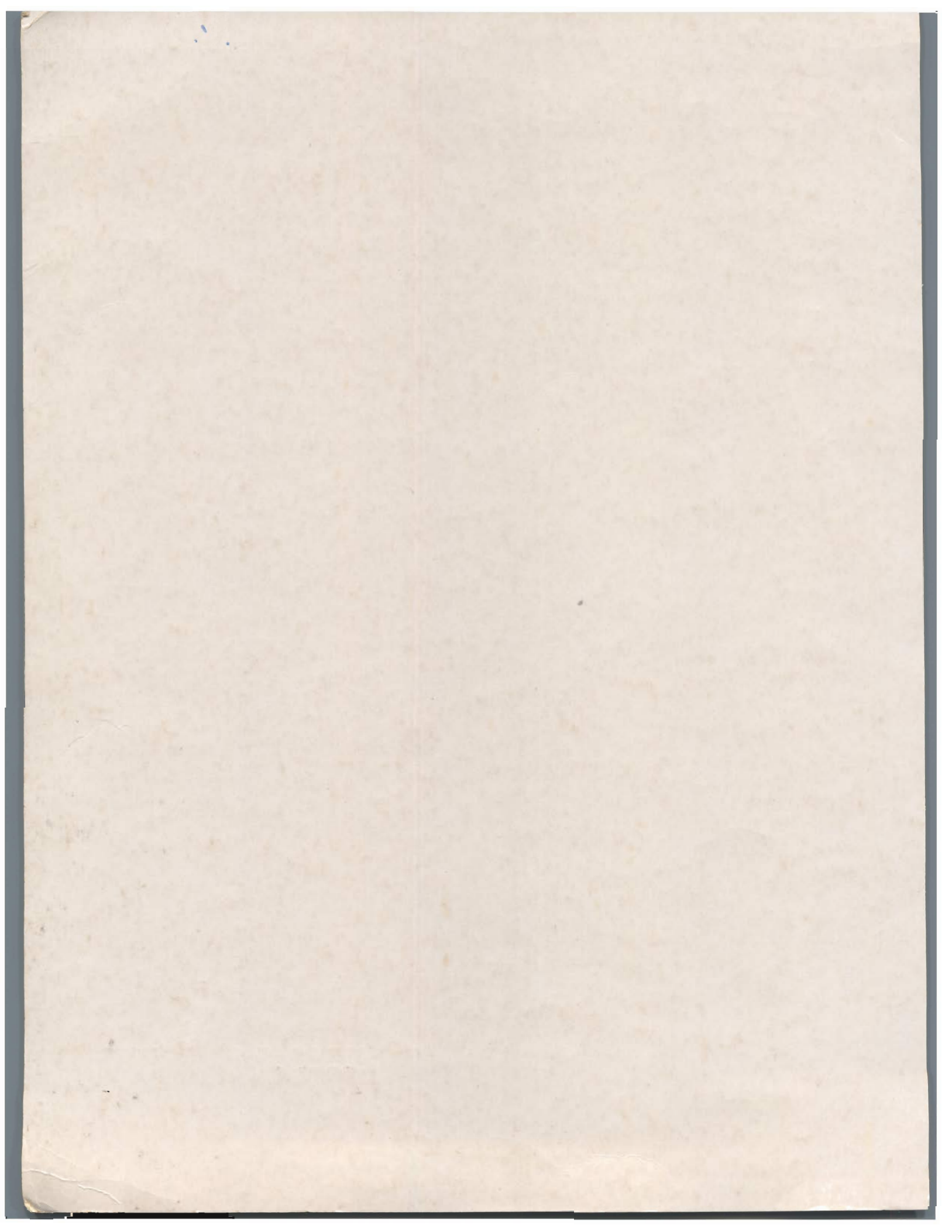


THE  
**Columban**  
1974



R.V.



# THE Columban

MAGAZINE OF  
ST. COLUMBA'S  
HIGH SCHOOL  
NEW DELHI

# 1974

*Editor:*  
Br. J.P.MURRAY

*Artist:*  
Mr. B. Joshi  
(T.O.I.)

*Photographers:*  
Br. J.P. Murray  
Br. J.U. Morrissey  
Mr. R.S. Arora

# C O N T E N T S

<p>Dedication ..... 4</p> <p>Editorial ..... 5- 6</p> <p>I.S.C. Class of 1974 : Photographs ..... 7-11</p> <p>I.S.C. Results 1973 ..... 12-13</p> <p>The Seventh Day —<i>Rajiv Choudhri—XI-D</i> 14</p> <p>The Br. Rice Memorial Prize Essay ..... 15-17</p> <p>In Memory of My Beloved 'Sir' —<i>Jaish Bhasin</i>..... 17</p> <p>Artists: The All India Child Art Competition 18</p> <p>Sports Day &amp; Prize Distribution —Photographs ..... 19-25</p> <p>Memorial Prize-Winners ..... 26-27</p> <p>Sword of Honour 1974 ..... 28</p> <p>Br. Leonard Prize 1974 ..... 28</p> <p>The Munshi Memorial Recitation Contest . 29</p> <p>Leaders Training Service-Groups Activities in S.C.S. .... 30-31</p> <p>The Middle School Library —<i>Mrs. S. Mazumdar</i> ..... 31-32</p> <p>A Visit to the Escort Factory <i>Suresh Sood</i> ... 33</p> <p>A Visit to the Meteorological Department —<i>Dadoo—XI-A</i> ..... 33-34</p> <p>Starting the Twenty Ninth Year of Free India —Photographs ..... 35-39</p> <p>Behind the Scenes <i>By Br. Murray</i> ... 40-41</p> <p>Prize Distribution for 1973 Photographs and The Principal's Report ... 42-46</p> <p>Audio Visual Aids <i>Mr. J. Mascarenhas</i> 47-48</p> <p>Goverdhan Dass Memorial Declaration Contest —<i>Baljeet Sobti—XI-E</i>..... 48</p> <p>The Middle School Elocution Competition —<i>Mrs. K. Haidar</i> ..... 49</p>	<p>Middle School Quiz Competition ..... 50</p> <p>Our Trip to the Hitkari Potteries —<i>R. Bhasin—VIII-A</i> ... 51</p> <p>Class XI Debate —<i>Narendra Laljani—XI-C</i> 52</p> <p>A Look at Chemistry <i>Kyle Lopez</i>..... 52</p> <p>From Junior School to Middle School to Senior School to...? <i>Vinod K. Jhamb—XI-E</i> 53-54</p> <p>Table Tennis at St. Columba's <i>Neville Lobo—XI-E</i> .... 55</p> <p>Foot Ball in the Middle School ..... 56</p> <p>Our Way to Victory —<i>B. Joseph—XI-E</i> . 57</p> <p>A Cricket Match Between St. Columba's and St. Johns ..... 58</p> <p>Tennis Stars..... 59</p> <p>We learn about Bread —<i>Arun Chopra—V-D</i> 60</p> <p>A Visit to Faridabad —<i>George C. Philip—IV</i> 60</p> <p>Trip to Palam Airport ..... 61</p> <p>The United Schools Organisation 1974 ... 62</p> <p>Middle School Arts &amp; Crafts ..... 63</p> <p>Indias First Nuclear Explosion —<i>M.V. Singhal—X-D</i> .. 64</p> <p>A Visit to the Zoo —<i>Arun Kalyanpur</i>..... 65</p> <p>Junior Sports—Photographs..... 66-67</p> <p>Jumbo &amp; Me <i>By Rohini Channa (Class Teacher VI-A)</i> ..... 68-69</p> <p>'Forgot it, Sir' <i>By Atesh Chandra, IX-B</i>.. 70</p> <p>Whither 1974 —<i>Sanjiv Garg—X-E</i>..... 71</p> <p>A Visit to the Zoo —<i>Sanjay Verma—IV-E</i> 71</p> <p>A Matter of Principles —<i>Narendra Lal Jani—XI-C</i> 72</p> <p>In Memorium ..... 73</p> <p>First Holy Communion ..... 74</p> <p>Swimming Photos..... 75-77</p> <p>I.S.C./73 National Scholarship Winners ... 78</p> <p>About My Brother —<i>Anil Navani—I-E</i>.. 79</p> <p>Myself —<i>Deepak Malik Std.—I-E</i>..... 79</p> <p>About Late Mr. John Fernandes ..... 80</p>
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*Dedication*



*With respect we dedicate  
this 1974 edition of  
The Columban  
to our Principal  
Rev. Br. J. N. Foley*

## Editorial

The man in command lives in isolation. The rest of us may stay with the herd, seek refuge in numbers, put weighty matter on a finger that stretches moment to moment avoid the issue but eventually it will be the man at the top who will have to accept the responsibility and often in his acceptance of it his will be the loneliness of the long-distance runner.

Let the man at the top be where he will; swaying on the Sedia Gestatoria, balancing to the dip and roll of the pitching ship's bridge, searching for the break in the clouds with the fuel gauge at zero or as it is here at St. Columba's making up his mind with much of the desired information not forthcoming from the ciphers on the results-sheet whether some mother's son would profit from a lease in fresh fields or benefit mentally from a prescription labelled 'The mixture as before'. Either way the decision will be his.

Who will teach, what will they teach, and who will be the taught? Teachers will arrive with problems to which a ready-made and off-hand solution no man can give. People are not machines, and while cold-blooded logic and the exigencies of the situation might seem to demand a 'two and two make four' attitude the prudent man in office realizes that he must provide for the human element in the scheme of things for people never realize the wood without recognising some of the trees. Sleep on it; try it for a fortnight and see what happens, give the prodigal just one more chance and remember we were all of us once young. These are a few among the many probable and possible answers. Or the man behind the desk may sit and listen, give periodic nods of the head indicative of the wisdom of the ages and in nine cases out of ten the person with the real or imagined problem makes an exit happy in the thought of having captivated an audience. A hearing was all they had wanted very probably.

'Please, Sir, we want a holiday!' It is then that the man in command is really isolated, everybody noting his reaction and eyes alert for sympathetic response to schoolboy blandishments. But the man in command will realize that while an affirmative will make him the hero of the hour, respect will be the modest due of the man who is willing to make himself unpopular in the performance of his duty. His is the final authority in matters of school routine, in matters where justice might be tempered with mercy and the malefactor served with a suspended sentence as an aid to self-redemption. 'Go to the office!' and the usual reaction will be... and what has he found out!?' 'I couldn't think of anything else to tell him' was the woebegone recital of the one whose capacity for imaginative composition was found wanting at the crucial moment. .. 'and he didn't believe it either'.

Then alone comes the salesman...typical of a multitude .... and firmness with courtesy is the order of the day here ..the capacity to say 'No' without being offensive about it. One of the multitude might be the vendor of school chalk the type of chalk that will make every stroke an artist's effort or the salesman with the type of sample textbooks that will make teachers superfluous.....the ink with the uninterrupted free flow .... the set of mathematics instruments operational in the hands of the dullest duffer.....the man whose new desks are an improvement on all previous seating accommodation .... and so the story goes. They all present themselves before the principal's desk, each demands a hearing and each believes that such a hearing is thus by right of a common humanity. Some will be disappointed, some elated, and the born optimist among them will in due course present himself yet once more with another sample of something else.



Br. Foley's last public function as Principal of St. Columba's--Sports Day 1975

There are parents who seek admissions who are prepared to sit like patience on a monument and wait for the fleeting opportunity of a five minutes interview. They may be told that classes are overcrowded, that teachers cannot cope, that given too many individuals and we have an uneducable mob. .... sundry weighty reasons and still the emotionally involved parent will insist that there's always room for one more. Then supposing that in the interests of peace the man in office does relent he's still left with the problem of confronting the teacher concerned and impressing him or her with the idea that one more pupil will not throw the system of education out of balance. Such is the routine and the man in command must needs have the patience of job, the astuteness of the ace diplomat and if need demands it..... the silence of the grave. How can he make the parent understand his realization of a point of view without detracting from the authority of the teacher and how, without being bad-mannered, can he make people realize that the cherished child is an involved compound of human perfection and The Lord of the Flies which latter characteristic has latterly made itself obnoxiously evident to the class-teacher..... 'And what has he done?' ..... Nothing !! Not a hand's turn for the past two months' !! and the problem of the man in command is to bridge the gap between the teacher's word and the parent's realization which gap of ten-times stretches through is equivalent to all the distance between Dives and Lazarus.

The poor come also... . and when we speak of the poor we not only mean the economically depressed whose heads have never bobbed above the wavetop, but also those who feel the need of a word of hope. They come, for reductions in fees, for advice on the educational stream to which a child should be launched, for advice relative to vocation and career, for a word of comfort about the waywardness of youth. For one and all the man behind the desk must have the answers, he must provide the solutions, must spell out the remedies. For as President Truman kept reminding himself, 'THE BUCK STOPS HERE.'



# INDIAN SCHOOL CERTIFICATE CLASS

## 1974



A. Agarwal

J. Cherian

B. Mishra

D. Abbi

A. Cardoza

D. Premganapathy

G. Mukerjee

S. Chaudry



A. Chakravarty

A. Frederick

S. Khanna

M. Menon

V. Arora

J.P. Singh

P. Dadoo

N. Talwar



R. Sethi

A. Kaiker

R. Sahni

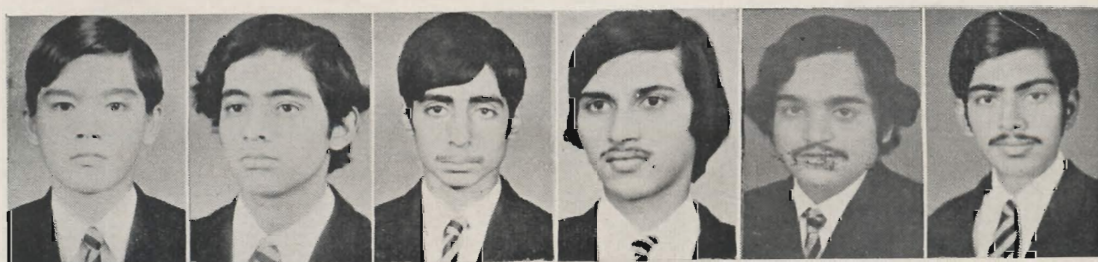
S. Sachdeva

J. Adresha

R.L. Sen

M. Abraham

V. Shrivastava



J. Kuok

A. Sharma

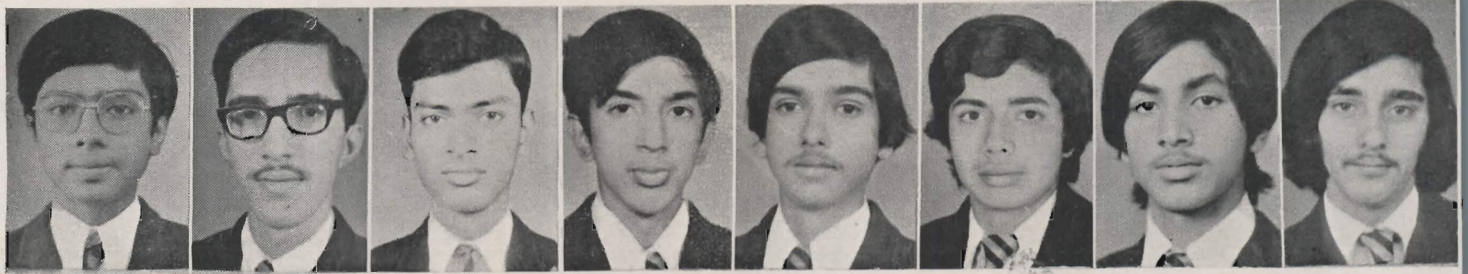
A. Malik

N. Galgotia

V.G. Shankar

S. Bhatt

### XI - A



A. Kutty      A. Uppal      B.V. Rao      K. Seghal      A. Chandra      R. Soni      S. Sharma      R. Rishi



A. Mehra      V. Malhan      A. Das      A. Sharma      D. Prasad      S. Gambhir      P.K. Singh      A. Kaicker



A. Sharan      S. Chauhan      V. Sunderjee      A. Mukerjee      S. Gode      J. Zacharia      R. Parakh      A. Parthasathi



R. Khanna      N. Nanda      G. Singh      R. Sawney      S. Gupta      S. Das      U.N. Gupta      D. Virmani



H.S. Gandhi      P.P. Singh      V. Gokhale      R. Mehrish      R. Kalra      D. Pai      V. Eswaran      A. Bhandari



H. Nayar

XI - B



A. Venkatesan

N. Laljani

R.S. Juneja

S. Gulati

S. Bhardwaj

A. Chavan

S. Kumar

A.K. Wadhwa



S. Hristov

C.R. Kumar

L. Bagai

M. Singh

S.R. Choudhury

H.S. Bedi

P.K. Mishra

G. Idnani



A.K. Vohra

A. De

P. Kapur

A. Khanna

A. Sahay

V. Paul

K. Swarup

S. Venkateswaran



P. Mitra

S. Sagar

H. Rawal

K.S. Chhabra

N. Kishore

R. Chadha

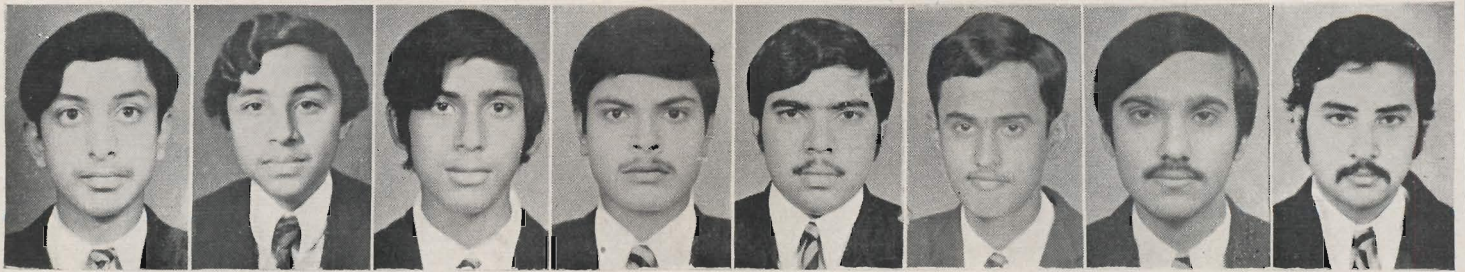
R. Chaudhury

M. Nadkarni



A. Ramaiah

# XI - C



D. Ramdas

A. Mathur

C. Reis

S. Vasuraj

P. Rodrigues

M. Flores

S. Seghal

R. Warrick



S. Roy

A. Nanda

S. Galgotia

N. Prasad

A. Aluwalia

R. Batta

R. Bhatnagar

S. Zakaria



P. Hugh

D. Singh

A. Mohanchanda

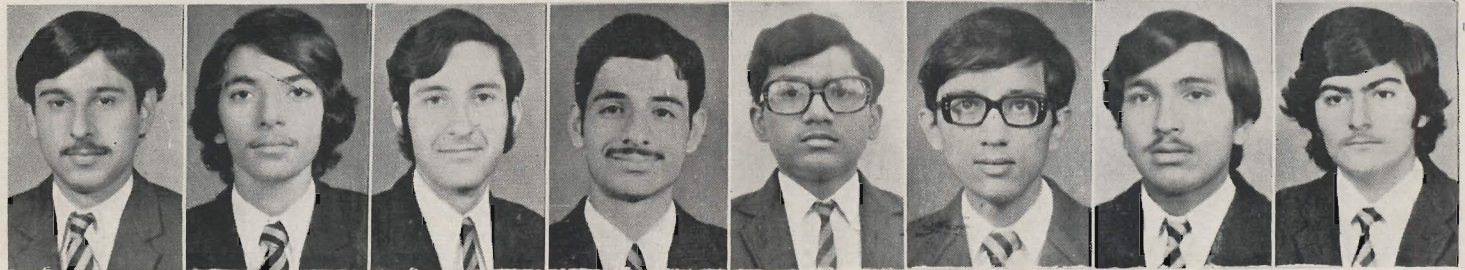
S. Chaudhuri

S. Rai

M. Mehra

L. Menezes

A. Sen



S. Saith

R. Sharma

Sunil Mehra

D. D'Souza

R. Chowdhury

M. Shankar

Sanjiv Mehra

K. Syal

XI - D



S. Kumar

A. Malhotra

S. Ganguli

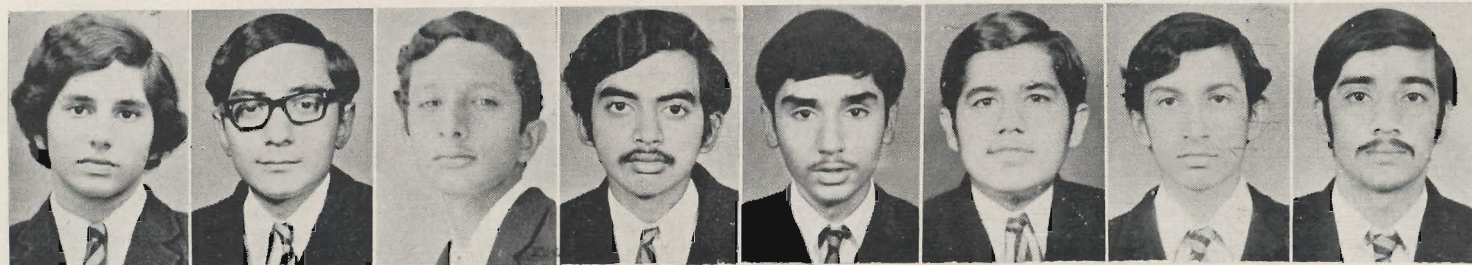
K. Dias

B. George

G. Bannerjee



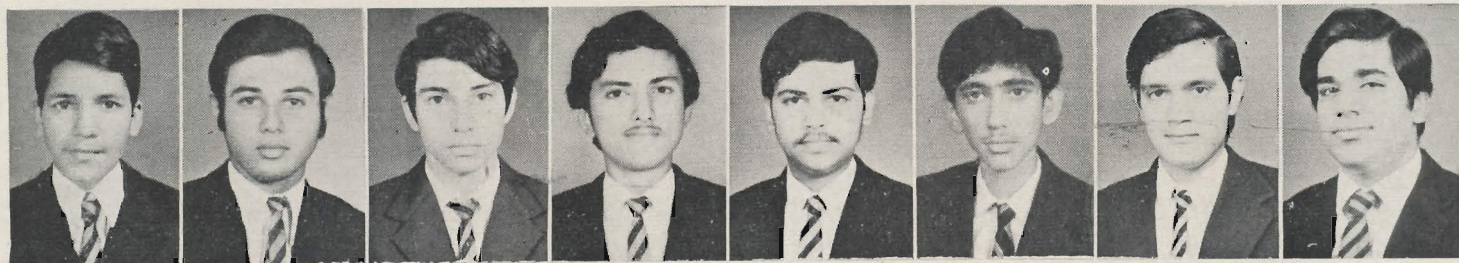
S. Khosla R. Dhawan R.S. Aggarwala A. Adlakha V. Jhamb S. Kumar A. Sachdev K. Prasad



