे मेरे मित्र चिढ़ाते और 'नाजूक लडकी' की उपाधि दे देते। मुझे यह उपाधि कतई ही पसन्द न थी। मेरे दोस्त स्कूल खत्म होने के बाद साईकिलों पर सिनेमा देखने जाते। परन्तु मैं न जा पाता। इस कारण मेरे मटरमश्ती के पेशे में बाधा पड़ने लगी। बस अब यह निर्णय कर लीया कि साईकिल सीखेंगे। उससे हम मटरमश्ती भी कर सकेंगे, तथा हमें 'नाजूक लडकी' की उपाधि से मुक्ति मिल जाएगी।

अगले दिन मैंने सारे घर को उलट पुलट कर दिया। किसी ने घर की शोकजनक स्थिति को देख माँ से पूछा, "साहबजादे आखिर कर क्या रहे हैं?" माँ ने उत्तर दिया, 'इसको साईकिल सीखने का शौक चरया है बस इसलिए पुराने कपड़ों की तलाश जारी है'।

अपने भाई साहब के सामने हाथ-पाँव जोड़ कर उनसे मेरा गुरु बनने की विनय की। अगले दिन अपने भाईसाहब की साईकिल ले, एक मैदान में पहुँचे।

हमारे भाई साहब साईकिल चला तो ले ते थे परन्तु सिखाना उनके बस में न था। उन्होंने तो पहले दिन कह दिया था कि खुद उस पर बैठो और पैडल मारो !! मैं उस पर बैठा ही था कि साईकिल ज़मीन पर आ गिरी और मैं उससे नीचे !! उस दिन मैं रोता-बिखलाता घर पहुँचा। परन्तु वह गाना है न "मन में है विश्वास, पूरा है विश्वास....." को मन में रखे, कई बार गिरे, रोए, बिखलाये, परन्तु एक दिन हमे हमारे भाईसाहब ने छोड़ दिया, "जाओ, तुम अब सीख गए"। हम चले जा रहे थे, हँडल लड़खड़ा रहा था ! पहली बार मैं किसी तेज़ रफ्तार की 'गाडी' को चला रहा था ! मैं आकाश की ओर देखने लगा। इतने में मैं धड़ाम से किसी वस्तु से भिड़ा। मुझे नहीं मालूम वह क्या वस्तु थी। बस इतना मालूम है कि मैं ज़मीन पर था और मेरी टूटी साईकिल एक पेड़ के नीचे !! उसके बाद मेरे भाई साहब मुझे घर उठा लाए।

अगले दिन हाथ पलस्तर में बाँधे मैं स्कूल पहुँचा। मेरे एक मित्र ने पूछा, 'क्यों भाई विनय, यह करने में कैसे सफल हुए?' जब मैंने उन्हें उसका कारण बताया तो वह लोग खूब हँसे।

परन्तु मेरे लिए तो वह सबसे मुश्किल कार्य रहा है। मैं आज तक इस कार्य में सफल नहीं हुआ हूँ। अब मैंने तो सम्भावना भी छोड़ दी। मैंने विचार किया है रोने, लडने, पीटने, पिटाने के क्षेत्र में ही अधिक प्रगति करूँ।

एक सर्व प्रसिद्ध त्यौहार ।

भारत संसार का शिरोमणि देश है। प्राकृतिक सम्पदा की दृष्टि से यह विश्व का सर्वश्रेष्ठ देश स्वीकार किया जाता है। अनेक महापुरुषों ने यहाँ जन्म लेकर मानवता का पाठ पढाया है। सर्व धर्म समन्वय सिद्धान्त में आस्था यह विशेषता रही है। यहाँ अनेक धर्मों की त्रिवेणी बही है। हिन्दू, मुस्लिम, सिख, ईसाई, बौद्ध, जैन एवं पारसी सभी यहाँ प्रेमपूर्वक निवास करते हैं। देश प्रेम की पवित्र गंगा यहां सदैव बहती है। भारतीय संस्कृति एक प्राचीन संस्कृति है। इसकी सबसे बड़ी विशेषता समन्वय है। इसका परम उद्देश्य है—सर्व जनहित तथा सर्व जनसुख।

हमारे इस महान व प्राचीन संस्कृति वाले देश में कई प्रान्तों के जातियों के लोगों का बसेरा है। धर्म-निरपेक्षता के कारण भारत में तरह तरह के त्यौहार मनाये जाते हैं। महत्त्वपूर्ण त्यौहारों में रक्षाबन्धन, दशहरा, होली एवं दीपावली एक अपना ही महत्त्व रखने वाले त्यौहार हैं। दीपावली एक ऐसा त्यौहार है जिसे सारे भारत वासी सहर्ष मनाते हैं। इस पर्व का सांस्कृतिक, सामाजिक, धार्मिक एवं आर्थिक महत्त्व है।

