

*A collection of memories and tributes to my parents on their
40th Wedding Anniversary - 27th March 1985*



Here is a collection of episodes,
reminiscences and tributes paid to you
by some of our relatives and your close
friends.

"Down Memory Lane" is what this was
intended to be, but the response we
received was not what we expected and
so we have this flimsy edition! we
shall add to it for your Golden Jubilee!

With ALL our love,

Robert & Hooking
Sheherawar & Alenon
Kershepp Judy

27th MARCH 1985



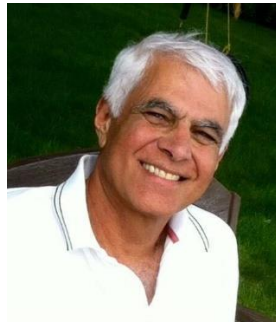
20 Nepean Sea Road,
Bombay 6.
Wed. March 27, 1985

My Dearest mummy & daddy,
It's so hard to put feelings
of love and gratitude on paper, but
I'll try. On this very special occasion
of your 40th Wedding Anniversary I
think of the solid foundation you
gave us, and remember with deep
thankfulness and love the beautiful
true and strong values you instilled
in us throughout our childhood
days; the warm & comfortable
feeling of security you gave us;
the many many gifts you showered
on us, and much more.

40 years together is much to
celebrate. How grateful we are
that we could be here with you:
Your very own,

Shehnavaaz

Kershasp Remembers.....



March 27, 1985 (9)

As I sit and let my mind wander to the years when our family lived at 20 Napean Sea Road, I get a rush of memories from my earliest recollections - Mom sitting down with me, do my spelling - to all the excitement and anticipation on the return from one of your trips abroad - to finally Hootoksi going to PCK, Steherna, to Miami and I following a year later.

But for all the wonderful events, etc of my childhood, it is those timeless qualities you strove so hard to instill in us, that endure, not only with me, but hopefully, my children as well.

I remember you saying so often - 1/2 of 2222, 2222 2122 2122 - & so true it is. At best instilling the right attitudes and values in children is tedious - but when

(10)

satisfaction when you succeed - and
by any measure - you succeeded!!
Your 40 years together is a
momentous milestone not many reach,
and those who do, I am sure, know
what a tremendous effort it is. But
you are there and set to go for
another 40!!

I remember so well, the pride
jill inside me at each successive
accomplishment you had too - and they
are numerous. You taught me and
directed me and helped me always. And
Mom, with your singing talents - I can
vividly remember listening to you on stage
on radio - so beautiful - you were instrumen-
tal in so many major decisions in my
life that I don't know what I would
have done without it.

You have given me and continue
to give ~~me~~ + my family that special
love only you can give and for that
and for everything else I am most
grateful. Have a wonderful day
your son

Hootoksi Remembers.....



Beloved Ma & Pa,

Just as a river flows leaving behind it fertile soil, so you have been in my life. You created a warm and secure nest, a happy home in which your three chicks grew and flew.... You made me the person I am today and have been a constant source of love, inspiration and understanding. I know you are always there for my family and for me. Thank you for being THE BEST parents in the world

Your,

Moga.

I would like to share some Early memories I have of you my beloved ma

I remember being in your arms on your favourite rocking chair listening to you sing "Poree oh thore ma"

Your lying on the bed and saying to me "Moga mara jara pug dbavse?" (Moga, will you press my feet please?) and "mara pasa ma sui ja" (come into my arms and sleep with me)

At the end of an exciting Navjote day I was sitting on the potty in my pink, frilly dress and you called out to papa and said "Apra nulli powder puff" (our small powder puff!)

You used to sit up with me at all hours of day and night rubbing my back as I gasped for breath when I had asthma attacks.

*I remember your practicing your scales on the upright piano singing
“It’s a lovely day today, It’s a lovely day today.....”*

*Getting into our Consul car and going to see the lights on Republic
Day*

Spending weekends with Uncle Jimmy and Phi Masi in Aksa.....

*Visiting granny in Colaba where you always discussed the price of
eggs! “Aje eda no soo bhau che?” (what is the price of eggs today?)*

*Falooda on Papeti and going to Metro shoe shop to buy new shoes for
Navroze*

*I vividly remember your explaining why you had to send me to
boarding school in Kodaikanal. Dr Pesí Badshaw felt the clean dry air
of the hills would be better for me and it was!*

*I had a very difficult time settling into boarding school and I ran
away three times but only got as far as the Kodai Market before I was
hauled back into school again. The third time, Mother St John asked
you to come up and take me home. You sat in the formal parlor at
school, and I sat in front of you. You looked squarely at me and told
me “I just want you to try this out for one term. (4 months) If at the
end of that time, you still feel miserable about being here, I promise
you can come back home to Bombay” I knew you would never break
your word and very soon things turned around for me and I loved
being in boarding school. At the end of the term after the school
holidays I was more than ready to go back!!*

*I loved the egg savories you made for the wonderful parties you threw
at our home in 20 Nepean Sea Road.*

*I remember those parties with you sitting at the piano and Kershasp
handing out percussion instruments to all present. Everyone was
actively part of the fun!*

*I remember coming back from the J . B. Petit High School in my
Uniform. You would always be home to welcome me in your pink or
yellow shorts and you never failed to ask me “what happened at
school today”*

*.....you are absolutely THE BEST mother a girl could ever have and
I love you SO MUCH!*

I would like to share some early memories of you my beloved Pa

I can still 'feel' the tickle in my tummy when you hoisted me up in the air on your feet! I would keep asking you for more and more and more and even if you were tired, you always gave me that last hoist!!

All three of us getting into bed with ma and you. I can still hear you say "are are, maro tukyo garam kari nakso!" (oh goodness you will all warm my pillow!)

You would be sitting in the arm chair in the living room reading your Lodge book and I would climb into your lap and listen to you repeating something but I can't remember the words!!!

I remember walking with you to Variety Stores where you let me choose a doll and I took the longest time to decide on which one to buy. You patiently waited for me and I finally bought a Bride Doll.

