



History Revived

TOURNOVER produced by tourism in the United Kingdom during 1995 rose to 37 million pounds sterling, accounting for 5 per cent of the gross domestic product (GDP), reports the English Tourist Board (ETB).

England proved even more popular with holiday makers. There was a 10 per cent increase in domestic tourism trips and a rise of 3 per cent in domestic spending on English holidays to a record \$6.8 billion pounds.

The ETB's annual report shows that while the seaside remained the most popular destination, accounting for four out of every ten holiday trips, visitors were being increasingly attracted to historic properties, especially those made famous by television programmes.

The BBC's serialisation of Jane Austen's novel 'Pride and Prejudice', for instance, helped increase the number of visitors to Lyme Park, in Cheshire, where it was filmed, by 178 per cent. The ETB chief executive, Tim Bartlett, says that 'investment in interpretation, refurbishment and new facilities at England's historic properties is paying off. England has a wealth of attractions which bring history alive to both our British and overseas visitors contributing revenue and jobs to many local economies all over the country.'

Mr. Bartlett acknowledges that last year's fine weather played a part in tempting

British holidaymakers to stay at home but added that facilities and standards of accommodation had improved.

His point was underlined by David Quarby, the new chairman of the ETB, who said he thought that the tide was turning and there is now, in the run up to the millennium, a superb opportunity for the industry to grasp the potential to bring the success of English tourism.

The ETB plans to focus on several key objectives, including improved accommodation standards, better training of staff, easier and more useful access to information and sustainable and environmentally friendly tourism.

In 1995 visits to cathedrals and greater churches in England were estimated at 19.5 million and 15.4 million additional visits were made to historic properties. This information appears in the 20th edition of the English heritage monitor, the definitive document on the preservation, presentation and use of England's architectural heritage.

Nearly 60 historic properties in England attracted more than 200,000 visits in 1995. The tower of London attracted by far the highest number of paid admissions up 5 per cent to 2.5 million.

Westminster Abbey had the most free admissions, estimated at 2.2 million. (LPS)

Who Would Defend Our Earth?

by Firoj Alam

"WHAT kind of planet will our children inherit?

Will they have room to roam, air to breath and food to eat? Will they ever see any eagle flying free or enjoy the solitude of pristine mountain lake?"

This was the anxiety of the Time International just two days before the beginning of the Rio de Janeiro Earth Summit in 1992, the largest and most complex conference ever held by UNO after the momentum meeting of Varsalles, Yalta and Potsdam. The peace loving people of this planet began to see the light at the end of the tunnel, thinking comprehensive measure for saving the planet — especially measure for protecting the Ozone layer and combating pollution, will be taken.

Four years after the Rio Summit, the World's people had to accept a heart quaking news. "Ozone hole covers 90 per cent of the Atlantic" (Daily Star 13.10.96) other than getting any news of progress. However the report of depletion of the Ozone layer was first revealed ten years ago. In 1985 a British Antarctic Survey team, first sent this unpleasant news to the World inhabitants. Since then the environmentalist faces the toughest threat to protect this planet. In 1985 a global convention, namely the Vienna Convention was adopted for protection of the Ozone layer.

The Montril protocol came into effect on 1st January in 1989. The view of the Montril protocol was to curb the consumption of carbondioxide which helps to form the chlorofluor carbon (CFC), the gas which the eats up Ozone layer every second. In 1974 Dr Mario

Molin and F. Sherwood Rowland accused this gas for decaying Ozone layer.

Ozone layer acts as a shield

and is safeguarding all the living things from the harmful ultra radiation.

Greenidge fast caught the eye of Bangladeshi cricket officials in Malaysia. In there our ICC representative Mr Ashraf Haq contacted him, and persuaded Greenidge to decide to take over the job as a coach of Bangladesh national team. He will not only teach our national

21 years of independence and what have we to talk about in the world of sports? Diasters, losing by big margins etc. etc. but by winning the ACC our cricketers have proved that we have something to cheer about. To me it is the



Gordon Greenidge

dawn of a new era, in Bangladeshi cricket. I would like to congratulate BCCB for selecting a good coach and that is the West Indian Black Jewel Cuthbert Gordon Greenidge.

Gordon Greenidge started his career with the great Vivian Richard in the tour of India in 1975. In his debut test he scored 93 and 107 runs in 108 tests. 16 times he was unbeaten with a batting rate of 44.72. He scored 7,558 runs with 226 century and 19 half century. He became 6th Wisden Cricketer of the year for 1977 and also became 6th West Indian cricketer of the year in 1977, 1981 and 1987. He retired from cricket in 1991. Presently he lives in England with his wife Patricia and with 4 offsprings.

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Star photo

Demolition Surfie

by Nishat Hussain

He shrugged. Nature's call. I guess. A minute later.

Help! Help! Let me outta here!

The wall come from behind the bathroom door. Surfie was banging against the door.

His wailing rose a notch higher.

"Oh, shut up!" The duo's futile efforts was soon rewarded when the door opened revealing disheveled Surfie and A broken look.

One their way outside they came upon Liya's mom who was carrying a pile of plates. She looked like a wreck.

"Looking smashing Mrs. Hussain," Surfie parted. Rendered speechless. Liya's mom lost her footing and the plates went crashing down.

They made their way to Sound Garden studio. Liya lagged behind since she was carrying her backpack.

"Can't you leave home without that sack?"