हमारे देश में कई धर्मों का बसेरा रहा है। सब धर्मों के अलग अलग त्यौहार मनाए जाते हैं। जैसे जैन लोग महावीर के जन्मदिन को, बौद्ध महात्मा बुद्ध के जन्म दिन को, सिख गुरु नानक के जन्मदिन को, मुसलमान ईद को, और ईसाई क्रिसमस को, उसी प्रकार दीपावली हिन्दुओं में एक अपनी ही विशेषता रखने वाले त्यौहारों में से है।

यह त्यौहार बंगाल, बिहार, गुजरात, महाराष्ट्र, उत्तर प्रदेश और पंजाब में विशेष ढंग से मनाया जाता है। दिवाली में मन खुशी से झूम उठता है। बच्चे, जवान एवं बूढ़े सभी इस त्यौहार का आनन्द लेते हैं। कहा जाता है कि इस दिन श्री राम, लक्ष्मण एवं सीता वनवास काट कर अयोध्या लौटे थे। लोगों ने खुशी और उल्लास से दीप जलाए और उनका स्वागत किया। जैसे-जैसे जमाना बीतता गया, लोग और इनके स्वभाव भी बदलने लगे पर दिवाली का वह प्राचीन एवं मनोरंजक त्यौहार न बदला और आज तक बड़े-छोटे सभी उसका आनन्द लेते हैं। इस दिन जगह जगह दीपक जलते हैं क्योंकि हिन्दू यह मानते हैं कि दीपक जलाने से उनके घर में लक्ष्मी का प्रवेश होगा और वे धन-सम्पत्ति वाले हो जाएँगे। इस दिन हिन्दु, सिख, मुसलमान एवं ईसाई सभी एक दूसरे के गले मिलते हैं। सब एक दूसरे का मुँह मीठा करते हैं। सारा भारत जगमगा उठता है। बच्चों के लिए आनार, फूलझडियाँ, रॉकेट व तरह-तरह के पटाखे मिलते हैं। भारत माता, जैसे दुल्हन का रूप धारें जगमगा रही हो। सब धर्म-भेद, सम्प्रदाय-भेद, जाती-भेद और प्रदेश-भेद आदि के कारण उत्पन्न होने वाले वैर-विरोध, आजके दिन, प्रेम के भाव के शक्तिशाली ताकत के नीचे आकर मानो मिट जाता है। समाज में फैले अनेक मतभेद समाप्त करने में भी यह सहायक है।

पर कभी-कभी कुछ असामाजिक लोग भंग और शराब पीकर अशोभनीय हरकत करते हैं। इस पुनीत पर्व पर दुर्व्यवहार से बचना चाहिए और इसका कड़ा विरोध करना चाहिए। दीपावली हमारे भारत देश की संस्कृति का एक बड़ा त्यौहार रहता आया है और आगे भी इसे उसी तरह रखना हमारा फर्ज है।

आशा है कि यह हमारी जीवन में हमेशा उजाला भरता रहेगा।

☆ नौकर-बाबूजी आप मुझे नौकर रख लीजिए।

बाबूजी-देख, कहीं दो-चार दिन रहकर भाग न जाना।

नौकर-हुजूर! मुझे एक ही जगह रहने की आदत है, दस साल से मैं एक ही जगह पर था।

बाबूजी-कहाँ था।

नौकर-सरकार, जेल में!

बुलावा ।

आज जब मैं घर में बैठा उस कहानी के बारे में सोचता हूँ, तो समझ में नहीं आता कि उसपर विश्वास करूँ या न करूँ। उसपर विश्वास करना अब मानो कठिन प्रतीत होता है। पर पूर्णमासी के उस सुनसान रात को, बंगाल के एक छोटे गाँव में, जहाँ पास के बीहड़ जंगलों में जंगली जानवरों की भयानक आवाजें सुनने से एक कंपकंपी-सी महसूस होती थी, मैं आज के अविश्वसनीय लगने वाले कहानी पर पूरी तरह से विश्वास कर रहा था। इससे मुझे यह ससझ में आता है कि समय, हालात एवं जगह मनुष्य पर कैसे असर करता है। मेरी इस कहानी पर शायद आप में से कइयों को विश्वास न आए। कारण यह है कि यह एक भूत-प्रेत की कथा है, और आज के वैज्ञानिक काल में भूत-प्रेत की कथाओं पर अविश्वास का एक धक्का-सा लग गया है। खैर अलग-अलग लोगों का अलग अलग निर्णय होता है, और अपना निर्णय तो आप कहानी पढ़ने के बाद ही दे सकेंगे।

