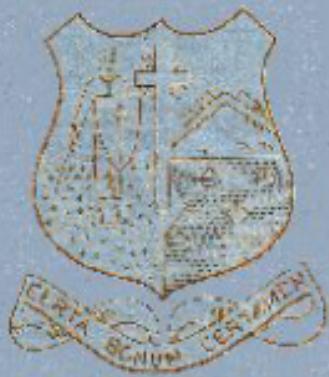


St. Joseph's College

Naini Tal

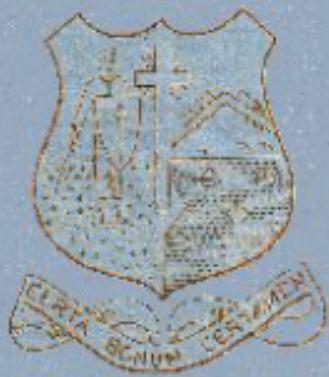


ANNUAL REVIEW

1955

St. Joseph's College

Naini Tal



ANNUAL REVIEW

1955

Our Little Men played wonderfully in the Independence Day Football tournament and brought back the trophy. No doubt the exercise books and pencils they received as prizes inspired them to write vivid accounts of the final.

The trophies awarded for games and aquatics at the Prize Distribution were both exuberant and unexpected. There was great commotion over the ceremony regarding the merits of the various prizes, for our President had told several small boys that their prize "was the best on the prize stand".

During the Indo-Irish football match, the brawny Irish goalkeeper was certainly impressive. What impressed the Principal most was that the new football was sent sailing over the boundary, never to be seen again. No doubt the environment of Bow Bazar must be influential to produce such a stalwart.

Windows may be used for more than the conventional requirements. But when B.W. used one as the fastest means of exit in order to be in time for inspection, he was unfortunate indeed, literally, at the feet of the Principal.

An ex-pupil once said that the boys of St. Joseph's always played foolishly on the flats because they could not suffer the humiliation of defeat. It was a pity this didn't work in the final against Algreen.

We have at last solved the much debated topic as to how the S.C. boys



P. Thomas Warner C.S.C. IV
Student of 1954.

were able to beat the much-fabled school at football. There was "Kit-Kat" at stake.

There have been divided views concerning the attraction and success of the Police Taluk held on the flats. We know of a certain quartet who saw nothing there but a donkey. Was this before or after an expensive dinner?

The whisky Drives and Hopsie were rated an unequalled success by R. Misra who won most prizes. Most of the others had to be satisfied with the consolation of mints and cocoa.

One of the "May Brothers" had a particular flair for practical joking. But one master, at least, might hold an opposite view as to the entertaining value of simulation, when he found that his class boys had been taught "his favorite song".

"A man called Peter" was our prizewinner of the year. As gentleman or vagabond he was superb. Unfortunately, we cannot say with Shakespeare, "All the School's a stage".

When fitting up for inspection our bays are neat and trim. Would the Principal hold the same view if he examined the hands and handkerchiefs of some that boys who had forgotten to polish their shoes.



"A Mixer Group, Business, Business and Players". "Was it Hockey?"

With the October cyclone, the barometer and our spirits fell. The covered passageway to Demerara was blown away. We presume that this will mean less visitors to this quarter during the coming term.

The Governor's visit was a red-letter day for the College. No doubt he was impressed by the conduct of the boys. But like posing for a photo-

graph, it's difficult to keep up the strain.

The new tape recorder may be intended for more than a mere office appliance. We'll have to get into the habit of looking behind pictures and presses before committing ourselves.

Pythagoras and Appollonius may have had their own ideas about triangles, but at any rate they knew what to look for. For the less mathematical minded, trouble is bound to loom ahead when they seek a solution to "The Eternal Triangle".

Now that we are putting coconuts after dinner, we hope that some of our already "fatted calves" will not prove a burden to themselves nor a hindrance to others.

"To err is human". But was it an error on the part of Ali B. to give a vivid account of a hockey match at which he was not present. Meant "More sure of the correct score".

An exquisite view may be obtained from "The Cliff" on a bright sunny day. It is difficult, however, to conceive what kind of view can be obtained from the same spot on a dark rainy night.

By his defeat over James Earl Roberts Macquhar has become the school champion in Billiards. "Thin Boy".



Rev. Dr. T.G. Mayhew and the Senior Cambridge Club.

To Maung Myint, our efficient school Captain, who has been declared "Best All Round Sportsman" of the year, we offer our sincere congratulations. For Maung, I, is now "Moonlight over Burma", but in New he has left "Footsteps in the Sandals".

"Then they will cry to the hills, fall upon us". This must be the feelings of the recipients of white cards during the monthly Graduations. But as a steady boy remarked, "those awarded white Cards are deserving of the honorable mention".

Now that all the school championships have been bagged by the Senior Cambridge boys, we are certain to have new champions next year. This is, of course, if.....?

In spite of the frequency and popularity of "The Banana Hit Parade," we still find a few boys anxious to borrow a little "On-gates".

It was noticed that after the Principal had conducted a surprise check on the clothes cupboards, there were many grim faces but brighter shelves.

At a certain memorable Eeeky match, the teams marched on to the field followed by a stretcher intended for the casualties. Late on it was noticed that wth the organizer of the game and, incidentally, a past games Master of Arms, claimed to be injured, he was most emphatic in refusing the use of the stretcher.



"The anglo-atomic 'Wingers of' the Independence Day Cup".

Front - L. Ferreira, H. Pomeroy, V. Gang, H. Goher.

Middle - Y. Chandh, G. Singh, S. Ram.

Back - D.G. Wilson, P. Thara.

At the Senior Cambridge Annual Picnic there was ample scope for enjoyment. It is doubtful which went down best, the windmill race or the amusing sight of D.A. kicking his stepbrother unmercifully, biffing.

climax of a "friendly competition" over-faced concerning the new Principal.

With such a gift as this did young Ferreira swear he lived his well? With apologies to Shakespeare, this might be taken from the comedy "Much Ado About Nothing".

"He soon makes a man his best friend or worst enemy." This was the

Judging from the number of broken panes in a certain classroom, we are forced to agree with the wise dictum of St. Paul that "the only things some fellows won't break are iron pieces of glass".

We had many occasions during the year to cheer in the hour of victory, "Come on Seni, give it to them". Let us hope that when Dame Fortune turns from us, we can say in the same spirit, "Come on Seni, take it from them".

Gurdin Singh
S.C.

IN MEMORIAL

Henry Rogers R.I.P.

Henry James Rogers was born on the 20th March 1940 in Poona. He was the only child of good Catholic parents. Prior to entering St. Joseph's he attended Montford Boys High School and he came to us on the 16th March 1962. From the first day he entered Seni, Henry was popular with his classmates. His deep usually voice, his tender upbringing exhibited by his party and good manners, his keenness in the classroom and his prowess - though often unorthodox - in the field of sport endeared him to all the Brothers. His nature was always generous and obliging. If any message had to be done, if any extra work had to be performed, Henry was the man of the moment. His favourite pastime was hiking. A holiday came and so did a knock to a Brother's door. "Please, sir, take us to Chenna". The occasions when we did not fall victim to the request of Henry and his companions were indeed rare.

About September 1964 he complained of a pain in his knee. This was not regarded then as serious. But as time went on, Henry became



Henry Rogers R.I.P.

"One from among us
Nadly we like him.
Loving him dearly,
His memory we'll keep".

of his former playfulness and wit. He seemed now to prefer quietness and we know that he must have suffered acutely though patiently - a heroic feat indeed in a boy. The results of the diagnosis carried out by Specialists in Bombay were truly alarming. We hate to think of how his poor parents

must have felt when they were told that cancer was present and the removal of the leg from the lap! Accompanied by his mother he flew to Lourdes, there to intercede with Our Lady but it was not God's will that Henry should be cured. The effect of the Lourdes visit was complete resignation both on Henry's and his parents' part. From thence he was taken to England and there to the great grief of all, especially his father and mother, Henry passed to the land of Eternal happiness on May 7th 1956. To his parents and friends we extend our sincerest sympathies. We in St. Joseph's who knew him view him greatly but with the eyes of faith we see the infinite goodness of our Heavenly Father who removed this tender plant before the gales of temptation and adversity should bear him.

May he rest in peace.

Maurice de Noronha

Just before the school closed for the Winter holiday, we were grieved to learn of the death of one of our past pupils-Johnny de Noronha. It came as a great surprise and shock to all of us as Johnny had been in the

best of health and good spirits when he left us a year ago.

Maurice de Noronha was born in Kanpur on the ninth of August 1937. "Johnny" as he was generally known attended St. Mary's Convent, Kanpur until the age of eight. On the 16th March 1945 he came to St. Joseph's and was admitted to Standard one. During his nine years in St. Joseph's one could not help remarking the lovely disposition, the very keen sense of humour and the perpetual smile that characterised him. On the field of Sport he had few equals. He was outstanding in football, hockey and cricket. As a musician, he excelled with the trumpet.

On Sunday the 4th of Dec. 1955, Johnny accompanied by his parents, went for a boat trip near Kanpur. Through some accident he fell out of the boat and was drowned before help could be given. The sincerest sympathies of the Brothers, Staff and boys of S.J.S. go to his dear beloved parents, brothers and sisters.

On Dec. 7th, a Requiem Mass was said in the College Chapel for the repose of his soul and five more masses were celebrated during the course of the week.

May his soul rest in peace.

OUR ANNUAL CONCERT

Our Annual Concert this year was held on the evenings of the 19th, 20th and 21st October. Despite of the chill in the air and the recent heavy rain the Hall was packed on all three occasions. It must have been inconvenient for many parents to have come to the concert and sports this year, being, as they were, later than usual in an unusually bad year. Nevertheless they turned up in force and were well rewarded for their services by the wealth of entertainment, musical, choral and dramatic, provided by the boys of the College.

The College choir opened the concert with a beautiful rendition of Ibsen's "King of Spain". Then in succession were presented a lap-dance instrumental solo, not the least of which was one on the harmonica; a three act comedy, that evoked plenty of laughter; and finally a short Indian Drama, "The Living Flower" which was a feast of light and colour.

A special word of appreciation must be given to the cast of the comedy, "The Dean of Theanoisai", who showed remarkable ability for boys of their age. Most of them were drawn from the middle school.

Outstanding among them, however, was Peter Campbell as Jones. Early in the play he found himself impersonating an unknown Doan, in order to escape the attention of the Police. When the Dean of Theanoisai turned up he became at short notice "The Dean of Open your Books". He finally reverted to Jones, the best friend and adviser of nearly every one

in the house, not excepting an escaped inmate from the nearby asylum. Campbell in this role left little to be desired in freedom of action, clearness of diction and mastery of interpretation; and delighted the varied audiences that witnessed the play. He was ably supported by Harpal



Top Doctors

L. Singh, L. Datta, S. Andhra

Singh, as Professor Goodly, who came near to having his "double life revealed"; Raj Mukerjee as Hans the servant, whose infinite vocabulary was yet sufficient to make it clear to his employer whenever a tip for his continued silence would be acceptable; and all the others, too numerous to mention individually, but who helped to make the performance the great success it was.

All praise is due to Br. M.A. Brogan for his choice of subject and actors, no less than for the hard work of preparing it show. It was most enjoyable.

A noteworthy and important innovation at the Annual Concert was the Principal's Report, given at the end of the concert. The report, which can be seen elsewhere in the Review, is well worth the attention of all parents. In it the Principal outlines some of the improvements wrought in the College during the year. He also summarizes for parents the important part they can play in helping St. Joseph's carry out its work of educating their boys.

Indeed, many parents were rewarded this year by seeing their children receive prizes for the hard work they had put into their studies

and games. After the Principal's report, prizes of books for studies and trophies for games, were distributed by Most Rev. Dr. Pali, O.F.M. Cap., to those boys whose good fortune it was to deserve them. It must have been as great a source of pride and pleasure to the parents, whom sons were so rewarded, as it was for the boys themselves. Our sincerest thanks are due to Dr. Pali for consenting to give away the prizes.

A last word of appreciation is due to the College Band Master, Mr. Menezes, whose orchestra provided the music between the items.

The Concert came to a close with the choir singing the school anthem, followed by the Jana Gana Mana.

* P.S.B.



They figured in "The Dean of Tuscany"

Standing : D. Chakraborty; R. Mawse; G. Sircar; J. Gupta; S. Gupta;
T. Wilson; C.D. Scott.

Sitted : H. Singh; K. Anand; T. Bhattacharya; M. Dasgupta.



"DANCERS:

Front : Y. Gopal, J. Ambed, H. Sochte, S. Khanzde
Back : N. Mehta, M. Thapar, R. Singh, Ravi Singh, V. Agarwal

PRINCIPAL'S ANNUAL REPORT

My Lord Bishop, Rev. Fathers and Brothers; Ladies and Gentlemen,

On behalf of the entire staff and student body of St. Joseph's, I am very happy to offer our sincerest welcome to each and everyone of you as our guests this evening. In attending this function, you have borne witness of your appreciation of St. Joseph's in showing your interest in one of her varied activities.

It is with feelings of much pleasure that I wish to lay before you

this evening my first report as Principal of St. Joseph's College. It is highly gratifying for me to be offered the opportunity of addressing such a distinguished gathering of parents, guardians and well-wishers. Ever since its inception in 1888, St. Joseph's has been closely associated, not only with the educational but likewise with the social life of Naini Tal. Our boys have participated in many a hard fought field and have won renown for themselves and their College in numerous activities organised outside the precincts of the College, but it is



HOUSE CAPTAINS 1895.

B. Rong, M. Myint, E. Kyin, A. Kyin.

within the old familiar walls of Sem that we are happiest to meet and entertain our friends.

My Lord Bishop, I am pleased to inform you that the past year has been a successful one for St. Joseph's. The enrolment has been, Boarders, 224; Day-scholars 120, making a grand total of 344. This has been the highest figure reached since the year of depression following the recent war and Independence. If the applications already received are a true indication of the future we shall have every available seat filled during the coming term.

Perhaps it is a long cry from the year 1860 when a influential member of the station presented the College with three gold watches to be given as prizes, so impressed was he by

the discipline and conduct of the boys of St. Joseph's. Without seeking in any way to exaggerate our merits or minimize our defects, I think I shall not be guilty of an overstatement if I assert that the conduct of the several generations of St. Joe's boys leaves little to be desired. Of their future careers in the ever changing society about them, we may entertain high hopes. But there is no denying the fact that the high ideals of schoolboys are sometimes shattered on the rocks and crags of evil suggestions and bad example. Juvenile courts, reformatory schools that all does not go well with the adolescent on leaving school. But judging by their present worth our boys are promising and we shall be greatly disappointed should the future fail to say appreciable extent our present estimate of them.

St. Joseph's College

NAINITAL.

Conducted by

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

REVIEW - 1955

Ladies and Gentlemen, prestige and renown have graced the annals of St. Joseph's. Our academic records boast of no less than Rs. 1,61,014/- won in scholarships since our foundation. While the majority of these scholarships were provincial, a great number of them were won also for throughout the whole of India. In the field of games and manly sports we hold the unique record of having won 103 major trophies in sixty-seven years. But while looking to the past for inspirational guidance, we shall leave no stone unturned in the present in order that the noble achievements of our predecessors may be worthily portrayed in a splendid future.

On the academic side, no effort will be left untried to further the intellectual advancement of our charges. The annual Proclamation of Ranks and the awarding of monthly merit cards is certainly bearing fruit for the good of all. That our boys take this seriously may be gauged from the fact that since the first Proclamation in the year the number of unsatisfactory cards distributed has greatly diminished while a proportional increase has been received in the number of Good or Very Satisfactory Cards. In this respect, I would wish all parents and guardians to co-operate more closely with the school authorities by paying close and particular attention to their boy's progress as shown by these monthly cards. Judge for yourselves the benefit accomplished by us in detailing the recipients of Unsatisfactory Cards for extra work when the only censure they receive from their parents, will be in the form of extra pocket money and promises of large parcels. In school, boys have to be

guided, enticed, cajoled, prodded and even driven along the road of learning. Do not leave everything to the teachers. Make their supervision and direction your mutual problem. Tell have your stricts to your children whether they are day scholars or boarders. When your boy appears to lag behind his class, write to him, encourage him, reprove him and even be ready to withdraw his privileges in the matter of pocket money or parcels. It is only by this means that the best results can accrue from the Proclamation of Ranks. It is only by this means that a perfect teacher-parents-understanding can be realized. It is only by this means that your boy will realize his responsibilities to his teacher and to his parents. And finally, it is only by this that you will ensure that your own expenditure, trouble and sacrifices have not been in vain.

But, Ladies and Gentlemen, there may be others among us who expect the intellectual level of a class to be uniform standard and even an unrealistically high standard at that. No such inflexibility will ever be experienced. The fact is there is usually a very high range of intellectual capacity or learning ability among any group of individuals young or old. And you it is sometimes found that parents are ashamed when their children do not measure up to the standard they themselves have set. This is all the more to be regretted as the children invariably sense this disappointment caused through no fault of their own and an emotional problem may be added to the intellectual disability. Of course at times other factors may come into play in hindering the satisfactory progress of your boys. Frequent changes of



COLLEGE CHOICE 1950

school or blindly insisting on placing a child in a seat beyond his ability may lead to untold unhappiness and dissatisfaction to pupils and parents alike.

