

# College Review 1984



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, NAINI TAL  
CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

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# Basketball 1984

This year basketball was as well patronized as on any previous year. With the court in the Quadrangle even the youngest boys in school are attracted to the game. Even our juniors take great pleasure in playing as well as in watching the attempts being made by their elders at dropping the ball into the lofty iron ring.

Our regular coach for the year was Mr. Palmer. We also had some visiting coaches for brief periods. During his short stay with us, Brother Michael Dwyer from Australia brought to us some new techniques from Down Under. Later, when the visiting young Brothers took us on during their stay with us for the summer vacation, we had little trouble in disposing of them without much of a strain on our reserves of energy and expertise.

A number of matches with visiting local teams recede into the background when compared with the game against our favourite opponents. These were the young ladies from Loreto College, Darjeeling, who had come to Pantnagar representing North Bengal University in the Zonal Basketball Championships. Captained by Miss Babby Barger, sister of Brother Eddie, who also plays a useful game on occasions, the Darjeeling ladies displayed excellent teamwork and some superb shooting. However, as they were very tired from the strain of camp life and of a heavy playing schedule in the heat of Pantnagar, we scored more baskets than they.

The most keenly contested matches were the Inter-House ones, with both Classes X in the final. This was a gala occasion with the whole school assembled and the senior classes from St. Mary's occupying the ringside seats. As the standard of play was very satisfactory and the competition close, it was an enjoyable occasion for all present.

We look back on a very happy year of basketball not because we registered any great victories and achieved exceptionally high standards of play. We all enjoyed our games and we know that the manner in which we played them brought as much pleasure to the spectators as it did to ourselves.

Akash Kapoor

Class IX B

## समाज का दानव - दहेज

“विवाही, मुझे दान सुनी दरिन्दों के बचा लीजिए।” मेरी माइजी अनीता मुझसे कहें का रही है किन्तु मैं एक पक्षों को प्रति एक विचारे में समझा हुआ हूँ जो अपने पक्ष पक्षधराने के विषय मुझ नहीं कर सकता।

महारा मुझा के घरकों को आहत मुझे पताती की दुनिया में बाहर बीच जाती है। मुझा मेरी केवली को समझती है। मुझा केर दिवक मेरे घरकों में जाकि कर वह दान बाँकों में मेरी मुझ की महाराजों तक पहुँचता चाहती है पर वह। उस विचारों की कौन समझाई कि उस घर का कोई अंत ही नहीं है। मैं क्या अपने घर की नहीं जानता हूँ। चिन्ता में विचारों मुझा को बाँकों के बीच तथाह पक्षे मजा दिए हैं और मुझकर वह विचारों मीठा ही नहीं है।

मुझ केर पक्षधर वह मुझे समझता देने के लिए बाँकों हुए तब में कहती है, “जान दलही चिन्ता नहीं करते हैं, समझान घर मरीमा रहिए।”

कलेजे में एक टीक का उभरती है। मन अहसास कर उठता है, “समझान ? हा ! हा ! हा ! कौन का समझान ? समझान अगर कोई होता तो मेरी बाँकों केद्विती इस तरह कृपाती न होती होती। बहुत निंदनी होता वह, कभी न दिखाई देने वाला समझान, जिसे मेरी पत्नी कुछ-काम पूजती है।”

आज दिन वैदिक घर में दहेज के कारण अलगहारा या अपने-आपको जमा देने के उपास करने वाली बहु-वेदियों के घरकों के बारे में पढ़ता हूँ तो मेरा मन एक अलगहारा कायका में जाकि उठता है। कहीं वह अलगहारा मेरी वेदियों का भी न हो। उस मेरी बाँकों के सामने अनीता, मीनाशी, सुनीता और राधा के चेहरे अलगहारा हो उठते हैं।

मैं एक मासुकी का बगरानी जमा अपनी वेदियों के हाथ पोके करने के लिए दहेज के लिये पैसा कहाँ से लाऊँगा। अलगहारा वेदियों को कम तक घर में बिठाए रहूँगा। कल-कलोक बाते तरह-तरह की बातें समझे हैं। मेरी केवली पर सहानुभूति ही कम जगाएँ किन्तु अपने मुझे जग की केज नु आती है। मेरी जमा-पुत्री मुझ विचारकर हलकी भी नहीं है कि अपनी बड़ी मेरी अनीता को घर के बिछा कर कहाँ।

जहके जाने कम की रिक्ता टप करने आते हैं तो पक्कीत हजार के कम की ही बात ही नहीं करते हैं। मेरी अलगहारा को अपने अहसास में बरसकर जाने आते हैं।

राशि की काजिवा धनी-धनी बिखरती जा रही है। बाकी तरफ एक बहुत जगहा है किन्तु मेरे मन पर एक जगहिका अलगहारा नहीं हुई है। अलगहारा में कौन पढ़ता है कम ही मर्मे अतः मेरी हलकी पर नु पड़ते हैं। फिर उठकर अगर केवला हूँ तो हलकी की तरह मुझा का मुझाया हुआ चेहरा अगर जाता है।

संलग्न के ररीवाज  
कला १ 'ब'



## एक भिखारी की आत्मकथा

कभी सोचता हूँ कि क्या मैं कभी भिखारी की स्थिति से ऊपर नहीं उठ सकता ? जानबूझ नहीं, पर कभी ? यह काम मुझे हर समय सोचता ही रहता है ।

आज भिखारी के पदार्थ बर्न हो गए हैं । दुनिया बदल गई पर मेरे लिए सब कुछ वही है । बचपन से, जब के होम संभागा यहाँ देखा जा रहा है कि दुनिया बिलकुल बदल गई है । राजनीतिज्ञ नेता, डॉक्टर, वकील सभी पैसा बनाने में लगे हैं ।

मेरा बहुत उम्र काबाल है, मैं तो दुनिया को हीम में निपट चुका हूँ । मैं मेरे ऊपर पिला का माया का न ही मैं का म्भार । आज भी छोटे-छोटे बच्चों को अपने मा-बाप के काम कामे हुए देखा हूँ तो अपनी क्षमता पर रोना जाता है । सड़कों पर गये रहता था मुझे तो जाना मेरे लिए अब काम बात ही नहीं है । बिल बार भूखा-प्यासा रहकर बीस सालों निपटता हूँ तो सुनने की भिखारी है, "हाम-नम को ठीक है, फिर काम नहीं करूँ करता ।" करे करता नहीं नहीं, पर कोई पैसे भी तो— कदना तो चाहता हूँ पर पैर की भूख यह सब नहीं कहने देती ।

दरवाँ की ही तो बात है । जाना रामजीदास के बहुत बका और उनके नीकरी के देने की भीड़ गाँवी तो बोले, "बप्पा ! नीक तो मरिगा है और कहता है नीकरी बर्नबा । अबे ! मुझे नीकर पस कर तुम जाना है क्या ?"

दुनिया दुनिया के है, कोई कहता है काम नहीं करूँ करता ? पर यह काम नहीं देता । जिसके पास काम होता है, वह कहता है मु काम नहीं कर सकता ।

वही तो उपास है, यही दुनिया है । कभी तो सोचता हूँ, क्या मैं कभी इस अवस्था से ऊपर नहीं उठ सकता ?

राजेश कुमार जोशी  
कला ९ 'ब'

## परिश्रम कभी व्यर्थ नहीं जाता

एक रात तक कड़ी मेहनत करने के बाद ऐसी निराशा किसी को जान्य ही किसी को किसी ही । कल्पन से ही मेरी रात पचाई में थी और हजेरा कक्षा में प्रथम आता था । फिर मेघ जोरकर लेने कावेज में जो पड़ा हो उसके क्या कहते । यह बात मेरे दिमाग में अगला अगला बना चुकी थी । आते वन का चलन तो सब पता था जब यह बहुत कावेज पास करके मैंने दूसरे खुली में दाखिल की सोच में लूते पाद विष्ट वनर बहु भी खर्च ।

कक्षा 10 की परीक्षा देकर मैं अपने रात बना बना था । निताली मेरी-बाड़ी का काम करते थे । जो कुछ रोजे करने में अपना पैर काट कर मेरी सोच करने में और मैं इसके वरते सविन परिश्रम करके अपने बंक बना था ।

सविनार का दिन था । सब मैंने उसपर दरवाजा खोल तो घर की भीखट पर एक उलटा निराशा पड़ा था । मैंने इसे कक्षा और देखा तो मेरे कावेज से आता था । मेरा दिन बह-बह करने लगा क्योंकि मुझे पुरा निराशा था कि उसमें मेरा तरीकाफल भी होगा । बाबा की समझ बन कर उठी ही थी । मैं सोचता था उसके पास क्या और उनके हाथों में निराशा क्या कर कहा 'हाँ, ऐसे सोचने और देखने को अपने लेते के परिश्रम का फल ।' तो मैं अपनी-अपनी उसे सोचा और यह सोच कर कुली नहीं गयाई । मैं अपना रोज के कर्त्तव्य ही पड़ा था ।

यह खुशी सिर्फ कुछ ही दिनों की थी क्योंकि इसके बाद जिस कावेज में भी मैंने जावेरन-वग मेरा नहीं के निराशावस्तु उत्तर ही जान्य हुआ । सब निराशनों की सोई तुरी ही चुकी थी और निरा निराश के जो कोई बात तक नहीं करता था । वही तक कि खुल के प्रयागधाम के मिलने के लिए भी रात का करारा मोद केव से दीया करना पड़ता था ।

एसी प्रचार की बाहू बीच गए । कई भी अपनी पर पायी फिर क्या वरन्तु कोई सफलता न किसी, कोई फल न निराशा । जब मैं बाग्य पर मोटता तो मैं बहुत ही बाहू-धार के मेरी जावयगत करती पर उम्हू जब यह सादुर पालता कि मुझे नहीं दाखिला नहीं मिला तो उनकी स्नेहमयी आँखें पोंकी हो जाती और उनकी आँखें देखकर मेरे हृदय में अजीबोपरीय, उल्ट-वर्दीय विचार आने लगते ।

रात दिन दोड़-धुन करने के बाद एक कावेज लेने को जाती हुआ वरन्तु अपनी ही बाबा की मोटी रकम की काम में लगी । मैंने भी मैंने पून बना ही मेहनत समझा । किन्तु मेरे दिन उस बना का और उस पर माता-पिता की बेचैनी । मैं सोचता था न करता था । एक बार रेल की पटरी पर भी बाकर पैर बना पर एक आदमी ने बना दिया ।

मैंने भी सोच दिया था कि अब पढ़ाई नहीं करूँगा और अपने निराशों का हाथ बटाऊँगा । कथानक एक दिन एक कावेज के बन आया और उसमें खुशबखरी थी कि मुझे दाखिला मिल गया है । घर बाबा का खुशी के ठिकाना न रहा । अब उम्हू बहुत अपने बाकार वनर आने लगे थे जो उम्हूने मुझे लेकर लंबीए थे ।

कालिंद-उर-पहुँचाव

कक्षा 10 'अ'

## यदि मैं शिक्षा विभाग का सबसे बड़ा अधिकारी हो जाऊँ

यदि मैं शिक्षा विभाग का सबसे बड़ा अधिकारी हो जाऊँ तो मैं भारत में शिक्षा दिग्गजों के रूप में प्राथमिकी परिवर्तन करने की कोशिश करूँगा।

होए जाने विषयों की समझ में अत्यधिक विद्यार्थी के लिए केवल दो या तीन विषयों की अधिकतम सीमा रखूँगा। इस परिवर्तन का मद्दु मान्य होगा कि आज का भी विषयों का बोझा-बोझा ज्ञान होने के बजाय विद्यार्थी को वां सीमा विषयों में परीक्षा हो जाएगी।

मैं एक नया विषय जो बनाऊँगा जो कि अत्यधिक विद्यार्थी पर लागू होगा। उस विषय के अनुसार हर एक विद्यार्थी को एक या एक समस्याओं विषय दिया होगा जिससे कि अत्यधिक से उनके केलेबल नही रहना पड़ेगा।

विद्यालय की तो मैं काफी बड़ाका द्वारा क्योंकि नके-नके आचार्यकार तो इसी की बनीकल होते हैं और विद्यालय ही देश की प्रगति में समुदाय होता है। शिक्षकों द्वारा की जा रही गुरुत्वाकर्षण की शिक्षा को मैं बनाना दूँगा। बसाऊँ शिक्षा देने के रूप की समझ में अत्यधिक रूप रहना चाहूँगा। जिससे और विद्यार्थी के बीच में उनके हृदय हर की सीमा को मैं बिना दूँगा और उसके स्थान पर मैं एक सीमाता। परन्तु अत्यधिक विद्यालय बनाऊँगा।

सांघीयिक-रूप देने पर मैं रीक बना दूँगा क्योंकि इससे विद्यार्थी और को बरुदा हो जाते हैं एवं उनके बीच में विद्यार्थी का बीच बनने लगता है। अत्यधिक छात्रों (जो कि बड़ाई में बनाता पन्थे नही), के लिए मैं अत्यधिक विद्यालय में अतिरिक्त बनाई अत्यधिक शिक्षा कि बहुत ज्ञान पन्थे एक या कई और उनमें हीन बनना न बनने पाए।

मैं विद्यालय की अत्यधिक बनाने, देने कि हस्ताक्षर को अत्यधिक नही बनाना पड़े वह छात्रों द्वारा हो या अत्यधिक द्वारा; क्योंकि बहुत बाने देश की प्रगति में बनकल होते हैं। मैं विद्यालयों एवं विद्यालयियों में 'पैरिष' के बनकल पर रीक बना दूँगा।

विद्या के साथ-साथ मैं केवल-अतिरिक्तियों को भी बहुत दूँगा क्योंकि अत्यधिक विद्या के साथ अत्यधिक अतिरिक्त का होना जरूरी है।

अगर मैं अत्यधिक बानी बीच में इस पर पर (शिक्षा विभाग का सबसे बड़ा अधिकारी) पहुँचा तो मैं बहुत परिवर्तन बनाना चाहूँगा।

