

SNOWDROPS



Waverley Muscorie

1964

DEDICATED

“TO OUR LADY”

Lovely Lady dressed in blue—
Teach me how to pray!
God was just your little Boy,
Tell me what to say!



Did you lift Him up, sometimes,
Gently, on your knee?
Did you sing to Him the way
Mother does to me?

Did you hold His hand at night?
Did you ever try
Telling stories of the world?
O! and did He cry?

Do you really think He cares
If I tell Him things—
Little things that happen? And
Do the Angels' wings

Make a noise? And can He hear
Me if I speak low?
Does He understand me now?
Tell me.....for you know?

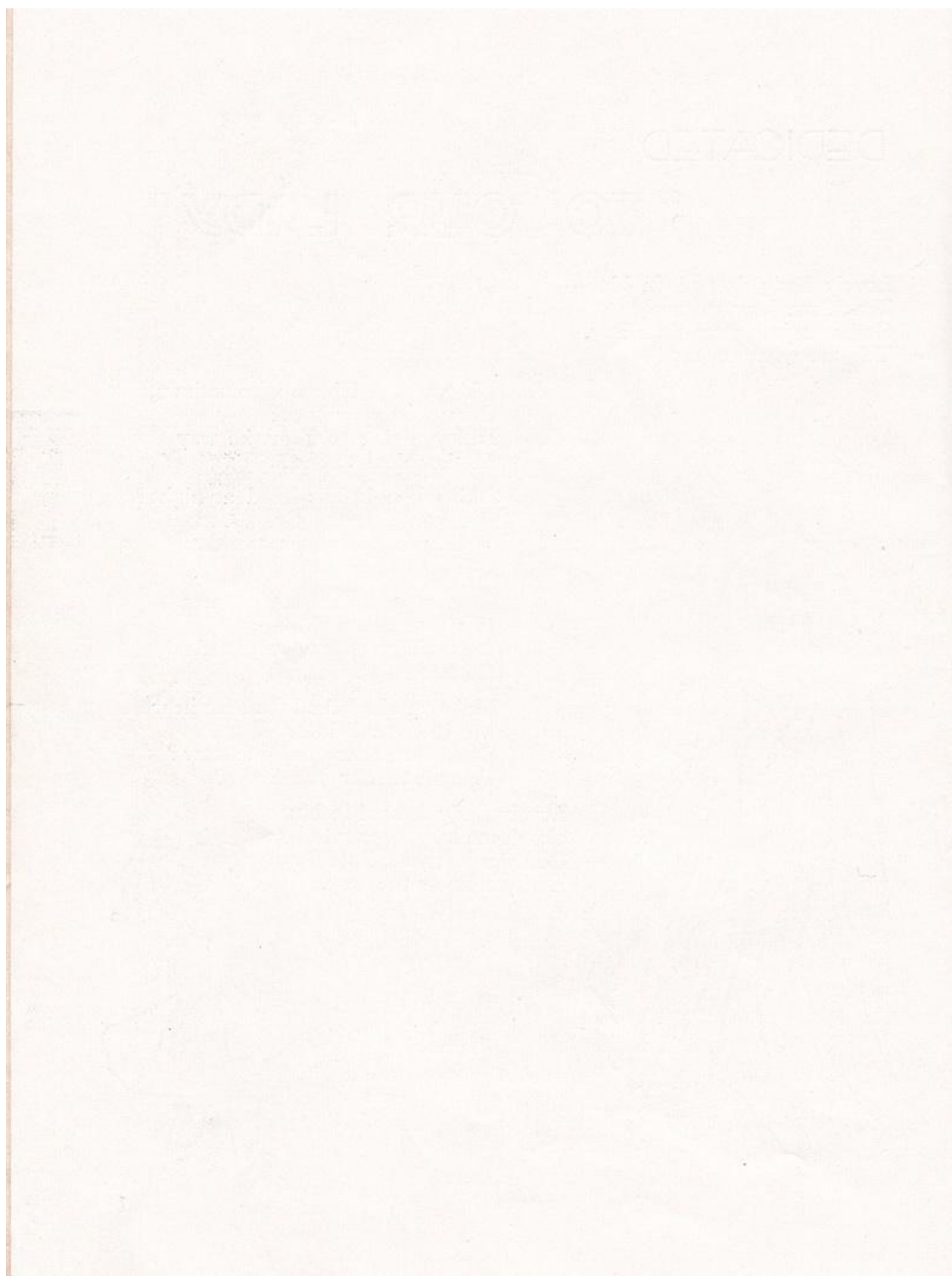
Lovely Lady dressed in blue,
Teach me how to pray!
God was just your little Boy,
And you know the way.





FROM

WAVERLEY





UNLESS THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE,
THEY LABOUR IN VAIN WHO BUILD IT.



"Praise the Lord from the



"I will hear what the Lord God
says: truly He speaks of peace."
Ps. 84.

O Lord, my heart will not be proud,
nor my eyes be lifted up.
Ps. 130.



heavens, praise **H**im on high"



O light and darkness bless the
Lord; O lightnings and clouds
bless the Lord.



O mountains and hills bless the
Lord; O all things that spring
up in the earth bless the Lord.

OUR



Name: Aneeta Singh.
House: St. Therese.
Hobbies: Collecting Pictures Of Great Leaders, Sports.
Vocation: Journalism.
Motto: "What Is Worth Doing At All Is Worth Doing Well."



Name: Guddi Gambhir.
House: St. Maria Goretti.
Hobbies: Cycling, Pressing Flowers and Ferns.
Vocation: Social Worker.
Motto: "Hope For The Best And Be Prepared For The Worst".

CAPTAINS

Name: Shakun Mohan.

House: St. Joseph.

Hobbies: Stamp Collecting, Corresponding With Pen-pals.

Vocation: Interior Decoration.

Motto: "Where There Is A Will There] Is A Way."



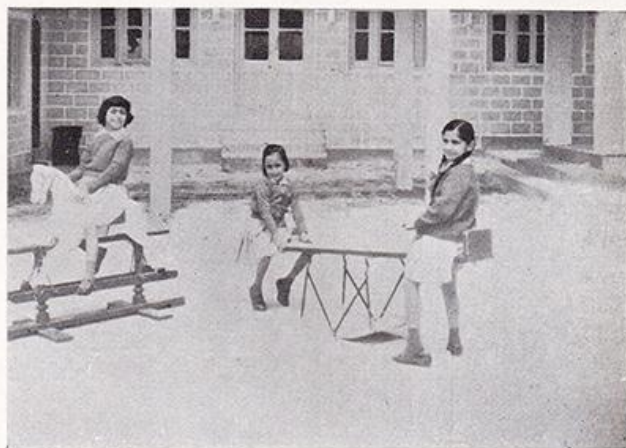
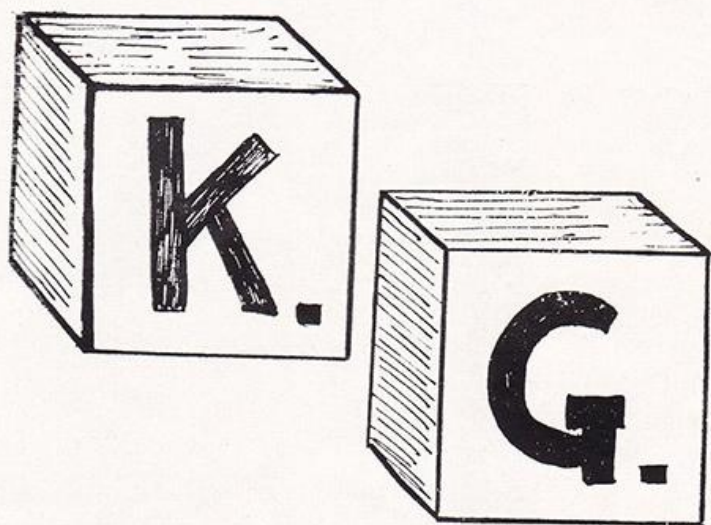
Name: Aruna Punwani.

House: St. Pius X

Hobbies: Reading and Collecting Birthday Cards.

Vocation: Joining the Indian Foreign Service.

Motto: "Walk Up To Life And Life Will Walk With You."

