



Dedicated to
Right Reverend Bishop
Patrick Nair
Bishop of Meerut
and
A Friend of Haberley

From the Editor's Desk

Once again we present our annual school magazine 'Waverley'.

This year, we are pleased to dedicate this issue to the Most Reverend Patrick Nair Bishop of Meerut, the anniversary of whose consecration as bishop occurred on 2nd October.

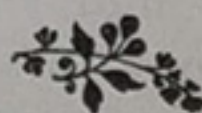
His Lordship has visited 'Waverley' during the summer months, and evinced a deep interest in all our school activities, in those of St. Lawrence's school, in our staff of lay teachers, and of course, in the Community. We were also very happy to have four of our religious from other houses among us in September to celebrate their golden Jubilee in the religious life. Sr. Felix has been our Provincial for many years and therefore knows 'Waverley' so well. Sr. Clement did a great deal for 'Waverley' as Superior, and Sisters Francis and Euphemie have also worked hard in the Lord's vineyard in our Indian Province. We wish them many more fruitful years in God's service.

Throughout this year, our pupils have maintained their usual high standards in the various fields of endeavour—social, athletic, and cultural. In the field of Public speaking our institution holds a high place among the schools of Mussoorie and Dehra Dun. We are proud of the honour of holding for the first time, The Rotary Club Championship shield for debating. 'Waverley' girls have also taken part in other Inter-school competitions, and their eagerness and zest to keep the school flag flying high is unfailingly rewarded. We also shared their joy in winning two Badminton Championship awards, and the Table-Tennis Inter-school Trophy for which all concerned worked hard. In studies our I.S.C. and I.C.S.E. students are determined to do credit to themselves and to the school by their application, and ultimately by their success. Let us not overlook the children's efforts on various occasions to come to the aid of the destitute by their social activities. A case in point is the encouragement they gave to the Servants concert, the proceeds of which have gone to their savings account. In addition, they frequently organise sales within the school precincts. They prepare the food themselves and also sell it. The proceeds of all these sales go to those in need in our country.

We thank teachers and pupils, and all those who have worked in one way or another for the publication of 'Waverley' magazine. We also hope that all our readers will continue to take a lively interest in this magazine featuring school activities, and make it one of perennial interest by giving suggestions for further endeavour.

Red Letter Days

MARCH	14th	School Opens.
MARCH	19th	Reverend Mother Paloma Visits "Waverley".
MARCH	22nd	Inauguration of Captains and Vice Captains.
APRIL	7th-9th	A 'Camp' held by Rev. Fr. Wirth for Training In Leadership.
APRIL	24th	Inter School Hockey Tournament.
MAY	1st	Our domestic staff entertain us with a concert.
MAY	22nd	We win the Declamation Contest held by the Rotary Club.
JUNE	1st	Our Mini Fete.
JUNE	16th	Our Bishop, Mgr. Patrick Nair comes on his pastoral visit.
JUNE	21st	School Feast.
JUNE	28th	The Theatre Action Group from Delhi gives us two memorable performances.
JULY	12th	Singing competition.
JULY	16th-18th	Sr. Pia visits "Waverley."
JULY	28th	Once again the Badminton was won by "Waverley."
JULY	31st	Our Nuns Feast (Prayer Service and Concert).
AUGUST	4th-9th	We were the jubilant winners of Inter School Table Tennis.
AUGUST	15th	Independence Day (Prayer Service).
AUGUST	18th	Hindi Elocution Competition.
SEPTEMBER	6th	Teachers' Day.
SEPTEMBER	9th	Our four Golden Jubilarians come up to "Waverley" for our part in the celebrations.
SEPTEMBER	11th	Mr. Joshi, the Inspector of Anglo Indian Schools inspected the school.
OCTOBER	1st	Sports Day and Exhibition of work.
OCTOBER	18th	Inter-School Athletics.
OCTOBER	26th	School Fete.
NOVEMBER	8th	Prize Distribution.
NOVEMBER	20th	School closes.





When?

We are living in the Marian Age! Is it the prelude to the wonderful events which will usher in Peace to our poor restless world? Time will tell.

Early this year on a visit to an empty church situated in what is still called "Sisters' Bazaar", the nuns were struck by a large painted copy of Murillo's "Our Lady of the Assumption". Our early pioneer Sisters from Agra had occupied adjoining rooms during the hot months of 1843 — 1844 — 1855 before opening "Waverley". Articles were being stolen from the building. The priest responsible for the Sisters, presented them with this real relic! It was transferred with all due ceremonies.

The Queen of Heaven is attracting hearts to God. When she has succeeded in drawing the super-atheists into her spiritual army, there will be peace in this sad world of ours, and the millennium mentioned in REVELATION XX will begin.

WIE RIEMEMBER



Reverend Mother General & Mother Gonzaga with our Captains & Vice-Captains



Mother General discusses a point with our School Doctor, Dr. Jwala Prasad

NOVEMBER 1974



We Share a Joke



A Ship to Take Back to Rome



Rev. Mother Paloma with our Captains & Vice-Captains



Inauguration Day



There is Much to Tell our Children



Badges of Honour



Sweets are the best part !



Confirmation



There is Much to Tell our Children



Badges of Honour



Sweets are the best part !



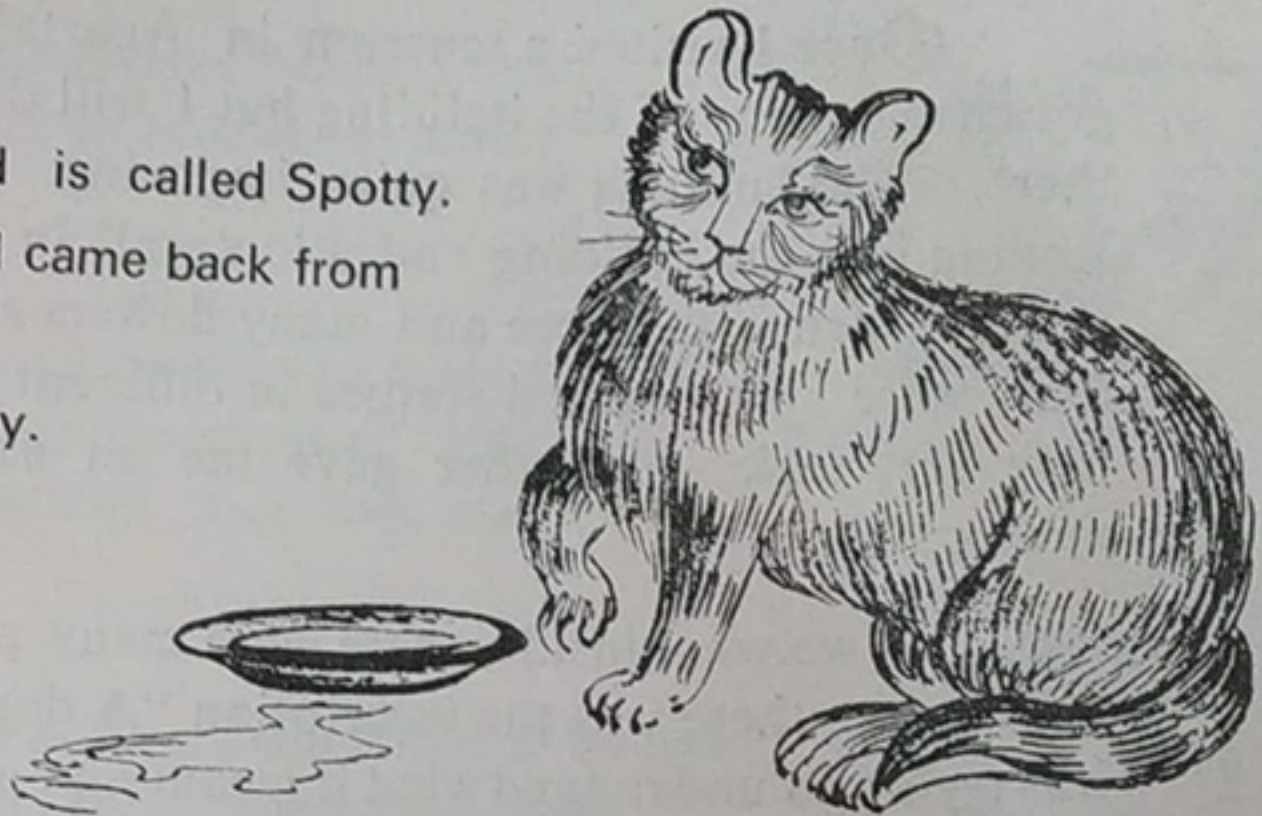
Confirmation

PETS OF CLASS I

MY CAT

My pet is a cat.
She has tiny black spots and is called Spotty.
She is very happy and when I came back from school she meows.
I give her milk and fish every day.
She likes to play with me.
I love Spotty very much.

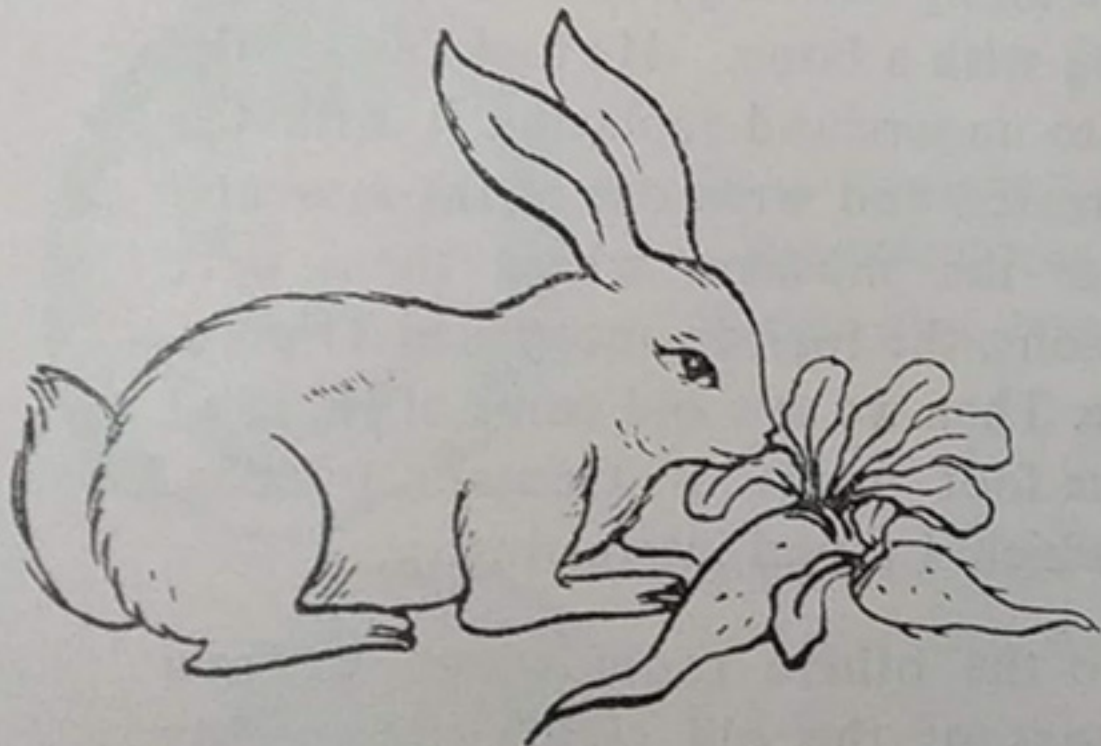
Harmit Narula, Sunita Kejriwal.



MY RABBIT

The name of my pet rabbit is Whitie.
She has a nice little pink nose and long ears.
She likes carrots.
I like to play with Whitie.
When she is naughty, her little white tail goes Bob, Bob, Bob.
I like her very much and I miss her when I am at school.

Rina Dhillon.



MY DOG

My pet dog's name is Topsy.
He has lovely brown fur and dark blue eyes.
He wags his tail when I came back from school to tell me he is very happy.
He is very fond of us and looks after our house.

Parvinder Gulati.



A VISIT TO A MUSEUM

Once I visited a museum in Agartala, Tripura. I have forgotten the name of the building but I will describe everything I saw there. The building was quite imposing. There was a small gate leading into the building and a low wall in front; there was also a small garden with a tree and many flowers adorning it. In the garden there were many carved statues in different poses. They looked as if they were real. My father gave me an explanation of their poses and actions.

As we went inside, there were many painted pictures on display. Under one, there was the inscription "A dog with a bone". A man was trying to understand what it meant and at last he seemed successful. At that moment another man came along with a picture in his hand. In that picture there was also a dog with a bone. He took away the picture which the man was trying to understand replacing it with the real picture. The man felt embarrassed and went out of the museum. Then we went to the first storey of the museum where there were large paintings of a King and his sons; the former once ruled Tripura. They were very frightening to me. Then we saw old coins of gold and silver. We saw a stone bearing the foot prints of Gautam Buddha. There were very old statues also which I found interesting.

After seeing these, I went to the other room where we saw many small much weathered statues of the old civilizations. My father explained everything to me, and then we again went to a small hall. There we saw a statue of the goddess Durga made of wax. After this, we all went home. All the way home we talked about the museum, since its exhibits had greatly impressed us.

Pawan Jeet Baidwan.
Class VI

TRY SMILING



When the weather suits you not,
When your coffee isn't hot

TRY SMILING;



When your neighbours don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure 'tis hard, but then you might

TRY SMILING;

Doesn't quite change things of course
But it cannot make them worse,

BY SMILING;



Since it seems to help your case
Brightens up a gloomy place
Makes you have a happy face,

TRY SMILING;



If you don't get what you want,
If you lose, don't say you "cant",

TRY SMILING;



Sure you're feeling gloomy yet,
The sun is shining, don't forget,
Remember there's no need to fret,

KEEP SMILING.



Snigdha Hari
Class VIII

An Interview

Asked to write an article for the Magazine, we had the "brilliant" idea of interviewing Mr. Singh, the ex-champion of All India Roller Skating and our Science Teacher.

Here's how we went about it :

We : How did you get into the skating racket ?

Sir : (*Rather indignant*) First and foremost I can't call it a racket. Actually I don't really remember. I was very young perhaps three or four years old. Since then, I have been skating.

We : What were the difficulties you faced ?

Sir : You see, in the beginning I skated for pleasure and took part in small championships. The only difficulty I faced was getting good equipment. We don't have the equipment to match the world standard. Of course I've got American skates. (*with an air of modesty*)

We : Any amusing incidents that you remember ?

Sir : In skating ? Amusing incidents ? (*with a sheepish smile*). One (*meaning myself*) is in a very awkward position when one falls in front of a large audience. It is amusing for the audience, not for the skater ! (*Ha, Ha*)

We : We've heard that there is a lot of favouritism. Any comments ?

Sir : Well, I think this is a weakness not only in Roller Skating but in the scene of all Indian sports. There is always a personal element involved, and good sportsmen in our country are suffering on account of this.

We : What were your feelings when you first won the championship ?

Sir : I don't really remember because it was way back in 1968 (*weak memory ?*). I was very happy, I suppose. It will amount to being conceited if I say I was confident (*Ahem !*) but I put in a lot of hard work and practice too.

We : There was an offer for you to go to Spain. Why did you refuse ?

Sir : The Government was not sending the team. Each competitor was supposed to pay his own expenses and I was not prepared to do this. But I'm sure those who went have learnt a great deal.

We : What, in your opinion, is India's position in the International field of Roller Skating ?

Sir : I must confess that our standard is far below that of other Nations and it will take many years of intensive training for our youngsters to catch up with them. However, our Roller skating hockey team can compete in any International matches. It can put up a very good performance, if not win.

We : We've heard that you were asked to double for Shashi Kapoor and you refused. Why ?

Sir : Yes I was asked in Chandigarh (*with an embarrassed smile*), but I declined. (*A great relief for us !*) 'Doubling' is a very odd job. I did not have the time to stay with the unit—and, anyhow, my face would never have been shown !!

• It took us quite some time to become serious after this but we enjoyed the interview. We hope our readers also will.