पृष्ठ 100

कक्षा 9 'ब'

## समस्या

जिस दिन आई० सी० एम० ई० का परीक्षाफल निकलना था, उस दिन मैं अपने मित्रों के साथ कुछ ही विद्यालय की ओर चल दिया। जैसे-जैसे विद्यालय पास आ रहा था, मेरे हृदय की धड़कन तेज होती-ती जाती थी, जिसकी वजह से विद्यालय पहुँचने तक मैं पसीने से लहा बना। जैसे ही प्रधानाचार्य जी ने परीक्षाफल दिखाया, मेरी जान में जान आई। कर्त्तव्य से उत्तर दलितत जनों के पास हुआ था, जो मेरी उम्मीद में कुछ अधिक ही थे।

आई० सी० एम० ई० तो पास कर लिया, परन्तु अब एक बड़ा प्रश्न आ गया हुआ—भारत की क्या मैं प्रवेश लेने का। सब अच्छे विद्यालयों की आवेदन पत्र भिजते-लिखते डॉकमेंट्स सब भर्ते, परन्तु अब उन्हें से एक-सा ही उत्तर आया—कि वहाँ सब-डॉकमेंट 'मीट' करो या चुकी है और अब कोई जगह खाली नहीं है।

घर में सबसब सभी परेशान हैं। मेरे अभिभावक सभी बड़े-बड़े विद्यालयों का चक्कर लगा चुके हैं और कई जगह निवारण के लिए घाघ-दोह कर चुके हैं, परन्तु किसी भी विद्यालय में प्रवेश मिल पाना मुश्किल हो रहा है।

कुछ विद्यालयों के प्रधानाचार्य तो प्रवेश देने की तैयार हो गए, परन्तु अब आई परीक्षाफल देना क्या तो उन्होंने यह उत्तर दे कर टाल दिया कि वे इनके कम जेबों में प्रवेश नहीं दे सकते। हर जगह निराशा हाथ लगने पर कभी-कभी घर में यह भी जाता है कि भारत की क्या की पढ़ाई न करके किसी 'टेकनीकल' संस्था में प्रवेश ले लेना चाहिए परन्तु बाद में पताचल हुआ कि इसके लिए भारत की क्या की 'पास' करना आवश्यक है।

विद्यालयों में प्रवेश लेना किन्तु मुश्किल काम है, इसका अनुभव मुझे उसकी क्या पास करके ही हुआ, और कलकत्ता में अपने आई० सी० एम० ई० परीक्षाफल का 'पोर्टफोर्ट' बनाने का रहा है, विद्यालयों के प्रधानाचार्यों की भेंट करने के लिए।

मेरे अनाम नाम  
कथा 10 'ब'

## *Badminton 1984*

Spurred on by enthusiastically cheering boys, the Badminton Tournament progresses every year in St. Joseph's. This year, however, it was a more homely affair without any outside patrons or guests. Even our Rev. Principal, Br M. D. O'Donohue, was away in Lucknow on the occasion of the Finals, attending a meeting of the Heads of the U.P. educational institutions.

The two most versatile, experienced and crafty players of the season gave a good account of themselves in their first encounter. These were R. Chaturvedi (Nahru House) and S. Siddiqui (Pant House). The latter, who had an advantage in age and seniority, just managed to emerge the victor. After that game the Middles and Junior Finals ran their course and provided plenty of excitement but only occasional snatches of excellent badminton. As they came to an end, it was taken for granted that nothing of interest was to follow. Already the contestants for the College Colours had played each other just an hour earlier in the evening and Chaturvedi had fallen to Siddiqui. That the latter would win again was a foregone conclusion.

So when the muscular and popular Siddiqui and his opponent, the rotund but equally popular Chaturvedi, stepped on to the Gymnasium Court, the cheering was polite rather than enthusiastic. Gradually, however, a hush fell on the spectators. Something astounding was happening before their eyes! Never before had even his greatest friends seen Chaturvedi move with such devastating speed and superb grace. No wonder the boys were dumbfounded as they watched this bulky boy dash, leap and turn with the speed and grace of a panther. Siddiqui, drawing on his considerable range of expertise and experience, sent across to him all the classic serves, volleys and lobs known to badminton players but they were all returned with monotonous regularity. The game was a treat to watch. Eventually Chaturvedi slipped ahead and by the narrowest of margins merited for himself the College Colours: perhaps the first time in the history of badminton in Sern that a Class VII boy has attained so exalted an honour.

Of course the number of victors was few. Yet some players have shown great promise. Among these are C. M. Nagi, S. Lakhotia and T. D. Gupta. So the reigning champion, S. Chaturvedi, will have to work hard to retain his title next year.

Dattu Krishnan  
Class X A

## Table Tennis 1984

"Hey, Ranjan! Look! The tables have been set up!" shouted Tameja, as he stood in the doorway of the gymnasium. This was the beginning of the table tennis fever in Sam. Every morning, before the official time for rising, the T.T. fanatics would rush to the lockers, change rapidly and then run to the gymnasium to occupy—or, in schoolboy phraseology, to 'bag'—a table.

On entering the gymnasium, one could perceive immediately that table tennis was being given top priority, from the undivided attention and wrapt concentration being devoted to practice sessions. In fact, woe betide anyone who tended to be a source of distraction. Then it was bats down, a concerted attack on the intruder and prompt eviction, even forcible if necessary!

This year a gratifying aspect of the tournament has been the whole-hearted participation of an unusually high number of day-scholars. Many of them waited back for an hour or two after classes in order to develop and refine their skill. Their efforts were rewarded in the high number of trophies they carried away, not only here in school but in the competitions held in the town.

When the allotted practice period had elapsed, Vineet Sarin, a methodical and hard-working Vice-Captain, was appointed official organizer and co-ordinator of the Table Tennis Tournament. Boys placed first in each House competed with the top rankers from the other Houses, thus making their way toward the finals through a steady process of elimination.

At last, on 18 September, the great day dawned. During class hours seating arrangements were finalised and the gymnasium suitably set up to cater for the finals. At this juncture Pant House had taken the lead, with Nehru House in hot pursuit, followed by Tagore House and trailed by Gandhi House.

On this occasion we were very happy to have as our Chief Guest perhaps the most popular and distinguished sports personality in Naini Tal, Mr. K.L. Dua. This venerable gentleman has, as he expresses it, been "serving the sportsmen of U.P. since 1939". In particular he is dear to the Staff and Students of all the schools and colleges of Naini Tal. It is he who supplies almost all their sports requisites in his uniquely prompt and efficient way. Ever obliging, he takes infinite pains to give satisfaction to all. But Mr. Dua's greatest attribute is that no matter how

great the rivalry that may exist between the institutions when tournament fever rages in this town, he remains a master of diplomacy and a model of impartiality. Because of this we tend to regard him primarily as a man of honour and a loyal friend. After that we respect him for being the excellent and astute businessman which he happens to be.

On behalf of the Principal, the Chief Guest was welcomed by the official announcer, Mr. G. Irwin. Then we all settled down to an evening of thrilling table tennis. The first game was played between Shailesh Ranjan and C. S. Dang for the 'A' Division Singles Championship, in which Shailesh secured a convincing victory. Then followed the 'C' Division Singles Championship between S.S. Bisht and G. Sah. This proved to be a real thriller in which two equally proficient players were pitted against each other in a grim battle for supremacy. It was finally concluded when S.S. Bisht emerged triumphant.

The second half of the proceedings opened with the final game of the evening: the fight for the College Colours between S. Ranjan and A. V. Sahai. A tremor of expectation rippled through the jam-packed mini-stadium and the sound of subdued murmuring was audible. This was what everybody had been waiting for. A piercing blast from the announcer's whistle brought silence from the spectators.

In the spectacular game that followed, both Sahai and Ranjan proved themselves experts in their favourite form of sport. Yet they demonstrated contrasting styles of specialisation: Sahai offensive and Ranjan defensive. Sahai, dynamic and agile, waited ferret-eyed for the slightest opportunity to deliver his devastating volleys. Yet for the first fifteen minutes, all his thundering smashes were coolly received and calmly returned with monotonous regularity.

But it was all too good to last. Gradually Ranjan's facade of imperturbable calm began to crack under the mounting strain. He tended to panic when he conceded a number of points in rapid succession. Soon, however, he regained control of himself. He used every trick in the book—elegant loop cuts, mind-boggling spins, blazing smashes—but failed to subdue his formidable opponent. A.V. Sahai earned for himself a convincing victory. The official Prize Distribution followed. To a fanfare of trumpeting cheers from appreciative throats, the victors were congratulated as the Table Tennis Season came to an end for 1984.

Shanker Lal Tewari and Sumant Rajendran  
Class X B

# *Annual Aquatic Meet 1984*

Although the Annual Aquatic Meet is usually held on September 4, we had to postpone it this year until the ninth of the month. With four soccer teams participating in three public tournaments in the Flats, football absorbed more time than usual during the rainy season. It all turned out for the best, however, when we were blessed with a bright sunny day, which cheered the spirits of competitors and spectators alike.

Most encouraging for us was the good news that our sisters and many of their friends from St. Mary's and All Saints' College would be in attendance as usual. Sun shades were erected, seating accommodation arranged, a modest amount of decoration was strung around the poolside and the stage was all set for the gala event.

As usual Brother Comber had the starter's gun in its holster slung low on his hip in readiness for quick draws and flying starts while our Coaches, Messrs. Gomes and Palmer, were on the alert, marshalling competitors and directing events. The gentlemen on our Staff were present in full force to judge the various contests while the ladies were prominent among the spectators: on this occasion it is an all-male affair so the ladies were free of all responsibility.

As soon as our Chaplain, Rev. Father Thomas, had punctually occupied his chair as Chief Guest, the events commenced. One followed rapidly on another. The newly introduced Junior School events were well received, while such novelty items as the Obstacle Race, Musical Chairs and Fancy Dress Swimathon were a welcome release from the prolonged strain of keen competition. As many of the better swimmers were tired and cold at the end of it all, it was decided that the Inter-House Water Polo Competitions should be postponed until the following week-end.

The Chief Guest, Rev. Fr. Thomas, spoke briefly and to the point on the great pleasure the guests had derived from the function and the high standard of proficiency achieved by the students. When the Principal had replied in appropriate terms, the prizes were distributed. Then, huddled in their dressing gowns, the contestants stood to attention while the guests filed from the poolside.

Another successful swimming season had come to an end. Once again Messrs Gomes and Palmer had trained a number of new swimmers and had also managed to make the months at the poolside and in the water pleasant and profitable for all of us.

Jinesh Prasad  
Class IX A



## Billiards 1984

The wabbed, aplayed back-hands cradle the cues. They stab the white and cannon off the red balls despatching them into yawning pockets. Now, a lethal jab. Next, a gentle push. Then, a sharp thrust, followed by a volley of cannon-fire and the balls are speared, deflected and swallowed seconds later by the waiting pockets.

Their eyes say it all. They never leave the balls. Hunched over the billiard tables are the billiardiers of Sem.

Billiards holds a prominent place among the extra-curricular activities of Sem and the packed billiard room does justice to its popularity. Our Billiard Club is well equipped with two well maintained standard size tables and a six-foot table for the novices. Thanks to our zealous coach, Rav. Br. T.A. Comber, the cues, (especially their tips), the balls, the cloth, the cushions and of course, the boys themselves are in tip-top shape.

The advent of this year's academic session saw almost a hundred members in the Club—an all-time high. The rest of the year was spent in learning new techniques and in perfecting the old ones. This was all done under the expert guidance of our Coach, who is very particular about the maintenance of the equipment and discourages hard, reckless shots.

Months of pumping cues and pummeling balls across an oblong table honed the players' skills well enough for them to take part in the tournaments. The month of September saw serious play, especially by those aspiring to the College Colours.

The 'pools' having been drawn up, the Tournaments got under way by the middle of October. Soon, on all three tables, the final stages of the Tournaments were reached. There was a measure of excitement this year when two prominent players were unexpectedly eliminated: M. Wadia on the Second Table and A.K. Jain on the first. On the Third Table M. Siddiqui emerged victorious, having defeated the dashing, debonair Tarun D. Gupta in the Finals. Next, on the Second Table, Pankaj Jain disposed of serious and tenacious S.S. Baghel and thus topped his competition.

For me, your unworthy Scribe, November 2 will always be a red-letter day in my life because it was on that day that I became the Senior Billiards Champion of Sem and thus won for myself the coveted College Colours. I had expected to battle with Atul K. Jain but Nikhil

Nunes caused a major upset when he disposed of Atul in the other semi-final.

Nikhil and I kept abreast up to the score of 80 each. At that stage I was fortunate in securing two very lucrative breaks, which gave me a comfortable lead. Nikhil fought back gallantly and kept creeping up on me, never allowing me to entertain any feelings of security. I was fortunate, however, in reaching the security of the obligatory 200 points before him and, in doing so, becoming the victor.

The results of the Doubles Tournaments are given hereunder :

**First Table :**

Winners :	N. Nunes and C. S. Dang
Runners-up :	A. Chanana and A. K. Shah

**Second Table :**

Winners :	P. Jain and S. Rajendran
Runners-up :	Shane Min and S. Bansal

**Third Table :**

Winners :	S. Srivastava and H. Rashid
Runners-up :	N. Chowfin and Jiffy J. Joseph

Thus terminated the billiards season for 1984 in Sem.

Sadly for the multitudes the game still remains an area of mystery trapped in the morass of the incomprehensible. It was destined to be a little more popular than only croquet, mahjong and backgammon. Let us hope, however, that in the future it will be given more emphasis and recognition.

Anupam K. Shah  
Class X B

## Rowing : 1984

For us Semitea rowing is our cherished heritage. For the past fifty years our crews have been a familiar sight on the Naini Tal Lake. The three racing boats, which were imported from England well over a half-century ago, are still in use, often repaired and reconditioned over the past five decades but still well preserved despite their advanced age. In addition to these, we have a locally made 'practice racer' for beginners, a seven-seater unsinkable steel boat for general transport purposes across the lake and finally, the light-weight, fast, two-oar canoe which the Principal uses whenever the fleet is on the water. All six boats are kept in dry dock in the College Boat House; they take off from the floating ramp which is moored on to the docking area adjacent to it.