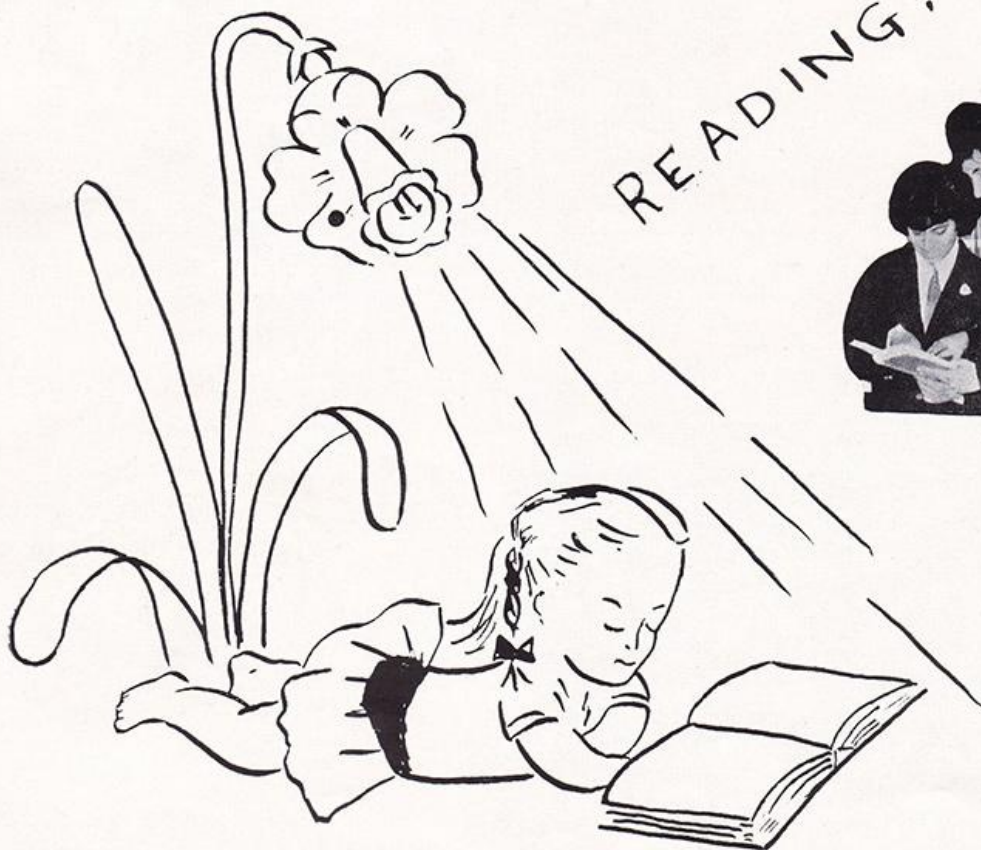


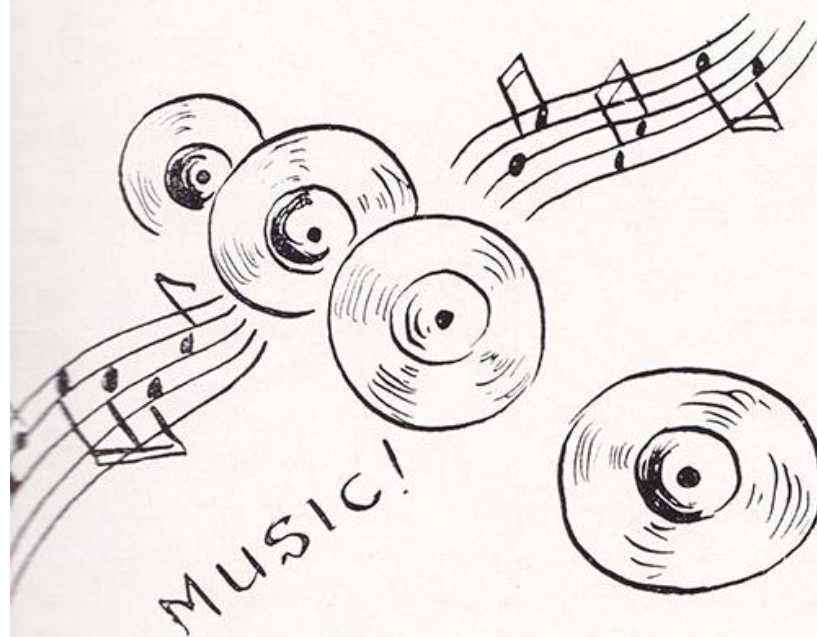


OUR FAVOURITE PASTIMES



READING!





WORKING!



Tribute To A Dog

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches takes wing, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.



If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless, and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.



FRIENDSHIP

A friend is one who knows all about me and loves me all the same, there is only one such friend, GOD.

Friendship is a wonderful thing. There is a cord of tenderness and appreciation binding those who are friends which is lovely beyond words to express.

Every true-hearted girl loves her friends with special affection that beautifies her life and enlarges her heart.

Friendship does not grow up spontaneously. The good seed of friendship must take root in good soil and must be carefully cultivated that it may produce the best. The good soil is sincerity and truth, together with kindness and affection. The good seed is love and appreciation. All this must be watched closely that no weeds of jealousy or envy creep in, and the soil constantly stirred by kind acts, and mutual admiration.

The longer friendship stands the stronger it becomes. New friends spring up and fall away, but old and faithful friends cling to you through thick and thin.

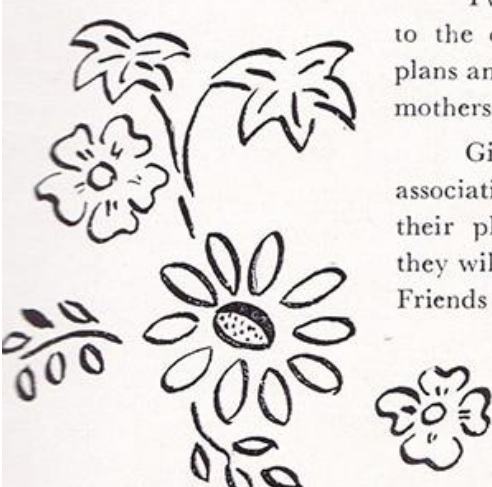
A girl is made better or worse by her friends. Good girls have friends who are pure, noble and sincere. Girls who are careless and slovenly in their habits will have the other kind. Girls cannot rise higher than the level of their friends: Either they will lift each other up, or will descend to the level of the other.

It is good to have many friends, but to be intimate with a few. The safest girl is the one who makes her mother her most confidential friend.

Two girls can be understanding friends, each able to go to the other for help and encouragement, and those whose plans and lives are kept open to the inspection of interested mothers, such friendships are good.

Girls should be sociable, friendly and even jolly in their association with others, but never should girls forget that it is their place to avoid and resent any bold familiarity, and that they will be respected only if they maintain a ladylike reserve. Friends must be chosen and kept loyally.

One should be friendly with all, and especially with those who need friendship, and we should remember that "He that would have friends, must show himself friendly."



"The Friendly Things"

Oh, it's just the little homely things,
The unobtrusive, friendly things,
The "Won't-you-let-me-help-you" things
That make our pathway light.

The "Laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things
And it's the jolly, joking things,
The 'Never-mind-the-trouble' things,
That make the world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things,
The wondrous record-breaking things,
These "never-can-be-equalled" things
That all the papers cite.

Are not the little human things,
The "everyday encountered" things,
The "just-because-I-like-you," things
That makes us happy quite.

So here's to all the little things,
The "done-and-then-forgotten" things,
Those "oh-it's-simply-nothing" things
That make life worth the fight.

(Author Unknown)

There's a time to get, and a time to give.....And a time to throw away,
There's a time to do a kindly deed.....And that time is today,
There's a time to sing and a time to mourn.....A time for joy and sorrow,
There's a time to love; but the time to hate.....Might better be tomorrow.
There's a time to sleep and a time to wake.....A time to work and play,
But the time to speak an evil thought.....Passed by us yesterday.

* * * *

When good friends walk beside us.....On the trails that we must keep,
Our burdens seem less heavy.....And the hills are not so steep.
The weary miles pass swiftly.....Taken in a joyous stride
And all the world seems brighter.....When friends walk by our side.

* * * *

It is the giving and doing for somebody else...On that, all life's splendour depends
And the joys of this life, when you sum them all up...Are found in the making of friends.

* * * *

There's nothing like a greeting.....From folks who truly care
To keep the good old Friendship Trail.....In excellent repair.

* * * *

Brows may wrinkle, hair grow gray
But friendship never knows decay.


Taken from the "Ideals"



MAKING USE OF OUR EPIDIASCOPE

I Am Education

By J. T. THOMPSON.




✓ I am education. I bear the torch that enlightens the world, fires the imagination of man and feeds the flames of genius. I give wings to dreams and might to brawn and brain.

✕ From out the silent shadows of the past I come, wearing the scars of struggle and the stripes of toil but bearing in triumph the wisdom of all ages. Man, because of me, holds dominion over earth, air and sea; it is for him I leash the lightning, plump the deep and shackle the waves of ether.

2 I am the parent of progress, the creator of culture and the moulder of destiny. Philosophy, science and art are my handiworks. I banish ignorance, discourage vice, disarm anarchy.

4 Thus have I become freedom's citadel, the arm of democracy, the hope of youth, the pride of adolescence, the joy of age. Fortunate the nations and happy the homes that welcome me.

3 The school is my workshop; here I stir ambitions, stimulate ideals, forge the keys that open the door to opportunity, the master of human destiny. I am the source of inspiration, the aid of aspiration, for I am Irresistible Power.





CRUSADERS DISCUSSING LITERATURE

My Holidays!

I am a Crusader from Delhi studying at the Convent of Jesus and Mary, Waverley.