रात होते ही हम बच्चे उस बुढ़िया के छोटे से झोपड़े में इकट्ठे हो जाते। उस साठ साल की बुढ़िया से हम हमेशा की तरह कहानी सुनाने की जिद करते, और वह हमेशा की तरह ना-ना करते-करते कोई ना कोई कहानी सुना दी डालती। मैं अपने नानी के हवेली में गरमी की छुट्टियाँ बिताने आया था। किसी जमाने में वह बुढ़िया, मेरी नानी के हवेली में काम करती थी, पर अब वह दिन भर गपशप करती और रात में हमें कहानी सुनाती। उसकी कहानी में विचित्र प्रकार की रोमांच और रहस्य, मुझे बहुत अच्छा लगता। उस पूर्णमासी के रात को उसने हमें जो कहानी सुनाई वह कुछ इस प्रकार की थी।

चौदह साल पहले इस गाँव में दो घनिष्ठ मित्र रहते थे। एक का नाम प्रेमचंद और एक का नाम हरि नारायण। दोनों इज्जतदार घराने के थे। और एक दूसरे से उन्हें बड़ा प्रेम था। दोनों आस-पास रहते थे और किसी सरकारी दफ्तर में काम करते थे। दोनों को भूत-प्रेत की कहानियों पर बिलकुल विश्वास न था और दोनों उनका हँसी उड़ाया करते थे। एक दिन दोनों ने तय किया कि रात को जल्दी सो जाएँगे और प्रातः पाँच बजे मछली पकड़ने चलेंगे, कारण यह कि प्रातःकाल मछलियाँ पकड़ना बड़ा आसान कार्य था। यह निर्णय कर वे दोनों अलग-अलग राह हो लिए और यह तय हुआ कि जिसकी नींद जल्दी खुलेंगी वह दूसरे को लेने आयेगा।

हरि अभी गहरी नींद में सो रहा था, जब उसे अपने मित्र के बुलाने की आवाज मिली। “हरि, हरि नारायण। जल्दी चलो। मछली पकड़ने नहीं जाना है, क्या ?”

हरि आँखें मलता हुआ उठा और आवाज लगायी “आता हूँ भई, जरा रुकना।” हरि को आश्चर्य हुआ कि आज उसकी नींद जल्दी क्यों न टूटी। और उसने अपनी धोती पहनी, मछली पकड़ने का सामान लिया, और अर्ध-चेतनावस्था में अपने मित्र के पीछे-पीछे चल पड़ा। उसे अपने मित्र की काली सी परछाई अपने आगे-आगे चलते दिखी। थोड़ी देर में उसके पंर तालाब के जल में उतर गए। तुरन्त वह चौकन्ना हो गया। उसकी नींद टूट गयी और उसे एक अजीब सा अनुभव हुआ। ऊपर देखने पर उसे लगा कि रात अभी बाकी है। चन्द्रमा अभी पूरी तरह से यौवन में था। रात के शायद दो बजे होंगे। डर के मारे उसका पैर थरथराने लगा और वह चीखता हुआ वापस भागने लगा। उसे अब कोई शक न था कि मछली की जगह वह खुद किसी प्रेतात्मा के चुंगल में फँस गया था।

पीछे से आवाज आया “हरि, रुको। मैं तुम्हारा मित्र प्रेमचंद हूँ। मेरे साथ नहीं चलोगे ?” हरि भागता जा रहा था। उसे अपने पीछे किसी के आने की आवाज स्पष्ट सुनाई पड रही थी। वह पसीनी से तर हो, घर पहुँचा। उसे फिर सुनाई पडा। “हरि याद नहीं, तूने वादा किया था कि हम हमेशा साथ रहेंगे। शायद तुम भूल गए हो, पर मैं नहीं भूला। मैं तुम्हें अपने साथ ज़रूर ले चलूँगा।” घर पहुँच कर हरि ने अपनी पत्नी को सब बताया। वह हाँफता हुआ बेहाश हो कर गिर पडा। उसकी पत्नी दौड कर वैद्य को बुलाने गई। जब वैद्य और वह घर पहुँचे तो दरवाजा खुला पाया। दौड कर दोनों अन्दर पहुँचे। हरि मुँह के बल गिरा पडा था। वैद्य ने उसके

नब्ज को पकड़ कर देखा। तभी कमरे में एक हँसी की आवाज आयी। एक ठंडी सी हवा चली, और वैद्य ने हरि को मृत घोषित कर दिया। जिसने सुना उसने कहा “दोनों मित्र साथ-साथ जिए और साथ-साथ चले गए। उनका प्रेम अमर था।” प्रेमचंद उस रात जब पानी पीने के लिए उठो था तब एक काले नाँग ने उसे डस लिया। प्रेमचंद अकेला रहता था और जब वह साँप के काटने से मरा था, तो किसी को पता न चला था और प्रातःकाल उसके नीले पडे मृत शरीर को सबने देखा तो यही सोचा कि प्रेमचंद की आत्मा अपने मित्र को लेने के लिए ही आई थी, मछली पकड़ने के बहाने।”