Those of us who are fond of rowing are very fortunate that our Principal happens to be a keen oarsman himself. It was due to him that boating was revived just over two years ago when he came to Nainital, the boats reconditioned and the Boat House renovated. His interest and criticism, usually constructive, is a constant inspiration and a source of encouragement to us.

Normally we begin our boating season early in June. Yet when the rains are late and we are burdened with a heavy football schedule, boating suffers. Because of all this, we got off to a late start this year.

As soon as all of us had graduated from the practice boat to the racers, with either Mr. Gomes or Mr. Palmer as Cox, we were awarded marks individually at every practice on our performances. On the basis of our proficiency throughout the season, the four best oarsmen were identified and from the rest of the Rowing Club Members, each selected his crew of four. In this manner we had our four crews for the annual regatta and their captains were S. Ranjan, Uday Singh, Jinesh Prasad and this present writer.

At this stage we were on the Lake every evening to compensate for the time lost earlier in the season. Gradually each crew acquired its rhythm, fewer crabs were caught and less water shipped. Valuable seconds were progressively being knocked off our timings for the double length of the Lake as our skill increased and our strokes lengthened.

When we were ready to prove our skill, the competition began on a league basis, those tell-tale stopwatches being the deciding factors in revealing our competence in order of merit. Finally, Jinesh Prasad's crew and that of the present writer made it to the Final.

On the morning of Sunday, 18 November, the whole school was assembled on the Shady Mall to cheer on the Finalists. Across the Lake on the Mall Road quite a crowd has gathered. Perhaps we could not rival the skill of the Oxford and Cambridge crews of eight. Yet our coxed crews of four had managed to generate, even on a small scale, something of the atmosphere one would expect to find on the banks of the Thames. After all, our Race was a purely intramural affair because there is no other rowing club in Naini Tal and no races other than ours on the Lake. Hence there is nobody here in a position to offer us any competition. In this we stand alone.

Stop-watches were clicked into movement with the shrill note of the starter's whistle. Jinesh's crew and mine shot off together and we remained abreast until we were half-way down the Lake and well clear of Smugglers' Rock. Gradually my crew edged ahead and by the time we were making our approach for the turn at the Temple Buoy, we were a comfortable two lengths in the lead. Our navigation round the Temple Buoy, was sharp and smooth. So without any loss in speed we were on the homeward stretch, having slightly increased the distance between ourselves and our rivals. We were flagged past the winning buoy well in the lead with a timing of 12 minutes, 50.75 seconds, the Champion Crew and the winners of the Rowing Colours for 1984.

It was really hard luck on Jinesh and his Crew. In their semi-final they had rowed beautifully and registered a timing of 12 minutes 34.18 seconds, the best timing recorded since 1974.

The thanks of all the club members go out to Messrs. Gomes and Palmer for all that they have done to make this rowing season a memorable one. A special word of appreciation and gratitude to the Principal for his interest and patronage.

Manish Wadia  
Class IX A

# Elocution and Declamation 1984

For some ten days before the Inter-Class Elocution and Declamation Contests, there was feverish activity in all the classrooms. Apart from the care and attention given to the memorization of passages and to proper enunciation, other important matters such as movement on and off the stage, effective grouping and precision in bowing to the audience were practised with diligence and perseverance. By 22 October all was ready for the contest.

The Junior School Classes, I through V, were first on stage for Choral Verse Speaking. In general their pieces were brief but well selected and presented. Class V A were declared the winners with a score of 72 per cent and the runners-up were Class III A with a total of 66 per cent. In the Middle School a score of 87 per cent gave an easy victory to VIII B for their excellent rendition of THE ENCHANTED SHIRT by John Hay. In second position came Class VII A with a total of 80 per cent. In the Senior School, Classes X B and IX A, with scores of 81 per cent and 75 per cent respectively, secured first and second places.

The Declamation Contest was more interesting than the earlier one, the participants having greater scope for displaying their individual versatility. In General, the pieces selected were appropriate. Most were standard pieces while some few were humorous and even daring. The winners in Junior, Middle and Senior Schools were respectively Ryan Lewis, V B (78 per cent), Sheldon Rodricks VI B (84 per cent) and Uday Singh, X B (80.3 per cent), while the runners-up were E. David (77.3 per cent), V. Singh, VI B (81 per cent) and N. Nunes, X B (80 per cent).

The experience of participating in these Contests was most enlightening for all of us. It helped us realize how important it is to speak clearly and distinctly. Listening to class groups and individuals revealed to us how beautiful and musical a language is when it is spoken properly.

Sudhir Nunes  
Class VIII B

# The 97th Annual Athletic Meet

"Swifter, Higher, Stronger" is the motto of the most esteemed international competitive congregation in the world—the Olympics. To achieve the ideals embodied in the Olympic motto is the aim of all true sportsmen, including our own athletes—in their own humble way—here in S. J. C.

The advent of the month of May this year heralded the arrival of the sports' season. Much promising talent, only awaiting exploitation, was revealed. For the Captains in particular, it was the most taxing time of the year. But one favourable result was that the general sense of discipline and orderliness already instilled into each participant was intensified.

May 14 saw the opening ceremony of the 97th Annual Athletic Meet, over which Lt. Col. Y. K. Kohli presided. The highlights of the function included the lighting of the flame, symbolizing the commencement of the athletic competitions, the march past of the Houses and the formal taking of the promise of sportsmanship.

As Sports' Day approached more heats were run off and the sense of competition became keener. Practice intensified. Advice was delivered by the 'champs', young and old, beside the tracks and pits. Those contending for the 'Best Man' awards keenly observed the performances of their rivals, anxiously assessing their own chances of success by comparison with them.

Meanwhile the customary P. T. Displays were taking shape and were being brought to near perfection under the watchful eyes of Messrs Gomes and Palmer. In a surprisingly short time, the various drills were blended into impressive, smoothly-flowing Drill Displays. Eventually all was ready well in time for Sports Day, Saturday May 26.

Unlike the previous year, the weather was beautiful on this occasion. We spent the morning putting out chairs, erecting tents and giving the last few touches everywhere so that all would be in perfect readiness for 2 p.m., zero hour. Dead on time to the martial strains of the P. A. C. Brass Band our boys marched from the multipurpose College Quadrangle on to the arena and circled the track. The salute was taken by Lt Gen Bhupinder Singh, G.O.C. Central Command, who was the Chief Guest for the Athletic Section of the afternoon programme. Of the four Houses, Blue was declared the best marching unit by a panel of judges. Yet the spirits of the other Houses were in no way dampened. Perhaps it was an omen that when all the other Houses came on to the track, clad in their bright House colours, the sun broke through the clouds bathing their serried

## ***Annual Concert 1984***

This year we found ourselves with a very crowded schedule as we approached the end of the second term. So we had to break with tradition by postponing our annual concert from 5 September to the 20th of that month. Preparations were hurried but, in spite of that, we did put a lot of hard work into them. All was ready well in time, the stage tastefully decorated and the props stored nearby for immediate use.

Our Annual Concert this year was a family affair: only the SEM family of Staff and Students was present at it. In fact, we had prepared it ourselves as a tribute to our teachers. We had intended it to be our manner of letting them know how much we appreciate all they do for us during the year and how grateful we are to them. It was our united gift:

"To each Sir and Miss, with Love"!

We staged four dramas in all, with supporting numbers between Acts from the newly-formed instrumental quintet, "The Vibrators".

The first drama on the boards was presented by the Juniors and was adjudged the most artistic production of the evening. In TIMUR KI HAR, these young boys gave a gripping presentation of Timur's attack on an Indian village and revealed how a fearless young boy confronted Timur himself. The great king respected the youth for his manly courage and to prove his admiration for him he withdrew his troops, having spared the lives and property of all the people of the village.

CRAZY CRICKET, a mime, was hilarious. Some of the terms and expressions used in cricket are quaint and peculiar to the uninitiated. But when the characters on stage demonstrate the real, every-day meaning of these terms during the course of a cricket commentary, the result provokes much laughter. In this farce Class IX B were in their element, being far more impressive as cricket players on the stage than they are when confronted with their arch-rivals, IX A, on the cricket field!

The next drama in Hindi, HIRNEA KASHYAP, depicted the Gods of Mythology coming down on earth today to do something about the evil condition of the world. But these Divine Beings are powerless

when faced with the enigma of modern life and the complexity of our legal system. Even Lord Vishnu fails. Because he has killed a demon he is hauled into court and condemned to death for murder ! This drama was well acted. It alternated between tragic and comic situations and was well received by the audience.

In the final drama, also in Hindi, we witnessed another amusing comedy, but with a sad message. The scene was set in court. But, sad to remark, Justice had become the slave of those litigants who had the most money and who were, therefore, capable of bribing all the right people at the right time. It was a story of the triumph of evil over innocence, all because of the greed that is in man's heart.

As far as we were concerned, the concert was a success. In putting on the various items and dramas, we followed our own ideas and took advice as well as help from some of the Brothers when necessary. In this way we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We know from the reaction of the Staff during the concert and from their comments later on that they, too, took pleasure in our efforts. This has been an encouragement to us. We are all aware of the fact that SEM has already given to the Indian stage and screen a Star, who also happens to be an actor: a personality who has achieved world recognition. The encouragement we receive from our teachers may, in the future, produce from among our ranks another Nasiruddin Shah. Unless we keep trying we as well as the devotees of the Indian stage and screen, will never know !

Manish Wadia  
Class IX A



# The Library

A library, as we all know, is a room or building in which a collection of books is contained. Most educational institutions have libraries and our College is no exception to the general rule. In fact, we have two large libraries. One of these caters to the staff and students. The other is a private library containing a large number of spiritual and secular literary works. This library is exclusively for the use of the Brothers because it has been built up and developed by them over the years since the last decade of the Nineteenth Century.

Although our library, which is at present under the charge of Brother P.B. Walsh, has been functioning for many decades and new books have been added regularly to it, this year it was thoroughly renovated at considerable cost. New glassed-in book shelves were constructed to cover almost all of the wall space and in between them, magazine racks were erected. Old books were newly bound and a larger selection than usual of recent publications was added to our stock. Show cases in which a wide selection of cereals, pulses, stones, and fossils are now displayed, with appropriate illustrative and labelled diagrams, were added and they are of great interest to us. Because of all this, the library was a very popular place with all of us on our return to College after the winter vacation.

Since March, therefore, the library has been well used. We find the books interesting and informative on a wide range of subjects. The more senior boys are frequently consulting the reference section when working on essays and projects. For those who are interested in Hindi Literature and Fiction, there is a well-stocked section which caters to their reading tastes. Newspapers, magazines and periodicals fill the racks. For serious research or for light study, for take-away reading material or for light browsing, there is provision for all in our library.

S. Lakotia  
Class IX A

# The Sunday Movie

Sunday is a day of rest and prayer. It also brings us a very welcome respite from the Monday through Saturday study and games schedule. Come evening, we relax under a leisurely hot shower, then rustle up an extra supply of tuck and, by five o'clock, are all ready to assemble in our comfortable and spacious College Auditorium for the Sunday movie.

This is, indeed, for us the social occasion *par excellence* of the entire week and is, in fact, of greater significance for us than the Monday Morning Assembly. Not only are our Staff present with their spouses and children but also with us is a contingent of fellow-students from our neighbouring Colleges, St. Mary's and All Saints, some 60 in all, but alternating week by week on a strictly impartial basis. Perhaps their presence would explain that little bit of extra attention we boys give to dress and appearance. Although in casual dress, there is nothing either casual or haphazard about our selection of garments for the occasion, or the manner in which we wear them!

As for the films that have been screened during the year, some 40 in all, we have thoroughly enjoyed them. In fact, that vast 70 mm. silver screen has left us oblivious of those new, form-fitting STYLO chairs on which we recline and even of the rival attraction of those young ladies just a double-arm's length from us across the aisle!

During the course of the year, we returned in imagination to the pre-Christian era in order to join THE LAST FLIGHT OF NOAH'S ARK. In fact, in our mind's eye, we still feel very much at home with THE MIGHTY HIMALAYAN MAN, keep our cool when THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK and are unaffected by the terrors of THE BLACK HOLE. We are with THE CHAMP when he decides to TAKE A HARD RIDE and are all back at the barriers when HERBIE RIDES AGAIN. We concede that the memory of THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN still haunts us. But then we are soothed by the gentle touch of INTERNATIONAL VELVET. A little time in THE THIRTY-SIXTH CHAMBER OF SHAOLIN enables us to cope with all forms of HANKY PANKY. Then when the tense situation in KRAMER VERSUS KRAMER deeply moves us, we get away from it all when we ENTER THE NINJA. So before we come to THE END in order to ESCAPE

TO VICTORY, we recall a year of excellent films and of uninterrupted viewing. For this, our very sincere thanks go out TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

We are happy, therefore, to extend to Brother P. B. Walsh our deep appreciation of the excellence of his choice and our gratitude for the regularity with which the viewing schedule was observed. Also we pay a well-deserved tribute to our Accountant-Projectionist, Mr. Jagdish Sah Gangola, for never once being absent during the course of the year when a film had to be screened and for the excellent condition in which he maintains all our projectors—16 m.m. as well 35 m.m. Thank you, Mr. Jagdishji !

Perikshat Oberoi

Class IX A

## Audio - Visual Musings

In the early months of the year, there was quite an amount of discussion and dialogue between the Principal and the Student Officials on many matters, including television sets and video recorders. Then when the Principal left for Delhi over the July month-end, nobody seemed to realize why until he returned with a Sony television set and a National Panasonic VCR.

Excitement ran high. Then followed a week of intense activity. Different locations were tried out for the TV antennae in an effort to catch the extremely weak signal from the Naini Tal Relay Station, which is cut off from us by the shoulder of All Saints hill. Eventually the TV found a permanent home in the Auditorium. Finally, a special cabinet was brought from Delhi to house both the TV and the VCR.

