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### POST-FREE SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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**Address:** SUNSHINE, Poona, 411001, India

Phone: 23930
The Prime Minister sends his good wishes on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of SUNSHINE which is being held in August, 1978.

Prime Minister's Information Advisor
New Delhi

I am glad to note that SUNSHINE, a youth monthly published from Pune, is completing its 25th year of publication. This magazine, I am told, has been trying to foster among our boys and girls a "democratic attitude, a sense of national unity and world outlook". These are noble qualities which must necessarily be infused into the minds of youth so that they grow into fit citizens of a democratic world.

I send my greetings to those associated with this magazine, and I wish that it continues to propagate among youth the values of democracy, peace and world brotherhood.

—Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan
Patna, Bihar

For nearly a quarter of a century, now, SUNSHINE has been avidly received and read by many teenagers, and since its founding, it has rendered a useful service in educating children. It is a valuable co-curricular aid to children and I hope that as it enters its 25th year, new vistas and horizons for its further growth will open up.

I have great pleasure on this occasion to offer my best wishes to SUNSHINE for every fulfillment of its aim.

—Dr. P. C. Chunder
Min. of Education & Social Welfare
New Delhi.
HOW does one observe a Silver Anniversary? Well, look around you: this issue is our Anniversary effort for you readers. We have enjoyed having the enthusiastic partnership of the hundreds of youngsters who took part in the Poster, Calendar, Poetry, Slogan and other contests, and the best of their work can be seen right here!

The August issue goes to Press in late June, of course, and that is the time of year we remember, especially, SUNSHINE's Founder, Dr. G. S. Krishnayya. Dr. Krishnayya, had just retired from the Bombay State Education Department in 1954 when he put everything he had into starting SUNSHINE. He felt so strongly that Indian School children needed their own magazine that even when no one came forward to finance it, he went ahead alone!

What excitement there was, that August of 1954, to collect copies from the Press—25,000 were printed, for free distribution to schools all over India—the night before the Inaugural function. One of the speakers, the distinguished newspaper Editor, Dr. N. B. Parulekar, remarked that just when he was getting ready to quit journalism, here was Dr. Krishnayya jumping into it!

SUNSHINE grew in influence and quality with the loving care given by the editorial staff brought together by Dr. Krishnayya. There were hundreds of tasks for him—dictating letters to school principals, to Inspectors and State Directors of Education, chasing commas and crossing 't's on the manuscripts, writing and rewriting his editorials, tramping the streets of Bombay in search of advertisements and the corridors of power in Delhi for assistance.

The great breakthrough came as a result of his visit to U.S.A. in 1959: In a lovely hands-across-the-sea gesture, the Editors of American Observer and Junior Citizen ran special features about SUNSHINE. They invited their readers to contribute to a fund by which SUNSHINE could be supplied at half price to Indian children. 100,000 American children sent in 10¢ each ... a total of over $10,000. Bounding ahead as a result, the circulation of SUNSHINE had crossed 13,000 when in 1967, Dr. Krishnayya's overworked heart finally gave up, and the magazine was orphaned.

Not entirely, for he had trained the staff well, and there were hundreds of schools which still wanted this unique publication. The main burden, however, was borne...
valiantly by Mrs. M. Krishnayya, who had been involved from the start, though not in a star role. For eight years from 1967 to 1975, she saw each issue through the Press and to the readers assisted by Mr. M. V. C. Rau and a few others. Readers will recall also that Mr. Thomas Gay gave very valuable help as Editor for over a year.

It was in '75 that SUNSHINE's new Editor took over—Mrs. Veronica Krishnayya brought a new zing to the pages of SUNSHINE not just because of her age and enthusiasm, but also perhaps because she herself had been a SUNSHINE reader and had keenly felt and understood the objectives and ideals of the founder. In the three years since then, circulation is up 25%, as are contest entries, contributions and all kinds of participation. We also find that school enthusiasm for SUNSHINE as a General Knowledge 'text' has hit new highs. SUNSHINE's dedicated staff—part-timers and full-timers alike, especially Mr. A. S. Munshi who has been with SUNSHINE for 18 years and is now our Representative in Bombay—are thrilled at the response of children and teachers to their efforts.

Now SUNSHINE offers you a literary feast with carefully selected Serials and Stories; true-life adventures in the jungle with Aunty Jane, up-to-date Science articles, valuable English lessons, exciting games and things to make and do in every issue. And in the latest exclusive-to-SUNSHINE feature, you have 'Asking Is Learning', which is aimed at helping you learn more effectively about major institutions in your environment.

No wonder we are able to print in this issue letters not only from Mr. Morarji Desai, Mr. P. C. Chunder, and Mr. Jayaprasad Narayan, but also from educators and principals throughout the country who use SUNSHINE in their daily work and for whom this magazine is a familiar element in their lives.
SUNSHINE has done very well to keep going for 25 years. The energy and dedication this has required may well be imagined. Please accept my best wishes for the continued success of the journal. I am sure it will maintain its high standards and ideals.

—Mr. Nissim Ezekiel
Dept. of Eng., University of Bombay
Bombay

On the occasion of your Silver Jubilee celebrations, we, the Staff and students of St. Anne’s High School, Bombay would like to say what SUNSHINE magazine means to us. We look forward to every issue as important source material. The stories and articles whether on topics of current interest or on science and technology are most useful for our classroom learning. And of course, features like Quizzes, Puzzles and Pastimes are equally popular with our readers.

Continue publishing this educative, edifying and entertaining magazine for we do need magazines like yours in our search for knowledge.

—Mother Colombiere
St. Anne’s High School
Fort, Bombay

What They Say
About sunshine

As far back as 1956, I remember being delighted when I came across SUNSHINE. I think it must be one of the earliest magazines brought out for children in India.

In this school we have been ordering SUNSHINE for the last 15 years. It is used in 6th, 6th and 7th by teachers and pupils alike. There are always topical stories that can be used at assembly time and thought-provoking ideas for Moral Science lessons.

There are interesting articles which can always be co-opted into Civics, History, Geography, Science, Maths and English lessons.

There are endless ideas for hobbies and art and craft, and for lighter moments, there is the jokes page at the end for a laugh.

You name it, SUNSHINE has it.

—Mrs. Joan M. Dev
Head of the Middle School
Cathedral & John Connon Schools
Bombay
CONGRATULATIONS!

Winners of the Special ANNIVERSARY OFFER

We are also very grateful to the following Principals and teachers, who, since the announcement of the above offer in our JANUARY 1978 issue, have introduced the following additional subscribers to the SUNSHINE family.

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A Special Prize is being awarded to Mother Colombiere of St. Anne’s High School, Fort, Bombay. For the fourth year now, her school is subscribing for 500 copies of SUNSHINE, the highest number ever to be ordered by a single school since 1954.

A special prize is also being awarded to Sr. Adelaide, A. C. from Mount Carmel School in Gandhidam. Over the last year she has personally persuaded 96 students to become SUNSHINE subscribers, since according to her, SUNSHINE helps in her own work of “trying to lead our youth along the right path, and SUNSHINE has been a great help in this!”

Please see p. 24, 28

August 1978
St. Peter's School, Panchgani, has had a large regular subscriber list to SUNSHINE, for almost 20 years now. We have continued to do so because SUNSHINE has been a source of information and entertainment, particularly in a residential school, where this is very necessary.

Your articles on Science, Culture and History have always been good sources of material for lively debates and quiz competitions.

I now understand you are celebrating your Silver Jubilee and I wish you and your readers God's blessings on the occasion.

Keep up the good work.

With best wishes,

—Mr. J. Timmins, Principal
St. Peter's School
PANCHGANI, Mah.

Hearty Congratulations on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the publication of SUNSHINE.

It is indeed an informative and instructive magazine which the students thoroughly enjoy as it contains a good variety of articles.

We wish the magazine all the best and every success in the future.

Ad Multos Annos!

—Sr. Margaret Alphonso
Headmistress
Canossa High School
Mahim, Bombay.

PRINCIPALS SPEAK ABOUT SUNSHINE

A hundred subscribers from Hutchings High School congratulate you on the Silver Jubilee of your Magazine this year. May Silver turn to Gold.

Every child enjoys the stories and wishes there were more of them. Puzzles and pastimes and the Recipes are popular, but children are most anxious to improve their general knowledge about world affairs and would welcome more quiz contests and articles that would help them. Pages from Aunty Jane's Diary is a hot favourite and awakens a dormant but inherent love of nature among children. The senior classes find the science and technology section most enlightening, but would like more specific aid in their science subjects, like the article on insects recently.

At the 7th Std. level the children regularly study the English grammar lessons and find them useful and instructive. The biographical sketches of authors introduced last month fulfill a real need in preparing the right background for the appreciation of English poetry. Lastly, but not least, the new feature, Asking is Learning gives the right impetus to the children's curiosity and initiates in gaining knowledge for themselves.

Hearty congratulations for giving hungry school children such a balanced diet at such low cost.

—Miss H. Singh
Principal
Hutchings High School
FOONA

SUNSHINE will be celebrating its Silver Jubilee in August.

In offering you our congratulations we do not think it is possible to evaluate fully all that your magazine has achieved in the lives of two generations of our teenagers in uplifting and transforming their moral, educational and physical development.

Our appreciation of SUNSHINE is shown by the fact that it plays the part of a valued text-book for each one of our pupils from Classes VII to XII, who have subscribed to it from the first issue in 1954. Since the last 10 years we have based our monthly G. K. Contests mainly on the up-to-date information given so clearly and attractively. The girls, as well as their parents and relatives, look forward to receiving the numbers published during the holiday months, as the advertisements, poems, puzzles, stories, etc. as well as the general make-up, combine to make SUNSHINE as popular as it is.