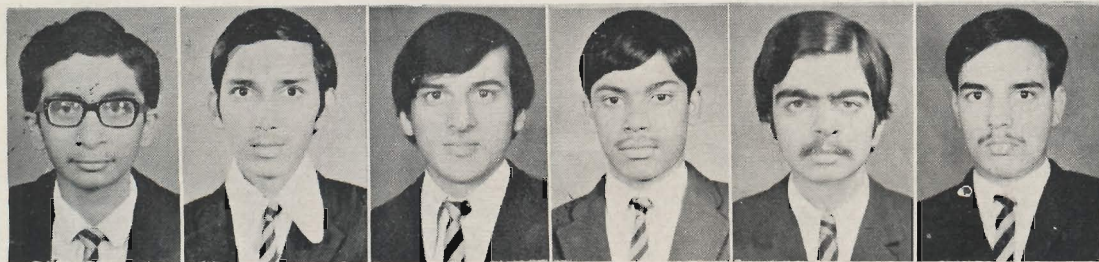
R. Mehra S. Dayal D. Ahluwalia M. Kumar R. Narayan C. Bajaj M. Braganza K. Anand



B. Sobti R. Mazumdar S. Kumar R. Rao S. Mathur A. Sood A. Garg H. Saldanha



H. Bhatt P. Gupta D. Naik B. Joseph D. Niyogi Rav. Mehra S. Bi'awat N. Lobo



V. Srirangan S. Das C. Roberts B. Bose V.N. Singhanian N. Khullar

XI - E

# INDIAN SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS 1973

FIRST DIV. 157\*

SECOND DIV. 35

THIRD DIV. 10

## FIRST DIVISION

J E W Armstring  
R. Bhatnagar  
R. Chhabra  
A. H. Cooke  
T. S. Darbari  
A. Dittia  
L.R. Joshi  
N. Kumar  
P. Lakhani  
J.A. Machado  
S. Mahmood  
D. Mehra  
R. Mehta  
J. Ramaswami  
R. Seth  
S. Sethi  
R.K. Sharma  
D. Seth  
R.S. Sidhu  
R.I. Singh  
J. Singh  
P.I. Raj  
P. Agarwal  
D.G. Abhyanhar  
E. Bhatia  
S.K. Bahl  
A. Bahadur  
S. Behl  
P. Bahri  
J.P.S. Bhandari  
S.K. Bagchi  
R. Chug  
S. Chopra  
K.M. Darbari  
M.A. Garde  
P. Guha  
C. George  
J. George  
J.S. Kanwal  
S. Khanna  
R. Kurien  
R. Kochar  
U.K. Misra  
P.N. Mane  
H. Madhok  
D. Mittra

S. Mukherjee  
P. Mulgaonkar  
P.D. Phatak  
B. Pant  
V. Raj  
H.R. Rao  
V. Singh  
H.R. Rao  
I. Singh  
A.K. Sareen  
A. Saxena  
R.K. Sachdeva  
R.S. Gautam  
S.K. Seghal  
D.A. Tandon  
V. Taneja  
U. Jaychandra  
R.J. Thomas  
S. Verma  
N. Arora  
S. Angrish  
P.J. Badami  
A. Bose  
K.A. Bhat  
A. Bhandopadhyaya  
M.P. Baluja  
S. Chakraverti  
P. Dhar  
S.S. Desai  
U. Ganguli  
G. Gupte  
V. Gupta  
A. Juneja  
S. Karup  
B.I. Khan  
S.M. Kripalani  
A. Kapoor  
S. Khanna  
S. Mehra  
N.K. Menon  
M.S. Nadkarni  
V.K. Nangia  
T.S. Phool  
V. Ramani  
A. Rundev  
S.K. Suri  
S. Saran  
B. Stidson

S. Sen  
Y. Sahai  
S. Singh  
U. Sinha  
J.K. Tewari  
A. Vohra  
R. Vohra  
A. Agarwall  
V. Albuquerque  
B. Anand  
A. Barkoczi  
A. Bhardwaj  
A.K. Das  
K. D'Souza  
A.S. Dhingra  
A. Ghosh  
E. George  
P.K. Johri  
P. Kapur  
J. Kuok  
A.A. Khanna  
S. Mehta  
U.K. Malhotra  
S. Muralidhar  
A. Mehta  
V.K. Mathur  
A. Nanda  
N.N. Prasad  
V. Rakyar  
A.N. Ray  
A. Sachdev  
M. Singh  
S. Sood  
N. Sahai  
L.S. Singh  
A.P.S. Uberoi  
E.M.R. Unninayar  
R. Wadhwa  
J. Yep  
R. Adya  
R. Agarwal  
R.K. Agarwal  
R. Ahooja  
S. Anand  
J.H. Arakeri  
V. Bali  
V. Chandra  
S.M. Correa

P.K. Dadoo  
P. Dewan  
D. Dhingra  
A. Gupta  
S.R. Iyer  
D.R. Jain  
N. Khanna  
J. Kalra  
V. Kaul  
N.M. Lal  
A. Mehra  
R. Malhotra  
S. Prakash  
S.K. Sethi  
J. Vishwanathan

SECOND DIVISION

V. Ahluwalia  
K.S. Arora  
W.P. Cordeiro  
A. D'Mello

L. D'Souza  
B. Gonsalves  
R. Kakar  
N.K. Khalra  
A. Maindiratta  
D. Malhoutra  
A.R. Mehra  
A. Rattan  
H. Rastogi  
A.L. Sequiera  
V. Sethi  
P. Sood  
N. Shankar  
F. Tiklo  
H.P. Cohly  
S. Bhagat  
A. Hajela  
A.K. Mittal  
S.N. Singh  
S.S. Arora  
D.P.S. Bomrah  
R. Dixit

A. Dewan  
H. Singh  
S.K. Hasija  
S. Kohli  
A.K. Malhotra  
V.V. Prasad  
R. Sood  
K.S. Sahilendra  
R. Seth

THIRD DIVISION

J.B. Roberts  
Shiv Singh  
C.V. Watson  
P.T. Abraham  
S. Chakraverti  
K. Gulati  
A. Ghosal  
A.K. Hasija  
S. Nayar  
S.S. Tewari

—:O:—

## THE EIGHT FIVE POINTERS

PRASANNA MULGAONKAR

PRADYUMNA D. PHATAK

BHANU PANT

V. RAMANI

RAJIV VOHRA

VASANT KUMAR NANGIA

PRAVIN KUMAR JOHRI

VIVEK CHANDRA

## THE SEVENTH DAY

*It was the seventh day,  
I stood in the midst of My Creator,—  
  The Universe.  
And let the silent darkness envelop Me.  
I looked at the vastness of My Creation,  
And in its silence, darkness and enormity  
It seemed to overpower my smallness  
  And to mock Me.  
So I went to this planet of My Creation  
  Called Earth,  
And looked at the life of My Creation  
  called Men.  
And I saw their base desires and naked passions,  
And I saw their imperfect vastness  
And My Own perfect dimunitiveness  
And I was satisfied.*

RAJIV CHAUDHRI  
XI-D



“Global sufficiency in food  
and its contribution to the  
problem caused by  
overpopulation”

NARENDRA LALJANI

Tonight, after a full dinner, most of us will go to bed content in the knowledge that a hearty breakfast will be waiting in the morning.

Meanwhile, during the next twenty-four hours, more than ten thousand people will starve to death. At the same time, from eighty-thousand to a hundred thousand will perish from diseases caused by malnutrition. Another billion men, women and children will spend their hours overshadowed by the mental retardation caused by chronic hunger.

In sufficiency of food supply is nothing new. There have been periodic famines in the past, but they have been spasmodic and containable. Now the world is presently heading into a dangerous period in which the dreaded spectre of global starvation seems more and more real.

If the earth is the same age as the oldest meteorities measured by radioactive methods, it is at least four and a half billion years old.

Man, in turn, has inhabited the earth since the Pleistocene period, five hundred thousand to a million years ago—a one-sided relationship. Man has used the earth, exploited it and despoiled it. Now he is on the verge of overcrowding, exhausting and rendering it unlivable if not uninhabitable.

Very few people foresaw that Man, with his tremendous technological capabilities, might succeed in making Earth a Gehenna rather than an Eden. Among the notable few was the Reverend Thomas Malthus who, as far back as 1789, stated in his famous theory that the population tends to increase faster in geometric ratio (two, four, eight, sixteen) than the food supply, which increases in an arithmetic ratio (two, four, six, eight). This will result in an inadequate supply of the goods supporting life, unless war, famine, disease or moral restraint reduce the population and its growth rate.

In the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, the Malthusian theory was regarded unduly pessimistic. At that time, new lands were being discovered

and the population rise in a particular region was not an obvious. However, in the last few decades, interest in the theory has revived itself.

Consider: In 1 A.D. the world population was two-hundred to three-hundred million. In 1650, it was five-hundred million, and in 1850, it had reached the one billion mark. It took nearly nineteen centuries to reach the first billion mark, but the next billion was only eighty years away. In 1930, the world population was two billion. In 1975, mankind will have doubled again to four billion and in 2000 A.D. to seven billion—Doomsday Arithmetic!

The sky-rocketing figures that lie ticking like a time-bomb at our door challenge our greatest scientists, economists and social planners.

Thus a direct relation has been established between overpopulation and the global sufficiency, or rather insufficiency, of food. The population soars, food production fails to keep up with the increasing demand. The result—hunger!

Mankind must, therefore, rise to the occasion and discover new sources of food. At the same time, the population growth rate must be controlled.

All is not yet lost. Some scientists estimate that the earth, if exploited rationally and efficiently can feed a population of twenty billion or more.

Nobel Prize winner Norman Borlaug's development of a new, high-yield wheat—a 'miracle' rice that is revolutionising Asian farming, the discovery of new foods with fantastic protein content, experiments in arid regions of the world that may one day make the desert flower, use of wonder pesticides...are only a few of the recent dramatic breakthroughs in raising food production.

Above all, the oceans hold the greatest promise for man. The microscopic marine algae collectively referred to as seaweed are a potential food product. Many species have been a direct source of food since ancient times.

In Hawaii, in the nineteenth century, seventeen different kinds were regularly used as food—chopped up seaweed called 'Limu' in combination with other sea foods such as Octopus and squid.

Prophyra is the only alga that is currently cultivated and harvested on a commercial scale. It has been 'farmed' in Tokyo Bay and elsewhere in Japan since 1670.

The first form of life appeared from the sea. Now it appears that life, to survive, shall turn to the sea once again.

Thus man still has valuable resources at his disposal. Intelligent programmes of conservation, cultivation and harvesting of these valuable resources must be initiated. At the same time, man must change himself. He will have to free himself from the tradition bound society and learn to accept the obvious.

Consider seaweed once again. I wonder how many of us would relish eating the green substance. This is another problem created by the insufficiency of food—society must learn to accept—new ideas must be adopted.

Most important, man must act NOW. The problems of overpopulation and global insufficiency of food will not disappear. The solutions may.

Life is a race for survival. If the race against hunger and famine is not won we shall all be losers.

But hope springs eternal. According to the dictionary to hope means to desire with expectation of fulfilment—and expectation of fulfilment can be a very great motivating force.

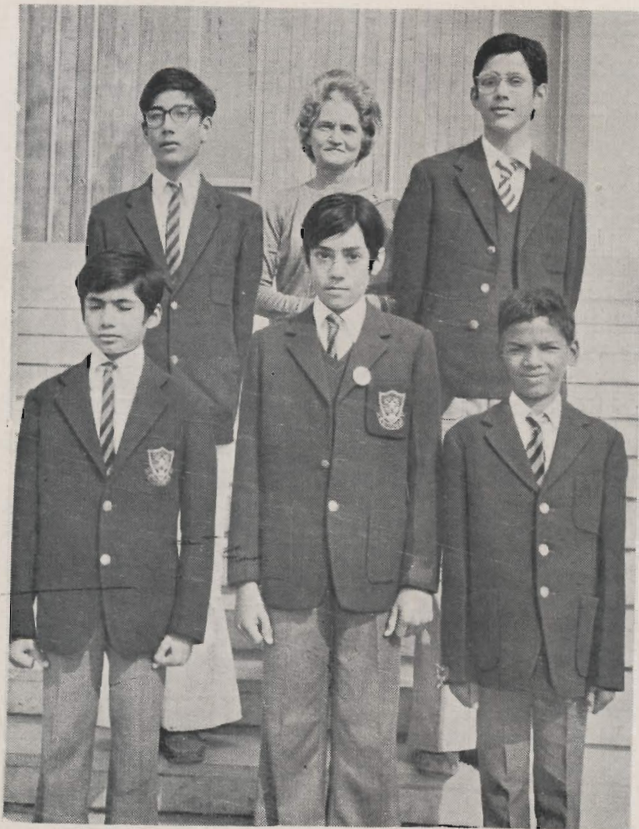
NARENDRA LALJANI  
XI-C

*IN MEMORY ON MY BELOVED 'SIR'*

This man I will never forget  
It is true and anyone can lay a bet  
I met him in the year of 1973  
And he was the man whom every body  
would have loved to see  
There were not any false rumours  
while this man was full of humour  
The jokes he never minded  
and he was really kind hearted  
For the poor he used to stand  
and always ready to give a helping hand  
At times he lived from people apart  
for he was grieved at heart  
He taught us for eight months or more  
He even prepared us for the core  
And then he was no more

To make us perfect he tried  
But before the core examination he died  
sadness felt in every body's heart  
for he was the man, nobody could part  
When I heard this sad I grew  
and I never believed that this was true  
It was 29th August, Wednesday  
All the boys went to his room to pray  
So that his soul may rest in peace  
But there was no one who was at ease  
on this body we placed the wreath  
HIS NAME WAS MR. CORRIEKIETH.

—Jaish Bhasin, X-E.  
(1973)



## ....ARTISTS....

(FRONT ROW L. to R.)

**VERNON FERNANDES (6-B)**  
CADBURYS GEM PAINTING  
COMPETITION

**SHAKUN KHANNA (5-C)**  
CADBURYS GEM PAINTING  
COMPETITION

&  
**GOLD MEDAL IN**  
ALL INDIA CHILD ART SPOT  
COMPETITION, HYDERABAD

**NELSON TIRKEY (5-D)**  
SCHOOL GUESS THE STORY  
COMPETITION

BACK ROW

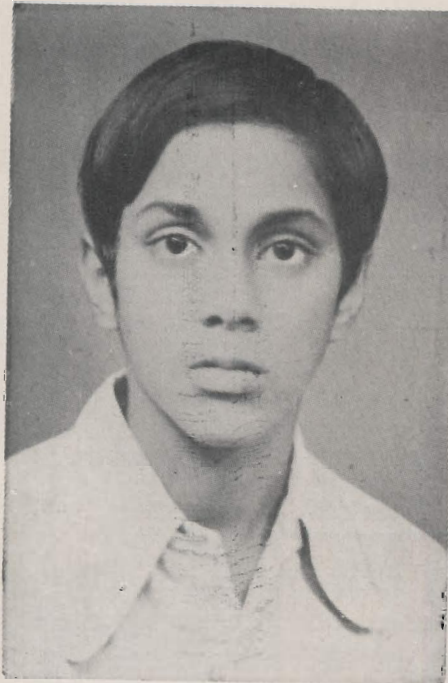
**RAIBAT BASU (X-E)**  
ALL INDIA SRI LAL BAHADUR  
PAINTING COMPETITION

**MRS. S. FERNANDEZ**  
**AMIT GUJRAL (8-B)**  
CADBURYS GEM COMPETITION  
&  
INDIPEX ART COMPETITION

★ ★ ★

*Congratulations*

★ ★ ★



Amit Gujral

WE STRUCK GOLD AGAIN IN THE **ALL INDIA CHILD ART PAINTING COMPETITION** HELD AT HYDERABAD, IN WHICH 123 SCHOOLS FROM 22 STATES PARTICIPATED **SHAKUN KHANNA** OF **CLASS V-C STOOD FIRST** WINNING THE **GOLD MEDAL** AND THE FLOATING SHIELD.

**LAST YEAR WE WON A GOLD, AND A BRONZE; AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT A SILVER AND TWO BRONZE.**

ALL INDIA SHRI LAL BAHADUR PAINTING  
COMPETITION

**RAIBAT BASU X-E      RAYMOND TOPPO X-C**

WORLD WILD LIFE PAINTING COMPETITION  
**BALAJI PRASAD**

INDIPEX ART COMPETITION  
**AMIT GUJRAL VIII-B**

CADBURYS GEM PAINTING COMPETITION  
**VERNON FERNANDES VI-B    AMIT GUJRAL VIII-B**  
**SHAKUN KHANNA V-C**

OUR GRATEFUL THANKS TO MRS. S. FERNANDES, OUR VERY COMPETENT ART TEACHER.