The next problem was the size of the TV screen. We found it too small for the Auditorium. So once again the Captains had further discussions with the Principal. As a result, on came another Sony TV, this time a bigger model with a 70 mm. screen. A larger cabinet was provided and a stronger, more durable VCR installed. All were very happy with the newer set-up.

Then followed a meeting with the Principal at which he explained to us that for the present the College had done as much as it had intended to do on our behalf. The rest would be our responsibility. It would be up to us now to set up a committee, the members of which would be responsible for building up a film library as well as for arranging the weekly viewing schedule for the different classes in consultation with him. Should anything go wrong with the TV or the VCR, it would be repaired or replaced solely at our expense. Our Committee would be in sole charge and the Staff would always be welcome as our guests.

The months have rolled by and the year is drawing to an end. Now we look back with satisfaction and a certain amount of justifiable pride on our achievement. We have run efficiently daily shows from 8.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., at which our boarders have been present according to the viewing schedule that we have drawn up. Staff members and their families drop in frequently to get as much enjoyment as we do out of sixty

odd video-cassettes we have collected so far. And when these have been played, there is always St. Mary's next door on whom we can rely for interesting video-cassette exchanges, all to our mutual satisfaction.

In all negotiations towards the selection and purchase of our video equipment, our guide and mentor has been the father of Shailesh Podder. We express here our deep appreciation of the time and expertise which Mr. Naval Podder has devoted to our interests and we assure him of the depth and sincerity of our gratitude.

This writer also expresses his thanks to the other members of the Video Committee for their tireless and efficient co-operation.

Shane Min

President : Video Committee

# The Twin Towers

Our College can be seen easily from most important parts of the city of Naini Tal. This is so because of the twin towers in front of the main building. These towers are also visible from all the hills around the city. It is because of all this that St. Joseph's College is the most prominent building in Naini Tal.

Our College buildings are also very beautiful because before the old Brothers long ago made the buildings, they all sat down first and made all the plans for the many different parts of the College. They made one set of buildings in the shape of a rectangle with the quadrangle in the centre and another set of buildings in the form of a much bigger rectangle with the main field right in the middle, so that from a helicopter flying high overhead it all looks like one small rectangle sitting on top of a much bigger rectangle which is the main field.

Many tourists come to see the beautiful city of Naini Tal to enjoy the cool air and the lovely views. Many of these tourists climb our hill to visit Government House. But they make many mistakes and they think our College is Raj Bhavan. But we meet them and point out to them the road leading into the Governor's residence. Then after an hour or two very many of these visitors return to our College and they tell us they are disappointed and that our College is much more beautiful than Raj Bhavan. We all know that this is true because our twin towers make SEM look like an ancient castle built in the Middle Ages.

Once upon a time there was a quiet little fellow in our College and he loved it very much because of the twin towers from which he used to look down upon the lake and the city. When he was making a new movie he wanted to put his son into a good and famous school. Then he thought of the twin towers of SEM. So he brought his son and then a huge truck with a generator in the back of it for making electricity came all the way past the swimming pool and up to the very top of the hill exactly in front of the twin towers. Then they turned on the lights and took out the big movie cameras and they made the movie. They called it MASOOM and of course the famous actor in it was our old student who loved the twin towers and his name is Nasiruddin Shah.

Avinash K. Pant  
Class IV A

## STAFF



*Left to Right  
Sitting :—*

Mrs. M. D. Palmer,	Sr. H. Cota,	Sr. A. Sequera,	Bro. E. B. Lyng,
Bro. T. A. Cornher,	Bro. M. D. O'Donohue (Principal),	Bro. P. S. Murphy,	
Bro. J. P. Murray,	Sr. Sebastiana Lobo,	Mrs. J. Mansood,	

*1st Row :—*

Miss B. Joshi,	Mrs. L. Sah,	Mrs. A. Meneses,	Mrs. B. Jain,
Mrs. H. Simpson,	Mrs. Y. Tahir,	Mrs. S. Singh,	Mrs. P. Medley,
Mrs. K. Pant,	Miss E. Rana,		

*2nd Row :—*

Mr. P. L. Sah,	Mr. O. F. Gomez,	Mr. R. Chandra,	Mr. S. C. Sah,
Mr. H. C. Sah,	Mr. J. P. Sah,	Mr. J. Meneses,	Mr. D. C. Sah,
Mr. T. A. Syed,			

*3rd Row :—*

Mr. T. Pant,	Mr. M. K. Joshi,	Mr. Joshi,	Mr. B. Jacob,	Mr. T. Jacob,
Mr. G. Barrett,	Mr. M. D. Palmer,	Mr. G. Irwin,	Mr. P. Medley,	

## CAPTAINS



V. SARIN



J. REHMAN  
College Captain



A. H. NADRI



S. D. KHAN



ranks in brilliant sunshine and importing a festive atmosphere to the afternoon's proceedings.

Following the March Past came the track events in rapid succession. Perhaps the most exciting and spectacular of these were the relay races. The Invitation Relay, in which our Old Boys competed against us, brought us pleasure and satisfaction : there was a thrill in defeating those boys who, but a few years ago, were our seniors ! With the Servants' and Band races, the first part of the programme was brought to an end. It was time for refreshments and then a change of dress for the remaining part of the programme.

Punctually at 1600 hours His Excellency, Sri C.P.N. Singh, Governor of Uttar Pradesh, arrived with his entourage to preside over the Drills and Gymnastics Displays. Just a few days earlier he had landed on our campus on a helipad specially laid out for him. On that occasion he had been given a civic reception, the girls from St. Mary's and All Saints' Colleges, as well as our boys, forming the special Guard of honour. Sprightly and alert at 60 years of age, H.E. was now accorded a standing ovation as he entered the arena and was escorted to the podium by the Principal, Br. O'Donohue.

With H.E. and his entourage settled in their places, the spectators were now entertained to a well co-ordinated and spectacular exhibition, proof in itself of the rigorous practice and valuable time the boys had contributed to make it a success. Over 600 boys, comprising day as well as residential students, gave a good account of themselves with dazzlingly brisk and well synchronized movements which enthralled the spectators and evoked their spontaneous applause.

The winning House—Green—took the lead in the final March Past, the other Houses following in order of merit. Then the whole College came to a halt in square formation, cordoning off the well arrayed prize stand. When the parents and other guests had gathered round the boys, the Principal welcomed His Excellency, thanking him for the great honour he had bestowed on the College through canceling other official engagements so that he could be with us that afternoon. He recalled H.E.'s friendship with St. Joseph's : to us, Staff and Students, he is our nearest neighbour and a close friend, who, in numerous ways, has proved his interest in and concern for us over the years. He then invited H.E. to address the assembly. Extracts from the text of the address are given hereunder.

When H.E. had concluded his speech, the National Flag was solemnly lowered to the bugle strains of "Abide with me". Then the assembled students sang the National Anthem to the accompaniment of the P.A.C. Brass Band. The whole College remained at attention in respectful

## VICE-CAPTAINS



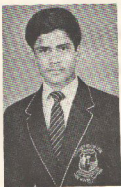
V. RAWAL



H. K. GHA

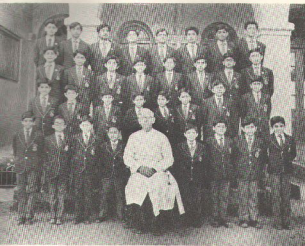


D. KRISHNAN



S. L. TEWARI

## MONITORS



*Left to Right :—*

*1st Row :—*

A. Jaiswal, L. Sah, M.P.S. Rastola, B. Bhatt, Rev. Bro.  
M.D. O'Donoghue, R. Palmer, A. McIntosh, R. Raj Singh,  
M. Owen.

*2nd Row :—*

A. Tiwari, F. Mumtaz, T. Pathak, V. Rawat, D. Moudkhi,  
V. Kumar, A. Gomes, S. Sah

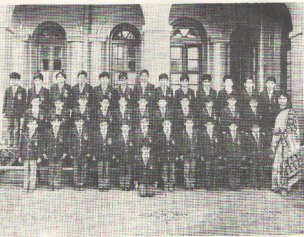
*3rd Row :—*

S. Arora, S. Consul, V. Raj Singh, K.C. Pradyat, M. Zorshan  
S. Kumar, A.K. Sinha, A. Nadri.

*4th Row :—*

J. Jani, S. Kejriwal, R. Ebenezer, H. Harris, R. Dogra, R.L. Tiwari,  
H. Rasheed, A.Z. Nayyar

## Class I



*Left to Right*

*1st Row :—* Gagan Sah, Anil Rastogi, Purnot Tandon, Piyush Bhatt, Rudeshwar Singh, Manmoh Upadhyay, Shanti Raj Goll, Nimai Swaroop, Nalla Durgapal, Nishant Puro, Eric Chen, Trivendra Bhatt, Sachin Thakur

*2nd Row :—* Abhinav Gangola, Darshan Sah, Rodney Palmer, Apoorva Sah, Gaurav Pandey, Dhruv Bhatt, Gaurav Sah, Ovi Ullah Khan, Divya Pant, Deepak Vaid, Hazel Sah.

*3rd Row :—* Sumit Sah, Tribhuvan Bhatt, Anubhupal Singh, Shashank Joshi, Mayank Bhatt, Nikhil Gorla, Pawan Sah, Siddhartha Pandey, Nalin Pant, Anurag Kumar, Harsh Chitwal.

*Class Teacher :—* Mrs. P. McElroy.

*Kaerling :—* Shashank Pandey.

## Class II



*Left to Right*

*1st Row :-* Deepak Pant, Hemant Sah, Anuj Chandra, Rakshit Bhatt, Hriday Sah, Chandresh Sah, Anurag Sah, Arvind Joshi, Akash Awasthi, Alok Bhojani, Dinesh Sah, James Joseph.

*2nd Row :-* Gaurav Khelra, Madhurey Dube, Arvindh Pandey, Amit Pathar, Vikas Pandey, Mohit Sangari, Krith Menzies, Ashish Sah, Gagan Deep Singh, Sandeep Mehta, Taran Raj Sachdev, Vinay Krishna, Gaurav Singh.

*3rd Row :-* Avitabh Chaudhary, Vivek Singh, Anshuman Nayal, Anuj Jaiswal, Kasual Mohan Joshi, Bhargava Sah, Krunal Sah, Anvishwar Singh, Vishal Dhar, Mark Palmer, Mahendra Rastogi, Rohit Sah.

## Class III A



*Left to Right*

*Standing* :— Ankur Mehta, Johnson Joseph, Sailish Sah, Chandra Mohan Bhatt, Vashinder Dhillon, Prasen S. Bhat, Rudolf Dick, Navneet Anand, Rahul Singh, Rajat Khanna.

*1st Row* :— Manish Khatri, Ganav Bhakuni, Shakti Tandon, Rajeev Pinto, Abhinav Jotai, Chaitanya Belwal, Yogesh Tewari, Vikram Bishi, Shailendra Tandon, Vikas Jainwal.

*2nd Row* :— Rahul Thomas, Sadhir Upadhyay, Jatin Sanjibem, Rohit Ahuja, Rajat Agarwal, Nikhil Pande, Mohanash Franjee, Himanshu Tewari, Sachin Sah, Mani Tewari, Vivek Rawat.

*3rd Row* :— Sachin Kumar, Shardul Rawat, Prasadra N. Sah, Vikas Mittal, Sharja Khan, Rajeev Ebomere, Lov Sah, Navneet Nairwal, Rajeev Sah, Shailish Bhatta.

## Class III B



*Left to Right*

*1st Row :-* V. S. Sharma, K. Sahni, M. Tewari, S. Tewari, V. Senual, A. Jagati,  
A. Joshi, H. Arora, A. Kumar, S. Sah, D. D'Mello.

*2nd Row :-* M. Pangley, P. Achikari, B. Bhatt, R. Sah, S. Gupta, C. Singh,  
J. Kumar, L. Sah, V. Gaurani, V. Sah.

*3rd Row :-* P. Pant, H. Joshi, P. C. Pant, N. Bhat, A. Mimal, N. Pais,  
A. P. Singh, C. S. Bhat, H. Randhawa, A. Bhat, R. A. Sweet, K. Kumar.

*4th Row :-* A. Desaiwal, M. B. Shah, S. A. Basal, M. Coulter, B. Sah, D.M. Khan,  
R. Nyas, N. Gautam, S. R. Shah, A. Chaturvedi, A. Shahi.

*Class Teacher :-* Mrs. B. Sampson.

## Class IV A



*Left to Right*

*Class Teacher :—* R. Jacob

*Boy Sitting :—* H. Gupta

*1st Row :—* V. Kohli, A. Vishnu, V. Awasthi, K. Sah, A. Bhatt, J. Joshi, U. Joshi,  
S. Adhikari, M. Pandey, P. Joshi.

*2nd Row :—* L. M. Sah, N. Sarason, R. Sah, A. Gupta, S. Karnatak, P. Dogra,  
M. Campbell, A. Chandola, R. Kapoor, R. D. Rosario, S. Sah,  
V. Kumar.

*3rd Row :—* J. Singh, R. Ananya, F. Mumtar, S. Sah, A. Goel, Jaiyeer Singh,  
K. L. Jha, R. Agrawal, S. Luke, B. S. Dhami, R. Tandon.

*4th Row :—* R. Ferro, R. Sultan, V. Bajpai, A. Maheshwari, S. E. Upadhyay,  
Z. A. Khan, S. Sah, S. Kumar, V. S. Viki, P. Chaturvedi,  
A. Chaturvedi.



## Class IV B



*Left to Right*

*Class Teacher :-* Mrs. S. Singh.

*1st Row :-* P. Chandra, N. Kumar, A. Sah, T. Mehta, A. Chaudhary, K. Pandey,  
K. Misra, A. Jagati, V. Sah, V. John.

*2nd Row :-* A. Agrawal, P. Sah, B. Mehta, V. Sharma, K. Mehta, H. Sah,  
P. S. Rawat, D. Matlekkhi, S. Puri, D. Rawat, M. Oswal.