The mind of the child is not a piece of machinery so manufactured as to assimilate a given quota of knowledge in a given time. With the gifted the process is rapid but with the majority who take their place among the mediocre, achievement comes only with effort and application while with the less gifted, the acquisition of knowledge is bound to be a painful and weary process. Provided our boys do their measurable best, we ought to be satisfied. If on leaving school, boys can honestly assert that they have confidence in themselves, that they are not to be dismayed with failures or difficulties, that they are honest and trustworthy and that

they are willing to begin at the lowest rung, believe me, such boys have gained more from their years in school than others who may hold honours certificates but who lack the qualities so necessary for success. The test of any educational programme is the extent to which a man is trained to think and act for himself.

Private Tuition will provide no solution to the problem of the retarded child, for such a practice hinders the pupil, worries the teacher and increases the school expenditure. A child of average ability who attends class regularly and utilizes his time to the best advantage has no need for private tuition. The backward child does not need it. What he needs is more love, more help and more encouragement from both parents and teachers. So, Private Tuition is no guarantee for success nor is it a

panacea for all educational ills.

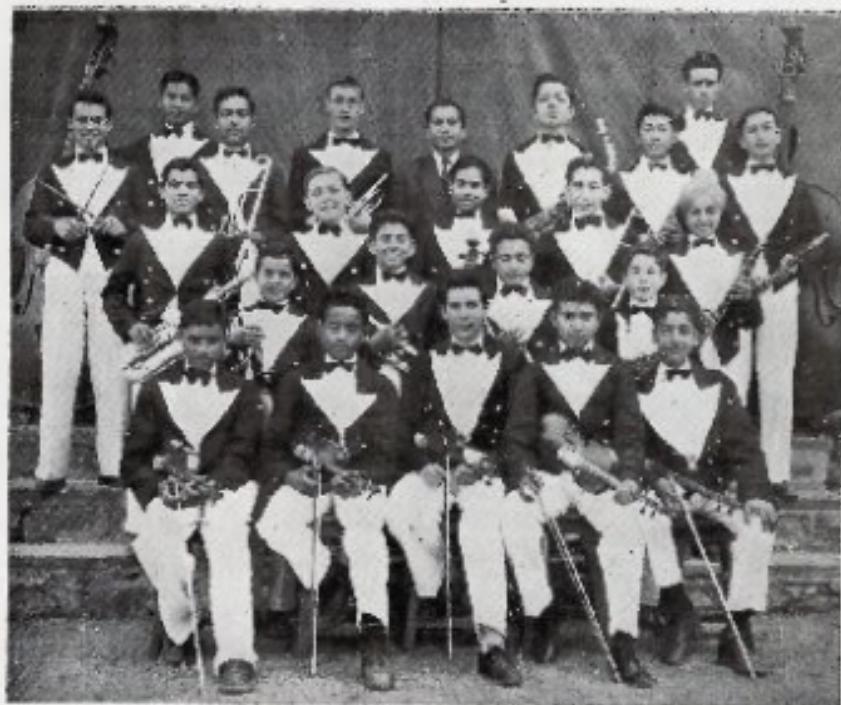
Convinced ourselves of the moral and physical benefits accruing from participation in many games and sports and knowing that our parents and guardians share our convictions, we spared neither pain nor expense to promote the physical development of our charges. During the year, our boys have acquitted themselves creditably not only in the Inter-House tournaments, but also during inter-school contests and at the open tournaments on the Plains. The Independence Day Cup was won by St. Joseph's for the third year in succession while we barely missed the Ranapur Cup by losing the finals to an Almora Team by a very slight margin. The enthusiasm and sportsmanship evidenced during such contests have brought laudable comments from friends and opponents alike. At Our Annual Sports and Drill Display tomorrow, you will witness for yourself the spirit of competition and good fellowship which has for long animated the boys of St. Joseph's.

While endeavouring to furnish the best possible conditions for your children's all round development several improvements and additions have been effected during the course of the year with the object of making your College and ours worthy of her noble traditions. My Dear Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen I am pleased to inform you that a new Children's Park now provides safe amusement and recreation for our Junior and Kindergarten boys. Our Billiard room has been renovated and all three tables furnished with new cloth and cushions. Two new tables for Table Tennis and several new Croquet boards have likewise been added to our Recreational facilities. Our Senior

Boys are lulled to sleep to the music of our Radiogram which has connections to the dormitories and is a godsend during the monotonous and dreary days of the monsoon season. Our College Library has been rearranged and substantially increased and we have now over 2000 books suitable for all tastes and for all ages. Our Visitors' Reception Room and Principal's Office have been newly furnished and decorated. Several sections of the buildings have been overhauled and painted. Our Playing Fields and Tennis Courts have been renewed. The Drainage system adjacent to the School has been either repaired or renewed. But the acquisition most appealing to our boys has been the purchase of a new 16 mm. Cinema Projector. We are now in a position to show two full feature films and several educational shorts during the month without having to face the tiresome uphill walk after the shows.

Our Manual Room affords healthy opportunities for self-expression to the boys gifted with tool handling dexterity. During his visit to St. Joseph's in the beginning of the year Shri R.M. Munshi, Governor of Uttar Pradesh, expressed wonder and surprise at the many artistic and highly finished articles turned out on the lathe and fret saw machines by the boys during their free periods.

What most closely concerns the hours of a mother is the health of her boy. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am happy to report that the health of the boys in St. Joseph's has been excellent. With God's blessing and the Protection of the Holy Mother we have indeed been fortunate in escaping every form of epidemic. Apart from an occasional case or two of colds or the 'flu we have been remarkably free from all



College Orchestra

Front : F. Bush; G. Baile; C. Rethamel; P. Blom; S. Hildebrand;
 Second : T. Monroe; J. Wales; K. Bass; J. Davis.
 Third : G. Monroe; K. Adams; W. Gray; A. Pegg; K.S. Dugay.
 Back : D. Alexander; S. Kylin; J. Colley; E. Parquier; Mr. L.N. Monroe (Band Master);
 A. Bonner; M. Myint; P. Clark; M. Dayal.

ailments peculiar to boarding schools. In this matter of your children's health, I may confidently assure you that there is no need for worry or anxiety should your boy have to spend a short time in Stone Cross, for he will find in our hospital Sister not only an excellent nurse but also a devoted mother.

In an establishment such as ours, The Principal as head of the Institutions, is called upon to organise the various departments. On his shoulders rests the responsibility of deciding questions and making decisions. However as an individual, the Principal can accomplish little, without the loyal and wholehearted

support of every member of his staff and is oh and every boy in the school. I am glad to find it is such as the case in St. Joseph's. I can truthfully assert that were it not for such encouragement and help given by staff and pupils many of the achievements already noted would not have been possible. I avail myself of this opportunity to thank the Brothers of the Community, the lay and staff, the Maids to Christ, the Nursing Sisters and the Matrons, the House-superior, Matron, and Bell Master for their unswerving devotion and loyalty during the year. I thank the Juniors the College Captain and The House Presidents for their splendid example in upholding the Honour of the school and exemplifying in themselves the motto *Non nobis Domine dona, sed misericordia tua dona nos*. Certainly Fight the Good Fight. My thanks also goes to every individual boy for his spirit of discipline and obedience displayed on all occasions. With a spirit such as this we hope to make of St. Joseph's a institution worthy of the illustrious men who claim it as their Alma Mater.

To our President, Dr. Poly, who has been intimately associated with

St. Joseph's for well over a P. A century, I offer my sincerest thanks for presiding at this evening's functions and for having generously consented to do so. And likewise, Heartfelt thanks too to those parents who subscribed to our Prize Fund as well as to those who are contributing towards the improvements already listed. Never deserving of our thanks are those boys who have unswervedly so magnificently this evening saluted the teachers who worked long and hard to ensure the success of the entertainment. And finally I wish to thank everyone present for coming to participate in the evening's programme and the giving further mark of your appreciation for St. Joseph's and everything that the name implies.

In conclusion I hope and pray that the Blessing of God and the Protection of His Virgin Mother may be ever upon your families and school and that your sons will grow up honourable to you and a credit to St. Joseph's.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

THEY HELPED US

In his Annual Report on the occasion of the Prize Distribution, the Principal drew the attention of the audience to the contributions and additions or restocking the coffers of the year.

While a repetition is here unnecessary, it is our pleasure duty to

give below the names of those who gave contributions towards these institutional facilities and thus making life in St. Joseph's more honest and comfortable than ever before.

Mrs. S. J. B. Rana
Air Com. S. Bhadrialal
Mr. U. Kyra



OUR NEW RADIO-CRAM

Mr. W.J. Ward
 Mr. G.S. Gorai
 Mr. Maxing Po
 Dr. S. Bisel
 Mr. Harman Singh
 Col. Sharad Singh
 Mr. J.J. Kapadia
 Mr. M.M. Bepp
 Mr. H. Thomson
 Mr. Das Gupta
 Mr. D.C. Chugh
 Mr. M.N. Maazd
 Mr. P.M. Mehta
 Mr. F.C. Patkar
 Mrs. V. Nash
 Kumaran
 Prakrant Des
 Mr. W.C. de Nochtia
 Lt-Col. Thapa
 Major A.H. Wadia
 Lt-Col. N.K. Mitra
 Mr. B.L. Freppell.

STONE CROSS

So in our School compound, there are two detached buildings at some distance from the School itself. Donaldshah is one of these and it is there that some members of the Staff live. I don't know why the house is called by that name. Some boys say that it is called after Mr. Donald Watling who has been a teacher in St. Joseph's for years and years and was living in Donaldshah all that time. My Dad told me that Mr. Watling taught him when he was in School over twenty-five years ago.

The other house is called "Stone Cross". This is the present School hospital where many boys go for little holidays during the term. The name is very queer and we don't know what the idea was in calling a house "Stone Cross". First of all, it is not built of stone like the classrooms and there is no cross on top like the Chapel. But the big boys say that the first nurse there used to get very cross with the boys if they threw stones on the roof and so the hospital was called Stone Cross. I think this story may not be true.

Anyway, it is a very old house and maybe it is one of the oldest in Naiui Tsai. The Brothers bought it long ago in 1898. Then it was used for classes. The boys had to go down there every day for they had not the nice classrooms we have. There was no Hospital for the boys who got sick and no Sister to look after them. And so, many boys got very sick and a boy died. Then when the new study hall was built, Stone Cross became a Hospital in 1907.

It is a very nice house, with flowers growing right round. On the ground floor there is a very neat little dispensary where the boys get medicine for their coughs and colds from Sister. There are two wards, one for the Junior boys and the other for the Senior boys. Near each bed there is a little table covered with a lovely cloth made by St. Charlotte. Outside she wants, we have another room where the boys who have no father have their meals and study in the evenings. On

stairs there is a well kept room for anyone on the staff who becomes ill. Sister has a nice bedroom and sitting room also.

Many boys go to Stone Cross when they are sick or have hurt themselves. No one is afraid to go because St. Charlotte is very kind and likes all the boys. She gives us no pain when we get injections or vaccination or even when she is dressing a cut or sore. At meals, she puts the food on the plates herself and afterwards looks at the plates to make sure that everything has been eaten.

Every room in Stone Cross is kept as clean as a new pin for Mr. Charles is in a ways working. Many times, the Principal takes our parents and other visitors to see Stone Cross and they all say it is one of the cleanest and best hospitals they have seen.

Giles Hayes.

Std. IV



STONE CROSS
No Stones! No Cross!

A Piece of Soap.

I was born in Great Britain in a large soap factory owned by the best soapmaker in the world. With thousands and thousands of other cakes of soap, I was packed up in a large box and sent on a long voyage to Calcutta.

From the store house near the quay, I was taken away by a merchant and placed in a godown in the city. I remained there for about a month when a shopkeeper from Lucknow took me away from Calcutta on the dusty train journey to his own city.

The time spent in Lucknow was pleasant and I spent much of my time admiring all the wonderful things in the shop.

But one day, the shopkeeper packed a large parcel in which I found myself in company with toothpaste, brushes, nailbrush and soap. All of us were sent by post to the Principal of St. Joseph's College.

When the parcel was opened, I was taken out and my beautiful



Raj Kumar

coloured wrappings were thrown away. I was placed in the violet room. From time to time I was used by various people. I am no longer fat and plump but every day I am becoming drier and thinner. I am afraid I shall no, live much longer.

Raj Kumar Sen, III

THE FASCINATION OF PLYWOOD.

If you or you who have been to Delhi have probably seen the Qutub Minar. Others may have found out from the guide book that this famous column is 238 feet high. Now if some fortunate pal of yours should visit California for the holidays and then return with the tale that he has seen whole forests of trees taller than the Qutub Minar, how many of you would believe him? How many of you would just think or say "This is another tall story" from over the

pond?" Yet your pal would be telling the truth. There are such forests and such trees. In fact what is believed to be the largest of these trees is known as the "General Sherman Sequoia" and it is thirty five feet taller than the Qutub. However, it is one hundred and one feet in circumference so that it would take about twenty of the biggest boy, in succession with arms outstretched to form a circle round its trunk.

This tree is very old. In fact it is believed to be the oldest living thing on earth. It was a mere sapling about one-third grown when Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia was campaigning in Sind and the Punjab in 327-325 B.C. It was about half grown when the Goths invaded the Roman Empire in 250 A.D. Its estimated age is some 3,500 years!

Some of you may answer a strong in that expression, "estimated age". After all, an estimate is a guess. But this is a very well informed guess based on the growth rings found in similarly large trees which have been felled. The study of growth rings is both fascinating and informative. If you take a twig from a tree and cut it across with a sharp knife you will see that the centre is all pith and that the only sign of a ring is close to the bark. If a thicker twig is cut it will probably be found that there is a distinct ring in the wood between the centre pith and the outer ring near the bark. If no such intermediate ring is found a thicker tree should be tried. Such a twig will be in its second year of growth while the thinner twig showing no intermediate ring would be in its first year. If a branch of the tree is cut the age of the branch can be known by counting the number of growth rings. Finally, if the tree is cut down and the number of growth rings in the stump counted then the age of the tree can be definitely known. By examining the rings of old trees and measuring the distance between the rings scientists can discover what years were good for tree growth and what years were bad. From such studies they can fix the dates of famine and prosperity, not definitely recorded in other ways. Similarly by examining the rate at

which different trees have grown in different qualities foresters can decide which trees they should plant for quickest and best results and in what qualities. For nowadays it is necessary to cultivate trees and plant forests because men have been destroying forests by improvident cutting since earliest times.

From the very earliest times wood has been one of the mainstays of man's existence. Trees while living have provided him with food and primitive clothing; when dead, they have provided him with wood. Wood has been burnt for cooking, for warmth and to scare away wild animals. Wood has entered into bows, arrows, spears, axes, hammers, ploughs, chisels and practically every weapon or tool used by man. It has been used to provide him with shelter, furniture and protective stockades and fences. Even where stone has made the walls, wood has been found indispensable for gates, doors and draw bridges. Without wood how would man have travelled over the waters of the world, the ponds, the lakes, the streams, the rivers, the seas and the mighty oceans?

Crossing and re-crossing these mighty oceans, man has brought to light the secrets of the forests of many lands. The characteristics of thousands of kinds (species) of wood are known and have been recorded. In India alone there are over three thousand species. Some species have some superstition characteristics. The Iron wood of Australia, as its name implies, is the hardest wood in the world. Balsa, a product of South American forests, known to every schoolboy interested in model aeronautics, is the lightest known wood. It is also known as Gondwana wood.

Other woods are remarkable for their sheer beauty. In this category we have Marble wood from the Andaman Islands, Macassar Ebony from Celebes, Laurelwood from Kashmir, Silky Oak originally from Japan, Walnut bark from Kashmir and many others.

But for all its beauty and utility wood presents an eternal challenge to all who would bring it into the service of mankind. Wood has a love for moisture. Timber from a newly felled tree contains a very large quantity of water. As soon as the timber is exposed to the dry air it begins to lose moisture and gradually dries out. The complexities of this drying process are extremely complicated and make a fascinating study, too much to be dealt with in this article. However, it should be understood that as drying out, or seasoning as it is called, wood shrinks. But it shrinks or contracts more in the direction of the growth rings than in any other direction. Moreover, the surface dries faster than the inside so that often legs are seen lying around which are split the entire length due to these phenomena. Furthermore, although wet wood gives up its moisture to relatively drier air, dry wood takes moisture from relatively wet air. Thus wood will expand or swell when in contact with water or with the moisture laden air of the monsoon and it will contract or shrink when the atmosphere is dry as in the summer. However well timber is seasoned its moisture content will go on changing year in year out with the consequent dimensional changes following suit. Everyone has seen the results of these changes and experienced the annoyance of not being able to open a swollen warped door during the monsoon which had opened quite

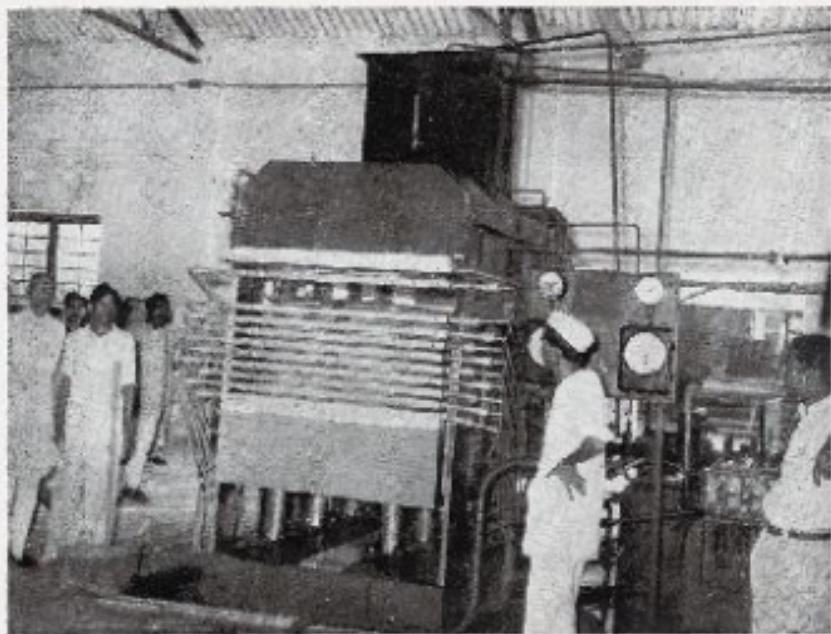
satisfactorily in the hot weather or has seen the dining table top shrink leaving gaping joints or even cracks as the hot weather has advanced. In some species the dimensional changes are less than in others and such timbers are said to season well. Such timbers are in great demand and are naturally very expensive.