I took part in a talent contest in Bangalore where I sang a song but did not get a prize. You explained how proud you were of me taking part because that was important, not the winning. I had always wanted to own a pair of hand-made shoes and on that day you walked with me to a Chinese Shoe Shop and I chose my first pair. They were brown with silver buckles, two sizes too big for me but I insisted on having them and you indulged me.

I remember the endless trips we made to the airport to pick you up and we would often beg you to take us to London and your response always was "OK lets go, start walking"

I remember your telling me that it was important to say our prayers even though I did not understand what I was saying. "The words and the rhythm of these texts which have been unaltered and come down to us through many generations of Zoroastrians, are efficacious in and of themselves. Recite them, they will never fail to comfort you" You are so right papa, they always do comfort me.

I always remember your kindness to Goradia. He was an old friend from school who had fallen on hard times and once a month he came to our home to shower and have a meal. I remember his greatest wish was to own a shark-skin suit!!!



With Granny Pundole, grandpa Laskaka and my beloved Happy



March 27, 1985

I vividly remember your visit to us on Saipan. As I stood watching you board the plane, a lasting impression of you together formed in my mind: a couple walking hand-in-hand, heads bent together in conversation, looking at each other in a gentle, caring way. You are the most romantic couple I know - I am always thrilled when I see you together.

We look forward to your visits, and each time we part I am thankful that I married your son and became your daughter-in-law.

Dad and Mom - I love you both dearly.

Happy 40th Anniversary.

Judy

Maki Aunty remembers.....



MAKI REMINISCES.....



ALLEPPY - 1940

Noshir was a great favourite of our grand-dad and he was always able to get his way with him. He died some time in 1925, so Noshir must have been about three or four. I must have been about 8 or 9 and remember how our mummy used to try and curb him and not let him have his way. As a young boy too, he was always in the forefront of everything and at a very young age took charge of the shop as our dad had an attack of paralysis. Noshir always succeeds in his ventures, as he puts his entire self into it.

I remember granny making large jars of "Badam Pak" and storing them on a shelf. The boys would surreptitiously eat it from the centre leaving a wall around the jar in tact. From the outside the jar always looked full! Granny always discovered this too late!



THE PUNDOLE FAMILY
1935

NOSHIR — THE DRAMATIST



As HAMLET



ALLEPPY



FANCY DRESS AT ALLEPPY.
1940

Maki was the eldest sister of Pa, she was married to Nariman Sukhia and they had three children, Rummi, Jimmy & Diniyar..

Naju remembers.....



Naju recalls when Noshir was just 3 years old, he was offered some "mithai" by grandad which he refused. Granny gave it to cousin Nergish who ate it all up. When she had finished, Noshir decided he wanted it back. Grandad offered to go to the shop to buy him some more but NO, he had to have the mithai his cousin ate even if he had to cut her tummy to take it all out!. It was quite a job calming him!



AT MARVE BEACH

Naju was Pa's second sister, she wasn't married

Russie Remembers.....



I left the shores of Bombay when I was 17 in 1939, so my continuous contact with your dad was limited. His schooling was tops, and during his school career I well remember he received 12 certificates of 'Excellence' for good conduct and punctuality. In dramatics he came first for his performance of Hamlets Soliloquy. In Scouting he was petrol leader, Troop leader and Scout Master and during this period he attended the Scouts World Jamboree held in the U.K. He successfully completed his Navar ceremony in 1931 or 1932. We have had lots of visits from your mum and dad, the last being in the summer of 1984, and we hope to have many more.

LOHAVLA - 11th - 12th MARCH 1972

AT WOODSIDE BUNGALOW IN
RYE WOODS -

EDWINA ADDS.....

There was also a BBC Audition your mum had for BBC TV for singers and performers. I think she was successful with the audition, but didn't get on the TV screen as the series was finished or discontinued. For this she made a recording at Levy's Sound Studios, 73 New Bond St. W 1 in either 1966 or 1967. The record is of Angelicus Domino, part of Handles Allelujha and ofcourse Ave Maria, and gave us a copy of this. I just cannot remember the name of the Programme, but do remember seeing a couple of them in anticipation. All this was well before Cyrus was born.

Then, when we visited India in 1972, a whole party of us went to Lonavla for a weekend. It was a happy, relaxed time.

LOHAVLA - MARCH 1972



It was wonderful to hear first-hand from KALI of the pranks the three brothers played in the good old days! Here are a few he recalls.....

Noshir had a very good ear for music, and studied the violon under the guidance of Benet Master at the Bharda New High School. One day, we had a fight (this was quite common) and he got so angry with me that he broke the bow of his violon on my head. Granny was upset, and immediately went to Furtadoes to replace it; Benet master however, knew the old from the new bow!



Russie & Noshir-Khandal

Noshir had a terrible temper and I remember times when he used it. We were living at the time at Colaba, Vanya ni galli on the 2nd floor. We had a trusted old "ramo" called Bhagwan Bhola working for us. His wife was called Ratan. Russie, Noshir, the Kavarana brothers, the Kapadia brothers and I used to often play together. On this particular day we were all playing hide n seek, and Bhagwan hid Russie in his room. Noshir knew he was there and banged on the door to try and get him out. When there was no response from inside, he flew into a rage, poured Kerosene on the door and set it ablaze. Fortunately things were soon brought under control and nobody was hurt.



I remember standing on the terrace of our Vanya ni Chelli house and stopping "Bhonawallas" carrying "lagun nu bhonu" to various destinations. We used to take the food from them and polish it all off! We did remember to send a note back saying "Bhonu Malyuji, thank you very much!"

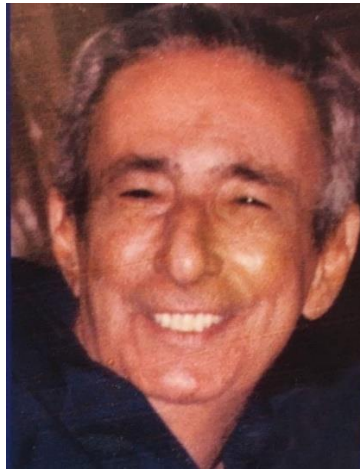
When we lived at Ruby terrace, Sasoon Docks, we would hide on the first floor and pick a man on the street as our target. Then we would sling a string with a stone tied to the end of it, across the tram wires. At just the right moment, we let go of the string and the poor man got a "bonk" on his head!