*3rd Row :-* P. George, M. Kalia, N. Bansal, R. S. Rao, S. Chaudhary, H. Gill,  
N. Sinha, S. Gupta, A. K. Singh, Q. Bhatt, M. L. Sah.

*4th Row :-* S. Sah, A. Tewari, S. Joshi, N. Chhinwal, S. S. Anand, M. Pande,  
H. P. N. Singh, T. S. Anand, S. Nayal, G. A. Palmer, R. Pushkar,  
R. Anand.

## Class V A



*(Left to Right)*

- 1st Row :—** I. Banerjee, S. Bhatt, A. Tewari, P. Martin, G. Mehrotra,  
Mrs. M. D. Palmer, A. Dhallia, R. S. Anora, U. Panda, S. Solomon,  
T. S. Bhatt.
- 2nd Row :—** M. Nya, P. Mehta, F. T. Hsiung, M. Sethi, D. Singh, A. Garbiyal,  
P. Lamba, R. Thunai, S. Lamba, P. Pant, H. Kumar, A. Gangola,  
A. Garg.
- 3rd Row :—** M. Mehara, S. Bhatt, I. Singh, P. Pant, A. Sah, V. Sah, R. Hussain,  
M. Khatriwal, M. Khanna, D. Bhatt, C. Menon, V. Dick.
- 4th Row :—** A. Tewari, Anuj Tewari, Anand Tewari, J. R. Bhatt, G. Kapoor,  
A. Anora, N. Wamodew, A. Roy, S. Noya, R. Nalla, A. Sah,  
A. Lamba.

## Class V B



(Left to Right)

- 1st Row :—** A. K. Srivastava, V. Verma, S. R. Kameshwara, R. Pant, A. Chhinwal,  
Mrs. A. Menon, E. David, T. Pathak, M. Gangola, R. Sah,  
M. Sharma.
- 2nd Row :—** A. Gangola, Y. Mehrotra, V. Bishi, A. Kumar, S. A. John, M. Sah,  
A. Pant, A. Joshi, R. Lewis, M. Joshi, J. Pant, R. Gharai,  
A. Bhargava.
- 3rd Row :—** S. Sharma, J. A. Syed, N. Bangola, A. Sah, S. R. Kamal, A. Gomez,  
A. D. Mahal, A. Sah, R. Sangari, M. K. Pande, M. Sarwal, S. Joshi,  
D. Batra.
- 4th Row :—** V. Batra, I. Singh, H. C. Liu, C. Harbola, A. N. Singh, G. S. Kohli,  
D. Singh, S. N. Ail, V. Bhalla, R. P. Shrivatsa, D. Bishi.

silence until the Governor and his entourage had left the sports' arena.

For us students it was the end of a perfect day, the three days holidays granted by H.E. brightening our horizon with visions of home and family. We were to be united with them, however briefly, before the commencement of the Second Term.

Anupam Singh  
Class X B

## Presidential Speech of His Excellency, Sri C.P.M. Singh, Governor of Uttar Pradesh

Mr. Principal, Members of the College Staff, my Young Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen,

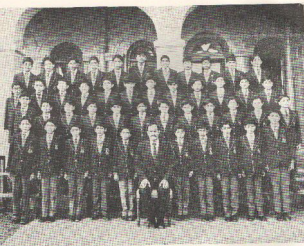
The Annual Sports and Prize Distribution Ceremony is an important event in the life of an educational institution and of its students. Sports and games not only provide an opportunity for healthy entertainment but also inculcate in boys and girls a spirit of sportsmanship, healthy competition and camaraderie, which are a must for achieving success in any field of activity. They also help in the physical development of the students and thus contribute to the all-round development of the students' personality, which is the aim of our education. Sports and games thus form an integral part of our education programme.

Education is a life-long continuous process. The mere passing of examinations is not—and should not be—the aim of our education. The real aim of education is to make the students real human beings by developing their personality in its totality and bringing out the best in them. It is the teachers' job to make their pupils aware of the need of right conduct, to develop in them the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong and to inspire and encourage them to follow the right path. It should be the endeavour of the teaching community to drive out evil and malice from the hearts of their students and to kindle the sparks of Divinity and Goodness in them.

As I have said often : Beatitude, Perfection and Excellence should be the motto of all our educational institutions. Our educational institutions should try to kindle in the hearts of their alumni the urge to strive always to achieve this goal, whether inside their campuses or outside the portals of their institutions. I hope that the students of this College will always keep this goal before them in whatever they do throughout their lives.

The country is today passing through difficult times. We are faced with both external and internal dangers. The climate that is developing around the country is a great threat to our freedom, integrity and security.

## Class VI A



*(Left to Right)*

**1st Row :-** Satyen Sah, Harish Tewari, Mohit Thapliyal, Anam Chaudhary, Rohit Lalai, Ajay Samwal, Aditya Joshi, Dinesh Bhatt, Rohit Jagar, Vinhal Vinayak

**2nd Row :-** Vishal Kohli, Rajasekhar Randhawa, C. V. S. Bhatt, Akash Sod, Vikram Bhalla, Ian Ribeiro, Mayank Mehra, Anil Tewari, Akash Sehgal, Syed Ali, Ashutosh Joshi, Deepan Agarwal

**3rd Row :-** Ashish Lohoti, Manish Bhatt, Rohit Bhatt, Richard Lee, Mohit Raza Khan, Pradeep Upadhyaya, Prakhyat K. G., Manjinder Saroa, Saurabh Seth, Vikas Pande, Rohit Luke, Sameer Pande

**4th Row :-** Mark Medley, Ganav Sahni, Mohit Pande, Subodh Lal Sah, D. C. Chhivrai, Anir Sinha, Mahamalik Lal, Navneet Mittal, Ashal Sinha, Manpreet Khair, Nipun Chaudhary

## Class VI B



*(Left to Right)*

*1st Row :-* V. K. Sinha, R. Bhatt, M. A. Malik, S. Redricks, S. Pande, K. d'Sa,  
R. Karnatak, A. Kholla, M. Ali, H. Bhaskar.

*2nd Row :-* M. Zeehaan, D. K. Tewari, S. Sah, Rohit Sah, M. S. Bhatt, V. Lal,  
M. Upreti, Y. Sind, V. Sehni, Rahul Sah, R. Pande, A. Bhatt.

*3rd Row :-* A. Choud, A. Joshi, M. Tandon, B. Pande, J. Durgapal, R. Nya,  
V. R. Singh, V. Mangali, P. Hosing, H. K. Sah, L. Sah, M. Mittal.

*4th Row :-* K. Dhillon, N. K. Singh, H. S. Sehle, D. P. Singh, D. Bhatt,  
K. Jagati, A. Waha, S. Brar, D. Rawal, G. Singh.

*Seating :-* M. Virya. *Class Teacher :-* Mr. T. Jacob.

## Class VII A



*(Left to right)*

*1st Row* :— A. Sangari, P. Joshi, B. Joshi, S. Bhargava, N. Mishra, S. Luthra,  
S. Kantola, R. Jainwal, D. Nainwal, A. Marad, G. Fernandez, S. Bhatt.

*2nd Row* :— K. K. Tewari, S. Desai, G. Sethi, A. Vaidh, R. Singh, S. Ajmani,  
S. Malhotra, R. Garg, A. Chaudhary, C. D'Silva, J. Bhatia,  
S. Podder, Samir Sah, A. Pant.

*3rd Row* :— M. Jolly, R. Chaudhary, R. Shafiq, V. Sarora, R. Sharma, S. Kumar,  
A. Sah, S. P. Corral, P. Stevens, S. Singh, U. S. Dhillon,  
Siddhartha Sah.

*4th Row* :— V. Bhattacharya, M. Joshi, G. Singh, N. Lal, K. Sharma, A. Singh,  
G. Gool, Phei Tung Huang, R. Misra.

*Class Teacher* :— Bro. T. A. Conlon.

## Class VII B



*(Left to Right)*

*1st Row :—* G. S. Bana, H. Akbar, S. Gupta, A. Negi, N. Mishra, R. Anuja,  
Mr. P. Medley, K. Bangari, N. Lehani, H. Bhatt, S. Sharma,  
A. Diwedi, D. Joshi.

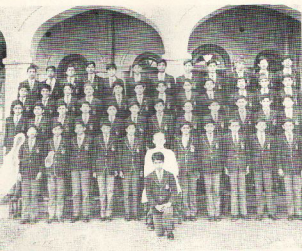
*2nd Row :—* P. Gosh, P. Gupta, S. Kumar, S. Shah, M. Sherring, A. Kapoor,  
P. Srivastava, S. Sirohi, A. Kholla, D. Mehta, M. Mahajan,  
S. Rawal, A. Gupta.

*3rd Row :—* R. M. Saroa, O. P. Sah, P. Sah, D. Kumar, C. S. Kelan, I. Sharma,  
V. Srivastava, B. Singh, M. Ahmed, S. K. Barota, S. Mehrotra.

*4th Row :—* S. R. Pandey, D. John, A. Singh, G. Agrawal, R. Chaturvedi,  
S. Chaudhary, R. L. Tewari, S. Siddiqui.



## Class VIII A



*(Left to Right)*

*Standing :-* A. Tewari.

*1st Row :-* S. Kumar, S. Sahai, N. Chinnai, M. Isal, M. Ghayur,  
Raj. Rao, J. P. Murray, P. Ahuja, S. Consul, M. Sahai, Y. Sadi, P. Jain.

*2nd Row :-* V. Joshi, Y. Sharma, A. Bhargava, A. Mehra, M. Joshi, R. Sah,  
H. V. Verma, A. Aurora, M. A. Siddiqui, S. Shah, Ratul Sah,  
S. Mehrotra.

*3rd Row :-* V. Maheshwari, P. Srivastava, S. Sen, G. Puri, R. S. Nagi,  
A. H. Nadri, A. Haraguri, B. Pant, R. Jha, G. Sharma, D. S. Kohli,  
L. Malhotra.

*4th Row :-* R. Rautda, Y. Khan, R. Dogra, R. Sirohi, A. Chaudhary,  
R. S. Adhikari, A. K. Sinha, S. S. Azmi, P. Sinha, J. P. Singh,  
P. Lema, M. Gupta.

## Class VIII B



(Left to Right)

1st Row :- B. Dewan, P. Vishnu, V. Kholla, A. Joshi, Dr. P. S. Murphy, R. Sah,  
Y. Mehta, S. Srivastava, S. Pande, A. Bhatt,

2nd Row :- N. Chowda, G. Khalla, V. Jagati, J. Dang, H. S. Saini, V. S. Sharma,  
R. Fernandez, N. Bisht, G. Gooli, V. Vinayak, R. Mirchandani,  
S. Sharma.

3rd Row :- K. White, N. Joshi, M. N. Singh, M. A. Ansari, N. Kapil, H. Bisht,  
V. Pratap, P. Tandon, N. Nanda, R. Pande, R. S. Bisht, V. Sah.

4th Row :- M. N. Sah, B. Singh, V. Vishal, R. Das, P. Gupta, B. S. Pangtey,  
P. K. Sinha, N. Agrawal, A. S. Anand, J. Jani, S. Nanda, H. Rasheed.

## Class IX A



*Left to Right*

*1st Row* :— G. Shah, A. Singh, J. Joseph, N. Khan, K. Rawat, M. Tewari,  
Mr. J. Meneses (Class Teacher), H. Negi, S. Tewari, C. S. Tripathi,  
K. Gururani, S. S. Bhatt, D. Dalakoti.

*2nd Row* :— D. Saxena, S. Mehrotra, S. Singh, R. Joshi, V. Chandola, M. Negi,  
Y. Jaiswal, R. Dhan, S. Lakshmin, H. Harris, M. Wadia

*3rd Row* :— J. Prasad, D. Shah, M. Khan, R. Aliq, V. Bhatt, M. Pant,  
Y. Agrawal, V. Doo, R. Mehrotra, S. Sangarnera.

*4th Row* :— S. Bansal, P. Singh, S. Parash, S. Mitt, A. Naigir, A. Sekhon,  
M. Samant, Z. Hassan, R. Mehrotra.

## Class IX B



*Left to Right*

*1st Row :—* A. V. Shahi, C. M. Nagi, A. Rawat, A. Kahndwal, D. S. Bisht,  
R. K. Joshi, G. D'Mello, T. D. Gupta, V. Singh, A. Tewari,  
M. Mittal, S. Sambla.

*2nd Row :—* A. Kala, K. Ojra, S. Chaturvedi, R. Shah, S. Rajamani, A. D. Kapoor,  
R. Kapoor, H. Sah, B. S. Rawat, A. Khan, P. Jain, N. Agrawal.

*3rd Row :—* I. S. Toor, A. Pathak, D. Bisht, B. C. Seth, S. Kejriwal, R. Ehasnetor,  
S. S. Baghel, V. Bansal, A. Lal, M. Manickhi, P. Oberoi, G. S. Sethi.

*4th Row :—* C. D'Souza, D. Coutinho, M. S. Siddiqui, A. Singh, P. Joshi.

*Class Teacher : Mrs. B. Jain.*



*Left to Right*

- 1st Row :-** A. Pandey, A. Chawla, M. Mishra, S. Bhargava, A. Bhatt,  
V. Singh, R. Gupta, M. Patel, S. Kulkarni, S. Patel, V. Bhatt,  
D. Shastri, K. Sah.
- 2nd Row :-** R. Jais, A. Jain, V. Tanna, M. Tandon, J. Rahman, M. Chaudhry,  
C. S. Dugg, S. Kulkarni, N. Kumar, G. Jaggi, M. S. Chandra,  
A. Tewari, R. Sahai, V. Rawal, V. Sarin.
- 3rd Row :-** V. Gupta, K. S. Gill, D. Harita, A. Sah, U. Singh, D. Krishna,  
A. Nadin, S. D. Khan, S. Lal, S. Rajendran, S. Tewari, A. Chandra,  
K. Arora.
- 4th Row :-** S. Kulkarni, S. Patel, R. Agrawal, R. K. Singh, D. Acharya,  
N. D. Khan, I. Jais, P. Bhargava, M. Arora, M. A. Ali,  
M. Shastri, V. Kapoor.
- 5th Row :-** P. Khosla, V. Singh, R. Patel, S. Prasad, V. Patel, A. Sah,  
A. Singh, D. Chandra, I. Bhattacharya, A. Mishra, H. Gupta,  
S. Malhotra, V. P. Sah.

