

NEWS SHEET

25th January, 1958.

No. 134.

EDITORIAL.

The boys have now settled in the School, and are no longer seen roaming about in their technicolour garments as in the beginning of this term. Instead they are seen smartly dressed for the morning P.T. and evening games. The boys keep themselves busy either gliding or playing Table Tennis in their free time.

Let us remind the societies of the School to arrange some meetings for the interest of the boys. We are sure the staff will always be willing to assist them.

APPOINTMENT.

Congratulations to Wahid (141-T) for being appointed a School prefect.

FILM

The film to-night is "From here to Eternity".

SCHOOL JOURNAL.

School journal will be out soon so hand in your contributions in English to Mr. Stott, and contributions in Urdu to Mr. Naqvi, earliest as possible.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN LIFE.

Success and failure are the two extreme points of a pole. There are very few persons who are complete success or an utter failure in life. Most of us have weeks or months of success in the midst of our hard struggle for existence. The majority have to face the music of life. In these days of competitive living, life is one long moment of trial.

The world is so much full of struggle and hurry that we realize the futility of all this bother. The pitcher would go to the well, and the sickle would go to the corn, even if we have no coolers or other comforts of life. Success in the modern times mostly means material success. The opposite of this material success is failure. We want to get rich quick. This is a modern craze. We have caged both words success and failure.

I wish, we could enlarge the connotation of these words. To me failure is not either a suspension of activity or a state of demoralization. He looks at failure as a temporary rebuff. "Our reach must exceed our grasp, other-wise what is heaven for?" The whole history and progress of man is a sense of failure that is emboldened by a new effort to discover and explore. This fact is driven home when we read about the efforts of doctors, engineers, psychologists and physicists. They were not discouraged by failure in their laboratories and study rooms.

To me life is a preparation and a probation. It is a preparation for the higher life of soul after death. This life is a fascinating journey, but the next life would be still more fascinating. The soul then would be free from the cage of the body, but so long as it remains in the mesh of flesh, it must welcome each rebuff. I do not take failure in terms of monetary loss or gain. I do not regard success as an expression of personal effort resulting in individual snobbery or national vanity. To me these words have a moral significance.

Success is really great if it seeks to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. Failure is really bad if it results in a nation wide frustration.

Let us not live at the animal plane of personal joys and sorrows. The twentieth century is a sad chapter in the history of man. Because it has sought to confine success and failure to individual units or to national groups. The element of humanness is gone out of life and so the atomic war is looking us in the face. What is the use of success that results in the total obliteration of others. What is the use of failure that demoralizes the whole nation? Let us live and let live. Success and failure would lose their importance if there is some one in the world to preach the spirit of Charity.

AZAM. M.DIN. (36-A)

Contd'.....

THE GENTLEMAN ON MY RIGHT.

I was fascinated by what the gentleman on my right in the chemistry laboratory was doing.

We had all been given some muddy water for distillation. The apparatus was set and everyone was busy with his own work. Across the big table, a pair was distilling some blue copper sulphate solution - the only pair which had been given copper sulphate solution instead of muddy water, which the rest of the class was using.

The gentleman on my right took a deep breath, and sighted his distilling flask, then lifting up his head looked at the pair, which was working on the blue water. He waited patiently for sometime, and then lowered the flame of the burner. The muddy water in the flask now started boiling. He removed the cork and stirred the water, then adding a drop or two of pure water to it removed the flame altogether. Then looking very helplessly at his apparatus he said quietly to himself, "Tobah! Nahin hota".

By now I had grown very interested in his movements so I went across to the poor friend's rescue. "Hallo"! said I, "Can't you distill your water?" He looked up at me with another deep breath and said, "Nothing, Yeh". Then he saw the blue water in the flask of the pair working across the table and continued, "I have been boiling my water for so long but it does not show a sign of blue colour, while my friend's water has changed into blue so quickly!"

Sajjad Akbar (30-A)

Smile for the Week.

Little Girl. "Mother, those people next door must be awfully poor."

Mother. "Why do you say that, dear?"

Little Girl. "They made such a fuss when their baby swallowed an anna."

Riddle-Me-Re.

What suits last longer than people want them to.

Answer next week to be submitted by Wednesday.

(Inonu - 138)

CHIEF-EDITOR A.M. QURESHI, Co-EDITORS: RIAZ & ASPI.

NASIR/*

NEWS SHEET

1st February, 1958.

No. 135.

EDITORIAL:

It is regrettable that few senior and junior boys take pains to write for the News Sheet. Well, friends, the News Sheet is a means for you to show your literary talents by which to impress people far and near.