We three brothers were all good shots with our "katty's" Bhagwan would catch large rats called "goosh" which he would hang on a string by their tails. I remember shooting at them with my katty.

Naju did not want to be left out, and one day she decided to practice with her katty outside our house. Her first hit was the "kolsawallah" who dropped his kolsa all over the place. We fled and Bagwan was sent off to "pattau" the poor man.

Russi was pa's youngest brother. He was married to Katy & had two children with her, Neville and Freny. He then married Edwina and they had Cyrus

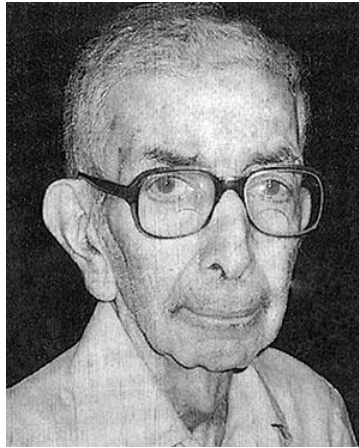
Kali remembers.....



NOSHIR AT TWENTY

I remember Noshir being very fond of clothes. His greatest thrill was to buy ties from A.R. Dias & Co. After he had worn these a couple of times, he would sell them to Russie and me. This irritated me and one day I decided to trick him. I bought a tie for 4 annas from the Malbari who sold them on Pheroza Mehta Road. When Noshir saw my purchase he wanted to know why I had bought it and how much it had cost me. I told him Russie had to wear it for an interview and I had paid 2 rupees for it. He offered me 1 and a half rupees for it. I jubilantly accepted his offer! Imagine his anger when I told him I had only paid 4 annas for it. That was the only time I managed to trick him.

Kali was pa's younger brother, and he was married to Freny. They had two children, Lale & Dadiba



Here's to our ruby-red Lal-kaki and her Navarised hubby on their Ruby Wedding - 1985.

My beloved Minna-fooi failed to turn up at my Navjote on 12th June 1922 because that morning a roshni had lit up the family. Yes, Roshan was born as I was becoming a pucca Parsi at Albless Baug. She became her artist dad's instant favourite and he was quick to discover a tiny feather growing in her armpit. He put it down to her having been a beautiful bird in her last birth. According to Roshan the feather still survives!

In keeping with her two brothers' choice she opted to be moulded by that benevolent guru, Navajbai Padshah. So, we were lucky to see Roshan so often at our home in Bandra. Of all our cousins, these three have been nearest and dearest to us.

It was Minnafooi's contention that a girl should excel in music rather than scholarly achievements. So she went all out to get Roshan trained in singing and ballet dancing. About this time, a noted Scouter of Bombay, Noshir Pundole and his troop joined hands with a group of Girl Guides to stage a charity show "Its All Yours!" In Roshan, Noshir spotted a girl with a golden voice and cast her as a Negro minstrel. Back home that night he also spotted her as his fiancée! Her brother Sarosh was quick to spot another Roshan in this cast and the two Roshans realised that they were destined to be sisters-in-law.

It was the scout's power of observation that enables him to spot a gem of a woman; for Roshan is very brusque and could put anyone off on a first encounter. For example, if you express genuine fear about something to her, her usual answer is: "ja-ja, tehma soo thayoo?" She has strong likes and dislikes and makes no bones about them. Her bete-noire is anyone who dyes her hair! Her opinion of it is "tuddan Cobra boot polish! She does not believe in make-up either. I remember Shehnavaz craving to use a little lipstick and Roshan telling her that if she herself could come up in life without painting her face why should her daughter crave for it? So, full marks to Noshir for spotting a heart of gold in such a brusque person.

What is Roshan's religion? Her total Zoroastrian prayers in a whole day is one Ashem Vohu and one Yatha Ahu Variyo. Nothing more. The rest of her prayers are embodied in her acts of charity and good deeds all through the day. And none of it with any display of religious righteousness but a big smiling face, always.

Have you noticed? the worst events fail to upset Roshan. She just puts them down to God's will. "Jehvi Khodai nee murji! I feel this philosophy of life has been ingrained in her by her old friend Bapsy Subavala. Once when Mani and I were bringing my Mamma back from Matheran, Bapsy

happened to be sitting next to me in the pill-box express. And she ingrained this same belief in me within those two hours. Nice to believe that everything is happening according to God's plan. Even when Kekoo-kaka was knocked down by a car at Marine Drive and delivered to heaven, Roshan broke the news to us with a smile and said "khodaiji-e-bolavi lidha!" Even his dear wife, Pareen, had taken the tragedy in her stride with no trace of grief. Such people have real faith in God.

