



# We Were Here

1976



DEDICATED

To

Sister Mary of Jesus

Our New Provincial



Loving and Prayerful Wishes



## From the Editor's Desk

"Waverley" is back again to give you precious leaves from its diary. This issue of ours is dedicated to our new Mother Provincial Sister Mary Of Jesus. May God bless her and guide her in her work, is our prayer.

This year we were privileged to celebrate two Jubilees. The Golden jubilee of Sister Teresa and The Silver jubilee of Sister Adrian. Sister Teresa spent many years in 'Waverley' and is remembered with affection by those who worked with her and the many students who passed through her hands. Sister Adrian, has been our loving and understanding Superior for five years. We were also happy to have Sister John, Superior of St. Patrick's, Agra to share in the celebrations. We wish them many more fruitful years in God's service.

We thank every one who has helped so generously in the publication of this magazine. Once again we would like to remind our past pupils that any contributions will be most welcome.

We look forward to another year of successful work in 1977.



# Red Letter Days

MARCH	<b>10th</b>	School Opens.
MARCH	<b>27th</b>	Inauguration Day.
APRIL	<b>1st</b>	Spring Cleaning Our Classrooms.
MAY	<b>1st</b>	Classroom "Beauty Competition."
JUNE	<b>18th</b>	Inter class Elocution Contest - English.
JUNE	<b>21st</b>	Our School Feast.
JULY	<b>1st</b>	"Every Cloud (in our classrooms) has a Silver Lining".
JULY	<b>24th</b>	Inter class Art Competition.
JULY	<b>31st</b>	Our Nuns' Feast.
AUGUST	<b>1st</b>	Classroom Project "India on the March."
AUGUST	<b>1st - 7th</b>	L. T. S. Courses with Rev. Fr. Wirth.
AUGUST	<b>15th</b>	Independence Day (Prayer Service).
SEPTEMBER	<b>1st</b>	Classroom - Tribute to Teachers.
SEPTEMBER	<b>4th</b>	Teachers Day - Staff Concert.
SEPTEMBER	<b>8th</b>	Sr. Adrian's Feast - Inter Class Dancing Competition.
SEPTEMBER	<b>23rd</b>	Inter Class Elocution Contest - Hindi.
SEPTEMBER	<b>30th</b>	Sports Day and Exhibition of work.
OCTOBER	<b>11th</b>	Gold and Silver Jubilee Day.
OCTOBER	<b>16th</b>	Inter School Athletics.
OCTOBER	<b>30th</b>	Prize Distribution.
OCTOBER	<b>31st</b>	Junior Christmas Tree and Play.
NOVEMBER	<b>13th</b>	School Closes.

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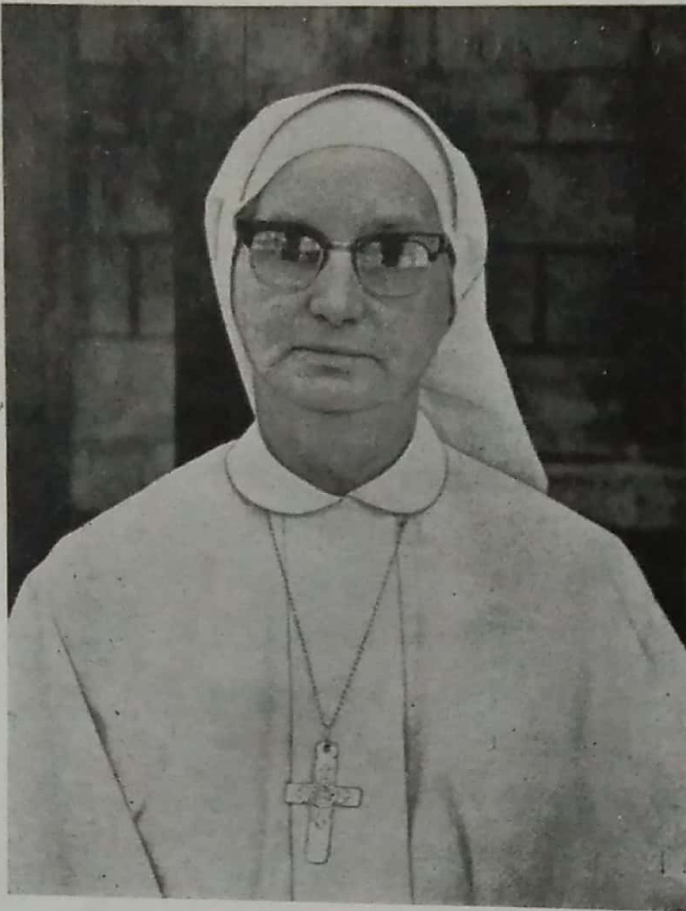