Davinder, Manju, Tarlochan, Ariba
Class XI

A LESSON FOR MISS

Dear Miss,

If you just could be a tiny little girl like me & I your Miss !
You would see how nice I'd be to you.

I'll let you come to my cottage, & I will never give you porridge

I'll never say you are eating too much, You are a greedy girl.

But would like to see you growing fat, with your hair all a-curl.

I'll always send you up to the stage,

Even if you have to take a copy of the poem on a page.

I won't give you Dictation and day,

I'll let you play in class in your own way.

I'll always favour you and play the fool with you too.

But Miss dear, you cannot grow into a little girl you know;

And I can't be your Miss.

So the only thing to do is just for you to try and see

If you could do all this for me !

Now Miss, couldn't you ?

Mrinal Kapur

Class II

MY FRIEND

Rina is my best friend.

She is very clever and helps me a lot.

I play with her every day.

She has short hair and is very pretty.

I like my friend very much.

Neena Jalan

Class I



The Island of Adventure—My Discovery

The summer holidays had started. We were going to England by ship; and all of us were very happy; Jack, Snubby, Roger, Diana, Kiki and Scamper were in the party. Kiki was Jack's parrot and Scamper was Snubby's dog. We were to go with my mother.

Next day we met together at my house with our luggage packed neatly for the long journey. So we went to the harbour. Our ship was to depart at 8 p. m. We arrived at fifteen minutes to 8 o'clock and were all very excited at the prospect of a long exciting journey. We embarked and got our heavy luggage safely stored away in one part of the vessel; our lighter bags we kept with us. It was getting dark, and so we went to the dining hall to have supper.

After supper, we went to our cabins and slept, for we were very tired. Next day when we got up, we were near an island. Snubby knew this island well as he always showed off to us that his uncle owned it.

The ship stopped there for one day. The following day was Jack's birthday and we wanted to buy him a present. Mum and all of us children went to the island. As we were walking around Diana saw a toy boat which was old. There was a small piece of paper attached to it which bore an address written in English.

The address was of a house which was on the Island. The house was old and in disrepair but was occupied by a family. It also served as a kind of shop. On the show case in front was a boat similar to the one which we had seen. We asked the lady in charge the price of the boat. She said it could not be sold because it had belonged to her family for many years. We begged her to part with it, saying we would recompense her well for the exchange. We bought it and went back to the ship. We went to our cabin and examined it closely. Then suddenly, Diana saw a tiny piece of paper wrapped up inside it.

The majority of us agreed to some one's proposal to find out what it contained. So it was taken out and we were able to read it. An old rich man had written it long ago just before he died. He disclosed the place on the island where he had kept his treasure many years before. Very excited, we went back to the island as we still had a few hours on shore and left Kiki and Scamper behind. We went to the place where the treasure was located and began to dig. When we had dug up a great deal of earth we saw a big pot. We took it out with great difficulty. When we opened it we got the shock of our lives. There were so many things that we could not believe it and stared at each other in astonishment. I picked up the pot, helped by the others, and decided to take it to the ship.

We did not tell my mother about this discovery. We kept the pot safely in our cabin; we took out the things from the pot at our leisure and examined them carefully. They were worth a lot of money. During the next few days, the ship went to many other places and we enjoyed ourselves.

Now the time came for us to go home again. As soon as we reached home, we went to the police station to report on our important discovery and disclosed everything to the Inspector who listened to our story with great interest.

He told us that this man who had hidden his treasure was a very notorious smuggler and that he had been searching for these smuggled articles for many years but he had not been successful in finding them. Now they were found he sighed in happy relief.

It was getting dark so we went home. A man came sent by the Inspector to our home and delivered a parcel to each of us, a reward for finding the treasure for him. I will leave the reader to imagine the contents of our parcels! That day we enjoyed ourselves greatly, and the next day our names were published in the newspapers. After this we had many adventures and if you want to join us in our escapades you are welcome to do so.

Ritu Nath
Class VI



Nuns

OUR

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Teachers

WE GREET OUR



Saying
it with
Flowers



Rag Tag
and Bob Tail
Class VI



Sr. Euphemie, Sr. Felix,
Sr. Clement & Sr. Francis
with the Manipuri Dancers
Class VIII



JUBILARIANS



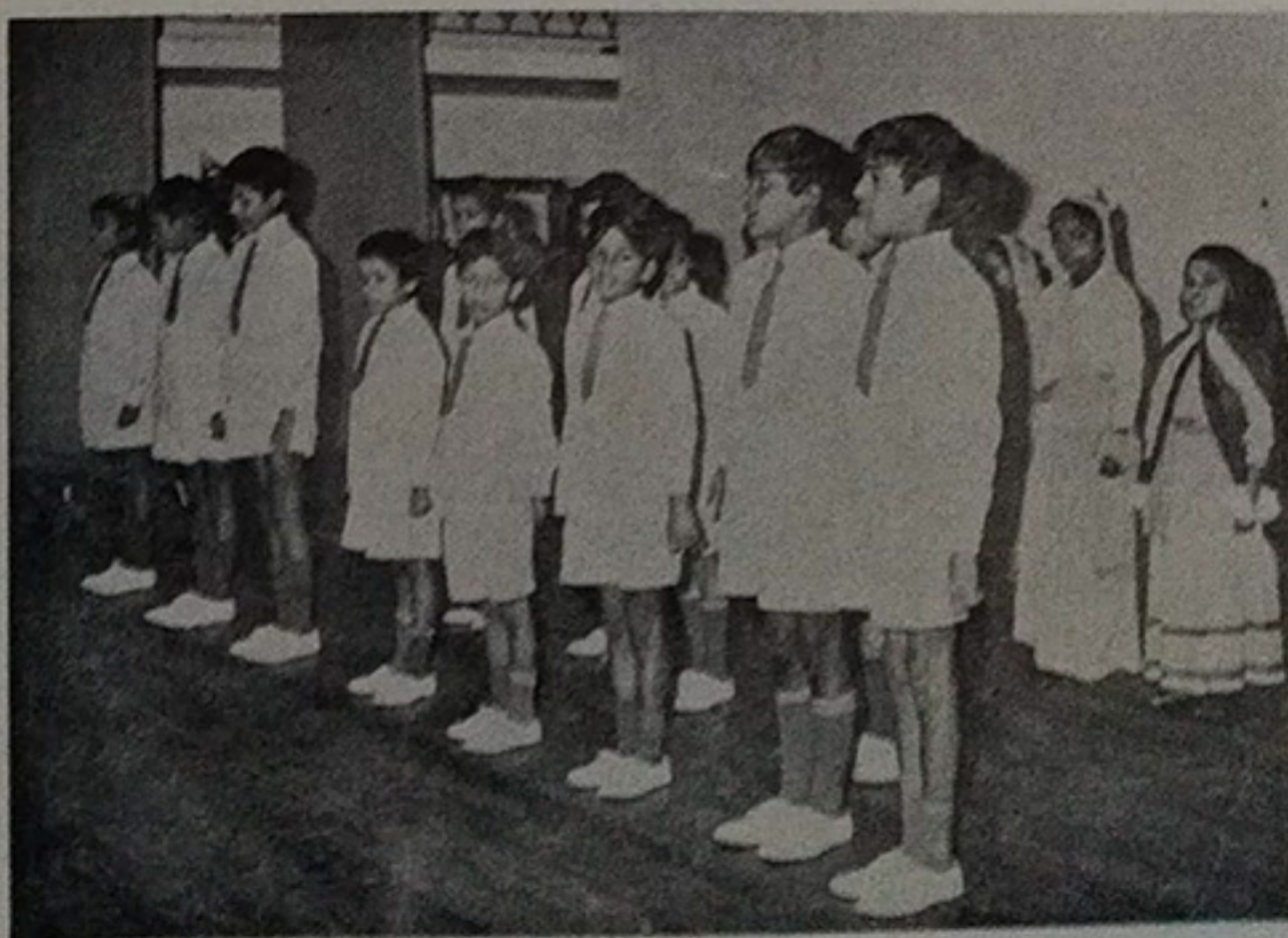
Hiawatha - Class VIII



St. Lawrence's perform
a gay Folk Dance.



Greetings
from
St. Lawrence

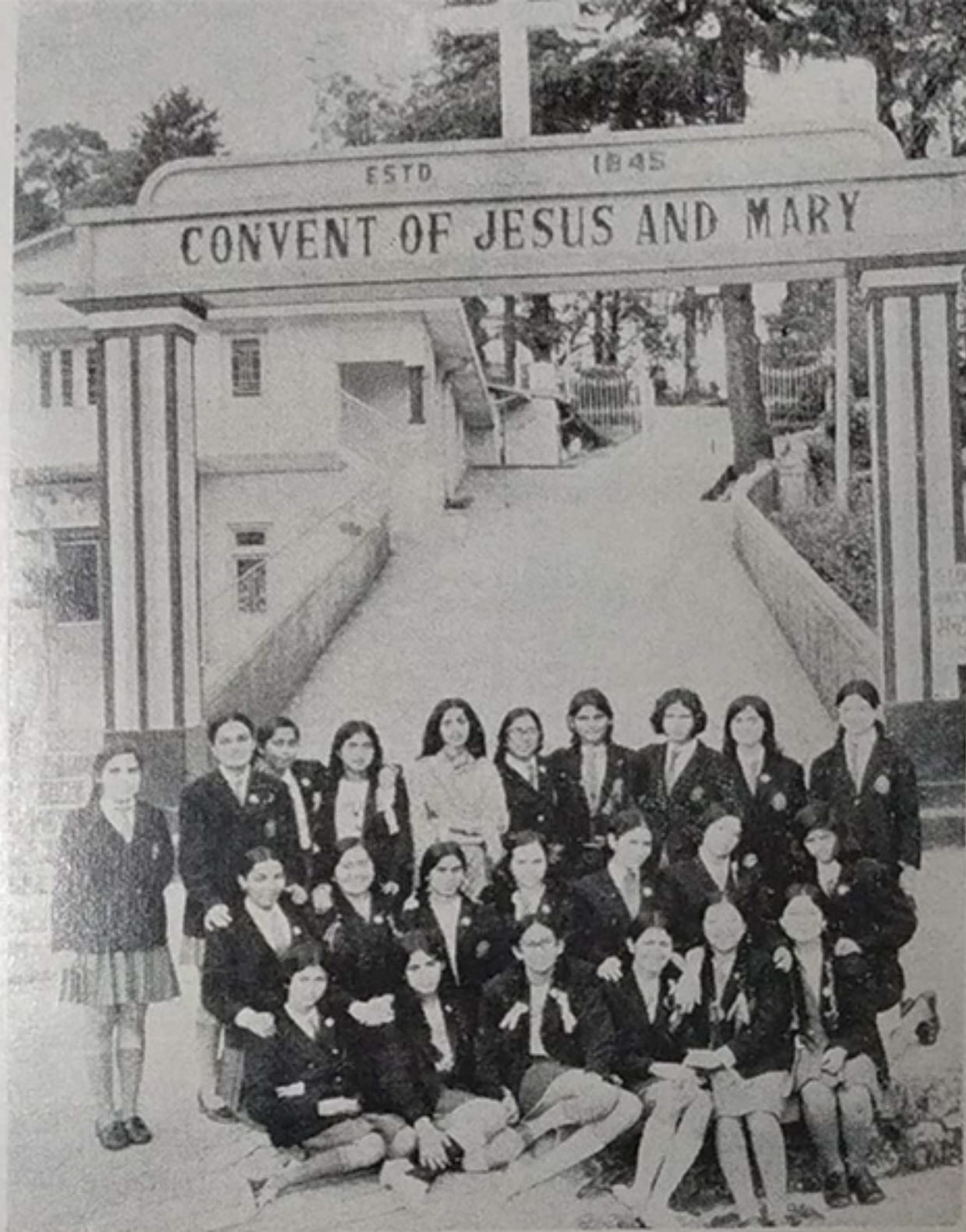




Class XI with Miss B. Rundlett



Class X with Miss Kholi & Mr. Singh



Class IX with Miss Midha



Class VIII with Miss Barua



Class VII with Sr. Gemma



Class VI with Sr. Tara & Miss P. Dias

THE PIXIE



There was once a Pixie,
His name was Mixie.
He was very naughty,
And also haughty.
He always scared chicks,
And also their mother Fix.
Then his mother said he must not,
Till one fine day which was very hot.
Mixie fell ill,
And his friend Jill,
Came to see him.
After he got well,
He yelled,
At his mother's feet,
And said, "I will not scare the chicks
And their mother Fix."



Sharmila Guha
Class IV

AN EARLY MORNING WALK

One Saturday night, I went to bed early and as a result I woke up very early on Sunday morning, even before dawn. The treacherous morning mist still lingered in the atmosphere. Being up so early, I wanted to do something without disturbing the others who were still fast asleep. As I am a lover of tranquility, I decided to go for a romp in the pine woods which are below my house. I dressed hurriedly in the dark as I wanted to be on time to see the sun rise from a clearing in the woods. I snatched up a straw hat from a peg and went out, shutting the back door and the garden gate very silently behind me.

I followed the stony path which led to the pine woods. The green grass which lined it was wet with freshly fallen dew. The mist hung on in the air and, while walking down the steep stony path, I broke myself a staff from a bush to thrash away any branches of the many thorny bushes which obstructed my way. By and by the mist cleared a bit. The stony path ended abruptly as I reached the woods. There were many goat tracks but I followed the one which led to the clearing. Not far from the clearing was a shallow mountain stream. I made my way quickly along the goat track as I wanted to be on time to see the sun rise. Although it was still dark, I could make out the faint outline of the clearing not far away.

Presently I reached the clearing. From behind the pine covered mountains the sun was just rising, filling the sky with mellow beauty. The sun rose like an orange ball. Oh for some poetic ability to put all this into verse! With the rising of the sun, the twittering of the birds rang out in the sky. Then it was fairly bright and all traces of mist had disappeared. After resting among the heather and the daisies which grew in abundance in the clearing, I made my way to the stream.

It was bright then and I enjoyed sitting on the bank of the stream in the tall green grass and watching the merry, colourful dragon-flies flit here and there. The reeds nodded gently in the wind and many a butterfly flitted about. I thought to myself it was time to go back if I wanted to be in time for breakfast. I got up from the rock on which I had been sitting and started climbing the slope, heading towards home. The sun was fairly high in the sky and I was glad of my straw hat which protected me from the strong rays.

Soon I reached a meadow and watched the frisky lambs which were nibbling the short green grass. Not far off was shepherd's log cabin with smoke rising from its chimney and curling upwards towards the sky.

I passed that and was home, just in time for breakfast. I sat eating and dreaming, thinking of the beautiful scenes that I had seen that day.