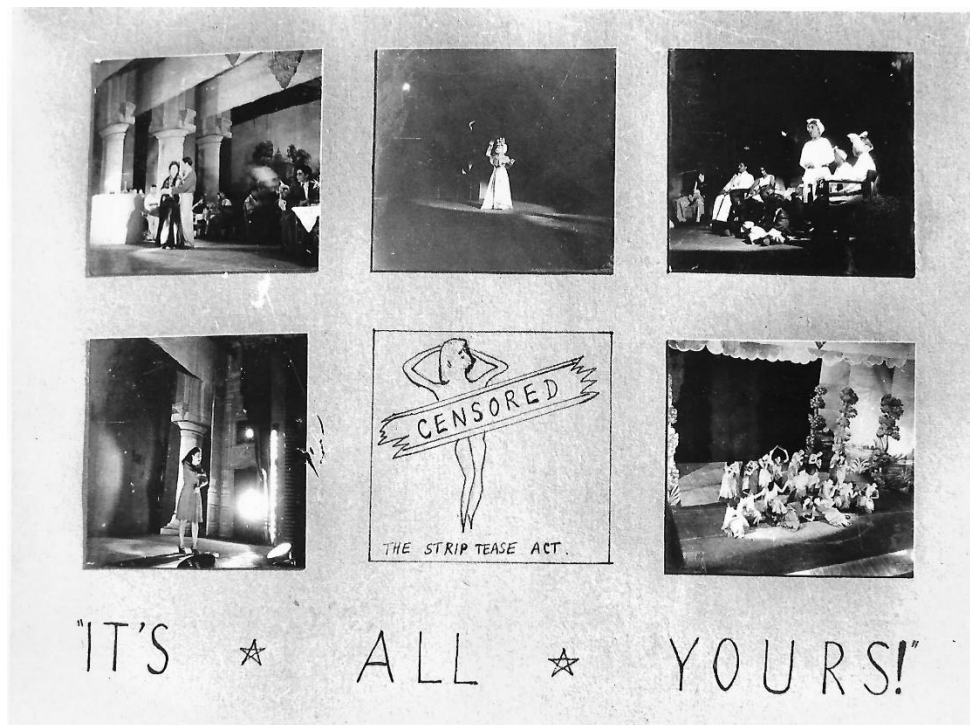
In the few years that Noshir and Roshan have been in Malaysia, almost all their cousins have gone and stayed with them and been treated right royally. Such is their hospitality. And with everyone who returns, they send little gifts for the rest of us. Mani and I will always remember the good times we had in K.L. Whereas we all enjoy such vacations, for me it was an education. Yes, I repeat, education. It was the first time that we had stayed with Noshir and Roshan for a whole fortnight and really come to know them in their fifties. I just couldn't help admiring the way these two souls were living a planned life between work and recreation, between religious activities and social responsibilities, between jogging and entertaining, between music and laughter.

They sincerely believe in doing good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. The less fortunate of their friends are always uppermost in their minds, be it a Dhunju Engineer or a Goradia. And what about the two adopted ones in South India! In spite of all their numerous activities they find time to write cheery letters to all their friends and relatives. Shehernavaz, Kershasp and Hootoksi are lucky to have such excellent parents who have given them the right training in life and a firm footing too.

Once again, full marks to Noshir for discovering in Roshan his true life partner, personal secretary, travel agent and cheer leader, all in spite of her seemingly abrasive front. He is India's founder Lion and lives it. As we came to know Noshir only after the formative years of our lives, it is up to his cousins, brothers and sisters to present a full picture of him for this compilation suggested by ~~W.M.~~ ^{K.S.} for their Jubilee.

So, from Ruby to Gold to Diamond to Platinum in the true Motabavaji fashion!

27-3-1985.



Homi Kharas was my ma's first cousin and he was married to Mani. They had no children. He was a well known photographer in Bombay.

Roshan Lalkaka Remembers.....



Some Reminiscences of School Days and After

When I close my eyes and think back, some vivid pictures come to my mind of the times Roshan and I have spent together. So I shall enumerate a few as they come.

1. Two young girls clad in warm coats, umbrellas over their heads, walking in the rain on the winding roads of Mussoorie. Singing aloud "Any umbrellas, any umbrellas" and other songs we used to sing in the childrens hour over the air. The scent of the mountain ferns, the misty valley with the low clouds passing across us, made the moment enchanting in 1942. This walking in the rain was Roshan's great love. The following year she came to stay with me in my mother's house, we would stride out with our umbrellas over the wode-house bridge, singing lustily for our chioræ practices.
2. We knew each other much before that in school although we were not in the same class. What got us together were the sightseeing tours organised by our school to Mt. Abu and Mysore. Also our mutual love for singing, where the two of us sang all the time as we travelled. Staying in a bungalow on top of a hill in Abu, after lunch at recess time, we would relax under the trees in the garden and talk about our beautiful dreams - young world rosy dreams all girls talk about. The atmosphere most conducive. That was 1935.
3. Another picture which comes to my mind is the chit-chat we used to have together sitting in the odd cubicle next to the library during our free periods. Perched on a stool and a rickety chair facing the window, we would relate our little world experiences. She would tell me about the thrilling adventure of her elder brother who was going by car from Bombay to Poland and about that time, I would recount all the exciting events taking place in our house where my elder sister was getting married. With all the little juicy tit-bits little girls talk about, time just flew, till the bell rang.
4. Most of my time after marriage was spent out of Bombay but occasionally when we transferred for a couple of years in Bombay we had a real get together with children and all. The best time I recall are the week-end visits the whole family spent together in INS Hamla in Marve where we had a lovely old fashioned bungalow. Come Saturdays two car loads with Roshan, Noshir and the children would arrive. Ma, Papa, Cavas, Roshan and Kikoo following. We had a glorious time in the open and come night time everyone got under mosquito nets over mattresses.

Roshan was married to ma's younger brother Sarosh and they had two children, Cyrus and Anahit.

Freny Remembers.....

Holidays and vacations spell happiness for me. A holiday abroad with my grown up family was joy. To spend it at loving in-laws bent upon giving us a good time - sheer happiness. When I think of May/June 1979 in Kuala Lumpur my heart fills with gratitude and nostalgia. I thank you dear Roshan/Roshin for being instrumental in bringing about this bit of happiness for us.

Loving memories:—

To be whisked away in an AC Mitsubishi from K.L. airport to 18th Jalan Pany.

To be installed comfortably in separate rooms with bathrooms and T.V.; and the children to have freedom to be as untidy as they wished. Mother was not in their room and Kaka Kaki never minded.

Shopping? Oh my! what gorgeous stores. How Kaki spoilt us with his generosity! Roshan dearest, how much of your time and yourself you gave us taking us to the right places for our varied purchases. What a thrill it was to get all my nips made! I can here he keeps beep of your reverse signal as you brought the car out of the garage at the back. Dear Roshin had to do without the car - catch cabs!

The excitement of Huan's exhibition at the Hilton's! The carrying back and forth of his paintings; and the post gathering at lovely home delicious complete with carrier, at the opening!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY! The HUGE GREEN trees and clean wide roads. Kenny Hill - answer to my dream of a residential area! To add to it - thunder showers Every evening! No wonder the children wanted to settle in KL and not return to India.