# A Memorable Day

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and



*Sr. Teresa*



*Sr. Adrian & Sr. John*

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# for Waverley

We greet our Jubilarians



— in Song



St. Lawrence's joins with a Dance

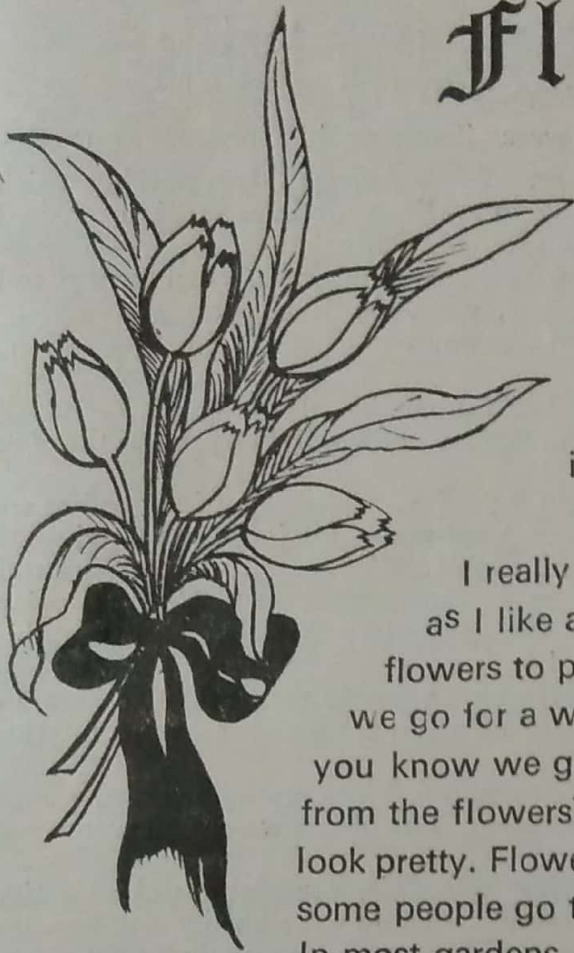
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# Flowers



Do you like flowers? I do. They have a lovely scent. When you are sick you feel better when you have some flowers by your side, don't you? They have lovely colours, all the colours of the rainbow. Usually when you welcome a person, or when a person is leaving, you give her a bouquet of flowers.

Do you know which flower you like best? I really don't know which is my favourite flower as I like all of them. Every morning I pick some flowers to put by my bed and on the dining table. When we go for a walk I always pick some on the way back. Did you know we get honey from the bees and the bees get it from the flowers? Flowers make everything that is near them look pretty. Flowers are also given to God as an offering. When some people go to the temple they put flowers in their hair. In most gardens I have seen creepers growing on gates and they have lovely flowers growing on them.

*Suzy Braich*  
Class IV

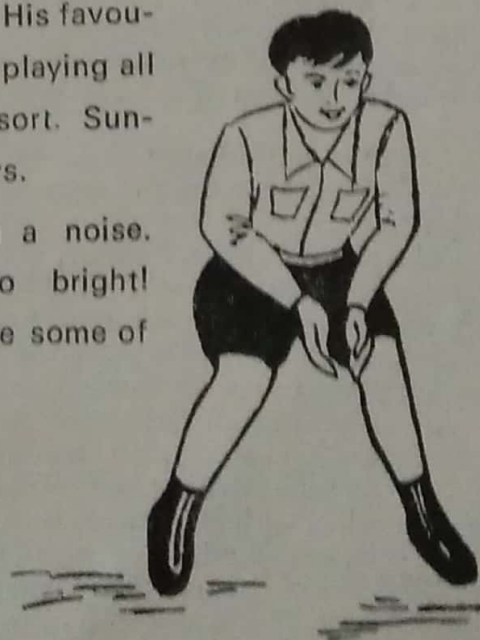
## My Brother

I have an elder brother who is thin and tall. His favourite game, I'd say, is "Throw ball". He loves playing all day long. When he is not angry he's a cheerful sort. Sundays are spent in games and playing with his toys.

He likes comics, chewing gum and making a noise. Where studies are concerned, he's not too bright! Climbing poles, riding horses and flying kites are some of his favourite pastimes.

I love my brother very much.

*Rittu Bahri*  
Class III



# Our Trip to Kashmir -- As seen by our Juniors

On the day our examinations were over we were all very excited because some of us were going to Kashmir. Others were also going home for the thirteen days holiday which started the following day. The ones going on the trip to Kashmir were specially excited because it was the first time our class was going on a school trip.

The following day, we were all ready to go with everything we needed packed and ready. As we were waiting near the school parlour, we were talking excitedly among ourselves anticipating a wonderful time. It seemed like hours until at last we started the first lap of our journey.

On reaching the Library, we waited until at last the bus drew to a halt. We all jumped in and quickly took our seats. Soon all had settled down happily and the bus started off.

All sang on the way as we could not contain our joy. It was not long before we reached Dehra Dun. From there we took the train to Amritsar. Our journey lasted some hours. It was extremely hot and rather uncomfortable. We went to the airport and boarded the plane for our final destination. It took only 45 minutes or so. I did not enjoy it very much, but suddenly there came into view the majestic snow-capped mountains over which we travelled until we came to Kashmir!