Sangeeta Bahuguna
Class VIII

A Place I Do Not Like and Which Positively Frightens Me

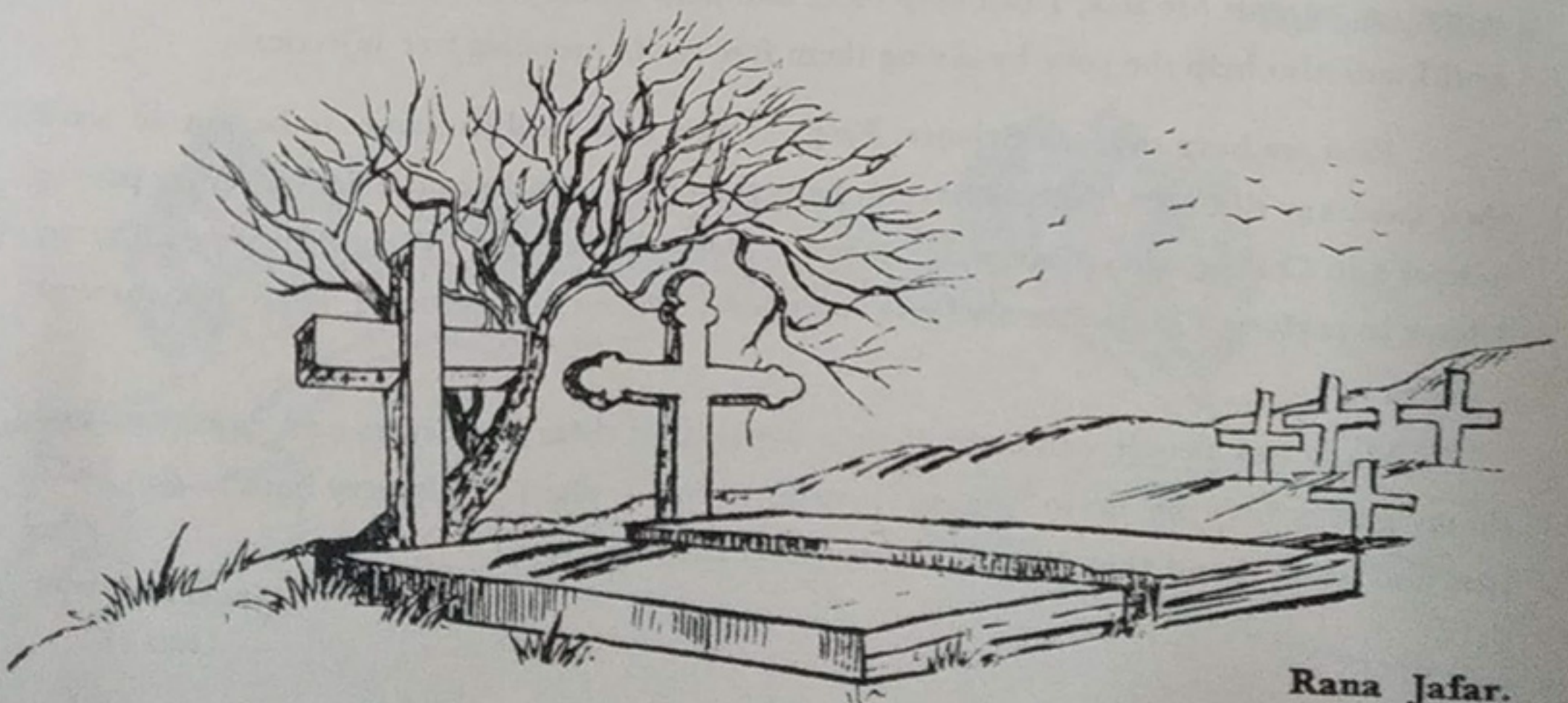
A place which I do not like at all is a graveyard because I get frightened when I see the graves there.

Once when I went to a graveyard with my sisters to pray near my grand-father's grave, I heard a sound as if some dry leaves were being crushed beneath somebody's feet. My sisters heard the rustle of leaves also but we thought that we were just imagining that we heard it. After some time the watchman told us to go because it was becoming quite dark, but we did not listen to him, and we stayed there all night.

After a while, again we heard the same noise as before. We felt very frightened as we saw a white figure moving towards us. As the figure approached we felt as if our hearts had stopped beating. But, we kept up our courage and started praying hard.

We again thought that we were imagining things. The figure had come very close to us. It was fully white. We could not do anything, so we took to our heels as soon as possible. At last we plucked up courage and turned back to see if anything was there, but there was nothing. We did not stop until we reached home safely. I was the eldest so I told the whole story to our mother.

From that time we were very afraid and never even mentioned going there again.



Rana Jafar.
Class VI

A Visit to the Zoo

My parents had promised me that if I stood first in my class, they would take me to the zoo. At last the day came when I stood first and we dressed up and went to the zoo in our car. My sister and I were very excited and as soon as we reached the zoo, we bought our tickets. The first thing we saw was a huge lion. It was eating a big piece of meat. It looked very fierce. Then we saw kangaroos. We threw monkey nuts and they grabbed and ate them. We gave the monkeys bananas. They liked them so much that they were asking for more. Then we saw peacocks. They were dancing beautifully with their open tails. We also saw many other different kinds of birds. An otter was swimming on its back. When we went further on we heard a leopard roaring fiercely. It really frightened me. Suddenly we realised that it was getting dark and that it was time for us to return. Once home, we had our supper and went to sleep.

Michelle Baptist

Class III

When I Grow Up...

I am going to be a Doctor when I grow up. I would like to be a Doctor because when my parents are sick, I can help them and help others too. I can earn a lot of money and I can also help the poor by giving them free medicines and free injections.

First we have to learn Science. Frogs, snakes and rabbits have to be cut to see if they have any disease. Doctors have to be very good in Maths and Science. After passing School and College, they have a six months Doctor's training. When I become a Doctor, I have to perform Operations and give injections. When I operate, I shall have to wear a mask.

Many sick people will come to me. I will give them medicines and injections and do my best to help them to get well soon. Now I shall study very hard so that I will pass and do well and then be able to become a DOCTOR.

Jyoti Baidwan

Class IV

The Project We Worked At...

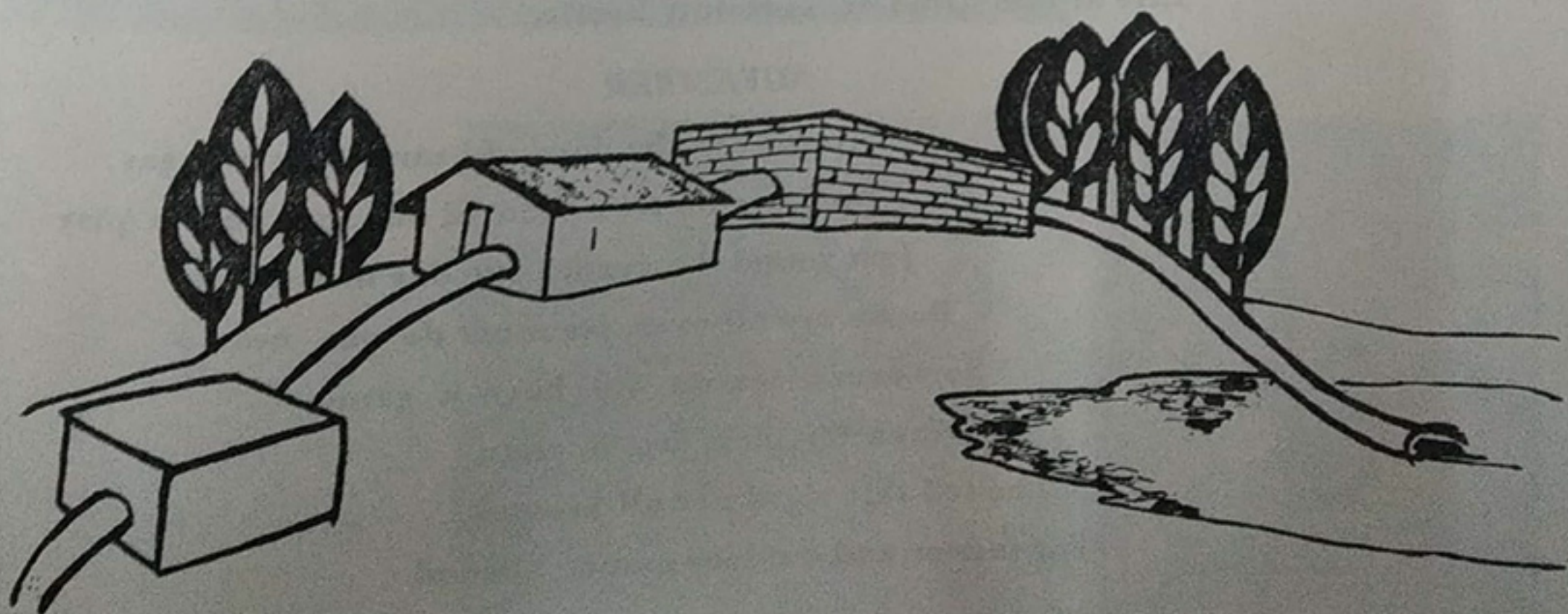
Water Supply

One day in our General Knowledge lesson we learnt about water. We asked our teacher how we get water in our taps. Then our teacher asked us to collect toilet rolls and boxes and we were wondering what we were going to do with them. Our teacher then divided us into groups.

The first group made houses out of boxes, the second group made hills of mud. They had lots of fun bringing the mud from the garden. Some worked at the pumping station, chlorine house and the reservoir. Three girls were given sawdust, they coloured it in three different colours. They were green for the grass, brown for mud, and blue for the water in the lake.

The evening we were putting up the project, we had fun. When the project was ready, every one came to see it. They said it was very nice, and so we were proud about it. Now we know how we get water in our taps.

Harinder Sidhu
Class II



Seasons in the Classroom

MARCH—JUNE

What on earth is that ball doing here ?

Oh, Miss, the Basket Ball matches are near,

Plead the would-be champions of Class Nine,

The season is on since the weather is fine.

Good Lord ! Your classroom is in a bad state.

That's the usual remark about Class Eight.

Tennis, Badminton, Hockey, the lot,

Litters of all this equipment for sport.

JULY—AUGUST

Now the Indoor games are well displayed.

The Monsoons this year are not delayed,

There is no time for us to get bored

What with Monopoly, Scrabble and a Caramboard.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER

Good weather, sunshine and no rain,

Into our class rooms came our spikes again.

This is the time to be jolly and gay

No better season for our annual Sports Day.

Getting up at the crack of dawn,

To jump and sprint across our lawn,

Preparing for the Inter-school athletics—

Life at this time is certainly hectic.

NOVEMBER

Gone are the days of hearts light and gay,

No more do we spend all our free time at play

Just round the corner are our final tests

Books are all over, we must do our best.

For every season we have a game,

In 'Waverley,' this fact is plain.

The tell-tale signs are all around,

For indoor and outdoor games abound.

Art Competition

Class I



Junior School



Middle School





Class V with Miss Gotting



Class IV with Miss Gomes



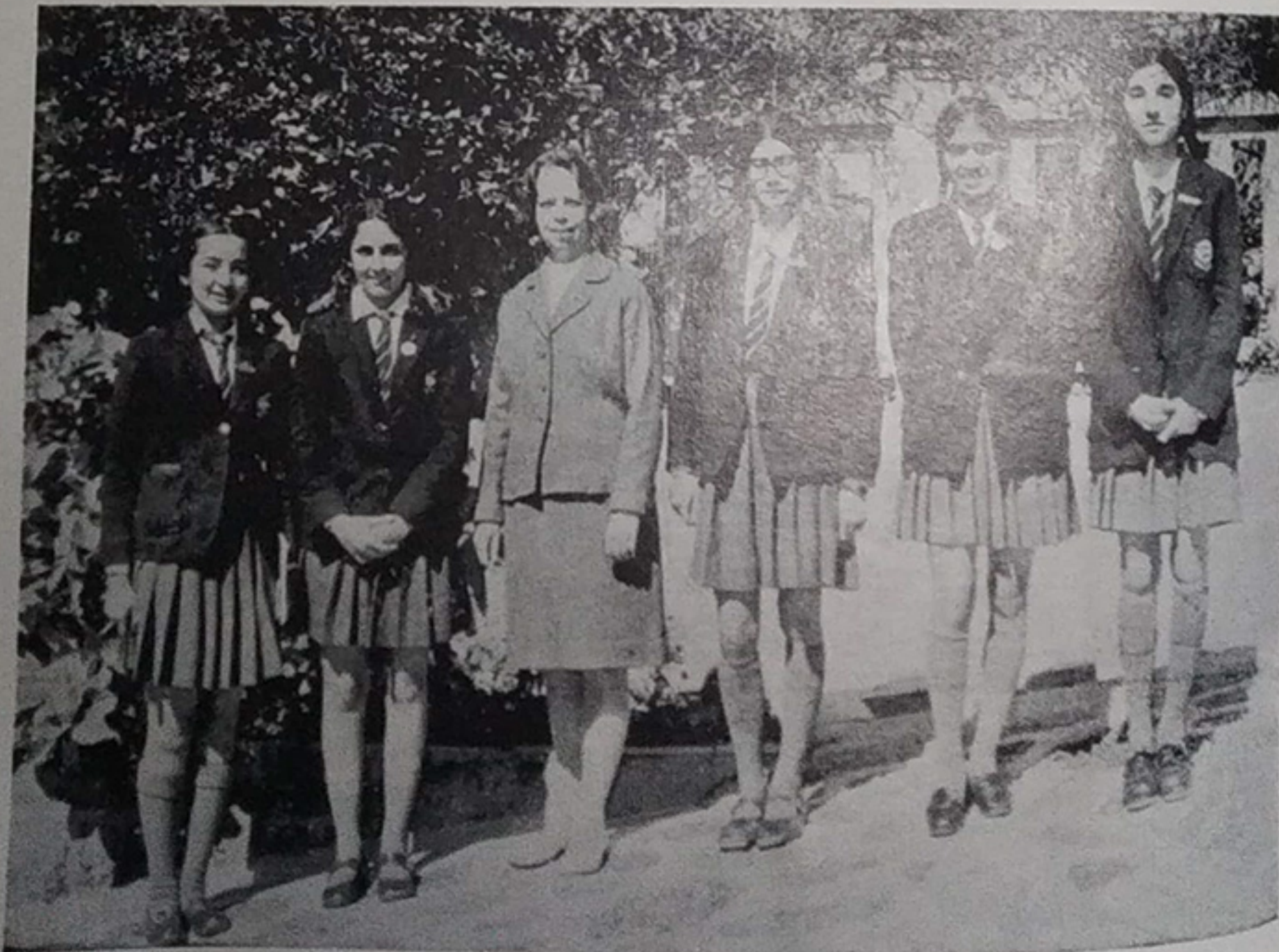
Class III with Miss Fernandes



Class II with Miss D'Souza



Class I with Mendonsa



Miss Rundlett With Captains

Our Work



Class I



Class II



Class III



O u r

Class IV



Class V

W o r k

Class V



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Class VI



Class VII

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Class VIII



Our Work



Our talented Scientist
Reshma P. —Class VIII



In the Staff Room

CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD

My father and I had planned to go camping. At last the great day arrived and we set out on our camping trip to a place near the border of Tibet. We carried our tent and our sleeping bags. I also had my dog Jenny. Next day we went for a walk. A little warmth was given by the sun, which penetrated a thick fog. After a while the sun was hidden and the world below was left in darkness so we could barely see ten feet ahead of us. We had lost sight of our camping spot.

Suddenly great masses of black rain clouds blew across the sky. The rain came lashing down: it was followed by hail and snow. The ground was white. Nothing could be seen ahead and we shivered with the cold. We were not prepared for the weather. The snow was still falling and the mist grew dense. We were in despair. Jenny howled and yelped and we were feeling hungry. As the blizzard continued, our legs became frozen and we did not have much energy left. I hugged Jenny close to me and then she became quiet. No village was anywhere in sight, but there was a big tree a few yards away. We took shelter under the tree and my father and I fell asleep. When we awoke the mist had cleared. It was a clear beautiful day. We soon realized that we were only about fifty yards away from our camp and we were relieved to see it. I had enjoyed this adventure though it was really frightening.



Chandana Lall.

Class VI

School Days Are The Best Days Of One's Life

"As the twig's bent, the tree grows."

This is a well-known adage, the truth of which is proved in the years succeeding school life. The early years of a child's life are of paramount importance. He learns in a good home to adapt himself and accept the changing circumstances of life, but above all he learns to love. All this is possible with the full understanding and co-operation of his parents from his tenderest pre-school days. Furthermore, if there is openness and dialogue between his parents and teachers from his first years in school until he leaves, the many profits accruing have an important impact on him.

Normally the school-going child is little involved in worldly affairs. He is carefree and consequently happy. Loving parents provide him, as far as possible, with whatever he needs. If he is of wealthy parentage he gets a monthly allowance of pocket-money to spend as he will, while another child manifests greater happiness and a keen sense of achievement if the money ear-marked to execute his plans or realize some ambition, is earned "by the sweat of his brow". Later in life one often faces all sorts of difficulties unknown to the average school-goer, who busies himself making new friends or acquiring new and interesting skills which he hopes to use in the future.