## Rowing Club '84



*Left to Right*

- |                   |                           |                 |                    |                   |
|-------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| <i>1st Row :-</i> | Mr. G. F. Gross,          | P. Oberoi,      | A. D. Kapoor,      | A. Anora,         |
|                   | Rev. Fr. M.D. O'Donoghue, | R. Mirchandani, | S. Mehrotra (Sr.), | N. Nanda,         |
|                   | Mr. M. D. Palmer,         |                 |                    |                   |
| <i>2nd Row :-</i> | N. Kapil,                 | M. Wadia,       | B. Sirohi,         | K. Gha,           |
|                   | B. S. Fungli,             |                 |                    | A. H. Nadri (Jr.) |
| <i>3rd Row :-</i> | M. Puri,                  | H. Rasheed,     | A. Shah,           | A. Chanana,       |
|                   | H. Harris,                |                 | K. Anora,          | J. Pennada,       |
| <i>4th Row :-</i> | S. D. Khan,               | S. Menon,       | S. Paruti,         | C. D'Souza,       |
|                   | A. H. Nadri (Sr.),        | U. Singh,       | D. Haruja,         | M. S. Siddiqui,   |

Internally also forces of violence, disruption and disintegration are raising their heads in some parts of the country, all of which poses a threat to our stability and unity. There is, in this country, an urgent need to preserve the Golden Thread of Unity that has bound the whole of the country together through the centuries.

I would take this opportunity to impress upon my young friends here the need of eschewing violence, casteism, communalism, parochialism and religious bigotry and of dismantling the artificial barriers based on these narrow considerations. You must always remember and be proud of the fact that the whole of India from north to south and from east to west is your common heritage; all of India's history is your common heritage; and all of India's culture is your common heritage. You must be always conscious of the fact that you are an Indian first and last. The interests of the Nation must be supreme to you.

For solving the myriad problems confronting the Nation, we need citizens of high moral character, having a sense of discipline and of commitment to basic human values. The scheme of the New Education, which has been endorsed by the Prime Minister, Shrimati Indira Gandhi, and accepted by the State Governments, aims at transforming our boys and girls into such type of citizens as are capable of building a united, powerful and prosperous India by developing their personality in its totality and inculcating in them the basic human virtues. I am happy to say that this scheme is being launched shortly in this State and in the first phase it would be introduced in the Universities of Awaah, Pantnager and Gorekhpur.

Although we are facing numerous problems and difficulties, there is no problem which cannot be solved, no difficulty which cannot be surmounted with a strong will and the collective and unified hard work of the people. Ours may be a comparatively poor country, but we are rich in human resources. We are a country of 70 crore (700 million) people. The Scriptures have revealed that our hands are our real assets. If we are to solve our problems, we must have an unflinching faith in the Dignity of Manual Labour and be always prepared to use our hands. This will contribute greatly to the welfare and prosperity of our people.

Before I close I would like to compliment the students on their smart and fine turnout and the dignity and discipline maintained throughout this function. I would also like to congratulate all those who have won prizes in various events and say to them, "Well done; keep it up!" To those who have not done well this time, I would say: "Do not feel unhappy or disheartened but try to do better next time." To the Principal, Members of the Staff and all those who help to keep everything straight in this old and important institution, I offer my congratulations, assuring them of my appreciation and enjoyment.

GAMP 1908

***COCK HOUSES—1984***

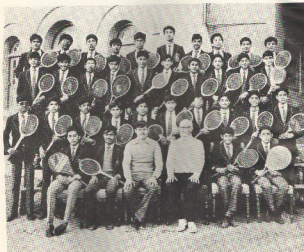






PANT HOYLE

## Tennis Seniors



*Left to Right*

*Sitting* :— Ashraf Nadri, A. Singhal, Mr. M. D. Palmer, Bro. E. B. Lyng,  
A. Chawla, Aliq Nadri.

*1st Row* :— N. Agrawal, K. Ojha, A. D. Kapoor, M. Mohindra, S. Bhargava,  
P. Jain, G. Goyal, H. Harris, A. Singh, S. Parati.

*2nd Row* :— J. Prasad, S. Nanda, G. Sharma, N. D. Khan, K. Sharma, A. K. Singh,  
M. Anand, M. Masleghi, M. Wadia, A. Tewari.

*3rd Row* :— S. Tewari, S. Rajendran, A. Chandra, K. Arora, M. Tandon,  
V. Sarin, M. Siddiqui, C. D'Souza, D. Haruja, U. Singh.

## Tennis Juniors



*Left to Right*

- 1st Row* :— D. Shadija, V. Vinayak, Mr. M. D. Palmer, Bro. F. B. Lyng, S. Sahni,  
B. Dewan.
- 2nd Row* :— M. Saroa, R. Lee, H. Akbar, R. Anuja, K. S. Bangari, S. N. Ali,  
V. Bhalla, D. Singh, M. Tewari, A. Gupta.
- 3rd Row* :— S. Nys, A. R. Kapoor, T. D. Gupta, G. D'Mello, S. Malhotra,  
A. Tewari, G. Sethi, S. Peddar, N. Chowda.
- 4th Row* :— S. Lakhotia, S. Mehta, V. Pratap, H. Schie, G. N. Bhalla,  
A. Anora, B. M. Saroa, K. White.

### Juveniles 'A' Team



(Left to Right)

1st Row :— R. Sah, R. Lewis, D. Singh, R. Shrivastha, H. Randhawa, A. Nagi.

2nd Row :— A. Gupta, G. Rana, V. Pandey, Bro. M. D. O'Donoghue, A. Mahal,  
D. Mishra, H. C. Lila.

3rd Row :— S. Luke, P. Hishang.

# Colts Team



*(Left to Right)*

*Standing* :— V. Vinayak, S. Pant.

*1st Row* :— N. S. Bhat, Sanjeev Kumar, D. Shadica.

*2nd Row* :— S. Bhargava, V. Jagati, Sanjeev Kumar, N. Kapil, R. Chaudhry.

*3rd Row* :— M. Mehrotra, R. Shah, M. Amari, Br. M. D. O'Donohue.

## College Football Team



*Left to Right*

*Sitting* :— S. R. Pandey, K. Sharma.

*1st Row* :— S. Bansal, H. K. Ojha.

*2nd Row* :— C. Dang, Z. Hassan, M. Assad, P. Dhasmana.

*3rd Row* :— Mr. M. D. Palmer, S. L. Tewari, H. Harris, R. Ebenezzer, A. Nalyer,  
Mr. G. F. Gomez.

*4th Row* :— S. D. Khan, J. Rehman, D. Krishnan.

## College Hockey Team



*Left to Right*

*1st Sitting* :- Mr. M. D. Palmer, S. Pandey, Mr. G. F. Gomes

*2nd Sitting* :- Z. Hassan, B. S. Pangcy, P. Dhasmana,

*1st Row* :- S. Bansal, H. K. Ojha.

*2nd Row* :- C. S. Dang, S. L. Tewari, A. Singhal, J. Rehman, M. Ali, A. Naiyer,  
S. Ranjan, A. H. Nadri, D. Krishnan.

## College Cricket Team



*(Left to Right)*

*Stirling* :— S. Bussal, A. Khan, R. Mehrotra, B. S. Pangley.

*1st Row* :— S. L. Tewari, Z. Hassan, V. Jainwal, A. Mishra, P. Dharmanna.

*2nd Row* :— C. Dugg, R. Ebenezer, S. Lal, S. Ranjan.

*3rd Row* :— J. Rehman, V. Sarin, A. Sekhon.



# Football, 1984

For most of India the monsoon brought relief from the intolerable heat and dust but for Sam it heralded the coming in of the eagerly-awaited football season. Soon after the Sports' Vacation, Semites became the victims of "foots fever": a disease that made the boys feverish with excitement.

Again this year we participated in all three major tournaments of Naini Tal: the "H. N. Pande Independence Day Memorial Football Tournament", commonly known as the "Juveniles" Tournament; the Basant Lal Shah Memorial Children's Football Tournament", popularly referred to as the "Colts" Tournament and the "Landau League Tournament".

## The "Juveniles" Tournament:

This Tournament is for children who are 4 ft. 9 in. in height and under. They must be studying in a class not higher than Class VIII and must be not more than 14 years of age. This year it began in the first week of August, strictly on schedule, as usual.

Our first match highlighted the capabilities of our 'B' team through a 2 - 0 victory over Sainik School, Ghorakhal. In the next match this same team had an easy 3 - 0 victory over Modern Junior High School, thus qualifying to meet Birla Vidya Mandir in the semi-final. In this encounter the B.V.M. boys were obviously the more talented footballers. Yet our boys marked them closely and whenever the Birla boys broke through, our wizard goalie, Saurabh Sharma, blocked all their efforts at scoring. The result was a scoreless draw. A decision was reached in the replay on the following day but only in the last stages of extra time when a solitary goal gave B.V.M. the victory they deserved. This narrow defeat sealed the fate of our 'B' Team.

Meanwhile our 'A' team had defeated C.R.S.T. by 2 - 0 and Government Inter-College by 3 - 1, thus qualifying to meet B.V.M. in the Final on August 15. With our whole school assembled on the sideline, the shrill note of the referee's whistle, indicating the start of the match, was hardly audible above the lusty cheers of our supporters. To our disappointment, however, it turned out to be quite a boring match. Despite the fervent and persistent efforts of our forward line, the ball always ended up in the goalie's hands or wide of the posts. Eventually the winning goal came for us from H. C. Liu, who had been brought on as a substitute late in the second half.

## College Basketball Team



*(Left to Right)*

K. Azora, S. Tewari, S. Rajendran, D. Coutinho,  
N. D. Khan, R. Tewari, M. Mehrotra, Mr. M. D. Palmer,

V. Sarin,

## Badminton Winners



*Left to Right*

*Sitting* :— S. Ramul, R. Chaturvedi, V. Sarin.

*1st Row* :— A. Kabadwal, T. D. Gupta.

*2nd Row* :— V. Vinayak, R. K. Singh, A. Chandra, M. Siddiqui, D. Bhatt,  
A. K. Sah, C. M. S. Negi.

*3rd Row* :— S. L. Tewari, K. Sharma.

## Swimming



*Left to Right*

*1st Row* :— A. D. Kapoor, R. Mirchandani, P. Hsing, S. Mehrotra, N. Kapil.

*2nd Row* :— A. Mishra, S. Nunes, M. Wadia, Afaq Nadri, H. Rashood,  
S. Paruthi, H. K. Ojha.

*3rd Row* :— N. Nunes, A. Charara, R. Jethro, K. Arora, Ashraf Nadri.

Winning House  
Swimming



*(Left to Right)*

*1st Row* :— H. K. Ojha, A. D. Kapoor, R. Mirchandani, Ashraf Nadri.

*2nd Row* :— A. Mishra, A. K. Jain.

*3rd Row* :— K. Arora, Bro. J. P. Murray, R. Jethwa.

## College Gymnastic Team



*(Left to Right)*

*Sitting :—*

*1st Row :—* Sanjeet Kumar, H. C. Lio, B. S. Rawat, P. Hsiung, Sanjeev Kumar.

*2nd Row :—* Mr. G. F. Gomes, S. Bhargava, A. Khan, A. Mishra, A. Lal,  
P. Dhasmaria, M. Mehrotra, Mr. M. D. Palmer.

*3rd Row :—* R. Ebenezer, A. Singh, H. K. Ojha.

*4th Row :—* A. H. Nadri, D. Krishnan.

*5th Row :—* N. Nanda.

## Art Prize Winners



*Left to Right*

- 1st Row :-* Mrs. Y. Tahir, V. Sud, S. Sub, M. Palmer, V. Gupta, K. Sahai, A. Ranjan, A. Palmer, S. N. Ali, Mr. T. M. Syed.
- 2nd Row :-* H. C. Liu, V. R. Singh, M. Zorhan, M. R. Khan, Sanjiv Kumar, Sanjeev Kumar, R. Chaudhary, C. M. S. Negi.
- 3rd Row :-* O. P. Sah, S. Arora, H. Rashid, A. H. Nadri, K. Ojha, M. Maulekhi,
- 4th Row :-* K. Sharma, A. K. Sinha, S. Nunes.

## College Band



*(Left to Right)*

R. Mirchandani, M. Tewari.

*Sitting* — S. Luke, R. Lewis, S. Rodericks,  
Mr. Moneson, Mr. Palmer.



Inter Class Quiz (Seniors)  
Winners Class X B



*(Left to Right)*

S. D. Khan, A. Sah, S. Rajendran, U. Singh, A. Chozana.

Inter Class Winners (Quiz)  
Middles



*(Left to Right)*

V. Sasis, S. Bhargava, Sanjeev Kumar, R. Jaipal, U. Mallon.

# Debate Team



Left to Right : M. P. P. , A. Chandra , A. T. P.

# Inter Class Debate Winning Class X A



Left to Right : D. Krishna , V. Ravi , A. T. P.

Deputation Winners (Middle)



(Left to Right)

S. Kumar, S. Rederick, Y. B. Singh

Deputation Winners  
Seniors



(Left to Right)

S. Sangarria, S. Kumar, W. Singh

The "Indira Bishit Memorial Trophy" for the best and most sporting losing side was awarded to our 'B' team. Peter Hsiung received the trophy for the most promising player and the best goalkeeper award went to Saurobh Sharma.

### **The "Colts" Tournament :**

This Tournament commenced as soon as the Juvenils Tournament had come to an end. It caters for boys up to and including Class Ten and they must be not more than 5 ft. 2 in. in height. Our first two matches were no test of our boys. Matched against St. Amtu's and Modern Junior High School, they scored successively 10 and 15 goals against no reply from their opponents on either occasion. Consequently, when matched with stiff opposition from Government Inter College in our third encounter, we were lucky to escape with a 1 - 1 result. Then because of our high goal average, we secured a free pass into the semi-finals. Our opponents were Bhartiya Sainik School, always a hard nut to crack. But we managed to crack their shell and get through to their kernel with a solitary goal. In the finals, our friendly rivals would be none other than C.R.S.T.