कहानी, खत्म हुई तो हमने बुढ़िया से पूछा “आप को इस घटना के बारे में इतना कुछ कैसा पता चला ?” तब बुढ़िया ने कहा “मुझे इस घटना के बारे में इसलिए इतना पता है, क्योंकि मैं ही हरि की वह अभागी पत्नी हूँ।

एक अविस्मरणीय घटना

दुर्घटना तो शायद सभी ने देखी होगी। कुछ अभागे लोगों ने इसका दुखद परिणाम को महसूस किया होगा और शायद उन्हें यह पता होगा कि एक दुर्घटना लोगों के जीवन में कैसे कैसे तूफान लाती हैं। आज की बढ़ती आबादी में दुर्घटनाएँ एक आम बात है। बस, गाडी, ट्रेन एवं हवाई जहाज में हुए दुर्घटनाओं के बारे में आए दिन अखबार में पढते रहते हैं। पर क्या आज तक किसी ने मरने वालों के बारे में गंभीरता पूर्वक सोचा है? क्या किसी ने यह सोचा है कि अब उनके परिवार का क्या होगा? क्या किसी ने सोचा है कि जो दुर्घटनाग्रस्त व्यक्ति की मृत्यु नहीं हुई है उनकी क्या स्थिति है? उनके जीवन पर क्या प्रभाव पड़ता है? उनको कैसा अधूरा जीवन व्यतीत करना पड़ता है। उनकी आखिर में क्या दशा होती है? इन सवालों का जवाब, शायद दुर्घटनाग्रस्त व्यक्ति के सिवाय कोई न दे पायेगा। जीवन, मरण दोनों ही चक्र के समान चलते रहते हैं। जिस प्रकार जीने के कई रास्ते हैं, उसी प्रकार शायद मरण के भी कई रास्ते हैं जिनमें दुर्घटना भी एक रास्ता है।

दिल्ली के जनकपुरी मोहल्ले के पास एक बड़ा सा मेला लगा था। काफी तैयारी के बाद हम रविवार के सुबह दस बजे निकले। गरमी का मौसम, उमस भरे दिन में सूर्य देवता मानो अपने गरम किरण से हमारा नाश करने पर तुले हुए हैं। पसीने से तर मैं माँ से बहुत देर से कह रहा था कि घर चले पर उनका काम खत्म ही न हो रहा था। बारह बजे हम घर लौटने लगे इतने में हम ने देखा कि एक मोटर साईकल चालक बड़े मस्ती से मोटर साईकल चलाते हुए गुजरा। अभी हम दो कदम भी न चल पाए कि पीछे से शोर सुनाई पड़ा। देखते क्या है कि मोटर साईकल के नीचे एक लड़का आ गया था और खून से तर बतर तड़प रहा था। उसकी बूढ़ी माँ का अकेला सहारा, उनकी बुढ़ापे की लाठी को मृत्यु के निकट देखकर उसकी माँ मानो पागल जैसी हो गई। वह बेहोश हो कर वहीं गिर गई। तुरन्त लोगों की भीड़ हो गई। सब खड़े दया दिखा रहे थे। कुछ ने मिल कर मोटर साईकल चालक की पिटाई कर दी। पर किसी ने पुलिस को फोन न किया। सब को यह डर था कि कहीं पुलिस उन्हें ही न फँसा दे। मेरे माँ के कहने पर एक दयालू व्यक्ति ने पास के दूकान से फोन किया। पर जब तक अस्पताल वाले पहुँचे, लड़के ने दम तोड़ दिया। बुढ़िया रोती रही। और लोगों ने सहानुभूति प्रकट कर, अपने अपने काम में लग गए।

इस दर्दनाक घटना ने मुझ पर हमेशा के लिए प्रभावित किया। इन्सान क्या-क्या सपने संजोकर दिन प्रतिदिन घर से निकलता है, लेकिन थोड़ी-सी असावधानी या लापरवाही के कारण वह दुर्घटना का शिकार हो जाता है। असमय ही कितने फूल मुरझा जाते हैं, कितने घर बिखर जाते हैं। अगर सावधानी बरती जाए तो इस संसार में दुर्घटना से घटने वाली मृत्यु की संख्या भी कम होगी और सब के लिए खुशहाली फैली रहेगी।

हाय ! मेरा प्यारा दाँत ।

अपने ही कोई प्रियजन के बिछुडने से क्या कोई कम दुख होता है ? नहीं, कभी नहीं यह तो नामुमकिन है, हम उनको कभी नहीं भूला सकते। और मैं भी कभी नहीं भूला सकता कि मेरा प्यारा दाँत किस तरह अकाल पतन का बलि हुआ। मैं यह कैसे भूला सकता कि मेरे चार दाँत अपने सहयोगी दाँतों के लिए शहीद हुए। पहले से ही मेरे दाँत थोड़े ऊँचे होने के कारण अपना प्रदर्शनी करते थे। जिसे देखो, अपनी राय देने चले आते हैं “इस दंत चिकित्सक को, उस दंत चिकित्सक को दिखाओ।” “यह अच्छा है, वह अच्छा है। वगैरह-वगैरह।