Schools are institutions where children, from all strata of society mingle together on terms of equality. Where there is no distinction made with regard to class, race or creed, the pupil is indeed fortunate, as he can fully benefit from intercourse with various people without feelings of tension or fear; thus he enriches himself and grows to his full stature, physically, mentally and morally. Isn't the tiny cosmos of the school-goer, without the barriers above-mentioned, preferable to the complicated world outside where he must play a role later? In his little world, he is free to develop his potentials and thus make of life a happy experience. The prudent, watchful care of school authorities and teachers alike, fully concerned with the many-sided progress of their charges, helps greatly in building up an integrated personality and in moulding character. Such pupils will also respond favourably to this excellent early training. Faults of pupils corrected with understanding and patience soon disappear, thus enabling the pupil to

acquire self-confidence and trust in others. The school - teacher, in co-operation with the parent, leaves an indelible stamp on the child's character, giving him a dream for the future and a sense of reality to capture that dream. Such dreams shape themselves, especially in teenage years, and if encouraged and directed by wise teachers the pupil concerned can and will accomplish great things.

What a contrast too exists between the innocent fun enjoyed by school-goers and the pleasures of the sophisticated adult, who feels the heavy burden of responsibilities weighing on his shoulders. How the latter longs at times to recall his carefree school days !

It may be truthfully said that a good formation in school prepares a child to take his place in society. School functions which include organised games, debates and fetes bring children together, give them sympathetic attitudes, an understanding of each others problems; they also cement valuable friendships, which sometimes endure throughout life. These young people find it easier to communicate with and be joyful in each other's company, for ties of convention and orthodoxy are absent. Adults must submit to society's oppressive demands of tradition and class consciousness.

A school is not only an institution for study, but it is above all a place for all-round formation. In school, children participate freely in games and athletics wholly unmindful of posture or physical appearance.

How many college students, and even men and women who have spent some successful years in business and other careers look back with pride mingled with nostalgia to their Alma Mater, the institution of their own and of their parents' choice.

I, who am about to leave school shortly, cannot imagine any other life style more attractive and valuable than my carefree, enjoyable formative years usefully spent in a boarding school of the lovely hill station, Mussoorie.

Amita Bajpai
Class XI



Our First Experience in an "L. T. S. Camp"

The 7th of April 1975 was a memorable day for us "L. T. S. ers". Class IX and XI, ready with blankets and over night bags, walked down the "Waverley slope" to the "Dehra House" where we were to attend lectures by Rev. Father Wirth S. J., the Father of "L. T. S." in "Waverley."

The "L.T.S." group in our convent school includes only 2 classes at present. We hope and pray that the torch of service, that was lit in our hearts in 1974, will be carried on by Class IX and it is hoped that other classes, led by our example, will keep this praiseworthy torch burning brightly and so be an inspiration to many faltering on life's way.

On that memorable morning, we took an hour or so to settle down, and arrange the room as required. Soon we gathered around our guide for the first talk. Father spoke on friendship. Obviously this was the most important topic for us, school children. In the course of the talk, he made us realize that friendship is to be based on faith in individuals, on respect and love for the person. We were also made to understand that a friendship based on material advantages accruing from it, was fleeting and worthless. Lunch time found the new "L. T. S." members, reserved and rather unwilling to open up to one another. Over a meal of rice and curry, we tried to break the ice between us. Later we ourselves washed the dishes, splashing water on each other, until we finally got a scolding. The fun we had together soon made us at ease with one another.

The talk after lunch became very interesting, as by this time everyone present became involved in the discussion that arose. We spoke about lawlessness, with special reference to student riots and disobedience. We discussed the growing problems that arise from taking drugs, and the ever-growing menace of juvenile delinquency. It was with great difficulty that we tore ourselves away from the discussion, for it was one that had made us aware of our own country's problems.

Recreation was a most absorbing affair. We were divided into four groups, and thus we organised variety shows. There were dumb charades, modelling shows, skits and various other games. These were followed by a prayer service, organized by our group. It was a silent gathering where each one spoke silently to God, some even shared their thoughts aloud. Father Wirth gave the service a serious aspect, impressing on us the importance of purity of life. It was the first time that I truly felt the existence of God, so real

and close to me. We sang "Bhajans" and "Hymns," forgetting that we belonged to different religions. Later that night we went to bed, tired but happy after an eventful day.

The next day followed the pattern of the previous one. The topic for the day was study in relation to Leadership. We were given various case studies, and by the answers given, our characters were evaluated. The meals and recreation were as enjoyable as they had been the previous day.

On the third and last day, Father focused our attention on the supreme importance of prayer. He asked us to believe in the power of prayer as a beneficent and transforming influence on character. He said: "Pray, so that God enters you with every intake of fresh air, and sin goes out every time you exhale."

That afternoon we put up a show displaying the "L.T.S." spirit, with various "character" dances and skits that portrayed a fight against evil. At the end of the programme, we received our "L. T. S." badges, and took the oath to be good "L. T. S." members. At night we spoke about each others faults and good traits of character. It was a touching gathering and Father spoke to the girls in public and also in private about their various problems.

It was with sorrow in our hearts and tears in our eyes, that we climbed the slope leading us away from the house that had irresistibly drawn us closer to God, and to one another. Now the difficult task of spreading the spirit of leadership is incumbent upon us, but we know that we can rely on God, who is only too eager to help us.

We thank Father Wirth for guiding us and directing us on the right path. Our special thanks also goes to Sisters Tara and Patricia, and to Miss P. Dias, who are now guiding us in the absence of Father Wirth. "L. T. S." is a task assigned to us seniors and to all "L. T. S. ers" and we must carry out our duties with great loyalty and perseverance.

"FOR GOD AND COUNTRY".

Amita Bajpai
I. S. C.



A Visit to Dhanolty

Early on Saturday morning, on the 11th October the Sister-in-charge awakened us. We had just finished our October tests and were enjoying a well-earned long sleep after a week of really concentrated study. We were therefore naturally reluctant to get out of bed, but when Sister Bernadette pronounced the magic word "Dhanolty," all of us immediately sprang out of bed.

The key note of our excited chatter reached such a pitch that sister we feared must have been almost deafened by the din we made in our anticipation of the joys of camping out for two whole days!

By nine o'clock we were ready to leave. All of us strapped our blankets and other belongings to our backs and soon, we looked like experienced hikers. We walked for about two miles, and as we passed through a town every head there turned to look at us. All this notice we received went to our heads like wine, and so we wanted to boast to everybody that we were going to camp out. It was fun to be the centre of attraction, and to be subjected to some speculation and even curious stares.

We reached Dhanolty in the afternoon, for we had taken a truck to negotiate this drive up to greater altitudes, otherwise we would probably have reached there in the late afternoon. It was quite a novelty and really exhilarating to adopt this mode of travel, for we had never before experienced travel by truck! We swayed from side to side, and bumped and jostled each other. It was good to rough it, and we all felt that this was a fitting introduction to camp life, which we would so soon embark upon, and which we thought would help to prepare us for life in the world later.

At Dhanolty, three rooms with a toilet attached, were placed at the disposal of us, forty people in all. The accommodation and the arrangements made, must have taught each one of us important lessons of self-sacrifice and of give and take.

After lunch, we decided to visit a temple in Surkhanda, which was seven miles away. All of us showed a willingness and even a determination to visit and to pray in this temple. We had not realized how far away it was till our legs felt like wood, and yet our teacher and guide told us that we were as yet only half way. We felt we could have collapsed from sheer exhaustion, but we doggedly walked until we finally reached the place destined.

The temple was however situated on top of a steep hill. It was supposed to be the highest peak in that area, and naturally we recoiled at the idea of climbing this prominence. Miss Kholi however continually encouraged us, to make the required effort, and so we began the rather tedious climb.

There is no word nor phrase that can aptly be used in describing that climb. It was an experience we would not easily forget. The path was steep and difficult to negotiate. We were practically obliged to go on our hands and knees! We puffed and panted, we groaned and moaned, but still we persevered. After the lapse of an hour, we finally mana-

ged to reach the top, and felt greatly satisfied that we had finally achieved our goal in reaching the summit.

The temple itself was extremely small and it was nothing much to look at. However that was of little consequence to us then, as we had at least a sense of achievement in reaching the top.

The downward journey was less arduous. We took some short cuts across the pathways, and so climbed down the hill more easily. It was great fun to see our companions so frightened to take the first steps of the descent. They clung to the jagged edges of the rocks and called out for help.

Finally when we reached our little cottage, we were so ravenous that we could have eaten a horse !

That night we built a big bonfire and danced and sang and told ghost stories to our hearts' content. We were sitting in the clearing, and the woods looked very dark and mysterious behind us. We could hear the winds gently sighing among the pines; and suddenly we thought we heard a faint wail. We were nervous, but none wanted to admit this, and so we all pretended that it was quite cold, and shifted closer to the fire and to each other !

That night we could not get much sleep. The ground was extremely hard and we had mistakenly taken only one blanket each! In the beginning of the night, we had all assured Sr. Tara & Miss Kholi that we felt perfectly comfortable and would not feel the cold. However as the night wore on our teeth began to chatter, and there was much wrapping of blankets as close to our bodies as possible to keep ourselves warm. In the middle of the night, we suddenly got up and began to giggle. Some of our class X & class XI girls were sleeping in the same room, and we thoroughly enjoyed each other's company as one would expect. We put our transistors into action, and enjoyed ourselves telling each other jokes and making eerie noises !

The next morning, we cooked our own breakfast, and heartily enjoyed ourselves doing so. We quite succeeded in this first attempt in cookery and were quite proud of this feat, although the potatoes were rather raw and therefore unpalatable.

After lunch, we left for school by truck ! When we reached the town we acted as though we had walked right from Dhanolty. It pleased us one and all, to give on-lookers this impression. We dragged our feet somewhat, and pulled a face as though we were ready to drop with fatigue at any moment ! Again we received curious looks from passers-by and this encouraged us to exaggerate our little act. On the whole we were quite successful in arousing people's curiosity and many rather amusing comments were heard by the tired looking group of teenagers who acted well this role.

Finally, we reached school, and when we saw our comfortable beds again we recalled our camp accomodation where we roughed it so much, and wistfully wished, that we were back there again !

Class X

Dancing is an Interpretation of Life

Caught in a posture of the dance, the beautiful lady expresses her emotion and feelings. Her every move, every turn of that proud black head, every flicker of the shaded and heavy eyelashes, every graceful sway of that agile body reaches out to us. It captures, holds and enraptures our hearts.

It tingles our senses and urges us to respond to that emotional tangle reaching out, trying to draw us, to engulf us in a pool of varying emotions.

Just as an artist responds to the beauty of the sunset scene in front of him and paints a beautiful picture, so does the dancer respond to the emotional complications of the various measures she performs. She conveys those messages through the various postures and intricacies of the movements of her dance.

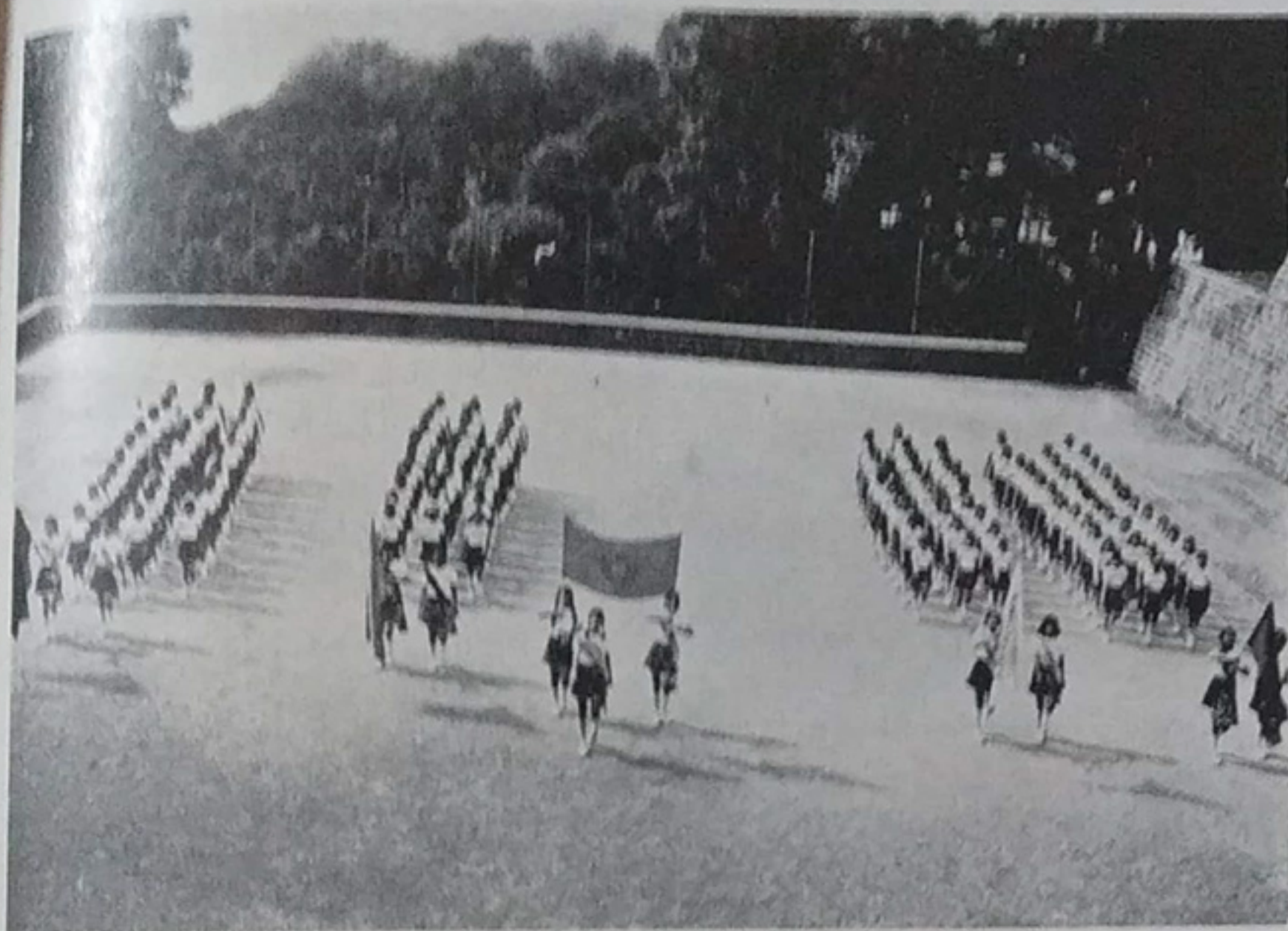
A good dancer is able to convey to her audience the various emotions of hate, love, joy, happiness, sorrow or despair. She involves her audience in her dance, and urges them to respond to the varying expressions of grace and body.

She is able to convey the message of agony by writhing her agile body and by controlling her serene countenance. She is able to convey love, happiness and joy by changing her postures, her expressions and her style.