And what about the food and socializing. The Lake Side Club with its orchid room and escargots! The novel steam-boat meal with Roshan and Lali presiding over the cooking at each end of the table! Not forgetting the rum & raisin ice-cream stacked in the deep freeze. The carton of homogeneous

milk in several flavours on the kitchen shelf. What fun to pick a choice and stick a straw through it every morning! And how Keli enjoyed the lams and cheeses! Mmmmm!

Dear Noshir, you drove us to Fraser Hill. One of the best drives I've ever had. Good Heavens! Turns this big and this high! As tall as palm trees! Unbelievable! You can never imagine the joy the lush vegetation injected in me. To top it, it was a beautiful cloudy, misty day. There were floods as we entered the city. I enjoyed Malacca and Glenbury Heights too. Roshan dear, do you remember taking the bus with us? The children not being allowed in the Casino and Dadba buying a tie and slipping in?

Noshir, how impatient you were when the Boneys made us wait 3/4 hours before appearing on stage! How you walked away to say your prayers! And oh my! How we had the time of our lives listening to them. My conservative son standing next to me rocking and swinging in all ~~per~~ abandon!

Dadba never missed an opportunity of eating 'nasi goreng' I remember him buying it in a paper packet on the train going to Singapore. I can see you dear Roshan in your slacks and scarf and with a special toilet bag you usually carried on a journey.

Sloane Court Hotel, where we shared one big room and how Keli fell on the floor with his pants slipping down whilst trying to put it on behind one of the wardrobe doors wearing Lali's high wedged rubber slippers!

SHOPPING! We never get tired talking of C.K. Tang. We reached there before it opened and shopped outside and then only got out of the store at closing time. Since we couldn't carry the shopping home the store packed it for us in boxes and delivered at Sloane

count. That day too they had been offering free gifts as incentives to those shoppers who bought over a certain sum. We walked away with 12 vases and four mugs. Some shopping! Wow! And the exciting hours we spent at Singapore Plaza, Metro, People's Park, Lucky Plaza and others! I think Kali enjoyed it the best.

For me - Jurong Bird Park, I had never imagined that such a thing existed.

And that fabulous exhibition from China at Jardine's steps on our way to Sentosa! I can never view such treasures again unless I go to China and visit their museums.

Remember, going to Neptune Club Hotel on my birthday! Children's first experience of a revolving stage and semi nude performers.

I had been yearning to visit Japan for the last few years. The wish was fulfilled with Thailand thrown in and that too with my family. Noshin dear, you encouraged and helped me with the arrangements. Remember Ken Air?

And on our return from Japan, how we raided Raja Chuk's sale. Places like Fitzpatrick's, Petaling Street, Hock Choon, Ampang complex, Peeping Lane will never be erased from memory.

The HEAVY bags with which we returned home. The FEAR of the customs!

The pleasure and joy of gift giving!

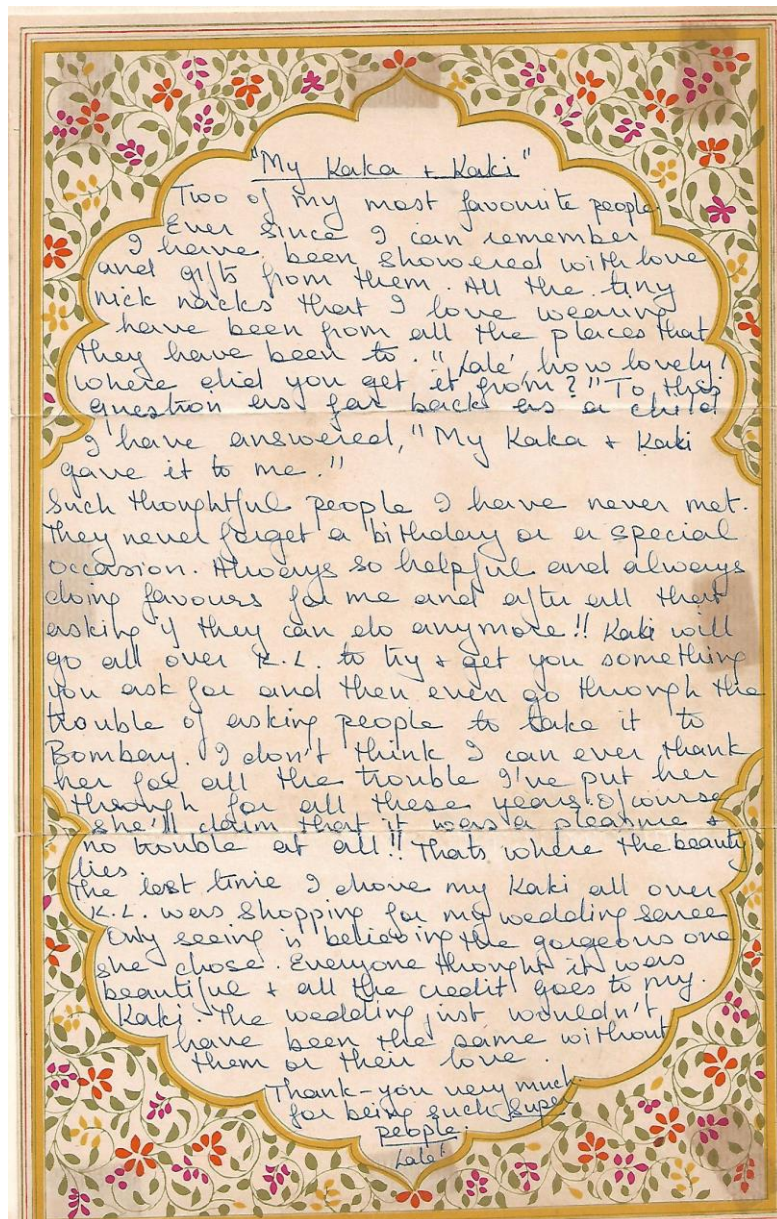
Words are inadequate to thank the Lord above and Roshen/Noshin here below. Dear, you gave us your time and money. You made everything possible with your love and ~~money~~ kindness. Our togetherness gave an invaluable relationship. Needless to say you must be reaping a rich harvest of all the good you have sown.