सुन-सुन कर मैं तंग हो गया, और पिताजी से आग्रह किया कि किसी दंत चिकित्सक को मेरा दाँत दिखा दिया जाए। उस आग्रह के लिए मैं आज भी पछता रहा हूँ। डाक्टर ने देखते ही राय सुनाई, “चार दाँत हटाओ, तार जकड़-कर लगाओ।” लो, हो गया न कबाडा। फँस गया बेचारा मैं, मिल गया न मुझे वीरता का फल। धिक्कार है मुझपर। ऐसी गलती के लिए मैं कभी अपने आपको माफ नहीं कर पाऊँगा। अब मैं आपको बताऊँगा कि क्या-क्या बीबी है मेरे मासूम दाँतों पर। परीक्षा के खत्म होते ही सब विद्यार्थी उछलते-गाते घर गए, पर मेरा तो मुँह लटका हुआ था। न-न, यह मत सोचिए कि मैंने परीक्षा अच्छी तरह नहीं दी। बात दर असल यह है कि छुट्टियों में मेरा डेन्टल का कार्य शुरू होने वाला था और मेरा दिल डर के मारे धड़के जा रहा था। इतना डर तो परीक्षा के वक्त भी नहीं लग रहा था। खैर चला मैं दंतचिकित्सक के पास मुँह पर उदासी की छाया लिए। प्रतिक्षालय में तो मेरा बुरा हाल हुआ। एक बच्चा मुँह फाड़े रोए जा रहा था। और उसकी माँ उसे फुसलाने की कोशिश कर रही थी। एक बूढ़ा अपने गाल पर हाथ रखकर ऐसे कराह रहा था मानो उसके प्राण ही निकल रहे थे। एक जवान आदमी टहल कदमी कर रहा था और बार-बार बूढ़े से वक्त पूछा रहा था। नौवीं बार बूढ़े से रहा नहीं गया और उसने पूछा “क्यों साहब, इतने घबराए हुए क्यों हैं।” “क्या बताऊँ साहब, मेरी बीबी दो घन्टे से अन्दर है, और मुझे बड़ी घबराहट सी हो रही है।” “क्या आपकी बीबी लाल रंग की साड़ी पहने हुए थी।” एक महिला ने पूछा। “जी हाँ, क्या आपने उन्हें देखा है।” नौजवान ने पूछा। “देखा तो था, लेकिन देड घंटा पहले। जब आप बाथरूम में थे तब वह शायद आपको ढूँढते हुए बाहर की तरफ जा रही थी।” “हे भगवान, पता नहीं घर जाने पर वह मेरी क्या दुर्गति बनाएगी,” कहता हुआ वह नौजवान दौड़ता हुआ प्रतिक्षालय से बाहर निकला, और हमारी सहानुभूति लेता हुआ घर की तरफ चल पड़ा।

जब मेरी बारी आयी तो अजीब सा लग रहा था, अन्दर पहुँचा तो यहाँ का अस्त्र-शस्त्र देख कर तो मेरी जान ही निकल गयी। डाक्टर ने चेअर पर बिठाया और काम शुरू किया। पहले तो लगभग दस इंच का इन्जेक्शन मंगवाया। उसे देखते ही मुझे कँपकँपी सी होने लगी और मैंने उनसे हाथ जोड़कर बिनती की, कि मुझे क्षमा कीजिए पर मैं दाँत उखड़वाना नहीं चाहता। पर उनके कठोर कान पर मेरे दयनीय शब्दों का कोई असर न पड़ा। रोया, चीखा, क्या कुछ नहीं किया पर निकला दाँत उखड़ावा के ही। मेरे बुढ़ापे का सहारा प्यारा दाँत चला गया, ओह पीछे बड़े दुख छोड़ कर गया। चार दिन में चार दाँत शहीद हो गए और मैंने उनका वलिदान किया। मेरे लिए यह शौर्य, वीरता और अभिमान की बात है।

क्या आप नहीं मानते इसे ?

- ☆ राम—क्यों डाक्टर साहब बिना दिमाग वाला आदमी भी क्या जिन्दा रह सकता है।
डाक्टर—(झुंझलाकर) क्या तुम जिन्दा नहीं हो।
- ☆ जज—(चोर से) तुम्हें बार-बार अदालत में आते शर्म नहीं आती।
चोर—हुजूर मैं तो ४ या ५ बार आया हूँ, आप तो रोज ही आते हैं।
- ☆ माली—तुम फूलों की क्यारियों में क्यों चल रहे हो ? सारे फूल रौंद डाले।
आदमी—तो तुहीं ने तो बोर्ड लगा रखा है कि ‘घास पर चलना मना है।’