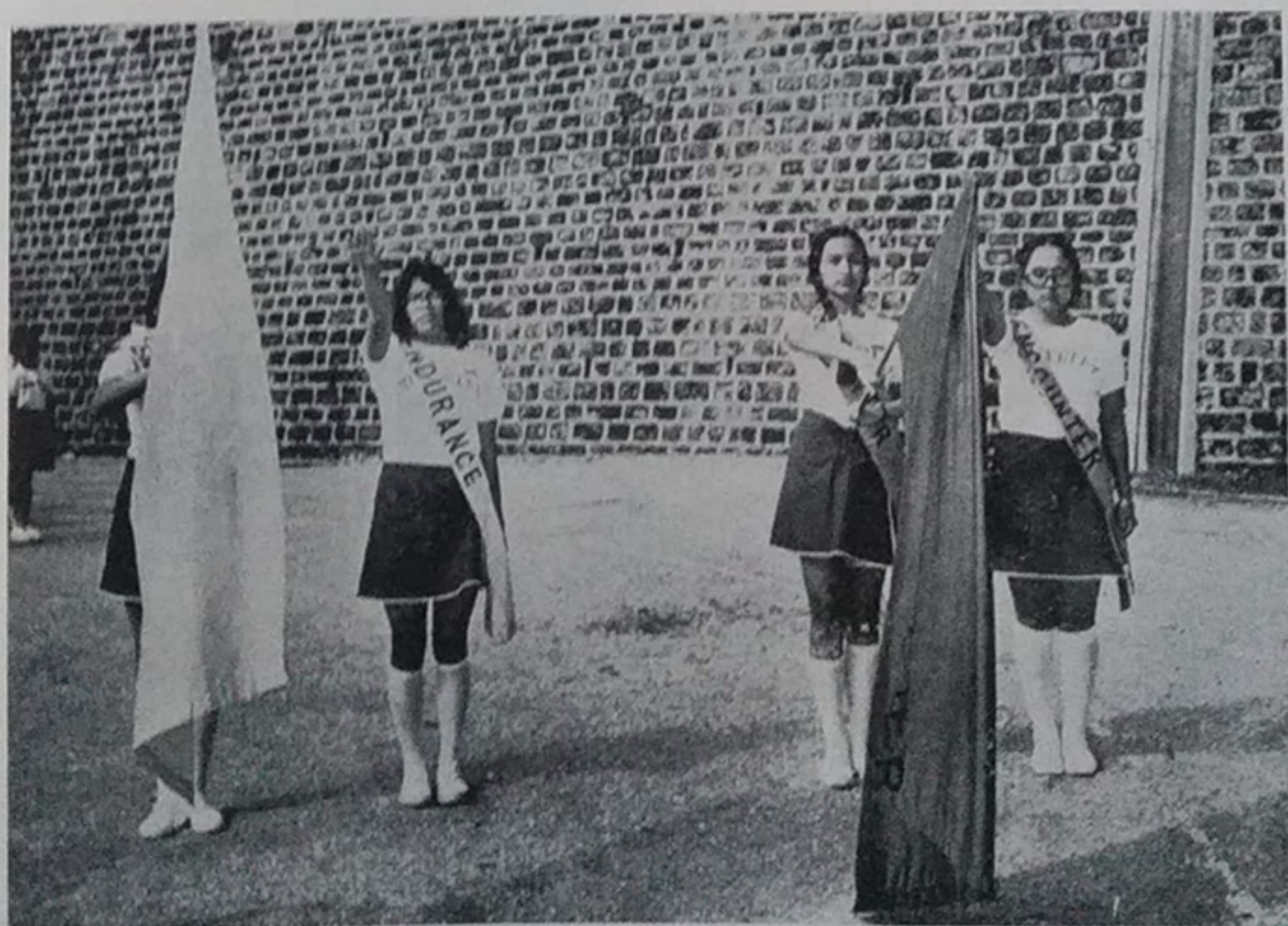
So dancing too is a creative art and it holds a position of importance since it is used in all countries of the world.

Kirandip Narula
Class X

S P O R T S



March Past



The Solemn Oath

D
A
Y

CHAMPIONS ALL



Hockey Team



Tennis Team



Basket Ball Team



CHAMPIONS ALL

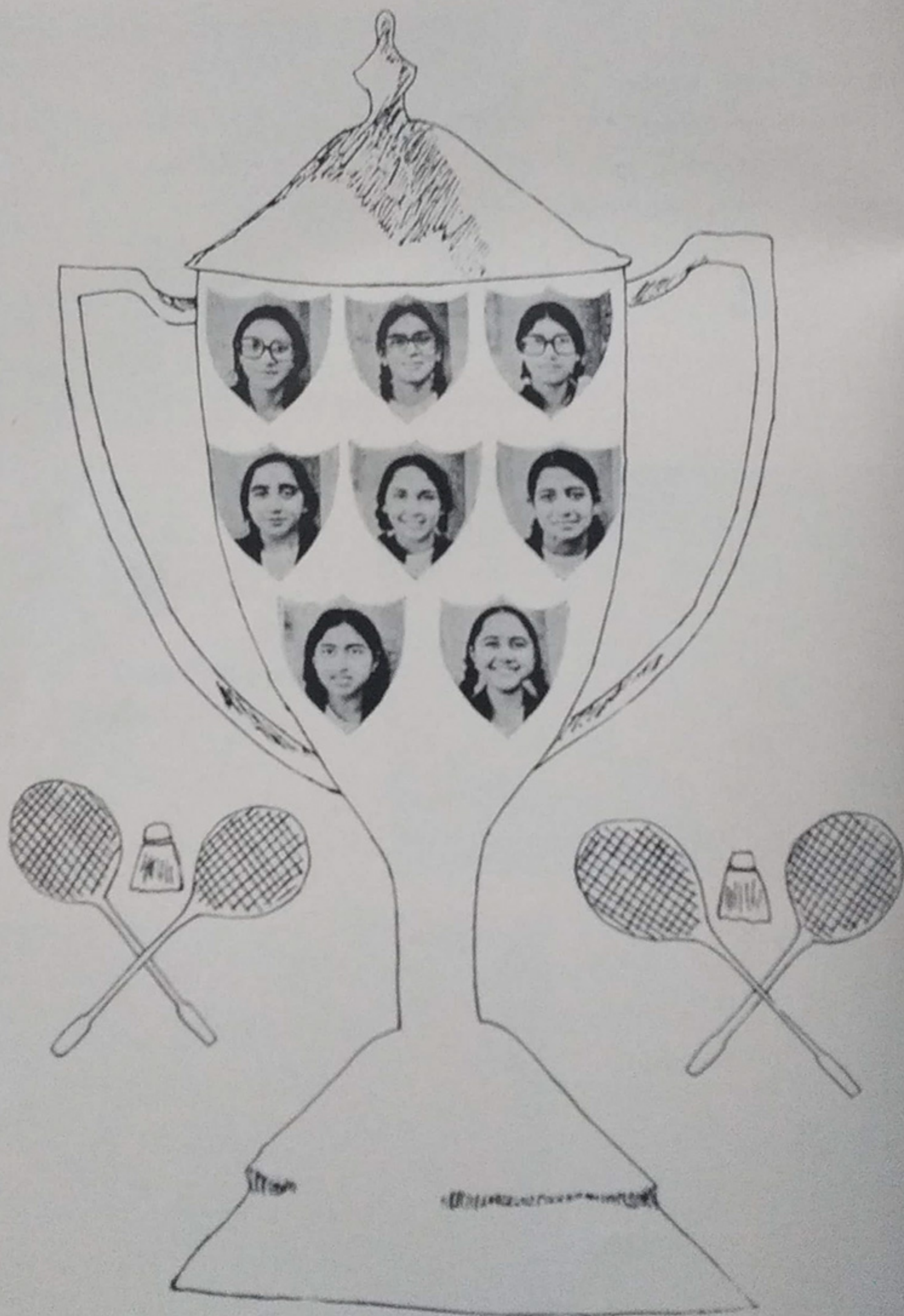
Wing Commander Kapoor
presents the Senior
Championship to
Immaculata Mendes



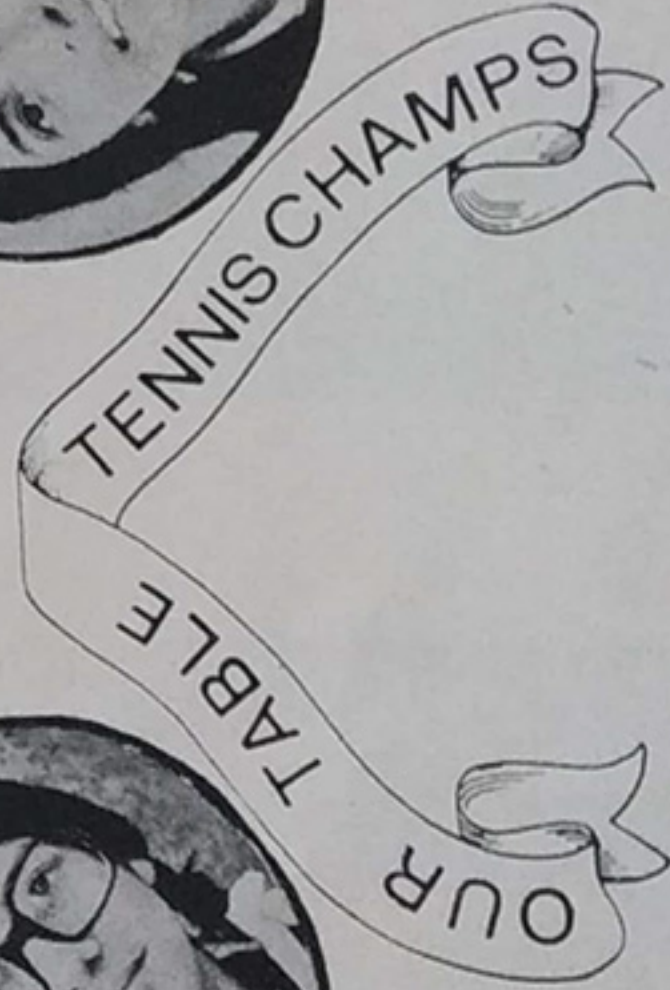
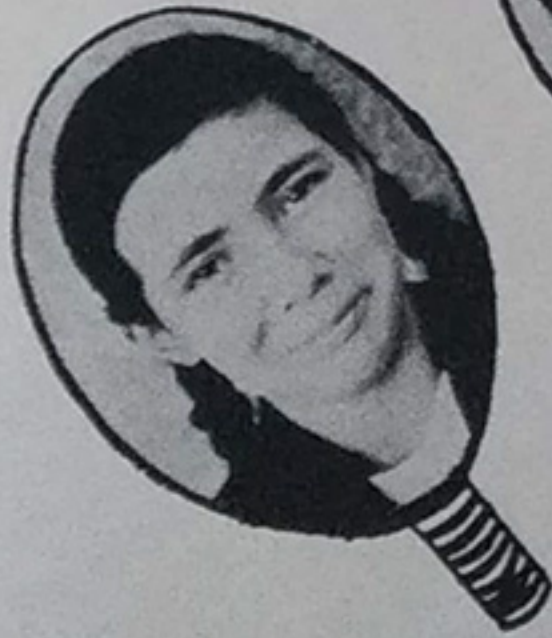
Feeding the Baby—
Class I



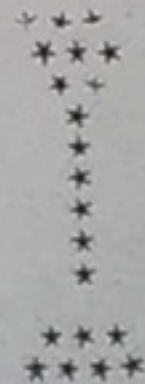
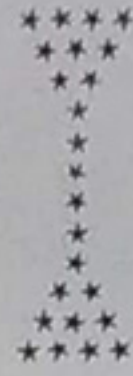
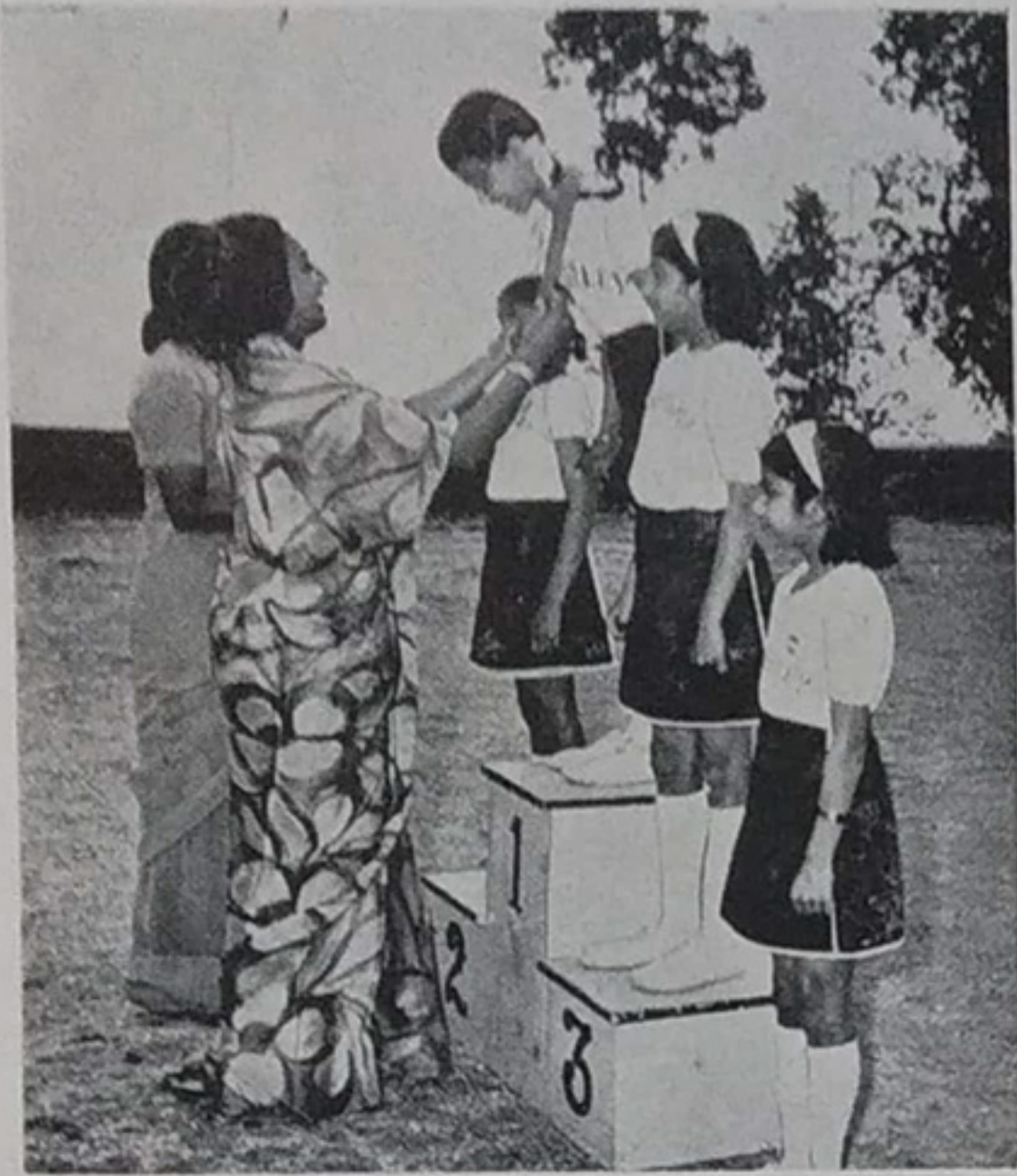
CHAMPIONS ALL