Apart from the telecineas of wood in relation to moisture, the most important characteristic concerns its strength. From any ordinary empty matchbox you can learn a great deal about wood. If you examine the box part you will see that the bottom is made of a thin piece of wood with the grain running the length of the box. If you test out this thin piece of wood, which is actually a veneer, and remove the paper you will find that you can tear it length-wise quite easily. But you will find that if you hold the ends and pull, you cannot pull it in two. If you take the bottom of another box you will find that you can bend the two ends of the veneer towards each other and fold it in a right angle bend without breaking the veneer but if you try to do the same thing by folding two sides together the wood will break. If you examine the cover of the box you will find that it has been made by wrapping a piece of veneer right round the box. The right angle bends are made across the grain of the wood because it is impossible to bend the veneer to a right angle down the grain without breaking it. The tremendous difference in strength of wood along the grain compared with its comparative weakness in the other direction is of great importance and has led to the invention of plywood.

You can make a small piece of three plywood from the veneers found

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STEAM HEATED HYDRAULIC PRESS

in a match box. From the cover cut out the top piece and the bottom piece and remove the paper. From the bottom of the box remove the piece of veneer and clean it also. Spread glue on both sides of this bottom veneer and place it on the bottom piece of the cover. Over it place the top piece of the cover and weigh this assembly down with a brick till the glue sets. You will then have a piece of them plywood in which the grain of the back and the face runs across the pieces while the grain of the middle ply runs lengthwise. You will find that this is now quite strong and you will not be able to pull it apart in either direction.

All plywood manufacture is based on the principles embodied in this simple experiment, and the trapping difficulty is largely overcome because it is easier to get the moisture out of thin sheets of veneer than out of large planks of wood.

The art of cutting beautiful rues and decorative woods into veneers was known to the early Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs. These veneers were used for inlaid work, beautiful examples of which have been found in ancient tombs. But it is only in this century that the art of cutting huge sheets of veneer on machines has been developed.



VEENEER PEELING LATHE

In the early years of the plywood industry the veneers were joined together with starch, blood albumen or casein (made from milk) glues which were not waterproof. In the twenties Leo Bakeland discovered a synthetic resin which was named "Bakelite" after him. This waterproof synthetic resin had the property of bonding wood to wood permanently and from then on the industry grew from strength to strength and today we have modern plywood which is capturing new fields where other materials such as steel and cement reign supreme.

Plywood, as the name implies, is made up of a number of plies but is

usually of 3 ply construction. It is generally marketed as either commercial or decorative. The former being manufactured from inexpensive woods that are available in large quantities and the decorative plywood is usually made with one face or more expensive woods such as Teak, Walnut, Mahogany, Rosewood etc. Plywood is also manufactured in many different qualities such as technical plywood for specific purposes requiring great strength and stability or metal faced plywood for use in aircraft. It can be made in greater thicknesses by increasing the number of plies and this construction is known as multiply. Plywood is the strongest material

weight per weight, with the lone exception of a new light metal recently discovered. It was this outstanding quality which made the designer of the famous "Mosquito Bomber" think of using plywood instead of metal for this plane.

Modern waterproof plywood and blockboard was first made in India on a commercial scale in 1910 at Sitapur and during the war marine and aircraft plywood was manufactured to the highest world standards. Marine plywood is used in the construction of platforms for river crossings, beach going craft, etc. Air craft plywood is used for both the exterior and interior of certain types of aircraft, gliders and jettisonable petrol tanks. These droppable tanks were used during the war to increase the range of Hurricanes and Spitfires and were manufactured at Sitapur.

In modern plywood factories veneer is produced on peeling lathe or on slices. These are heavy pressure machines with lower sharp knives for cutting veneers to an extreme degree of accuracy. When a log is peeled on a peeling lathe the veneer comes off in continuous strip like paper off a roll. When a log is sliced the veneer comes off in sheets like paper off a writing pad. The sliced veneer gives the best decorative effects and all the best decorative woods are sliced.

The sliced or peeled veneers are then put through some drying process and after clamping and jointing they are ready for assembly. Just as in your experience with the match box you spread glue on each side on the centre or core veneer, so in the factory, glue is spread on both sides of the core veneer's. Only this is done

by machine. Instead of using bricks to weigh down the assembled plywood till the glue sets, huge hydraulic presses are used. These presses apply heat as well as pressure to expedite the setting of the adhesive. After pressing and cooling the sheets of plywood are trimmed to size and sandpapered, again by machinery, to a fine finish.

One form of material known as blockboard has been developed to take the place of very expensive thick multiply wood. This material is made on the same general principle as plywood and is available from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch though a range upto 1½ inch thick. The core of blockboard consists of a number of blocks running the length of the panel and on both sides of these blocks thick courses of veneer are laid and at right angles to these veneers are laid. Then the whole layer is pressed in the same manner as plywood. Blockboard has greater dimensional stability than plywood because of the construction of the core in which the blocks are cut and laid in a manner which defies expansion and contraction due to changes in moisture content. Although blockboard is of more recent origin, it is a cabinet maker's dream come true. He can now get what may be termed a single plank up to a maximum size of 8' x 12' unjoined and factory finished requiring no further planing. Before the advent of block board this was impossible.

Fresh doors are known with a sleek, flush surface that is obtained in blockboard doors—no more old fashioned paneled doors to further distract in our new buildings.

For all of you who may one day

wish to have furniture constructed from plywood or blackboard or what may want modern flush doors installed in your homes, a word of warning may not be unreasonable. The waterproofness and durability of modern plywood products depend on Phenol Formaldehyde synthetic resin adhesives. Other synthetic resins are in use which will not give the same high service and satisfaction but which are cheaper. Therefore always insist on having materials which are guaranteed Phenol Formaldehyde synthetic

resin bonded.

In this article an attempt has been made to cover an enormous subject in very little space. Much has been left unsaid but it is to be hoped that this brief article may stimulate your interest in the wonders and fascination of the modern technology of wood and plywood.

H. Thomson
Sipepu Plywood Factory

I was a Principal

On the Principal's feast day I went off to bed very happy and hoped that the Principal's feast would come oftener. That night I had a very strange dream.

I dreamt that I had grown big and had become a Christian Brother. I was made the Principal of St. Joseph's College. The first thing I did was to burn up all the straps. Anyone who brought a curse to Miss was punished. I said that the boys were feeling too tired so I had only half day school. Every boy had to be given Rs. 5- pocket money a week.

There was no Arithmetic or Hindi but there was a lot of drawing, reading of story books and singing. When Miss sent the boys to my office I used to give them a slab of chocolate instead of the strap. I always had lots of boys near my office. I kept my birthday every month and gave the boys a high lunch



Zar. Veljat

and tea but I only got one present in the year.

I was very proud of myself because the boys wished me "Good Morning, Sir". Any boy who did not wish me got a box in the ear. I had a new bell in my school which went "Clap, clap". Just then I heard Sir



The P.H.C. class pose with Rev. Dr. P.G. Tyree,

giving a snap to wake up in the morning and I found myself in S.C.I.

Karl Verlato, Std. II



David Alexander

Visit of H.E., Governor of U.P.

The arrival of H.E., the Governor of Uttar Pradesh, at the summer residence in Nainital, is always an occasion for rejoicing among the school children of the station. Custom has established that they all come file outside the entrance to Government House to greet him a ringing and hearty welcome. On arriving, the Governor alights from his car and makes his way among the ranks of boys and girls, shaking now and then for a few words with teachers or pupils. Finally, to mark the occasion, he requests the School Principal present to grant a free day to the children. Needless to



E. E. GARLANDS OUR GAIKHANDI BRAHMIN

say, our boys ensure that the hospital is supplied with.

This year we were not satisfied at merely taking part in a ceremonial reception and when our Principal requested H.E. to visit St. Joseph's the latter reluctantly consented. At the stroke of 10 on May 28th the boys ranged in their respective Hostess and Sr. Mme. walked up the drive. He was greeted with an enthusiastic chorus of shouts of welcome.

After being introduced to the members of the Community and the Staff, H.E. stood during the playing of National Anthem by the school orchestra. As one of our R.G. boys strode gallantly to garland our visitor,

he found the garland taken from his and placed over his own head by the Governor.

On behalf of the College the Principal then welcomed the Governor and his party. He said that among the nobility it was the prerogative of the ruler to summon His subjects to attend court functions. As there was no option of refusing or declining such invitations, he concluded with a good assuage the proceedings of a ceremony. Rev. Morrissey then pointed out that a far more dramatic point was evidenced than occurring. He had sent an invitation to a ruler who governed an extensive and devoutly populated state and without further formality the request had been granted.

A brief outline was now given of the work of the Christian Brothers in India and special emphasis, of course, was placed on St. Joseph's. The Principal referred to the tiny nucleus planted in 1888 and how within a short period, it had taken firm root, grown into maturity and yielded fruit a hundred fold. His Excellency was assured that the policy followed in St. Joseph's was such as to train up young men from every corner of India who would become loyal sons, devoted pupils and worthy and useful citizens of India.

The Governor then replied. He said nothing pleased him so much during his famous years as public administrator as a few pleasant hours spent in the happy and cheerful environment of school children. He said that his first impression of his own school life was that he sat in company with a dozen other lads before a vivacious old school master who whistled away the hours strong

the long cold fumes of opium. The driving force of this good old man was a large stick which he wielded frequently and accurately. And, said H.E. with a twinkle, this fear of school masters had ever stayed him and so when the Principal of St. Joseph's asked him to visit the College, he thought there was no alternative but to comply.

Sri Munshi went on to advise all present to utilize to the full the wonderful opportunities offered them in St. Joseph's to advance morally, mentally and physically and thus lay firm and secure foundations for their future careers. He pointed out that it was now within the reach of every citizen of India to fill even the highest post in the land. But the actual limit reached by any individual depended on his personal ambition, application and perseverance.

The reception was concluded by the orchestra playing the school anthem. Then the Governor's party



H. E. ARRIVING AT ST. JOSEPH'S

accompanied by the Principal and other Brothers, set off on an inspection tour of the College. The school infirmary was the first to be visited. Sr. Charlotte led the guests through the various rooms and all were impressed with the cleanliness and order everywhere evidenced. The Chapel, classrooms, laboratories, dormitories, recreation rooms, dining room and kitchen were all visited. Even the munition room and truck shop were not forgotten. The number and extent of our playing fields was an eye opener, for few would have imagined that behind those fortresses walls of Sem we have six playing

fields, four tennis courts and two alleys for baseball.

When the tour was completed and our orator played a final farewell, His Excellency made his way through the assembled ranks of boys to the main entrance. He thanked the Principal, Staff and boys for the pleasant and instructive visit. Finally as a token of appreciation, he gave us permission to use his private swimming pool whenever he was not in residence in Ning Pal.

(D. Alexander)
S.O. Class.

The Legion of Mary in Sem.

Let's all begin one Sunday morning in April. At eight o'clock a few boys gathered around the statue of Our

Lady and joined fervently in the Rosary—a few hearts yearning with love for Our Blessed Mother and ready to do anything for her.



Legion of Mary with Rev. Mr. H. Donnelly

This little gathering had come together to form the germ of the Legion of Mary in Sem. This little beginning was to the Legion what the foundations are to a building. Once started, the Legion began to spread.

The meetings were held punctually every Thursday night at 8.15. The attendance was regular and there were very few absences. At the first meeting, the Officers were elected and instructed in their duties,

and so the Legion began its work. The reports at each meeting were more than adequate. It was clear the real Legianary had been infused with the spirit of the Legion, which is that of Mary herself.

This spirit put the finishing touch to the work of the Legion. All the work was done in the spirit of faith and in union with Mary, the Mediatrix of all graces and Queen of Mansions. Moreover, this work, done in weve them and Our Blessed Mother was enormous. And this we did. Every rosary, every little ejaculation—even the tiniest one was a step forward on the difficult path that leads to eternal life.

This legianary work was accompanied also by the meeting of auxiliary members. These are to the Legion what the supply carriers are to the army. The auxiliaries are part of the system. The Legion is incomplete without them. Altogether forty-six auxiliary members have been recruited and prepared for active work in the Legion of tomorrow.

I sincerely hope that this page's diagram may continue to circulate regularly for all the years to come providing thereby a focal point wherewith to enrich our supply of grace—a source of help



A. Donner

to enable us to reach the goal coveted by all our families.

A. Donner
S.J.

(The writer of this article has been one of the most fervent members of the Legion. By his kind and good-humored disposition, he has done much to implant the true spirit of Frank Dull, founder of the Legion, in the minds and hearts of his companions.)

ED.



MY PET—TWINKS.

Birds are the favourite pets of many people, and though I have quite ~~had~~ a number myself in my aviary, the one I like best is my parrot, Twinks.

I prefer it, because it is so amusing and funny, and often, during holidays, when I feel gloomy, and have nothing to do, I go to the aviary to have a chat with Twinks and to hear him

repeating nursery rhymes which he learns from my young brother, and when he starts jumbling them, there is no end to my laughter.

Twinks is very attached to me, and whenever I go for a picnic I take him along and at the picnic grounds he always makes a great noise, teases other birds, and talks a lot of rubbish.



STANDARD VII WITH REV. MR. F. A. DURKEE



OUR NEW PRINCIPAL
REV. BR. J. U. MORRISSEY.

Twinkie has lively, colored feathers, especially on his breast. But once, when he had a fight with an old crow, some of these beautiful feathers were pulled off, and as a result of this, he became very sad and used to say, "Poor Polly! Get the doctor."

As it is, he is very rude, and if a visitor calls, he shouts out, "Close the door and wipe your feet!" and, "How many times have I told you to use your hands instead?" My mother, then goes angry with him, but I say it's mother's fault, because she says these things to my brother, in front of the parrot. Poor Twinkie learns these little phrases, and then uses them.

He also invariably disturbs the cook, by shouting out, "Cook! Cook!" in such a queer voice, that he thinks it is my mother calling. But these pranks of Twinkie, are sometimes of great help to me parents or my brother and myself.

One night, as we were having dinner and our two dogs had fallen asleep, we suddenly heard from the

bird up the stairs, "Wipe your feet and shut the door!" I thinking someone had come to see us, went to the door, and to my great surprise saw that a thief was unhooking the bolt of the door and trying to get away with some of my mother's jewels. I shouted after him, and he, terrified of being caught, dropped the box and quickly made his escape.

A few days after that incident, my parents engaged a new maid, whom I feared would be a real nuisance to us boys. On the day she was called for an interview, I kept Twinkie with me, and just as she stepped into the house, he shouted out, "Wipe your feet and use your handkerchief." The maid became so horrified that she walked, as quick as she could, out of the house and never came back again. But I was very pleased with Twinkie, for having succeeded in chasing her away, and I gave him extra food, and let him do whatever he liked.

Karl Andree

Spi. VI



Karl Andree



D_IW_AL_I



India is the land of festivals and Religious Holidays. The Hindus keep Basant Panchami in the spring and Durga Puja in the Autumn, and Holi and many other festivals. The Mohammedans have their two Ids, Ramazan and Muharram. But one of the most beautiful of festivals is Diwali.

Diwali "The festival of lanterns or lights" is a Hindu festival held in the last days of the dark quarter of the moon in October or November. It is the beginning of the business year for the Hindus, and it is what Christians and New Year holidays are to the European people. Shopkeepers and traders close their old accounts and open new accounts for the new year. All the houses are cleaned and decorated and at night both houses and streets are illuminated.

Diwali lasts for four days which are full of rejoicing and at the same time devoted to the worship of certain Hindu Gods. On the first day the triumph of Krishna over Naraka, the triumph of good over evil is celebrated.



K. Pandit

The second day is given to the worship of Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu and the Goddess of wealth. This is the big day and called "Bura Diwali". The last day celebrates the love of brothers and sisters, who exchange greetings and presents.

In the day the people put on their holiday dress and the streets of towns and villages are full of pipe and drums. In the night fire works are let off, and all the houses are lit up with thousands of chauras or small earthenware lamps which make the streets almost as bright as day.

The happy people move along the streets admiring the illumination. It is a beautiful sight to see the houses illuminated with lines of the twinkling lights. Even the poorest hut has a few candles while the house of the rich are illuminated with lanterns and coloured lights. The festival has the spirit of joy and happiness and good resolutions are made for the New Year.

Krishan Pandit
Std. V

Principal's Address on Independence Day 1955



"**E**t no man write mine epitaph. When Ireland takes her place among the nations of the world, there, and not till then shall mine epitaph be written." These were the words spoken by an eminent Irish Patriot as he awaited his death in a prison cell. His only error, if error it could be called, was that he preferred the freedom and independence of his country to a cruel death by a foreign ruler.