It is a part of your keenness to produce material for the News Sheet as to make it a living organ of the school activities. We hope in response to our earnest appeal boys will take the initiative to fulfil the needs of the News Sheet. Contributions in English as well as in Urdu are to be handed in to the editors by Wednesday every week.

This week we present you with some amusing cartoons by Fayyaz Ahmed (261-A)

SCHOOL NOTES:

On 25th January a group of boys went to Kohat to take the I.S.S.B. examination.

Last week Mr. Shsh, the Principal of Aitchison College visited the school, and inspected Pury House.

FILM:

The film tonight is 'Miss Sadie Thomson'.

ISLAMICS SOCIETY:

On Saturday the 1st February, the first Islamics Society's Meeting this term was held in the big hall. Mr. Kazi presided over the meeting. Although there was a poor attendance, yet the speeches by Shah Jehan (158) and Mushtaq (227) were of a very high standard.

Shahid (308) recited a verse from the Holy Quran while Anas (115) and Mushtaq (340) entertained the audience with 'Naths'.

We hope to have a better attendance in future.

Riaz Ahmed Khan (Secretary.)

ADVENTURE BY NIGHT.

A few years back my father was posted to East Pakistan to a place called Khulna, which is very near the great hunting grounds, namely, the Sunderbans.

It was the month of July when we reached the marshy land of Culna, which was infected with mosquitoes.

Every night, now and then one could hear the roar of lions, tigers and howls of jackal and wolves which could be seen roaming about like dogs.

Thus one night at the dining table, we were talking of going for a hunt at night to the Sunderbans. Just then I could hear a voice outside call out, "Khan, Khan". I ran out and saw a villager standing in the yard, I enquired what was the matter, he said that a tiger had just killed one of his cattle, and that this particular animal had been causing lots of destruction. On hearing this story I got very excited and ran inside to take permission from my parents whether I could be allowed to help the poor villager by shooting the tiger. At first everyone told me, "have you gone mad", but after a great discussion I was allowed to go. I quickly collected my 450/400 rifle, some cartridges, a torch and set out with the villager to guide me to the spot where the kill had been made. It was with great difficulty that we reached our destination, for the path was very rough, with tufts of elephant grass here and there.

With throbbing hearts we found the dead cattle, but there was no sign of the tiger, probably it had gone for a drink of water. Thus not it was very dangerous to stand there as the tiger would be there any moment so we decided to climb a tree and wait for the return of the tiger. We lost no time in climbing the tree, because we could see the tall grass shaking, and cracking of dry leaves, which showed that something was coming. On looking around, the villager suddenly shook me by the shoulder, which nearly tumbled me down. He pointed out to me two sparkling eyes in the pitch darkness.

Money gives us legitimate comforts in life. It is good that it does so. We are desirous to cultivate the art of good living. I do not want to starve the body and enrich unnecessarily the soul. A sense of comfort is supremely needed in this life. The body must be relaxed so that the mind becomes capable of great things. But in spite of the twentieth century with all its achievements we have not yet reached the stage when we can integrate body and mind in harmonious proportions.

Azam Ghor1

(36)

TONGS IN THE LAB.



CHIEF EDITOR: A.M. Qureshi, CO-EDITORS: Riaz & Aspi.

NEWS SHEET

February 8th 1958

No.136

EDITORIAL."CRICKET A1 GENTLEMAN'S GAME."

The bowler strokes his nose, licks his fingers and grips the ball, makes a funny face, (or a funnier face if he is blessed with a countenance which has the tendency to make one laugh,) and bowls a very fast ball, more with an intent to get either of the human stumps than a wicket.

The batsman with an ugly grin, swings his bat at the ball with a single motive of sweeping the ball to the boundary. But an awful surprise! The ball sets the wicket bowling towards the wicket-keeper. The batsman with an angry gesture makes towards the umpire to ensure whether it wasn't a "no ball."

The umpire only expresses his sympathies. In a worse temper the batsman goes to the pavilion where a criticism of the game is in progress. "He should have blocked the ball," some say. "No! he could have slogged it" some contradict.

The batsman is greeted with a "Chaura Yar! What did you score?"

If the batsman feels that his actual score would not give a favourable opinion of his game he accounts for the fast bowlers he had faced. Such peaceful talks are always interrupted at intervals by slogans of "change the bowler" and if the bowler is changed the triumphant spectators yell an approval.

But why NOT, PLAY UP, PLAY UP, and PLAY THE GAME.

cosmic and X-ray proof goggles, hand rockets for space walks all were purchased. After a 'Spaenocelen Inoculation' we had our passports made.