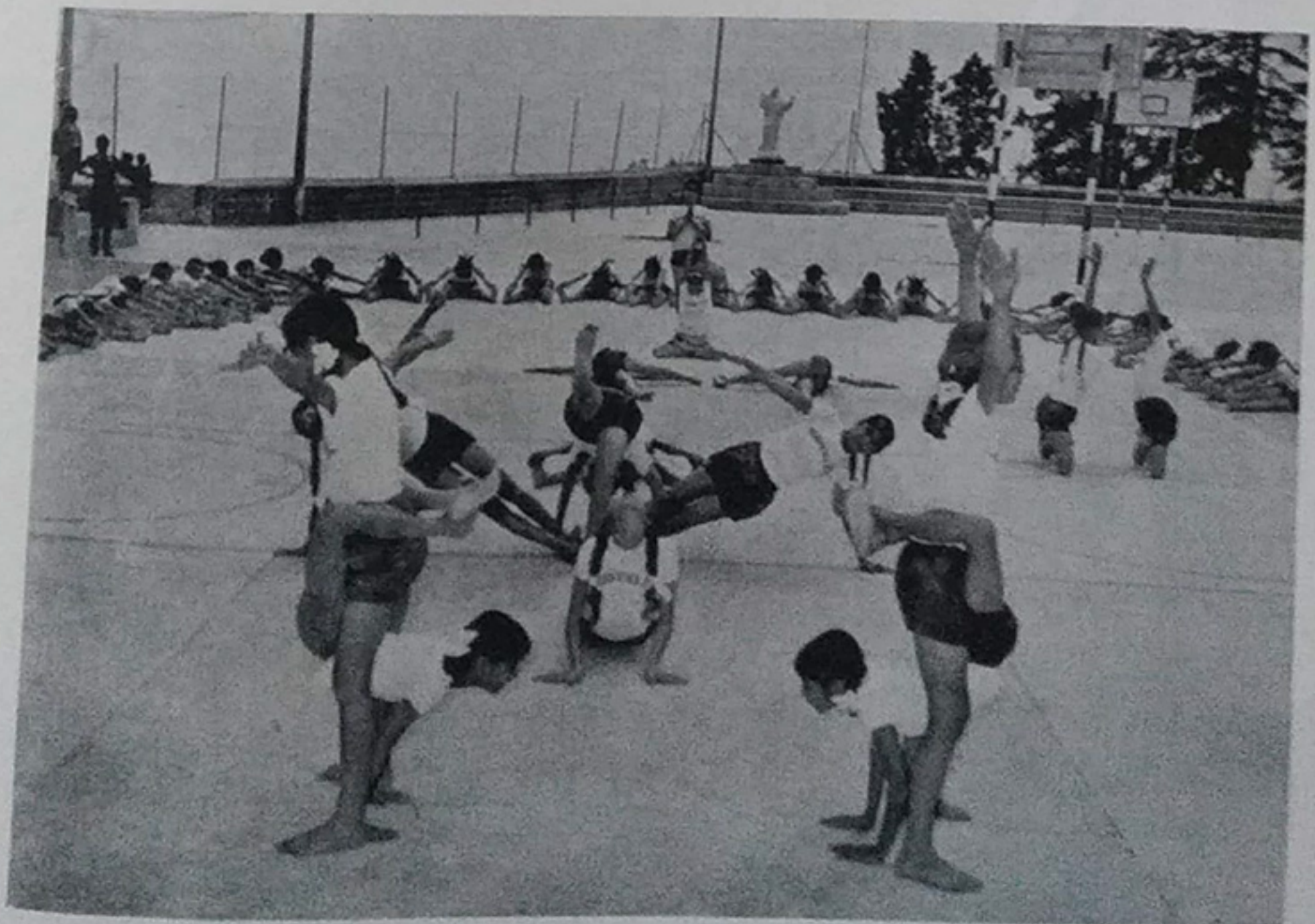


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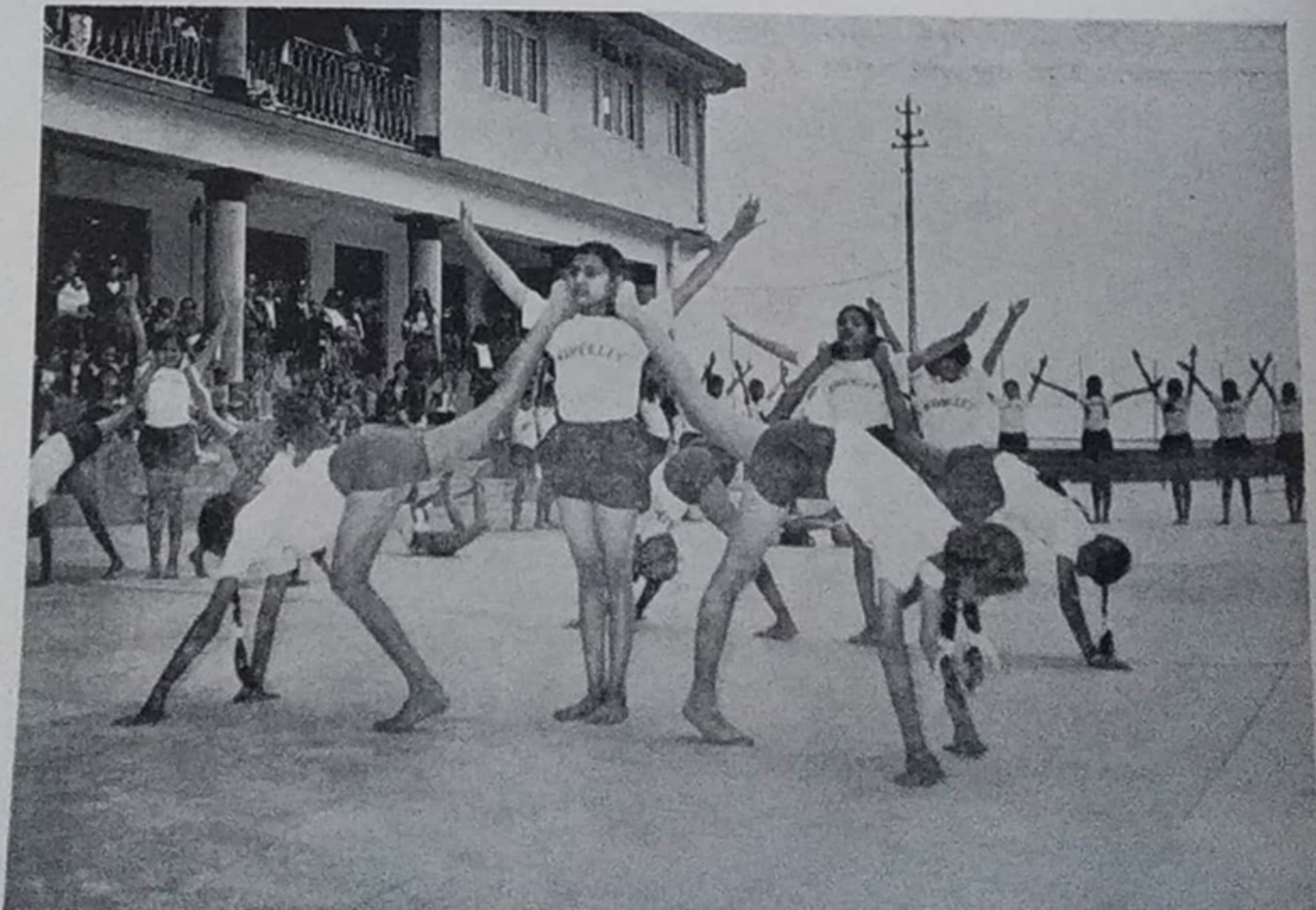
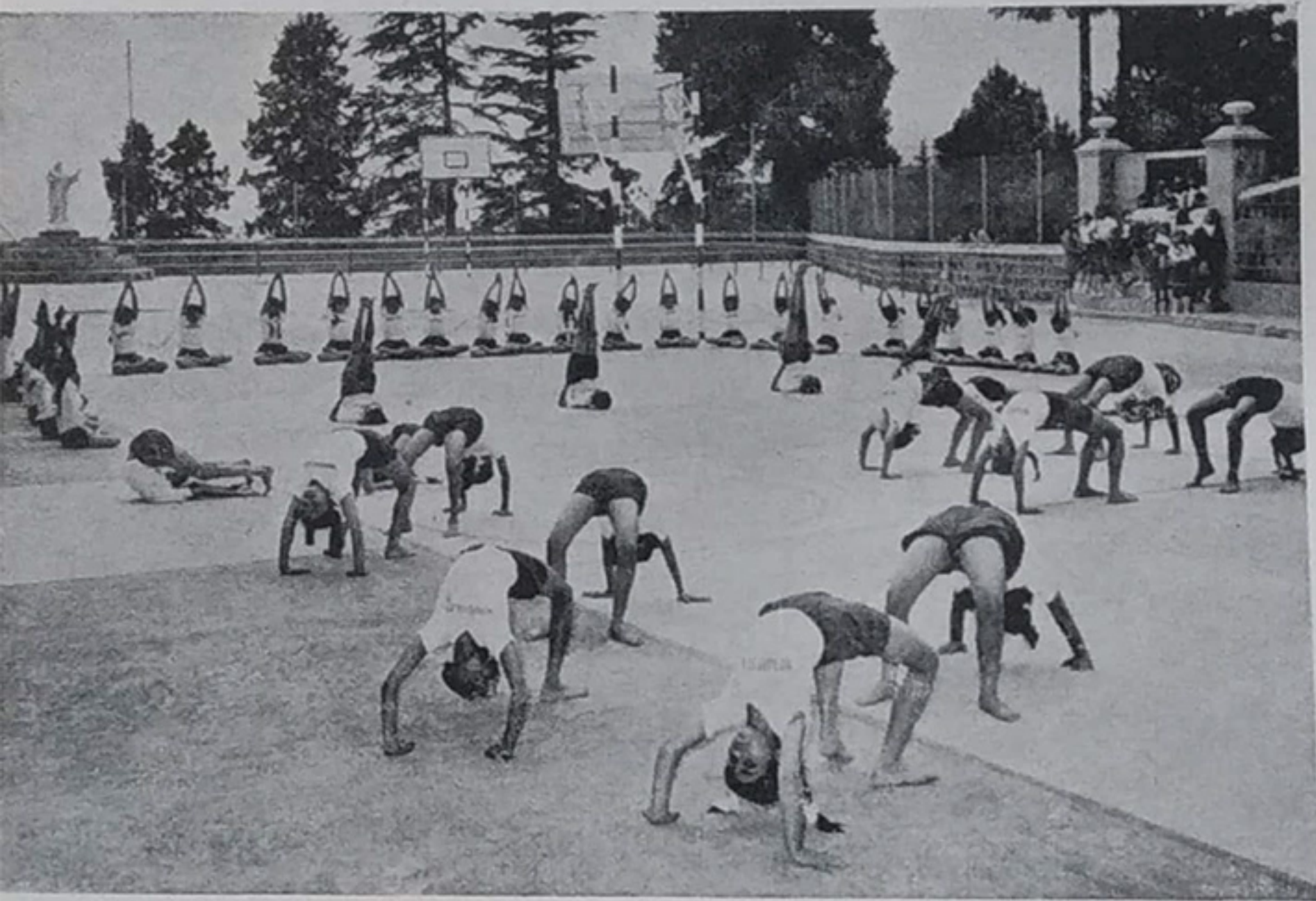


CHAMPIONS ALL





Y-O-G-A





हिन्दी-विभाग

“रेल-यात्रा में मेरा हमसफर”

यह घटना उस समय की है जब मैं कृष्णनगर में पोस्ट-मास्टर था। मुझे इस पद पर नियुक्त हुए अभी कुछ ही दिन हुए थे। यह पहला अवसर था जब मैं घर से बाहर गया अतः मैं हर शनिवार को, अपने माता-पिता से मिलने कलकत्ता चला जाता। मैं अक्सर रात को ग्यारह बजे की ट्रेन से जाता।

एक दिन पोस्ट - ऑफिस में काम करते मुझे काफी देर हो गई। घड़ी देखी तो ग्यारह बजने में कुछ ही मिनट बाकी थे और मुझे ग्यारह बजे की ट्रेन पकड़नी थी। मैं तेजी से डग भरता हुआ स्टेशन की ओर चल पड़ा। देखा, तो ट्रेन चल पड़ी थी। जल्दी में सामने जो भी कम्पार्टमेंट आया, मैं उसी में चढ़ गया। चढ़ते समय तो कम्पार्टमेंट खाली सा लगा लेकिन बैठने पर पता चला कि मेरे ठीक सामने, ऊपर वाली बर्थ पर एक व्यक्ति बैठा एकटक मुझे घूर रहा था। मैं चुपचाप बैठा अपनी पुस्तक पढ़ने लगा।

बाहर घना अन्धेरा था और सिवाय ट्रेन की आवाज के और कोई भी आवाज सुनाई नहीं देती थी। लगता था ट्रेन में दूसरे कम्पार्टमेंट में जो थोड़े बहुत व्यक्ति थे, सब सो चुके थे। मैंने पुस्तक से आँखें ऊपर उठाई तो देखा कि वह व्यक्ति काफी हिल रहा था। उसकी आँखें भी लाल और बड़ी-बड़ी लग रही थीं। मैंने सोचा कि इस से बात करूँ, लेकिन इसकी आवश्यकता न समझ, मैं पुनः पुस्तक में लीन हो गया। मुझे ऐसे लगा मानो वह व्यक्ति मेरी ओर देख कर हंस रहा था। सिर में कुछ चक्कर सा आ रहा था इसलिए मैं आँखें बन्द किए चुपचाप बैठा रहा।

कुछ देर बाद, एक छोटे से स्टेशन पर गाड़ी रुकी तो कुछ लोग, लाठी, लालटेन लेकर आये और जोर-जोर से चिल्लाने लगे, “हमारा शव कहाँ है” ? और उस आदमी को उठा कर ले गए !

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प्रकृति मुकरज

कक्षा-५



## “मंजिल की ओर”

अन्धकार भरे आकाश में,  
मैं अपनी आशाओं के सितारों को खोजती रही ।  
हृदय में दर्द को छुपाए,  
मैं यहाँ से वहाँ भटकती रही ।  
बदन पर एक मधुर मुस्कान खेलती रही,  
पर मेरा मन एक भरने के समान सिसकता रहा ।  
लेकिन आँखों तक वह दर्द न पहुँच सका,  
ना ही मन की सिसकियाँ गले से आगे तक बढ़ सकी ।  
मैं अन्दर ही अन्दर घुटती रही,  
किसी ने मेरी घुटन नहीं भाँपी ।  
मुस्कान को लोग खुश किस्मती समझते रहे,  
लेकिन किसी ने मेरी बदकिस्मती नहीं समझी ।  
मैं सच्चे प्यार की खोज में दर दर भटकती रही,  
और दर दर की ठोकरें खाती रही ।  
हर वक्त मुझे अपनी मंजिल दूर नज़र आती रही,  
और मैं उसकी तरफ डगमगाते कदमों से बढ़ती रही ।  
किसी ने मेरा हाथ थाम कर मुझे सहारा नहीं दिया,  
और मैं यों ही मंजिल की राह पर चलती रही ।

अंजुलिका शर्मा

कक्षा-१०



## नीलपरी

एक दिन मैंने एक कहानी पढ़ी जिसका नाम था 'नीलपरी'। नीलपरी बहुत सुन्दर थी और नीले रंग के कपड़े पहनती थी। उस कहानी को पढ़ते-पढ़ते मैं सो गई। अचानक मुझे लगा कि मैं एक बहुत सुन्दर बाग में हूँ और वह सुन्दर नीलपरी मेरे सामने खड़ी है। उसकी आँखें नीली थीं और कपड़े हीरे-मोती से चमक रहे थे। उसने अपनी जादू की छड़ी घुमाई और मैं भी उसके साथ उड़ चली। मैं नीलपरी से मिलकर बेहद खुश थी। अचानक मुझे लगा कि कोई मुझे हिला रहा है और थोड़ी ही देर में मेरी आँख खुल गई। हाय ! मेरी नीलपरी नहीं वह तो मेरी मम्मी थी जो मुझे जगा रही थी, कह रही थी जल्दी उठो नहीं तो स्कूल को देर हो जाएगी...। तब मुझे पता चला कि मेरी नीलपरी मेरे सपनों में आई थी।



प्राची त्रिपाठी  
कक्षा-३



# समाज-सेवा

हर व्यक्ति समाज का एक अंग है। जब मनुष्य कोई कार्य समाज के हित में करता है तो उसे समाज-सेवा कहते हैं। यदि किसी एक व्यक्ति की भी सहायता कर दी गई तो वह समाज सेवा ही है। मतलब यह कि चाहे समूह रूप में काम किया जाय या व्यक्तिगत रूप से, यदि वह समाज के हित में है तो वह समाज-सेवा ही होगी।

तात्पर्य यह है कि वह काम जो बिना गर्ज या इनाम के लालच से किया जाय वह समाज सेवा ही है। बाढ़ में फंसे लोगों को बचाना, भूकम्प ग्रस्त लोगों की सहायता करना, चेचक तथा अन्य बीमारियों के मरीजों की सेवा करना, गाँव या शहर में सड़क बनाने का काम करना या किसी बंजर इलाके में नहर निकालना ---- यह सभी समाज सेवा के अलग-अलग रूप हैं।