As always Kali, Lali, Dadiba & self pray for your continued happiness and progress on ~~your~~ the way of life.

Ever affectionate Sis Freany.

Freany was married to Pa's younger brother Kali and they had two children, Lale & Dadiba

Lale Sarbh Remembers.....



Lale is Papa's niece, married to Jimmy Sarbh. She has two children Jimmy and Simoneil

Tehmurus Remembers.....

I used to love to visit the Lalkaka household because of the delicious chunks of ice-cream I was served. Roshan and I have had some rollicking times together. We were both passionately fond of singing and we had no qualms about belting out a song on the street or at a party. I vividly recall one Sunday morning, we went to the Empire Theatre where there was community singing. Horace Stacutto was playing and Roshan got so excited she yelled "Horo Presto, Horo Presto" I laughed till my sides ached and still do when I look back to that day. ✓

Roshan used to take music lessons with Olga Kra and Kaikoo kaka, she and I used to sing duets with Miss Hartel. We were always the life and soul of any party. My favourite song was Schubert's Serenade, and often we would go to Scandle Point and sing our hearts out there. Roshan and I were at the J.B.Petit School and I remember her performance in a play called Abu Hassan where she played the part of a flower girl. Roshan was always so vivacious and full of life.



Tehmurus Constable was the brother of mama's sister-in-law, Roshan Sarosh Lalkaka. He married Shireen and they had a son, Yamsheed. Tehmurus was a portrait painter in Bombay.

Ms Mahony remembers.....

Roshan was an outstanding pupil and I was ever so fond of her. She always reminded me of a fairy and her movements were so dainty. She just floated along the corridors of the school, her feet hardly touching the floor - she seemed to glide along. Her petit little body so graceful and the smiling eyes and laughter I shall always remember. She had (and still has) a glorious voice, and I always chose her to sing all the solos in the plays I put up. She was always one of the players. I remember her so well in a Japanese contatta "Sayinara" where she sang the solos, dressed like a Japanese, so dainty and so natural. Then again, she was one of 8 in a dance of ballerinas dressed in full white frocks, with flowers in her hair and real dancing shoes. The music master supplied the music, while I taught the girls the various movements. It was a thing of beauty to watch them, and the late Mr. J.B.

Petit, owner of the school was very sincere in his congratulations to me at the close of the performance. I had a lovely snap of this item, but in the years past, going from one residence to another, it must have got lost. Roshan was a pupil in a million and stands out in my memory far above the others. God Bless her.



Ms Mahony was an English woman who came to India as a young girl, she was mama's music teacher. She never left to go back to England, she had no family to speak of. Mama and another classmate paid for her keep at a retirement home in Bangalore till she passed.

Snippets from here and there.....

As children, we remember mummy telling us how dad proposed to her under the churchgate clock tower, and how she had typhoid on her wedding day.

FROM NAJU

Roshan and Noshir went to the Greens Resturant for a meal. They ate chicken and broke the wishbone together. Roshan wished she would marry the man she was breaking the bone with and her wish came true!



WITH NAVAL DORDI AT
WILSON DAM.

FROM MAKI

Miss Patuck was asked by the Lalkaka family to find out about this "pundole boy". She went in turn to Jarbai and was told, "jo ne dikra, Je bhagyasali hose ne, teaj amara chokra sathe panse."

FROM PILOO MANEKJEE

Roshan went one day to her mother and nervously announced that she wanted to marry Noshir. Ma irritably asked "konu Khandan che?" "nathi malum" was the reply. "soo kam karech?" "nathi malum" "soo kamaych?" "nathi malum" "kevo lagech?" At this she produced a photograph of Noshir sitting on a "tutoo" in Matheran when he was 5 years old. Needless to add, Ma flew into a RAGE!