We are looking forward to the special Anniversary issue, and we send you our prayerful good wishes that SUNSHINE will continue to meet the challenge of each succeeding year as well as it has in the past.

—Sr. M. Dominica, IBM
Principal
St. Mary's Convent
Naini Tal, U.P.
It is with genuine pleasure that we learn that SUNSHINE is entering her 25th year of service. The magazine is very well appreciated by us as it is very helpful in the difficult task of making education relevant and meaningful in today's context.

The students of this, our new school in Mulund, are attracted by your magazine and they profit much, both intellectually and morally. They love to participate in the various competitions.

May SUNSHINE render more effective service to the student world in their search for knowledge.

—Sr. M. Juliana
Principal
St. Mary's Convant, Mulund, Bombay 80

The arrival of SUNSHINE is most eagerly looked forward to by the students of my school. Teachers are all very appreciative of this magazine, particularly as it helps to supplement the teaching in the classroom. Academic studies divorced from life are meaningless, and never has the need to bridge the gap between the two been more keenly felt than now. In this space age it is absolutely essential for students to keep abreast of activities around the globe. Here is where SUNSHINE plays a major role, by providing, in an interesting and easily comprehensible form, articles on a wide variety of subjects. Indeed, I feel that regular reading of SUNSHINE will not only increase the knowledge of the students, but also assist them with practical advice on how to meet the ever-increasing demands of life. It also provides them with inspiration to become better citizens of our country and the world.

My sincere thanks to you on behalf of the students and teachers and may you continue the publication for years to come.

—Mr. Vinod V. Saraya
Director
THE SCHOLAR HIGH SCHOOL, Bombay 39.

August 1978

I would like you to know how very much our students appreciate SUNSHINE. The number of subscribers has more than doubled, and even those students who have left school want their copies sent to them. I cannot be thankful enough to have such a healthy, informative, wholesome magazine to offer to the students. May your efforts prosper for many years to come.

—Mother M. Rita, IBMV
Principal
St. Mary's High School
KATHMANDU, Nepal

I would like to extend to you my cordial felicitations on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee issue of SUNSHINE.

According to my opinion SUNSHINE is the best magazine for the school-going youth, adapted even to the youth of areas where the knowledge of English does not score high. Our school belongs to this category. Nonetheless, the students eagerly await every new issue.

SUNSHINE has been known to our school for quite a few years. The regular subscription, however, was begun only some eight years ago. Subscription is compulsory for the students of the three top classes. As the student-number increases, so increases the number of the subscribers. Besides the text-books, SUNSHINE is used by the English language teachers as a rapid reader. The spectrum of the areas of interest that SUNSHINE covers now is wide and varied. I wish SUNSHINE a steady progress with ever increasing readers and admirers.

—Rev. Joseph Minj
Headmaster
St. Joseph's High School
TORPA, Dr. Rancho.

Throughout my teaching career of over 25 years I have recommended SUNSHINE to almost all the pupils I have dealt with in our large classes, throughout India. Every article is of lasting interest and I use many articles in my class work, chiefly the 'English Lesson'.

We wish you joy and success in this Silver Jubilee year in your dedicated labour for the youth of our Country, and may God Bless your endeavours and plans for the improvement and continuation of SUNSHINE.

—Sr. Adelaide
Mount Carmel Convent
GANDHIDHAM, Kutch

SUNSHINE is an instructive and interesting magazine liked by boys and girls alike in our school. After a thorough enquiry I came to know that the features that attracted the attention of all are the following ones namely, the relevant leading articles on science, story section, penfriends, puzzles and pastimes. That means our students profitably go through every page and enrich their knowledge. SUNSHINE has actually helped them to appreciate the science class better. PENFRIENDS have encouraged them to write letters to their newly made friends far and wide, perfecting at the same time their efficiency in composition. Teachers find it a valuable source for teaching material.

In short, I can truly say that all students are eagerly waiting for the speedy arrival of their cherished magazine, SUNSHINE every month.

Wish you every success in your noble endeavour of imparting right human values to the youth of the modern world.

—Mr. I. S. Moloparambil
Principal
St. Joseph's Higher Secondary School
BARAMULLA, Kashmir.
Serial Story  
Concluded

A

HUNDRED MILLION FRANCS

PAUL BERNA

The best and only joy in life for 10 Paris backstreet children is a ‘horse’ with a tricycle under-carriage and no pedals. The Gang consists of Gaby Joyce, leader; Fernand Douin, owner of the horse; Marion Fabert, nurse and trainer of all the stray neighbourhood dogs; Zidore Lotche, Taitave Louvrier, Jean Gomes, Mlle Babin, Berthe Godon, Croquet Lariguet and Bonbon Louvrier the baby of the Gang.

Taitave has an accident and smashes the horse. Fernand’s father has it repaired. As he brings the horse home, two tough guys stop him and offer to buy the horse for the high sum of ten thousand francs! They also try bribing the children into selling their horse for the same fantastic amount but the children firmly refuse.

On another occasion when the Gang is out with the horse, two burly men steal it from them. The children are very upset and report the robbery to Inspectors Sinet and Lamy.

Fernand suddenly remembers that they used to stuff all kinds of old things into the horse. This junk was lying in his house since he had emptied the horse before giving it to be repaired. Gaby and Fernand rush home to search … they find a rusty old key … with a note on which is written Billette Works, 244, Ponceau Road.

Two evenings in a row they explore the Billette Works—a factory that used to make carnival novelties. The third night is the big showdown between the crooks and the children. Marion has summoned her most effective force—sixty neighbourhood dogs whom she lets loose on the crooks.

Meanwhile, the police arrive. After arresting the crooks, Sinet investigates the other rooms in the factory and finds the hundred million francs which had been stolen from the Paris-Ventimiglia Express.

The children go up to Paris with Sinet to answer questions before the Court. But as yet they do not have their horse back. With Sinet they try to understand how and when the key to the Hundred Million Francs got into their horse. They trace it back to the evening that Sinet arrested Mialart, one of the crooks, right outside Fernand’s home. Mialart tipped over the horse; but before being handcuffed, he desperately shoved the key into the only hiding place he could find—the Gang’s headless horse! That’s when the children’s trouble started. Now read on…

NEXT MORNING, Monsieur Douin woke with a start at the sound of a violent knock on the door. Hurriedly he slipped on a pair of trousers, and ran downstairs to open the door for his visitor. He nearly fainted. There was the horse standing large as life on its three wheels in the middle of the garden!
Monsieur Douin rubbed his eyes hard and then opened and shut them several times. But the horse didn’t vanish in a puff of smoke. It was really there.

‘That gave you a bit of a shock, eh?’ croaked a voice from one side of him.

Monsieur Douin saw the bushy beard of old Blache sticking round the corner of the wall. The rag-and-bone man came out laughing heartily, pulling his handcart piled high with junk behind him.

‘I never expected that!’ sighed Monsieur Douin, scratching the back of his neck perplexedly. ‘Where did you find it?’

‘Miles away!’ answered old Blache, ‘On a rubbish dump in the country.’

\*

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From two o’clock onwards all the members of the gang came running up out of breath, from all parts of the town.

‘Is it true the horse is back?’ they said, wide-eyed with surprise. ‘No one’s pulling our leg are they?’

‘The horse is back all right and he looks fine,’ Fernand assured them, smiling happily. ‘He came back all on his own—at least, that’s what my dad says. This morning he opened the door, and the first thing he saw was the horse, standing there large as life in the middle of the garden. I believe him.’

‘So do we,’ cried the children, quite happy to play their old game once more. ‘The horse knew his way home all right.’

Fernand opened the door and showed them their beloved horse.

The children tiptoed in and walked round the horse, hardly daring to breathe.

‘Isn’t it smashing?’ they said at last.

Fifi got up on his hind legs to sniff the wooden body, and, wagging his tail’s tail, beat their legs like a whip.

‘He knows it,’ said Marion, flushed with pleasure. ‘The dog says there’s going to be some fun in half-an-hour’s time!’

A few minutes later out came the gang in triumph, escorting Fernand and the horse.

First of all they had a short discussion outside the house to decide the order in which they were to go.

‘Let Gaby have the first turn,’ suggested Fernand, to make even the most selfish agree.

‘Yes! yes! yes!’ said all the smaller children. ‘He deserves to! He’s the chief! Do let him!’

‘Right’, said Gaby modestly. ‘I’d like to. But you won’t be the loser by it. Buckets of blood! I’ll go so fast the cars will blow off my head. Then wham, I’ll sail over the barbed wire and land on the back of the Black Cow! Just watch if I don’t!’

‘Give us time to get to the bottom of the road,’ Marion said to him. ‘We want to be in the front row at the finishing-post.’

‘Down the hill, everyone’, yelled Zidore. Away went the gang down the rue des Petits-Pauvres, leaving Gaby ready to go.

‘Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—he’s off!’ announced Zidore.
KEEPING BEES IS FUN

by Aunty Jane

Some of our SUNSHINE readers have been asking questions about bee-keeping which were not touched on in my article published in the Summer Annual. I thought perhaps you might like to know a little more about bees, so this time I shall write about some of their odd peculiarities.

When the bees have been safely settled down in their new home we remove the "gate" in front of the entrance, so that they may move freely in and out. Now, to be able to produce eggs, the queen bee has to be fertilized by a drone, and the mating act can only take place in the air. When we capture a colony from the forest there is already a queen working at her job of egg-laying. Each colony has one queen only and the worker bees, being extremely practical little creatures, make sure there isn't another until the colony has grown big and strong. Then, and only then, the workers will pick out half a dozen eggs and start feeding them to produce a queen. If you take out the frames you will see nice, neat rows of egg cells and then suddenly a humpy bit sticking out. When the humps hatch out they are young queens and they will fly away from the hive as soon as they are ready, mate with a drone, and go off to find a new home. With them they take a good many worker bees—thousands of them—so that the original hive is practically halved and the old queen has to work very hard to make up their numbers. Since human beings are practical too, we try to stop this emigration. This can be done quite simply by examining the egg cells about once a week and if we see a hump—cut it out carefully with a knife and make quite sure that the queen has no rival. This way we can keep a big, strong, hive and ensure a flow of honey.