One sunny morning we two went to the nearest rocket Station. We purchased our tickets and got into "The Pioneer" a three-stage rocket or space ship. Our chamber was on top in pay-load space. As all passengers sat strapped and tight, the engine roared. A blast of fire was seen at the tail through the glass window. Slowly the ship rose up, gliding towards the East. As it accelerated, a terrible backward pull was experienced and we sank to our seats. Even the air-conditioned chamber was heated up due to atmospheric friction. The roar of the engine could no longer be heard as we flew much faster than sound. Only a whistling sound could be heard. We revolved round the earth, which dwindled in the distance;- Europe, America, Indo-Pakistan could be seen like islands floating in blue water, as it is on the maps.

Gradually the temperature decreased with the decrease in the whistling sound. We were getting out of the atmosphere. It was ten minutes since we had taken off. Suddenly the engines stopped and a sudden unknown sensation flashed through our body. We were weightless! As I pushed my seat back to get up, I floated straight in front. I could not stop myself and banged head-first against the wall and bounced back. "Take it easy," shouted Faiz and he held me. This was my first time in a space ship. Other experienced passengers came floating very gently to instruct me. The weightlessness was because the ship was flying with the momentum it had gathered by burning fuel and now it had nothing acting against it. So long as the fuel acted against the rocket we had weight.

There was a note from the pilot saying that our speed was 18,500 m.p.h. and height 5,000 miles and we were approaching "Sputnik LO5" in ten minutes. This was incredible that we were moving at such a terrific speed when we felt we were standing still only the small earth revolving slowly on the two white ice-caps on the poles.

According to instructions of the stewards, we put on our space-suits, strapped ourselves to our seats and was ready for a landing on "Sputnik LO5" a sputnik (artificial satellite) ship. Now we could see the sputnik ahead, growing slowly in size. As we came nearer (apparently it seemed that the sputnik was advancing towards us) we saw the huge quarter mile radius ship revolving round an axis. The axis was not revolving and our carrier rocket went over it, fired a few rockets in front to bring the speed equal to that of the Sputnik. Now it seemed as if we were standing still side by side though our speeds were 18,000 m.p.h. Projections from the Sputnik caught our rocket and space-crew in space-suits came out. We landed and were led inside the Sputnik through air-lock gates. We went into a tube and floated there while the wall revolved round. I caught a handle on the wall, felt a big jerk and I was also revolving. I had a little sensation of weight! By air-locks we were led into a pressurised chamber where we took off our space-suits. We started going towards the surface side of the ship and our weights increased slowly. Finally in my hotel room I weighed 10 lbs. Ups and downs are all funny terms. The side towards the axis is up and the surface is down. Both of us had been extremely tired and before we could see the interesting things in the satellite ship, we had to have our meals - none of the delicacies of the world but all medicine like, and lie down on our beds. To sleep was very easy. We had 48 hours to rest and have a look around the ship before we could leave for the moon.

(To be continued next week)

J. Akbar (135-F)

CHIEF-EDITOR: A.M. GURESHI. CO-EDITORS: ELIAZ & ASPI.

NEWS SHEET

22nd February, 1958.

No. 138.

EDITORIAL:OUR HEADMASTER.

The Headmaster Mr. Stott will be leaving us on 25th February, and will take over the Pre-Cadet School, Lower Topa.

Mr. Stott has been with us for five years, during which time he has instituted many reforms both in the academic, and administrative fields of this school. He has taught the boys not merely through books but by means of his drawing, actions, and through his own experiences in life. It was the Headmaster, who first thought of starting this weekly News Sheet, which is now running its 138th edition. He has always taken a keen interest in the indoor and the outdoor activities of the school. We will never forget the invaluable services, which he has rendered to the school.

We, the boys, and the staff, unite together in wishing him the best of luck, and a happy future.

SCHOOL NOTES:

The school gave a Farewell dinner party on 18th February to the Headmaster and the Bursar and his family.

The school was honoured with a short visit by the C-in-C of the P.A.F. Air Vice Marshal Asghar Khan on February 21st.

WELCOME:

We are honoured to have Mr. Catchpole as our new Principal. He was previously the Principal of Government Cadet College, Hasanabdal.

We welcome Wing Commander Peel, the new Bursar, who has come from England. We also welcome Mr. Jinnah who has joined the staff of the school.

We got on board our carrier rocket 'The Pioneer' which had already been refuelled. The course was set, the engine started and the rocket roared. We sank back into our seats feeling a tremendous weight pressing upon us. 'Sputnik' L05 had a speed of 18,000 m.p.h. We increased the speed by 7,000 m.p.h., completed two revolutions around the earth and went on our semi-circular course towards the moon. As we got further from the pull of the earth we lost our weight and our funny gliding movements continued. It seemed as if we were still, while the earth dwindled away in the distance.