I had a lovely holiday last Christmas. Every evening I used to go for a walk with Aunty Young and my sisters.

We enjoyed ourselves every weekend by going for a picnic where we had plenty of fun fishing. Besides picnics and fishing we used to go for boat rides and swimming. The time that I enjoyed most was Christmas day. I was very excited and happy as Christmas drew near. Mummy put me to bed on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. That night I dressed up to go to Church for Midnight Mass.

The next morning I got up to find many presents around the Christmas Tree. I jumped and screamed for joy. We wished one another a Happy Christmas and gave presents to one another.

I got a huge parcel which made me open my eyes very big. I opened my parcel to find just what I wanted. A doll's pram. The colour of the pram was blue.

After opening our presents the Christmas cake was cut and shared. We played games and enjoyed ourselves bursting balloons and bon-bons.

I was so tired that day I dropped off to sleep very quickly when I went to bed in the evening.

The next few days we spent putting away the Christmas decorations. Days went past quickly. We had plenty of shopping to do as our holidays were coming to an end and we would soon be going to the Boarding School. I was looking forward to this as it was the first time I would be going away to a Boarding School.

Cheryl Surita,
Class III.



Rosy Singh, Aneeta Singh & Aruna Punwani.

The NEW LIBRARY

Ruskin called books 'Kings Treasuries'. The world would be barren without books, and so would be our school. Life would lose half its charm, if books were banished from the world.

It has been through the kindness of Reverend Mother that we have a beautiful, well-stacked library in our school. We are really very grateful for this, as we all know that libraries are one of the best sources of education.

The library has books on a wide range of subjects, carefully chosen to impart useful knowledge and provide healthy recreation to the readers. On entering the library, the first thing that catches the eye are the rows and rows of beautifully bound books. There are colourful Encyclopaedias, Magazines, General Knowledge Books, and Quotation Books. These books afford us entertainment while providing useful information to increase our knowledge and vocabulary.

The general appearance of the library is very pleasant. It is housed in a spacious room, with numerous cupboards standing against three walls, which contain Knowledge Books, Fiction and Educational Books. There are lovely large windows in the library which are covered by light delicately designed curtains, through which the radiance of the sun can penetrate. The large tables and chairs match the general colour scheme. In the library the reader can concentrate without difficulty.

Books are our best companions for they bring light into dark minds and give pleasure to all.

We repeat that we are grateful for such a healthy and useful pastime.

—Angela Lal.

A Day in Tokyo

A sunny morning! Tokyo's "Dhandha" airport was buzzing with excitement. Porters rushed about carrying suitcases, and pushing trollies. Young ladies dressed in gay coloured Kimonos ushered us into the custom department.

However, after all the formalities of our arrival, we proceeded to a hotel in a tube-train. It screeched its way through the dark tunnels. In a few minutes it stopped with all its doors opening automatically. In front of us stood a magnificent hotel built on water. I was so bewildered by the sight that I did not even notice I had been relieved of my coat and airbag by a smiling Japanese lady, who bowed low seven times which is the custom of a friendly welcome to all visitors.

After a good meal of noodles, fried rice and prawns, we got ready for a long drive through the city. The traffic moved at such a terrific speed that I nearly screamed with fright. The driver told me that in Japan if people drove slower than 60 miles per hour they would certainly meet with an accident. So different from India, I thought.

The first place we stopped at, was the "Tokyo Tower" which is the symbol of modern Tokyo. Its top balcony offers one a marvellous view of the whole city. We spent a few moments here.

The next place we visited was the famous Japanese Shrine, an outstanding beauty spot which lures more than a million visitors a year. The Pagoda is made of wood and is 2000 years old. This shrine ranks along with the Fuji Yama a most photogenic sight, with the beautiful gardens around.

We then proceeded to the 'Wonderland of Children'. I was extremely fascinated by the little toy trains, motor-boats, rockets and innumerable other things used to amuse the little children. I would have loved to spend a longer time here, but since I was staying in Tokyo for a month's holiday I would have another opportunity to see this 'Wonderland for Children'.

Late in the evening when quite dark, the streets were well lit up, and the huge shops and cafes with their advertisements in coloured lighting made a picture resembling Fairyland. We drove back to the hotel, tired after our day's outing, but looking forward to many more visits to the city.

Swaraj Shourie (Class X)

A.D.C. ACTIVITIES



AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB

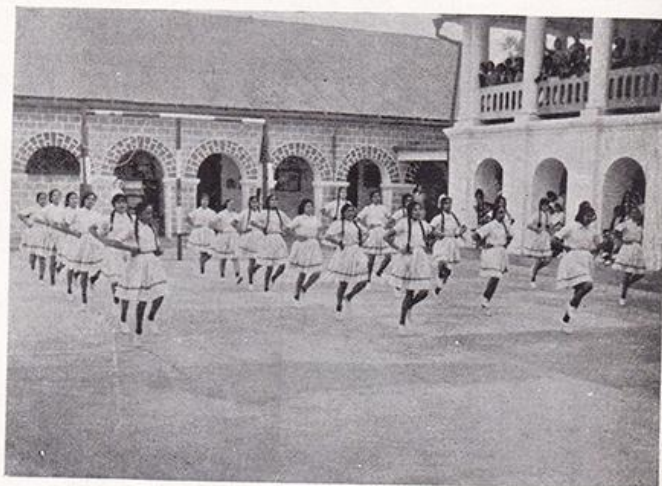
The A.D.C. is one of the most popular activities in Waverley. It consists of a society formed by the girls of the Senior School. The members of this society assemble once a week when the meeting is held.

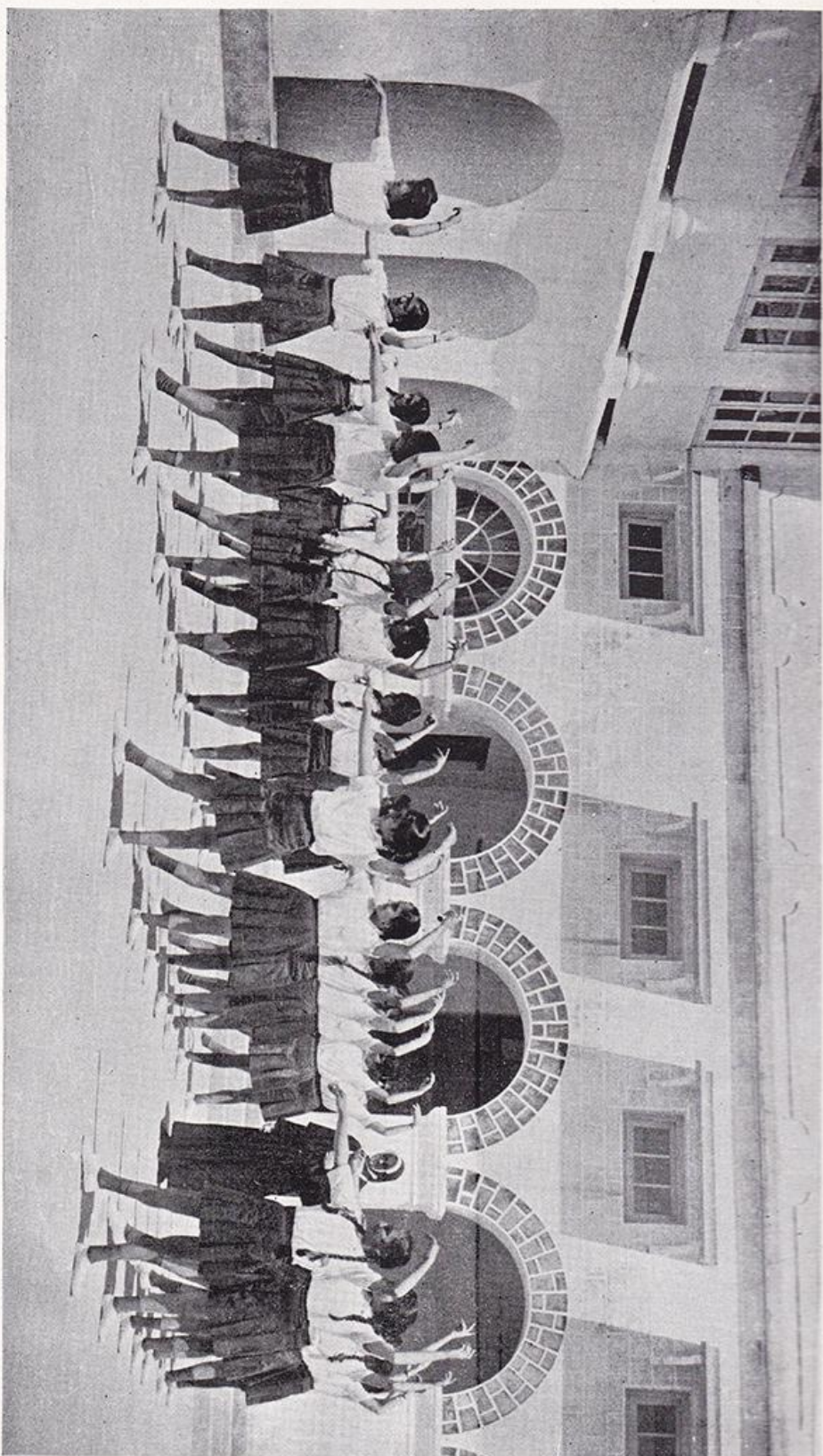
The eager members sit in rows and are always looking forward to something new. Young school girls are often confronted with certain problems and to lessen the embarrassment of going to anyone in authority personally, the distressed one just puts her written problem in the Question Box and receives a solution to her difficulty during the meeting. Besides enlightening us on our problems, anecdotes of interest from current magazines are related. During the Ballet Session this year pictures were passed around illustrating several poses from famous Ballet items.