प्रायश्चित्त ।

असहाय शिशु का करुण, क्रन्दन साधारण आदमी का दिल तो मोम कर सकता है, लेकिन उन दरिद्रों के आत्मा तो कब की मर चुकी थी, पत्थर बन गया था उनका दिल, ममता उन लोगों के लिए तो कोई अनजानी कहानी थी, उन्हें चिंता थी तो केवल अपने स्वार्थ की ।

राय वल्लभासिंह के पुत्र और बहु की मृत्यु कुछ साल पहले हवाई दुर्घटना में हो गई थी । उनका नन्हा पोता राहुल ही उनकी आँखों का तारा, बहुत दुलारा और बुढापे का सहारा था । जब वह हंसता था तो मानो लाखों तारे जगमगा रहे थे, जब रोता तो जैसे हजारों मोतियां बिखर जाती थी । उसकी आँखों की कोमलता नहीं, और मुँह की भोली हँसी किसी को भी, आकृष्ट कर लेती थी । राय वल्लभासिंह ने नौकरों से कड़ी हिदायत दे रखी थी कि राहुल कभी भूल से भी बाहर निकलने न पाये । एक पल के लिए भी राय साहब, राहुल को आँखों से ओझल होते नहीं देख सकते थे । कभी अगर न दिखा तो बेचैन हो जाते थे । अपने पुत्र और बहु के मृत्यु के बाद यही तो था खानदान का दिवा जलाने के लिए ।

लेकिन सब दिन एक से नहीं होते, किस्मत ने राय साहब के साथ कुछ और ही चाल चली । एक दिन राहुल खेलता-खेलता फाटक के बाहर निकल गया । जनमानव एवं यानवाहन के भीड में कुछ खो सा गया वह । थोड़ी देर में उसे भूख लगने लगी और वह रोने लगा । एक व्यक्ति ने उसे गोदी में उठा लिया, और चाकलेट खाने दिया । राहुल उसके साथ-साथ खुशी से चल पडा ।

राय साहब पागल से हो उठे थे । नौकर-चाकर, पुलिस एवं उनके साथी चारों तरफ से खोज खोज के हार गए । राहुल को खोजने वाले व्यक्ति को एक भारी इनाम घोषित कर दिया गया ।

अचानक उनका माथा ठनका, डर से काँप गया उनका दिल । वे जल्दी से कार में बैठे और शहर के बाहर बसे हवेली की ओर निकल पडे । पहुँच कर घंटी बजायी, नौकर ने दरवाजा खोला और सलाम किया । रायसाहब ने नौकर से कुछ पूछा ? नौकर उन्हें लेकर एक कमरे में गया । बुककेस के पीछे का एक बटन दबाया और जमीन में छुपा एक दरवाजा खुल गया । रायसाहब दौडते हुए अन्दर घुसे । दो व्यक्ति वहाँ बैठे सिगरेट पी रहे थे । रायसाहब को देखते ही वे व्यक्ति खडे हो गए और सलाम किया । उसने उन लोगों से पूछा कि आज कितने बच्चों को पकड कर लाये थे । हाँ, यही था रायसाहब का कारोबार, बच्चों को पकडना उन्हें अंधा, गूंगा, बहरा, लंगडा, लूला बनाना और भीख माँगने रास्ते में बिठा देना । इस पापी काम से ही वे आज जो थे, वह हुए थे ।

कितने ही माँ-बाप को उसके नीच कार्य का परिणाम भुगतना पडा और कितने माँ-बाप उसके कारण, बेसहारा हो गए थे । आज उनका राहुल खो गया तो उन्हें पता चला कि ममता क्या होती है । आज उन्हें अपने गलत काम का एहसास हुआ था । डर था, तो इस बात का कि कहीं उसके बफादार नौकर ने कहीं गलती से राहुल को ही तो न उठा ले आये थे ।

राय साहब ने आगे बढ़कर उन छह बच्चों को एक एक कर देखने लगे, जिनको अंधा, गूंगा, बहरा बना दिया गया था। उनके कठोर चेहरे पर उन बच्चों की दर्दनाक स्थिति का कोई खास असर न पडा।

धीमी रोशनी में उनकी नजर पाँचवे बालक पर पडी। आँखों के ऊपर पट्टियाँ बँधी थीं उसकी। पट्टियाँ उतरवाने पर रायसाहब तडप कर रह गये थे। यह तो उनका राहुल ही था। उसके नौकर ने राहुल की आँखें ऐसे निकली थीं कि वह जीवन भर के लिए अन्धा हो गया था। उसके कोमल नमी भरे आँखों की जगह, दो गहरे खून से रंगे गढे ही रह गए थे। नन्हा राहुल अचेतनावस्था में पडा कराह रहा था। रायसाहब ने उसे बाहों में जकड लिया और आँखों से टपटप पश्चाताप के आँसू गिर पडे। उनके पोते की रोशनी छिन कर किस्मत ने रायसाहब के साथ बहुत बडा परिहास किया था और यह परिहास रायसाहब को बडा महँगा पडा, इतना महँगा कि उनकी जीवन भर की पाप से कमाई गई पूँजी भी उसका मोल चुका न पायी।