You may have read that bees perform a sort of dance to show the other bees that they have found a good place where there are plenty of flowers and therefore food for them. They do, I have very often watched them fly out early in the morning and followed them to see where they are going. If they find, for instance, a lot of Jambul trees in full bloom they will land up and fly straight back to the hive, do a little dance to demonstrate their find, and lead the other bees back to the trees. The fact that they can distinguish various colours is known and I discovered to my dismay that if I wore anything dark brown I was sure to get stung—I think they thought I was a bear! And bad smells they won't tolerate. I once had a boy looking after my bees who was slicking his hair with rancid coconut oil. Every time I sent him anywhere
near the boxes he was getting badly stung. At first I thought he must be handling them roughly and annoying them, but when I watched, I noticed that he was only stung on his face and head. I called him over and made him take off his cap. As soon as he did so I knew what was the matter and, I must admit, I sympathised with the bees. The smell was awful! I gave him a cake of soap and made him wash his hair twice and after that there was no more trouble.

By dint of tasting and tasting one can get to know the different flavours of the particular flowers you may have in your garden or nearby forests. When there is a good flow of honey I go into the jungles, see which trees the bees are heading for, and try to snatch a quick crop of honey before it gets mixed up with any other flavour. Of course, when there are two or three kinds of trees all in bloom at the same time, there is nothing you can do about it. The flavour will be thoroughly mixed but tastes just as good.

When I started keeping bees, I remember Mount Everest had been climbed for the first time, and one of the mountaineers insisted that a lot of the credit for their stamina should go to their eating large quantities of honey. Ah! I thought, I keep honey, let me see if this is true. For a week I got up at 5.30 a.m., ate two tablespoonfuls of honey (together with the wax) and nothing else. I found I was able to work right throughout the day until evening without getting tired. Then, for a week I tried having two cups of coffee and two slices of toast and butter with marmalade. Result, by eleven o’clock I was tired! So you see, it is really true. I’m an old lady now and don’t take such strenuous exercise, but if I feel a little run-down, then out comes my honey-pot and I take two or three spoonfuls every morning for a month.

While I sit typing this article, it is misty and rainy outside, reminding me of an occasion when I first started keeping bees and

A magnifying glass will help you enormously in following this illustration. The numbers read from top to bottom.

1. Bee depositing honey in cell. In a little sac under his throat the nectar has been changed to honey. This chemical change cannot be accomplished by man. 3. Queen bee surrounded by her attendants. 4. Worker bee building cells. 5. Worker bee sealing cell of pupa. 6. Worker attending larvae which are shown in successive stages of development. 7. Young bee emerging from cell. 8. Larva of the next queen of the hive. 10. Worker ventilating the hive by fanning the air with his wings. 11. The lazy drone, whose only reason for living is to be a possible mate for a future queen.
didn’t know anything about them. We had just captured a big, strong colony out of the forest, and my boy brought it after dark to the bungalow. I had no place prepared for it so we emptied the sack into a honey box and put it on the ground in a shady place. During the night it rained heavily, my first thought next morning was for the bees. ‘Poor things!’ I muttered to myself, ‘They must be half drowned, I must go and see immediately what has happened to them.’

I slipped on a coat and hurried through the mist to where we had put the box on the ground. About a hundred yards away there was a small cairn of stones. Perfect, I thought. Bending down I picked up the cairn. There was an angry murmur, and before I had taken three strides, hundreds of infuriated bees came bursting out and attacked. I was so terrified, I am afraid, I dropped the box making matters infinitely worse, and fled, pursued by a cloud of bees all determined to sting me wherever they could find a place! One of my malis saved me. Hearing my screams, he shouted at me to jump into the lotus pond, which was deep enough for me to sink under the water and choose between drowning or being stung to death by my little friends! I chose the former and, taking a deep breath, took cover beneath the lotus leaves. I could hear the bees skittering over the top of the water and stayed submerged as long as I could, emerging once to take a quick breath and then diving again. When all was silent, I stood up, dripping nasty-smelling mud and dead lotuses, my face and arms speckled all over with bee-stings. I still thought I was going to die! I couldn’t open my eyes; my ears were like cabbages and fingers like sausage rolls!

No-one was very sympathetic. All they said was —

“You should have known this would happen!”

Well, I didn’t know, and it happened.

Now I don’t dream of opening a hive unless there is a clear blue sky and not a breath of wind!

The end of May is the end of our honey-gathering season in Mahabaleshwar. I like to leave the bees enough of their natural food to last out the rainy season. If it rains, short we mix up a concoction of sugar-water and put it in a tiny bowl inside the hive. Usually, by the beginning of September the bees start foraging and can keep themselves without artificial help, but occasionally the monsoon lingers on and we have to continue feeding them. Quite a few die during the rains from dysentery — once a day they have to leave the hive to defecate and they catch cold. Inside their home it is warm and cozy but, outside, the temperature is pretty low and remains the same day and night. It’s a pity no one has ever invented a bee raincoat, isn’t it?

We have another bee in Mahabaleshwar called the ‘gypsy’ bee, a huge creature looking like a giant wasp. They are very fierce and no-one has been able to domesticate them. If you put them in a box they will run away, even leaving their queen. A pity, because they make much more honey than the ordinary bees. They are difficult to find, more often than not building their colonies in holes in a precipice so that the only way they can be captured is by sending someone down on a rope over the side of the mountain. I get many of them in my garden but I have given up trying to tame them, they’re much too fierce.

I’ve written a lot about bees, now, I wonder if any of you have started keeping them? If you do, you may be sure you will be getting all your friends coming round for pots of honey and you will be a very popular person.

(You may write to Aunty Jane C/o SUNSHINE. For replies, please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.)

Sunshine
A Club merely brings people together but a SUNSHINE Club ought to bring Sunshine into the lives not only of its members, but also of others.

Instead of selfishly concentrating only on amusement, a SUNSHINE Club would do well to explore the possibilities of ‘entertainment-cum-service’. A SUNSHINE club exclusively formed for youth could dig in its roots by making contact with the less fortunate youth so commonly found around us—the street urchins and the physically handicapped children.

Of course, for any project to succeed, we cannot afford to neglect an essential—funds! A club consists of members with various talents. The members say, with an artistic outlook could work on handicrafts, paintings and needlework and occasionally hold an exhibition-cum-sale. Besides, those gifted with a good voice or acting ability could organize a concert, charging a tiny entrance fee. This would not only succeed in developing the talents of the members but their proceeds would serve as a valuable source of income, indispensable for the success of any club.

The main project, however, would be the classes which could be held in a shed or even out-of-doors. The ‘student/teacher’ member would require the guidance of an experienced ‘head’ teacher. I am sure that children would respond more easily if taught by youth not much older than themselves.

The first step would be to gather the children and establish friendly links with them. Kind words, sweets and a big sunny SMILE would do the trick! Supplying them with new books, pens and pencils bought out of the funds collected, we could teach these children the alphabet and how to read and write. This is the goal. But along with the removal of illiteracy, a means of earning can also be taught to them—handicrafts, needlework, gardening, etc. In order to make the classes interesting and to attract the children, singing and drawing competitions can be held. Picnics or get-togethers can be arranged for both the club members and the children. All these should be possible with the funds collected. The members, too, will feel a deep satisfaction because this is born out of their own hard work and not of their parents generosity.

For the members own entertainment they could run a small club house where they could meet regularly, pursue their hobbies, have games like Table-tennis, chess, carrom and others. Thus, a SUNSHINE CLUB would fulfill its goals of brightening up the lives of so many young people and in developing the members’ personalities.

—Belinda Viegas, 5614
Govindram Saksaria Sc. College
Belgaum
RECENTLY, my father got transferred to 'Broadacres Stud Farm', Bangalore. Here, there was a terrible lack of any kind of entertainment and life was dull. I consulted with some boys of the other staff members and we agreed to form a club. We have named it 'SUNSHINE YOUNGSTERS' CLUB'.

I am glad to write that all of us club members are enthusiastic in cultural and musical activities. We have also started taking interest in sports. We saved our pocket-money and purchased a complete cricket set, 2 footballs, 1 volleyball and an indoor game. We are now teaching the staff workers to play all these games. They are taking a lot of interest. Soon, we will organize cricket and football teams to have matches with nearby villages and farms.

Today, we are very happy that the Staff Officers, too, are becoming very enthusiastic. There are five main officers who help us especially with the cultural and musical programmes.

This Dassara, our club members did a good, interesting play with a message for everyone—RAM RAJYA. This drama was in Hindi and it was so well received that we had to perform it twice.

Now, we have decided to conduct such programmes every now and then. On the 25th December, we are conducting a very beautiful drama called JESUS CHRIST.

We are proud of our SUNSHINE YOUNGSTERS' CLUB. I cannot describe the satisfaction and joy we feel in giving joy to these poor and unfortunate people. I can clearly see the change in the farm. The workers are becoming more and more honest and interested in their work too!

We are satisfied that we are doing something good for the community.

—Kamal Goel 5515
Bangalore

SUNSHINE CLUB or better, yet, 'Enlightenment Club'. As morning sunshine wipes away the prevailing darkness, our club would wipe out the evils in our society. Uplift of the less fortunate ones and enlightenment of youth in all spheres would be our main aim.