Another interesting feature for which the girls show enthusiasm, consists of a series of witty riddles, quiz, general knowledge questions and jokes. During the week these are put on the notice board and every Sunday morning when the meeting is held, we are expected to have our answers ready. Occasionally also we have the 'Musical Hour' when we send in our requests for classical or jazz tunes played on the radiogram.

An annual social is organised by the A.D.C. members in aid of the poor. On the evening of this particular social the members rejoice in presenting gifts to the poor who attend the social. This social is also looked forward to by the keen members.

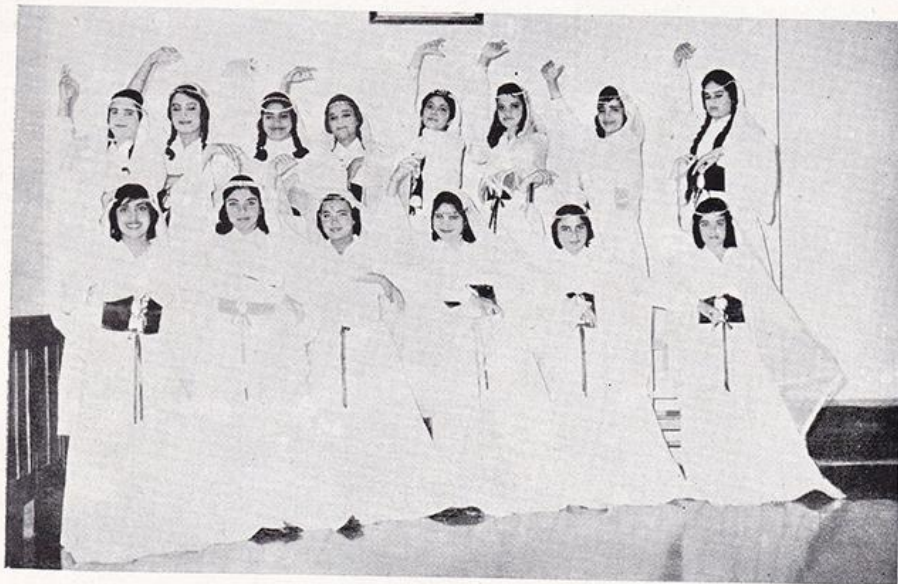
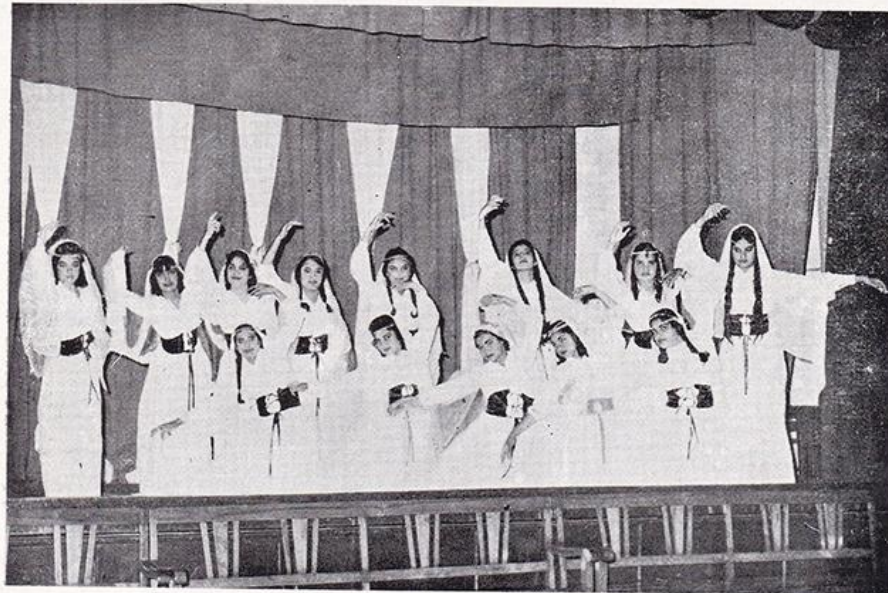
How the juniors must long for the day when they too can enjoy the privilege of membership in the Dramatic Club.

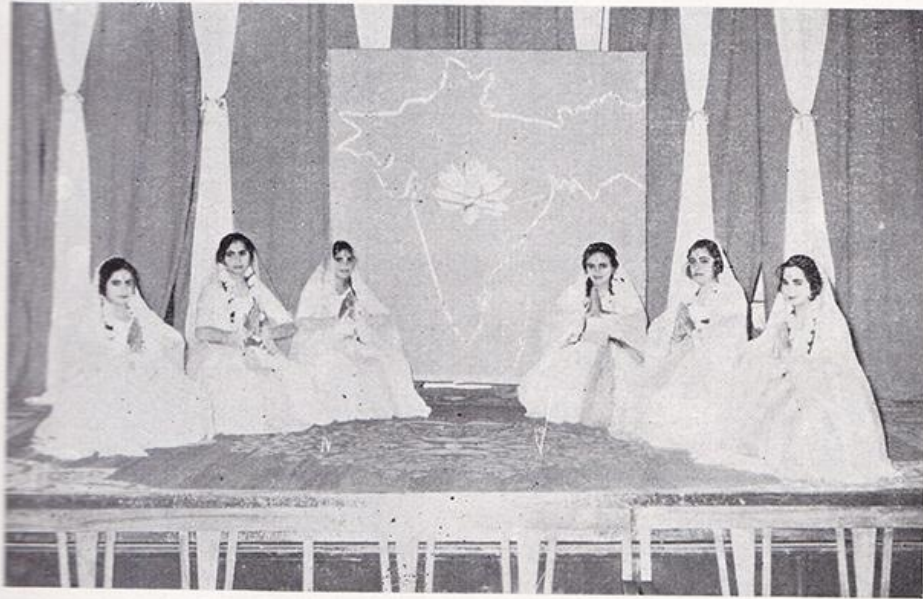




CLASS IX

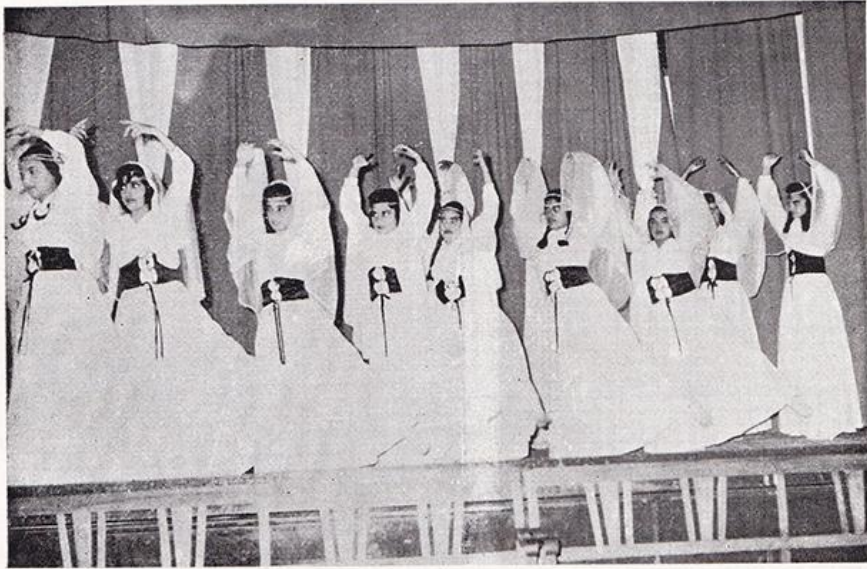
OUR FOLK BALLET





नव वसन्त





Georgian Dance





BALLET MASTER
WITH
DANCERS



- HAWAIIAN DANCE



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from

TWELFTH NIGHT



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The
TAMING
of the
SHREW





The King's Jester staged by the Juniors





K.G. item....."Come Little Partner."

The chief guest of honour at our annual concert was the Commissioner of Meerut Division—Mr. B.D. Sanwal.



My Country

I come from Laos, a little country in South-east Asia. Though the place is small it is clean and picturesque.

The people wear a costume called "Sin" which means a skirt, worn with a blouse and golden belt. When dressed up in this attire the girls look quite smart.

The religion of Buddha is practised, and the Laotian people are very religious minded. In one year we have a number of religious ceremonies.