यही था रायसाहब का 'प्रायश्चित्त'।

छः पहलियाँ ।

मारने में लाठी खाने में मीठी । (११५)

पहले हरा, बाद में पिला, बडा रसीला । (११६)

सिर पर पत्थर पेठ में अंगुली । (११७)

किला एक बत्तीस कंगूरे । (११८)

टूटा हाथ देखकर आती । (११९)

काली बकरी पेट में लकडी । (१२०)

कोई उसे पकड न पाए,

सबका ही मन वह ललचाए ।

रोज सुबह होते ही,

नीली चादर में वह छिप जाए । (१२१)

दुःख-सुख का मैं हाल सुनाऊँ,

सबके पास में आऊँ जाऊँ ।

मगर सफर में कुछ न खाऊँ.

जेल की सजा हर बार मैं पाउँ । (१२२)

मेरा गाँव ।

हमारे देश में लाखों गाँव चारों तरफ बिखरे हुए हैं। प्राचीन काल में गाँवों को जो महत्व, एव प्यार दिया जाता था वह शायद आज के वैज्ञानिक युग में न दिया जाता है। लोगों का यह विचार है कि गाँव एक पिछड़ा हुआ, अंधसंस्कार में डुबे हुआ एक ऐसी जगह है जिसे छोड़-छोड़ कर लोग अब शहर आ रहे हैं। पर सच्चाई कुछ और है। गाँव में गरीबी जरूर है, पर कुदरत की सब देन वहाँ प्रस्तुत है। गाँव के हरे-भरे खेत, बहती नदियाँ, ठंडी ताजी हवा एवं मनमोहक सुन्दर दृश्य मन को मोह लेती है। शहर की गंदगी, दूषित हवा एवं धूल भरी वातावरण से तो गाँव का वातावरण बहुत अच्छा होता है। वहाँ की कहानियाँ भी बहुत दिलचस्प, मनोरंजक एवं रोमांचक होती हैं।

मेरी दो कहानियाँ 'बुलावा' एवं 'मोह माया' गाँव के उन कहानियों पर आधारित है, जिन पर अन्ध-विश्वास का घब्रा सा लगा हुआ है। मैं यह नहीं कहता की आपको इन कहानियों पर विश्वास करना होगा, पर आशा है कि आपको यह कहानियाँ कुछ देर मनोरंजन दे सकेंगी।

- ❖ एक मित्र : किसी की मूर्खता पर उसे बधाई कब दी जाती है ?
दूसरा मित्र : शादी के समय ।
- ❖ नई पत्रिका का प्रथम अंक भेजते हुए उस के संपादक ने एक प्रतिष्ठित पत्रिका के संपादक से सम्मति मांगी ।
संपादक ने तुरन्त राय भेज दी, "पत्रिका का आकार बड़ा कर दें तो रही ठीक भाव में बिकेगी ।"
- ❖ "चोर मेरे सारे जेवर चोरी करके ले गए, और तुम देखते ही रह गए?" पत्नी ने पति से कहा ।
"मैं क्या कर सकता था ? उनके पास पिस्तौलें थी", पति ने विवशता से कहा ।
"तो क्या हुआ, तुम्हारा तो बीमा भी हुआ है, जेवरों का तो बीमा नहीं कराया था", पत्नी चिल्लाई ।
- ❖ "तुम्हारे पिताजी हम से कल रात, उनके कार इस्तेमाल करने पर, इतना गुस्सा क्यों हो रहे थे ।"
"क्योंकि उन्हीं से तो हम कल रात टकरा गए थे ।"
- ❖ "मेरी सास गायब हो गयी हैं ।"
"तुमने पोलिस को उनके बारे में कुछ नहीं बताया ?"
"नहीं ! क्योंकि उनको मुझ पर कभी विश्वास नहीं होगा ।"
- ❖ मरने वाले ने मरने से पहले अपनी पत्नी से अपनी आखिरी इच्छा बताई ।
"तुम शर्मा साहब से मेरे मरने के बाद शादी कर लेना ।"
"पर वे तो तुम्हारे दुश्मन हैं ।" पत्नी ने कहा ।
"इसलिए, तो कह रहा हूँ ।"

मोह माया ।

चन्द्रकोना नामक गाँव के जमीनदार ठाकुर चन्द्रमोहन बाबू के चेहरे पर आज उदासी की रेखा छाई हुई थी। गम की गहरी रेखाओं ने आज उनकी आँखों की सारी चमक गायब कर दी थी। उनका मन भारी हो चला था, और आँखों में आँसू लिए वह अपने करूणावस्था के बारे में सोचने लगे।