# SPORTS



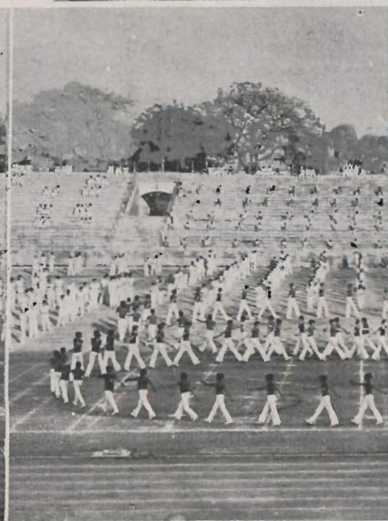
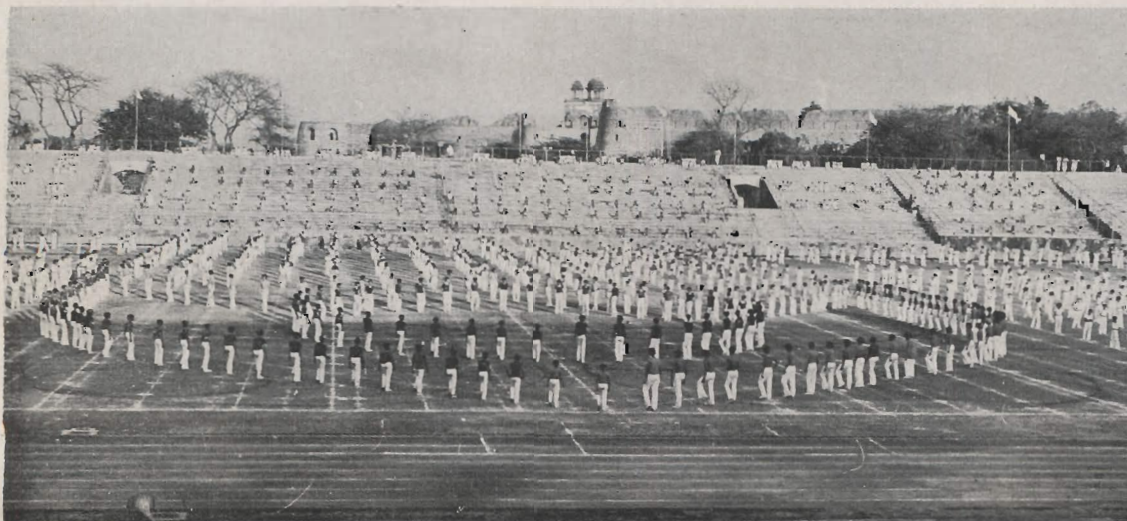
1974

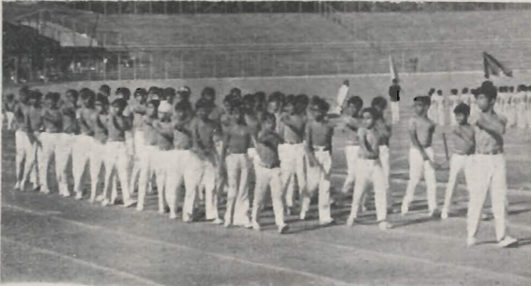
# SPORTS—DAY

## 1974

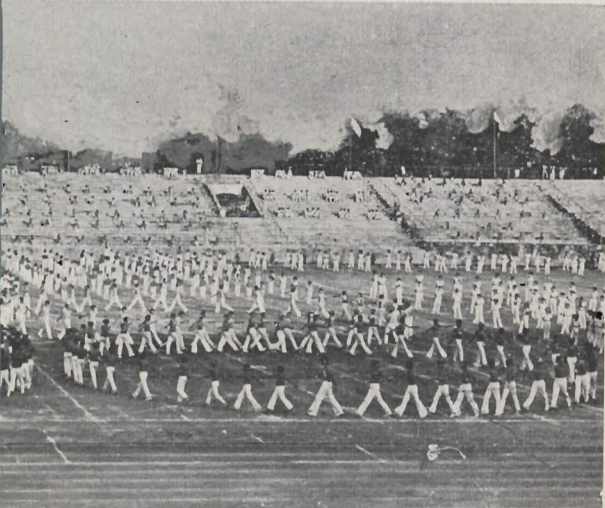
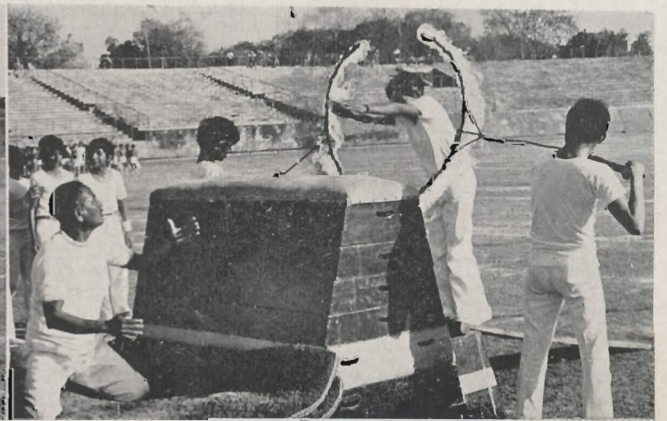
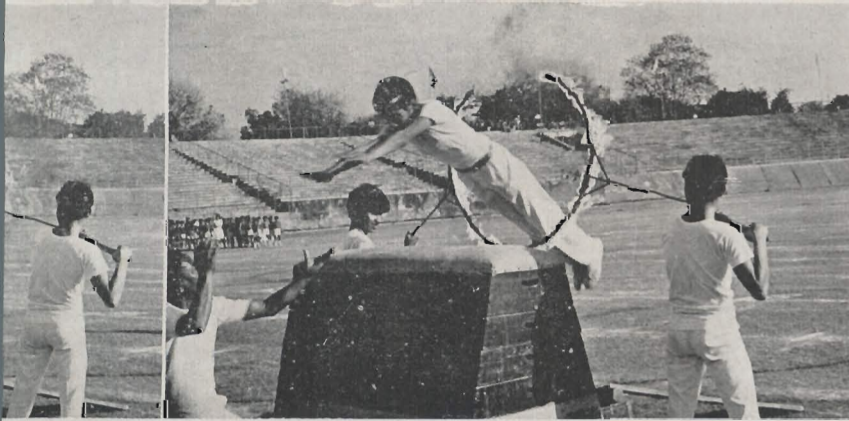


Brs. T.U. Morrissey E.X. Leonard Maj.Gen. E. D'Souza  
Br. J.A. McPhilemy Mrs. Holmes



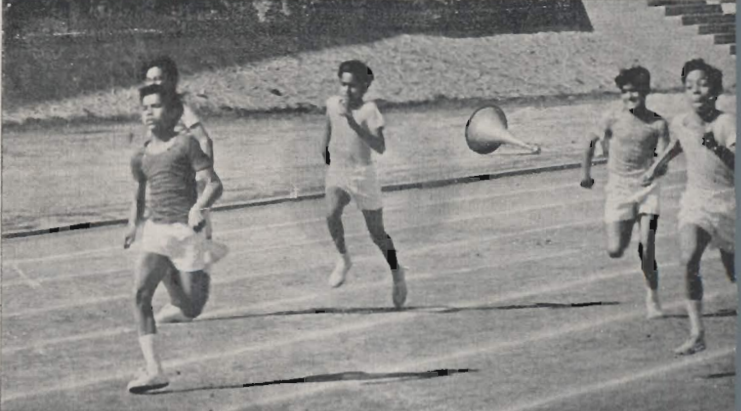


## MARCH PASTS



## DRILLS





RELAY RACING





**PRIZE DISTRIBUTION  
BY GEN. D'SOUZA**

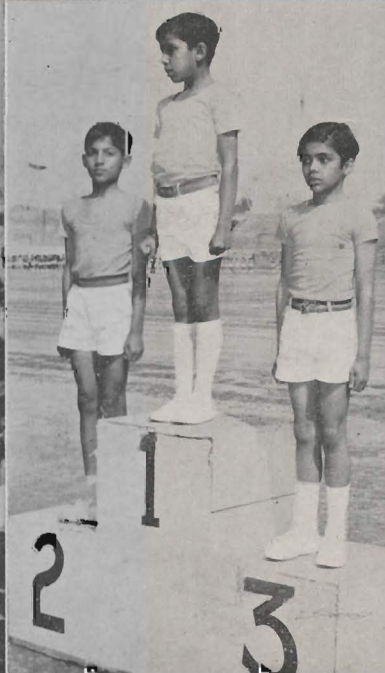




**Sr. BERNARDINE  
PRESENTS THE  
GOLD MEDAL**



**Br. CORBETT  
LOOKS ON**



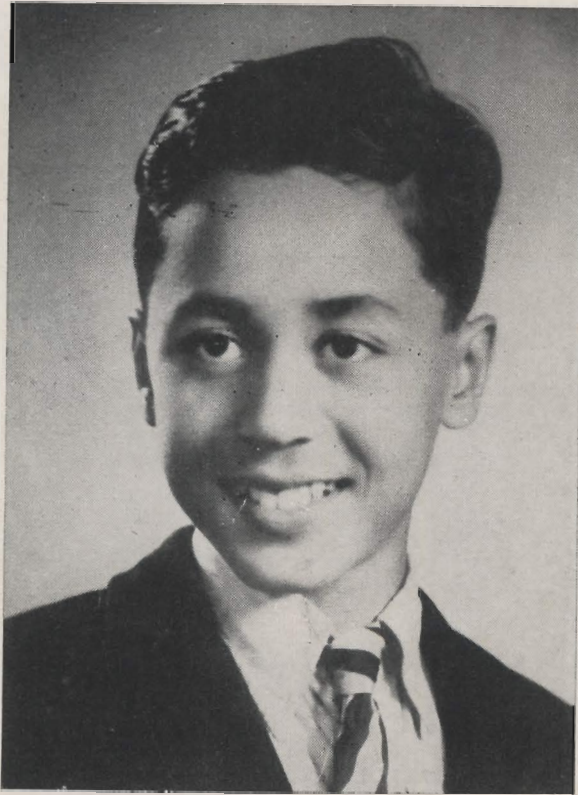
The race is for All  
but the prize is  
for One.



**RUN THEN FOR VICTORY**



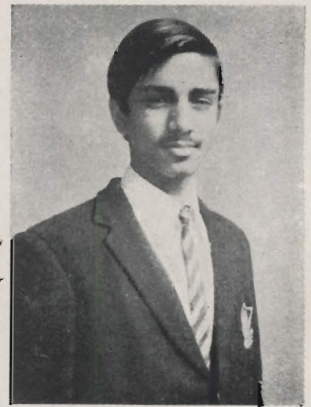
# SUJIT \* MEMORIAL \* PRIZE



THIS PRIZE IS TO BE AWARDED ANNUALLY TO THE BEST BOY IN CLASS XI: THE PRINCIPAL SELECTS THE BOY ON THE BASIS OF HIS CHARACTER AND ALL-ROUND PERFORMANCE, IN STUDIES, SPORTS AND OTHER SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

★ 1974 ★

*THIS YEAR THE PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO*  
*RAJIV AGARWAL*



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**STAFF SOCIETY  
PRIZE  
1973**

AWARDED ANNUALLY TO THE BOY WHO STOOD FIRST IN THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S EXAMINATIONS IN CLASS VII.



*THIS YEAR THE PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO* *GREGORY KUOK*



## LOVI CHANDRASHEKHAR MEMORIAL PRIZE

THIS PRIZE IS AWARDED ANNUALLY TO  
THE BOY WHO STOOD FIRST IN THE  
PREVIOUS YEAR'S EXAMINATION IN  
CLASS IX.

*THIS YEAR IT WAS AWARDED TO  
ABISHER SINGHVI*

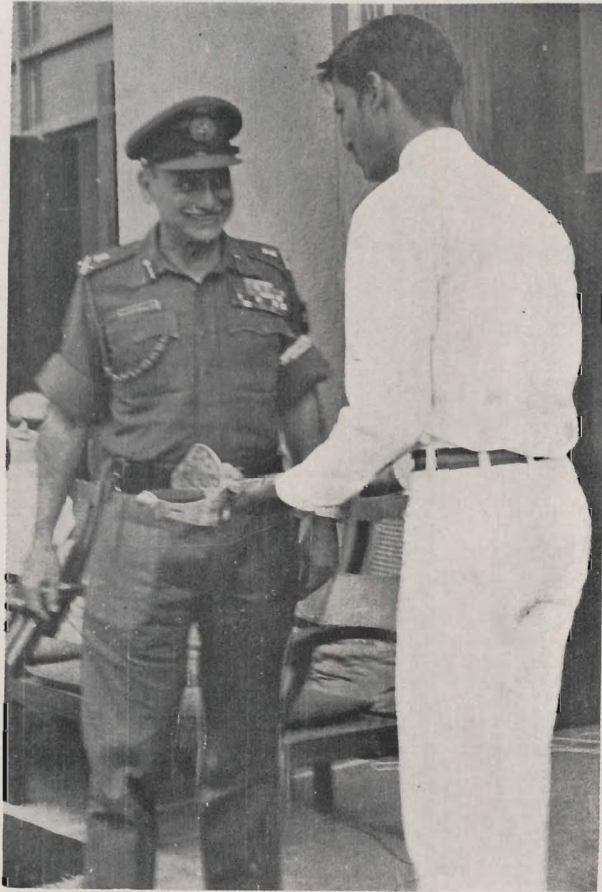
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## MASTER UMESH ARORA MEMORIAL PRIZE

AWARDED ANNUALLY TO THE  
MEMORY OF UMESH ARORA,  
BORN ON DECEMBER 4TH, 1968  
DIED ON APRIL 23RD 1970  
THIS PRIZE IS TO BE AWARDED  
TO THE BOY WHO STOOD  
FIRST IN THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S  
CLASS VIII EXAMINATIONS.

*THIS YEAR THE PRIZE WAS  
AWARDED TO  
PAWAN KAK*





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## SWORD OF HONOUR

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AWARDED IN 1974

TO

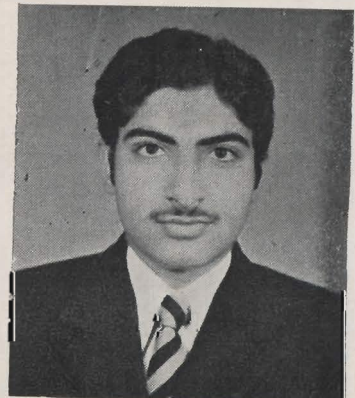
J. VISHWA NATH RAO

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## Br. LEONARD PRIZE

1974

*THIS YEAR AWARDED TO  
VINOD JHAMB*



# THE MUNSHI MEMORIAL RECITATION CONTEST

On the 4th of October 1974, the K. M. Munshi Memorial Recitation Competition was held at the Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan. The site was flooded with scores of enthusiastic participants from various Delhi schools. The atmosphere was one of decorous excitement mingled with a feeling of awe, and everyone was getting ready for the final onslaught. St. Columba's was represented by G. Rajamani of 10D, A. De of 11-C, Rajiv Chandran of 8-C, D. Buch from 8-E in English, and by V. Jhamb of 11-E, S. Mathur of 11-E, S. Gupta of 7-B and V. Bhattacharya of 7-B in Hindi. Despite stiff competition from other schools, our speakers did amazingly well in Hindi, bagging the 2nd and 3rd prizes. In the English Recitation as well, we emerged on top, securing the 1st and 3rd positions.

In the overall performance, our team was adjudged the best, and the huge Running Trophy was awarded to us.

The competition is organised by the Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan, in memory of the late Shri K. M. Munshi. This is the second time our school has won this trophy, the first time being in 1972. We had not participated in the competition in 1973.

It was probably the green blazer, with the School vest and tie, which has made us give out our best for our school. It was because of that intangible feeling which makes one stake everything for one's school, that we had finally won.

### *The Winners:*

English: 1st Prize — G. Rajamani 10 D.  
3rd Prize — R. Chandran

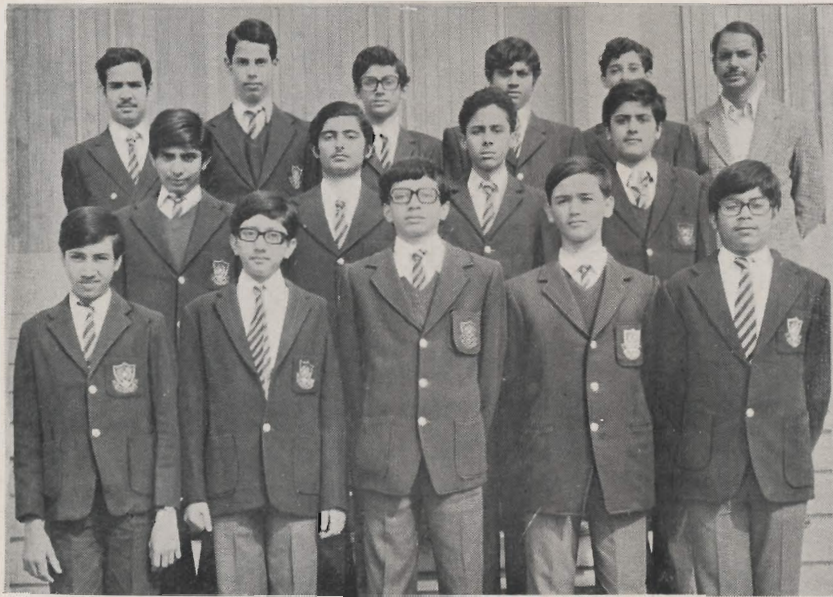
Hindi: 2nd Prize — S. Mathur 11 E.  
3rd Prize — V. Jhamb 11 E.

The boys were assisted by Mr. R. Bhatnagar, Miss U. Pathak, Mr. Chadha and Mrs. Haider.

By Sunil Mathur  
XI E



S. Mathur



SCS

**LTS** LEADERSHIP  
TRAINING  
SERVICE GROUP

**ACTIVITIES**

**IN S.C.S.**

Bottom Row : Vijay Narain    Amitabha Mukherjee    Piyush Gupta (Gen Secretary)  
                  Devlyn Mariano    P.S. Roy Choudhury

Middle Row : Sanjeev Rangrass    Karan Singh    Sanjeev Barua    Jaisimha Shah

Top Row : Rakesh Kapur    Gaurav Raina    Satish Dhawan    Srikumar Vasuraj  
                  Sanjay Mehra    Mr. Michael (Guide)

“... the L.T.S. . . . . for GOD AND COUNTRY.”

That electrifying speech delivered by Father Wirth, for the first time, on the fourth of May, left a tremendous impact on the minds of us L.T. Sers. This was not just a momentary impact, but is still very much there present in our minds and in our blood. “This is the Leadership Training Service,” he said, “and we want you to train yourselves to become leaders to serve others!

Thus we were initiated into the L.T.S.—the L.T.S. an organization present in over seventy schools in India, an organization aimed at the service of God and our Country!

We started off with a big bang!

Within the very first month our group had made its appearance on television! Our preliminary project was to try and sink the differences present between the upper and lower classes. Approaching the parents, we realized, would be difficult, and so we decided to use ‘a modus operandi’ which besides being feasible would also get us good results. We decided to tackle the children, and began by calling our less fortunate brethren to our school, mixing with them, showing them movies, playing with them, and in short, making them feel our equals. We also organized a Talent Contest for them, in an effort to expose any latent talents in them. Our hunch came true, for we did find some magnificent talent. On a couple of occasions we invited the girls of C.J.M.



and Mater Dei to help us. This project, we are proud to say, was a tremendous success.

This, so far was just the social side of the L. T. S. But our group has another face too. A seminar was held in C. J. M., which was a great success. This seminar, an elaboration of the Spare and Share Project, was attended by all L. T. S. units of Delhi, and this project, in its turn, aimed at self-sacrifice to help others. Seminars have till now been the general trend, the one different programme being a Vernacular Day held in C.T.M. All conversation was carried out in Hindi, so much so that a debate was also held in the same language. The debate was won by Vipul C. Prakash of our school.

Six months—six long months—have passed since that fateful day—

six months in which we have not only progressed a lot, but also learnt a lot. We are very grateful to Mr. Michael for the guidance and support he has given us, without which, it is certain, we could not have become what we are today. Thanks, too, to Brother Morrissey, who has often come to our assistance with some timely aid, and who has, during the past few months acted as our sponsor and mentor. "The flesh is weak though the spirit is strong." How often have these words been heard? But we are the youth of the country—and our flesh is strong too—and we really and truly feel that we *can* do it! Yes, do our something for God and Country!

PIYUSH GUPTA  
(*General Secretary*)

and VIPUL C. PRAKASH  
(*Asst. Gen. Secretary*)

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## THE MIDDLE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Mrs S. MAZUMDAR

The eighteenth of September this year will stand out as an important milestone in the annals of the Middle School Library. Although the library had been an integral part of the middle school, prior to this day, it functioned as a branch office to the parent part in the senior school. Now it has a distinctiveness that has obliterated its secondary role.

This metamorphic change has been rendered possible on account of generous contributions from parents of students, for out of the total outlay of Rs. 20,000 almost Rs. 19,000 of this sum has been received as donations. Thus St. Columba's did not

forget them in its hour of glory and invited the parents, who had actually piloted the scheme into reality, to tea with the Vice-Principal and staff, in the very library they had helped to re-fashion.

In his address on that occasion the Vice-Principal impressed on the parents that every achievement of the school had been prepared, bit by bit, by ploughing back all resources and whatever had been gained by toil and sweat. The library too, was another manifestation of the same principle. He also dwelt on the high cost of books, materials and accessories. Although these had proved handicaps it had not deterred them from selecting and making available to the students even expensive books.

In designing the library utility has been complemented with aestheticism. The arrangement of the furniture and books is very conducive to reading. The books are arranged in cupboards with glazed doors so that they are dust proof and at the same time their visibility is not impaired. There are large tables arranged around the hall for reading and reference work. The magazine racks are vertical so that magazine titles can be read clearly and the reading tables are not cluttered with scattered weeklies. An entire glazed wall at one end provides ample reading light. A touch of cheer is added by the gaily painted flower pots on the cupboards, filled with luxuriant greenery. The librarian's desk is at the corner of the room and being on an elevated rostrum the entire room is within focus from that desk.

Glancing through the cupboards, one gets the impression that it is one of the best stocked libraries for children, in the capital. There are approximately 8000 books and each boy is permitted to borrow a book a week, from it. The books are of juvenile interest and top priority in selection is for books on adventure. The other subjects of interest are scientific and technical books, profusely illustrated, so that the curiosity of the young mind is satiated by probing into the 'why' and 'how' of things. The pupils have free access to all the books. The attractive arrangement of books all over the hall quite explains the rush of eager readers that one notices at the library door.

The late President, Dr. Zakir Hussain, often advised visitors to academic institutions that if they were in a hurry and wanted to get a representative picture of an institution, they should just visit its library. In like manner, the Middle School Library can proudly boast of giving any visitor a befitting image of the school, for that is where the pulse of St. Columba's throbs.

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# A VISIT TO THE ESCORTS FACTORY

## MOTOR CYCLE DIVISION

Our excitement knew no bounds when we were informed that an excursion had been organised for Class 8 on the 27th September, 1974. The purpose of the excursion was a visit to the Escort Factory, Motorcycle Division.

Punctually at 8.00 a.m. we assembled in the foyer. Classes 8 C, 8 D, and 8 E were all there in full strength. Two buses had been chartered for the occasion. Our journey to the factory lasted hardly an hour. We found ourselves facing massive gates behind which were extensive buildings flanked on all sides by narrow roads. We were welcomed into the factory by a number of guides who had been expecting us. Shortly after our arrival we were led inside the main buildings.

Here we witnessed gigantic and complex machines at work. Some were shaping gears and others were pressing steel sheets into various shapes. Our guide tried his very best to describe the functions of various machines, but his words were hardly audible due to the excessive noise. However, we managed to grasp a word here and there and formed a vague idea as to what the workers were manufacturing.

Next we visited the painting shop where we saw dirty brown parts of motorcycles transformed into glittering multi-coloured parts by various processes, the final one being spray painting of parts.

Lastly we came to the assembly line where the motorcycles were assembled. The frame was first put up and then the engine fixed on and gradually before our eyes a complete motorcycle took shape. It was fascinating to watch the skilled workers at work.

The motorcycles were then test driven by expert test-drivers and any defects were checked on the spot. They were then sent to the packing shed where after being carefully packed they were despatched by road or rail to various destinations.