We would take 125.5 hours (5 days) to reach the moon. The first few hours I looked through the glass window at the bright stars shining against the blazing sun. I began to feel space sick. The steward gave me something to inhale which had a temporary effect.

The third day we got used to the motion. We slept, read, gossiped on the telephone and looked at the growing moon on our left which drifted on our course.

It was the fourth day when the appearance of a 'space-dragon', as the people called it, caused much excitement. I was having a lazy slumber, hanging in space just over my seat, when the alarm bell rang furiously. Before I could strap myself in, the rocket swang to the side with a terrible jerk as it changed its course by firing a rocket. The next moment a huge enflamed meteor (space-dragon) whizzed passed us. We had a narrow escape. The pilot was excellent. The course was rectified by firing rockets.

We were ready for the landing on the moon as our rocket continued to circle round it and reduce its speed by firing rockets on the opposite side. When we passed over the side of the moon facing the sun, we saw the rugged mountains and their big queer caves. We could see nothing in the night zone. The place between the day and night zone was inhabited and we could see the cities - not full of buildings but full of big semi-circular domes. The day zone was too hot and the night zone too cold for living, the range in temperature between the two zones being nearly 400° C! So the people lived in the temperate zone.

The moon had no atmosphere to glide down. So we had a shock landing. With a few very very high bumps we settled on the rocket field. The crews in pressure suits escorted us out where we found Donetz waiting for us.

Donetz's house was, like other houses, a pressurised dome. We were very tired and so we ate and rested. After forty hours Doetz's pressurised car carried us for a sight seeing tour. First we visited a power station situated in the day zone. There had been giant concave mirrors which converged the sun's terrific heat and generated power for electricity. I never knew that such power could be obtained from the sun. Using different ray-filters, the scientists obtained cosmic rays, gama-rays, X-rays etcetra and used them for mining, agriculture, manufacturing and even medical treatment. On the earth all rays do not pierce sufficiently through the atmosphere. But the moon has the advantage of having no atmosphere in this case.

Farming was not like that of our earth. The plants are supplied with necessary gases artificially and water-culture is in practice. Supplying necessary rays and chemicals artificially to calculated amounts, cereals ripen within 500 hours and plants grow like magic.

All the minerals that are present in the earth are present here in enormous quantities. In addition there are other minerals as Mercubicrypto ite, and aritzenite, which are much more precious than gold and diamonds. Extractions and purifications are carried on by means of the sun's energy. When men first reached the moon in 1963, they used atomic energy but now that is too antique and ineffective a method. Now the sun is the source of all energy.

We visited some of the mills, clothes were made of pressure resistant metals. Other articles of daily use were being manufactured of queer materials using the sun's energy. Oxygen for breathing purposes is manufactured by electrolysis of water. Other gases required for plants and men were manufactured by the analysis and synthesis of compounds and elements.

We visited the scientific research laboratory and came back to our house. We talked of many problems on the moon as we enjoyed television programmes from the earth as well as from the moon. One difficulty in walking on the street was that you had to talk to your friend by wireless earphones. That the gravity of the moon is 1/6th of that on our earth sometime presents most spectacular scenes. Once I was surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Donetz jump over a barrier 25 feet high! I was bade to follow. With apprehension I took my jump. To my surprise I easily glided over to the other side.

Our pleasant visit to the moon had to come to an end. We thanked and said good-bye to Mr. & Mrs. Donetz. The rocket roared up and our host and hostess waved their hands. The moon dwindled, the sun, and the earth dominated the scene.

J. Akbar 135-F.

QUIZ:

The following gave correct answer to the last week's quiz.

146, 194, 213, 122, 299 and 242.

Correct answer is:

- (1) Peninsula, (2) Penitent, (3) Pen-Knife, Penetrater, (4) Penguin,
(5) Pennant, (6) Pance, (7) Penalty (8) Pendulum, (9) Pensive and
(10) Persi...

This week we present you with a quiz by Masood (205-F)

My first word is in reply not in answer.
My second word is in Bengali not in Hindi.
My third word is in thick not in thin.
My fourth word is in wine not in beer.
My fifth word is in verse not in poem.
My sixth word is in mouth not in year.
My seventh word is in mare not in horse.

My eighth word is in English
not in Urdu.
My ninth word is in peril
not in danger.

WHAT AM I?

Chief Editor: A.M. Qureshi; Co-Editors: Riaz & Aspi.