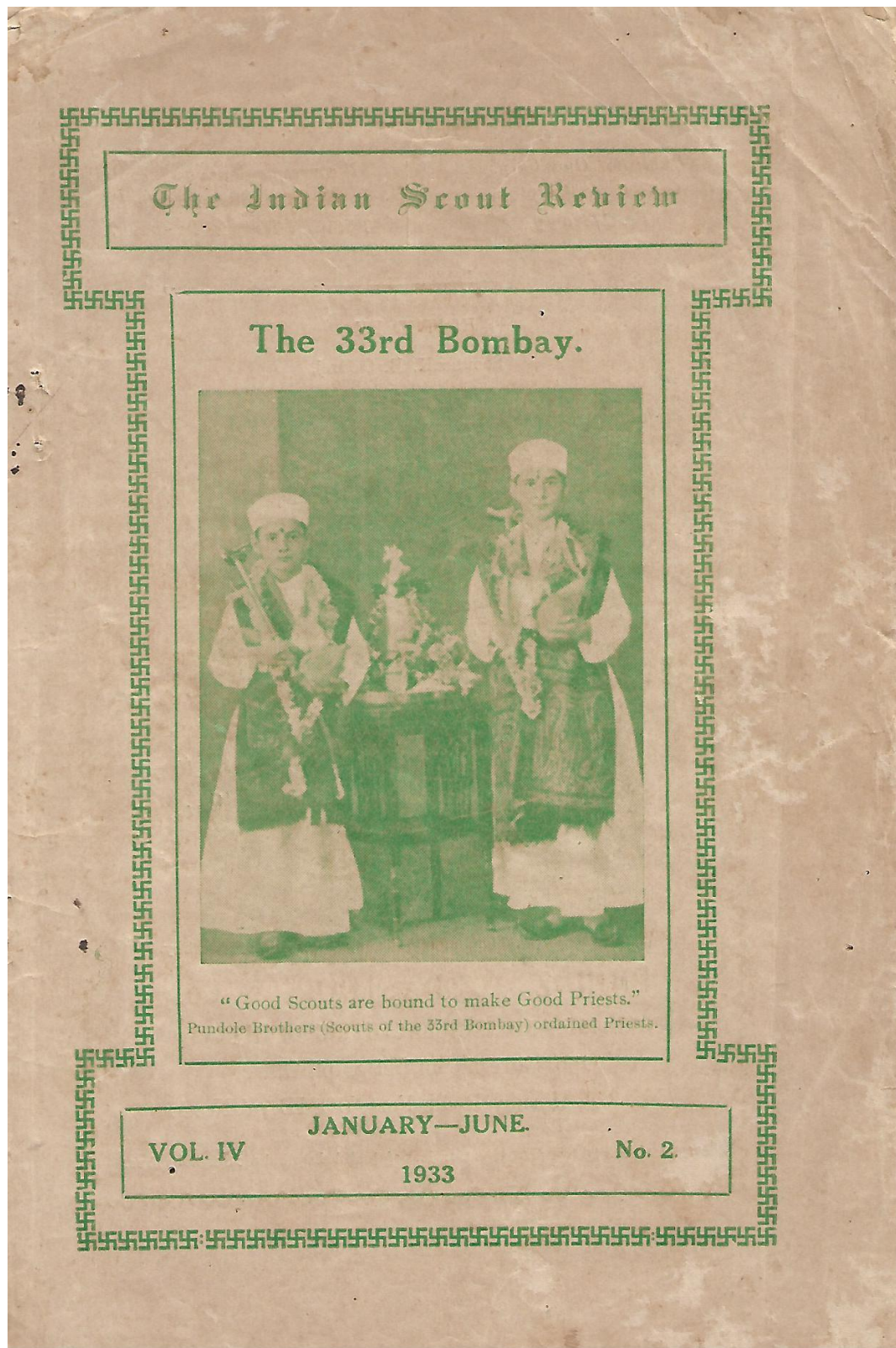
FROM TEHMURUS

When I was staying with Amy at Parkhouse, I remember hearing Roshan and Noshir walking down the street late at night. I also remember how proud she was when she took Pilo Manekjee and me to a Scout function where Noshir gave a speech.



AT WILSON DAM

Noshir and his younger brother Russi became Navars in 1933 and were featured on the front cover of The Indian Scout Review



The Indian Scout Review

THE 33RD BOMBAY

JAN.—JUNE 1933.

Vol. IV—No. 2:

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Editorial	19	A Scout is clean in Thought, Word	
Chief's Birthday Rally	23	and Deed	32
Patrol Leaders' Corner	24	The Scout Promise and Law ...	35
Rovering to Success	27	Some things a Scout must do ...	37
Hints on "Health"	30	Badge Mottoes	38

EDITOR'S POW-WOW.

Some twenty brother Scouts who can afford the expense and time have volunteered to proceed to Budapest to attend the fourth International Jamboree and represent the Bombay Presidency. The contingent is expected to start on 13th July 1933 after three days training. About a dozen Scouts from Bombay City form part of this contingent. Mr. G. V. Bewoor, C. I. E., I. C. S., J. P., whose photograph appears elsewhere in this issue, is appointed to take charge of the Indian contingent, and Capt. P. M. Petigara-Scouter, 1st Bombay Sea Scouts, will manage Bombay Scouts during voyage. Though the management of the contingent this time is quite different from what it was during the third International Jamboree, we are confident of its success under such able guidance. It is a pity that more Scouts will not be able to take part, but though small in number we are sure all efforts will be made to show that Bombay Scouts are second to none in the world. We wish the contingent *bon voyage*.

Bombay Scouts have been adopting in practice the motto "Carry on".
Activities of The Association and its officials have been busy organising
Bombay Scouts activities with which it has been difficult for some
Scouters to keep pace.

The practical course of Rovering conducted by Mr. C. H. Tyrell was hardly over, when Captain Digby-Beste, the Assistant District Commissioner for Sea Scouts, was busy imparting sea lore and making yatchmen and pirates. It was no less wonder for every one to find the enthusiasm of Bombay Scouters so high even in this peculiar and technical art of sailing and boating. These nautical lectures were wound up with a visit by the Scouters to I. M. M. T. S. "Dufferin" and they were interested to learn from the Captain that the great point about Dufferin was in the fact that it was a unique School in the whole world entirely based on Scouting. Words like "The communal question was the only question in running the training ship and it was overcome by Scouting" double our enthusiasm for the Scout Movement.

Scouters Conference The first Conference of Bombay Scouters was another outstanding feature of their activities where a good amount of spade work was done. The Provincial Commissioner very rightly impressed the Scouters by his remarks that he looked upon Bombay as fully equipped and interested in Scouting. Many subjects of importance were discussed and as a result of the deliberations it was agreed that the general standard of Scouting should be raised in the District of Bombay. To do so practically, twelve Scouters who could afford time and were willing and fit were selected to undergo an intensive training under the efficient guidance of the Assistant Commissioner Mr. C. H. Tyrell.

For the first time in the history of Bombay Scouting a combined parade of about eight hundred Scouts was held at the **Chief's Birthday** Gowalia Tank Maidan on 22nd February 1933. The parade was organised by District Cubmaster K. B. Godrej. The report of the Birthday parade is published elsewhere in this Review but the point of importance is to keep on the ball rolling which has already been set in motion by the District Cubmaster and thus honour the founder of an organisation which is probably the biggest organisation of the youths in the world.

Athletics and Scouting. The importance of physical culture and physical fitness for Scouts is fully recognised by everyone. A series of lectures with practical demonstrations on this subject were given by Scouter D. D. Mistry, M. P. C. (U.S.A.) during the month of April.

This was followed by an excursion of all wolf cubs to Santacruz. The newly appointed Secretary Jos cabrol is to be congratulated on the success of it. All of us learnt more about cubs and cubbing on this excursion than we could have done during all the talk in lectures or committee meetings. Every cub and akela is looking forward to another excursion.