Before we left for school we were treated to refreshments in the canteen. Then boarding our buses we returned back to school in high spirits.

The excursion was both interesting and educative and we hope that our school arranges such outings more often. We expressed our thanks to Mr. Menezes and Mr. Clarke who accompanied us and to Rev. Bro. Morrissey who organised the whole excursion.

SURESH SUD, VIII C

## A VISIT TO THE METEOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

On the 12th of September a party of fifty pupils from our school visited the Meteorological Department near Lodhi Estate. Class IX C and the 'Geography Boys' of 11 A together with Mr. Michael and Mr. Sood boarded the bus at 11 a.m. and reached the place in about ten minutes. We were asked to wait for some time as entries were being made at the gate.

Inside, we were divided into two groups and taken around by a couple of officers. The first instrument we saw was an OZONE SPECTRO PHOTO METER. According to the gentleman who explained to us, ozone, if reduced, would mutilate life on earth. This faintly blue form of oxygen that is produced by the silent discharge

of electricity in air, has a faint chlorine like odour, and is used for sterilizing later, purifying air and bleaching.

We were then shown a SOLARY METER. A semi-circular shield prevented the sun's rays from falling on the meter. This instrument is used to measure the radiation of heat from the atmosphere. It was placed at a height of fifteen feet and after descending the stairs we saw a self RECORDING RAIN GAUGE. As its name indicates the rain gauge is used to measure the amount of precipitation. It was placed in two positions—one at the ground level with the surrounding area slightly lower, the other at a foot above the ground.

A white wooden box raised four feet above the ground on stilts was the STEVENSON SCREEN. In it were placed the Six's Thermometer and hygrometer. The sides were lowered like 'venetian blinds' to allow free circulation of air. The roof of the screen was double layered, with an intervening air space to exclude much of the direct rays of the sun.

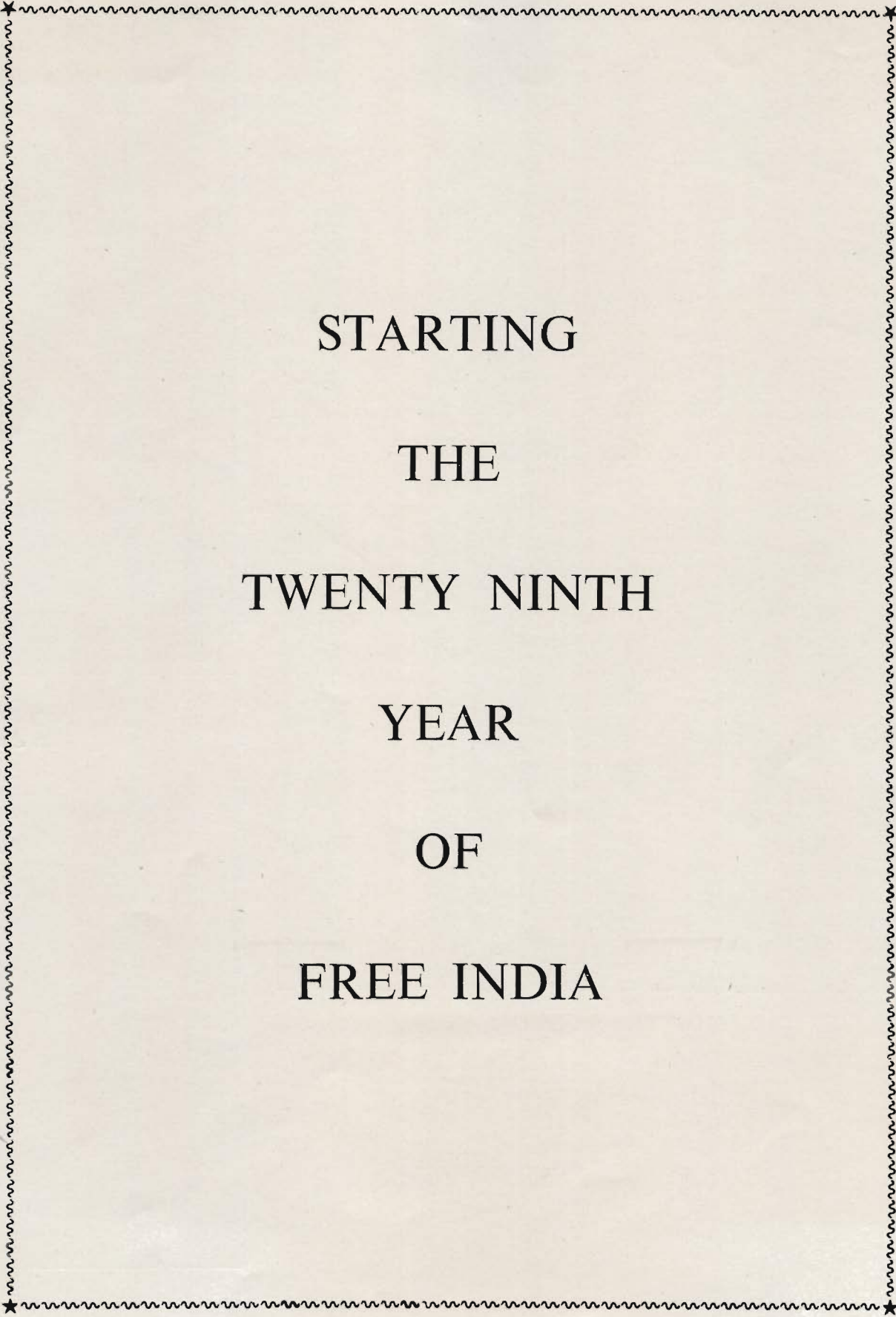
The last weather instrument we saw was a wind vane and an anemometer. The wind vane or the weather cock as it is known is used to measure the direction of the wind and consists of:

- i) fixed direction indicators.
- ii) A movable arrow which turns freely in the breeze. The anemometer, used to measure the velocity of the wind consisted of four semi-circular cups attached to the ends of hori-

zontal spokes mounted on a high vertical spindle. As the concave sides of the cups offer greater resistance to the winds, the horizontal spokes rotate, moving a central rod which transmits the velocity of the wind in miles per hour to an electrically operated dial.

Before thanking the gentlemen, we came to know that we had chosen an inopportune time for the visit. We could not see the Radar, the laboratory and other sophisticated instruments. The officer told us that the best time to visit the department was from the 21st March to the 27th of March. The ITC class, anyway found the trip informative and interesting and hopes that the future batch will avail itself of the opportunity of visiting the place at the appropriate time.

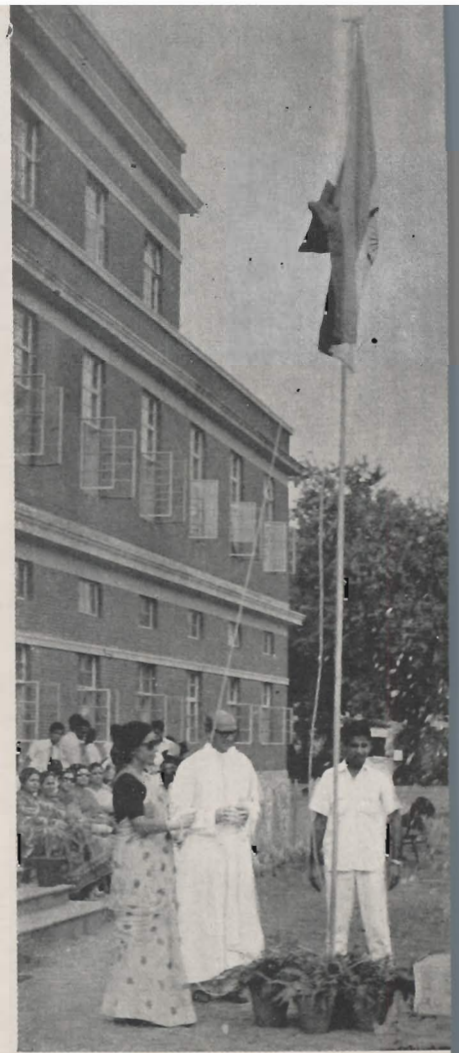
DADOO, XI A



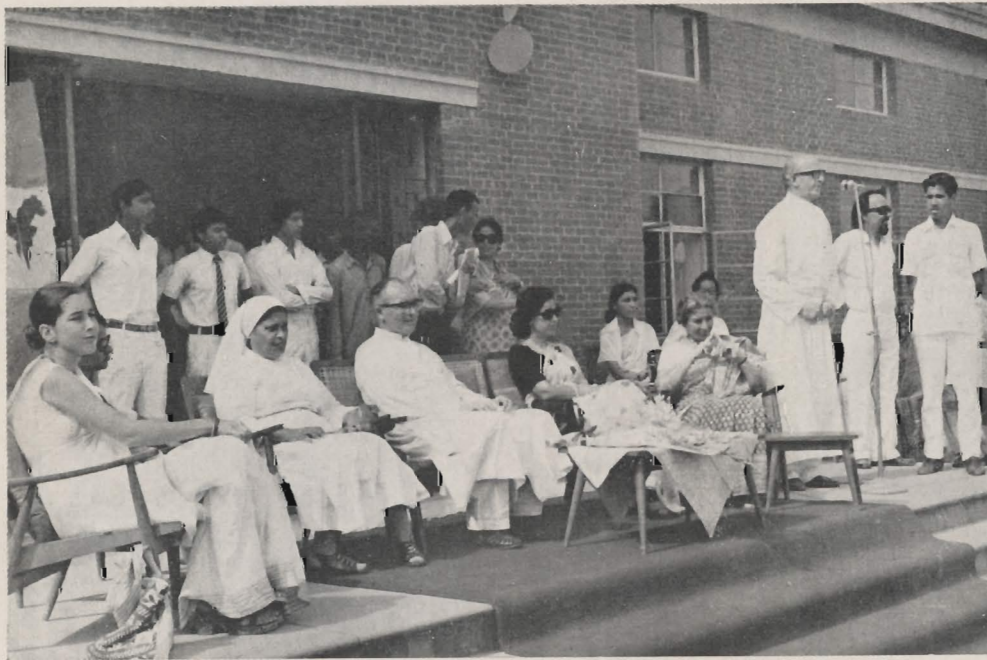
STARTING  
THE  
TWENTY NINTH  
YEAR  
OF  
FREE INDIA



**LT. GEN. RAWLEY ARRIVES**



**Flag Hoisting b  
in Junior Sch**



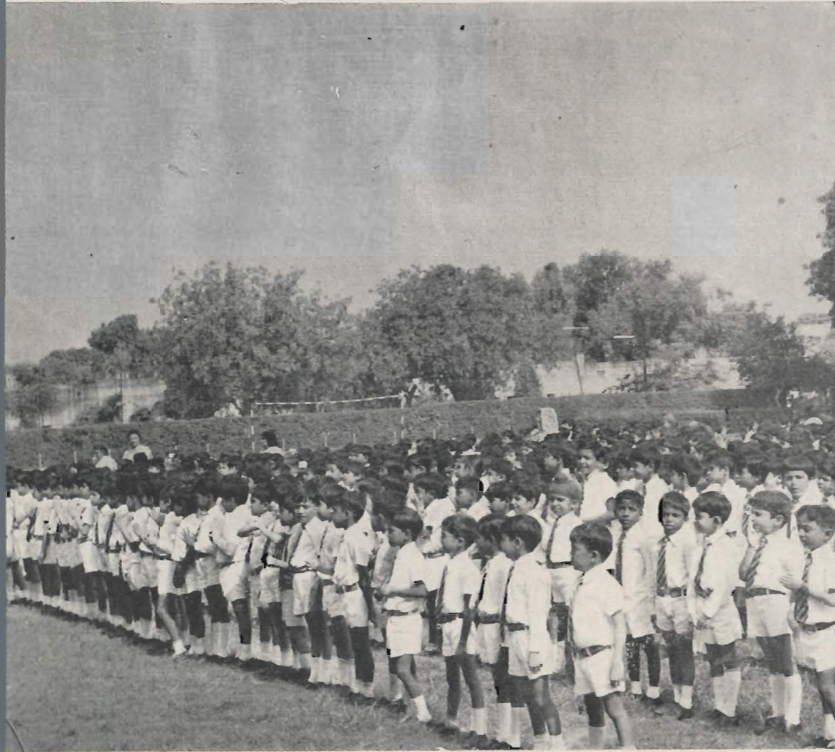
**SOME OF THE GUESTS**



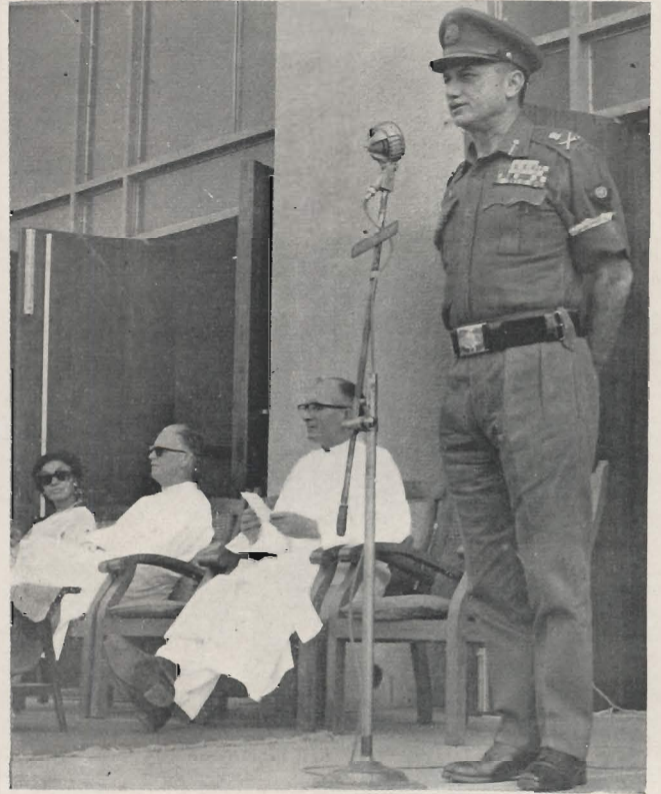
**FROM ALL**

# INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS IN ST. COLUMBA'S

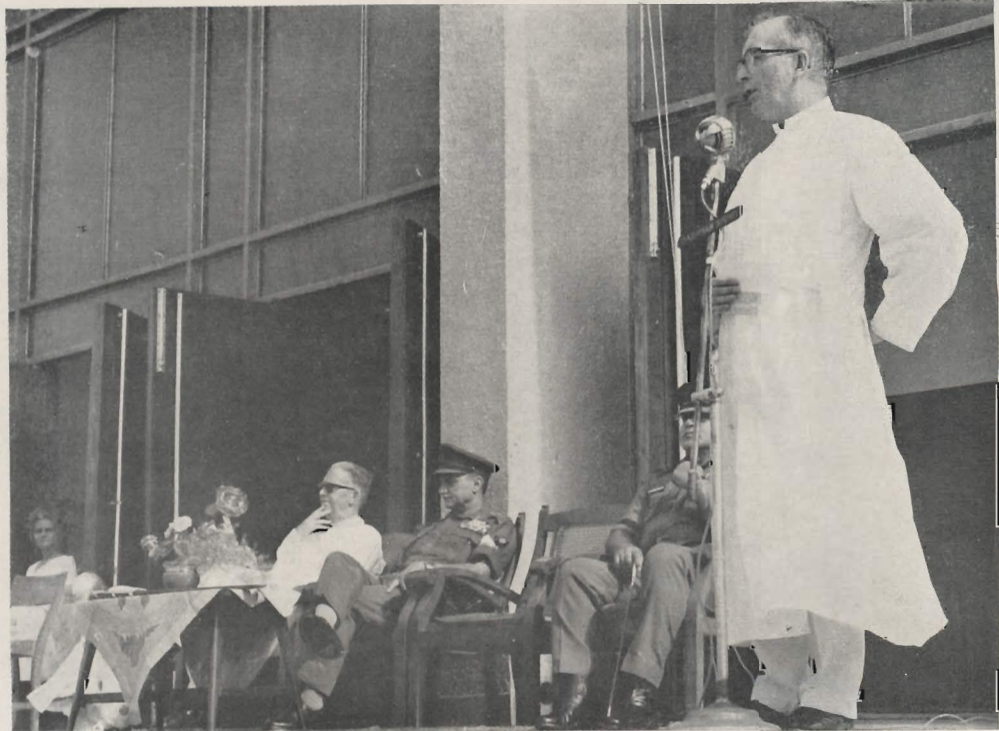
THE LISTENERS



THE GENERAL SPEAKS



ley  
s



ATES

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPLY



**COSTUMES**  
**FROM NEAR**





**MRS RAWLEY MOVES  
AMONG US**

**AND FAR**



# BEHIND THE SCENES

By

**Br. Murray**

The people behind the scenes at St. Columba's are those who are not directly involved in the grind of the classroom and who are yet essential to the school's educational effort. There's Mrs. Rodrigues perched behind the reception desk who lets those desirous of interviewing the Principal filter into the office in a well controlled trickle. She must put people at their ease, be gracious and at the same time be able to say 'I'm afraid what you seek is not readily available' and to say it in such a way as not to antagonise or make people feel that they are not being treated with the respect due to their dignity as human beings. Work with boys is very often a much more congenial task than hers.

Not far from the high reception desk is Mr. Samuel's department, where we find such essential teaching aids as chalk and dusters, bus timings, lost property and a red telephone that emits an engaged signal every time we lift the receiver. Directly above Mr. Samuel's sanctum is the habitat of Messrs Joshi, Nazareth and Lunn. Do you wish to know the number of boys in Class IX-D, would you like to check on the names and addresses of every boy in the school...find the number of boys appearing for the I.S.C. by order of index numbers and complete with dates of birth...does somebody require examination papers for each and every subject being taught in the school, they will have the same ready to hand at any hour of the day or night. These men are useful in the cause of education though they may never touch a stick of chalk.

Over in the Junior there's Devi Singh who marshalls people in the way that they should be going. In the Middle School there's Mr. Dutt who operates the electric powered duplicating machine so expertly who may not know how to navigate by the stars but who can make both head and tail of the complicated time-table that looms large behind the headmaster's desk.

But there are other essential people behind the scenes. There's Kalil, the carpenter, who mends the desks. It is often the sincere wish of the powers that be that such desks were made of iron but even then, so the pessimists say, the boys would manage to damage them by the use of no other means except the force of personality. There is also the self effacing man with the broom for whom anything more than one idea at a time is saturation point and upon whose intelligence the powers that will be required to impress the rudiments of public health. We may complain of the lack of attention to detail of which he may be guilty, we may grumble at the frequency with which relatives in distant parts solicit the solace of his presence

but we at the same time must realize that without him and his associates we'd be non-operational.

The environment must educate....So say the experts. So the planner of the elevating environment designs things in conformity with the intentions of the theorist. He has however to reckon with Mother Nature who when given a measure of liberty always succeeds in overdoing it. So to confine her extravagance within the bounds of moderation we have the people with the lawnmowers and the hedge-clippers who will, from time to time, be required to take a firm line. Between whiles sports fields will have to be correctly marked, and tennis court lines made to converge in the eye of the artist only and green precipitation scrubbed clean off the bottom of the swimming pool. There will be footballs to be pumped, scattered cricket gear to be re-organised and nets suspended from goal-posts in such a way that the referee's decision isn't clouded by the shadow of a doubt.

Such is the work of our many people behind the scenes, their work is humdrum, sometimes goes unnoticed, sometimes it is taken for granted, but we must keep on reminding ourselves that a school's achievement involves the co-operative efforts of many, each of whom is an essential, as may be an unglamorous link in a chain.

# PRIZE DISTRIBUTION FOR 1973

## THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Your Excellency, Ladies & Gentlemen

The period under review covers a longer period than usual, but I shall, necessarily, be brief in this report. I am in the happy position to state that, even with the large numbers we have here, quite a homely spirit prevails in the campus. There is a constant hum of worthwhile activity in the classrooms; the playing fields and the other facilities resound to the rough and tumble of carefree young spirits, the rooms for co-curricular and extra-curricular activities, for exhibitions and so on, seem to always be in demand. The library is being constantly added to and, with the help of friends, the Middle School Library has been completely renovated. Educational outings have become quite the order of the day, there is an increased use of audio-visual aids, particularly in the Auditorium that was specially designed for such, and Quizzes with the other such programmes have gainfully helped to enliven the ordinary routine of school life. While thinking of ourselves, we have not forgotten others and our pupils are consciously becoming more aware of the problems and difficulties around them. The regular collection for Mother Teresa's Shanti Bhavan means much to our young people: the St. Vincent's De Paul Society, the Leadership Training Squad, the Inter Act Club and other Social Welfare activities amongst the senior pupils show a growing awareness of the world around us. We thank all who have helped us in these projects.