As we turn over the pages of history we find that the same sentiments have stirred the hearts and emotions of numerous men and women who placed their love of the freedom of their fatherland before the most precious of all possessions—life itself. For centuries India had been subjected to the indignities and humiliation of a foreign ruler. Army after army had swept over her fertile plains leaving behind ruined cities and impoverished people. From that fateful year in 1631 A.D., when Mahomed Ghazni led his horde across the western plains down to August 1947, India has realized to the full the true meaning of being a subject nation.

In the cause of freedom and independence our distinguished heroes and leaders wrote, worked, fought and suffered imprisonment. They were men whose hearts could not brook the intolerance of a foreign rule, benign as that rule might have been at times. Their seemingly unrequited efforts and sacrifices were at last gloriously

rewarded and to-day, we stand beneath the tri-colour and salute again their memory as we celebrate the Eighth Anniversary of India's Independence.

What does this Independence mean or imply? It means that all the people of India, including yourselves, are now at liberty to choose their own form of Government and that India will henceforth be ruled by her own leaders without the slightest interference by a foreign power.

Now that the flag of Independence has been unfurled upon the Republic of India, are we to idly bask and admire the achievements of Gandhiji, Nehru and Subhas Chandra Bose, while remaining blind to the important questions which ought to claim the attention of every true son and daughter of India? We can win Independence for India in other fields besides that of politics. In spite of the tremendous advances made since 1947, the majority of the people of India are still bound with the chains of ignorance and illiteracy. By doing our little bit to dispel this cloud of intellectual darkness, we shall have merited an honourable place among the benefactors of our nation.

In the field of economy India is far from being independent. Too many of our village people, also, live a life of extreme poverty and want. How many, indeed, there are who can afford no more than a single meal during the day. For such unfortunate



BR. P. F. O'KEEFE WITH STANDARD VI.

political freedom can have little significance. What shall we, the fortunate elite of the country, do to break these bonds which subject our country to the pangs of hunger and want? We have only to look around us to see the countless ways in which we can help to make our countrymen independent of the grasping bars of privation.

There is also in India that barrier of ill health and disease which subject millions of Indians to a primitive neuro-

galling than any foreign occupation. The dread pestilence of malaria, kala azar, filariasis, dysentery and typhoid carry to an early death thousands throughout the length and breadth of the country. Other countries have tackled successfully the problems of ignorance, poverty and disease. Are we not capable of doing likewise? Let us show the world that what other men in other climates have accomplished, we can achieve the same or even better results.

From my knowledge of you during the past months, I find that the boys of St. Joseph's possess many fine likable qualities. You have speed, endurance and stamina on the playing fields, you are conscientious and hardworking in the class rooms. In your general behavior you are polite, willing and cooperative. And should I say, that in the refectory you have the manly appetites. But like all boys you lack that very necessary quality of experience. Now as you accept your teacher's advice on the best methods of improving your English and Mathematics and as you believe the lesson's you are taught in Geography and Science, it is my desire, pray that you would also take to heart the advice so frequently given regarding your moral character and conduct upon which so much happiness depends in the future.

The period of youth and especially that of adolescence is the sewing period of your life. Lay well and securely the foundations on which your adult life depends. Sow wisely now the seeds of the virtues of obedience, honesty, straightforwardness and purity. Avoid that oft heard catch word that a young man must sow his wild oats. For each wild oats sown is the evidence of youth will bring a plentiful harvest of sin, and

disappointment in later life.

My boys, on this Eighth Anniversary of the Independence of your country, receive here and now to bring the blessings of independence into your life. Do not be led by the crowd. Share your independence by a wise acting manfully and vigorously. Throw off the shackles of deceit, lying and falsehood. Break the bonds of immorality, sloth and laziness. Above all become totally independent of those evil emperors who by their concentration and bad example are leading you to future unhappiness and misery. All of you have come from good home and reverend families. You are rightly proud of your family, home and country. Let there be equally pride of you. "Fight the good fight". Be of service to your fellow countrymen. And when the years have slipped away and you are prosperous men in many spheres of life and another Principal is addressing the boys of St. on Independence Day, you will see no greater honor and respect than those great men who have made this Independence Day possible.

May God and His Blessed Mother bless and protect each and every one of you and make you a credit to your home, your school and your country.



OUR ANNUAL SPORTS

On a clear, cold afternoon of 22nd October, excited cheers and loud applause echoed and resounded through the hills of Naini Tal. An important function was taking place in St. Joseph's. Sem's first play-field was then a scene of great activity. A large crowd of boys in their gay sports uniforms was standing on the examination steps. They were an excited crowd, always ready to give a shout of approval or a shout of encouragement. Opposite them, on the other balcony visitors, friends, parents and guardians were looking on with interest. Out in the field five flags fluttered lively in the afternoon sun. It was a memorable occasion—Sem's Annual Sports.



ATHLETIC RELAY TEAMS

Back : R. Upde, R. Panphar, A. S. Gill.
Front : S. Ram, M. Mehta, R. Kyin.

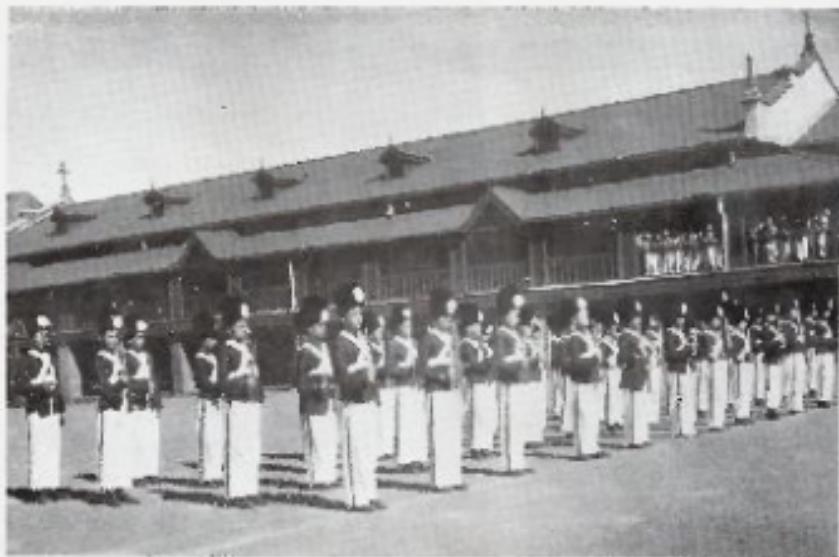


OUTSTANDING ON SPORTS DAY

R. Singh, S. Singh, R. Das Gupta, R. Kyin

St. Joseph's sports began promptly at 1 p.m. The events before the interval consisted of 50 yds., 100, 200, 400, hurdles and obstacle races for the small boys. These were keenly contested in all divisions. The senior division relay was also held before the interval and St. Patrick's had a remarkable victory over the other three houses.

The final Drill Display formed the highlight of the day's events. The parades of the Toy Soldiers by standards four and five was both colourful and spectacular. The precision of movements coupled with the dazzling uniforms won universal applause. Our smallest boys in the K.G. first and second standards carried themselves creditably in a Swedish Drill Display. Standards three and four presented a wonderful pattern of beauty and colour as sixty-four boys marched and counter-marched, twirled and turned, formed figures and designs in the intricate movements of a Maze Drill. Our Senior boys ended the show by a well executed Club Drill Display.



THE TOY SOLDIERS

The event all Sern Toy, anxiously awaited, was the Open Relay, in which our old Rivals, Sherwood College, were to participate. Some weeks previous to during the Sheosand Annual Sports, we ran and won a marvelous Relay. Now we trembled lest we should lose our reputation on our own grounds. As the teams get ready for the start, everyone is tense with excitement. The shot is fired. Away they run. Horner, Sherwood has the lead. They take the lead. The lead is increased. Are we to go down? Come on boys, shout. From the cheers of all, comes one old war cry, "Home or Sero, give it to them, S. J. C." Our number responded. The lead is diminished. The shouting increases. Our opponents answer with their cry, "Sherwood, Sherwood". Now everyone is shouting,

Both Principals forgot their dignity and just rival rums. Excitement and anxiety ate on every face. Our third race is still ahead. Shall we make it? The baton over to Ramu. Ramu starts as you never ran before. He runs. He runs. The pack is closed. The runners are neck to neck. "Come on Sero", Ramu inches forward. A foot, a yard, two yards. Take the track. He comes, he goes, he wins. Hurray once more for S. J. C.

As for the individual championships, in the D Division, N. DasGupta was outstanding for the second year in succession he got the Best Man's Cup. C and B Division champion ships were won by Shiva Singh and R. Bimal respectively. Edward Kyan was the best among the senior.



M. Myint
School Captain 1952

The Cobham Challenge shield went to the winning House, St. Patrick's and the Gurnetby Challenge shield was won by the runners up, St. Patrick's.

The events concluding the sports were "Musical events" for the two "finalists". Music competition for the orchestra boys and half mile for A, B and C division. In the "Music Competition" R. C. Seagul was outstanding and A. Balmer had an easy victory in the half mile.

The Prizes were distributed by San J. P. Ramu, Deputy Home Minister for U.P. Our Assistant Athlete had the name of an old well known author.

M. Myint,

"United In the Bond of Loyalty"

Have you ever watched the passing through in one of our big Indian cities? A cursory glance at the features, clothes or head gear will tell us almost their status. That we are looking at a cross-section of India's four hundred million inhabitants. Go where you will, should you but a moment, you will not be long in discovering a representation of every tribe, tribes and tongues.

Such a cross-section community is part and parcel of St. Joseph's. The majority of our Staff has some "Home and Foreign" tie and are from Ireland, England, Germany and Switzerland. Our boys come from widely scattered quarters throughout the country. Practically every state has its boy within our walls. They are here from the hills of Assam, as well from centre of Rajasthan. From

the foothills of the Himalaya and from the Sunder Nilgiris. From Chittor on the East to Bombay on the West. From inland of West Bengal as from the agricultural Poona. Living side by side with the boys of the U.P., we have Assamese, Bengalis, Biharis, Punjabis and Gurkhas. From the Deccan, Mysore and Hill they have come in six generations before time.

Political and national boundaries often no barriers. Nepal has a strong contingent and her sons crowd most of our best, whether in the sports field or in the class rooms. Burma has given us one College Captain, Young Myint, and the Kyauk Brothers. From far away Indonesia comes our best swimmer, Rita Kard. The Bhutanese boast men from Sikkim, Goalpara, Malaya and China from Hong Kong. Uganda sends C. D'Souza. Zambia gives us



NEPAL
B Rana

PERSIA



PENJANG
J. Singh

GORAKH
M. Dagle

ASSAM
H. Sengal

UGANDA
S.D. Soga



ENGLAND
H. Thomas

MYANMAR
A. Myint



RANGOON THAILAND



ALL ROADS LEAD TO SEM

BURMA
E. Kyin



E. PAONSTAR
I. Smith



ZANZIBAR
Iw. Syry



MALAYA
H. Singh



INDONESIA
R. Binol



BANGALORE
I. Brown



CALCUTTA
A. Bonner



CHINA
D. Chan



W.P.
PAKISTAN
J. Hayser

W. Grey and Pease, P. Capapé, England. America and Germany are also represented.

To Kairi they flock. By plane, ship, train and car. In fact, religious and nationalities divided can easily unite in their loyalty to St. Joe and her

principles. What an example of United Nations! Our boys have but "One aim, one object, one desire", to equip themselves militarily for the future battles of life by adhering to the full the spirituality and traditions offered by St. Joseph's.

R. Masai,

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THE MAJOR GAMES

This has been a wonderful year—
a year that will be remembered in
the annals of St. Joseph's. Who
will forget our 7-0 victory in football
against Sheppard, or our 9-1 win over
Birds, or that we just missed keeping
a clean sheet in the Inter-School
Tournament between
Sherman and ourselves. Those that saw
S. J. C. playing in the
Final of the Ranque
Tournament will re-
member, for many
years to come the
place of our victory
against the S.J.C.
team. Their victory
ended our game, but
how great a brilliant
display of football it
had. Our more expe-
rienced opponents
wondered. In Hockey,
too, our boys played capitally. In both

the tournaments, played on the field,
they did credit to the memory of
former S.J.C. students, even though we
were very unfortunate and so being
consequently defeated. A marked enthusiasm
was perceived in the coaches

trophies. Our Principal's promise of
handsome trophies for the winners
of the Inter-House Tournaments
seemed to increase the interest of all our
players. These Tournaments brought
to light the fact that many a young
man is a true Helen Brilliants of
individual players.



Eddie Shan.

Hockey. That the
boys of S.J.C. have dis-
tinguished themselves on
many a well-fought field
is evident by the many trophies resting within
the hallowed walls of Sherman. The memory of inter-
house and other contests
seems to set the initiative
coach inspired our boys.
St. Joseph's won their
Inter-School Hockey Tournaments against Sheppard in
both the Cub and Senior
Divisions. In a very dulling encounter
our outfit won by three clear goals.
It is impossible to credit any individual
player as was not every single
man that won the game. It was the
effort of seven boys working like a
well-oiled machine that was crowned
with victory. Our senior won by two

ST. JOSEPH'S STAFF 1955



Seated: Sr. Charlotte; Rev. Br. T. A. Conlon; Rev. Br. J. U. Morrissey (Principal);
Rev. Br. T.A. Brown; Sr. Georgette.

Second Row: Mrs. D. Gleeson; Mr. D. Walling; Miss. A. D'Elia; Miss. A. Benedict;

Mrs. H. Thomas; Sr. M. M.

Third Row: Mr. S. Kellus; Rev. Br. T.C. Maynard; Mr. H. Krishan; Rev. Br. D.G. Tyner;

Mr. H. Joshi; Rev. Br. P.J. O'Kreiff; Mr. S.N. Day.

Back Row: Mr. L. D'Nentos; Rev. Br. P.S. Burke; Rev. Br. M.A. Tongan; Rev. Br. T.H. Dennelly;
Mr. L.N. Kanarick.



FIRST ELEVEN 1955.

Standing: M. Myint; R. Tantohar; J. Singh; A. K. Gupta.

Middle: F. Kyin; D. Alexander; S. Kyin; M. Lall.

Front: R. Hinde; J. Singh; D. Ramm.

goals, thus evening their defeat of 1954. "The margin of our victory does not do full credit to our team, which should have won by a larger margin, but, alas, luck was not all on our side.

Besides these, S. J. C. played many friendly matches against local teams and lost only one game and that too by a single goal. In the open tournaments, however, we were very unlucky.

In the Semi-Finals of the Mosk Cup, we lost to a strong Naini Warriors team by two goals. We were also very unlucky to be eliminated in the earlier rounds of the All India Trades Cup by Lampur, the winners of the Tournament. The spirit of friendliness pervaded all encounters, which made our team very popular. The Inter-House Tournaments were keenly contested from the start. In the first knock-outs, St. Patrick's House came first closely followed by St. Francis' House. The second knock-outs were more keenly contested because the winners of this knockout would receive the handsome trophies. St. Francis' House were finalists on all three fields, but won the final on the Junior Field only. They were, however, winners of this tournament followed by St. Patrick's.

Football rolled in with the rains. Hockey sticks were stored away, and football boots greased. The first game of the season was an international match between Ireland and India. Ireland was creditably represented by the Christian Brothers, but the stalwarts of India proved too strong for them. They had to acknowledge defeat at the hands of East. Next on the schedule were the Sherwood matches. Our Colts won by the odd goal in three. Sherwood put up a very stiff fight, but with Lady Luck attending on us, we managed to get the better of them. In the senior game, however, S. J. C. easily swamped Sherwood. What impressed the spectators most was the great unity and understanding between our players, hence it was no surprise that we won by seven clear goals. What our boys lacked in size, they made up in speed, and from the very start they led the Sherwood boys a merry chase. Against

Birla College, also, we won by a large margin of eight goals. In the friendly local matches we not only won games. We fought our way into the finals by defeating some local and some outsiders teams. In the finals, we were



met by a strong Almora United team. No doubt, the Almora team was far superior to us in every sphere of the game, yet our defeat at their hands was more a play of chance than any other thing. They beat us by the odd goal in three—the winning goal being scored off a penalty six minutes before the end. The Inter-House Tournaments were not without their share of thrills and spills. St. Paul's and St. Patrick's fielded strong teams on all the fields. Hence it was to be expected that one of the two Houses would win the Football Shield. In the first Tournament, St. Patrick's won the tournament with St. Paul's second. In the second tournament, St. Patrick's received the trophies for the Top Field, St. Paul's for the middle field and St. Peter's for the Junior Field. The Inter-House Tournament brought the football season to a close—a season of football which was enjoyed by all the boys. As our Seniors and Colts had their hours of glory, so too had our Juniors. In the Independence Day Tournament, our youngsters stormed their way to victory and won the trophy for the third time.



THEY HAVE REASON FOR THE HAPPY FACE.

Back: S. Basu; D. Basu; D. Deshpande; P. Singh; M. Loh; R. Basu.
Front: K. Naidu; S. Kalyan; J. Seth; D. Alexander; S. Singh.