Wolf Cubs Excursion Parsi Scouts Federation had their annual excursion to Matheran under the leadership of Capt. P. M. Petigara. We understand that the excursionists had a topping time. The Federation also organised the *Deh Jashan*

Religion and Scouting We would like to congratulate the *Scouto* on its special decennial number which contains messages and articles from leading Scout figures in the city and many photographs of interest. The *Scouto* was one of the premier Scout magazines in the presidency. In its initial stages it had seen some rough weather and we admire its spirit of "Go ahead" through which it has survived till this day. When it was alone in the field it was allowed to swing its sword freely and presume to be the winner; but with the advent of a couple of more "Mags" it has to play the duel sometimes and prove to be the big torch bearer. In doing so, we wish it will set a better standard of Scouting and journalism. May it live long and go ahead!

The Scouto The I.S.R. was published, in the past, every quarter, the first issue beginning with October and the last issue ending with September. This has, however, been found by experience to cause confusion to subscribers and advertisers. It has therefore been found necessary to start and end the issues with the calendar year. In order to give effect to this change we will enrol new subscribers for 1933 by sending our last issue published in December 1932. In the year 1933 three more issues will be published including the current one. This change in policy, which we hope will be welcomed by all, has entailed the delay in publishing this issue.

Change of Policy. Scout Pundole Brothers' Navar ceremony day was a great day for 33rd Scouts as Mr. D. R. Pundole, who takes extremely keen interest in the activities of the troop, invited the whole troop to witness the ceremony and at lunch that day. Both Pundole Brothers are enthusiastic members of our Group. We wish them both a long life of health and happiness in the Service of God.

27/March 1985

2

TO THE BEST
GRANNY & BOOMPA
IN THE WORLD

I look up into the sky,

All so bright and high,

And wish I could be with you

On your 40th Anniversary

Love

Michel

Darling Grany and Bompa,

You are the best grandmother
and grandfather there is.

I look up into the sky and
think of you. How can I think
of a better Grany and Bompa.

I am sad I can't come to
see you with mama. How much
longer do I have to wait to see
you? Lots and lots of Love and Hugs
Farhad

27th March 1985.

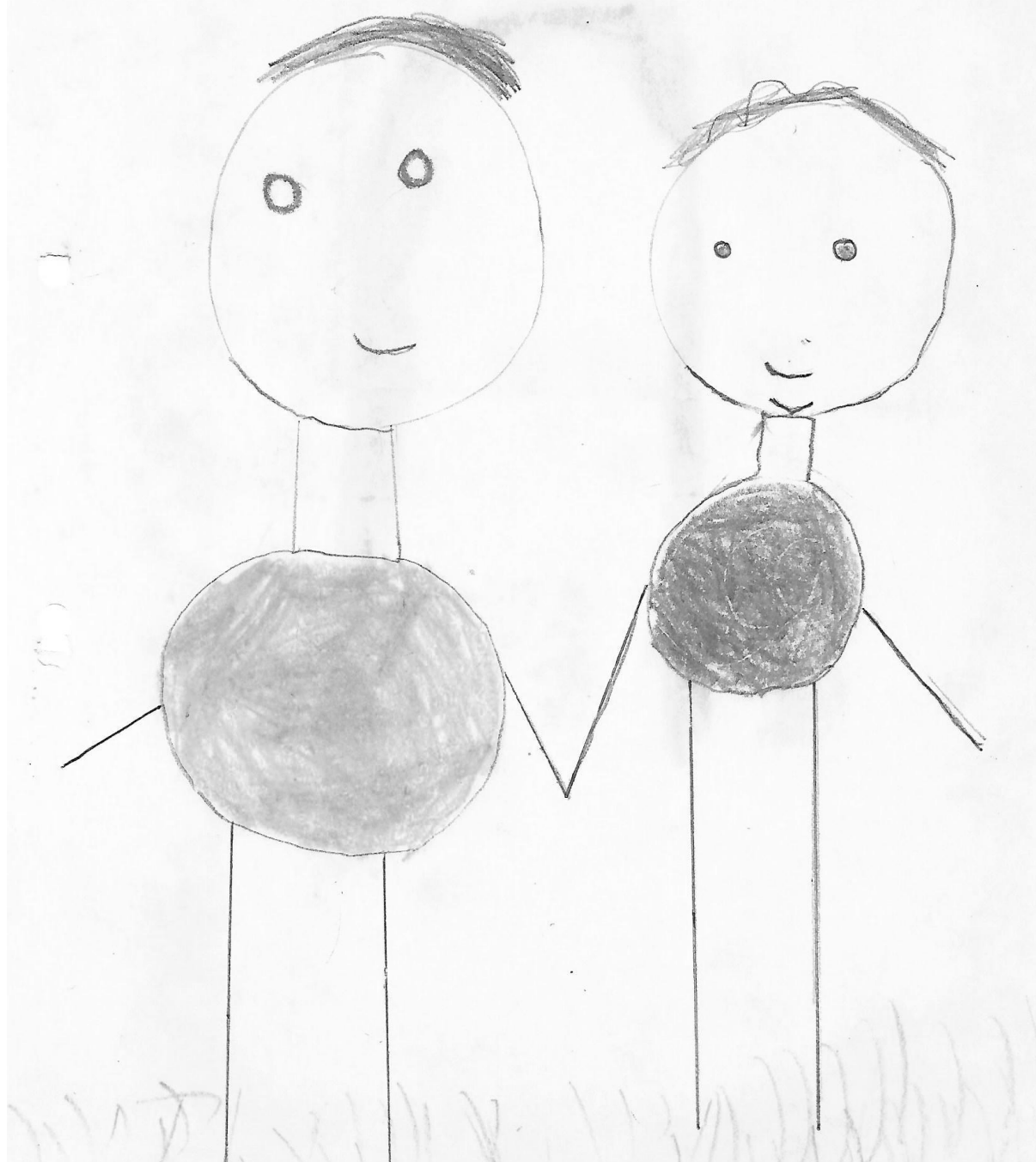


Jan ③

I Love you
Granny and
Boomer

⑥

Adil



FLOR UP TO THE SKY AND I SEE YOU (5)