As is to be expected, the usual emphasis was placed on academic work and throughout the School the results of the final examinations were very satisfactory. These last three years we have been trying to defuse the fear and strain of examinations. Promotion policy has been liberalised. In the Junior Classes, promotion is more or less 100% but as we go up the School, some, mainly in the interest of the rest of the pupils, must necessarily be detained. Even then, many are amazed that some boys find their way to the next class. When we reach class Ten, we do not like failures, and any boy who is making a sincere effort, who is regular in his classes and work, is given the opportunity to appear at the I.S.C. Examination. This year, as you know, we have been working with Unit Tests. The working of the system has yet to be assessed but one thing seems already obvious, as planned, that is that 90—95% of the pupils will not be worried and strained at the time of the Final Examination, as by that time they will have already more or less secured pass marks. We are constantly reviewing our examination system and I can assure parents that we are aiming at the very best interests of our pupils. At this stage I would like to refer to the 1973 I.S.C. Examination results. We sent up 203 boys, our highest number so far, 156 passed in the first division, 35 in the the second, 10 in the third division and 2 did not succeed. In all 56 boys averaged more than 75% standardized marks and of these 35 secured 80% or more and 7 had 90% or more. 8 boys secured the mythical 5 points. This class has really set a record, a credit to their hard work and to the interest of their parents, and most of all, I would say, a tribute to the sound teaching they received over the years in the school.

I would like to thank all parents, particularly those who are here this evening, for the help and co-operation they are constantly extending to us in maintaining a high standard in the School. But most of all, I would like to place on record once again our appreciation of and debt of gratitude to the Staff—A staff, which as you know, despite the large classes it has to work with, is second to none, in dedication, hard-work and loyalty. The 5-1/2 years I have already been working with our teachers has been for me a

most gratifying, an almost sobering experience. Despite a tight schedule, ever-increasing reward, differences on policy or execution of plans, what really mattered was the best interests of the School and pupils and so the good work went ahead. I can say the same for the administration staff. Such high-quality devotion to duty has been an inspiration to me, and I believe, to one another, and is the best insurance for the continued success of St. Columba's.

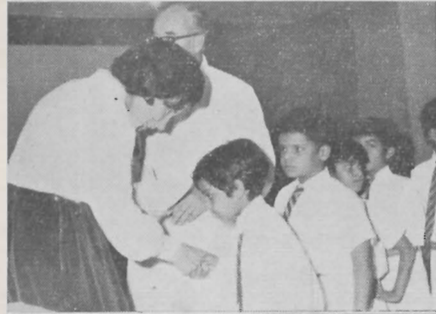
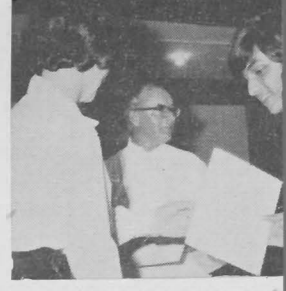
In the years to come, I can see an ever-increasing demand on our teachers. We are immediately concerned with the introduction of the 10+2 Scheme. As far as we know, that means that the present Class 8 will be introduced to the new programme when we come back to School next January. Wisely, they will have a general education and will study all the usual school subjects upto the end of Class Ten. The Examination will be the I.C.S.E. (Indian Certificate of Secondary Education) conducted by the Council for the I.S.C. In a large school, like this, preparation for this course will call for considerable reorganisation, but I am sure, with the experience we have, that our teachers will set headlines in the new course as they have done in the past. The first Class Ten examination would be due in November/December 1976 and then, if present plans materialise, these boys would go on to the Class Twelve I.S.C. Examination, an Examination based on the Intermediate Courses of leading Indian Universities and A—O Levels of English Examining Boards. Parents will be kept informed of developments in this sphere.

We really have to depend very much on our parents. I thank them for their response this year to the unavoidable increase in fees. Next year, also, there will be a nominal increase—an increase of Rs. 20/- for the year. This will help us. But, we are still worried about the future. To ensure that we can meet future recurring expenses we have decided to build up as large a reserve as possible. For this we shall have to call on the magnanimity and generosity of the parents of our pupils and past pupils. A Committee of Teachers and of nominees of the Past Pupils Association is being set up to organise the work and I confidently feel that a worthwhile response will be forthcoming. I avail of this occasion to formally launch the appeal and to request your support and encouragement.

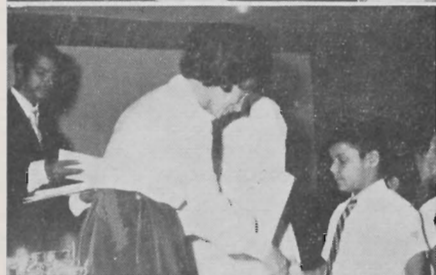
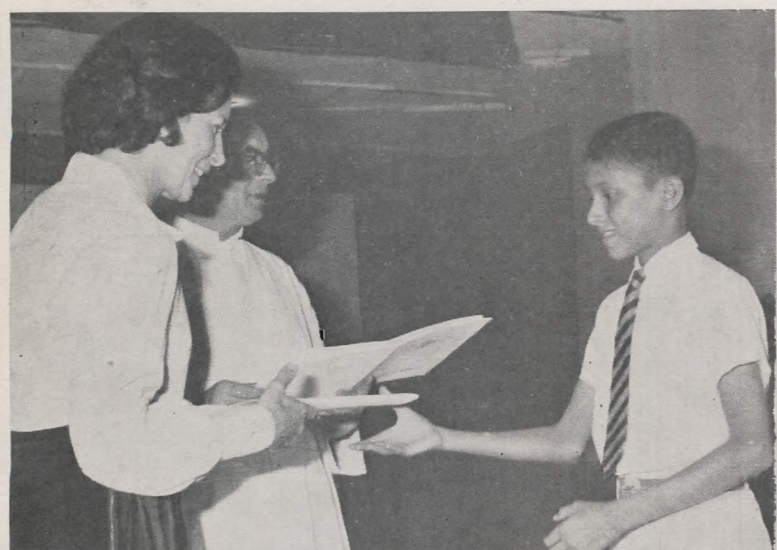
A few words about our co-curricular and extra-curricular activities. They have been of a good standard and, generally, well attended. Our Athletic and Aquatic meets were well attended and it would tax your patience too much were I to recall all the other activities. I shall just refer to some of the outstanding senior sportsmen of 1973 and 1974. Joseph Kuok was probably the outstanding swimmer in Delhi this year. Santosh Kurup is one of the leading junior table tennis players in the country and there are many promising younger players coming after him. We had some outstanding cricketers like Shubro Sen, Dibashish Mitra, Sunil Sharma, Ajit Jaiprakashan, and they are bound to make their mark in competitive cricket. The outstanding all-rounder of 1973 was Rajiv Mehta and he was awarded the General D'Souza Sword of Honour. Also Rajiv secured 80% marks in the I. S. C. Examination. The second recipient of the Sword of Honour was another outstanding boy, B. Viswanath Rao, and he, too, receives a prize for studies this evening. I shall be pardoned if I refer again to the 1973 I. S. C. Class. A

*Continued on page 46*



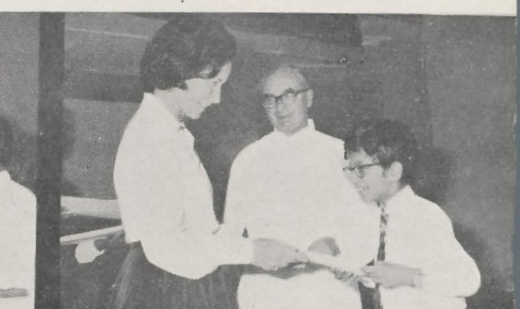
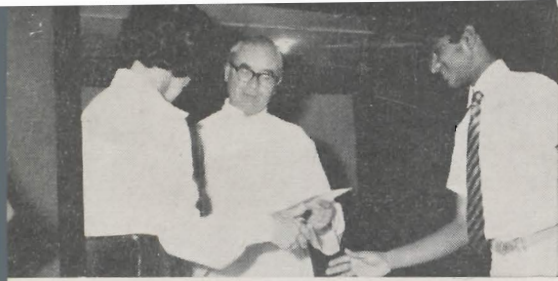


**MRS**

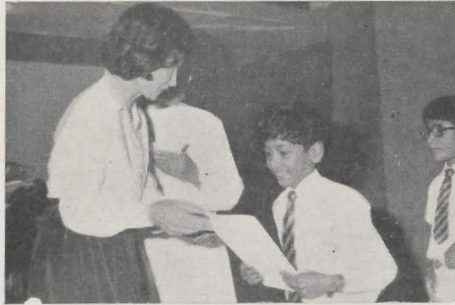
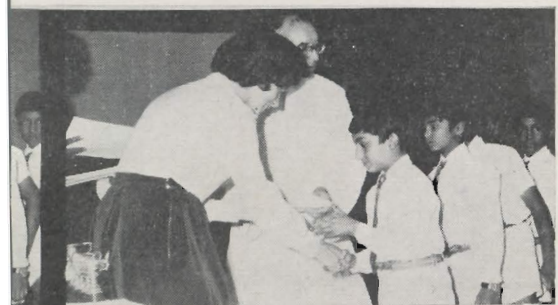
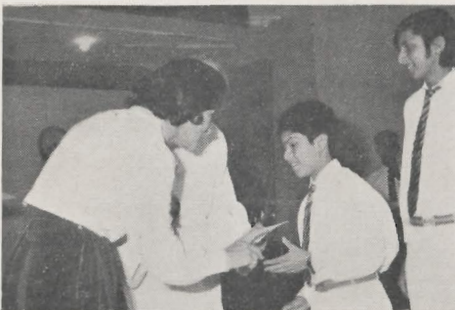


**EVERYONE  
SMILES**





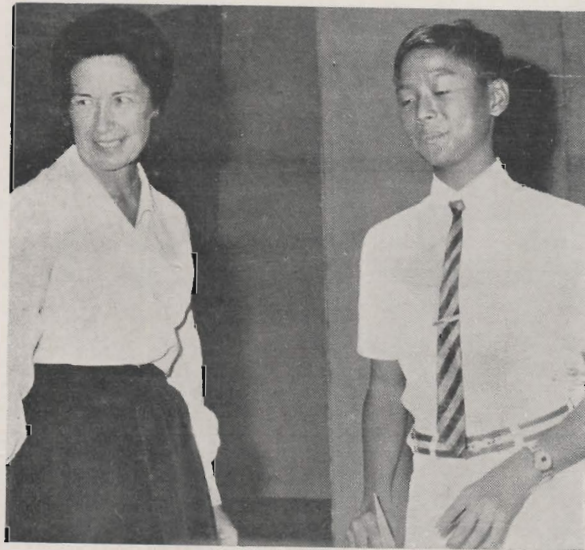
# HOLMES DISTRICTS THE PRIZES



From page 43

class of all-rounders, one of its greatest achievements is, I think, its revitalization of the Past Pupils Association. They really got it going again and were happy to line up the services in the Executive Committee of Matthew Thomas (President), Novy Kapadia, (Secretary), Santosh Madden, Manjit Rikhye, Shammi Dugal, Shanti Narain, Rajiv Kumar and others. The prime movers behind this were Rajiv Agarwal, Shubro Sen, Debashish Mitra and Vasant Nangia. Incidentally, Rajiv Agarwal is being awarded the coveted Sujit Memorial Prize this evening.

Before I close, I wish to congratulate the prize winners this evening. May they go from strength to strength in their studies and I hope that one of them, each year, will emulate Rajiv Vohra, who stood first last year, with 95 % marks.



**Mr. DENIS HOLMES  
IRELAND'S AMBASSADOR  
TO INDIA  
ADDRESSES THE PRIZE-WINNERS**





# AUDIO VISUAL AIDS

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Once again the middle-school witnessed a number of activities in 1974. Our ever energetic and enterprising Vice-Principal, Rev. Bro. J.U. Morrissey, kept both the teachers and boys busy with 'at-homes' for parents, elocution contests, quiz competitions and exhibitions. But this year, for the first time in the history of the school, a new feature was introduced by way of film shows.

Thanks to the untiring and unstinting efforts of Mr. A. Michael and to the magnanimous gesture on the part of the Canadian High Commission, the British High Commission, the U.S.S.R. Embassy and the Directorate of Extension, Ministry of Agriculture who cooperated most willingly, the school was able to screen some very good and useful films.

These films were a great source of knowledge to the boys. They also helped to break the class-room monotony and the boredom of learning only from books. Most of these films were of an educational nature and covered almost all subjects, like Science, History, Geography, Nature-Study and Biology. The boys enjoyed them thoroughly and you may be sure they learnt more from these films than they would have learnt from books, thus corroborating the famous proverb 'A picture is worth a thousand words.'

This idea leads us to realize the importance of audio-visual aids in the field of education. While it may not be immediately apparent that we are all in the throes of an educational revolution, it is only too obvious that we are on shifting grounds. Nowadays, more and more parents whose children are learning 'Set Theory' or 'Modern Mathematics' as we call it, find themselves at a loss when it comes to helping with home-work. It is an acknowledged fact that the present day educationist feels that the existing system of education is none too adequate for the modern child. He feels that along with the written word the child also needs the help of audio-visual aids and the various other means of communications-media which are being used to day in America and in some of the European countries.

In reconstructing the fabric of education in India, audio-visual aids and media have a very vital role to play. Audio-visual materials and techniques provide the fundamental means of organising and revitalizing the curriculum. There is no doubt that audio-visual aids reinforce the spoken words with concrete images and this provides rich, perpetual experiences which are the basis of learning. They contribute to the depth and variety of learning and thus make learning more permanent.

There are a variety of audio-visual material that a teacher can use to make teaching more effective—starting with the black-board and charts we could make a whole list of them—but we shall not enter into any technical details. But while viewing these aids as something necessary in modern education, let us not have any misgivings. Audio-visual aids supplement the teacher, they do not supplant him. The aids alone cannot accomplish the task of education. The

teacher always remains the main pivot of all teaching. Hence, if properly used, the wide range of aids now available are neither unnecessary frills or mechanised substitutes for the human teacher. On the contrary, they are extremely useful tools. With them the teacher can enrich and enliven his teaching and stimulate in his pupils the desire to learn.

MR. J. MASCARENHAS

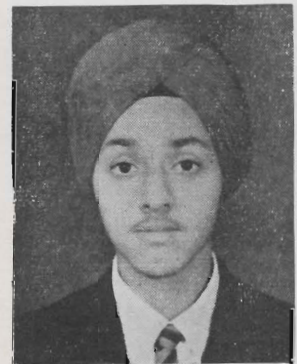
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## GOVARDHAN DASS MEMORIAL DECLAMATION CONTEST

BALJEET SOBTI



1. The GOWARDHAN DASS Memorial Inter School Declamation contest, which is now eight years old was held this year at the Springdales School on 6 April 74. Fifteen schools from all over DELHI sent their students for participation in this contest. Our school was represented by NARENDRA LALGANI of class XI C and BALJIT SOBTI of class XI E.

2. Some very interesting subjects were chosen by the organisers. Within the time available both for preparation and speaking, all students did well. The results were announced immediately after the contest and among the five lucky winners featured the name of BALJIT SOBTI. We were happy with the news as the COLUMBANS had done it again. The credit for this excellent performance must really go to Rev. Br. JP MURRAY, who worked hard on these two participants, preparing them for good public speaking and guiding them on the right lines.

3. Sister AQUINAS, Principal of the JESUS and MARY College gave away the trophies after the function.

BALJIT SOBTI  
XI E.

# THE MIDDLE SCHOOL ELOCUTION COMPETITION

MRS. K. HAIDAR

A hushed silence prevailed as a voice rang out clear, fraught with superb emotion.

“Man who art thou, who dost deny my words?  
Truth sits upon the lips of dying man.  
And falsehood while I lived was far from mine....”

from an Extract from ‘Sohrab and Rustom’ by Mathew Arnold. Another thrilling moment when a child of fourteen delivered ‘The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk’ with clarity, understanding and restrained emotion... ending with

“There’s mercy in every place,  
And Mercy encouraging thought,  
Gives even affliction a grace.  
And reconciles man to his lot.”

It is indeed astonishing how some of these children managed to convey thoughts and feelings of the poets in so expressive a manner. It is evident that some of the children from the Middle School apply the same kind of discipline to the recitation as they do to their class work. Both are indistinguishable elements in their training in school, and they regard it as such. This is a correct approach and teachers must encourage this. If a child can go through his school life recognizing the fact that communicating with others, his friends, teachers and parents in a precise, clear and pleasant manner then I think that the major part of his difficulties are well behind him. Naturally, this process involves speech, how he speaks is of prime importance. The child must have adequate loudness, a pleasantly pitched voice, clarity of diction, correct pronunciation, modulation and expression. It is a great pity that although we emphasise this aspect of training in school it is completely disregarded in homes. Parents work themselves and their children into a frenzy, pushing them into a morass where the children cannot think beyond their mathematics and their geography, to the point that it becomes a matter of life and death that they achieve 85% in their modern maths!!!!

Individual speakers in recitation are a clan by themselves. But there is another more worthwhile and satisfying exercise by which a great deal is achieved in Elocution. Choral speaking. In choral speaking, we involve the entire class. Each child experiences the sense and joy of participation. The timbre and quality of voice of each child contributes to the cohesive whole. He can say to himself “without me this poem could not have been perfect . . . And this is certainly effective during an Elocution Competition where each one has worked hard, for his class. Without confidence, no human being can function at his best. And if through the Elocution Teacher’s work in the school at least some children have received a sense of confidence, then for her, certainly it has been worthwhile. To win prizes, should never be the elocution teacher’s aim. The effort should be, as far as possible, to choose poems which i) attempt to raise the level of speech and ii) which stretch the imagination and understanding of children to the more larger values of life. A narrative with a moral “The Pied Piper of Hamelin” a dramatic poem. “The Shooting of Dan McGrew” which excites the imagination of children. These poems create a well-knit pattern and arrangement of single voices which are divided to express varieties in texture and moods—On an occasion like the annual Elocution Competition, the presentation of a choral piece may last just five minutes but in fact, weeks of extremely interesting work has been put into that transitory moment, by each and every child. Unlike painting or other visual arts, which retain a sense of permanence, pictures can be seen again. But with the speaking of poetry, the presentation varies from poem to poem and has to be recreated in a different manner each time. There is however, a genuine inner satisfaction in this kind of work.

# MIDDLE SCHOOL QUIZ COMPETITION

'Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: . . . Exalt her and she shall promote thee'—and so yet another spur to bring about the realization, necessity and advantages quoted in the above maxim, manifests itself in the quiz competitions, which were introduced by Brother Morrissey, our vice-principal, last year in his earnest endeavour to nurture the germinating curiosity of the student and develop in him the ability to use what knowledge he has thus gained with understanding.

For the student the quiz competition has become an event looked forward to with much enthusiasm, the greater part of the quiz questions being based on the year's work he has done in his class. He prepares for the event wholeheartedly, even on the brink of his final examinations—for looking at it anyway he can see and (so can his parents) that he has nothing to lose in terms of 'Prep time'.

The quiz competitions are held between the sections of each class from classes 4 to 9. There were five competitors from each class section and during the competition these sat in the 'limelight' while their class mates—'their moral support'—made up the audience. Each competitor was asked ten questions that is each team was asked 50 questions in all—the questions covered English Literature, Geography, Science, History and Civics and General Knowledge.

The competitions were extremely enjoyable. There were moments of excitement, suspense, cheering and laughter and to give a pen picture of the event would be an injustice for it is well nigh impossible. A few outstanding features were—the competitions were fully participated in by all the students; the questions covered a wide range of subjects, they were punctuated with roaring laughter, when a stupid answer was offered by a competitor—a question that provoked much laughter was when the Quiz Master asked where wild asses were found, specifying not to give the answer 'our school'.

## *The results of the Competition read as Follows:*

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
Classes 4	Sec B	Sec E	Sec D	Sec C	Sec F
Classes 5	Sec D	Sec B	Sec E	Sec A	Sec C
Classes 6	Sec D	Sec E	Sec A	Sec B	Sec C
Classes 7	Sec C	Sec A	Sec D	Sec E	Sec B
Classes 8	Sec B	Sec C & D		Sec A	Sec E
Classes 9	Sec B	Sec E	Sec D	Sec A	Sec A

# OUR TRIP TO THE HITKARI POTTERIES



R. BHASIN VIII-A

making the body of the crockery. The stones are crushed in huge grinders, mixed with clay and passed through a magnetic feed to remove impurities of iron ore, which is later filtered to give a resultant of a brownish type of clay. This clay is passed to the moulders who shape it. The work is done at a very fast rate as the workers are paid by their turnover.

The moulded items are then passed through hot air for drying. Cups and mugs have their handles attached with a mixture of clay and magnesium sulphate. Next, they are dipped in a 'glaze' solution and put in containers which move along conveyor belts towards coal furnaces where they are 'fired' at a constant temperature of 1,300°C.

The wares that have been 'fired' and later graded, are sent to the decoration department. Here various designs are hand-painted at a breathless speed and with such artistic skill that even a microscopic inspection would not reveal a flaw. For some of the decorations, a decorative paper is stuck to the wares which, during the second 'firing' burns out, leaving the impression of the design on the smooth surface of the wares.

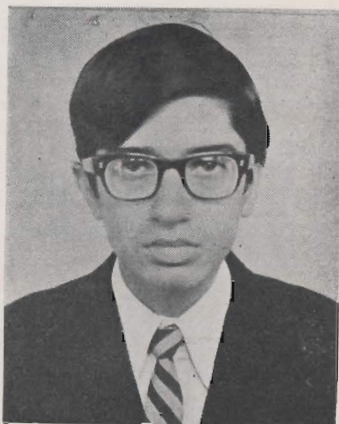
Our visit through the factory over, the guides took us back to the shamiana where we were served cool drinks and snacks. Before we left for school, we were given a coffee mug each. They were especially made with our school emblem on them.

A whoop of delight greeted the morning of our visit to the Hitkari Potteries. We left the school premises at 9.00 A.M. by bus. On our arrival at the factory we were given a warm welcome by the company manager, Mr. Chopra, who escorted us to a shamiana. We were then served cool drinks and later taken into the factory in groups of twelve under the personal supervision of a guide.