Cricket. The progress of cricket was hampered to a great extent by the late rains. Besides the Inter-House Tournaments, we played only two outside matches against Sherwood. Our girls were beaten by Sherwood after a close contest. The match was decided on the first innings scored, and we were beaten by two runs. This defeat was, however, avenged when our seniors beat Sherwood by a large margin of runs. Faust with the uphill task of scoring 113 runs in just about two and a half hours, we started very confidently, and reached fifty with seven wickets in hand. Then three wickets fell in quick succession which put us with one back to the wall. Our tailenders battoned courageously and

due to their efforts, we won the game. The highlight of the game was the spectacular six by D. Alexander, which cleared the wicket and landed in the Government Grounds. This incidentally was the winning stroke. The Inter-House Tournaments were timid compared to the Fiechalland Hockey Tournaments. St. Peter's won the first tournament with three wins out of four games. In the second tournament St. Patrick's won the first beating St. Peter's team, which had lost the glamour of former days.

S. Basu (L.S.)



MEMORIES OF THE DAYS THAT WERE

Fifty years is a mere segment time and is not a long spell but fifty years in the life of St. Joseph's means a great deal as the Institution is but 67 years old. As is to be expected the young grew rapidly and St. Joseph's has grown very much.



One of the Pioneers of St. Joseph's
Mr. J. Glens.

When Rev. Fr. Knigell or O. M. Cap. handed over the School to the Brothers in 1893, there was just one building housing 33 boys, and Bro. Stevens had but a small family. It was at first the Institution was small because Bro. Stevens was advanced in years and was soon called to his reward.

He was succeeded by Bro. Holland who in a year or so found it very necessary to put up another building. This the boys immediately dubbed 'Noah's Ark' and 'Noah's Ark' it remained for many years. With a rapid and complete change of students this name has long since been forgotten.

It was in these days that the football and hockey teams were at their best. Bro. Holland, though rather frail, was as keen as mustard on games and watched the boys play every evening noticing each ones faults and in a masterly way very quickly informed the players of their habitual mistakes. The boys took these corrections to heart and were very keen to improve and their great proficiency was due to their intense training. Some of the larger students put down the success of the Flats to the fact that the team got "stlasses". What a ridiculous idea! In those days dinner was at 4.30 and the boys felt they could not be at their best immediately after a heavy meal so they asked that their dinner be cancelled and they be allowed a good steak each instead at supper.

After nine years in office Bro. Holland was glad to make over the reins to Bro. Columban. He made over charge at a unique function. The Staff and the boys were all assembled in the study hall and in a little speech we were told that day St. Joseph's Seminary was to be known as St. Joseph's College and that Bro. Columban was to be the new Principal but before giving over charge, Bro. Holland's last act would be to give the

boys a holiday because the numbers of boys had exceeded the 200 mark.

Bro. Colquhoun took over a going concern and found things working smoothly and was able to enjoy success on the Flute and in the Government examinations. But soon he met trouble upon trouble. Several of the boys got enteritis but fortunately only one case proved fatal. For the safety of the boys the parents were informed of the state of affairs and quite a number of the boys were called to their homes. They all returned after a while and eventually it was discovered that the trouble was all due to a servant who proved to be a carrier. When everything was well again Bro. Columbian set in motion the building of the Chapel wing. This was necessary as there used to be a mass-shit Chapel either in the big boys dormitory or in the assembly hall. When the numbers were small the boys all went to the Convent on Sundays and holidays, but as our numbers were increasing rapidly so were those of the Convent, we had to find for ourselves. In 1916 we got our own Chapel.

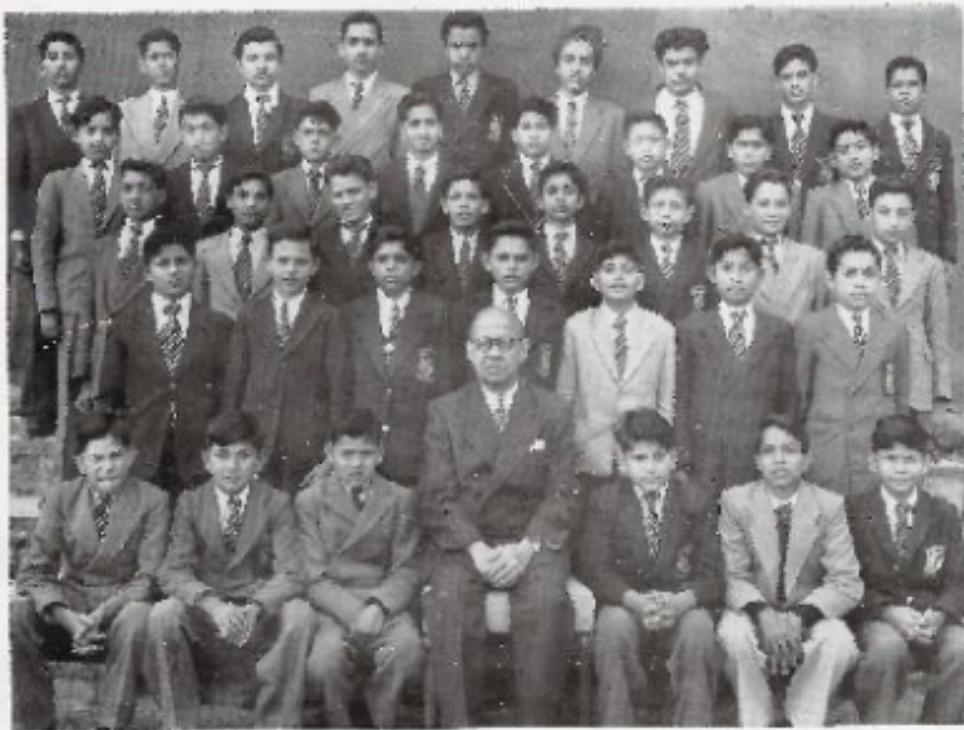
Then in 1913 Bro. Ryan took over and his first big function was the celebrations for the Silver Jubilee of the College and he certainly made a big success of this. There was fun feasting for a whole week closing with a mass at which Bro. Ryan thanked those present and absent, for their generous donations because of which the College had now spent single rupee of its own on the renovations. The following year Tomiddabud was purchased for the use of the boys from Std. III down. Soon after this Bro. Ryan left St. Joseph's to take over as Provincial. He made over charge to Bro. Culhane, a man of

few energy both mental and physical. One of his first big outlays was an order to Messrs. Hawkes & Co. of London for a full set of instruments for an Orchestra and band, and he was able to get the services of a German band master to set things going. This man, Mr. Rausch, did not live very long, but a young man from Bombay was soon in his place, but for a year only, as he went to England. The next year saw the advent of Mr. Ludwig, the great musician, who carried on for many years till old age compelled him to make room for another.

After getting the Orchestra going the necessity for a Concert Hall arose and Bro. Culhane thought he did not himself get up any concert music in his business to be very frequently at the rehearsals. As far as music there was hardly a muth of any sort and Bro. Culhane was there more excited even than the players themselves.

He was followed by Bro. Connolly and then we got the last of the buildings to complete the College. It was now that the dining room and class roomy stone on the foundations of the old dining room which was never intended to be a permanent structure. To get the stone the big field was cut down some four feet and enlarged. Besides this the other playgrounds were either newly made or enlarged and the fort like walls came into being.

During all these years while Principals were taking on and giving up there was one who remained the same throughout and this was Bro. Paul. He was prefect for nearly 30 years and was relieved of his duties when nearly 80 years of age. Though



A Veteran of St. Joe—Mr. J. Whaling and Student V.

He had a name for being a very strict disciplinarian he was very well liked by all because the boys felt that he was very just. Strange as it may seem the boys did not mind what punishment they got in class but none would chance being punished by Bro. Paul; not that he punished more severely. It must have been a sort of thrill when they had to face him.

After Bro. Paul's time the history of St. Joseph's became present day history as I believe review can be closed with a quotation from Mr. no.

"Lord surely brings the light of

other days around me."

J. Gleason

Mr. Gleason, to whom we are indebted for this article joined the staff of St. Joseph's in 1902 and retired from active duty only in 1952. Truly he has seen many changes in St. Joe during that period. Many are the estates he taught and numerous are the past pupils who claim him as their old master. To Mr. Gleason as well as to all the processes mentioned in the article, we owe a debt of gratitude for their long term work in making St. Joseph's what it is to-day.

Ed.

AQUATIC SPORTS

Swimming bring a strenuous and healthy exercise has been popular in Sen for over thirty years. Its popularity decreased a few years ago and no aquatic sports were discontinued till the year 1950. The Principal restored the eagerness by organising water sports for all classes of boys in Sen.

The boys put their heart and soul into earnest practice. These practices were held in the lake under the direction of Doctor H. Gour, who has been the swimming instructor at Sen ever since he came to St. Joseph's College. The beginners began early in the beginning of the year were soon able to take care of themselves in the senior. When His Excellency K. M. Munshi the Governor of U.P. came to Naini Tal, he gave the school permission to use his swimming pool. In the pool the

boys practised as eagerly as in the lake.



H. Rind



COURT WATER SPORTS

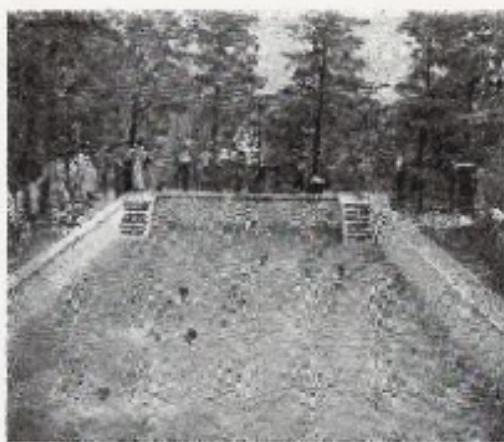
*Back : G. Singh, A. Rahman, G. Rao,
Center : S. Goswami, P. Bhattacharya,
Front : G. Ward, H. Rind, H. Singh.*

The aquatic sports were scheduled for the 8th of September. We were greatly disappointed, when the morning turned out to be rainy and chilly. Thus the sports were postponed to the afternoon. Although the afternoon was misty, it did not prevent the sports.

The signal for the commencement was given and away we dived and swam. Gopals Ward, who proved himself an excellent swimmer, easily carried off the A division Best man trophy. Aziz Rahaman, who was a good runner up gave the former a tough time. As for the B division, I shall leave you to guess who was the Best man. Suffice it to say he was from the P. S. C. Gopal Ram and Sarander Tandon came second and third respectively. If it had not been for an injury on his knee, Christopher Butland would have come 2nd in the A division.

In the D and E Division the best men were Preecha Bharathik and Stanhope Greenaway. Though the races in the junior divisions were short the swimmers proved their worth by striving hard and would have given the higher division some stiff competition. The inter-house relay, being the last item was keenly contested among the four houses. For a time the teams were in a dead heat but it was the last man of St. Patrick's who won the coveted victory.

The 8th of September proved a very successful day for all of us. To the winners in each division trophies were awarded at the prize distribution ceremony on October 21st. Even the onlookers enjoyed every item of the sports. This could be gauged by the



Grounds Setting of Raj Bhawan Swimming Pool.

enthusiasm and interest displayed throughout the day. The winning House was St. Peter's followed by St. Patrick's.

R. Bhosse
P.S.C.

THE FASCINATION OF HISTORY

History has always been a very interesting subject to me. Like other subjects it has also been very useful. It is a thrilling subject which can be taken up either as a means of pleasure, which can occupy much of our free time, or as a reviser of knowledge and facts, thus developing the mind.

In order that we may be good citizens of our country, a type that is patriotic, it is necessary that we should know about its importance and

wonders of its society. How can one who knows nothing about his motherland give his life for her?

History reveals to us the condition of any nation's society, which was well advanced. It reminds us of the terrible plagues and famines—so it informs us what we must do and what we must avoid in order that our country may reach its former high condition.

The ruins of old buildings, palaces and temples take us back to our imagi-

nations to ancient times. We begin to think of the skill of the architects of those days. We naturally praise old times and wish we had been there alive. As our knowledge of the past and the past increases our desire to know more about those times is whetted.

The story of great men appeals to our taste. By the aid of History we meet such persons whom we could hardly imagine to meet even in dreams. Could we ever meet Gautam Buddha, Acharya or even Akbar? But through History we can know all about them. We learn about the way they lived and so we ourselves try to become like them. We learn about their policies and how they built empires.

Our sense of reasoning is also much developed through History. When various questions are put before us, we question and argue with ourselves about the different deeds of kings and leaders and events which led to certain results.

History may be regarded as a means of pleasure. Much of our spare time which could otherwise be very tedious can be spent in reading stories of History, adventures, battles, revolts and invasions.

Much of our religion is also based on History. It is through religion or rather History that we can understand the great Guru, Guru Nanak, that Bhagavanji did when He came on this very land of India and in other parts of the world. He revealed to us the way we should act towards our parents,



S. K. Gupta

brothers and relatives and fellowmen, by the example of his life and actions. It is most sobering when we learn about Mahatma Gandhi's love and devotion towards Shri Ram Ji. It is still more overwhelming when we hear about the love of God, towards Shri Krishna Ji. Thus a notion of love and devotion is cultivated in us towards the creator. We are encouraged to act rightly, fully depending on Him alone.

So History indeed is very far reaching. It has but the power of changing men like Savaji, the ability of arming heroes and heroes to strive for freedom and surely the capability of changing us, the present generation into a race possessing the spirit of our forefathers.

S. K. Gupta, P.S.C.



SEM'S VISITORS.

The arrival of visitors at the home has always a tremendous fascination for children. An air of expectancy pervades the family. What does the visitor look like? Will he remember us after many years separation? What will he think of our new garden? Our new hangings? The baby? And for the children, what presents are in the offing? Well, time and experience provide all the answers. We have only to wait and see.

Visitors to St. Joseph's are many. They come from all quarters. With us there is no visiting season, for we receive them at any time of the year. Be the weather sunny, misty or rainy we may never have being conducted round the building. They come in the morning, afternoon or evening. With some 7.0 A.M., or 7.0 P.M. matters little.

Many are past pupils with keen eyes for improvements and changes. Some are parents deeply interested in the amenities and comforts available for their children. Others may be prospective parents and their sons. The manner in which they scrutinise things plainly tell their experience of boarding schools. They have seen several and will see more before committing their boys to the keeping of any school, however good.

There are, of course, less interested parties. These may have heard some doubtful rumour of the existence of St. Joseph's and have come to ensure that it really exists. Such as these introduce themselves, "We have heard much of your renowned institution and are desirous of seeing it."

Patiently, the Principal takes them around, knowing only too well they will repeat the same tale to heads of all the other schools in Nairobi. And finally there are the out-and-out sightseers. These make no pretence of being interested in our school. In some way or other, they have to while away the idle hours and they find a visit to Sem a good a way as any.

Yes, our mighty fort like walls seem to attract people and they have made of St. Joseph's one of the final points for Nairobi's visitors. I suppose it is to be expected that all who are concerned round the buildings are not interested in the same lines. The engineering type find food for thought in the massive walls. How high are they? How thick are the foundations? What ratio is the slope to the height? The financier is interested in the constructional cost of buildings and play grounds, the recurring and non-recurring grants, the maintenance cost per capita. The University graduate pays more attention to the recreational facilities we have to offer. But unfortunately, we never measure up to his standards. Perhaps such young men wish to show how really backward we are after all. Our tiled room may be quite all right but, you know, the real game for young lads is snooker. The library may be tolerable quite passable, but we lose immensely in lacking the Dewey system of classification. The Children's Park would be much improved with the addition of a giant round about. Finally, our playing fields fail to impress. "What you really need", our departing friends tells us, "is a good swimming pool".

Editorial

Once again, we pass in review the activities and achievements of our Alma Mater. 1955 has passed peacefully and pleasantly. "Pleasantly" requires some qualification as the year was saddened by the deaths of two boys who were with us in 1954—Henry Rogers and Johnny de Neve.

Many distinguished personalities have graced our halls during the term. H.R., the Governor of U.P., was here in the month of May when he was conducted throughout the entire establishment. Shri B.P. Bagchi I.C.A., Secretary Education Department came in October while Sri J.P. Rawat, Dep. Home Minister presided at our Annual Sports. His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. Poli presided at the Annual Council while Rev. Fr. M.R. Maher, Provincial Superior of the Irish Christian Brothers, paid an unusual visit of inspection. An B.K. Bhattacharjee, Inspector of Schools, gave us much useful advice during his two visits since his appointment.

Athletically Sena covered herself with glory during 1955. Junior, Middle and Senior boys won outstanding victories both at home and away.

With the coming of our new Principal, came many improvements. All visitors to St. Joseph's have remarked on them but one Principal did not stop at point and brush. He saw to the moral and physical welfare of each and everyone committed to his care. A firm believer in the dictum "an army marches on its stomach" he saw to it that all were well cared for in the eating room. He improved and added to all our recreational facilities; his purchase of more than two thousand library books, a new cinema projector, a tape recorder and a television added greatly to the healthy comfort of all. He enforced strict discipline, and rigorous conduct and demanded conformity to the rules by all. Thus his well balanced administration has brought happiness and has added more glory and renown to St. Joseph's.

The year, thanks to Almighty God, was free from all sickness and epidemics. Great credit is due in this department to our very efficient nursing sister.

Through the portals of Sena, for the last time have passed our Senior boys. Our prayers and best wishes go with them as they step forth to be in the service of men in a big world. We feel sure that noble cause was not given in vain, that the high ideals they knew in St. Joseph's will be lived up to—in a fact that they will continue resolutely to "fight the good fight" in all spheres of life. This Review has this and much more to tell you dear Sena, so please carry on.