Our club would not be bound by the walls of any particular field. We would help our members to attain proficiency in the field of their choice. If one was interested in music, he would be introduced to a good music teacher. If he were a stamp-collector, to a senior philatelist, who could teach the finer points of the field. Learned persons in each field would be invited to give lectures.

Our club would hold evening classes for those who are not fortunate to get the chance of studying in a good school. Our members would contribute textbooks and other books for a library which would be open to all our members. We would also subscribe to journals and newspapers for the benefit of our members.

We would adopt a village and try to help
1st Prize:
KAMAL GOEL, 5515
St. Germain's High School,
Bangalore

3rd Prize:
VINOO JOHAR, 5950
St. Joseph's Convent,
Bhopal
2nd Prize:
RAJSHREE GOPALAN, 6298
Carmel School,
Rourkela

3rd Prize:
JAIPAL ANAND, 2899/18
Kantiya Vidyalaya
Kathmandu

August 1978
Dear Sushila:

Hi there! Sorry I didn’t reply to your letter earlier. I had decided to write to you a few days back, but, I received my SUNSHINE copy ... and poof ... there went my letter writing resolution.

I’m honestly surprised that an intelligent girl like you is not yet subscribing to SUNSHINE. It is worth its weight in gold! The General Knowledge and Science features available in SUNSHINE would greatly boost your school record. The quizzes and puzzles in SUNSHINE would put you one ahead of Sunil! Deflate his ego a bit by confronting him with these terrific brain teasers and then compensate him by allowing him to read the adventure stories you’ll find in SUNSHINE. Whenever ‘old Tom’ gets into one of his bad moods you could always turn to ‘Laughs’ in SUNSHINE to cheer him up. Then, there are the pen-pals —ah ha—that lights up your eyes! Yes, there is a wide, wide choice of penpals to satisfy even you! I’m sure your Mum, too, would like to have a peep at the recipes and crafts in SUNSHINE.

Best of all, SUNSHINE is so cheap—only 8 rupees! And you are allowed every opportunity to win back your subscription and even more, by participating in the various contests, quizzes and ‘By You’ section. I could go on non-stop about the benefits that can be derived from SUNSHINE, so I’m sending you my latest copy so that you can see for yourself.

Okay, bye for now and when you next write to me I hope it will be to say that you are receiving SUNSHINE, too.

Love,

Belinda

—Belinda Viegas 5641
G. S. Science College, Belgaum

Dear Delia,

Last month when we spent the weekend together, you had told me that you are usually very lonely at home. You must have seen that though I too don’t have a special friend, I consider magazines as my friends. Why don’t you read magazines, too?

Remember when we were kids, you used to call me a doctor (just in fun). Well, in this case, I am. As a medicine for your loneliness I recommend to you SUNSHINE. Not only will you find a friend, but, you’ll also find that you can make use of all that you read.

I love magazines, but SUNSHINE is my choice. I think it is a very up-to-date magazine. Of course, I like the stories, especially the serial stories. The editorials are very good. Though they are very knowledgeable, they are put in such an interesting manner that I find myself reading them with great enthusiasm. The puzzles and pastimes are very useful to me, now that the winter rains have come. The jokes are very funny. But my favourite page remains the editorial page. I always have something new to think about. Though I get prize points very rarely, I always try to send in an entry because it is fun to compete.

I don’t know why you say that you are lonely. Try SUNSHINE and you’ll see that you’ll enjoy it very much. You will find that you will be longing for the next one, and SUNSHINE will gradually become your friend. A new interest will develop in you. So, why not try SUNSHINE?

Yours lovingly,

Sangeeta

—Sangeeta Karmarker 6268/1
Carmel Convent School
Rourkela

Sunshine
Dear Micky,

In your last letter you wanted to know which instructive magazine you should read in your free time. I would advise you to read SUNSHINE.

This is one of the least costly magazines in India or abroad with much more information in it about all subjects than any other.

No one can deny that one has many hidden talents. You may be a great artist or writer without knowing it. Writing to SUNSHINE may reveal your hidden talents.

Seeing my name amongst the Points Winners I have been trying hard to do well in studies also. Even while writing essays or anything, we are not hurried as in class. This has considerably improved my writing.

Reading SUNSHINE has also greatly improved my General Knowledge. Perhaps the same may happen to you?

You must have heard of fancy courses which increase one's memory and make one become better in studies. But believe it or not, since I have started taking SUNSHINE, my studies have improved greatly!

There is not a sphere in which I have not improved, be it language, General knowledge, Games, Science, or Politics and you will be surprised to know—even food!

Almost all the boys in my class take SUNSHINE. No wonder our class (9 B) is reputed to be the best in the school and can boast of great writers, poets, scholars and yes, the school headboy takes SUNSHINE too.

This magazine is specially for boys/girls of our age group, unlike other magazines which are either too childish or too difficult.

I would advise you to order SUNSHINE at Rs 8 yearly. Send the money by M.O. to SUNSHINE, Pune 1, as soon as possible. Wishing you a Very Happy Christmas and New Year.

Arvind

---

SLOGAN CONTEST

SUNSHINE is the complete magazine with fun and frolic, news and knowledge

—Sanjay A. Morie, 1930/1
Rose Manor Garden School, Bombay

August 1978
Prize Giving

We very gratefully acknowledge the generous donation of the following prizes for our SUNSHINE ANNIVERSARY CONTESTS. We are sure they will make this Anniversary an even brighter one for our winners.

Prizes by INDIA BOOK HOUSE, Bombay

1st Prize: Rajesh Chadha
THE ADVENTURES OF MAHESH — Sarojini Sinha
MORE ABOUT BIRBAL — Eunice De Souza
PERSIAN TALES — Manoj Das

POETRY
KARNA — Neeta D'Souza
MIRACLES IN MEDICINE — K. R. Srinivasan
TALES OF HUMOUR FROM BENGAL — Anjali Pal
ECHO BOOK OF FUN — Editors of SUNSHINE Magazine

2nd Prize: Poonam Gidh
SHAKUNTALA AND DAMAYANTI — Krishna Chaitanya
DUL-DUL THE MAGIC CLAY HOUSE — Uma Anand
FABLES FROM THE PANCHATANTRA — S. Leela
FOLK TALES OF KASHMIR — Bani Roy Chaudhury
ECHO BOOK OF FUN — Editors of SUNSHINE Magazine

3rd Prize: Smaranika Patnaik
GREAT MUSICIANS OF INDIA — Dolly Rizvi
A SUMMER ADVENTURE — Shashi Deshpande
ECHO BOOK OF FUN — Editors of SUNSHINE Magazine

Prizes by MACMILLAN PRESS, Bombay

POSTER
1st Prize: Kamal Goel
BUMPER BOOK OF BOYS STORIES — Edited by Eric Duthie

2nd Prize: Rajshree Gopal
BUMPER BOOK OF GIRLS STORIES — Edited by Eric Duthie

3rd Prize: Vinoo Johar
TELL ME A STORY — Edited by Elizabeth Cooper

Prizes by OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Bombay

LETTER
1st Prize: Belinda Viegas
BEYOND THE DESERT GATE — Mary Ray

2nd Prize: Sangeeta Karmakar
HOME FROM HOME — Susan Price

3rd Prize: Arvind Joshi
CHRISTMAS WITH TAMWORTH PIG — Gene Kemp

* * *
Prizes by CAMLIN PVT. LTD., Bombay

**CALENDAR**

1st Prize: **Arun Sardesai** — Twelve 15 ml bottles of CAMEL Poster Colours; 4 paint brushes.

2nd Prize: **Jaipal Anand** — 12 Luxor-Camlin Rainbow Water-Colour Pens; a box of CAMEL Mathematical Drawing Instruments.

3rd Prize: **Vinoo Johar** — 1 Box of CAMEL Oil Pastels (48 shades). Six 8 ml bottles of CAMEL Poster Colours; 1 bottle of CAMEL Crylin and Crylin Medium

---

Prizes by MODERN BOOKSTALL, Poona

**SLOGAN**

1st Prize: **Sanjay Monie** COLLENS ENGLISH LEARNER’S DICTIONARY

2nd Prize: **Ashish Ramdas** THIRD PICTURE QUIZ BOOK and Eighth Top of the Form Quiz Book

**CONTEST**

3rd Prize: **Om Prakash Gyani** FIRST READERS DIGEST QUIZ BOOK and Fourth Top of the Form Quiz Book

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**A Big THANK YOU**

to the following donors for their wonderful generosity in providing prizes to our Principals and Teachers for the SUNSHINE SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY OFFER which we published from January ’78.

1st Prize: **AGFA CLICK III CAMERA**

5th Prize: **THE PARABLES OF PEANUTS**
by Robert L. Short

6th Prize: **CRAFTS AND TOYS FROM AROUND THE WORLD**
by Arden J. Newsome

Special Prize: **Mother Colombiere CAL-O-ABLE GAME**

BY AGFA-GEVAERT, (I) LTD., BOMBAY

BY POONA CHRISTIAN BOOKSHOP, POONA

BY MANNEYS BOOKSELLERS, POONA

BY BRAIN-GAIN GAMES, INDMAG PVT. LTD., BOMBAY

August 1978
ANNUAL POINTS

Prizes

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS to all winners, especially to SUNSHINE's top scorers of the year—Belinda Viegas 54 points and Nirup Malkani 47 points!

Nirup Malkani

Belinda Viegas

Once a year we give cash prizes to points-winners to reward them for being thoughtful and thorough in their reading of SUNSHINE, and regular in their participation in the BY YOU section and in our monthly contests. The conversion rate is 25 p for 1 point. CERTIFICATES are awarded to all prize winners: Red Certificate of Distinction for those with 45 points and over; Blue Certificate of Merit for 30 points and over; Green Certificates for 10 points and over.