First, we were shown quartz and white stones which were mixed in the ratio of 1:1 in

We carried away with us good and lasting impressions about the organization and management of the Hitkari Potteries. We had much to learn from their keen spirit of work and efficiency, their cheerfulness at work and their great care to prevent all possible wastage.

We should like to thank the Manager and the staff for their great hospitality. Our special thanks also to Rev. Bro. Morrissey, Mr. Jacob and Mr. Mavely for arranging and escorting us on the trip.



# CLASS XI DEBATE: 1974

NARENDRA LALJANI  
XI C

Awestruck, we gazed at each other. The time was five minutes past twelve, Thursday 22 August. The principal had just finished reading out the topic for the Class XI debate to be held on the morrow as "The hands that rock the cradle shall rule the world." At the unanimous suggestion of the debaters, the topic was changed to "In the opinion of the House, woman's place is in the home."

Half past eleven on Friday saw the audience waiting restlessly for the Debate to

begin. The first speaker for the motion and the Leader of the House was S. Dass (XIB). He was followed by Arijit De (against, XIC), Narendra Laljani (For, XIC), A Chandra (XID, against). A Nanda (For, XID), V. Jhamb (XIE, against), B. Sobti (For, XI E) and M. Flores (XID).

Some very improbable theories were put forward and some awesome blunders were made — this kept the crowd in good spirits. The motion was defeated hands down. After much deliberation, the judges announced the Individual winners as : 1st. Arijit De, A. Chandra 2nd., M. Flores 3rd.

XI C was announced as the winning team.



## A LOOK AT CHEMISTRY

LYLE LOPEZ

Chemistry, throughout the trying and ever-torturous times it has braved, has been and will be an asset to humanity depending upon the hope-shattering and dangerous refuge taken in it by man.

Thirst for power and greed for wealth have long influenced the cold, ungrateful and ever hardening hearts of the human race.

The ever lasting curses of listening to staccato chatter of machine guns, a heart rending cry of pain or remorse or vengeance owes its impressive and fantastic story to a single word, a word hated

and despised and loathed and yet life without it would be empty. Indeed, chemistry has won itself a title in gold and silver.

There is hardly a doubt that we of the human race would perish miserably without chemistry.

Mankind is at present facing a grave and thought demanding decision. It is hoped by the majority of God's creation, man and beast alike, that the glory Chemistry has earned may not dwindle but rise and shine for the good and that its trailing pageant may not be wasted but utilised for the welfare of humanity.

# FROM JUNIOR SCHOOL TO MIDDLE SCHOOL TO SENIOR SCHOOL TO.....?

VINOD K. JHAMB  
XI-E

Shining face, curious, expectant eyes, neat, flawless uniform, impeccable manners; the portrait of a very small boy on his first day at school. He is somewhat awed by his surroundings and is often very close to tears. He will not leave his mother's side and gazes at his first new teacher with dread. Avidly, he absorbs all that he sees around him—the multitudes of gay, happy boys that obviously enjoy school life, the laughing groups of teachers who apparently are harmless—for in his inexperienced mind he thinks of all teachers as monsters. He is innocent and naive, he is ignorant and has a lot to learn. He enters the portals of school and begins learning. He starts the long and arduous trek . . . all uphill—to graduation.

Six eventful months afterwards, the boy is no longer so witless and naive. He has learnt the ways of school life. Teachers are not monsters but even then they are quite capable of pulling ears, wielding canes, and making you stand in the corner. They cannot be talked back to and you cannot take liberties with them.

The boy's uniform is no longer so orderly, nor his manners so impeccable. During recesses, he often becomes rowdy along with his fellow students. He has also learnt to respect his seniors—"Those big fellows who are not even scared of talking to the Principal!"—and their respect often borders on hero-worship. A small boy who knows a big boy rises high in the esteem of his class-mates and the lucky one takes full advantage of his superiority. He cannot be bullied; rather, he bullies.

At this stage the boy's passionately emotional and corporate life is his own, and he remains deeply absorbed in exploring the mysteries of mathematics (how  $3+6$  and  $4+5$  can both add up to 9) and in unravelling the intricacies of english (how P-U-T and B-U-T are pronounced differently). He is great in his artlessness.

\* \* \* \*

He is now in the sixth class—mischievous, gay and full of fun. In his eyes, school is a prison, studies are the shackles and teachers are the warders who keep him in. He waits anxiously for the weekend but it slips away too soon. Mondays are gloomy and he dislikes them intensely for they make him return to work, a resumption of the old, old routine.

Whenever he is amongst his friends, 'teachers' is the topic that ensues and the remarks are always derogatory. Not even the school as a whole and its administrative policies are spared. Caustic remarks and private opinions on the matters of running schools are heard in the corridors. For example "Old Mr. .... shouldn't be allowed to enter the school let alone teach a

bunch of intellectuals like us. and "Do you know what? I've just heard that Mrs. .... got a third division in B.A.!" God alone knows where they pick up such rumours from.

The boy now back-chats to seniors and bullies the juniors. He sniggers and smirks at the mention of girls and calls his teachers names. He is at an age when life is carefree and worryless. He is irrepresible amongst his friends, obsteporous to his teachers, and an ideal child to his parents. He is at a golden stage of his life—a stage that will never come back to him. He unconsciously makes the most of it.

\* \* \* \*

Eleventh class; and we find a completely changed boy, or rather, a young man. Now grown almost to his full height, the faintest traces of a moustache and a beard showing on his relatively mature face, he is awkward and self-conscious. He is always painfully aware of his appearance and becomes very fond of looking into mirrors.

School, to him, no longer signifies bondage—it is a temple of learning. Teachers are no longer task-masters and slave-drivers—they are friends and guides. Holidays hold no charm for him—he could have studied so much more were he at school. His life is no longer guided by others. Rather, he has taken the reins firmly and surely into his own hands.

He can be seen laughing and joking with the very teachers who had once awed him and he had later disliked. He can be seen behaving condescendingly towards the little ones and also taking great interest in the activities of the girls' school across the hedge. He now views the situation at school objectively and discusses it impartially and without prejudice amongst his friends.

Also, he begins to worry about his future.

Poised on the brink of adulthood, with his life spread before him like a sheet of glittering snow, he has to tread carefully for every footstep will show clearly. His career, his future, his life all depend on his performance this year and accordingly he girds up his loins and steps into the fray wholeheartedly.

But what after this struggle? Then there will be no security of school and teachers. On the contrary, he will find himself out, all alone, in a cold, impersonal, uncaring world of colleges and universities where he has to study himself and make or mar his career. Gone are the glorious days of childhood, the golden days of awkward adolescence; gone is the innocence, the naivety, the ignorance, the inexperience, the simplicity, the artlessness, the carefree happiness, the uncaring gaiety. It is replaced by a grim, mature facade that conceals the still immature, unsure, hesitant child.

The child learns and grows up to match his facade. The child becomes a man and steps into life—life which has all along been spinning its web and all along pursuing its relentless, remorseless cycle—birth to death—it continues, sweeping along all that stands in its all embracing course. The boy was swept along too, from junior school, to middle school, to senior school, to .....?



# TABLE TENNIS AT ST. COLUMBA'S

Table Tennis at St. Columba's continues to be one of the most popular games. This was evident from the number of boys who participated in Table Tennis Tournaments at school and elsewhere. The Inter-Class League for the three divisions extended over the first term. Apart from this the school took part in the Delhi State Inter-Club League, Inter-School Tournament and a variety of other open tournaments held by the Delhi Table Tennis Federation's affiliated clubs.



N. LOBO

In the Inter-Club League, two teams were entered in the 'B' and

'C' divisions respectively. Though the teams did not fare too well, it was gratifying to find the keen interest the boys took in all their matches, which if nothing else, at least improved their individual games.



The Inter-School Table Tennis Tournament was held between the 2nd and 19th of August. Again two teams were entered, the 'A' team comprising of Neville Lobo and Siddharth Chib, and the 'B' team comprising of Anil Nanda and R. Hari. Thirty schools took part in all and these were divided into four

groups. The schools in each group played a league, and the school on the top of each group at the end of the league entered the semi-final. St. Columba's 'A' team managed to make the knock-out stage where they met Kendriya Vidyalaya whom they beat 3-1. Chib gave a good account of himself in this tournament by winning both his singles matches. Delhi Public Schools were our opponents in the finals. Backed by Vashist and Mahendra, they gave us no chance and wrapped up the finals with a convincing 3-0 victory.

A number of our juniors took part in the local tournaments, and among those who fared well were Chib, Khetrapal and Hari.

The Senior School League, confined to classes X and XI was played off in March. X D led by Chib emerged winners, but only after a hard fight with XI E. Neville Lobo with 18 points and not a single loss was declared the best individual player. He was followed by Siddharth Chib with 16 points. The Middle School League resulted in a runaway victory for class VIII D. In the Junior League Class VII C were winners.

Table Tennis Colours for 1974 were awarded to Santosh Kurup.

NEVILLE LOBO: 11 E.

# FOOT BALL

# IN THE MIDDLE SCHOOL

The middle school had a very successful soccer season this year.

For the first time, classes 4 and 5 played inter-section tournaments, during the School hours. Classes 4 and 5 were the winners.

Classes 6, 7, and 8 were given plenty of practice games before their inter-section League Tournament started. For a change the class teams were picked up by the coach while the practice games were on. The captains and vice captains were elected by the class players and this led to great enthusiasm.

The League Tournament was followed by knock-out Tournament and 6, 7 and 8 emerged the winners.

Right from the start 30 boys were selected and twice a week they were given training. Out of these players, the best 15 were picked to form the Junior School Team. This team was given regular match practice by various senior classes and also by the Senior School team.

The Junior team entered two major tournaments viz., Inter School, Delhi and Pentangular. In the opening match of Inter-School, the team had the better of Ramjas School and went on to beat Modern School, 3-1. They played well in the quarter final, but went down fighting by a solitary goal.

In the Pentangular Tournament the boys beat J.D. Tytler School by 8-0 (Peter Cardoza scoring 5 goals in a row.) In the semi-final they had the better of Mt. St. Mary's (3-1) to qualify to meet the traditional rivals St. Xavier's in the final. In the opening minutes St. Xavier's scored a goal. This enlivened the Columbans and they went on to score 5 goals. They comfortably won 5-2. [This time you have done it. Keep it up. --Ed.]

A sub. Junior team was also selected to go to Chandigarh. This team was put through tough and regular training. They gave of themselves and came back victorious by beating St. John's 1-0. Right wing, Ticlo, Shriker Khanna and custodian Chawla were outstanding.

Many thanks to Br. Morrissey for supervising and Mr. Hukil for coaching the team.



# OUR WAY TO VICTORY

## B. JOSEPH XI-E

Our Class, XI-E, won the Inter-class hockey tournament for this year. On our way to this success we played some very interesting matches.

In our opening match we met class XI-D whom we beat by two goals to nil. The goals were scored by our captain, Bibek Bose, in the first-half and by Ashish Sood in the second. Ashish had learnt to play hockey in Kenya and has returned to India just last year.

In our second encounter we met XI-C whom we swamped 5-0. We were pressing right from the start. Within the first ten minutes of play

Bose dribbled past a host of defenders and scored. At half time we were leading, 2-0, the account goal being scored by Bose. On the resumption of play Bose scored another goal to become the only player in all the elevens to score a hat-trick. Later Roberts and Sood scored a goal each to complete the tally.

In our next match, we faced XI-B. We received a stiff opposition from them. The match seemed to be ending in a draw until the last minute when Bose received a pass at the twenty-five and ran into the striking circle to hit a rising shot into the net. We drew with XI-A 0-0, in the last of our League Matches. We ended up at the top of the league standings.

In the semi-finals we again met XI-B. They stretched us to a replay and finally a tie-breaker. The tie-breaker provided a lot of thrills. After XI-B had taken three pushes, we were down 2-0. However, our third pusher, Sunil Kumar managed to put the ball through the goal-keeper's legs. XI-B's fourth taker pushed aside. Our Sood took a shovel push which beat the goalkeeper all ends up. Sharma of XI-B took a goal-bound scoop, but unfortunately for XI-B he raised his leg and was rightly pulled up by the referee. Bose placed the ball, with a swift flick to the left of the goal-keeper and left him standing. So we won—3-2.

In the finals we met XI-A. They had earlier beaten XI-D—1-0, XI-C 3-1, XI-B 4-0 and again XI-C 1-0 in the semi-finals.

The final was more or less a ding-dong battle till about the twentieth minute when Bose picked up a loose ball off a goal and slammed home. The rest of the game was dominated by mid-field play. XI-A tried hard to equalise but our backs were too good for them. At the final whistle Class XI-E emerged champions for the year 1974.

Mr. Dass, the neutral referee did a remarkable job of supervising the matches.

The winning team was as follows:

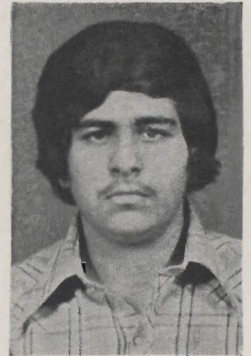
Forwards: Bibek Bose (Captain), Ashish Sood, Vinod Jhamb, Ravi Aggarwal, Naresh Khullar and Sunil Mathur.

Half Backs: Carlyle Roberts, Pankaj Gupta, Sanjay Khosla and Siddhartha Das.

Full Backs: Sunil Kumar and Neville Lobo and goal-keepers: Langan Majumdar and Chandrajit Bajat.



**A CRICKET  
MATCH  
BETWEEN  
St. COLUMBA'S  
AND  
St. JOHN'S**



**KAKARIA**

St. John's cricket team came to our school for a friendly match. They were accompanied by their coach, Mr. Carver.

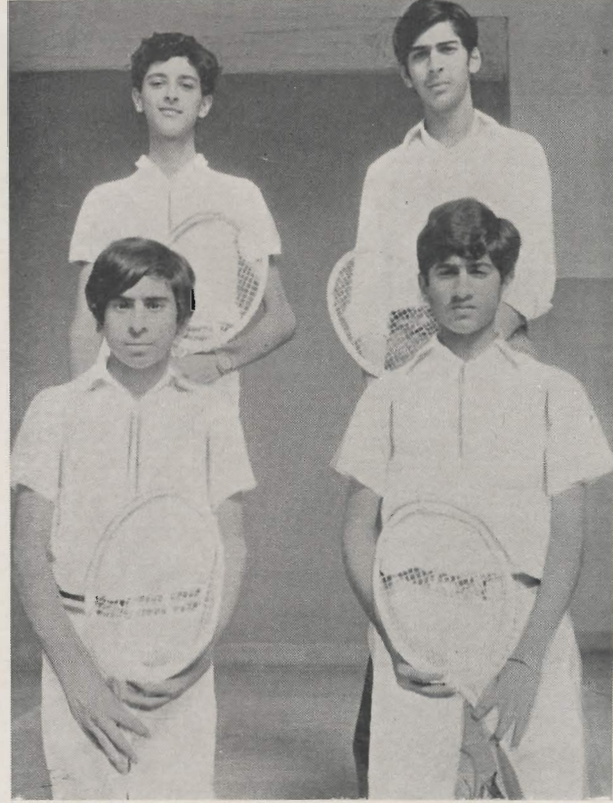
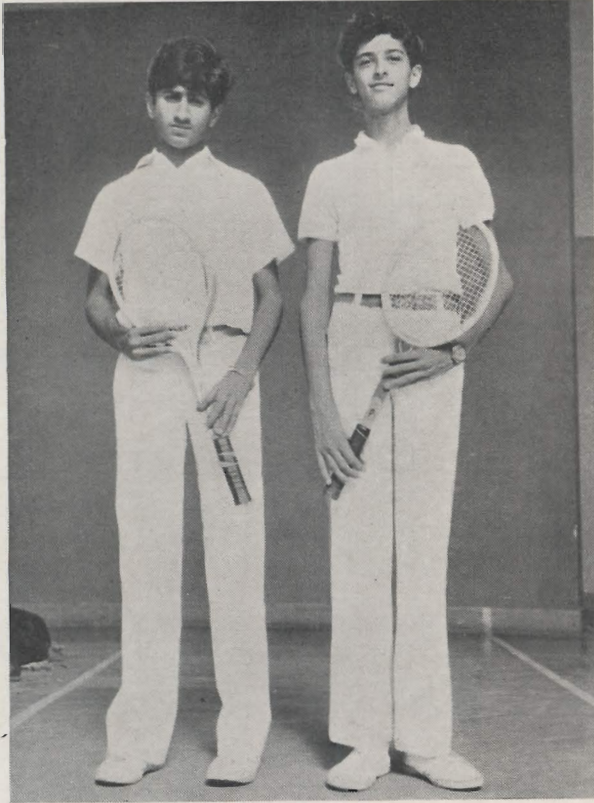
The match started when R. Warrick the St. Columba's Captain won the toss and elected to bat. The opening batsmen Rishi and Asjit gave our school a flying start with Asjit making a stylish fifty runs and Rishi scoring a grand century and immediately getting run out a moment later, in his traditional way! The team's batting side collapsed except for the last wicket partnership between Vivek and M. Bhasin who remained unbeaten at the end of the first knock, and especially the betting of Vivek who stammed in his 24 six fours. Sunderjee also played well. The innings was closed when the Captain declared at lunch at 249 for 9.

After lunch S. Mehra and Sunil Sehgal went into action with their quick bowling and Mehra, completely unplayable, thrashed St. John's batting side. St. John's team collapsed badly and never recovered and were all out for 53 runs! So victory was for St. Columba's, hats off especially to S. Mehra.

BY U.R. KAKARIA X-B



# TENNIS



STARS ON  
BR. O' FARRELL'S COURT



Arun Chopra

V-D-

## WE LEARN ABOUT BREAD

5-D visited the Modern Bakeries on the 8th of October. On our arrival there what impressed us most was the hygienic conditions which prevailed. The place was very clean, and the 'plant' very modern. We were told that it had been set up in collaboration with the Asutralian Government.

The bread that we get sliced and packed is untouched by hand. At the 'plant' we learnt that many things, other than flour and yeast, mix into enriching the bread. We also visited their laboratory where several tests and experiments are carried out.

After that we went to see how peanut butter is made. This is also a modern 'plant' except that here the peanuts are sorted out by hand. We were then given booklets telling us more about 'Modern Bread' and then taken to the canteen. We were delighted to see that a feast awaited us. There were assortments of special sweet bread, peanut butter and tea. After the feast we thanked the Manager who had been kind enough to take us around the plants and came back to school marvelling at the *advance in technology*.

# A VISIT TO FARIDABAD

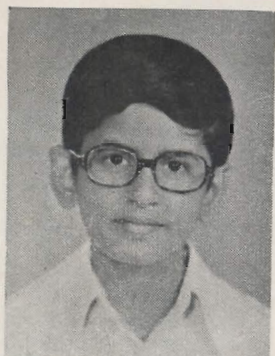
By George C. Philip

Class IV

Our Class boys had decided to go to Badal Lake on 11th of October and we were looking forward to the visit.

On that day there was a slight drizzle but it stopped. At quarter to nine our teacher lined us up and took us to the bus. On our journey we passed two bridges and when we reached the Delhi-Haryana border, we had to stop at an Octroi Post. In Faridabad we saw factories on both sides of the road. Our first stop was at the Hemla Embroidery Mills. We saw how workers embroidered and printed on cloth. We spent one hour in the mill and then we proceeded to the lake. The lake is very large and beautiful. We had our snacks and many boys bought ice-cream and had horse-rides. Many of us visited the restaurant there.

Then our teacher counted us and we set-off to School. We reached school at one o'clock.



## TRIP TO PALAM AIRPORT

A trip to Palam Airport and the Air-force Museum was arranged for my class 6-E, with the help of Mr. G.P. Garg, my class-mate's father, as well as the kind courtesy of my teacher, Mrs. Rai Singh.

### CLASS VI-E

We started out in the morning in a bus. All the boys were happy and enthusiastic about the trip. After a short ride we arrived at the airport. Mr. Malik was chosen to be our guide. His detailed knowledge of the working of an aerodrome helped us to understand the complicated set-up of Palam airport.

We were divided into two groups and were shown around the airport. First of all we were taken to the reporting-office. This is where every pilot who lands his aircraft at Palam has to fill in his log-book. Then we were shown the weather room. Here are many different graphs showing the amount of visibility, velocity and direction of the wind, etc.

In the tape-recording room, it was interesting to know, the pre-recorded, unguarded, conversation between the duty-officer in the control tower and the pilot could be heard clearly, as a precaution in case of an accident, the tape-recording help to pin-point any mistakes made. Then we were taken to the radar-room. In this dark-room, fitted with electronic devices, is the radar, which is one of the most important things at the air-port. We were absolutely fascinated by it.

As a grand finale to our tour of the interior of the air-port, we were led up to the control tower, which can be called the nerve centre of the airport. We were amazed at the vast view we could command from that vital spot. We learnt that it is from here that the arrival and departure of planes is directed. Coming down we were fortunate to see a Lufthansa 747 taking-off.

However, there was a setback. The plane we were to be shown was delayed. During our short wait in the lobby we were rather amazed at the actions of a saffron-clad man who began to throw sweet-meats all over the place. It was getting late so we once again took a short bus ride to the Air-force Museum.