St.JOSEPH'S VS SHERWOOD



19 55



SEM GAVE IT TO THEM

THE XI HOCKEY TEAM

Captain: D. Alexander. *K. Trainer:* M. L.R.
Goal keeper: S.K. Banerji. *Hockey:* Dr. P.S. Hora, J. Basu,
Mid field: G. Mitra, A. Mitra, T. Basu
Tag Down: P.K. Ayyan, S. K. Ray, C.C. Joshi.

The past pupils, as may be expected, become reminiscent and sentimental as soon as they see the walls. They must see again the old familiar dormitory, refectory and study hall. They recall again the memory of Br. Paul, Br. Cullane and Br. Connell. They recount their thrilling exploits, legal and illegal. And they depart with the remark that the good old days in Sem will never come again.

Men are generally interested in games, tournaments and sports. Our troubles always attract them. They may like to see the workers in office, but, generally they do not wish to be too prominent about the school.

Mothers, on the other hand have their own idea of what a visit ought to be. The kitchen, dairy and refectory come first. The position of the boy's bed in relation to draughts must be examined. The laundry is given special scrutiny. The classroom and everything in it have to be taken in.

But, come one, come all, we are happy to receive them. We are glad to take them into every room and hall for we are proud of everything associated with the name of Sem.

A. Regg
S.C.



The Curator of the U.P., Sri K.M. Munshi, is fascinated by the work in our Workshops

A Frog in School

We were learning about frogs and tadpoles. Frogs are very nice to watch the way they get legs when the tail just goes nowhere. We promised our teacher to get her a real live frog.

We got a big bottle which had a nice big mouth. We filled it with water and worms and the next day one of the boys caught a little frog in a small pool of water.

We all liked the little baby frog. We went for a big hat for him. The frog at first just gobble up everything we gave it, big flies, little flies and all sorts of flies. After a time he stopped and only looked at us with his big and eyes.

In the evening some boys said, "She does not like a bottle for a house". So we got a big biscuit tin and put him there. But up he popped and hopped



A. Daga

right out of the tin. We chased him back but he was a quick little fellow. He hopped right out of the window. What became of him we do not know. We were very sad to let him go but may be he is now a great big frog happy in a pool somewhere.

Ashok Daga

Sad. I

The Spiritual in Tennyson's poetry

(*A Lecture delivered to a Class of M.A. Students of Delhi University.*)

This paper to-day is on the spiritual values only in Tennyson's poetry. We shall, therefore, leave aside his literary qualities, not forgetting at the same time that Tennyson was the only Englishman ever rated to the peerage solely on account of his being a literary man. And such an eminent critic as Stephen Brook points out that the perception that lost its belief in the greatness of Tennyson would have lost belief in poetry itself.

The word Spiritual is connected with the word Spirit, i.e., spirit, as opposed to the material, e.g., as contrasted with the life of mere sense perception. Much of "Tondise East," for example, deals with the spiritual as opposed to corporeal beings. Again, Wordsworth's Nature poetry deals with the "spirit" of Nature. Practically all Shelley's poems have a spiritual environment. Sometimes by the "spirit" we just mean the breath



Men's Billiard Room at St. Peter's - Playing to music & Kill Bill Production

of life within us. In psychology 'spirit' is used both as an adjective (Spiritual) to denote all that belongs to the Higher Life of reason, art, morality and religion. The words of Dante, and Bunyan, and Francis Thompson are mine of the religious type. So is Tennyson's "In Memoriam" in which he gives us an insight into his own soul. In fact, Tennyson's religious life deeply colours all his poetry. But really speaking, however, we may apply the term 'spiritual' to anything that raises our spirits above the material.

Thus we see that the spiritual may be viewed from many angles. If, however, we make a rapid survey of the spiritual in English literature we

shall see that man, generally speaking and without entering into details expresses his relationship with the spiritual in four ways:

First, he may look upon Nature as divine, perceiving all its various parts with gods. Nature favours man at one moment and again strikes him down. Man, therefore, fears Nature and abores her. Here, Nature is God.

But we in the 20th century know that man has now won his running battle against Nature to his service. Science is now King and Law. There is nothing, even in the heavens, like unto man except what he has made to surpass himself. This is what we call 'Materialism'. Tennyson, I fear,

when dealing with spiritual things, stood on the opposite side—on the side of "contumacy"—sometimes. "I have felt it" he says in his poem "In Memoriam"—"it's a poor spirituality that depends on feeling."

But from what we know of Tennyson's sincerity we may interpret the word 'felt' as meaning the aspiration of the heart in its most noble sense.

Man soon learns, however, that he has not completely subdued Nature. He is only a dependent ruler subject to the great law of Nature. And if he breaks this law, Nature may become his instrument of destruction. Tennyson was fully aware of this Law and order in the universe. In "The Monstrumous Birth" he says, "Nothing is that errs from law." —Law that brings evolution, the destruction in the physical world, and perfection in the spiritual. Man, now seeing himself not Nature's sovereign, makes himself at best Nature's equal. Not different from her but one in substance with her—both are pod in one. This is Pantheism.

The fourth stage in man's expression of the Spiritual is Christianity. Like Paganism it sees God in Nature, but God not confined and confounded with Nature. Christianity too, like Rationalism, puts reason above the blind forces of Nature; not in an absolute sense, however, but as subject to a higher power. Lastly, like Pantheism, Christianity sees the unity of man and Nature, but is does not mistake identity for unity.

Now, in looking for the spiritual in Tennyson's poetry, we notice that although he passed through a long

period of doubt and perplexity, especially in his theological poems, he kept the spiritual ever in view. And whatever may have been his approach to the spiritual, we who read his poetry, must feel that he was a genuinely spiritual man. In his treatment of love he was, at first, inclined to take an overspiritualised view of both love and marriage. Later on he seems to have come to a compromise between the more voluptuous love of some of his predecessors and the rather overwrought ascetic view of love of the average Victorian. Now, poetry that is used as an instrument of compromise can hardly be called great poetry, for, a poet's imagination is not aching to be hemmed in by the walls of compromise.

Again, in picturing the age in which he lived Tennyson wrote a fair amount of poetry dealing with war and politics. It may be of interest to mention that one thousand copies of his poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" were distributed among the soldiers in Russia during the Crimean War. These war poems helped, no doubt, to stir up the patriotic spirit already existing among the soldiers, but when we recall that the word 'poetry' comes from a Greek word meaning moving or 'tumulting' not a mere stirring up or awakening of old feelings, we begin to enquire whether war poetry as a whole, can be called really great poetry. It lacks the lyrical touch, and thus loses half its value. Prof. Browne says "Milton's political sonnets fall below the stately level." This controversial use of poetry may be called 'Applied poetry'. And Tennyson has much applied poetry. There are, however, passages of high spiritual value in Tennyson's war-poetry. What hap-

pose, for example, after "the noise of battle has rolled all day long?" King Arthur is buried "in a shadowy glade, the field" in which fought there is "a broken shaft with a broken cross". And in his Ode on the Death of Wellington, he asks, "What know we greater than the rest?" we may have noticed that the Speaker at the Convocation held in this university on 13th January 1880, said, "The highest form of spirituality is that which induces man to dedicate man's acts to the welfare of the world". I would like to stress the word "world" for, if Tennyson had risen above the age in which he lived,—an age of party politics—he would have given us much more of his lyrical genius, and would, consequently, have merited a high place among the supreme poets. "Tennyson" says Harold Nicolson "subordinated the lyric to the instructional." But if Tennyson is to stand among the poets let us recall—to quote Harold Nicolson again—only the low booming of the North Sea upon the dunes; the grey clouds lowering above the wild; the moan of the night wind on the firs; the far glimmer of the moon pools through the reeds; the cold, the half-light, and the gloom. The loveliest moments of "In Memoriam" are those in which the infinite beauties of streams and lawn and tree and flower are brushed. And again:

"Break, break, break,

On thy cold grey stones, O sea,"
and so on. And "a last two verses

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand

And the sound of a voice that is still!"

This poem seems to echo a cry for a lost friend. True. But in the case

last ebb and flow of the sea, measuring the passage of our days, it leads to some wider contemplation with the Eternal. And to Tennyson, the sea itself was always an image of eternity. His descriptions of Nature are so detailed and minute that we are tempted to look upon him as a good naturalist and little more. But he is much more. And if we are sensitive to the inspiration of Nature, we can easily notice how he identifies himself with the Eternal. The majesty of the stars in the heavens would remind him of the insignificance of human fame. And even when dealing with such a prosaic subject as Science, he cannot sever himself from the spiritual. Science seems to be ever trying to discover some great general truth which will cover the whole process of the universe. Perhaps science may one day express everything in terms of motion. If so, Tennyson, with his spiritual outlook, will have helped us to see it. In "In Memoriam" he says

"One God, one Law, one Element,
And one far off divine event

"To which the whole creation groans." Alfred Noyes says: "It would hardly be too much to say that there is not a single page of the final edition of Tennyson's work which does not establish that relation which is the aim of all great art to establish, namely, the relation between the temporal and the eternal. Tennyson does not used to say 'there is God' or 'they is God' 'here is the eternal' or 'there is the eternal.' But with a fair past he can say 'I.e., everywhere.' But again we see him perplexed when in "In Memoriam" he says

"The spirit does but mean the breath
I know no more."



The Most Popular Hours of the day are Passed in a spacious Dining Room.

Now, two characteristics stand out very prominently in Tennyson's poetry, namely, the pictorial and the lyrical. Tennyson is a pictorial poet, and as such he would be among the great poets of the world even if he were to be estimated at his landscape work alone; for, like all great landscapes it has its spiritual values. Consider his "spiritualized" landscape as just one example, "The Dying Swan." Here he paints for us a grassy plain with a river meandering along it. "With an inner voice" says our poet, "the river runs." And indeed, there is an *inner voice*, not only in that river but throughout the whole poem. Second, Tennyson is a lyrical or musical poet. As a musical poet he has supreme skill in making his expression a perfect musical accompaniment to these

pictures. Now, a certain critic said that supreme and ultimate test of all great poetry is that it is a piece of spiritual music. Poetry itself has never been adequately defined, and the essential element that differentiates poetry from prose, says a writer, is the musical element, i.e. the element of song. To take just two examples from the great poets.

In Virgil's great story of "Aeneas" the poet opens with "Of arms I sing." And Milton, who is considered the greatest master of all harmonies of our tongue begins "Paradise Lost" with the invocation "Sing Heavely Muse." Milton's own view of poetry was "Thoughts that voluntary move barrenish numbers." Whether it is the music of the lyre, or of a single



Well-stocked Book Cases, Table Tops and a Reading-room
that turn over rapidly within the Week at 4pm.

human voice, or of a church, it is always strong. And if we do not hear that song, it may be because we are searching for something else. There are, no doubt, other qualities 'essential' to poetry, but music is the most important—music that makes us fall into a kind of trance in which we forget this ordinary world and wake up in a world on a higher plain. Little wonder George Meredith paid such a high tribute to Tennyson when, on being asked by Alice Meynell (perhaps the finest woman poet of long since) what he considered the finest piece of writing in modern English, 'informed from the point of view of style,' he quoted two lines of Tennyson's poetry:

"On one side lay the ocean and
on out
Lay a great water and the moon
was still."

But do not these lines also bring a question to the soul a quietness which the noise of the world can never bring? The word *style* naturally brings before us the fact that Tennyson paid the utmost attention to the artistic side of poetry, so much so, that in his youth he was guilty of decorative excess. But we never lost sight of the spiritual. The "Morte d'Arthur" of 1852 became, in the final plan of 1859, "The Passing of Arthur," in which Tennyson cast that

“by King Arthur he always meant the Soul.” Here his conception of King Arthur is much higher than Spenser’s Arthur who was just the embodiment of all the virtues treated of separately, in the various books of “The Faerie Queene.” To Tennyson, “The Passing of Arthur” is the passing of the soul itself to paradise. And when the spirit of a man has actually left the body and gone to another world, Tennyson still follows that spirit. In “In Memoriam” (Section 92) we have hints of the dead coming to visit us with the living. And in the same section we get visionary moods in which we may feel a power that is one with ourselves permeating Nature and as superior to it. And in his “Lotos Eaters” we may notice the effect the lotos fruit had on those who eat it. “And this fellow spoke,” says Tennyson, “This voice was thin, as voices from the grave.” This whole scene is based on mythology.

I have a ready list to hand that Tennyson is a lyrical poet. “The greatness of Tennyson” says Stephen Brooke, lies in the fact that “he is a lyrical poet.” Now, another writer observes: “No man has ever so definitely defined what a lyric is because the faculty that creates a lyric is too complex, and the lyric creation itself is too vague, that mere or less satisfactory descriptions of it have been given. There is one: ‘A lyric is short poem meant to evoke or bring out a ‘spiritual’ emotion in the heart.’ The important word in this description the writer connotes is Spiritual. Most of us, I think, can read spiritual values in ‘In Memoriam’ yet a certain critic describes the succeeding lyrics in this poem as ‘ounding corridors that lead to nowhere.’ Perhaps this verdict is true whatever is the poem Tennyson

becomes immersed in speculative thought. But in so far as ‘In Memoriam’ has comforted many a human heart in an age of spiritual agony, Tennyson is lyrical. Mr. John Drinkwater goes so far as to describe all poetry as lyrical. This may be only partly true for, as we go down the various ages of poetry, we observe how men frame different definitions of what constitutes the higher form of poetry. These individual definitions are probably only indications of the trend of poetry towards its zenith. Be that as it may, Tennyson’s poetry leads like a friend into the inner sanctuary of our souls, thickening with love and revealing to us God and eternity.

May I quote in brief two other eminent writers who direct our attention to the spiritual values in Tennyson’s poetry? The first of these is the Frenchman,泰恩, who says: “Of all epic, that of the Round Table is distinguished by spirituality.” And we ourselves may have noticed how a poison begins to creep through King Arthur’s Kingdom at the whisper of the unlawful love between Lancelot and Guinevere. The second writer, Hawmann, in speaking of ‘In Memoriam’ says: “It is only the secret magic of great metaphysical wisdom that can shed such heart-gripping light upon those ‘under-sorts of the sun.’” And his comment on “Maud” is, “it maintains the boldness of a lyricalism which carries to a high degree the fusion of the spiritual life and Nature.” And lastly, Carpenter observes: “the delicacy of Tennyson’s bushy personality reflects the purity of his spiritualized nature, but he runs no risk of encrysting poetry, while idealising it.”

Finally we who know what a stirring period of doubt and unbelief

Tennyson passed through, can re-assure him that the fact that his long years of mortal agony were followed by a period of calm, steadfast faith. His last poem "Crossing the Bar" - his "marvellous swan-song" as Saintsbury rightly calls it, published only three years before his death, ends on a note of spiritual hope.

"I hope," he says, "to see my Pilot face to face."

When I have crossed the bar".
And well indeed does he deserve such a reward after his sixty years of golden service spent in helping to enoble English Literature.

In conclusion, may I note, that while man goes about this earth with his eyes raised towards heaven, all other animals are so constructed physically, that their eyes are turned downwards towards the earth for which alone they seem to be made. I feel, therefore, that it is not so much the patriotic, nor \times much the scientific, nor \square into the artistic, but the spiritual values of Tennyson's poetry that seem to appeal most to me, to majestic, lordly man, with his poet and elevated brow and God-like frame.

M.A.B.

MUSIC IN SEM

Music may be enjoyed as a pastime or profession. But in Sem, music is reckoned as a subject, which, though at any rate eligible, to take it up, is given every encouragement.

Many facilities for improvement are given to the boys, and all

conveniences afforded towards easier learning. In Sem we have a fine large Band Room, where the instruments, most of which are school owned, are kept. We have two music teachers, a solo for the juniors and a master for the seniors. Both are capable of managing both instruments and boys.

The fee for learning music is small, and well worth the pains and energy bestowed in the teaching. Would you not be proud to have your own son entertaining friends and visitors? Besides, it offers a means of recreation and relaxation. These boys who are keen and ambitious at their work get on well and soon develop into safe little musicians.

All boys taking up music attend individual lessons three times a week, for half an hour each. Hence each can have a thorough practice undisturbed by others. If a boy is worthy of the position he will be ranked among the leading musicians of the School Orchestra. When we do attain the Orchestral standard, he will have



C. Rutham.

S. J. C.

Spines and turrets rising majestically high
That is St. Joseph's catching the eye,
Just as of yore, her boys are hard to beat
On field, in class-room, or game.
Sem's motto abideth the years they repeat
Every man must play the game.
Proudly each recounts his Dad's greatestfeat,
Hopeful of carrying on the good name.
S. J. C.—Home of the Brave and Bold.

Colleagues remember to "High! the good fight,"
Coward and upward steadily climb,
Lovingly steering on the path that is right
Leave footprints on the sands of time.
John's fair Brothers will guide you aright,
God bless the dear Irish, that once sublime.
Excelsior. S. J.C.'s colours uphold.

W. Perry.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS

CHILD

Try to find me in this picture, dearest Mother!
Your boy amang a crowe of little frienys,
You will easily know your own from every other,
Each help unto the eye affection lends.
I am easin' at you, Mother, do you see me?
I thought of you, and smiled as there I stood,
Oh! how glad I am I look so bright and cheery,
You say "the truly happy are the good".



REV. DR. N. H. MORRISSEY WITH STANDARD IV.

to put in two hours of extra practice each week with the rest of the Orchestra members.

Your son will have a choice of instruments we have enough for all. Twice in the year the Orchestra distinguishes itself. Once, at the procession for "Corpus Christi" and secondly at the Annual Concert. For three days in succession we put on a really entertaining Concert in which the Orchestra takes a major part.