समाज सेवा से यदि एक तरफ हम समाज की उन्नति या भलाई में प्रोत्साहन देते हैं तो दूसरी ओर आपसी प्रेम व सद्भावना भी बढ़ाते हैं। भेद-भाव से दूर हम एक ऐसे समाज का निर्माण करते हैं जिसमें परस्पर विश्वास की जड़े दृढ़ होती हैं। जब भी हम समाज सेवा के लिए कदम बढ़ाते हैं तो हम में एक विचित्र लगन व उत्साह पैदा हो जाता है। दूसरों के जीवन में जरा सी खुशी ला देने पर हमें कितना सुख मिलता है इसका वर्णन नहीं किया जा सकता। इसके साथ ही हम समाज व देश के उत्थान में सहयोग प्रदान करते हैं।

अरीबा

दाविंदर

कक्षा-११



## हमारी कक्षा --- ८

कक्षा हमारी है सब से शतान,  
करती है हमेशा सब को परेशान ।  
संगीता और अल्पना को तो बस हँसना ही आता,  
काम न दूजा करना आता ।  
वन्दना तो है पूरी कवयित्री,  
परन्तु पढ़ने वाली है सावित्री ।  
रेशमा करती है हमेशा अपना काम,  
पर शैतानी में आता है उसका पहला नाम ।  
रूबी और नरिन्दर की सुन्दरता का क्या कहना,  
उनकी सुन्दरता के सामने फीका पड़ जाता है गहना ।  
कक्षा में हमारी, दो हैं परमजीत,  
एक की हिसाब में, दूसरी की खेल में होती है जीत ।  
सीता में भरा है बहुत ही ओज,  
धाक जमाती है प्रीति पर हर रोज ।  
विज्ञान में तेज हैं नीना और ऐन,  
पर मिस कोहली का पीरियड समाप्त होते ही  
उन्हें आता है चैन ।  
मरीया और सुल्ट्रीम का काम है चित्र बनाना,  
और अपनी कला से अपनी कापियों को सजाना ।  
हमारी कक्षा में दो हैं रविन्दर,  
जो मदद करने को हमेशा रहती हैं तत्पर ।  
रतन, सुनीला और सीमा तो आई हैं नई,  
हम कैसे जानें उनके बारे में, बतलाइये तो सही?  
और तो हैं हम सारे डइडू,  
पढ़ाई लिखाई सब में निखटू ।

प्रीति बोहरा

कक्षा-८



## “अनोखी राखी”

नीरा बहुत खुश थी—उसे एक बहुत बड़े और अच्छे ‘हामीदिया कॉलेज’ में जगह मिल गई थी। खुश होने की बात ही थी क्योंकि इस शानदार विद्यालय में लड़के लड़कियों को बड़ी मुश्किल से जगह मिलती थी। कॉलेज में शुरू के दिन मजे में गुजरे और जल्दी ही एक महीना बीत गया। नीरा को अपनी नई सहेलियों के बीच ऐसा लगने लगा जैसे वह हमेशा से ही वहाँ पढ़ती आई हो।

अशोक उसी के कॉलेज का एक छात्र था और अपने लखपति पिता का इकलौता बेटा था। माता-पिता के लाड से इतना बिगड़ गया था कि वह हर अच्छी चीज़ को प्राप्त करना चाहता था और पसन्द आई हुई चीज़ को हमेशा किसी न किसी तरह प्राप्त कर के ही छोड़ता था। वह अपने कॉलेज का दादा और लड़कियों का आशिक था। उसने जब नीरा को पहली बार देखा तो बस वह उसका दीवाना हो गया और उसके पीछे हाथ धोकर पड़ गया। अब सुबह शाम या दोपहर को जब भी नीरा कहीं जाती तो अशोक और उसके कुछ चमचों को अपने इर्द-गिर्द पाती। अशोक और उसके दोस्त, नीरा को कॉलेज में तंग करते और सुबह-शाम घर से कॉलेज और कॉलेज से घर तक उसका पीछा करते। नीरा इस बात से बहुत तंग थी, परन्तु वह कुछ कर भी नहीं सकती थी क्योंकि अशोक एक अमीर लड़का और अपने कॉलेज का दादा था और उसे कोई भी कुछ नहीं कह सकता था। पर नीरा सीधी लड़की थी, उसने उन्हें मुँह नहीं लगाया और अशोक उसके इस स्वे व्यवहार से बहुत चिढ़ गया। उसने बदला लेने की सोची।

उसने अपने दोस्तों के साथ मिल कर एक योजना बनाई और सोच लिया कि वह उस घमण्डी नीरा को मज़ा चखा कर ही रहेगा। हामीदिया विद्यालय में हर वर्ष एक समारोह होता था। इसमें लड़के लड़कियाँ कुछ नाटक प्रस्तुत करते और बाद में एक दूसरे को दावत देते थे। नीरा को भी दावत में सम्मिलित होना पड़ा और इसीलिए उस रात उसे कॉलेज से घर जाने में देर हो गई। रात के करीब साढ़े नौ बजे नीरा और उसकी सहेलियाँ घर को चल दीं। नीरा की सहेलियाँ उसे छोड़ कर अपने घर चली गईं और चूँकि उसका घर पास ही में था वह अकेले ही चल पड़ी। नीरा बड़ी हिम्मत वाली थी परन्तु फिर भी जब उसने अपने सामने सुनसान सड़क पर कुछ साये देखे तो उसका दिल धक् से हो गया। वह बुरी तरह सहम गई पर अपना डर छुपाती हुई वह आगे बढ़ती गई। पास आने पर उसने देखा कि सड़क के किनारे लगे लैंप पोस्ट के नीचे अशोक



खड़ा है। अब तो नीरा की डर के मारे हालत बुरी हो गई पर काँपते कदमों को सीधा डालती हुई वह आगे बढ़ती गई। नीरा बड़ी ही चतुर लड़की थी। उसने स्थिति को तुरन्त ही भाँप लिया और मात खाने के बजाए अपने को बचाने के उपाय सोचने लगी।

अशोक रोशनी के घेरे में खड़ा नीरा के बारे में सोच ही रहा था कि उसने उसे अकेले अपनी ओर आते देखा। वह सतर्क हो गया। वह नीचे देखता हुआ सोच ही रहा था कि आखिर चिड़िया उसके जाल में फँस ही गई। तभी उसने एक सुरीली आवाज़ सुनी—“मि. अशोक, क्या आप मुझे मेरे घर तक छोड़ने का कष्ट करेंगे? सामने खड़े उन गुण्डों से मुझे डर लग रहा है”। अशोक चौंक उठा। उसने बड़े अविश्वास के साथ नीरा की ओर देखा कि अचानक उसे यह क्या हो गया। अपने पर उसे शर्म आने लगी और कोई रास्ता न देख कर उसने बस इतना ही कहा --- “चलिए।”

नीरा के साथ चलता हुआ वह अपने मन में सोचने लगा कि नीरा ने उस पर विश्वास करके उससे मदद माँगी जबकि वह उसके विश्वास के काबिल न था। वह अपने को धिक्कार ही रहा था कि उसने अपने एक दोस्त को एक बड़े बुरे लहजे में कहते सुना—“अकेले-अकेले कहाँ चल दिए यार! हम भी तो साथ हैं, क्या हमें भी कुछ मज़ा नहीं दोगे?” इतना सुनना था कि अशोक के दिमाग में एक नस सी फट गई और क्रोध से आँखों में खून उतर आया। गुस्से में उसने अपने दोस्त के मुँह पर एक थप्पड़ जड़ दिया और दाँत पीसता हुआ उन से बोला, “तुम लोग अभी भी यहाँ से चले जाओ, नहीं तो ठीक न होगा”। उसके दोस्तों ने उसे आश्चर्य और गुस्से से देखा और एक बोला, “वाह, काम हम सब ने किया और मज़ा अकेले लेना चाहता है!” अशोक पर अब तो जैसे भूत सवार हो गया। वह उस लड़के पर कूद पड़ा और उसकी पिटाई करने लगा, और जब अन्य लड़कों ने बीच-बचाव किया तो उसने उन्हें भी पीट डाला। आखिर हार कर वे लड़के वहाँ से चले गए। नीरा जो कि आश्चर्यचकित थी, कुछ न बोली और अशोक के साथ चुपचाप चल दी।

अचानक नीरा ने देखा कि अशोक के दाएँ हाथ की कलाई से खून बह रहा था। उसने घबराकर कहा, “अरे, तुम्हें तो चोट लग गई है, लाओ मैं पट्टी बाँध दूँ।” “नहीं ठीक है, ज़रा सी चोट है,” अशोक ने कहा। पर नीरा ने उसकी न सुनी और अपनी चुन्नी के कोने से एक पट्टी फाड़ कर अशोक की कलाई पर लगी चोट पर बाँध दी। नीरा का चिंतित मुख देख अशोक की आँखें भर आईं और वह डबडबाई आँखों से अपनी सीधी कलाई पर बंधी पट्टी को देखता रह गया।

नंदा रानी

कक्षा-११



नदी है—

नदी में जल है,  
जल बहता है,  
और कहता है,  
बाधाओं में भी रास्ता  
बनाते हुए चलो ।

उधर देखो कीचड़ है,  
कीचड़ में कमल है,  
कमल कहता है,  
बुराइयों में से भी  
अच्छाइयाँ निकालते चलो ।

उपवन है—

उपवन में फूल हैं,  
फूल कहते हैं,  
छोटी सी जिंदगी में भी  
नाम कमाते चलो ।



## वेवरली में 'बाथ-डे'

कड़िक - कड़िक . . . . स्विच की आवाज़ हमारे सोते हुए कानों में गूँजी । हम सब एक साथ, सोते-सोते बिस्तर से कूद निकले, अपने कपड़े उठाए और यन्त्रवत् गुसलखाने की ओर भूमते, गिरते, ठोकरें खाते, लुढ़कते हुए गए । कोई अजनबी यदि हमें इस समय देखे तो यही सोचेगा कि यहाँ सब को नींद में चलने की बीमारी है । खैर, किसी तरह गुसलखाने में पहुँचे । नल की आवाज़ सुनी तो नींद टूटी और याद आया कि आज नहाने का दिन है । हमने जल्दी से अपना गुसलखाना बन्द किया और नल को पूरे वेग से खोल दिया । देखा तो सिर्फ गर्म पानी आ रहा था पर ठण्डे पानी के नल में से एक बूंद भी नहीं आ रही थी । बस फिर क्या था, लगी सब लड़कियाँ चिल्लाने ! पानी वाले ने ठंडा पानी खोल दिया । इतने में सिस्टर आ गई और चिल्लाने लगी, “क्लोस द टैप, द अदर गर्ल्स हैव टू हैव अ बाथ औलसो ।” किसी ने भी उनकी एक न सुनी और पानी उतनी ही तेज़ी से चलता रहा । सिस्टर चिल्लाती-चिल्लाती थक गई और हारकर ‘मेन टैप’ बन्द कर दिया ।

बस फिर क्या था ! सब लड़कियों को चिल्लाने का मौका मिला और सब चीखने लगीं--“मेरे बालों में साबुन है जल्दी पानी खोलो” । “मेरी आँखों में साबुन है-पानी किसने बन्द किया ?” और इस तरह सुबह-सुबह दो तीन गालियाँ बक दीं । तंग आकर, सिस्टर ने पानी खोल दिया । थोड़ी सी शान्ति हुई । पर, तुरन्त ही किसी की चिल्लाहट सुनाई दी--“मेरा शैम्पू खत्म हो गया, मेरा सर्फ खत्म हो गया क्या करूँ ?”--और फिर एक दो गालियाँ बक देतीं ।

उफ ! शुक्रवार का दिन, सिस्टर और सब नौकरों के लिए प्रलय का दिन होता है । जब तक सब लड़कियाँ नहा नहीं लेतीं वह सुख की साँस नहीं ले सकते ।

वनीता

रागिनी

कक्षा-११



# मदारी

डुग-डुग करता आया मदारी,  
गली में हमारी ।

निकल कर भागे हम सब घर से,  
लेकर हाथ में दस-दस पैसे ।

बन्दरिया जब आई पहन के साड़ी,  
बजाई हम सब ने मिल कर ताली ।

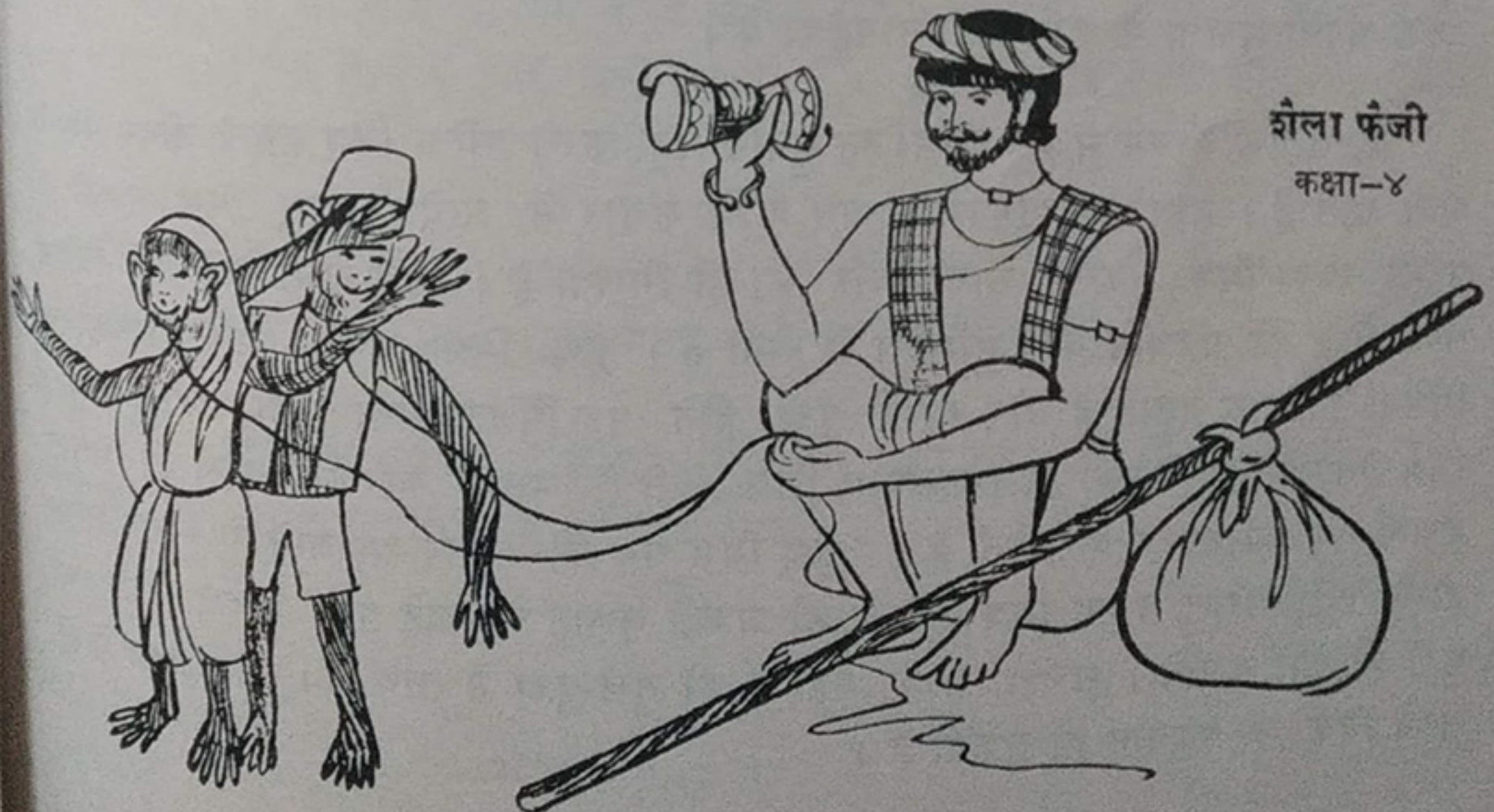
बन्दर आया ठुमक-ठुमक कर,  
बान्धे सेहरा अपने सिर पर ।