We were delighted to see the rows and rows of small, model planes. The Air-force Museum is a paradise for a boy interested in aero-modelling. We were then taken to the hangars. We were astonished to see how close to the original the model planes were. We also saw the charred remains of a Pak aircraft and a few captured tanks.

But all good things come to an end and so did our visit. We returned to school happy but wishing for more excursion trips of this kind.

# The United Schools Organisation 1974

SUNIL MATHUR

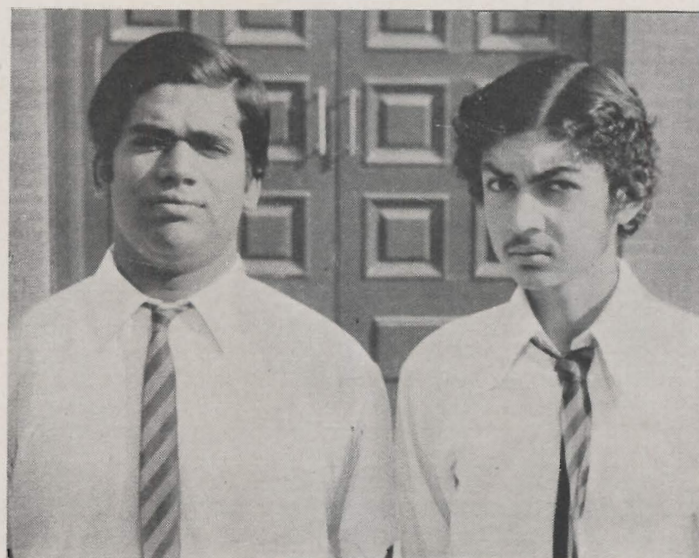
St. Columba's participated in the Annual Conference of the United Schools Organisation and All India Schools Festival which was held at Vigyan Bhavan between the 21st and 24th of October. The two representatives, Neville Lobo (XI E) and Sunil Mathur (XI E) were among the five hundred and fifty-nine students, from different parts of the country, who participated in this event. The aim of this annual feature is to promote national integration, by giving students and teachers an opportunity to come together and exchange ideas.

Speaking to a capacity audience at the Inauguration on the 21st, Mr. Ram Niwas Mirdha, Minister for Defence Production, said in his presidential address that the USO is a special organisation since it caters to schools, and aims at making students aware of the principles and purposes of the United Nations Organisation. Delivering the inaugural address, Mr Roger Polgar, Director of the United Nations Information Centre said that the USO contributed to International Understanding by spreading the message of the United Nations Organisation. These speeches were followed by a report on the activities of the USO made by the Secretary General Mr. Jiya Lal Jain.

After the inauguration, the delegates were divided into three commissions; Commission 'A' dealing with the spreading of information on the UNO in Schools, Commission 'B' dealing with the organisational matters of the USO, and Commission 'C' seeing to the contributions that students could make in this trouble-faced country of ours. Our representatives attended Commissions 'A' and 'C'. Neville Lobo was elected Chairman of Commission 'A'. These Commissions carried on discussions till 5 p.m. on the opening day. The discussions were followed by the All India Declamation Contest, the subject of which was: "If I were the Prime Minister of India." Speaking in English, Neville Lobo secured Second place. Our other representative secured a merit certificate in the Hindi Section.

The next day, the delegates called on the Prime Minister, after which they spent the rest of the day sight-seeing.

On the third day, after the On-the-Spot



N. LOBO & SUNIL MATHUR

Painting Competition (no Columban entered) the commissions resumed their discussions. These were followed by a Light Music Competition in which Neville Lobo again secured a prize certificate. In the afternoon, One-Act Play, Solo dance and Group dance competitions were held at the Kamani Auditorium.

On the final day, the delegates were addressed by a number of VIPs including General G.G. Bewoor, and members of the Diplomatic Corps. This was followed by the Closing Session which included the elections to the Executive Council of the USO. Neville Lobo was re-elected to the Executive Council as an Area representative for Punjab and Delhi. He is the only student on the 13-member Executive Council for the year 1974-75. The elections were followed by the Prize Distribution.

Commenting on the Conference, the Columbans felt that it was a great experience meeting and speaking to students from different parts of the country and getting to know more about their culture, and ideas. Apart from this they felt that the conference was well-organised and hoped that more Columbans would get a chance to attend such events in the future.



# MIDDLE SCHOOL ART & CRAFT EXHIBITION

The otherwise unobtrusive stairway leading to the basement had suddenly become a centre of attraction for the students of the Middle School. The grey walls were splashed with colour as exhibits and bunting invited visitors to the Art & Craft Exhibition.

The exhibition was held on the 6th & 7th of November and Rev. Bro. Steinmeyer who was previously the Principal of St. Columba's and is at present vice-Principal inaugurated the show.

On entering the basement one was impressed by the artistic arrangement and colourful display of the various painting exhibits of the pupils, ranging from portraits, 3 in 1, 3 dimension smoked pictures, scraper paper and gum paintings. In all there were as many as 530 paintings displayed. Many were intrigued with the 3 in 1, as they had not seen it before. The flower decorations on the walls, caught the eye of many a visitor. All these paintings were done by pupils of classes IV, V, and VI.

Equally impressive was the creative skill of the students who put up a number of craft pieces. These included models of dams, airports, docks, villages railway stations and even three models of the school building. These models were made out of chart paper, plywood, clay and thermocole. A model of the Power Station at Kota was also on display. A number of visitors were fascinated with the thermocole model of the Taj Mahal, and the poster board model of the Air Craft Carrier 'Enterprise',



Br. F. J. Steinmeyer, Br. J. U. Morrissey, Mrs. S. Fernandes

not to mention the model of an english castle made of plywood and cardboard. A number of the models had been made to scale.

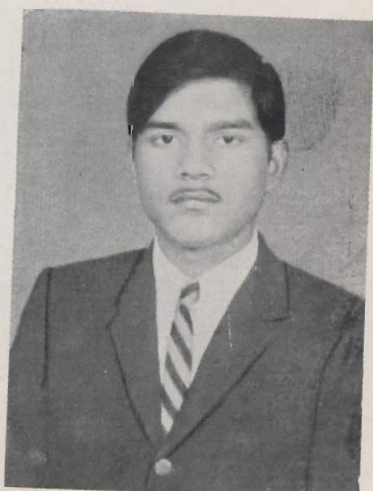
Collections of postcards from different parts of the world and coins from Ireland, Thailand, Germany, Hong Kong & Rumania were exhibited, together with a number of stamp albums.

Among the distinguished visitors were the Irish Ambassador's wife and mother and the Bishop of Allahabad.

A number of parents and teachers from other schools, who were at that time attending a Maths Seminar also visited the exhibition and praised it highly.

A special word of praise must be given to Mrs. Fernandez and Mr. Michael, who with their guidance and hard work made this exhibition a success.

Last but not least we must not forget Rev. Bro. Morrissey, our Vice-Principal, who rendered all possible assistance and encouragement to all concerned.



## INDIA'S FIRST NUCLEAR EXPLOSION

by HARSH V. SINGHAL  
CLASS X-D

India proclaimed its entry to the nuclear club on the 17th of May 1974 at 8.05 a.m. with a successful underground test in the Pokaran district of Rajasthan. The experimental explosion was carried out at a depth of more than one hundred metres using an 'implosion device' which, in the layman's terms, is the detonation of several pieces of fissile material

with chemical explosives surrounding it within a metal container. Plutonium, produced in India, was used in the explosion which was of 10 to 15 kiloton magnitude. There was a total lack of radioactivity at the test site. This marked a significant technological break through in the country's atomic development programme.

2. Inevitably, considerable planning had to be done for the explosion involving the study of fuel cycle, radio-chemistry and the like. Extreme caution had to be taken that the explosion below the earth did not contaminate the underground water-channels.

3. The common man's reaction varied from elation and pride to a serious discussion of the political and economic potentials involved in the nuclear explosion and plain curiosity about nuclear technology. People in parks, buses, restaurants and public functions talked nothing but the atom and nuclear explosions. Students and teachers enthusiastically discussed the possible peaceful avenues of application of nuclear

energy. On the other hand, many nations, e.g. Japan, Canda, Pakistan, Israel and the U.S.A. criticized India for carrying out the test. Leaders and representatives of most nations expressed their displeasure at India's nuclear explosion inspite of India's constant stand that it would use its nuclear energy for peaceful purposes.

4. India plans to use its nuclear energy for accelerating the discovery of oil and other minerals, for developing its indigenous resources of energy for the benefit of the people; for canal excavation, underground storage, study of rocks and dynamics; for stimulating oil where supplies have diminished, for diverting a river that causes devastating floods, and so on.

5. The hackneyed argument that by this explosion, India would start making atom bombs and other nuclear weapons, is therefore superficial. India has shown what it can achieve by the efficient usage of its vast resources, thereby relieving some of the acute hardships of its vast and expanding population.

# A Visit to the Zoo

On the warm sunny morning of October 17th, forty-three boys of my class 4-E, and forty-three boys of 4-D assembled in the Middle School foyer. We were going to the zoo. When we reached the entrance to the Junior School we found a contact bus waiting for us. It was very comfortable even though three boys had to sit on a seat meant for two. It took us about ten minutes of an enjoyable ride to reach the zoo.

When I got down from the bus, I saw that already some boys had started buying popcorn and peanuts. I felt like buying some too but decided to keep my 50 paise for something else when we reached the entrance, our teacher went and bought the tickets. Then I saw a boy buying a small necklace. He told me it was for his sister. I thought I would buy it when coming out so I did not buy it just then, our teacher came out with the tickets and told us to go and stand near the entrance. The ticket collector checked the tickets and let us pass. We came down a number of sandy steps. In the distance we could see a small cage. When we reached it we could see three enormous pythons stretched out on the ground. After staring at these fascinating reptiles for a few minutes we went on. In a little while we came to a fork in the road. We turned to the right. Then we saw the nilgai in a large space with water on the sides. Then, a little way ahead we came to the otters. These animals swam beautifully. Then we saw a crocodile lying under a tree. After that came the Monkeys which swung around in their cages most delightfully. Then we came to refreshment centre where we ate our tiffins. We finished our tiffins and then saw other animals including the lion, the bear, the fox, the giraffe and the hippopotamus. On reaching school I declared that it had been a wonderful visit to the zoo.

ARJUN KALYAN PUR  
4-E

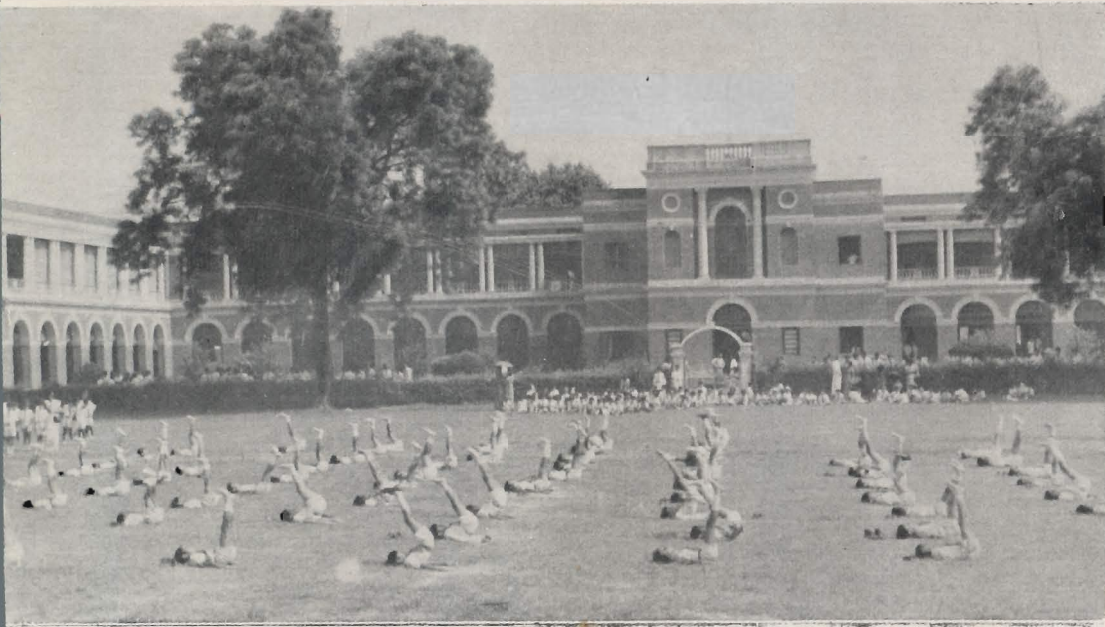
# JUNIOR SPORTS

REV. BR. FOLEY  
REV. BR. McPHILEMY  
WITH OUR GUESTS

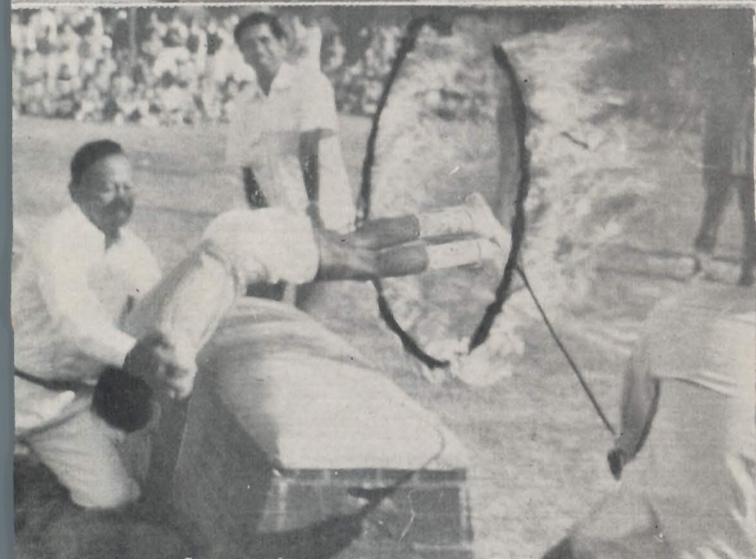


## GYMNASTICS





**WHAT'S  
TO EAT?**



**THE VAULTING HORSE & FIRE RING**

# JUGABO & AAE

## ELEPHANT RIDE

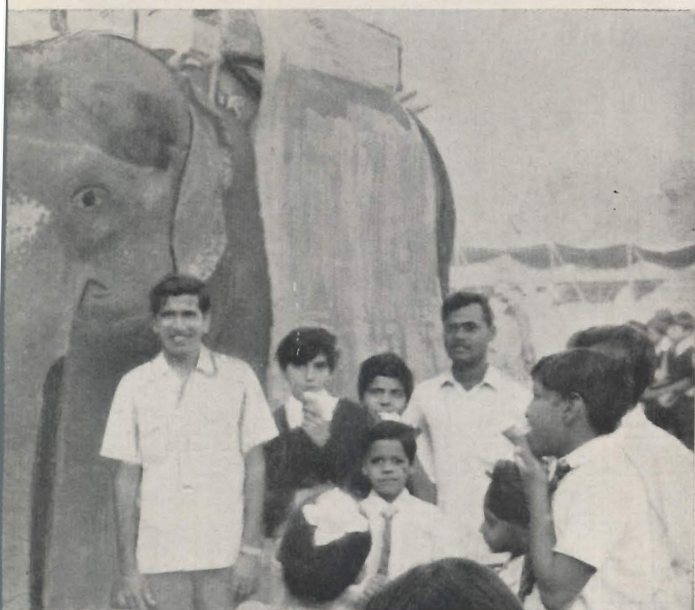
ROHINI CHANNA,  
Cl. Teacher—6 A

The first time I rode on the back of an animal was in 1961 while returning from Badrinath to Joshimath, a distance of about 19 miles. Climbing up had been a heroic feat but it had also transformed my feet into two big blisters. So, a hill pony was suggested as an obvious alternative means of transport for the return journey. I protested at first but resigned myself to the idea of a pony ride after half a mile of painful trek down the hill. After a little effort by solicitous friends, a smallish and rugged looking pony materialised and was parked alongside its prospective mount. He appeared to eye me apprehensively and soon I discerned an expression of utter unfriendliness over his equine face. But encouraged by the host of friends, well-wishers and the owner of the pony, I managed to get astride looking something like a kiddy-bear riding a Great Dane. The poor creature squirmed and squealed ominously, turned its head towards the hillside instead of facing the road ahead, dug its hooves into the uneven ground and refused to budge in spite of a shower of blows by a stick that its owner had handy. That was the end of all my hopes and the ride that I had achieved was literally just a few inches.

After thirteen years my frustrated *spirit has been avenged*. I did take a

ride on an animal's back at last! The Bal Mela was in full swing in our Junior School playground when I arrived there. For a moment I stood and looked upon the gay, carefree scene when my eye rested upon that majestic creature—it was an elephant. Long queues of eager children were waiting patiently for a ride on its back. I felt a strong urge swelling up within me and I marched ahead to the Junior School building where the lovely creature stood. Here was the chance of a life time! I too would go for a ride. For a fleeting moment the mental image of a stubborn pony flitted across my mind's eye, but I swept it aside. I was determined. The first hurdle was climbing up the rather delicate stairs. But this was child's play. When desire surges in the human breast all obstacles seem to melt away. Within a few minutes of my decision I was aloft the tall creature.

It is the common experience of people that when they climb great heights they experience a sort of euphoric delight. In my case I am not quite sure whether it was the height of the 'dear' animal or its sprightly gait that filled me with this feeling of well-being. The moment I had boarded its back it seemed to get up with a flounce and a flip of its tail. Its walk seemed to have a bouyancy all of its



own which reminded me of the 'Cha-Cha' dance very popular in the early forties. The dance in which one goes like this—one, two, three, cha-cha-cha, i.e., after the three quick steps the dancer swings one leg forward and then backwards. I am now convinced that it was this rhythmic movement that put me into a Walter Mittyish fantasy. Time seemed to stand still. Everything seemed to move in slow motion. One moment I felt like a bird—a feather—a cloud—an airy nothing floating away. In the next instant I felt like the May Queen. You know the 38-22-30 variety. I imagined that multitudes were running after me ready to click their cameras. I do not think it was all quite fantasy for I did see a very familiar figure gasping for breath and clutching his camera. Oh it was Brother Murray! If I had been a French woman I would have clapped my hands and said Ooh la! la! But I'm neither French nor have been to Paris, suffice it to say that it was a very big thrill to see the worthy gentleman chasing the elephant.

A few days ago I was invited to a dinner where I met an eminent German professor and philosopher. As we sat down to our meal he turned to me and said, "Madame have you met your witch?" I nearly spluttered in my soup. After the elephant ride the wisdom of the learned professor's statement dawned on me. All he simply wanted to say was that the individual puts on a facade of goodness and that the witch or the imp is hammering inside to be recognised up on that elephantine height I experienced a "witchy" fantasy too. I imagined, for a moment, that I was a witch with a long broom. Oh what a thrill it was to see Brother Foley and Brother Morrissey way down below me. I was looking down at them—a happy change. It has always been the other way round. I even imagined that I had fixed a bill at the end of the broom handle and skillfully 'flicked' Brother Foley's spectacles from off his nose and swiped Brother Morrissey's camera. For once they looked on helplessly and miserably. But even in that euphoric state better sense prevailed, for I knew that if I did, the former could have given me the hoist and the latter might have firmly told me to teach Geography to at least eight sections in the middle school and put up a Geography exhibition all on my own.

Naturally I did not want to take any chances. I managed to keep a grip over myself till the elephant completed its round. It had been a most thrilling experience—a minor sensation and I came down from my regal perch with the firm conviction that elephants are quite the most chivalrous animals, unlike hill ponies.

# 'FORGOT IT, SIR'

The class was tense to begin with. The class was very, very, tense. It was the beginning of the year and the new teacher was going to correct our homework for the first time.

The new school term was only three days old. All the boys had done the homework to the best of their ability, or perhaps, the combined abilities of their tutors and parents. And, here was I, with my homework not done.

I had tried to extend my holiday mood into the term, and had gone to see a movie the previous night. The homework? I remembered it only after reaching school. Now what was I to do? The wise man's saying about 'the first impression' kept rotating in my mind.

The teacher came in.

He took out his pen and started coming around to the rows of desks to correct the work.

What would he do to me? 'Chew' me out? Perhaps not. But then I didn't like the look in his eye. 'Twas very unfriendly. I might be sent up to the Principal... expelled....

Why did I have to go to the movie? Come to think of it, it didn't seem all that good as it had seemed the night before.

He was slowly making his way towards me. Now, I knew what those Jews must have felt like when some Nazi officer came to pick out those to be exterminated.

"Your Notebook?"

"S-Sir, I. I. . . ."

"Yes?"

"I-I f-forgot it, Sir".

"What?"

"I, forgot it, Sir".

A hard look.

"Well, do the work by tomorrow and show it to me."

"Y-Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir".

Relief. That was not the word for it. He passed down the line. But, was the tension worth it? Certainly not !!! That was the last time I neglected my homework.

BY  
ATESH CHANDRA  
XI-B



# WHITHER 1974!

Well, well, well ! So this is the end of 1974, a long eventful year. An end indeed ! Of course, it has brought the sad end of great Indian pioneers and patriots like Dinker, the eminent poet, and V.K. Krishna Menon, our former Defence Minister and one of the greatest outspoken orators of our time who forwarded India's cause in the United Nations. Or is it just the end of the beginning which will bring ultimate disaster to mankind, what with nuclear weapons and starvation facing millions of human beings.