दो महीने हुए उनकी विचार बड़ें धुमधाम से पास के गाँव के गरीब घराने की बेटी अपराजिता, से सम्पन्न हुआ था। दो महीने तक उन्होंने अपनी नई-नवेली दुल्हन के लिए क्या नहीं किया। सास का प्यार लोगों का सम्मान, पति का प्रेम, इज्जत, क्या नहीं दिया उसे। और आज जब उनके व्यवसाय को अचानक घाटा हो गया था और वह कर्जदार बन गए थे तो उसने उन्हें किस प्रकार धोखा दिया था।

चन्द्रमोहन बाबू को याद पडा कि किस प्रकार एक दिन काम से लौटने के बाद उन्होंने अपनी पत्नी से कहा था “कारोबार में मैं बाजी हार गया हूँ अपराजिता, और पाँच लाख का कर्जदार बन गया हूँ।” उसकी पत्नी ने ठिठक कर उसकी तरफ देखा और कहा “कर्जा कैसे चुकाओगे, जी।” चन्द्रमोहन ने उत्तर दिया “शायद कुछ बेचना पड़ेगा, है कुछ बनमोल चीज, बेचने लायक घर में।”

अपराजिता ने तेज स्वर में कहा “मेरे जेवर बेचोगे ?” चन्द्रमोहन ने कहा “आशा है इसकी नीबत नहीं आएगी। मैं कल ही कलकत्ते जाकर अपने मित्र शेखर से मिलूँगा, शायद वह मदद कर सके। मैंने भी उसे एक बार मदद की थी।”

यकायक अपराजिता चीख कर गिर गई और बोली “नहीं मैं अपने जेवर नहीं दूँगी। कभी नहीं दूँगी। यहीं मेरा सहारा है। अगर तुमने उसे हाथ भी लगाया तो मैं आत्महत्या कर लूँगी। चन्द्रबाबू ने उसे समझाया और कहा “नहीं अपराजिता, तुम्हारे जेवर कोई नहीं लेगा, उसपर तो तुम्हारा ही हक है।

अगले दिन वे कलकत्ते गए और अपने मित्र से उन्हें पूरी मदद मिली। उन्होंने कर्जा चुका दिया और फिर से कारोबार सम्भाल लिया। उन्होंने अपनी पत्नी के लिए एक सोने की माला बनवायी और उसे लेकर खुशी-खुशी गाँव की ओर लौट पड़े। वहाँ पहुँच कर उन्हें पता चला कि अपराजिता, उन्हें छोड़ कर एक पुराने प्रेमी के साथ भाग गई है, इस डर से कि कहीं चन्द्रमोहन उसका गहना एवं जेवर न ले लें। पहले क्रोध, फिर दुख ने उन्हें घेर लिया। वे मानो टूट गए और शराब के नशों में अपनी दुखः भूलाने की कोशिश करने लगे। अपराजिता का कुछ पता नहीं चला, लेकिन चार दिन बाद उसकी लाश नदी में बहती मिली। उसके देह के निशानों से पता चला कि उसका खून हो गया था। उसके जेवर गायब थे जिससे की साफ जाहिर था कि प्रेमी ने घन के लालच में अपराजिता का खून कर दिया था।

जब यह बात का चन्द्रमोहन बाबू को पता चला तो वे पागल से हो गए। शराब पीते पीते उनका कलेजा खराब हो गया। एक वर्ष बीत गया। वही पूर्णमासी की रात थी जिस दिन अपराजिता अपने प्रेमी के साथ भाग गई थी। चन्द्रमोहन बाबू शराब पी रहे थे और अचानक चिल्ला कर कहे “अपराजिता तुमने ऐसा क्यों किया ? जेवर से तुम्हें इतना प्यार था कि तुमने अपने पति को भी छोड़ दिया ? मैं तो तुम्हारे लिए एक माला लाया था, उसे नहीं लगी क्या ?”

कमरे में एक विचित्र प्रकार की हँसी गुंज उठी। दो हाथ कंगन से लदे आगे आ गए। माला, चन्द्रमोहन बाबू के हाथों से छीन गयी। डर के मारे चन्द्रमोहन बाबू की हृदय गति रुक गई और वे निढाल से लुढ़क गए। कमरे में फिर से हँसी की आवाज, घुंघरू की झनन-झनन, एवं पायल की झंकार सुनाई दी, फिर सब शान्त हो गया।

इस दुख भरी घटना को हुए छबीस साल गुजर गए। नदी किनारे आज भी पूर्णमासी के रात ठीक बारह बजे साफ सुनाई पड़ता है, मानो कोई कह रहा हो, “अपराजिता, अपराजिता ! तुमने ऐसा क्यों किया ? क्यों ? क्यों किया तुमने ऐसा ?” और वह विचित्र हँसी फिर से हँस कर मानो सवाल का जवाब दे रही हो, “माँफ करना प्रिय, मैं मोह माया के जाल में फँस गयी थी”। और शायद यही उसका प्रायश्चित था।