"Jazz" or swing music has been the topic of debate this past year.

The new Principal, Rev. Dr. Morrissey, abhorred to the traditional "Jazz". The boys, however did not like the idea and were greatly disappointed. They pleaded with him, and were eventually allowed to play three or four tunes on the "School's" day. A week later, a distinguished visitor arrives and hears a special programme prepared for him. We had not any "swing" among the selections and he was very pleased. He condemned "Jazz" to such an extent that the boys dropped the argument, and acknowledged the Principal's cause, as justified.

In the Junior School, the Flute and Violin are the only instruments taught. But, it is on these budding youngsters that the Orchestra of the future will be built. This year two by one of them secured certificates from the Trinity College of Music, and it is hoped that greater results will be achieved next year.

Well Parents, I have gone off the point, but if you want a musician in the family don't miss the good chance. St. Joseph's Orchester has a good name throughout India and it is only your children who can keep it up.

C. Rathnam,
P.S.C.

OUR ANNUAL PICNIC

At last the day arrived for our Annual Picnic. After a fairly good breakfast we got ready. The bell was rung at 9 o'clock and the 4th and the 5th standards lined up

to go with Dr. Donnelly to Snow View; while the K, G, 1st, 2nd and 3rd standards were on the Government Grounds.



FIRST IN SCHOLARSHIP

Front : S. Bhatwadekar, H. Singh, C. D'Souza, P. Balachandran.
Back : P. S. Prabhakar, P. Singh, S. Dinesh, A. K. Chaitanya.

We enjoyed the walk to Snow View. Boys were racing each other to get the first view of the snow. Because of this racing we reached there quicker than we expected, and so were able to go further and get a better view of the mountains covered with snow. It was really a beautiful sight—that snowy range as far as the eye could see.

After a half of about, half an hour we started on our way back to Government Grounds as we were to have lunch there along with the others. Everybody was now wondering as there was something nice awaiting us. Guess what? Well it was a "big lunch" and surely no boy would like to miss a picture lunch like the one which was awaiting us.

Nearly all parties of boys arrived in time but still there were some walkers who came just in time and these received a special snap.

When lunch was over, some boys went to play on the beautiful green lawns, while some went around exploring the grounds and found a dead porcupine. Touching some quills the boys ran back and told the others and in time nearly all the quills clattered

6
8
+

9
7
8



D. Ryder Wilson

appeared. Two trees was snapping now and the tea was being got ready. At last the whistle was blown and everybody sat down to tea which was enjoyed by all.

After another hour of games we ended up to return to Sem as it was getting dark and cold.

We returned to College very tired and sleepy; and after a good dinner the boys retired to bed to dream of the very pleasant day gone by. It was really a day to be remembered.

D. R. Wilson, Std. V.



OUR PUBLICATIONS

The Sem Tatler.

The vast of our readers the "Tatler" is no strange name, for during its long nine-months period, it has kept you informed on practically every

aspect of life in College. In its pages were printed a precise report on the monthly proclamation, the hockey and football tournaments both at home and on the "Plata". Billiards, table tennis, handball, all had their

share in its head lines, to say nothing of the cream of competitions penned by the students during the year. Nothing that was of interest to well-wishers and parents was omitted, for decent as well as worthy was faithfully recorded.

Thanks therefore is due to a sterling committee called from the ranks of the senior boys, who brought forth in such a pleasing manner the many facets of the Tatler. Counselled and encouraged by Rev. Bro. Tyson, they mercifully lifted the College newspaper Magazine to the high level that we witnessed in the sports edition.



TATLER BOARD

Front : S.K. Gupta; Rev. Br. Tyson; R. Rao.
Middle : D. Alexander; P. Singh; S. Kyn
Back : J. Singh, A. Hunter.

The Crusader.

The "Crusader" is a most laudable way has won a permanent place for itself it is held of every Seminole of the present generation. Edited by Rev. Rev. O'Keefe, as the official organ of the Rosary Crusade, it has recently delighted us with its enlightening pages, sounding as it does, the Catholic tones of the College. Its humorous anecdotes and rollicking account's of Jimmy crossed surely a smile which made him within these hallowed walls all the more genial.



K.E.D.

They publish The Crusader.

L. Davis, Rev. Rev. O'Keefe, K. Andrew.

OUR SERVANTS SPORTS

A few days prior to our Annual Meet, our Servants sports were held. The events competed for were the half mile, 100 yards, 20 yards, 100 yards, Shot Put, Running Broad jump. Our servant folk were as excited for them as our General Manager, Mr. Franks caught up that spirit too. Competition was very keen and in a few cases very good athletic shown. Had these few been born in better circumstances, they would have been stars in the Atheltic field. Their prizes were given out and to ensure a fair chance at round, no one individual was allowed to win more than three. The President was our Provisor, Rev. Rev. J. J. Morrissey.

He was assisted by the judges, the shield among whom was the returning of many a hard fought field to St. Joseph's — Mr. D. Westing. Immediately before prize distribution Mr. Franks delivered a well worded speech and hinted rather broadly to his audience to put equal enthusiasm into their work as they did in sport that afternoon. The Principal then delivered to each winner his coveted prize in a sealed envelope. They responded happy and grateful, and made their way to the Stores. Here they found our hard working assistants. Mrs. D. Gleeson said it was her privilege to open for each his envelope.



REV. MR. M. A. BROGAN WITH STUDENTS.

THE QUEEN OF KUMAUN



Naini Tal

To our friends and well-wishers who have never had the opportunity of visiting Naini Tal, we send the following lines.

Sarhous Cottage,
Naini Tal,
2nd October 1906.

My dear Readers,

Seeing that you are so keen and anxious about paying my home town a visit, I shall have to trouble you in this letter to give you a general picture of the place. Of course, you may have

visited many hill stations, but I never claim for Naini Tal the best, since among the hill stations of the north-Kumaon expanse, I am certain that after you have visited us, you will admit that this greenland town, with its breathless splendour, has nothing less than the Alps of Switzerland about whose peerless beauty we read so much.

Your railway journey will terminate at Kathgodam, from where, in a taxi, you will travel up what is claimed

to be one of the finest motor roads in the world, but one of the finest feats of engineering. This twenty-one miles serpentine road winds along hill-sides, moving this way and that. It passes through dense forests and ravines besides miniature villages, dotted with tiny fields and huts. It presents magnificent views of wooded hills and verdant vales. It takes you across babbling brooks and splashing streams; and all in one breath, in flushed silence, suddenly unfolds a



STANDERS IN THE WHITE MEHR A. D'SILVA.

canvases on which Nature has painted the beauties of—Naini Tal—the Queen of Kumaon.

The nucleus of Naini Tal's exquisite beauty is the willow fringed, glittering, emerald lake. In the day, mirrored in its crystal clear waters are seven green hills dotted with pretty cottages and villas. This reflection alone looks like a gem. More beautiful than this, however, is the lake at night, when the rays of lights from the hill sides and the

Besides being the morning gem of the place, it also affords the holiday maker ample opportunity for amusement. Keen sailors try their skill at sailing, the willows, colorful little pleasure boats, cart boats and ferries, pretty white-sided yachts, place round and race while numbers of swimmers swim across from bank to bank. The sightseer delights long at the lake's enchanting beauty, the profuse inventiveness of inspiration and the poetic thrill in the trapping purposes for his camera.



SUMMER

downward looking from the lake's edge, steal their magic light into its clear waters. Most beautiful of all is the lake when it lies to the base of the hill when surrounded by the dazzling electric light. Then nature and science combine to give the lake an unapproachable and Naini Tal, as it is called by a magic word, is truly Kumaon's most celebrated jewel.

From the higher parts Naini Tal commands an exquisite view of misty hills that roll to the north, bounded by the eternal slopes of the lofty Himalayas. From these peaks you get with glorious glimpses of the abutments of Naini Tal, swelling surely in the distant ranges. You can also see the smiling stretches of green and brown plains appearing abruptly from



WINTER

the foot of the mountains and fading mysteriously into the blue horizon. More than all this you view Nature in her varied moods and grandeur: thickly wooded hills, burnt precipices, green and golden valleys, shooting springs, racing rivulets, bubbling brooks and rushing, roaring rivers.

A shady tree anywhere in the solitudes of the forest, disturbed only by the aromatic con of the hill dove or the trill of a whirling bush will create a picnic lounge. The hills around Naini Tal abound in picnic spots.

A military road through a thickly wooded forest, where the sun's rays hardly penetrate, leads to the lofty, lovely peak of Luria Kanta. Three ridges greet you and offer hospitality. A summer house daringly overhangs a deep ravine on one side and enables one to see the pretty towns of Bhawali and Bhise Tal.

To the east of Luria Kanta is the popular picnic ground of Snow View, which affords, as the name suggests, an indescribably beautiful and breath-taking picture of the glittering snows.

Tiffin Top, another favourite picnic spot, stands high above the town. Needless to say the view of our station is exquisite from this point, as is the view of neighbouring hills and valleys.

But the most popular picnic spot of all is the peak of Cheesa. The soft, cool air, the shade of the tall trees, the songs of the birds, the quiet summer house, welcome you. From Cheesa can be seen the entire town. The sparkling snow-laden Himalays can be seen in all their towering glory. An "obelisk" built in front of the summer-house, enables you to see the peaks of Nanda Devi, Kanet, Badri Nath and Triund. With a pair of

provides a good bird's eye view of the country surrounding Naini Tal is obtained. You see the Kosi river, Almora and Ranikhet. Turning south the towns of Bareilly, Kashigar and Moradabad are visible.

A porter as your guide, a flask of tea, a few sandwiches and a desire to see Nature is enough to encourage a walk to Rishivali, a town seven miles from Naini Tal. A ride on a sledge from Naini Tal enables those who are not keen on walking to visit this pretty spot. Spread out over a hill, and under cover of trees is a beautiful sanatorium for T.B. patients.

I could go on naming spot after spot where people live, eating and wines and drinking tea while they sit unopposed by the intensest of beauty around. And, believe me, you too will be gazed and thrilled with these singular sights.

Coupled with the beauty with which Nature has so generously endowed this place, is the handiwork of man. The town has many beautiful buildings, School Colleges, Hospitals and government offices. The temples,

mosques and churches are unique in their size and pattern. The enormous houses and domes hold the plenty of aristocracy, while the houses, though overcrowded and full of tawdry dress, hold a fascination of their own.

I have but myself to this lengthy catalog of my home district. I hope I have not bored you. Rather, I trust I have convinced you that this is a "Must" on your tour of vacation. Yes, truly, you must come here and count all that I have written. I am confident that you will agree that this is a paradise of perfection for the pleasure-seeker, the climax of scenic grandeur for the sightseer, the never-ending source of inspiration to the philosopher, the never failing source of hope and health to the invalids, and the peak of perfection for pilgrim, poet-and painter.

Wishing you the best and eagerly awaiting your arrival.

Yours very sincerely,

Lloyd Buck,

S.C. Class.



Pran Ansel

Saturday Paper Boats

On Saturday evening we went for a walk by the lake. It had rained a lot and the lake was full-way till Miss Buck said it was too near the water or else we would get drowned. We wanted to catch the tide to the lake. Some of them were set near the boats. But Miss said no one did. We were very sad. She said we could sail only two paper boats.

I was very happy because I like boats. I want to be a sailor like my Daddy. We were

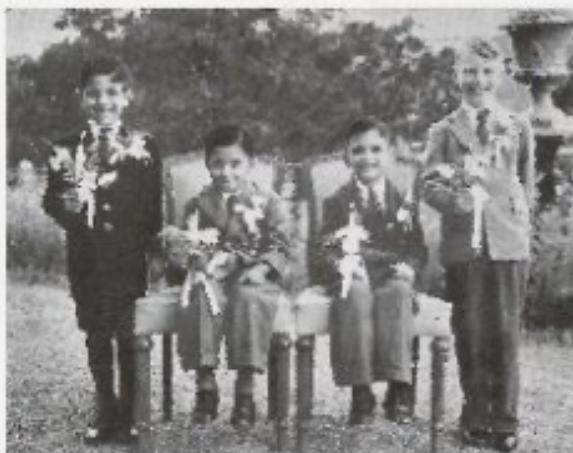
Religious Activities

The school year 1952 began well with the establishment of a permanent edition of the Legion of Mary in the college, a detailed account of which you will read elsewhere in this Magazine.

Our Rosary Crusade began in 1952 and continued to flourish during the past year. The Crusaders pledged themselves to say a weekly private rosary and to attend a fortnightly communion. The attendance at the Sunday morning lectures, during the year, was very gratifying. The beginning of the year saw the printing of "The Crusader", monthly organ of our Rosary Crusade. Previous to first time it was just typewritten. The creation of our chart was undertaken by Rev. Fr. Biagio towards the end of September.

The annual Corpus Christi procession took place on the 20th of May and as usual all the Catholic boys took part. The open air section, on the occasion was presided by most Rev. Dr. Raymond Fisher of Allentown.

On the 28th, 29th and 30th of July the Catholic boys had their annual Retreat. It was conducted by Rev. Fr. Moore C.S.C.R. The boys were much impressed by his fine lectures and learnt many useful lessons.



Happy First Communion Boys.
T. Veristo, S. D'Amato, S. Short, H. Thomson.

from them.

On the 8th of September, feast of the Lady's Nativity, five of our young boys had the inestimable privilege of receiving their first Holy Communion at the hands of Rev. Fr. Anastasio O.F.M. Cap., monastic chaplain to the college. Despite of the inclemency of the weather seven of the parents were present for the occasion. The principals were were T. Veristo, S. Short, H. Thomson,

so many there and if we sailed a paper boat such the lake would be full of them. So we made two paper boats. One was "Betty" and the other was "John". Then we put them out on the lake and off they floated. We clapped our hands and cheered and cheered. "John" went faster than "Betty". "Betty" just went round and round. One naughty boy threw

a stone at "John". He sank. "Betty" was still sailing.

After a time Miss said, "Boys its time we got back". So we lined up to go back to College. Betty hadn't sunk and if the wind is fair she will be sailing still.

Jesse Austin
Std. I



MINOR GAMES.

S. J. Joseph's has seen immense improvements and much more interest in minor games in 1955 than ever before. This is true especially in the case of Billiards and Table Tennis. Due to the interest shown by the Principal in the comforts of the boys, one billiard and table tennis room have become both pleasant and popular.

Billiards. We have easily the largest Billiard Room in Nairobi for in it we have got three tables. The game is very popular especially during the rains and in the cold weather. Perhaps a few boys like the room because it's warmer than other rooms due to the fireless underneath the tables. Only the boys from Std. VI upwards are allowed to become members of the Billiard Club. As a great number of boys have become members, a special time has to be set aside so that everyone may have a game or two in the week. Some boys



Members of the Club.
R. Karpur & D. Chan.

almost live in the Billiard Room and show great improvement every month.

In the Inter-House Billiard Tournament St. Paul's came first, though the school champion, R. Farquhar, was from St. Patrick's. J. Kurl was the runner-up for champion and D. O'Byan was champion in the Junior Section.

Table Tennis. The table-tennis room like the billiard room has undergone great improvements. Now at last, we have two new tables as the old one has been disengaged. Members of this club have to be booked and so there is always a long waiting list. On many days the room is crowded not only with players but with many others who come in to have the new badminton.

This year the winning House in Table Tennis was St. Peter's. Making history our College Captain, proved

himself the School Champion in Table Tennis while Arun Sachdeva won a like distinction in the Junior Section.



No. 1 and in the Tennis Courts.
S. of Champs.

S. Kuri



Champions of the Games Room
S. Mehta & A. Sachdeva

Tennis. This "gentleman's game" having been popular in Sorn, though not really it is continued in the senior boys. Every evening and on free days we may see white clad boys dashing down to the courts to play this game. Though we have four Tennis courts yet many tennis enthusiasts cannot get a game when they wish due to the intense demand by so many. The new nets provided this year have proved an added incentive if such was required.

S. Paul's was the winning house in Tennis, while the Captain, S. Kuri won his way to the school champion-ship.





Harpal Singh
Alumus Professor Chaudhary

CARROM. Among the year's additions, this pleasant game has not been forgotten. Six new boards now give plenty of opportunities to the boys to indulge themselves in the game. A special room has been set aside where we can enjoy ourselves to our heart's content without being afraid to make noise. The junior boys who are not allowed to join the other class

find carrom an excellent game for while away the wet days. We hope that from next year we shall have tournaments in it as in the other games.

Hand-Ball. Last, but not least of our minor games is handball, for which all the boys, big and small, have a liking. There are two handball alleys in the College grounds and these are never vacant in the evenings or during school holidays. As in the case of tennis, the boys usually try to get possession of the courts first and many are the disappointed faces when others are found to have arrived before them.

In conclusion, our College is very well off when it comes to games equipment and due to the year's additions and improvements, the games are becoming more popular and interesting and we hope that the progress will continue.

Harpal Singh, Std. VI,

-CONT'D-

Our College Workroom

The need for Technical Engineers is widely known. Being an independent people we must strive to be self sufficient. Various engineering projects have to be undertaken for which we require engineering and technical advisors. Our workshop may be the nucleus for future engineers. It is here that we learn the first principles of technical working.

The "workroom day" begins at 8:30 A.M. for it is then that study is concluded and only then that the workroom opens. In a few minutes the workroom is buzzing with activity. Here we see a boy planing a chisel into a cylindrical nose



Winston Churchill



Some of the Boys' Articles.