In summer we bathe the statue of Buddha with scent and then sprinkle water on each other.

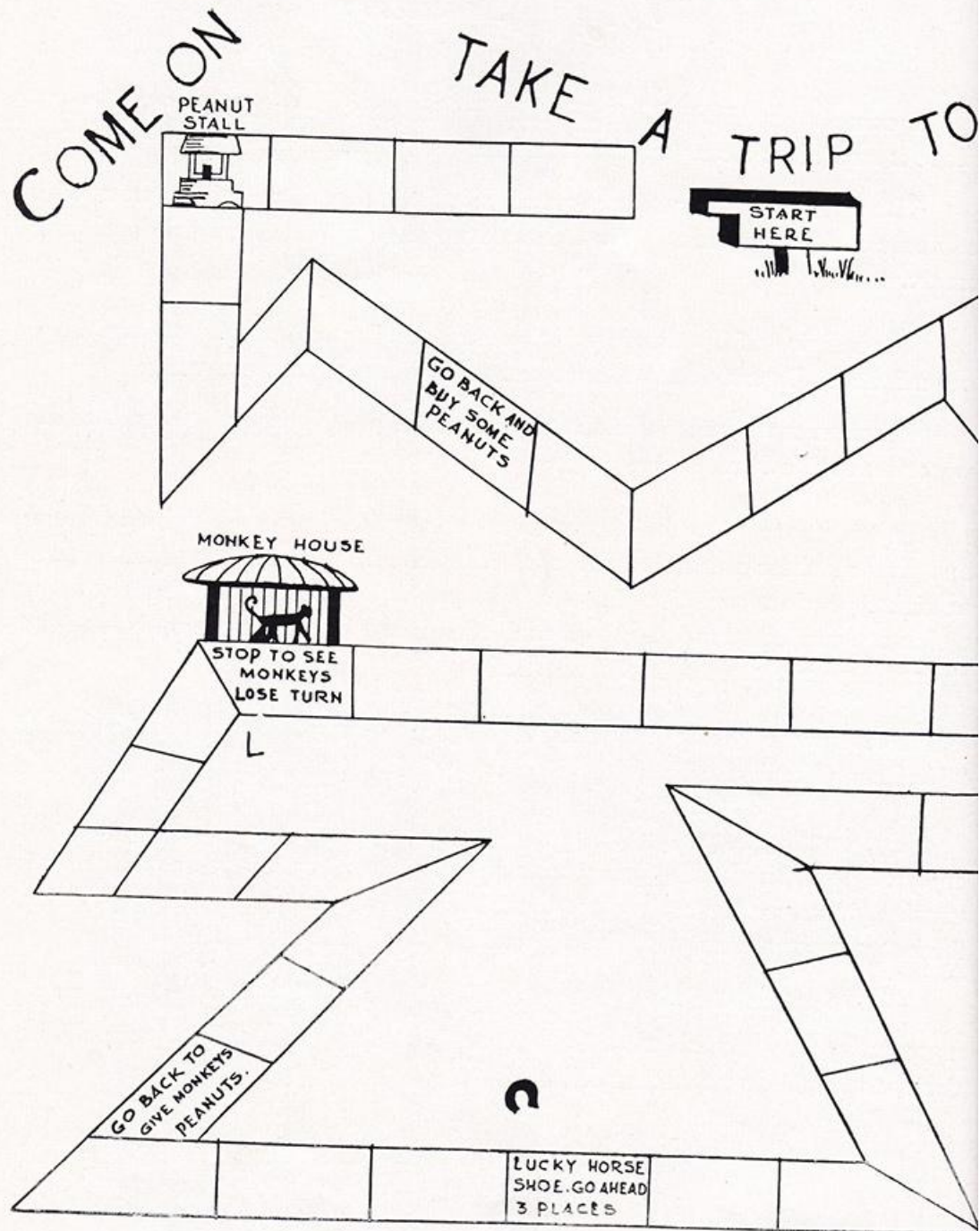
In winter we go to the largest river called "Mekong" with lighted candles and flowers; these are then thrown into the river. The ceremony takes place at night. Besides, we also have a number of coloured and lighted floats which are carried round the town and eventually placed in the middle of the river. This is a most beautiful spectacle.

The day following the festival we go to the biggest temple called "Thatluang" and give donations in charity to the Buddhist Monks.

The evening is spent in national games in which everyone partakes and enjoys. The King and Queen preside at all these ceremonies, and a prize is usually given for the best project at the exhibition for which many countries, for instance Japan, France, U.S.A. and England send exhibits.

I am now studying in Waverley (India), as a boarder and though I love my country very much I also have a great love for India and my school with the Nuns, teachers and companions.

Kheuavanh Vongsuthi,
Class VI.



CIRCUS LAND



YOU WIN

GO BACK
4 PLACES
TO BUY
BALLOONS

STOP TO BUY
A BALLOON....
MISS A TURN

STOP FOR
ICE CREAM
LOSE TURN



L



STOP FOR 1
TURN TO RIDE
PONY

LUCKY-STONE

GO AHEAD
3 PLACES..

WAVERLEY SCHOOL — NEWS

- March 12th* ... School reopened with 250 boarders and among them there were a number of new faces. Old friends met and happily talked about their holidays.
- March 15th* ... Our "Dramatic Club" re-union.
- March 16th* ... Work began in earnest after a long vacation.
- April 6th* ... To celebrate the Fourth Centenary of Shakespeare's birth we saw the films 'Hamlet' and 'Henry V'.
- April 7th* ... Film, 'The Young Ones' was shown in our school hall.
- April 11th* ... This was a Red-Letter Day as the Inauguration Ceremony of the Captains and Vice-Captains took place this morning at 10-00. We had a half holiday and were kept quite busy in the afternoon decorating the hall, in preparation for the social in the evening, which we thoroughly enjoyed.
- April 29th* ... This evening the Catholic girls began their three days' retreat. It was preached by a Redemptorist, Father Hoey.
- May 1st* ... Feast of St. Joseph's House. The celebration was kept up on the 4th with a Social and high tea in the evening.
- May 9th* ... This was a sad day for all, for although we knew that Reverend Mother Xavier was seriously ill, her death came as a shock at one in the morning (1-00 a.m.). The funeral was held in the evening at 5-00 at which many people were present, both rich and poor, for the latter especially she had been a real mother. As the funeral procession wound its way down to the Waverley Cemetery the Rosary was recited.
- May 14th* ... The Seniors began their selection examinations.
- May 27th* ... India mourns her Great Leader. It was indeed a great sorrow for the Nation. The State was in strict mourning for nine days. We could talk of nothing else but Pandit Nehru and all he had done for our Country.
- May 28th* ... Reverend Father Lockwood S. J. arrived in the morning to give the Non-Catholics a retreat of three days, which began at 8-00 p.m. The three days passed only too quickly. The time was chiefly spent in recollection and reading spiritual books.
- June 1st* ... Our first day out of retreat and there was a surprise for us The picture 'Jungle Cat', was on in town and we went for it.

- June 3rd* ... Another happy and exciting day which we all look forward to, is the Fete. The Nuns and Teachers worked very hard to make the stalls look most attractive. There were Needlework, Toys, Novelty and Sweet Stalls, and above all the request programmes through which we were able to send our messages of thanks to our friends and companions. The Fete was open to the public and at about 4-30 p.m. our compound was soon buzzing with visitors and all was in full swing.
- June 17th* ... Our Annual Concert which was in aid of the Refugees was held on two days the 18th and the 19th for the public. The Senior school girls staged two scenes from Shakespeare—'The Taming of the Shrew' by the girls of Class X, and scenes from 'Twelfth Night' by the girls of Class IX. Both groups spoke and acted very well indeed.
- The Juniors presented the 'King's Jester' which was loudly applauded. The Georgian Ballet was performed by the Senior ballet class girls. For this there were several 'encores'.
- The K.G. children presented a little action song 'Come Little Partner.' They stole the show looking like beautiful dolls in their pretty frocks.
- June 21st* ... Feast of Saint Aloysius! Our School Feast!
- Today the Juniors celebrated their feast with games, sports and a big Treasure hunt! What Fun! In the evening they dressed up for their social and danced and played a number of games to their hearts content. Prizes were distributed to the winners.
- June 22nd* ... A day for the Seniors. We celebrated the morning with games, sports and a march past; there was also a Mask Parade much enjoyed by everybody. A sumptuous lunch, high tea and an appetising supper were all set out before us most attractively. The Savoy Band was at our disposal from 4-00 to 7-00 p.m. Oh! we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. At 8-15 p.m. the prizes were given out and cheers with joyous shouts rang through the air as the winners walked up to the President for their prizes! It was indeed a happy day for us. We went to bed tired but fully satisfied and most grateful to Reverend Mother for giving us such a Wonderful Day!
- June 23rd* .. The girls settled down to hard work as the Terminal Examinations were fast approaching.
- June 30th* ... The monotony of school life was broken again by the Dance Display which was held in the evening. Reverend Fathers, Our Mother Provincial, Nuns, Teachers and many visitors were present.
- July 1st* ... From today we had rain, Rain, RAIN!
- July 6th* ... Feast of Saint Maria Goretti. (House Feast).
- July 9th* ... The Terminal Examination has begun. Silence now reigns throughout the school as the girls are busy at their papers and study. The silence was only broken by torrential rain.