"Don't you dare insult. I bag!" Liya threatened wagging her index finger in front of his nose. You pathetic creature!

"Oh yeah!" his eyebrows twitched. "What'll you do-huh?" He taunted.

Rising to her full height of five-feet three inches she found that he still loomed over her. Not to be put down she stood on her toes and gave him a determined stare.

"I'll I'll..."

"Yeah! Yeah! I've heard that before." He turned and started walking again. Liya trotted hurriedly to keep up with him.

She was intent on keeping up with them that she hadn't noticed Surfie stop abruptly and smacked right into him.

"Sheesh! You big oaf! Why'd you stop?" She demanded swearing under her breath.

Surfie looked at her as if she had a problem. "You okay?"

"Sam! Liya needed support." Help me. I'll kill him. If I don't then I'll die of a severe nervous breakdown!"

"Calm down... Sami glared at Surfie.

"What's with you today?"

"Me? Look who's talking." Surfie stated and with that crossed the road through a green light. Cars and rickshaws swerved left and right to miss him and ended up in a jam.

Sami and Liya ran after him amid the cries of the angry drivers.

"Hey! Sami grunted incoherently and whacked Surfie with a racket he found.

"Oh! Both of you stop it!" Liya scowled. "We've got more imp..." She was interrupted by a zooming Surfie who locked himself in the bath room. Liya could hear her teeth chattering and

wondered how the guys managed it. singing, playing and what not! To top it all they were all clad in shorts.

Shoeib was stationed in the sound proof room, behind the large glass wall. Shoeib found his glasses before he turned mad like a bat out of hell! Liya loved watching Shoeib's specs as they danced to the beat of the drums as he lashed out at them with the drumsticks.

The noise filtered through the large speakers stationed on either side of the glass wall.

Surfie and Biraj tuned their guitars while Tinku tried to clear his throat by coughing. In Liya's opinion, Tinku was a loud bassist and an even louder vocalist.

"Hit 'em harder! Play mean. You've got to feel it!" Surfie advised crossly. "Come on from the top. A one... two. three... hit it!"

All hell broke loose as Shoeib went totally berserk. Metal nuts! Try to figure em out! Shoeib was panting at the end. Totally wiped out. But Surfie was a slave driver and wanted another take. Shoeib did and in the process one of the drumsticks broke and it went flying up in the air did a somersault and landed on Shoeib's upturned face.

Liya took shots after shots including one of Shoeib with a bandaged nose. He had given her a weak smile instead of a "cheese!"

As Surfie tried to fix the adapter/converter. He slipped and fell. The gadget washed to the floor and broke into three separate pieces. He swore when his foot got entangled in the wires. Drumming his fingers he muttered. "This just isn't my day!"

To everyone's delight (especially Liya's) Surfie started howling and jumping on one foot. "Oh! oh!" He fell on the couch next to Liya.

"Oh! The rain! The agony!" Liya took his foot and examined it. She plucked out the splinter of wood that had somehow managed to penetrate his thick hide.

"Thank" He said grudgingly. "Don't mention it!" Liya smiled. She was enjoying this. Humph! Surfie scowled. As he sent down to pick his guitars, he heard a ripping sound. Oh no! His pants!

Liya couldn't help giggling. Under his glare she subsided considerably.

"And wipe that smirk off your face!" Swearing he went to change only to come out and

find Lima in a hysterical state. "Women!" He muttered when he saw her shoulders shaking with convulsion of laughter.

"Hey parrot!" She stopped laughing and gave him a hard stare.

"Don't you ever call me that again!" She chastised haughtily.

He grinned wickedly. Oh! I love it when she is angry. "Want some birdie?"

"Oh!!" She jumped up to her feet ready for combat. "You..." "Uh-uh-uh..." He wagged his index finger at her.

After their recordings had been done the gang took their gear and headed downstairs to the parking lot. Surfie hadn't noticed the rail in front of him and sent it sailing in the air with a kick. "Eeks!" they dirty water splashed over a middle-aged lady. If looks could kill...!! She let him off the hook after his profuse apologies had been taken into consideration.

"Today just isn't my day!" He sighed depressed. Everyone else seconded for confirmation adding insult to injury in the process. Liya had to comment on Surfie's unpredictable predicament. "Hey Surfin'!" She called out. "A walking, talking, jiggatgi disaster- demolition Surfie" was what she had said.

"I hate that reporter-cum-photographer!" He muttered.

"Face it. If she weren't willing to feature us we wouldn't have had any coverage." Biraj spoke.

"Yeah! And anyway. She's a nice gal," Shoeib interjected.

"To you every girl is nice." Sami laughed.

"Look where you are going dinutin!" Surfie scolded. "And keep your opinions to yourself!"

That very night Surfie sat on his bed thinking. But he couldn't find a single reason as to why everything had gone topsy-turvy that day. With a sigh he took his guitar, and played a few notes. Feeling that the guitar needed tuning, he did. In the process the wires tore and hit him in the face. "Shit!"

He felt like breaking the guitar. "Ughhs! This just isn't my day!" he wanted to cry but thought he was too old to do that. May be if I sleep I'll be in better spirits tomorrow, he thought. But sleep evaded him the first few hours. And when he finally did manage to sleep, a face of a girl invaded his dreams. She was pointing at him, tears streaming down her twinkling eyes, doubled over with laughter. He took the pillow and covered his ears so as to cut out the shrill laughter that seemed to have filled the room.

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