The opening whistle saw C.R.S.T. off to a flying start. But we came back strongly and bombarded their goalmouth with all we had got. Then, unexpectedly, our opponents broke away and in a lightning raid pierced through our defences and found our net with a beautiful goal. After that our boys were more cautious of their positional play and before the half-time whistle they came up with a beautiful equalizer.

During the interval the Principal must have addressed some very inspiring words to our boys because they returned to the field in devastating form, keeping the ball low, passing hard and accurately. Soon the twin Kumar brothers, Sanjeet and Sanjeev, ably supported by Rajneesh Shah, dominated the play and were mainly responsible for the three goals scored by our XI. The Chet Ram boys responded with a single goal, leaving the final score 4 - 2.

### **The Landau League :**

This Tournament began at about the same time as the Juvenils one in early August and dragged on upto mid-September. In our first match we achieved an easy 9 - 0 victory over Students' Club and in the next, we won by 5 goals to 2 against Maharaja Club. Our third game was with Sherwood 'B', whom we defeated by a solitary goal. We won our fourth match, also by a single goal, against Government Inter-College. Our fifth encounter was with Sherwood Rangers, whom

### Elocution Winners (Juniors)



*(Left to Right)*

C. Meneses, R. Louis, E. David, R. Shah,



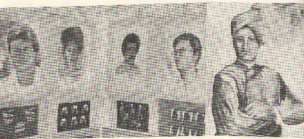
## ***ATHLETICS***





## ***DRILL DISPLAY & GYMNASTICS***



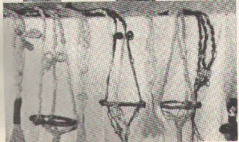


## ***ART &***



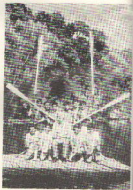
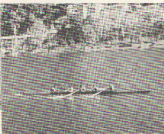


**C  
R  
A  
F  
T**





## ***BOATING***





## ***TABLE—TENNIS***





**SEMINAR  
ON INTER-  
PERSONAL  
COLLEGIATE  
RELATION-  
SHIPS**





## ***EXTRA CURRICULAR***





**PRINCIPAL'S  
FEAST  
&  
BISHOP'S  
VISIT**



we disposed of with a convincing 5 - 0 victory. Then in the sixth and final match of the league, we had a 1 - 1 draw with K.Y.C. 'B'.

We had topped our 'pool' with 11 out of 12 possible points. However, because of the number of intramural activities that had been neglected owing to our prolonged involvement in extramural football competitions and also because of the postponement of the semifinals and finals well into September, we were left with no alternative but to withdraw from the Landau League Tournament.

### **Inter-House Football :**

In the Inter-House Tournament, league matches were played between the four Houses in five of the six College fields. These were followed by a knock-out series of matches. On the first and third fields, the Pant House teams were the victors; on the second and fourth fields, the Gandhi House boys defeated their rivals while on the fifth field Nehru House won the battle for supremacy. On the basis of the total number of points scored in league and knock-out matches combined, Gandhi House were on top and were awarded the prestigious Football Shield. Nehru and Tagore drew for second place leaving Pant House to bring up the rear.

### **Inter-Class Football :**

This Tournament commenced soon after the Dusshera vacation. Three Divisions were formed and matches were played off firstly on a league basis followed by knock-out games, as had been done in the case of the House competitions. The results were as follows :

Division I (Classes III and IV)      Winners : Class IV A over IV B.

Division II (Classes V through VII) Winners : Class VII B over VII A.

Division III (Classes VIII through X) Winners : Class IXA over X B.

The College Colours for Football, 1984 were awarded to Shere Hassan Harris.

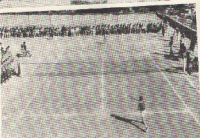
Anurag Singh and Manish Mehrotra  
Class X B



***DRAMATICS  
&  
ENTERTAINMENT***



## ***TENNIS***





**DEBATE  
&  
QUIZ**





***FETE***

# The Khushro Gandhi Memorial Essay

"As I see myself sixteen years hence."

I am no astrologer or palmist to know my future. Nor am I a demigod to change it according to my fancy. But if everything goes as I want it to, (although it is as remote a possibility as is the Devil's access to heaven!), I can portray myself quite clearly sixteen years hence. I shall be like one of the many persons who have dominated Israel. No, I shan't be a Jew: of course not! Neither shall I be a king: how weird! Yes! I shall be a prophet: a prophet loved by all the people of Hindustan and respected by the peoples of all nations because of my kind and gentle disposition.

A bearded man with a black turban, a red 'tilak' on his forehead, sits on the throne. He holds aloft a curved sword in his hand and is clothed in a black robe from neck to toe. Around him stand a number of armed men, all clad in traditional costumes of long-robed gowns and turbans. Farther away stand ambassadors from other countries, all over-awed by this spectacle of deep reverence, resplendent in its ancient grandeur and superb magnificence. And all this magnificence is designed to pay homage and deference to the Chosen One, who sits on the throne at the heart of it all. Have you guessed correctly? Of course, it is I, Mrigank, Prophet of the Lord, praise be His Name!

Just fifteen years ago, on December 20, 1985, a well-equipped, and immense horde had sacked the cities of Delhi, Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, had overthrown the corrupt government then in power and had taken control of the country in its stead. Then more than three-quarters of the armed forces immediately abandoned their former rulers and rallied round the standard of the new Ruler, Mrigank the Magnificent. This man was neither alien nor infidel, an enemy coming from beyond the mountains of Hindukush, but an Indian national who had control, an Angel of the Lord sent to salvage the scorching plains of Aryavrata.

Rejoice, O Hindus and the Rest, for unto you, on February 20, 1970, was born the Prophet of the Lord, His Holiness Mrigank the Magnificent, to redeem you from darkness and ignorance and to lead you on the path of Light and Salvation!

Even as a great Ruler, my life will be a simple one of piety and kindness. Imagine me, the Leader of 1,500 million people, living humbly in a small cottage! Yet my country will be the most advanced and highly developed country in the world. Only logical that this should be so with a genius like me guiding its destiny.

I will make drastic changes in the laws of the country. Murderers will be blessed, spies shot dead, rioters flogged and thieves caned. Bribery will be dealt with by punishments ranging from execution to gentle forms of torture. Meat-eating will be dealt with humanely simply by forcing the culprit to swallow 20 sleeping pills in a nice hot cup of tea. Polluting river waters will be punishable by drowning. How the people of my country and all the world will look up to me because of my benign, enlightened and merciful form of government!

Despite all this, I will not be affected by power. I shall always remain my own charming, simple self. I myself will write and publish huge volumes, some of which will be entitled, 'An Extensive Study of the History of the World', 'World History through Five Thousand Maps' as well as 'History of the Barbarians of the Twentieth Century' and 'The Chinese-speaking People'.

I will never let politics interfere with my private life, and, as a precaution against public suspicion, I shall refrain from all private meetings with my minister-friends.

Every morning I shall arise at five o'clock and retire for the night punctually at nine. When not engaged in affairs of State or in transferring my vast historical erudition on to paper for posterity, I shall engage myself in games of badminton and chess with the finest exponents of these exercises to be found on the globe: they shall learn from me and benefit from my expertise or else pay the penalty with the forfeiture of their lives. I shall go regularly on pilgrimages to places of religious fame that have been sanctified because of the presence of my religious equals down through the centuries. Next I shall become President of such august bodies as the "Cambridge Historical Society" and the "International Federation for the Study of World History". What a privilege it will be for all these learned gentlemen to have as their President none other than the "Badshah of Hindustan"!

So to sum it all up, sixteen years hence I shall be the world's most renowned Archaeologist-cum-Historian, the saviour-Prophet of my country and of the world, President of the most prestigious Historical Bodies in existence, Chess and Badminton Champion of the Universe, author of innumerable definitive Historical Tomes. Were it not for the restrictions of time and space, I would go on writing right up to the Year of our Lord 2,000, the end of the present century.

Mrigank Negi  
Class IX A

# State Bank of India : Essay Competition

## Art Films in India

Behold! A dazzle of glambour, a Kaleidoscope of colour! Lush surroundings; beautiful, vivacious countenances, Cupid's gambols: these are all on the silver screen with which we are familiar. Will they eventually fade into oblivion with the advent and recognition of art films—with the demand which must come for them eventually?

Most audiences clamour for the stereotype 'formula films' produced by 'Follywood'. Maybe so because the common man craves for the glamorous and stately 'stars' and identifies himself with the personality projected on the screen.

To escape from the sometimes bleak reality, the dissatisfactions and frustrations of life, the common man enters the usually packed cinema hall to perceive and feel the fantasies displayed for him on the screen. On leaving the hall he enters—in fact he returns to—his own world. But in his euphoric state, his numbed senses fail to comprehend or to come to terms with the reality of the world around him.

His senses have failed. But it is only for a moment for it dawns on him, rather unceremoniously, that he belongs to this world and that it is his lot to partake of the not-so-pleasant realities which confront him. Inside him brews a passive hatred for, and a rejection of, the corrupt display which had deceived him and his fellow human beings on the familiar 'Follywood' screen. Art films, on the other hand, keep his two feet firmly planted on the ground and maintain his contact with reality. For this reason we can account for their increasing popularity with Indian audiences.

Art films reveal the latent talents of the actors and bring out all that is best in their directors. The actors consequently achieve recognition and fame. This is evidenced in the case of Amrapurkar. There is nothing superficial about art films. In fact, most of them are not too easy to follow and comprehend and are to some people what Mozart or Beethoven are to a Hard or Punk Rock listener.

An impressive film was the much talked about 'Ardh Satya'. Special mention can be made of Sadashiv Amrapurkar for his role of Dada Rama Shetty, the owner of an illegal joint. He defies the wrath of Inspector Anand (Om Puri) with his controlled, cool actions, which speak eloquently for themselves. Equally laudable are the roles of Smita Patil and Amrish Puri. The directional venture was undertaken by Govind Nihalani.

One must realize that 'Ardh Satya' was not meant to slander the police force. It portrayed the human element, its flaws and its weaknesses. The unfortunate torture of an inmate by Om Puri, as Inspector Anand, exposes his multifaceted frustrations.

In the first few minutes of an art film—with few exceptions—the camera moves with a delicately planned uncertainty around a momentous happening. These carefully orchestrated and painstakingly delivered openings are enough to rouse any audience into realizing that they are not about to experience an ordinary film.

Most art films do not fail to shake an audience emotionally. One such forceful movie is 'Masoom', which managed to draw tears from even the stoniest hearts. This is one characteristic which has made these films a success, for people actually *like* being hurt emotionally through movies. The members of the audience find that their tears roll down their cheeks and then they stifle their sobs and later on deny vehemently that they had wept. But they fail miserably to prove themselves convincing.

As well as 'Ardh Satya' and 'Masoom' already mentioned, other art films worthy of note are 'Saranah', 'Khander' and 'Spesh'. These movies did not fail to win film awards. Mrinal Sen and Satyajit Ray are exceptionally brilliant as directors of such movies. Equally outstanding are such performers as Anrish and Om Puri, Shahana Azmi, Naseeruddin Shah, Sadashiv and Sanita Patil in rendering their respective roles.

Art movies in India have come to stay and have secured for themselves a fixed bracket in the Indian Film Industry. However, the 'film-wallahs' must understand the necessity of delivering these films with the slick professionalism required in any major artistic endeavour.

These art movies convey unique social messages which penetrate deeply into the hearts of audiences. Besides being real jewels of the screen, therefore, they will reach and touch millions at a time. Perhaps they will inculcate in their viewers the ability to appreciate reality and to come to terms with it.

Hence the over-sensationalized movies that we all have become familiar with over the decades belong to an era that is gradually slipping away and merging into the past. It is inevitable that they must fade away from our screens as they allow the art movies of the present and the future to come more sharply and brilliantly into focus. As Tennyson so aptly observed in another context :

"The old order changeth  
Yielding place to new."

Anupam Kumar Shah  
Class X B

# Independence Day, 1984.

August 15, our Independence Day, also happens to be one of the great religious festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary : the feast of her Assumption. For us here in St. Joseph's, therefore, it is a religious as well as the National Festival. Every year, in our liturgical and religious ceremonies, both festivals are integrated in the sense that special prayers are offered for the welfare of the Nation. We pray to God that He may protect our people, guide and inspire our rulers and grant eternal rest to the souls of all Indian patriots who, through the ages, have sacrificed their lives in the cause of freedom.

This year, as usual, a special religious ceremony was held in the College Chapel, at which the Christian Staff and Students, as well as the Brothers, were present. As is customary with us, we remembered very specially in our prayers the welfare of the Nation and of all its people, particularly those who govern us as well as the souls of our political martyrs.

The solemn ceremony which followed was held at the flagstaff in front of the main 'College building'. There the full school had assembled for the hoisting of the National Flag by the Principal, followed by the singing of the JANA GANA MANA, accompanied by him on the piano accordion.

In his address, the Principal delved briefly into centuries of India's past history, enumerating the successive waves of foreign invasion which assailed her, the vicissitudes with which she was beset, the persecution and oppression which she endured. Through it all, he pointed out, the spirit of freedom was never crushed out of existence. In the course of time, slowly but inexorably, it reasserted itself and predominated, saving the nation from an alien foe and winning for it that independence which is its birthright. Now, 37 years later, the Principal stated, this country has not merely survived as a nation, and this despite the multitude of disruptive forces which have continued to assault it. It has become a great power, in fact the biggest democracy in the world today. This is the glorious heritage which is ours as citizens of the country.