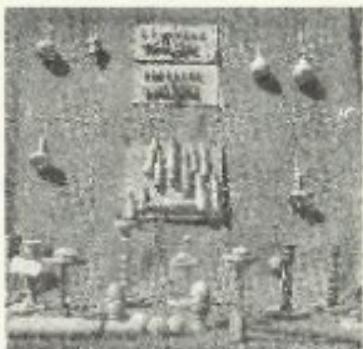
of wood which receives on the lathe. There we see another sawing away patiently at his framework. There are others, too, who are preparing logs of wood for the latter chopping off shanks or collecting an article which has been broken. The new comes to the trade or the other-hand turn patient to the tools of wisdom that flow from the mouth of Mr. Henry, the aged instructor. If it whatever a number may be doing working on a candlestick or a vase holder—there is one thing in common, every one has a smile on his face as he works to the harmony of the whirr of revolving wheels.

It is remarkable what a group of merely twenty boys can produce in so short a space as six months. We do not mean to imply that they are helpless at the work. Far from it. Half of them boys did not know how to use a

saw in March. Yet by learning the elementary rules of carpentry they, by September, have converted waste logs from sheer mass, logs, candle stands and numerous other articles while sheets of plywood have been converted into a number of useful articles such as mothers and fathers can be proud of.

Yes, if now we carefully absorb the simple instructions that are given us and apply them when we work we may become qualified and be an asset to ourselves and to our country. Every man by his individual effort can help build up the road of success that when it may lead to achievements the countries of the West.

W. Pantone
P.S.C.



Products of the Lathes.

The Things I Treasure Most in Life

Here are certain things that are extremely difficult to recover once they have been lost. I feel that if perchance I lost any of these precious jewels I would be very miserable; their loss, no doubt, would be accompanied by pain, sorrow and mental anguish. These are the things I treasure most in life.

Shakespeare has aptly said that he who stole from him his purse stole much but he who stole from him his reputation stole more. I am aware how rendered him very poor, indeed. This has been rooted in my memory and it is one of the potent causes of my treasuring a good reputation. A good reputation has won for me respect even from my bitter enemies, it has raised my social status and has thus contributed to my all round progress. My friends are worth the name for they have often risked a great deal to haul me out of difficult situations. I tremble to think what would become of me if I had not the reputation I possess now. I realised very operationally that I would probably be thrown in amongst friends who would be shifty and fickle, looking after their own interests and letting me down in the most awkward situations. It is for this reason that I lay my good reputation close to my heart and I shall endeavour to maintain it at almost any cost.

"Health is the primary duty of life", says Oscar Wilde. Without

health there can be very little happiness for which all of us crave. I thought of the horrible and pitiable condition of the millions who inhabit the numerous villages of India. In their localities health seems unknown for these unfortunate people have the terrible experience of being visited by deadly and infectious diseases which carry off thousands of lives. Their lives are truly a typical hell on earth. It is as a consequence of this that I strive to treasure good health and to take effective methods to preserve this important factor for happiness. Cleanliness has a great deal to do with the preservation of good health and so I am very particular about the cleanliness of my own person and of those with whom I associate. Finally, I practice of only good and wholesome food in school and at home as this is a vital factor for health and consequently for happiness.

When I was a young child I had a great liking for stories. I pressed my mother to tell me tales every night and she, like the good mother she was, told me stories of past chivalry and heroism. These stories showed me the condition of my country in days gone by and the bravery exhibited by her soldiers won my deep regard and my admiration.

They likewise instilled into me and intense love of my country which has often led me to consider the best meas-



Parasjit Singh



STANDARD I WITH MISS E. D'SOUZA.

in bring about her speedy progress. I have often fallen into quarrels with those stronger than myself, because they dared to speak disrepectfully about my Motherland. This love for the land of my birth shall never die; for it is one of my "inner interests".

My parents have loved me and to return their intense love I received from early youth to love them with my whole heart and soul. I thought that if I did not love my fond and devoted parents, who had lavished every

favour on me, I would not be fit to live or I would have a bad character easily led astray by the evil influences and bad associations. It is this love for my parents that has often given me support and sympathy when I felt lonesome and miserable due to difficulty or failure. It is this love, too, that has made me stick to the right road in spite of repeated failures and disasters; therefore I treasure this amongst my precious possessions.

I believe that my religion is a

never failing source of inspiration and so I seek for help from Him above in all my undertakings, no matter how small. In spite of what others may say, I hold to my faith which I consider ideal to help one to lead a better life and attain salvation. I feel miserable in doing wrong and in some moment of solitude I ask my Creator to give me strength to overcome the temptations that may come in my way. Nevertheless, in my rigid adherence to my faith I have learned that it is very necessary to refrain from speaking disrespectfully of the faith and beliefs dear to my friends and companions.

Lastly, I treasure that which is the ultimate goal of every human being: happiness. I have been taught that happiness can only be attained to a certain extent in this life for disease, sickness and consequently misery may meet to me in

spite of my being very healthy. Even wealth could not satisfy me for the more I have, the more I should desire as I could easily lose what I had and this would make me unhappy. Life is often boredom punctuated by moments of extreme joy. These few moments of joy are very dear to me for I know that a period of happiness may be followed by a long period of monotony and consequent sadness.

These are my treasures in life and I think all will agree with me when I say that these treasures are more desirable than any amount of money that one can acquire in this world. These are the jewels that will give us high social status and happiness which will make our life a success and will gain for us that eternal happiness for which we pine in this material world.

P. Singh
S.C. Class

OUR SCHOOL PET

Francis came to College in June. At first he was not at all happy. But everybody in College showed such kindness to him, that he thought College was a very nice place to stay in.

He wears a warm fury coat which he himself brushes many times a day. He is always neat and tidy. Francis is the youngest in our College.

I envy Francis because he can do as he pleases. He can break bounds and he gets no strap for it. He can go to the Brothers' rooms without permission; he can go to the dormitory and lie on the beds, but nobody scolds him. He goes to Church when nobody is there, and plays instead of praying, but he gets no shout for it. He can play all the time if he wishes.



V.K. Chander

You should have seen him trying to catch flies with his paws. When Francis sees anything crawling, his eyes shine and his back sticks up.

Francis has never been spoiled. He's not afraid of anyone. If he is in a good mood he plays with me, but if

he is in a bad mood he remembers us. Everybody likes Francis, except the rats because he feasts on them, for Francis is a Pussycat.

Vijay Kumar Chandra
Std. II

A Class Picnic.



A. S. Gill

It seems to be a custom for classes to go for yearly picnics. Most classes went early in summer, when the weather was fine and warm, but unfortunately Std. VII went in the cold weather, but we enjoyed it nevertheless. In spite of the long journey it was a pleasant one, and in less than an hour and a half we reached our destination. There we found that an accident had resulted our camp and a number of our plates were broken. We were fortunate, however, in obtaining the necessities from the resident Catholic Priest of the village.

Our lunch, which was surely needed after the long walk was served early. It goes without saying there was little left by the time everybody said he had enough.

After a short while we made our way to a stream and on arriving there we found it very difficult to cross without taking off our shoes.

At a certain place we found that fish was plentiful and so tried our luck. Failing to catch any, I took off my turban and tried fishing with it. Suddenly a water snake, about two feet long, surprised us from behind. This put the boys into a state of excitement. Dhoj was so frightened that he had a shot at it but his young uncle, Raj, was more accurate and stunned it in the water. I pulled it ashore and watched it writhing in pain. Br. Burke and Ujjal Singh took snaps of it. Even though I was advised to leave it behind I was determined to bring it home. I killed it and wrapped it up in a handkerchief and with the rest of the boys proceeded to our camping place.

During the period Brother Burke was preparing a room for our use but

although uninvited, the rest of us entered and made ourselves at home in the chairs. We put on the disappearing act with the monkey nuts, oranges, bars and sandwiches and after a hearty tea four of us went down to the stream again to explore further. When we came up again we found most of the other boys playing games, and on the whole, enjoying themselves.

We had a most pleasant walk back on the Jeeddah-Naini Tal road, but when it came to the shorts cut it was not so pleasant. The class broke up into three groups. We trudged doggedly up the slope and when we reached the bazar, we had some refreshments. After a hot cup of coffee in College we went to sleep.

R.S. Gill
S.S. VII

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OLD BOYS CALLING

No. 12 Park Street,
Calcutta
29-9-53

Dear Rev. Brother,

It will I hope be in the shape of a pleasant surprise to hear from one of the ex-pupils of S.J.C. after a lapse of many years.

The name = Cecil A. Tatam (1921—
1927) a long time back and much water has flowed out of the lake since then, but non-the-less College days stand out as clear and pleasant memories.....

Strangely enough my good wife and self celebrated our 15th wedding anniversary on the 17th of this month. The very pleasant honeymoon was spent in Naini Tal at the time of the College Jubilee Celebration in 1938—it seems but a short while back.

Thanks to the wonderful character of St. Joseph's, Naini Tal, I have done quite well. Stood 2nd for the Gold Medal on the "Dufferin" Sunday, joined the Merchant Navy,

obtained my certificate R.O.T., joined the Calcutta Port Commissioners, volunteered for naval service, became a Lt. (Grad.), and am now an Assistant Dock Master in the Port. All this thanks to my grounding and encouragement received in S.J.C. from good Br. Paul, Br. Connolly, Br. O'Hallor, Mr. Peter and many others including Mr. Gleeson (Is he still a Pillar of the Alma Mater?).

Wishing the College, yourself and the staff every success and praying that the pupils of today will keep bright as ever before the crest and motto "Certa Bonum Cottam".

Yours sincerely,
Cecil A. Tatam
Ex-Pupil S.J.C.

—
Sherwood Lodge,
Blackdown
Hants,
31 May '56
Dear Brother.

It is meet that I should introduce myself first. Like my father before



THE K.G. BOYS WITH MRS. A. BRENDISH.

as I am an "old boy" of St. Joseph's Noviciate, I was there from 1924 to 1938. Except for the first year when Mr. Chesser started me off, Bro. Murphy was my master, remembered always with affection and gratitude. It is nearly twenty two years since I sat at his feet, so to speak. I wonder will he remember me. Also there during the time were Bros. Collins, Keating, Connolly, Culhane, Murphy senior, and Br. Paul all well loved and remembered.

For myself, I can neither accu-

tely enough describe my life in a while I look back over the years and re-live again some incident, some happy moment passed at novitiate from time to time. Blessed days, tranquil and ever-brimming with happiness. The goodness, the example derived from all, the environment, the healthy atmosphere, the living and learning, the utter vitality of it all. These influences must remain imprinted on and within me all my life.

I am guilty of not maintaining contact with the School over the



Rev. Dr. T. A. BROWNE WITH SOME J. S. BOYS

BY THE WAY.

The Old Order changeth, yielding place to new. With the advent of the new Principal, many additions have come into existence. Most of them are welcome though there are divided views and heated arguments regarding some recent regulations.

The Inter-House tournaments caused tremendous excitement among players and nonplayers. But why was a certain P. S. C. boy so loud-throated in shouting for the opposing team whenever St. Patrick's House was playing?

S. D'Costa and T. Party. After the ceremony they were treated to a special refreshment with plenty of good things to eat. Allгалlops regard the day of their First Communion as the happiest of their lives and we hope and pray that it will ever remain so for those few bright.

P.F. O.K.



Gurdev Singh
The Guru, Ryc

years. Time and my remembrance prior to, during and after the war are perhaps the reason. Now at last I am glad to strengthen the chain of memory which happily binds me to the old school. I have a wife and son and I know of no better education for the boy than at the hands of those who taught me—the Irish Christian Brothers.....

With kind regards and my respects to you, Sir,

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
Arthur F.H. Lys.

—
St. Athan,
Glamorgan.
S. Wales
18/2/55.

Dear Sir,

I hope this finds the staff and pupils of dear old Sem in the best of health and happiness.

I left College in 1950 but often w/d I was back there. One only realizes the joys of school when one is out in the world. I have met quite a few

boys who have been in St. Joseph's and they all feel more or less the same.

How are the Band and Choir faring? I used to be a member of both. As a matter of fact, I won the music prize for quite a few years running. I played the Harmonica and can glad to say I have been able to make myself & Mr. & Mrs. doing the song here.

Have Sherwood been able to beat us in the relay race yet? Yes, Sir, I also ran for S.A.C. and won the Bert Mart's Cup in 1959 ... I play Lacrosse for my camp and am second in the inter camp league.....

Is Mr. Gleeson still on the Staff? If so, kindly convey to him my best w/ love. He taught me when I was in the second and Mr. Walling taught me in the fifth.

I am at present posted in Germany and have only come home on leave. I shall be going back to Germany in May.

I wish you all in St. Joseph's what you wish yourself.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
David King.



BREAKING-UP DAY

Breaking-up day is a very pleasant one for the boys of "Sem". Quite early in the morning the boys are awake. They lie in bed thinking of the day that awaits them. When the Master comes to wake them up, they jump hastily out of bed. Eagerly they wash, dress and get a delicious breakfast.

After breakfast they run up to the dormitories to pack their bundles. Then they roll them down the stairs. After this is finished the boys go and play until they have to leave.

Some men come around selling holly and mistletoe, and most of the boys buy it. Many of the boys shake hands with their friends when they leave "Sem". On the way to the station it is as they sing merrily, and their voices echo among the hills. The people stare at the boys as they pass through the towns.

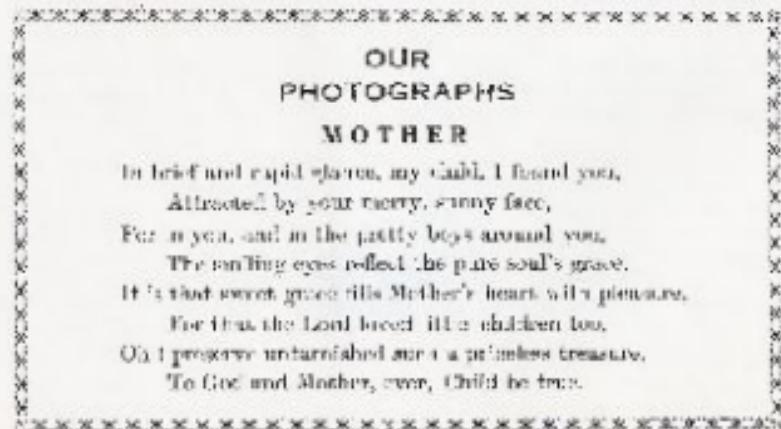
There is a rush for good seats in the bus, and after some moments

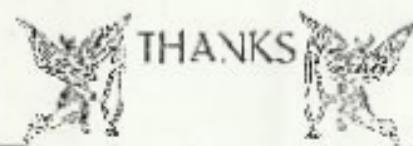
waiting, the driver climbs in, and they start on their journey. As they depart the boys take a last look at dear old "Sem". They think with satisfaction over the past school year. As the cheering dies away the boys picture "Sem" in their minds. It is very desolate and silent once more, at least for three months.

L. Bennett
Std. IV

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS MOTHER

In brief and rapid stanzas, my child, I found you,
Attracted by your merry, sunny face,
For in you, and in the pretty boys around you,
The smiling eyes reflect the pure soul's grace.
It is that sweet grace fills Mother's heart with pleasure,
For thus the Lord loves His children too.
O let preserve unfurnished ever a priceless treasure,
To God and Mother, ever, Child be true.





The Principal and the Staff wish to thank sincerely the following for their generous contributions towards the Prize and Sports Fund.

Agarwal, Mr.	Ganesh, Mrs. M.B.	Parky, Mrs. B.
Ahamad, Mr. S.	Gupta, Mr. K.N.L.	Ram, Mr. R.
Ahmed, Mr. S.	Hakim, Mr.	Raju, Brothers Ltd.
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Ambedkar, Mr. B. W.	Hanki, Mr. W.L.	Rutherford-Wilson, Mr. D.R.
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Bhosla, Mr. V.	Kazmi, Mr. L.L.D. et al.	Singh, Mr. K.N.
Bhatt, Mr. V.	Khatu, Mr. A.	Singh, Mrs. M.
Bhatti, Mr. S.	Khand, Mrs. M.S.	Sinha, Mr. R.J.
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Chaturvedi, Mr. G.	Mandal, Mrs. J.	Singh, Mr. N.
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Davé, Mr. M.	Wadhwa, Dr. J.R.	Singh, Mrs. R.
D'Cunha, Mrs. V.	Wazir, Mrs. P.	Singh, Mr. R.K.
Dave, Balwant, P.	Worrell Conference No.	Singh, Mrs. S.
Dave, Capt. A.	Xenos, Mr. D.J.	Singh, Mr. R.S.
Dhadial, Mr. K.	Malhotra, Mr. H.C.	Singh, Mrs. R.S.
Dasgupta, Mr. J.	Narula, Indra, Mrs.	Singh, Mrs. S.
Dattatreya, Mr. W.	Nehru, Mr. S.	Tiwary, Mr. S.C.
Dattatreya, Mr. W.H.	Patel, Mr. P.S.	Vasquez, Mr. M.
Dattatreya, Mr.	Patel, Mr. T.P.C.	Wade, Mrs. D.J.
Dattatreya, Dr. J.J.	Patel, Mr. V.A.	Ward, Mr. W.
Deenabi, Mrs. S.	Qureshi, Mrs. J.P.	Ward, Mr. W.R.
George, Mr. K.N.	Qureshi, Mr. W.A.	Yeravda, Mr. S.A.
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Gill, Mr. W.H.	Rao, Mr. N.J.S.	
Gowar, Mr. Q.S.	Rao, Mr. R.D.	
Gupta, S. C. Rao	Rao, Mr. R.G.	