The names of those who have won 10 points or more up to the end of June 1978 are given on the next page. Those with less than 10 points have them carried over to be added to next year's total.
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August 1978
The following Prizes have been given by SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

SUNSHINE CLUB IN YOUR SCHOOL OR COLONY CONTEST

1st Prize: Belinda Viegas
2nd Prize: Kamal Goel
3rd Prize: Mohit Gupta

SCRABBLE Game
BRAIN POWER Game
THE SMART Game

Prizes for the SUNSHINE ANNIVERSARY OFFER

2nd Prize: THE FIVE DAY COURSE IN THINKING by Edward de Bono
3rd Prize: FOLKLORE and SYMBOLISM OF FLOWERS, PLANTS, and TREES by Ernst and Johanna Lehner
4th Prize: THE WORLD BOOK OF ART & CRAFTS FOR CHILDREN by Eric Kennewery
7th Prize: ORIGAMI: THE RUBBER BAND BOOK by Arnold Arnold
8th Prize: WHY DOES A GLOW WORM GLOW? by Eric Leithwaite
9th Prize: THE SECOND BOOK OF EXPERIMENTS by Leonard de Vries
10th Prize: THE AWARD ENGLISH DICTIONARY
10th Prize: 2300 STEPS TO WORD POWER
Special Prize: BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES by Gerald Durrell
Sr, Adelaide

Sunshine Points System

Only REGISTERED SUBSCRIBERS (your S.R. No. is printed on the top of each wrapper) can win points for the following:

* Contributions accepted and published in the BY YOU Section.
* Reports from Special Correspondents.
* Answers to "Think and Write" exercises.
* Winning essays or poems in SUNSHINE contests.
* Correct Solutions to Quizzes.

In each case we announce, in advance, the number of Points awarded. We keep the scores of all who win Points. In August every year we encash the points of those who have accumulated 10 points and over. Each is worth 25 paise. The points of those who have less than 10 are carried over into the next year.

So, send in your solutions, BY YOU contributions, reports and replies and see how many points you can collect before August '79.

DO NOT FORGET TO QUOTE YOUR S.R. NO. WITH EACH ENTRY YOU SEND.
I am happy to learn that SUNSHINE magazine has entered its twenty-fifth year of publication.

Educational Institutions alone can give the younger generation the right guidance and inspire in them patriotism and a sense of duty towards others. Magazines published by educational institutions play a vital role in this direction.

In the last twenty-five years, efforts made by this magazine to this effect, are definitely praiseworthy.

I sincerely wish for the ever growing popularity of the magazine.

—Daulat Ram Chauhan
Education Minister of H.P.
Simla

* * *

Heartiest felicitations for the grand occasion! Your magazine is indeed very popular with our children, big and small and with our staff, too.

It's really a herculean task to say which particular feature in SUNSHINE appeals to the children, for most of the articles have the pep and the savouriness needed and much appreciated by the 'scholars' and the 'mentors'.

'Auntie Jane' is a smashing hit with our girls and so is the serial story. English lessons and study technique features have helped many young ones do better than they did earlier.

In a nutshell, I'd like to congratulate you for the variety in the articles which are interesting, while also enhancing the child's cognitive power.

Once again wishing your magazine the very best and hoping you'll keep on sending more wonderful literary treasures, in the future.

—Sr. Cordelia, A. C.
Principal
Carmel School
Hamirpur, Rourkela

—Fr. M. K. Love, SJ
Principal
Loyola School, Jamshedpur

MESSAGES

* * *

I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere gratitude for bringing SUNSHINE to our students.

I find that the magazine has ideal reading material. The articles, features and stories are both informative and interesting. It also encourages students to contribute articles, poems and stories.

Your Art competitions are especially popular with Loyoleans and they help to develop their aesthetic sense.

With best regards,

—B. P. Dahal
Education Minister of Sikkim
TASHILING, Gangtok

August 1978
SUNSHINE is the only magazine for teens with education and fun combined

—Ashish Ramdas, 3317
The Air Force Central School, Delhi

2nd Prize:
VINOO JOHAR, 5860
St. Joseph’s Convent
Bhopal
Sunshine

2nd Prize Winner

Stars shine each night
Under the canopy of the sky
Not for the lazyfew, who in
Sun live to bask; but for
Him who works and toils
In the heat of the day
Not cared for by the loathing crowds
Earning his little to sustain the soul.

—Punam Gidh 5895
St. Raphael’s H. S. School, Indore

Contest

1st Prize Winner

Superb and interesting
Unique it is,
Novel ideas, a
Star in the magazine world it is,
Highlights most features,
Informative too,
Nothing can be better; for
Even Mothers, kids—dads read it too!

—Rajesh K. Chadha 6457
Kendriya Vidyalaya, Dehu Road, Poona

Poetry

3rd Prize Winner

Sweet little Flowers
Under the tree
Nodding their heads
Smile at me,
Happy little flowers
I can't play with thee
Now I have my SUNSHINE—
Excuse me.

—Smaranika Patnaik 6288/44
Carmel Convent School, Rourkela

August 1978
Here is an exciting new series which really makes Science interesting and lively. The Homi Bhabha Science Centre has tried out the Question-and-Answer method in village schools in Jalgam, and what they have learnt from these trials is now available to all in the following books.

**EXPERIMENTS ARE FUN** Oxford University Press, Bombay; 52 Pages Rs 5.00.

It is written for parents and teachers of children in Standards 1-7 and suggests ways of getting small children to feel the joy of keen observation and the excitement of performing simple experiments. The titles of some experiments are evocative: *Fountain in A Bottle; The Dancing Candle; A Boat Load of Stones*. Along with each experiment is a discussion and explanation which the teacher or demonstrator can use.

**How and Why In Science JUNIOR SERIES:**
**BOOK 1** Oxford University Press; Bombay; 32 Pages; Rs 3.50.


**How and Why In Science SENIOR SERIES:**
**Book 1** Oxford University Press, Bombay; 32 Pages; Rs 3.50.

The book is similar though it is divided differently (Plants, Animals, Medicine, Physics, Astronomy). The questions again are what everyone asks: Why do the leaves of the “Touch Me Not” plant curl up when touched? ... How are the artificial fibres of terylene, terecot and nylon made? ... Why does the rising and setting sun appear red?

These books and others in the Series should be in everyones’ library. However, we hope the Publishers would take a little more trouble on the layout and production and papor of the books, which seems below their usual standard.

**UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE—Books 15-20,** by H. G. Michandani, India Book House, Bombay; 18 Pages; Rs 5 each.

The latest in this series of reprints for High School which was reviewed earlier (**SUNSHINE** April-May ’78). For those who can afford Rs 5 for 18 pages, this is a good buy. Vol. 20, for instance, contains one or two page articles on Echoes, Muscles and Exoskeletons of Insects, The Camera, Reversible reactions and Chemical Equilibrium, The Spectroscope, Heat Engines, Tuned Circuits, Density, Barometers, The Midnight Sun. Four colour illustrations make the text easy to follow.
A SUMMER ADVENTURE by Shashi Deshpande, India Book House, Bombay; 140 Pages; Rs 0.00

A very realistic and exciting story for pre-teens. Young Dinu, Minu and Polly succeed in convincing their city cousin, Ravi, that life in the country is not so dull after all. A burglary takes place and then two more! Dinu and Ravi stumble on a few mysterious clues and find themselves deeper and deeper into an exciting adventure.

WHAT I SAW! The Bird Book of Nonsense Verse and The Human Book of Nonsense Verse by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya; India Book House, Bombay; 32 Pages; Rs 3.50 each.

These two little books are beautifully presented—excellent illustrations and an attractive cover—both essential ingredients for children’s books. Unfortunately, one fails to understand the content of either book. Judge for yourself.

I saw a Green Pigeon/Trying to goad/@ sensitive lyric/To merry an ode (from The Bird Book) or I saw a Washerwoman/Trying to Wash/A dancer’s clothes/In orange squash!

Every page is filled with this kind of Nonsense! Maybe adults can catch the “humour” or the “irony”, but certainly not children.

LET US KNOW INDIA—11 by Swarn Khandpur. India Book House, Bombay; 32 Pages; Rs 5.00.

Books 8, 9, 10 of this series have already been reviewed in our April-May ’78 issue. It would be very useful to have a set of these books which contain very interesting information about India—its geography, history, arts, festivals, tribes, wildlife, etc. An excellent acquisition for Junior School libraries (till Std. 8), and for the individual, too—if you can afford Rs 5 per book.

ANSWERS TO JUNE QUIZ

How Well Have You Read This Issue?

1. True 2. False (Only postmen need a uniform). 3. True 4. True 5. True 6. False (It is the other way around; The timetable is the Railway software). 7. True 8. True

August 1978
ANY hundreds of years ago in England there was a lord called Rothgar who was good and rich and powerful. All the land he could see from the top of his castle belonged to him. There were farmers, of course, and millers and bakers and croopers. There was a minstrel, too, who told stories and sang old songs and ones of his own making. At that time, when not many people could read and when, in any case, there were very few books, story-tellers were important members of society and welcome guests in any household.

Once a year, to all those people and more, and to their wives and families, Rothgar gave a feast in the castle grounds. Before the feasting came cock-fighting and wrestling matches, weight-lifting contests, performances by jugglers and acrobats, and dancing for all who cared for it. After the feasting everybody crowded into the Great Hall of the castle and listened to the minstrel’s songs and to his stories of great heroes and ancient days.

When the minstrel had ended his songs and his tales, Rothgar rose and addressed the gathering.