<i>July 17th</i>	... Exams over ! CHEERS !
<i>July 18th</i>	... We went for a lovely long walk.
<i>July 22nd</i>	... St. Maria Goretti's house celebrated their feast today.
<i>July 24th</i>	... Though it was a miserably wet day we went out for a good picture called 'El Cid'.
<i>July 25th</i>	... PROCLAMATION!!! Oh ! This sends cold shivers down the spine. Each heard her name and rank called out. Some were in tears while others had a satisfied smile on their faces. But one and all were determined to do better for the final tests at the end of the year.
<i>July 31st</i>	... Feast of the Foundress of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary. There was an Exhibition this morning in her honour and little books on her life were distributed among the students. There were some competitions and our notice boards had a number of pictures on the life and works of Mother Mary St. Ignatius. It was a holiday and part of the morning was spent in preparation for a little concert organised by the girls themselves.
<i>August 3rd</i>	... Today we experienced a dreadful storm which lasted a long time—lightning and fearful thunderbolts, typical of Mussoorie monsoon weather.
<i>August 7th</i>	... Challenge Cup Netball Match ! Winners Class XI.
<i>August 15th</i>	... Independence Day ! Unfortunately the girls were unable to go to town for the parade as it rained in torrents all morning. In our school hall we had a P.T. Display with a talk on India's achievements since 1947. The whole concluded with a Prayer for our Country and the National Anthem.
<i>August 17th</i>	... The Dramatic Club girls of Waverly gave a social for the poor children of St. Lawrence's School. Reverend Mother presided and gifts and parcels were distributed to the children.
<i>August 21st</i>	... Teachers' Concert. What a wonderful show and surprise for us ! They had a number of new songs and their items were most amusing.
<i>September 5th</i>	... Teachers' Day. Now it was our turn to show our gratitude to the Nuns and Staff for all they have done for us. We gave them a short entertainment in the evening with games and a high tea. At the end of which each one was presented with a gift as a token of our love and gratitude.
<i>October 10th</i>	... Sports Day.
<i>October 15th</i>	... Rev. Mother's Feast Day.
<i>October 26th</i>	... Barbecue.
<i>November 2nd</i>	... Beginning of Children's Annual Exams.
<i>Nov. 14th & 15th</i>	... School Closing.



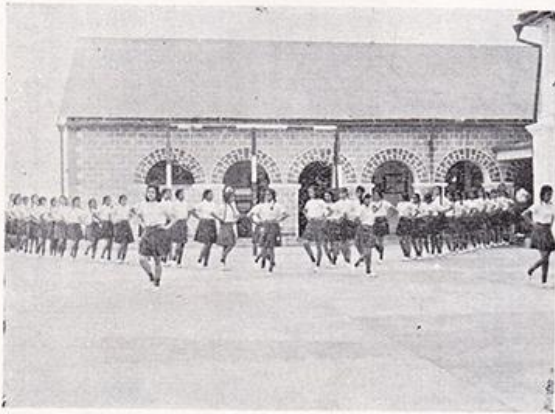
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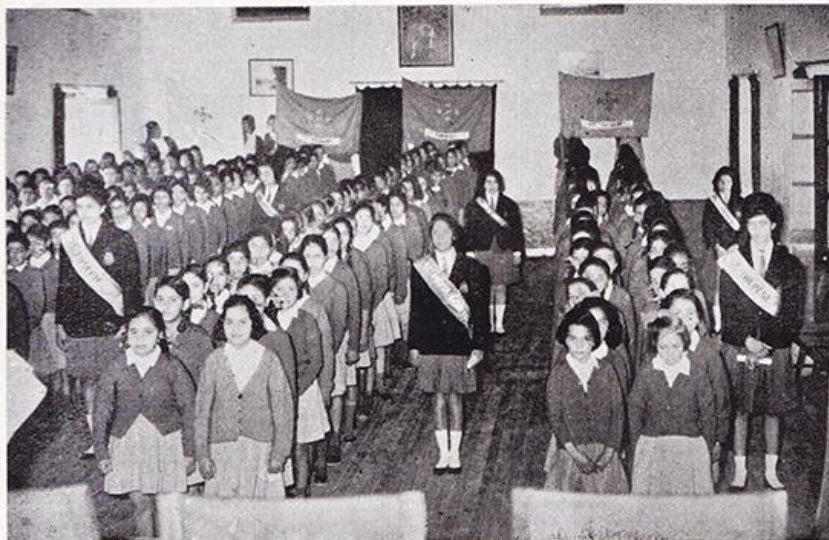
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INAUGURATION



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Reverend Mother Teresa, Mother Claudine,
Sr. Zita with the Captains and Vice-Captains.

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A CIRCUS I ENJOYED

Circuses are enjoyed by everyone and I am no exception. The best circus I have seen so far, was in Malaya.

My birthday dawned bright and sunny, among the presents I found three first class tickets given by my parents for the German Circus.

When Daddy, Mummy and I arrived at our seats the curtains opened automatically. The first item was a waltz by white Arabian steeds. As the band struck I recognised the tune, the Blue Danube. Before the first bar was over, the horses appeared, draped in black satin. On their ankles were tiny bells. Their pleasant jingle kept in perfect harmony with the music. After a few minutes, a loud applause came from the audience. The six horses made a diamond formation and bowed low. In every circus the most lovable creature is the clown. He also had his part to play in the evening's entertainment. At the sound of a horn, we heard a rustle of silk, and as if from nowhere the clown appeared. He was a tall man with large false eyebrows that jerked up and down with every movement he made. Soon he set about sweeping the floor and before very long he was flat on his nose. We looked down to find the cause of his fall and saw that his legs had become entangled with the broom. Laboriously he sat down to undo the knot.

Scarcely was he on his feet again when his knees gave way and he was flat on the stage again. This brought roars of laughter and the curtains came down on this amusing item.

The act I enjoyed most was the one of the chimpanzee called Sammy. He was dressed as if ready for a game of tennis, and came on to the stage riding a bicycle. Close on his heels was a French Poodle who carried the tennis racquets and three balls. In a moment the net was up and the game began. Through the first set the chimpanzee was winning, then there was a change of luck. The scales dipped in favour of Jean the French Poodle, who won the game.

The final performance of the evening was by the ring master's daughter. She came dressed as a ballerina and jumped gracefully from one trapeze to the next, with a constant smile on her face. This young lady really stole the show and won the loudest applause I have heard yet.

After the final act we left the circus with a sense of great joy and satisfaction.

Harbhajan Kaur Narula,
Class VII.



THE
CHILD GENIUS.
MOZART
1756-1791

A little boy of six and his sister of eleven, with their father to take care of them, were making a concert tour. Both the children played the harpsichord beautifully, and some of the pieces they played were their own compositions. First they went to Munich, and played before the Elector. Then, as everyone had praised their playing so much, they went to Vienna. One their way they had often to stop and give little performances to the rich and great people whose houses they passed, for their fame had gone before them.

When they came to a place called Ips, where there was a Franciscan monastery the boy sat down at the organ and played so well that the monks all left their dinner and came into the choir to hear him.

The children played the violin, as well as the harpsichord, and the father, writing home to the mother, told how music had been useful when they had to pass through the customs house at Vienna. He said:

‘Our business with the revenue officers was short, and from the principal search we were entirely absolved. For this we had to thank Mr. Woferl, who made friends with the douanier, showed him his clavier, and played him a minuet on his little violin’.

‘Mr. Woferl’ was the pet name for the little boy, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; as for ‘Douanier’, you all know French, of course, so there is no need to tell you that this means customs officer. ‘Clavier’ is a word that would do for any sort of keyboard instrument, but here it means a harpsichord (perhaps a small one, such as the little party would be easily able to take about with them).

It was a great day for the father when he got a summons from the Emperor to bring his children to court. Woferl was too little, however, to feel what an honour this was, and when

they got there, he sprang into the lap of the Empress, clasped her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily.

The stay at Vienna was very jolly for the children. The Emperor made them valuable gifts, and paid the father well. Marianne had given to her a grand court dress of white silk, which belonged to one of the young Archduchesses, and Wolfgang received a violet-coloured suit, trimmed with gold braid, which had been made for a little Archduke. The father was very proud of his children, and had their picture painted, dressed in this splendid fashion.

This enjoyable visit came to an end through the little boy catching scarlet fever, for when he recovered it was thought best to return to Salzburg.

Next year, however, they all set off on their travels once more. This time they went to Paris, where they had a great welcome, and then to London. You will remember that there were no trains or steamers in those days, so that the travelling had to be done by coach and sailing boat. The boat to Dover made them all very sick, but they soon got over this, and on to London to see the King.