While still in school, the Principal continued, it is our duty to prepare ourselves, to the best of our ability, for the day when we are to assume our responsibilities to our God, to our family and to our country. To this purpose, school for us is a prolonged initiation ceremony. The



better we ready ourselves spiritually, physically, morally and intellectually during these formative years in this institution to assume our social responsibilities in life, the more effective we will be as mature, responsible citizens of India.

In conclusion, the Principal made a spirited appeal to the students :

"I ask each one of you today to utilize the many advantages available to you in this school in the forming of your personality and in the moulding of your self intellectually for worthy and useful citizenship. Perhaps in your future life you may not have your name recorded by the historians of later generations in the history text-books of this country. Nevertheless, let your life be such that through the sterling example you will set for others in your adherence to lofty principles and in your openness to and acceptance of all God's children, you will build to your own memory a shrine in the hearts of the members of your own family as well as in the hearts of all those you came in contact with in your journey through life."

After the Principal's address the College Captain spoke briefly in Hindi, exhorting the students to be loyal and upright in all their dealings. A short prayer for India and its rulers was recited by the Assembly. Then as is customary on such occasions, the meeting concluded with the three resounding cheers, "Jai Hind !"

Udai Vir Singh  
Class X B

## Cricket

Following in the spirit of cricket, that spirit which has been inculcated and fostered over the years by former generations of Semites, this year we lived up to—and perhaps even emulated—the standards set by our predecessors. Our coach, Mr. M. Tomar, took us for practice every evening, insisting on proficiency in the three major aspects of the game: batting, bowling and fielding. Our period of intensive training was over and, as expected, Jamshed-un-Rahman was appointed Captain. Unfortunately, owing to numerous other activities, notably football, only a limited number of outside matches was played.

We experienced the worst defeat of the season on April 5th, when we played against an Old Boys XI on our College grounds. Having won the toss we decided to bat. Vijayant Jaiswal, our opener, provided a very good start for our team, scoring 25 runs. When we were 32 for no loss, he nicked a fast ball with the edge of the bat and was caught easily in the slips. He was replaced by Jamshed. It was a pleasure watching him play—cutting, driving and pulling with zeal and skill. Unfortunately he was caught with his foot in the wrong place and was given lb.w. with a score of only 15. After that it was the collapse of a house of cards: we were all out for only 49 runs.

When our opponents came in to bat, Jamshed and Almas, our pace bowlers, fought valiantly to save the day. But we had given away too much in too short a time. With 50 runs on the board the Old Boys declared. They had won the match with two wickets in hand.

Of all the other matches we played, Inter-House and Inter-Class matches included, we had our greatest victory against the Indian Air Force XI. Although we won the toss, we invited our guests to bowl and although they had some fine pace and spin bowlers, we had piled up 109 runs.

The very first ball from our pace bowler Almas took the middle stump of their opening batsmen. After that they must have been disheartened because Almas had no trouble taking three more wickets while Jamshed had a field day with six. Thus the I.A.F. XI were all out for 48 runs. We had won the match with a margin of 63 runs and earned for ourselves our most convincing victory of the season.

Vincent Sarin  
Class X A

# The Gates of S. J. C.

The ancient gates of S. J. C.  
Stand there to take their toll of tears  
Shed by a lost and lonely child,  
Torn from his doting mother's side;  
Emotions wild with horrid fears  
Of cruel Masters, ragging jeers.

They often watch him passing by,  
Survey him with a critic's eye,  
Appraise his progress, mark his growth,  
Assess him as he marches forth.

Ten years pass. Within those gates  
A marked transition's taken place.  
The erstwhile, clumsy schoolchild now  
A youth of grace.

A decade's learning; schooling done at last,  
His vision blurred with memories of the past.  
Tears of mixed emotions fill his eyes,  
Another challenge now before him lies.  
He makes his final exit, not with glee  
Through those same ancient gates of S. J. C.

Uday Vir Singh  
Class X B

# The Unhappy World

In the distance, down the hill,  
Stood something very quiet and still  
I gazed and gazed, but could not see  
The object that attracted me.

I ran rapidly down the hill,  
Where stood that thing so quiet and still  
At last, I came upon a tree  
That shed its tears and startled me.

I said, "You cry and never smile  
And stand so sorrowful all the while.  
Pray, let me know the reason why,  
Or, broken-hearted, you will die."

It sobbed and sighed and said to me,  
"I am an old, unhappy tree,  
My leaves are shed and I stand bare;  
All I can do is stand and stare."

I, too, was saddened by this tale,  
It pinched my heart and made me wail:  
"The world's so sad I must tell you  
Most are unhappy, the happy few."

Parikshit Oberoi  
Class IX B

# Monsoon Mist and Moisture

The fog and the mist are returning again;  
The long rainy season's about to begin.  
It now grows much hotter as day follows day;  
The terrible heat cracks the stones and the clay.  
The lake is much lower; its level far down.  
Then on comes the mist in the form of a crown.  
It rests over Naini; it covers the Tal,  
It falls on the Lake and it drenches the Mall.

Now football, the game played in rain, will begin  
And the crowds on the Flats come to see their teams win.  
The Juveniles' Tourney's a test of the best:  
Our SEM, gallant victors, subdue all the rest.  
The month of September is wet and is dreary;  
We've had too much moisture; we're bored and we're weary.

In early October the sun lets us know  
The worst is near over, the rain's sure to go.  
Now we pray that the weather will soon turn cool;  
We long for our homes after nine months in school.

Manoj Tewari  
Class IX A

# The Accomplishment of which I am Most Proud

In a reminiscent mood, when looking back over the carefree and happy-go-lucky years of youth, I nostalgically recall the enjoyable hours spent in the pleasurable company of good friends and the fun and frolic we shared in amicable companionship. Among the vividly detailed pictures that flit in a kaleidoscopic blur across my mind, one overshadows all, leaving me replete with a sense of achievement and deep-felt satisfaction : the accomplishment in which I take the greatest pride.

After a late night's bash at a friend's place, I decided, in view of the lovely moonlight, to walk the short distance home. Strolling down the tarmacadamed motorway with the streetlamps casting patches of light in intermittent succession, I gazed up in blissful contemplation of the panoramic vista that lay unfolded in the heavens above me. The glittering globe of the full moon shed a pearly, translucent light over the sleeping city and the twinkling stars were multicoloured patches of light upon the shadowy tapestry of the black midnight skies.

All of a sudden my attention was drawn towards a strangely flickering hue that seemed to emanate from a side-street a few hundred metres down the road. The acrid odour of burning wood reached my nostrils and a roaring, crackling sound filled my ears. I stood stock still for a moment in a dazed stupor. Suddenly enlightenment dawned on me and the dread word, 'FIRE' struck my mind, instantly conjuring up gruesome images of horrific carnage and destruction. Breaking into a run I sprinted down the road and round the bend only to flinch instinctively before the heart-chilling sight that lay ahead.

The scene before me seemed to be cast in the mould of hell itself. An entire block of multistoreyed flats was ablaze, engulfed in a golden sheet of flame so brilliant that my gaze dropped and I blinked involuntarily to clear my eyes of floating particles of ash. The people clustered in a small knot some distance from the building were unable to venture further owing to the intense heat. As I neared them a plaintive shriek for help rent the air. Turning my gaze upwards, I beheld to my horror, that a little child, made all the more defenceless in her lace nightgown, was trapped about four storeys from the ground. Even as I looked, flames began to lick at the base of the balcony on which she was stranded and a new note of desperation made itself felt in her voice.

Glancing about for some means of reaching the hapless girl, I was suddenly filled with hope when my eyes lit upon a flight of stairs leading upwards. Disregarding the restraining hands around me, I made a dash for it, only to be overpowered by a sudden onrush of heat that singed my eyebrows and left my eyes watering. But the fates seemed to have conspired against me because, on reaching the stairway, I saw that it too, was in flames so that upward passage was impossible. With eyes smarting and fingers feeling around for footholds on the concrete walls, I encountered the smooth surface of a concrete drainpipe. Elated, I kicked off my shoes and socks and proceeded to haul myself upwards to where the helpless child was trapped.

The metal began to heat up and wisps of smoke forced their way through the now cracking walls. Yet I persisted in my precarious ascent. Having clambered on to the balcony, I grabbed the terrified girl and slapped her in order to calm her hysteria. Then I quickly hoisted her on to my back and with the increased load to support, I lowered myself gingerly on to the drainpipe. Ignoring the terrible agony of my blistered hands and rumbling sounds of the building collapsing above me, I rushed my descent as rapidly as I dared. After what seemed to be an eternity of excruciating agony, I felt strong arms grip me and relieve me of the burden on my back. Weakness flooded my limbs and a mad roaring filled my ears. I seemed to be falling into a chaotic whirl of psychedelic colours, which suddenly fused into impenetrable darkness.

On regaining consciousness I found myself between the crisp, starched sheets in a hospital room, my arms and legs swathed in bandages. Over the days that followed I came to know, with the return of full consciousness, that the entire block of flats had been gutted and would have to be razed to the ground. My greatest joy, however, was on hearing the news that my rescue attempt had proved successful. The little girl had survived, sustaining only minor burns.

No one can even attempt to appreciate to the full the depth of my thankfulness and pride in that utterly self-satisfying, glorious moment when the realization dawned on me that my pain and suffering had proved worthwhile after all and that I had bestowed the greatest gift any man is capable of bestowing upon his fellow mortals: the precious gift of life itself.

Sumant Rajendran  
Class X B

# Science : A Blessing or A Curse ?

Modern science has an organized and systematic history of about three hundred years. In this short period it has completely revolutionized human life. It has become a tremendous force with its vast, untapped potentialities. It has effected important changes in human knowledge and has permeated all aspects of life so deeply that we cannot but regard it as the greatest revolutionary force that has arisen in the history of human civilization.

Properly applied, the principles of science are undoubtedly making the Earth a better place to live in. Yet one must realize that nothing in this world is an unmixed blessing. Science, in itself, is neither good nor evil. It is a natural force to be utilized according to the good or evil genius of men for constructive or destructive purposes. In the hands of the megalomaniacs, it becomes so potent and pernicious a means of evil that it empowers him to destroy nations and multitudes, all animal as well as all vegetable life on earth, in the pursuit of his insane ambitions and warped ideals.

In the course of daily life, it has been alleged that science has tended to exclude the concept of the supernatural. People in general do not feel the need for God any more as they rely increasingly on science. In fact, religion has become equated with superstition for many of those who try to cultivate a scientific, rationalistic outlook. Yet the time comes in the life of even the most ardent rationalists when science fails to provide all the answers, to bring consolation in times of calamity or to restore peace to the tortured spirit on the demise of a dear one.

Properly applied, science has taken the drudgery out of manual labour, thus rendering life far less burdensome for humanity and reducing considerably the physical and mental strain that had formerly plagued those working hard with their hands over prolonged periods of time. Because of this, physical and mental tensions have been reduced and people have more time and inclination for leisure and relaxation.

Other blessings of science are that it provides increasingly greater relief from pain as well as new types of medication capable of



banishing many diseases hitherto considered incurable. Travel and communication have been revolutionized by science and it has been the means of providing access to outer space. Even climatic conditions have been so modified by it as to make travel and living conditions no longer the terrible ordeal that they used to be in tropical heat or in sub-arctic cold.

Yet science, with all its triumphs and potential, is not in itself a demigod to which mankind must offer blind worship. Over-dependence on it as well as its misuse have already caused too much destruction in this world. If we want that it should continue to be a blessing for mankind, we must be able to temper science with what a modern philosopher called "the deeper intuitions of the human spirit."

Anupam K. Shah  
Class X B

# My Mother

“Home sweet home” is usually the motto of every family which likes to live a happy, peaceful and, above all, united life, a daily existence in which a spiritual bond holds members firmly together. Happy homes are to be found not only in areas where the rich live, where there are huge buildings and where lofty skyscrapers seem to touch the sky. Happiness is to be found in poor homes too. A happy family is a united family and it can face up to all the disasters of life—to poverty, cruelty, unhappiness and death; in fact, its members can never be separated, even after death.

But what makes the happy family that constitutes a home? The answer is love, faith, trust and sacrifice. And where are all those virtues to be found? A mother has all the qualities one may need or desire to make a home comfortable, happy, peaceful, united and settled.

A mother is the symbol of love and sacrifice. She is looked up to by all the members of the family as the source of a happy home. Whether she is ugly or pretty, old or young, a child will always look up to his mother with admiration and pride.

In our family my mother is the centre around which our lives revolve. We all look up to her and have a high opinion of her goodness as well as of her knowledge of life and people. Yet she herself is a very humble and simple lady, conscious of the fact that she has never taken advanced courses in education and has not secured lofty degrees in the sciences. But to me she is highly qualified in the difficult art of being a perfect mother. From her daily example I receive constant lessons in moral behaviour. She believes in and practises strict honesty, loyalty to duty and the highest form of self-sacrifice.

When I enter my home, it is like entering the abode of God himself. Mother is always there, completely forgetful of herself and only concerned about keeping us happy and contented. Because of this I admire her as much as I admire God. I am ever ready to worship her for all that she has done for me from the time I was born to my present age. I am so deeply touched when I see her always full of smiles and never once showing the pain and agony in her heart and body. She is always ready to give, and to keep giving of herself until it hurts. But she refuses to

take anything in return. She sacrifices her leisure and her personal interests for the sake of us, her children. But what do I give her in return? Nothing.

In our home, whenever we are ill, Mother is always worried, fretting about us, desperate in her efforts to restore us to health and happiness. At such times she never bothers about herself, forgetting even to eat or drink in her concern for us. Yet when she herself is ill or upset, she hides it all from us, suffering in silence so as not to worry us. Her incomparable love is such that she is forever ready to give us all her happiness and to take all our sorrows to herself. To me she is so adorable that when I am away from her here at school, I often picture her in her deep suffering and in her constant labour.

I am fully indebted to my mother for the kind of boy she has made of me. I hope and pray that her simplicity, love and kindness have as great an influence on others as they have had on me. May her life be a long one, free from pain and struggle! It is my ardent desire that in my next birth, I may be fortunate enough to become her son and that in this life and in the next, nobody ever snatches her away from me.

Anirudh Chawla

Class X B