‘My people, every year as you know I offer a prize for skill of some kind. Last year, you may recall, our blacksmith won it for climbing the crags and removing an egg from the nest of the eagle. This year I offer a prize for a very different sort of skill. I offer it to the man, woman, or child, who by the night of the full moon can solve a riddle!

‘Just a riddle!’ murmured some of the people, and they all thought how easy it would be. And all the children sat up and grinned. They had been feeling sleepy, but now they were wide awake. ‘What is the prize, my lord?’ shouted one bold boy.

‘A fair question,’ agreed Rothgar, and from a trencher handed to him by a serving man he lifted a green cloth.

A gasp went up from the crowd, for the prize they saw revealed was an inkstand of pure gold, richly engraved, and by it lay a quill pen, a sharpened goose feather such as was used in those days. The gold glittered in the candlelight and so did many eyes.

‘And I would tell the winner,’ went on Rothgar, ‘that if he has no use for such a prize he shall have its value in goods or livestock or whatever he pleases.’
Cheers went up from the throng, and here and there a voice called, 'The riddle! Tell us the riddle!'

'Listen,' said Rothgar, and a great hush fell on the hall. Slowly Rothgar spoke, and this is what he said: 'Four travelled together, leaving black marks behind. The fourth was in the middle useless without the other three, though swift in flight in former days. A fifth led them all, but the fifth was never seen and could not see.'

There was dead silence in the hall as every man, woman and child was striving to remember it. Three times Rothgar spoke the words of the riddle, and though the hall was crammed not a sound was to be heard. Each individual saw himself the possessor of the gold inkstand. The quill they hardly counted. Anybody almost could sharpen a goose quill, though few knew how to write.

The crowd made their way homewards, their excited chatter breaking the silence of the night. In the simple houses many a family talked late into the night about the meaning of the riddle, and went to sleep in their humble lofts dreaming of gold.

As days went by the riddle began to cause trouble. The barber's wife would say sharply to her husband at the end of the day, 'Well? 'If it's the riddle you are thinking of, I'm no nearer,' said the barber, 'and I've been plagueing my mind all day.'

Mothers nagged at their children, 'Rothgar said a child could solve it, but you, you ninny, will let the prize go somewhere else for lack of trying.'

In fact, the children gave more thought to the riddle than the grown-ups. They liked riddles. They even made up new ones sometimes. But Rothgar's riddle was long and hard. At least, the words were easy but the children could not make sense of them.

Rich young men galloped round the country-side on horseback, searching for clues. They rode in a group, thinking several minds better than one, and agreed that if they won, the group should share the value of the prize. What was there that left black marks behind? Some kind of cart with its wheels arranged in an unusual way? Or are the marks the tracks of some animal?

Some people talked about the riddle, others kept their thoughts to themselves, and Oswald was one of these. Oswald was the eldest of seven children, of whom the seventh was only a baby. His mother had become a widow and Oswald had to help her, but he was a dreamer and a sore trial to his poor mother because he would go off in the middle of his work to set down the words of a song or to make a drawing.

'If only,' she said, 'your father had never let you go to the monastery to help the priests in their garden, you would never have learnt to write.'

Hardly anyone she knew, except a few of the wealthy, knew how to write, and what use a son of hers could make of such a skill, she could not imagine. As far as she could see it was just a waste of time, and who could blame her when she was worried nearly to death having seven mouths to feed?

'Stop wasting your time with that pen, boy,' she said, 'and go and feed the pigs, collect the eggs, fetch honey from the bees. You'll be the death of me, Oswald. You're good for nothing.'

Oswald was used to being spoken to like that, so it did not worry him any more. Try as he might he didn't do the farm work very well. He was only ten, but to his hard-driven mother, ten seemed old as all the other children were younger.

He had not written down the words of the riddle. They were imprinted on his mind, and many a time they came back to him without being hidden.

One person who never spent a moment on the riddle, and who had far more time than most people, was the pretty goose girl. She left thinking to cleverer heads, and just sat and watched her geese. Idly she picked up three dropped goose feathers. She would
give them to Oswald, because he would be pleased to have more quills for pens.

That day, as he took the feathers, he picked out one and said 'That's a beauty! Which goose lost that?'

'Why, the old gander,' said the girl. 'A fine looking bird he is. He could fly faster than any of them when he was young and strong.'

That night, when Oswald sharpened the big new feather, he mentioned the riddle to his mother for the first time.

'What do you think it was that was "swift in flight in former days"? Does it mean swift in flying or swift in running away?'

'I cannot tell,' his mother said.

The boy went on, 'The gander this feather came from was the swiftest in the flock.' His mother yawned and said, 'And I'm an old goose to be sitting and talking. Bed's where I ought to be, and you too.'

'I'll go in a minute,' said the boy.

He waited until she had climbed the steps to the loft where all the family slept, and then, in the last remaining light of the evening, he took his last quill pen and drew a goose. As he outlined the wing feathers, in a flash the riddle seemed a riddle no longer. He was on the point of rushing to tell his mother when he realized that he only knew part of the answer. That last sentence, 'a fifth led them all, but the fifth was never seen and could not see,' was still a mystery.

In bed, Oswald tossed and pondered. What could it be that led without seeing or being seen? In the moonlight he could see the humped forms of his brothers and sisters. How peacefully they slept, whereas his mind toiled on. And then, from nowhere it seemed, the answer came and he could no longer stay in his bed. He crept to the loft's one window and looked out on to the dark, sweet-smelling countryside, and watched the moon in full sail across the cloudless sky. From his heart he thanked the old priest who had taught a poor boy to write. He went back to bed and slept till cock-crow. All that day he worked with a will that surprised even him. That evening, the night of the full moon, up to the castle he trudged with everyone else. 'I wonder who's going to be the lucky one this year,' said his mother. 'It won't be me. Perhaps it won't be anybody.' Oswald just smiled.

When all were assembled Rothgar said, 'Well, my people, I have seen many puzzled faces. There must be someone who has guessed the riddle. Come now to the dias any woman who knows the answer.' Nobody spoke or moved.

'Is there any man among you?' There was not a sound.

'The children then—is there any child?'

Oswald, the song-maker, could find no words, and his legs seemed not to belong to him. He raised his arm and moved forward.

He took his place on the dias by Rothgar.

'Well, Oswald, so you think you have solved the riddle?'

'I know I have, sir,' said Oswald quietly.

'Speak up then, and tell us what are the four that travel together, leaving black marks behind?'

Oswald held up his right hand and said, 'The thumb and the first two fingers, and the quill pen they are writing with.'

A murmur ran through the crowd—'Fancy that! Why didn't I think of it?' 'Yes, of course!'

Sunshine
Rothgar nodded. "And the fourth that is useless alone and was once swift in flight?"

Clearly Oswald said, "The pen cannot write unless it is pushed, but in former days when it was just a feather on a goose, it could fly."

"Right again," said Rothgar, and many of the people clapped their hands in joy that the boy had been right. A few gnashed their teeth at their own stupidity; it was so easy once you had thought of it.

"And the last part?" said Rothgar. "That was the hardest," said Oswald. He was feeling less shy now. "The fifth that led them all and was not seen and could not see—that is the mind of the writer." His voice rang out loud and clear. "That is the answer—three fingers, a quill pen, and the mind that tells it what to write."

Rothgar smiled and clapped the boy on the shoulder and said, "Did I not tell you that the prize could be won by a child?"

When the cheering had died down, Lord Rothgar said, "Know you how to write, boy?"

"Aye, sir. The monks taught me. I make songs and write them down."

"So we have an unknown minstrel in our midst. Come, honour us with a song. 'A song, a song,' echoed the crowd."

Oswald stood forward, excited but not fearful now, for in the company of his own songs he fell at his best. Without the aid of the lute he sang a song of his own recent composing, and the people and Rothgar marvelled at the beauty of the words and the clearness of the boy's voice.

"My riddle minstrel!" said Rothgar. "You will do great things. Come now, take your prize, or if it please you better, you shall have it worth in goods. 'I want to show it to my mother,' said Oswald, and walking through the throng he bore the gold inkstand held out in both hands towards his mother.

Now he had reached her and put into her hands the gleaming prize. Never had she seen anything so rich or so beautiful. What place was there worthy of it in her simple home? Tears came to her eyes and rolled slowly down her smiling cheeks.

"What shall I do mother? What shall I do? What would you have me do?" She shook her head and murmured, "As you think best, my son."

Rothgar had joined them and heard her answer. Oswald said slowly, "I should like to keep it, sire, for one night, and then talk to you again, if that could be allowed."

And that is what was agreed. All night long the rich prize stood by Oswald's bedside, and three times he woke to see whether it was still there. The third time it was held in the beams of the moon and looked unbearably beautiful, but also, as even Oswald recognised, it looked very much out of place in the poor loft. It suddenly struck the boy that one day someone might steal it. He could not have it always by his side to guard it. Not until he brought this gleaming beauty home had he noticed just how shabby everything in the house was. Suddenly he knew what to do.

The next day he gave back the inkstand, and when Rothgar asked him what he would have in its stead, he said, 'A goat and a sow if you please, sire, and bedclothes, and lengths of cloth for my mother, my brothers and sisters, and the goosegirl who gives me the quilts. If that is too much, I will think what to do without."

"It is not too much," said Rothgar. "Wait here."

When Rothgar returned he held out a quill and a small plain silver inkstand, and he said, 'In addition, I should like you to have these for yourself. Make good use of them, boy, and may the songs of the Riddle Minstrel be known throughout the length and breadth of England."

And so, indeed, it came to pass in later years. The name of Oswald, the Riddle Minstrel, was known even as far as the courts.
1. a) The origin of the word ‘monsoon’ is from i) Latin ii) Sanskrit iii) Arabic iv) Hindustani. What is the word? b) Monsoon is actually a i) Wet season ii) Wind iii) Rain that cools.

   a) Arabic ‘MAUSIM’ literally ‘season’.
   b) Wind. It is a seasonal ‘wind’ prevailing in southern Asia, from the southwest (wet) in ‘summer’ (April to September) and, from the north-east (dry) in ‘winter’ (October to March).