The King was astonished at Wolfgang's playing. This is what father wrote home to the mother at Salzburg:

'The King placed before him pieces by Wagenseil, Bach, Abel and Handel, all of which he played off. He played on the King's organ in such a manner that his hearers preferred him on the organ to the clavier. He then accompanied the Queen in an air, and a performer of the flute in a solo. At last he took up one of Handel's airs that by chance lay in the way, and, upon the mere bass, performed a melody so beautiful that it astonished everybody'.

Whilst they were in England the father fell dangerously ill. They were obliged to be as still as mice, so as not to disturb the invalid, and, as Wolfgang could not play, he composed. He filled a manuscript book with his compositions, and this has lately been printed, and is very interesting indeed.

Mozart's first Symphony was written at this time. His sister sat by him as he wrote it, and he said: 'Remind me that I give the horns something good to do.'

When the father recovered the children gave many concerts, and the orchestra used to play the Symphonies that the young composer was now writing.

And now we must pass on from those boyish days, and we shall be saddened to find that poor Mozart's happiness did not last. It really seems as though there are a great many people in the world who welcome a clever boy musician rather because he is a boy than for the sake of his music. When Mozart was a young man, he found that the great people who had treated him so kindly were no longer much interested in him. He went to Paris again, taking his mother with him. He had to take a poor little lodging, so small that there was

no room even for a harpsichord. Wolfgang's old friend Marie Antoinette, was now Queen of France, but he could not find anyone who could take him to court and present him to her.

Someone gave him an introduction to a great society lady, the Duchess of Chabot, who invited him to call. But when he did so, he was first allowed to stay for half an hour in an ice-cold waiting-room, and then to sit for an hour whilst the Duchess sat at a table with some gentlemen, drawing.

Then they asked him to play the piano, but went on all the time with their occupation, and when they praised his playing he knew that they were only giving him worthless compliments.

But the greatest misfortune in Paris was the death of his mother. After this he was quite alone in the great city, and very much he felt it.

Happily, Mozart's luck was not always so bad as this, and it is pleasant to know that soon after he had left the Archbishop people began to realize what a wonderful composer of Operas they had in him. So Mozart had some very joyous experiences, as well as some sad ones, in his grown-up life.

Mozart's Operas number about twenty: the best known are Figaro, The Magic Flute, and Don Giovanni.

It was sad to think that Mozart's last work was a REQUIEM, that is to say a Mass for the Dead. He wrote this on his death-bed. When he died, his wife, who loved him dearly, was so overcome with grief that she could not go to the funeral, and when she was sufficiently recovered to visit the churchyard, nobody could tell her where her husband had been buried.

It seems a pitiful thing that this great man should have died at so early an age as thirtyfive, and, that the world should have taken so little interest in its loss of him that people did not even mark his grave.



MOZART AS A BOY

The

“Happy Wanderers”

“Light quirks of music, broken and even,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.”

(Pope.)

I do not know if our music is good enough to take you to St. Peter's 'heavenly' gates, but as we know music hath charms to sooth the savage breast.

The Waverleyites have tried to captivate the audience by forming an small orchestra of our own, and calling themselves “The Happy Wanderers”.

With a limited number of instruments, including triangles, tambourines, improvised bongos and drums, etc., with the piano accompanying, our orchestra is complete.

Horace once said, “the musician who plays on the same string is laughed at” and truly so. We, however, have a variety, and the types of music on our list are varied. Semi-classical, Jazz, and Romantic are predominant. Favourite numbers such as “Jealousy”, “La Paloma”, “Limbo Rock”, and the “Volga Boat Song”, won applause and approval from all, sending the players' spirits soaring.

Last year we played a number of times and invited the Nuns, Teachers, Visitors and girls to our first performance.

In the evening of Teachers' Day the audience were again present in the school hall. Everyone spoke highly of our ingenious orchestra. They waited anxiously for the programme to begin. At the time appointed the players filed into the hall, complete with caps, and beaming with joy. After the applause died down, we bowed and picked up our instruments. As number after number followed in quick succession, punctuated only by loud applause and appreciative remarks, we rejoiced inwardly, happy that the idea of our orchestra had gone off so well. Later on we received special mention, and it was quite evident that our efforts were much appreciated by all.

Since then we have endeavoured to improve our instruments still more, and must provide new, and do all we can to perfect ourselves.

Finally we have to organise ourselves better and polish up our finer points, while eradicating our shortcomings. I am sure that if we do our best we shall be a source of much enjoyment to all who listen to the “Happy Wanderers”.

Mala Marwah,
Class X.



NAME: Dona Surita.
 HOUSE: St. Joseph.
 HOBBIES: Reading, Swimming.
 VOCATION: Air-Hostess.
 MOTTO: "Trifles Make Perfection And Perfection Is No Trifle."



NAME: Jyotika Patel.
 HOUSE: St. Therese.
 HOBBIES: Swimming, Driving, Reading.
 VOCATION: Secretary.
 MOTTO: "To Handle Yourself, Use Your Head;
 To Handle Others, Use Your Heart."



NAME: Rosie Singh.
 HOUSE: St. Pius X.
 HOBBIES: Reading, Games, Stamp Collecting.
 VOCATION: Social Worker.
 MOTTO: "Strength Is Life, Weakness Is Death."



NAME: Ella Monga.
 HOUSE: St. Maria Gorretti.
 HOBBIES: Photography, Dancing, Reading.
 VOCATION: Maths and Literature Professor.
 MOTTO: "Honesty Is A Very Stable Rock For All Of Us To Lean Upon."



NAME: Upinder Brar.
 HOUSE: St. Therese.
 HOBBIES: Swimming, Gardening, Nursing.
 VOCATION: Social Worker.
 MOTTO: "Where There Is No Love, Put Love,
 And Will Find Love."



NAME: Meeta Jolly.
 HOUSE: St. Maria Gorretti.
 HOBBIES: Stamp Collecting, Skating, Tennis,
 Riding, Leaves Collecting.
 VOCATION: Lady Doctor.
 MOTTO: "Not For Ourselves Alone."



NAME: Neena Aggarwal
 HOUSE: St. Maria Gorretti.
 HOBBIES: Swimming, Skating, Stamp Collecting,
 Needle-work, Record Collecting.
 VOCATION: Lady Doctor.
 MOTTO: "Service Before Self."

C

A

R

E

E

R



NAME: Rajni Hoon.
 HOUSE: St. Pius X.
 HOBBIES: Dancing, Singing, Riding, Reading.
 VOCATION: Doctor In The Army.
 MOTTO: "Cheerfully Help The Helpless."



NAME: Veena Pawa
 HOUSE: St. Pius X.
 HOBBIES: Stamping Leaves And Flowers, Art.
 VOCATION: A Teacher.
 MOTTO: "Help The Weaker Ones."



St. Maria Gorretti's House
(RED)

M

A

R

C

H

St. Joseph's House
(GREEN)



P

A

S

T



St. Pius X's House

(YELLOW)



St. Therese's House

(BLUE)

STOP- LOOK and LAUGH!



EXPERIENCE

Willie—"Pop there's a man at the circus who jumps on a horse's back, slips underneath, catches hold of its tail, and finishes up on the horse's neck !

HE THOUGHT IT THROUGH

Boss—"How is it that you're only carrying one sack, when the other men are carrying two?"

Labourer—"Well I suppose they are too lazy to make two trips like I do !"

SYMPATHETIC

"Poor, old Jorden tried to borrow five dollars from me today," the husband confessed.

"I hope you were sympathetic," said his wife.

"Yes. I was touched."

NO EXTRA CHARGE

Customer—"Take a look at what you did to this !"

Laundryman—"I cannot see anything wrong with that piece of lace."

Customer—"Lace, man, that was a sheet."



NO TROUBLE

Steve—"Too bad about your falling off the ladder, Mike."

Mike—"Well, it could have been worse. I had to be coming down for nails, anyway."

PLENTY NERVE

Dentist—"Stop making faces, sir. I haven't even touched your tooth."

Patient—"I know you haven't but you're standing on my corn."

SILENCE IN THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES

Dentist—"Open wider, please—wider."

Patient—"A-a-a-ah."

Dentist—(inserting rubber gag, towel, and sponge)—"How's your family?"

UNEDUCATED

"Jones never completed his education, did he?"

"No, he lived and died a bachelor."

AS THE IRISHMAN TELLS IT

"Do you know the difference between the Irish, English, and Scotch?"

"No."

"Well, in leaving a train, an Irishman walks off without looking to see whether he has left anything behind: an Englishman looks back to see whether he has left anything: and a Scotchman looks back to see whether anybody has left anything."

SUCCESS ASSURED

Mother—"What makes you think our boy is going to be a politician?"

Father—"He says more things that sound well and mean nothing than any one I ever saw."

OBLIGING

"I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work," cried the employer.

"It's all right," said the office boy. "I'm not working."

A LITTLE HELP

The young lover, eloping with the only girl, climbed the ladder and rapped on her window. She opened the window softly.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Ssh! Not so loud!" she whispered. "I'm so afraid father will catch us."