बन्दरिया ने जयमाला पहनाई,  
और बन्दर से शादी रचाई ।

पर जब विदाई का समय आया,  
तो ऊँ-ऊँ करके रोई बन्दरिया ।

बन्दर ने तब डण्डा उठाया,  
डाँट कर उसे डोली में बिठाया ।

फिर माँगने आया हम से पैसे,  
तो हा! हा! कर हम जोर से हँसे ।



शैला फैजी  
कक्षा-४



## “मित्रता”

“मित्र” शब्द कितना मधुर है। दुःख में, संकट में, व्याधि में, इसी की याद आती है। माता-पिता, भाई-बन्धु, सभी से प्रेम का नाता होता है, परन्तु मित्र का सम्बन्ध न्यारा रहता है। पत्नी तक को भी जो बात बताई नहीं जाती, सम्बन्धियों से बहुत कुछ छुपा लिया जाता है, किन्तु मित्र से सभी हृदय उगल देते हैं। सखियाँ आपस में जितना घुल मिल कर समय काटती हैं, उतना परिवार के लोगों में नहीं।

संसार में शायद ही कोई ऐसा आदमी हो जिसका कोई मित्र न हो। मित्र सब के होते हैं यहाँ तक कि पशु-पक्षी भी टोलियों में रहते हैं। बिना मित्र के जीवन अधूरा सा लगता है। जीवन में मित्रों की संगति ही मधुरता लाती है। मनुष्य के जीवन में सुख और दुःख अनेक क्षण ऐसे आते हैं जब उसे एक दूसरे की सहानुभूति तथा सहायता की आवश्यकता होती है।

मित्र कैसा हो? इससे पहले हमें मित्रता शब्द का अर्थ ज्ञात होना चाहिए। मित्रता का अर्थ है प्रेम, सद्भावना, पारस्परिक पहचान तथा सहयोग। इस सम्बन्ध में एक उक्ति कही जाती है कि मूर्ख मित्र से तो बुद्धिमान शत्रु ही अच्छा है। न जाने मूर्ख मित्र कब अपनी मूर्खता के कारण हानि पहुँचा दे।

वास्तविक जीवन में हम मित्रों का चुनाव नहीं करते बल्कि मित्र हमारे जीवन पथ में आते रहते हैं। हमारे महापुरुषों का मत है कि संसार में प्रत्येक वस्तु मिल सकती है परन्तु सच्चा मित्र किसी भाग्यशाली को ही मिलता है। मित्र सभी के होते हैं लेकिन सच्चे मित्र की पहचान बड़ी मुश्किल से होती है। कुछ मित्र अपने स्वार्थ के कारण मित्रता का हाथ बढ़ाते हैं और स्वार्थ पूरा होने पर मित्रता समाप्त हो जाती है। कुछ मित्र ऐसे होते हैं जिनकी विचारधाराएँ भिन्न होती हैं जिसके कारण विचारों की भिन्नता शत्रुता का रूप धारण कर लेती है। कुछ मित्र धन की दीवार आ जाने के कारण अलग हो जाते हैं, परन्तु सच्चा मित्र वही है जो अच्छी सलाह दे, चाहे वह सलाह मित्र को बुरी ही क्यों न लगे। सच्चा मित्र वही है जो सुख-दुःख में साथ दे। संकट काल में ही सच्चे मित्र की पहचान हो सकती है।



मित्र होने का दम तो सभी भरते हैं परन्तु बहुत कम लोग ही मित्रता निभाते हैं। अंग्रेजी के महाकवि शेक्सपियर कहते हैं---अपनी हथेलियों को हर एक मिलने वाले व्यक्ति के साथ मिला कर मैला न करो। हाथ मिलाने से पूर्व विचार लो, वह कैसा है। बिना गुण-कर्म स्वभाव मिले मित्रता ठहर नहीं सकती। अतः मित्रों को सोच समझ कर ही चुनना चाहिए।

वर्षा अरेंजा

कक्षा-१०

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## “सरदार वल्लभ भाई पटेल”

सरदार पटेल हमारे एक बहुत बड़े नेता थे। उन्होंने भारत की आजादी की लड़ाई में भाग लिया। वे जो कार्य आरम्भ करते थे उसे करके रहते थे। वे अपने इस गुण के लिए “लौह पुरुष” के नाम से भी जाने जाते हैं। इस वर्ष हम उनके जन्म की सौवीं वर्षगांठ मना रहे हैं।

वे अपने देश को बहुत प्यार करते थे। उनमें ऐसे अनेक गुण थे जो हम सब बच्चों को सीखने चाहिए। हम उन्हें महान् नेता की तरह याद करते हैं।

हमारे ‘पापा’ के ऑफिस में सरदार पटेल का बहुत बड़ा चित्र है। मैं अक्सर उस चित्र को देखने जाता हूँ क्योंकि वे मेरे प्रिय नेता हैं।

गौतम त्रिपाठी

कक्षा-३



## परिचय

तुम्हारा नाम क्या है ?  
जाँनी मेरा नाम ।  
तुम्हारे बाप का नाम ?  
चट्टान सिंह ।  
घर में तुम्हारे कौन हैं ?  
माँ, बहिन और बीवी ।

बीवी का नाम ?  
'जूली' ।  
घर का पता ?  
प्रेमनगर ।  
प्रेमनगर कहाँ है ?  
भील के उस पार ।

तुम्हारे और कोई साथी ?  
हाथी मेरे साथी ।  
काम क्या करते हो ?  
चोरी मेरा काम ।  
चोरी कैसे करते हो ?  
चुपके-चुपके ।

चोरी में क्या मिला ?  
हीरा-पन्ना ।  
तुम्हारा पीछा किसने किया ?  
दो जासूसों ने !  
तुम पकड़े कैसे गए ?  
अचानक ।

तुम्हें कहाँ ले जाया गया ?  
अदालत में ।  
वहाँ तक तुम कैसे पहुँचे ?  
विक्टोरिया नं० २०३ में ।  
जज ने क्या फैसला सुनाया ?  
उमर कैद !!!



“मेम साहब, इतनी देर गए आप कहाँ से लौट रही हैं?” आलोक (पति) का यह व्यंग्य भरा वाक्य सुनकर मेरे तन बदन में आग लग गई। यह किस्सा सिर्फ आज का ही नहीं हमेशा का है। मैं इस संदेह और अविश्वास भरे वातावरण से इतना तंग आ गई हूँ कि मेरा जी चाहता है कि यदि मेरे पर होते तो मैं एक आज़ाद पक्षी के समान अपने पर फैला कर उड़ जाती और इस घर की तरफ मुड़ कर भी न देखती। राहुल (बेटा) ही मेरी एक मजबूरी है जिसका प्यार मुझे आलोक का घर न छोड़ने पर मजबूर कर रहा है। मुझे मालूम है कि मुझे राहुल के कारण आलोक का कटु व्यवहार सहना पड़ेगा। मैं अपने बेटे के भविष्य को उसके पिता के प्यार से वंचित नहीं करूँगी।

“खड़ी-खड़ी किसके बारे में सोच रही हो! खाना मिलेगा या नहीं?” आलोक के कटु शब्दों ने मुझे भावुक दुनिया से वास्तविकता में ला खड़ा किया। मैं अपनी आँखों में छलकते आँसुओं को दबाती हुई और अपने हृदय की पीड़ा को छुपाती हुई रसोई की तरफ बढ़ने लगी।

“तुम्हरी बीबी जी कहाँ गई थीं और कितने बजे?” आलोक नौकर से पूछ रहा था। आलोक का यह वाक्य मुझे रसोई घर के अन्दर तक सुनाई पड़ा। आलोक की बात सुन कर मेरे दिल को एक धक्का-सा लगा। आलोक इतना गिर गया है, मैं यह सोच भी नहीं सकती थी।

खाने की थाली उनके सामने पटक कर मैं अपने कमरे की ओर बढ़ गई और बिस्तर पर लेट कर फूट-फूट कर रोने लगी। लेटी-लेटी मैं अतीत के बारे में सोचने लगी। आलोक का यह संदेह उस दिन से शुरू हुआ था जब मैं अपने ममेरे भाई पंकज के साथ आलोक के जन्म दिन के अवसर पर उपहार लेकर लौटी थी। उस दिन लौटने में मुझे कुछ देर हो गई थी। मुझे इनका चेहरा देख कर ही मालूम हो गया था कि तूफान आने वाला है। तूफान उस समय आया जब मैं पंकज को दरवाजे तक छोड़ कर रसोई में वर्तन रखने आई।

“इतनी देर रात तक तुम उसके साथ कहाँ घूम रही थीं?” आलोक ने दरवाजे से ही पूछा था।

“आप क्या कह रहे हैं, मैं नहीं समझी।”



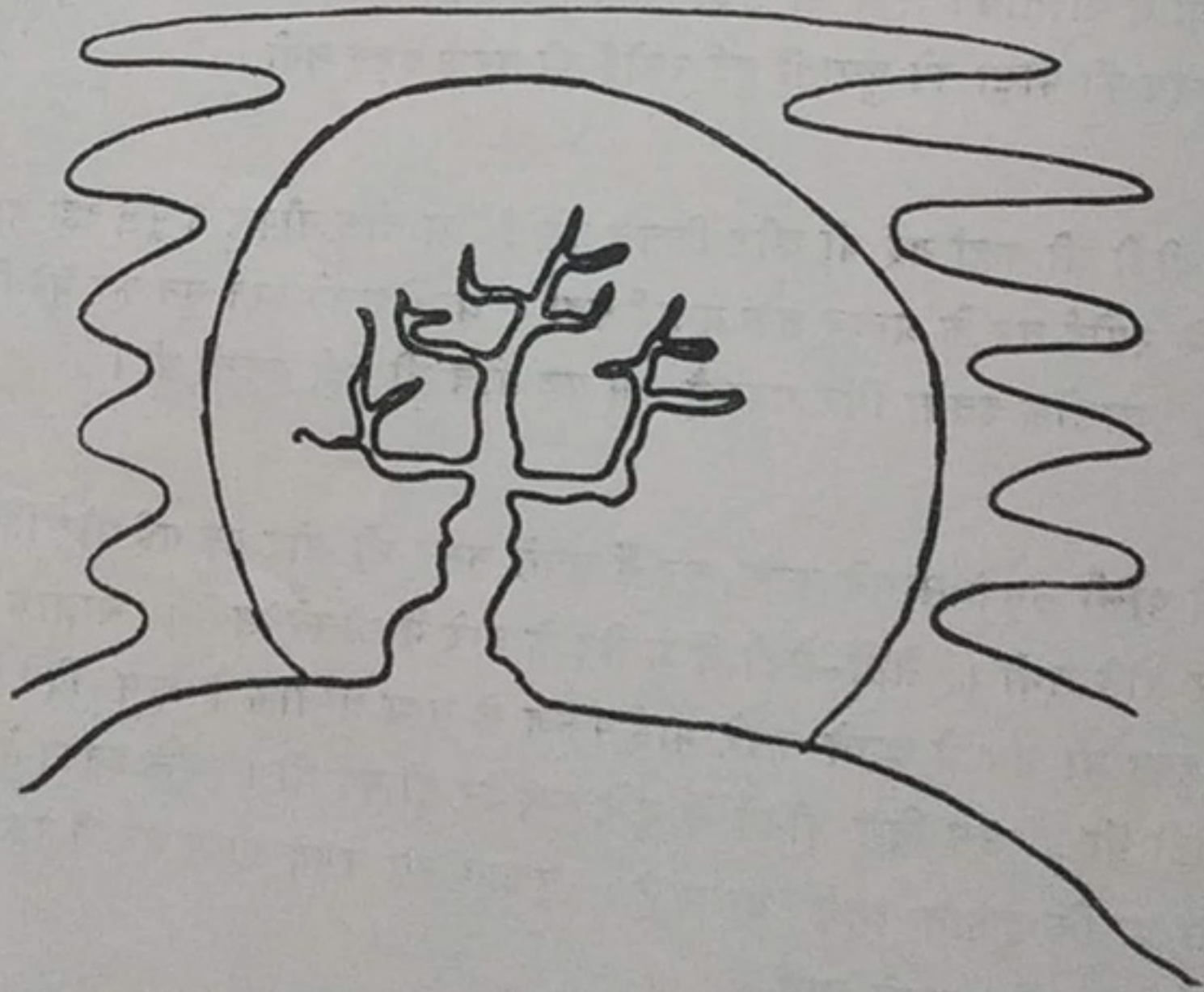
“तुम्हें तो खूब समझना चाहिए।” उन्होंने दरवाजे से ही कहा था। आलोक ने उसके बाद ऐसी बातें कहीं जिन्हें सुन कर मैं सन्न रह गई।

“भगवान के लिए अब आगे कुछ मत कहिए”, मैं कान पर हाथ रख कर चीख पड़ी थी। वह क्रोध से मुझे देखते हुए वहाँ से चले गए थे; मुझे अपनी सफाई देने तक का मौका नहीं मिला और मैं ब्रुत सी खड़ी देखती रह गई थी। उस दिन से आज तक घर में संदेह और अविश्वास का मनहूस वातावरण छाया हुआ है। मैं सूनी आँखों से भविष्य की तरफ देखती हूँ और सोचती हूँ कि हम लोगों के बीच की यह दरार कभी मिटेगी कि नहीं !

परवीन अख्तर

शशि पुण्डीर

कक्षा-१०







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## सेंट लौरेन्स स्कूल

हमारा स्कूल एक गरीब स्कूल है। इस स्कूल में सभी जातियों के छात्र-छात्राये शिक्षा ग्रहण करने के लिये आते हैं। सभी बच्चे अधिकतर गरीब घरों से ही आते हैं। स्कूल में छात्र-छात्राओं को खाना तथा स्कूल का यूनिफार्म मुफ्त में दिया जाता है। स्कूल में बच्चों को सभी प्रकार की सुविधायें प्रदान की जाती हैं---खेलने के लिये मैदान है तथा खेल की सभी सामग्री दी जाती है। बच्चों की शिक्षा में सभी प्रकार की शिक्षा दी जाती है। बच्चे स्वयं ही स्कूल की सफाई करते हैं तथा बागवानी का कार्य भी करते हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त उनको समय-समय पर नृत्य कला व संगीत भी सिखाया जाता है जिससे उनका सर्वोमुखी विकास हो सके।

इस स्कूल के गरीब बच्चों को वेवरली कॉनवेंट तथा कैथोलिक मिशन से सहायता मिलती है, ताकि वे अपनी आवश्यकताओं की पूर्ति कर सकें। इस प्रकार स्कूल में छात्र-छात्राओं की सुविधाओं का हर प्रकार से ख्याल रखा जाता है तथा उन्हें हर प्रकार की सुविधाएँ दी जाती हैं।

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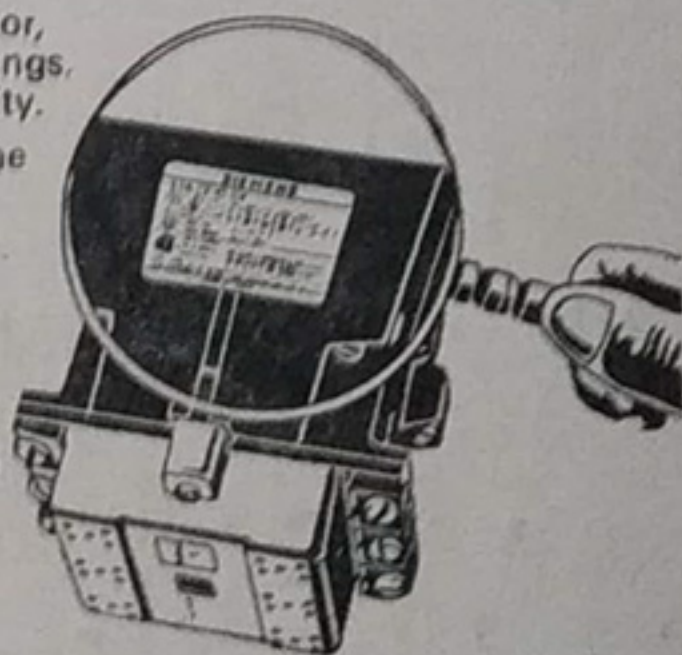
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