II. Which of the following statements is most proper with regard to monsoon rainfall? a) Average 120 inches; b) Average 80 inches; c) As little as 20 inches and as much as 300 with most regions varying from 40 to 100 inches on the average.

   c) As little as 20 inches and as much as 300 with most regions varying from 40 to 100 inches on the average.

Orography (Raised ground—hills, ridges, mountain ranges,) influences rainfall along the route of the wet wind (South-West monsoon). These ‘obstructions’ force the windflow to rise into a cooler region and condense into cloud and further, shed the extra moisture content in the form of rain. For e.g., the areas west of the Western Ghats get much more rain than those east of it. Take Bombay and Poona that respectively get 75 inches and 20 inches. So variation in average rainfall over an area or even a ‘spot’ like a village, will be influenced by the surrounding orography. Cherrapunji in Meghalaya gets about 430 inches on the average. In 1951 it was 600 inches! (50 feet, in other words!) Cherrapunji by the way, is at the end of a valley running from south with a dead-end to the north. Mawsynram, a village about 10 miles west of Cherrapunji got 725 inches in 1956 with an average of 460 inches.


   Mongolia is the only place not affected. Mongolia, Tibet, Central China and Central Asia, for that matter, are not in the path of the monsoon (South West). The Himalayas cuts it off and guides it across the Asian coast on to Japan where it loses momentum.

IV. What phenomenon causes the Monsoon season in India? a) For India, where is the source of the i) South West Monsoon? ii) North East Monsoon?

   The seasonal reversal of pressure and winds over large land masses and neighbouring oceans caused by differential heating.

   a) The source of the South-West monsoon is the south-east trade-wind; It advances, across the equator and merges with the mass of moist air over the Indian Ocean. This air is drawn towards the hot land areas of Asia and becomes the southwest monsoon. The African hilly coast, no doubt, helps to intense heat is the Indo-Gangetic Plain; it is intense heat is the Indo-Gangetic Plain; it is responsible for the low-pressure area from the North-West to South-East known as the Monsoon Trough. This sucks the diverted
South-East trade-wind across the Arabian Sea all the way from the equator.

b) Similarly, from October, a reversal takes place resulting in winds from the north-easterly direction. The warmer region over the Indian Ocean causes air there to rise and draw in air from the cooler land mass over India. It is boosted by cold, dry air from the Tibetan plateau and central Asia.

V. In India we have ‘pre-monsoon’ thunderstorms. What causes them?

VI. Apart from rain water collected for domestic purposes a) Name four major benefits of the monsoon b) Two other benefits that don’t involve water.

a) It aids irrigation for agriculture ii) Replenishes reservoirs for producing hydro-power for electricity. iii) Assists growth of forest wealth iv) Ensures river and canal (waterways) communication.

b) i) Provides sail power, especially for the dhows in the Arabian Sea and Chinese junks.

Pre-monsoon thunderstorms in India are caused by disturbances in the atmosphere resulting from the changes in temperature and pressure which take place in the process of the reversal of the dry north-east wind into the wet south-west wind. Of course, the disturbances causing these storms are aggravated by local conditions of varying wind-velocity, temperature, pressure and humidity along the path of the wind. These local conditions are created by orography, vegetation, deserts and even built-up city or industrial areas.

VII. State whether the following are ‘true’ or ‘false’, giving reasons a) Some parts of India have the monsoon rain during June to September blowing in a south-easterly direction. b) The monsoon during April to September in India is north-easterly and is dry. c) The true monsoon cloud is the i) Cirro-stratus ii) Alto-cumulus iii) Nimbo-stratus.

a) True—The north-eastern coast of India.
Points Winners

(June 1978)

SUNSHINE-CAMEL COLOUR CONTEST

1st Prize: Shakaka Acharekar, Atul, Gujarat
2nd Prize: Anna Abraham, Ambalamedu, Kerala
3rd Prize: C. Shiv Ram Das, Karimnagar, A.P.

5 Consolation Prizes:
Prem P. Daryanani, Pune; Klein Rodrigues, Bombay; Phirozea Siganpuria, Bombay; Rajsree Gopalan, Coimbatore; Hemant Kumar, Bilimora.

10 Camel Certificates
Anupama Kaul, 99 A.P. O.; S.D. Khurshid, Jamshedpur; Ashish Ramdas, Jobhpur; Smita Dikhe, Indore; Mitish Merchant, Bombay; Sachin Galgalikar, Bombay; Satyanarayan S. Sholapur; Charles D. Kumar, Vellore; Om Prakash Gyan, Bombay; Abhijit Mitra, Kolkata.

5 SUNSHINE Consolation Prizes
Kamini R. Pandanani, Bhavnagar; Arati Dahotre, Bombay; Jagdish Vaswani, Bombay; Jayantilal Kamath, Bombay; K. Satish, Mangalore.

How Well Have You Read This Issue?

1. Fear of water
2. Fear of spiders
3. Fear of crowds
4. Fear of horses
5. Fear of germs
6. Fear of anything new
7. Fear of the dark
8. Fear of fire
9. Fear of everything

SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK QUIZ CONTEST

COMPUTERS

1st Prize: C. RAMACHANDRA, 6295, Khargapur
2nd Prize: SUDEEP DUTTA 6293/6, Calcutta
3rd Prize: SANJAY K. GUPTA 4585/23, Jamshedpur

3 Points: Veenu Bhatia 2393/4, Mini Mahajan 6231, A. Saleem 6418, Rajiv Shory 4585/6, K. N. Shashidhar 5934/165.


1 Point: Malini Pandapagesan 1067/3, Neeraj Parnajape 6199, Late Raman 5639, Alice Varkey 1057/34, Arvind Goyal 2393/12, K. L. Idrisani 4984/127, Kamal Goel 5515, Nandini Shulaman 9014, Jayanto Chakraborti 4585/25

How Well Have You Read This Issue?

1. Fear of water
2. Fear of spiders
3. Fear of crowds
4. Fear of horses
5. Fear of germs
6. Fear of anything new
7. Fear of the dark
8. Swim, swim, sap, saw, sam, war, was, am, as, arm, map, mar, paw, Pam, prom, ram, rap, or.

Answers to Puzzles & Pastimes

WHO’S AFRAID?

Swim, swim, sap, saw, sam, war, was, am, as, arm, map, mar, paw, Pam, prom, ram, rap, or.

MAKE WORDS

Sunshine

Sunshine

Sunshine
Meet Our Special Representative In Calcutta

Recently, SUNSHINE has been spreading rather steadily and cheerfully in Calcutta, thanks very much to a most dynamic and enthusiastic young man—SAIBAL CHATTERJEE. He is an old SUNSHINE subscriber from his Calcutta Boys' School days and remains a friend and indeed, a very involved person in SUNSHINE activities. Any day in Calcutta might find him pinning up posters, persuading principals to introduce SUNSHINE to their students, collecting subscriptions and advertisements, meeting people like Satyajit Ray and getting permission to translate his stories into English. SUNSHINE readers will already be familiar with his excellent translation of Mrs. Gauri Dharmapal's Bengali story, THE INVITATION.

And WHY? "For the joy of doing it ... because I love SUNSHINE ... because I love to write ... because I love children ... because I think SUNSHINE is the best English language magazine for children in the country." That's why! "Working for SUNSHINE is an immense pleasure especially when you are aware of the sense of devotion and sincerity that lies behind the making of every single issue and the continuing dedication towards providing constructive and useful reading material for youth."

"As a student, I loved to write—but no one really gave my writing any importance—until I had a little story of mine published in SUNSHINE's BY YOU section; and then it was sort of an eye-opener to everybody. Whatever little this literary success might have been, it really meant a great deal to me at the time. On the one hand it gave me the encouragement I needed, and on the other, the confidence that I could write. Since then I took to writing as a pastime and perhaps that was one of the reasons why for the rest of my school career I always topped my class in English. I owe a great deal of my career to SUNSHINE!"

Indeed, Saibal had a notable literary success with the publication of a few of his poems in two well-known anthologies published in England this year.

Among other things, Mr. Chatterjee is the Export Director for Lokenath Chatterjee & Sons. This is a family business that makes high precision machine tools and Saibal is entirely responsible for their export production programme in W. Germany, U.K., Canada, Netherlands, Australia and Japan.

August 1978
They all listened. The afternoon breeze carried the sound of a dull rumble which rose between the houses towards them. They could see nothing yet, but any minute now the monster would come shooting down on them like a bullet, the rattle and roar making its speed seem ten times greater.

‘Come on, Gaby!’ the girls gave a piercing scream.

‘Come on!’ shouted the boys, clenching their fists.

And round the corner zoomed Gaby, head right down to the handle-bars.

Then, good heavens—down towards the rue de la Vache Noire hurtled old Zigon hand-cart, full of bottles, out of control, and dragging the old man with it.

‘Stop!’ yelled the children. ‘The horse is coming!’

‘I can’t!’ groaned old Zigon breathlessly. ‘I won’t be able to pull up until the road levels out.’

‘Gaby will crash,’ stuttered Zidore. ‘For certain, sure he will.’

‘He’ll put on his brakes,’ said Berthe. ‘He’ll have plenty of time when he gets through the bend.’

‘Gaby never brakes!’ said Juan. ‘He’ll go right or left, and the old chap will get away with a fright.’

Round the corner with a terrible din came the horse, while straight across the road went old Zigon with a clutter of bottles. Neither braked and—wham! the horse hit the side of the cart like a shell!