"That's all right," said the youth. "He's down below holding the ladder."

TRAGIC LOSS

Collegian—"What did you do with my shirt?"

Room mate—"Sent it to the laundry."

Collegian—"Man! The whole history of England was on the cuffs!"

OBSERVING

Dad—"You musn't pull the cat's tail."

Sonny—"I'm only holding it. The cat is pulling."

HE KNEW WHICH ONE WAS FUNNY

"Did you like the famous ventriloquist?"

"Not much, but that little feller on his knee was funny!"





My Prayer

This is MY PRAYER to thee, my Lord
Strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength
Lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength
To make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength
Never to disown the poor or
Bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength
To raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength
To surrender my strength to thy will with love.

—Tagore.

Quotations

COMMON SENSE

Common sense is very uncommon. (Horace Greeley.)

The crown of all faculties is common sense. It is not enough to do the right thing and place.....Talent knows what to do; tact knows when and how to do it. (W. Matthews).

Common sense is in spite of, not the result of, education. (Victor Hugo).

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it. (Persian proverb).

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius. (H. W. Shaw).

FAITH

Faith marches at the head of the army of progress. It is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity. (T. T. Munger).

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. (Book of Common Prayer).

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. (Emerson).

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it. (Lincoln).

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. (Hebrews XI, I).

HAPPINESS

No man is happy who does not think himself so. (Douglas Jerrold).

Call no man happy till you know the end of his life. Till then, at most, he can be counted fortunate. (Herodotus).

True happiness renders men kind and sensible; and that happiness is always shared with others. (Montesquieu).

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little happy if I could say how much. (Shakespeare).

The Greeks said grandly in their tragic phrase, "Let no one be called happy till his death"; to which I would add, "Let no one, till his death, be called unhappy." (E.B. Browning).

Do not speak of happiness to one less fortunate than yourself. (Plutarch).

Happiness grows at our firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

(Douglas Jerrold).



परमेश्वर की जय

परमेश्वर की जय के गान
गावो सन्त सदा ॥
उसी की जय महिमा निशि दिन तुम
जग जड़ चेतन गावो सदा ।
प्रभु करुणा है सकल विश्व पर,
गावो यही सदा ॥
जय हो परम पिता ईश्वर की,
जय हो महा पुत्र ईश्वर की ।
पवित्र आत्मा की भी जग में
रहे बढ़ाई सदा ॥



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Tyoti Singh

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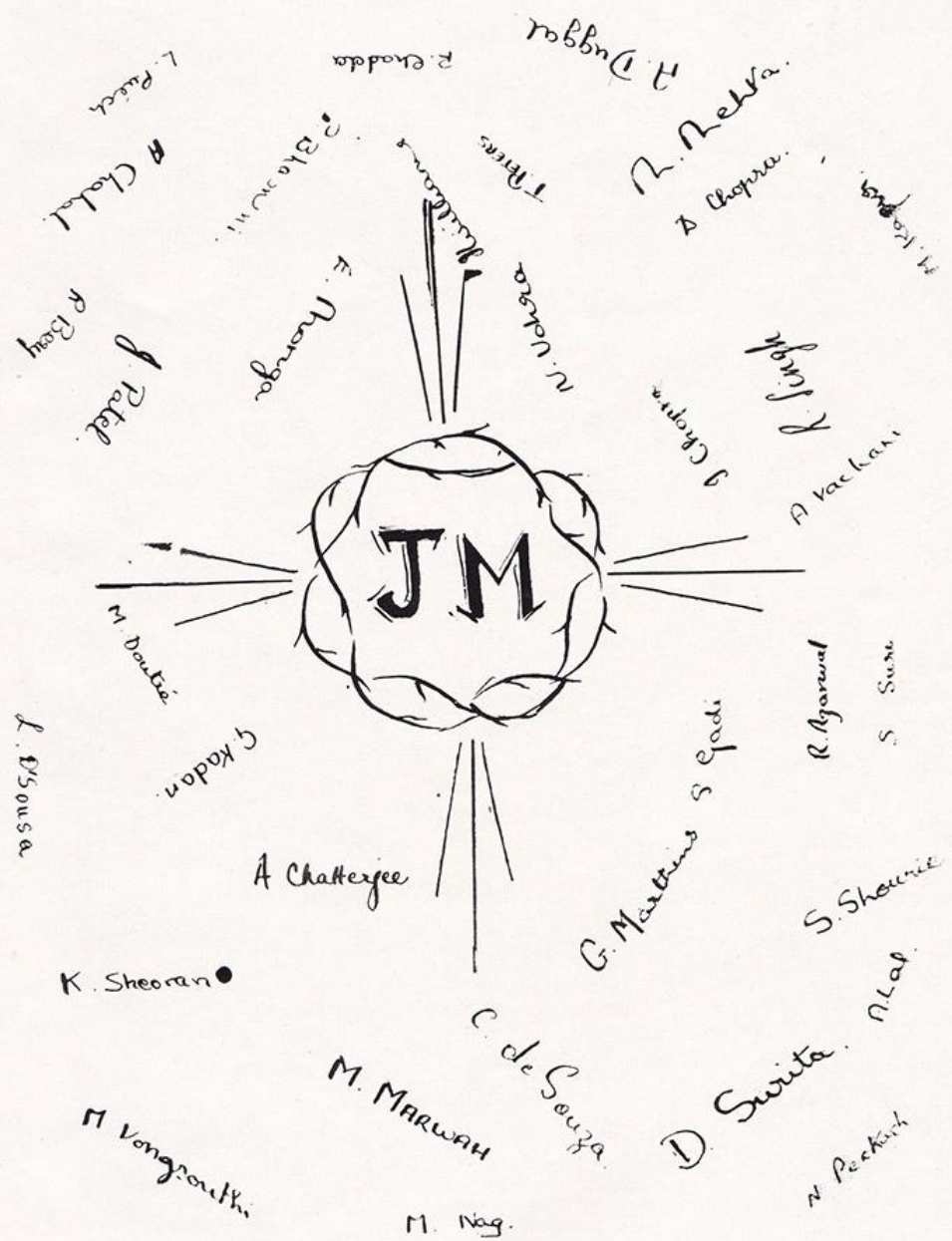
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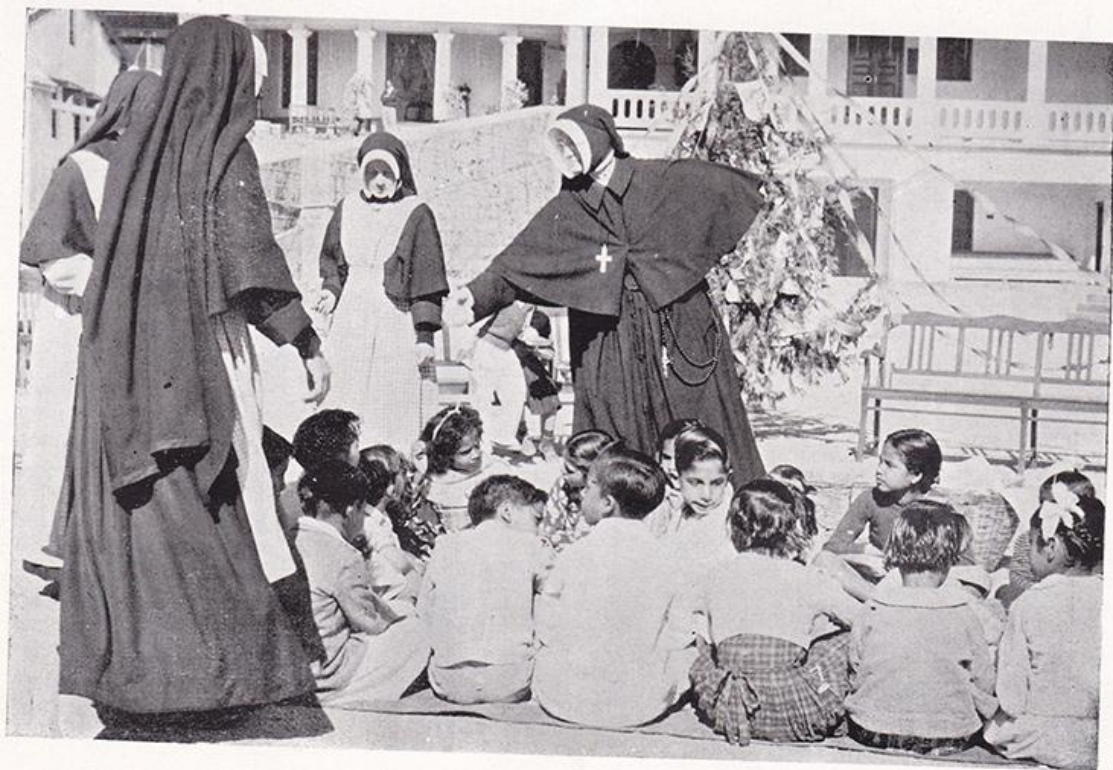
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