It has been a year in which mankind has had to face possible challenges, difficulties, and disasters on earth, whether they were politically motivated or natural calamities. The major ones are drought, floods, famine, starvation, inflation, economic imbalance, energy crisis, etc. This year also brought the fall of the Heads of some of the major world powers. But 1974 has also paved the way for peaceful negotiations for solving problems and ending the seemingly everlasting frequent wars, especially in West Asia in round table talks. Evidently it has been a year of major happenings and events, which will certainly form the framework of our future.

For India, particularly, 1974 has been a historic year, especially in the field of nuclear technology for peaceful purposes, with the breakthrough achieved after the Pokaran atomic explosion. Not only did this explosion serve as a morale booster for our countrymen, but it also broke the monopoly of the Big Five in this field. It also broke the general belief that since India is a developing country and therefore technically, too, is far behind in these sophisticated fields of science. But then, this is only the better side of the coin. 1974 plagued India with drought and flood together. Millions are starving and hundreds have already perished due to the famines that have been created by these calamities. Naturally the people have become discontented and public opinion has gone against the Government. This has sparked off many agitations and demonstrations, which have at times taken a violent turn. Consequently the question which many people are asking is whither 1974 ! Or alternatively whither India ! But these events certainly should not promote chauvinism but constructive purpose. So now let us all work together and strive with a redoubled endeavour to build a better India.

Sanjiv Garg  
X - E

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## A VISIT TO THE ZOO

On the 17th of October class IV - E (our class) and class IV - D went to visit the Zoo. Our vice-principal had arranged a bus for us. The Zoo is situated at Purana Quila in New Delhi.

The entry to the Zoo is by tickets. Our teacher bought the tickets and we entered the gate. There was a pond, a little further away from the entrance. In the pond, there were ducks and cranes. After this we saw a python that was locked in a cage. The cage was made in such a way that it was quite safe for the people to stand near it. Then we saw monkeys jumping in their cages. After all this we saw lions and tigers roaming in their cages. Then we sat on a grassy place and had our tiffins. There was a shop nearby from where many boys bought cakes and sweets. Then we went to see pigeons, hens, parrots, sparrows and other birds in their cages. Then we also saw rhinoceros, crocodiles, seals, giraffes and different types of goats.

After spending two and a half hours at the Zoo, we went back to school.

By Sanjay Verma  
IV - E

# A MATTER OF PRINCIPLES

By Narendra Laljani : XI C

"People see, my dear Watson, but they do not observe!" Sherlock Holmes, the famed sleuth who needs no introduction is said to have remarked once to his trusty friend. Perhaps what Holmes alluded to at that moment was a matter of looking at a person's shoes and deducing the entire life history of the individual concerned. It just struck me that it could well be a matter of grasping the principles.

As I write this, ISC'74 looms ahead. As I pick up a dusty book from a dusty shelf, the words of my teachers are fresh in my memory—"Try to understand the principles of the subject." Hence the connection with 221 B Baker Street. The point is that a wide variety of answers would immediately present themselves to a genuine sleuth if he read a perfectly innocent question.

Consider the apparently simple one, 'How would you determine the height of a building using a barometer?'

'Aha,' says our physicist rubbing his hands together in glee. 'That's easy. If there is an alteration of 900 feet in the altitude of a point, the barometric reading changes by one inch. Therefore the height of a building can be calculated by recording the difference in the barometer reading on the ground floor and on the roof, and applying the unitary method.'

Finished? Not quite. What about the other five possible answers which jump to the scientific brain?

One of the obvious solutions is to drop the barometer from the roof of the building and record the time it takes to reach the ground and then apply the formula  $S=ut+\frac{1}{2}ut^2$ .

A more conservative, though equally novel method is to tie a long roll of string, which has metre lengths marked off on it, to one end of the barometer and lower it till it reaches the ground. The length of the string then gives the height of the building.

And talking of strings, string along with this one! Tie a short string to one end of the barometer and swing it as a pendulum. Record the time 't' for one oscillation. Find 'g' the acceleration due to gravity from the formula  $g=2l/t^2$  knowing that 'g' varies according to height, the height of the building can be determined. One of my learned friends tells me that this method is not practically feasible. Well, why not? It shows a basic, scientific understanding of the subject.

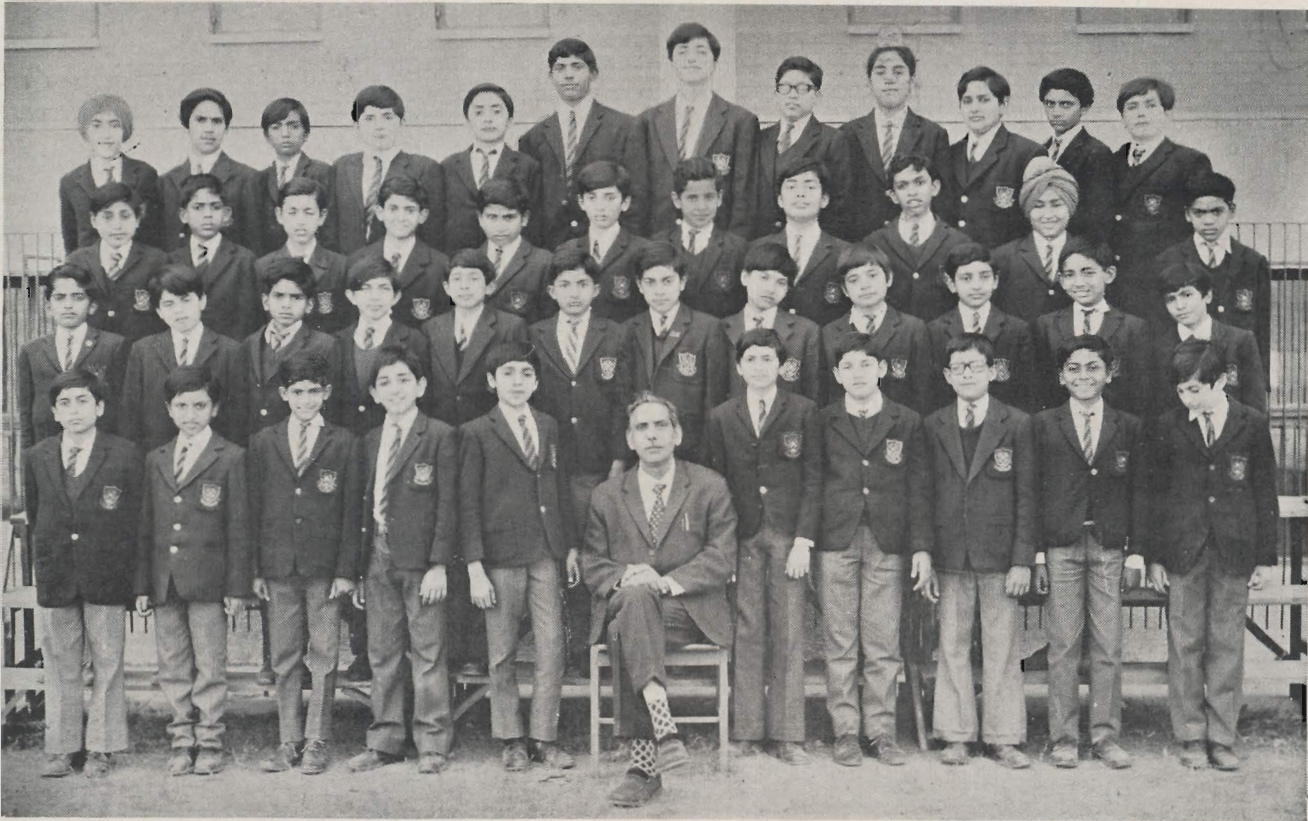
Next, you can erect the barometer on one corner of the building, and using it as a target, the angle of elevation of the building can be found with the aid of a clinometer. The rest is simple trigonometry.

Last, but not least, one can always confront the janitor of the building with the barometer and say, "Please Sir, I've got a nice barometer here, and I'll give it to you if you tell me the height of the building!"

No doubt, while I've been throwing my scientific theories around, you've thought of another probable solution to a 'simple' question.

That's what I mean. Grasp the basic principles of the subject, Observe, don't see, and you'll find it all, in the words of the great detective once again, **ELEMENTARY!** (With sincere apologies to all the Science Teachers).

# In Memoriam



*You left us suddenly.....Mr. Aimond*

*We regret your passing*

*St. Columba's remembers your years of devoted service*

*Our prayerful condolences are with those you have left  
to grieve*

*But we and your loved ones look forward to a re-union  
where all tears will be wiped away.*

**PEACE BE WITH YOU**

## FIRST HOLY COMMUNION



## THE HAPPIEST DAY IN MY LIFE

Saturday Nov. 16th

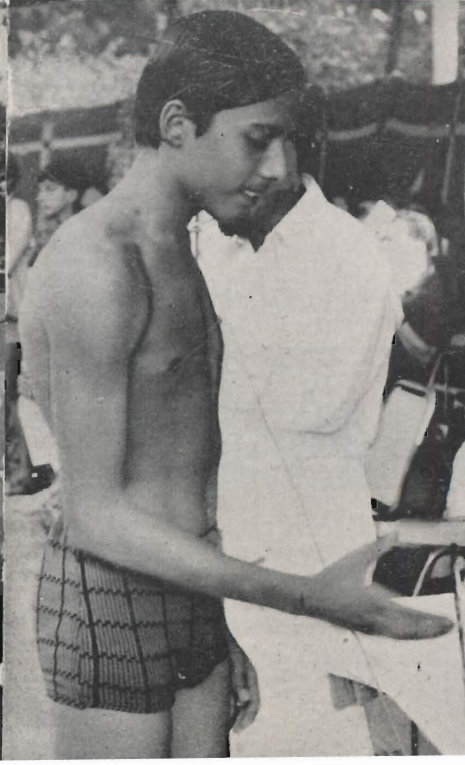
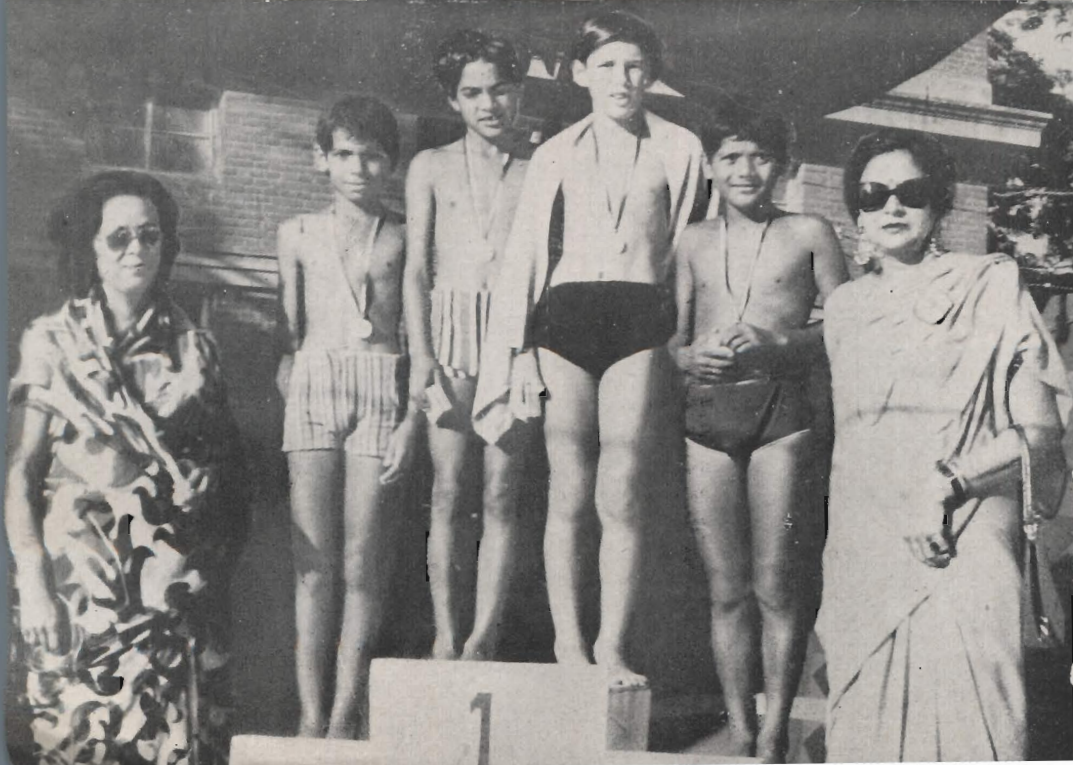
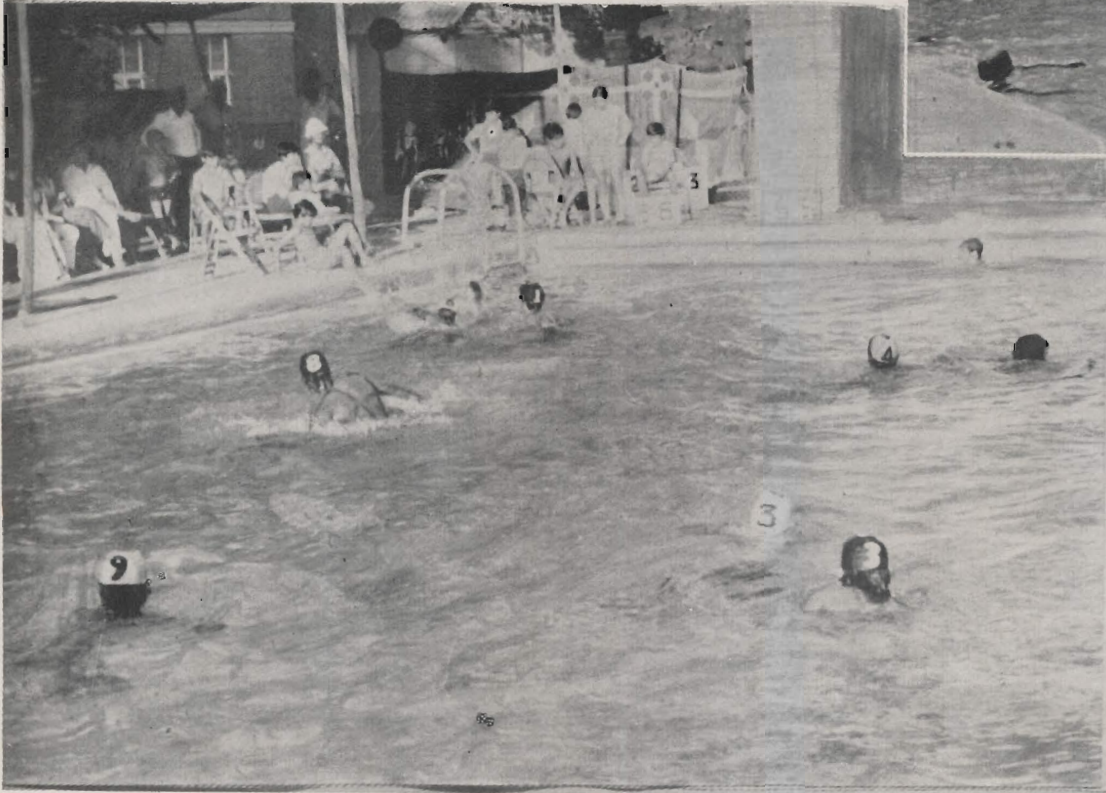
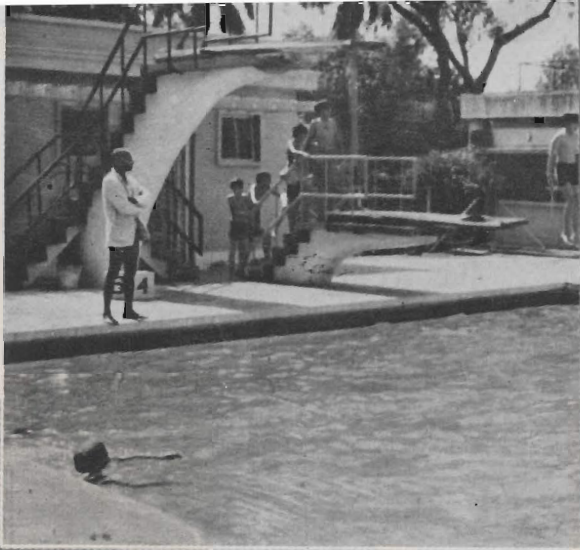
By Jaideep N. Prabhu

Saturday, the 16th November, was a great day for me, for on that day I made my First Holy Communion and received Jesus in my heart for the first time. I had to be ready so, my teacher prepared me carefully. My Mother dressed me in white and when the actual moment arrived, I went up to the altar with my parents and received Jesus. I thanked Jesus for coming into my heart and I prayed to Him to keep me always good. After the Church Service my friends and I had a party in school. We enjoyed ourselves. Now Jesus is always in my heart and is my best friend.



**SWIMMING**

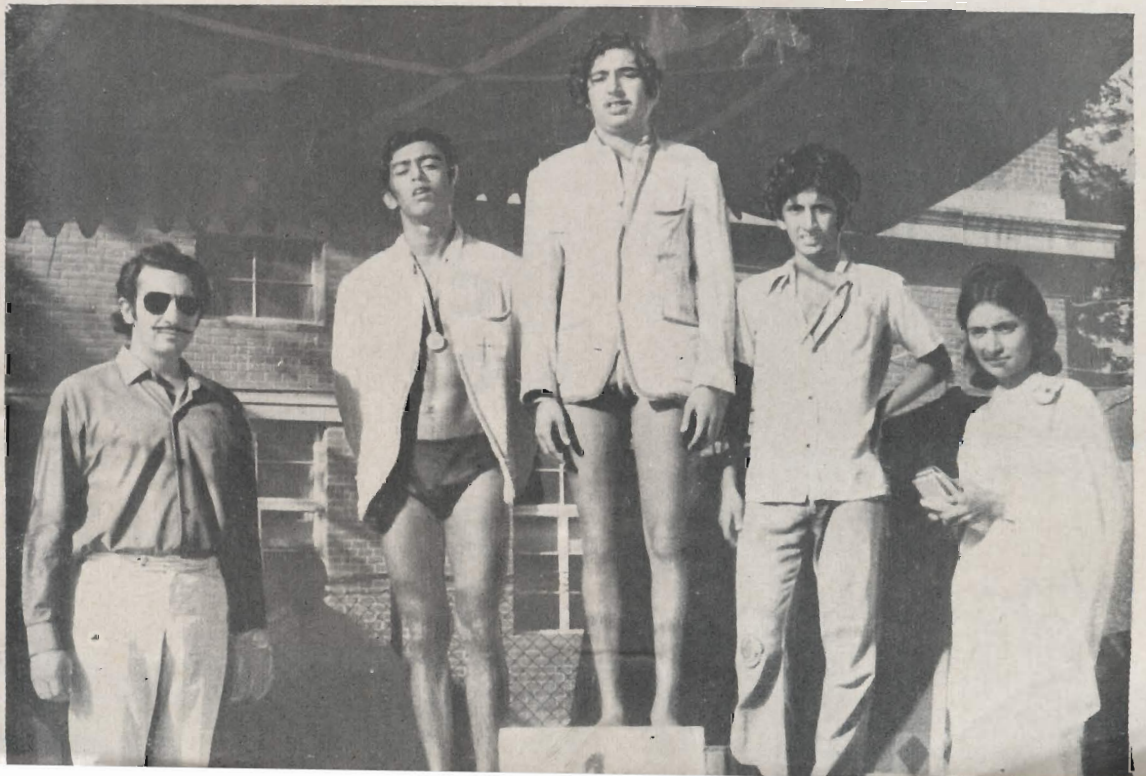
**SWIMMING  
GALA  
1974**





**OUR CHIEF GUESTS**

**PRIZE WINNERS**



I. S. C. 1973

## NATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Pradyumna Dinkar Phatak

Rajiv Vohra

Bhanu Pant

V. Ramani

Pravin Kumar Johri

Vasant Indar Nangia

Sanjay Marc Correa

Vivek Chandra

Raman Singh Sidhu

Dhananjay Gajanan Abhyankar

Amitava Bandopadhyaya

Mohan Anand Garde

Kenneth D'Souza

Deepak Dhingra

Rajiv Agarwal

Atul Vohra

Anil Rudev

Nishith Arora

Prasana Mulgaonkar

Jugnu Ramaswamy

Samir Behl

Inderjit Singh

Udeпта Ganguli

Ashok Juneja

Sumant Khanna

Rahul Bhatnagar

Subramaniam Ramnath Iyer

Biren Anand

Jitendra Kumar Tewari

Sunil Kumar Sehgal

Jitendra Pal Singh Bhandari

Ashwini Mehra



## ABOUT MY BROTHER

*My brother's name is Sanjeev.*

*He studies in Class 7-E.*

*He likes to play tennis.*

*He also likes to play cricket.*

*He never studies.*

*He is very naughty.*

ANIL NAVANI

STD. 1-E

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## MY SELF

*I am seven years old.*

*I study in St. Columba's High School.*

*I go in school bus.*

*I study in Class I-E.*

*I don't like to fight with anyone.*

*I like to play marbles.*

*I like my teacher very much.*

DEEPAK MALIK

STD. I-E.

## MR. JOHN FERNANDES

We miss your smiling face

We miss your practical  
interest in our world of art

We sense a stillness at  
your passing : for the  
words you spoke were  
words of cheer and  
encouragement

*PEACE BE  
WITH YOU*

We will cherish prayerful  
memories of you

Our hearts go out in  
sympathy to your loved  
ones

We look forward to the  
renewal of a briefly  
interrupted friendship