‘Bull’s eye!’ yelled Zidore, throwing his cap in the air.

Gaby sailed over the cart and disappeared into the grass on the Clos. With a dull thud the cart fell on to its side and in an instant its load of bottles was thrown into the gutter.

Old Zigon stood stock-still fuming with rage.

‘So once wasn’t enough!’ he shouted, stamping his foot. ‘And now you watch me round the corner to run into me, do you! Heavens above! Look at that, you little hor-

ors! Sixty bottles in the gutter. Sixty of my good bottles you’ve smashed, curse you!’

The little ones laughed till they cried.

‘Don’t get so worked up, Monsieur Zigon,’ said Marion. ‘You’ve gained five hundred bottles because of the accident. I’ll show you a whole stack of them in the goods-yard. We owe you that much at least!’

Old Zigon wanted to answer back, but Marion’s friendly smile made him forget what he had meant to say. Fernand, Zidore and Tatave rolled on the bank howling with laughter.

‘Did you see it?’ hiccuped Tatave, half-dead with mirth. ‘Gaby didn’t brake, not him! He spurted, and wham! He crashed! Like a thunder-clap! I bet he did it on purpose.

Berthe and Melie, their arms round each other, were shaking like a couple of jellys.
Dipoo enjoyed the trip, and Raju couldn’t even go!
Poor fellow! He was so disappointed!
Dipoo saved his pocket money and gifts.
He has a Bank Account with us, Raju doesn’t!
Raju you can also open an account with us
and save for the next trip.

it was fun....

bank of maharashtra
(A Govt of India Undertaking)
H. O. Pune.

PRAJAKTA

fect, climbed over the barbed wire, and slid down the bank. He wasn’t laughing now. He was very pale. In the cheerful afternoon sunlight they gathered round him.

‘Have you hurt yourself?’ Marion asked him gently.

‘No, I’m all right. It’s all over,’ he said.

And he burst into tears.

The children drew closer round him, upset by a sorrow they could not understand.

‘Nothing’s changed,’ whispered Marion, putting her arm round his shoulders. ‘You’ve had a terrific smash-up, too true! But that’s nothing to make a song and dance about. It could have happened to anyone. Just ask Tatave.’

‘It’s all over,’ sobbed Gaby. ‘I’m useless now. Three days ago I was twelve and I didn’t tell a soul. For three days I’ve felt myself getting sillier and sillier. You saw? I can’t even ride that wretched horse any more. I’m finished. You’ll have to find another chief!"

All the children cried out in protest.

Marion squeezed his arm.

‘Don’t be silly,’ she said. ‘You’re twelve: so what? Sooner or later we’ll all be twelve, but that’s no reason why we should break away from each other. We’ll grow up together, that’s all. The gang still sticks together, just look. They won’t stop us having fun together in a hurry.’

‘The kid’s right,’ muttered old Zigon at one side. ‘The world’s all right if you’ve got good friends.’

Then through his tears, Gaby saw nine happy faces gleaming in the golden sunshine: Marion, Berthe, Melie, Zidore, Fernand, Tatave, Juan, Criquet and Bonbon. He smiled.

‘Hi! Inspector!’ called Zidore, pointing to the horse with a polite gesture of invitation. ‘Don’t you sometimes want to have a go?’

Inspector Sinet closed his eyes, put out his arms and, with a look of horror coming over his face, made off up the rue des Petits-Pauvres as fast as he could go.

(The End)
WHO'S WHO?

a. Each of the following questions contains two clues about well-known personalities on the Indian scene. Who are they?

b. Write a short biographical sketch of each.

I. a. The shortest man ever to be an Indian Cabinet Minister
   b. He swam across the River Ganges as a boy.

II. a. Leader of the peasant farmers.
    b. This old man is difficult but honest.

III. a. He is a Bengali.
     b. He swam the Seven Seas.

IV. a. He advocates ‘Total Revolution’.
     b. He is called ‘Lok Nayak’.

V. a. He is a Chief Minister.
    b. He always wears dark glasses.

VI. a. The oldest man on the Indian political scene.
     b. He will drink to your health with water.

VII. a. He is a pilot.
     b. He heads the second largest private sector industrial House.

VIII. a. This man climbed Mt. Everest and now cannot walk.
      b. He has just written a book on Everest.

IX. a. This film director has just been awarded an honorary doctorate in England.
    b. He has recently made a commercial Hindi film.

Send your answers to these questions on a separate sheet together with the coupon. Three lucky all-correct winners get Eagle Flasks. Upto 4 points will be awarded on merit to the rest of the winners.

SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK CONTEST

Name: _________________________
S.R. No.: _______________________
Address: _______________________ 
Last Date: August 31

Sunshine
Chemistry Professor: Suresh, what does HNO₃ signify?
Suresh: Well, ah, er—'m got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir.
Chemistry Professor: Well, you'd better spit it out quick. It's nitric acid.

Romesh: What lies on the bottom of the ocean and shakes?
Rajesh: A nervous wreck.

Visitor: How may people work here?
Employer: Oh, about one in every ten.
—K. L. Ishani, 4984/127

Mother: Meena, are you sure you washed the lettuce carefully? This salad tastes awful.
Meena: Yes, Mummy, I even used soap.

Roopa: Why is a duck always worried?
Maya: Because he always has a bill in front of his face.

The district police sent out pictures of an escaped convict in six different poses.
A village constable sent the following wire: "Have captured five of them and on the trail of the sixth."

'Has your baby learned to talk yet?' a friend asked.
'Oh, yes,' the mother replied. 'We're trying to teach him to be quiet, now.'

'Now, Firoz, be a good boy and say 'Ah-h-h' so the doctor can get his finger out of your mouth.'

Sudhir: What part of the car causes the most accidents?
Samir: The nut that holds the wheels.
—Seema J. Deodhar 7799/19
JEWELLERY BOX

Make yourself a pretty jewellery box from an ordinary plastic soap dish that can be bought at any shop.

Decorate the box by cutting tiny figures from cloth and gluing them to the box.

Cut a piece of felt, foam, or velveteen the size of your box and glue it inside to make a cushion for your jewels.

WHO'S AFRAID?

If you had these fears, or phobias, what would you be afraid of?

1. Aquaphobia
2. Arachnophobia
3. Demophobia
4. Equinophobia
5. Microphobia
6. Neophobia
7. Nyctophobia
8. Pyrophobia
9. Pantophobia

(Answers on p. 28)

VEGETABLE CUTLETS

INGREDIENTS: 2 large potatoes boiled and mashed; ½ cup boiled cabbage well mashed; ½ cup boiled chopped beans; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 finely chopped green chilli; ½ teaspoon pepper; 3 slices bread; 1 slightly beaten egg; thin gram flour batter; bread crumbs; oil for frying

METHOD: Mix all ingredients thoroughly, except bread. Soak bread in water 1 at a time, and squeeze out moisture. Add to the ingredients. Knead well. Form into cutlets and dip into beaten egg or gram flour batter, roll in bread crumbs and deep fry in hot oil till a golden colour. Serve with tomato sauce or green chutney.

—Ajay Kumar Kartha, 6277
(2 Points)

Sunshine
The twins had a wonderful birthday party. Their mother baked them a huge cake. All their little friends came. Daddy gave them Rs. 10 each and Mummy gave them Rs. 5 each. They got many gifts and lots of sweets and a toy. But Rita said she would save her money. Ramu made fun of her and laughed. Rita went with Daddy to the State Bank and opened an account with all her money and got her own存折. She kept adding her pocket money. Her money grew and grew. And Ramu stopped laughing. His books were over. He had no money left. When he got his pocket money he went with Mummy to the State Bank. He was so proud of his own account. "Now I am not going to spend all my money," he said, "I am going to save."
(Sunshine Club Contest)  

them solve their problems. We would extend help in cleaning the village, and try and teach the villagers new skills.  

A separate wing for sports would also be constituted. Each member would be encouraged to take part in at least one game. Our club would enter district and other tournaments to provide competition to our sportsmen and to bring them into the limelight.  

All these plans would require a lot of funds. Our school is ready to provide all possible help. It will provide us space for sports, too. Our members would have to pay a nominal fee. Our club would be working under the patronage of some people who would like to assist us in our effort.

—Mohit Gupta, 3264  
Central School No. 1  
Ambala Cantt.

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3rd Prize Winner

sunshine

Is a Tonic and Exercise for the Brain

—Om Prakash S. Gyani 5710  
Bombay

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(Monsoons)

The change in direction is caused by the Arakan Yomas of Burma which deflects the south wind. In Cherrapunji for e.g. it goes in from the South.

b) False—During April to September, the south-west wind (monsoon) prevails and it is wet since it comes in from over the ocean.

c) False—Cirro-stratus a very high altitude cloud, though seen during the monsoon is not truly a rain 'monsoon' cloud.

ii) False—Alto-cumulus a high cloud is also closely associated with the monsoon but is not truly a rain cloud.

iii) True—Nimbo-stratus is the true nimbo or rain-bearing cloud. It is the low, dark mass that overcasts the sky and produces steady rain from heavy showers to gentle rain and drizzles.

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Sunshine
"Wow Ram—The circus is in town. The star of the show—Krishnan the Klown!"

Ram & Shyam

AND THE UNHAPPY KLOWN

To the big tent our boys go flying.

"But look over there—it's Krishnan crying."

"The boss told me I'm being a bore. Says I'm just not funny any more."

"Chin up Krish—suck Poppins and see how cheerful again your act will be."

"He's in top form—all the way. Poppins has made him extra gay."

LICKABLE LIKEABLE LOVABLE

PARLE Poppins
FRUITY SWEETS

5 FRUITY FLAVOURS—RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE, LEMON, ORANGE AND LIME.