A bus was awaiting us there and after checking our baggage we went to an hotel in the air bus. We came to an hotel which was most attractive on the outside but its interior did not quite come up to our expectations.

Kashmir I found is a magnificent place. It is surrounded by mountains: some have snow-capped peaks, some were rather barren and rocky. The places we visited were very beautiful.

The people of Srinagar where we were staying were fair, courteous and attractive and had a lovely style of dress which was very attractive. There were hardly any beggars there. Quite a number of people live in Srinagar. There were also many tourists from foreign countries, and from India itself. People had come from all parts of the world to this summer resort. Some of these had settled down and some had come for a holiday or were touring.

Our hotel overlooks a hill which seems very near and easy to climb. On either side of the hotel were bungalows where the people lived. We also had a local bus to take us to the various places we wanted to see.

The climate of Srinagar is moderately cool, at night it is cold.

As we arrived at the hotel, we went inside and got rooms; all fifteen girls of our class got one room. We then started unpacking and opening our beddings. After that we went down and had our lunch. The rest of the day we rested; some played cards, some were unpacking and some were sleeping.

At night all of us went boating which provided great fun. On the way, we saw the flashing lights all around us. The water was very still and we could hear the soft splash of the oars.

Later we walked around the park seeing various objects of interest.

We boarded the bus for supper in the hotel after which we were soon again in dreamland.

The next morning, Sunday, we woke at about nine o'clock dressed and then went downstairs to have our breakfast. The teachers and Sister with the Catholics went to church, and Miss Rawat took us all for a wonderful walk. On the way we saw the villages where the farmers were ploughing the fields. It was a lovely walk and we went right up to the market place where we saw a beautiful flower garden which we visited.

After about two hours we were again on our way to the hotel where we purchased some pretty cards to send to our parents.

It was a very exciting experience next day to visit some of the gardens. They were all very beautiful with fragrant flowers of all kinds. It was a lovely visit to Kashmir and we came back, our minds filled with happy memories of all we had seen at Sonmarg, one of the highlights of the trip because there we saw lots of snow and we all had lots of fun.

Every day of our tour had its own special delights. Our visit was both entertaining and educative.

Jacqueline Dudani  
Class VII

# “Waverley”

- W** - Stands for the WARMTH with which she envelops us.
- A** - Stands for the ADMIRABLE qualities of those who love her.
- V** - Stands for the VERY existence of “Waverley.”
- E** - Stands for the ENCHANTING spell, she casts on all who come her way.
- R** - Stands for the RICHNESS of her potentials.
- L** - Stands both for her LOVING and LOVABLE nature.
- E** - Stands for the EVERLASTING grandeur of her surroundings.
- Y** - Stands for the YEARS she has given of herself to others.

Who can question the right to the feeling of pride  
in those who have lived within her walls?

Cynthia Chung  
Class X

## Jawaharlal Nehru

Jawaharlal Nehru was one of the most popular Prime Ministers that India has yet had. He was also one of the freedom fighters who set our country at liberty from British rule.

He was tall, handsome and brave. His daughter is Mrs. Indira Gandhi who now holds the responsible post of Prime Minister. Jawaharlal Nehru always wore a red rose in his coat lapel as he loved roses. He used to love children also very much and he would play with them when time permitted. Children's Day is celebrated on "Cha-Cha Nehru's" birthday which is on Nov. 14th. He was a very learned person. Jawaharlal Nehru fought along with Mahatma Gandhi for the independence of our country, often being put into prison by the British rulers in India. From his prison cell he used to write letters to his beloved Indira. He did whatever he could to free our country. He is still honoured by everybody and his memory will linger in our hearts for ever.

*Manjaree Chowdharey*  
Class VI

## Discipline

Now a days there are a great deal of strikes organised by labourers, students and others. It is all because they lack discipline. They have forgotten the meaning of the word **DISCIPLINE** which is so very important.

We all should realize the importance of this word.

- (1) There are ten letters in the word 'discipline'. Multiplying this number by itself gives us 100.
- (2) Also if we give each letter of the word 'discipline' a numerical value like: A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4.

D	I	S	C	I	P	L	I	N	E
4	9	19	3	9	16	12	9	14	5

On adding 4, 9, 19, 3, 9, 16, 12, 9, 14, 5, we get a total of 100. This proves that 'discipline' should be 100% valued.

*Kamal Sandhu*  
Class IX



*Captains & Vice Captains 1976*



*Offering our Gifts*

# INAUGURA



*Jasminder Garcha*  
Games Captain

*Paramjit Khanioun*  
Games Vice-Captain



*Tanuja Jhunjhunwala & Ratandeep Sethi*  
**"Enterprise"**



*Sita Khanna & Ravinder Chawla*  
**"Endurance"**

# TION DAY



OFFICE BEARERS



Georgina Papaly & Satvinder Narula

**"Encounter"**



Shirley Yep & Reshma Patel

**"Endeavour"**

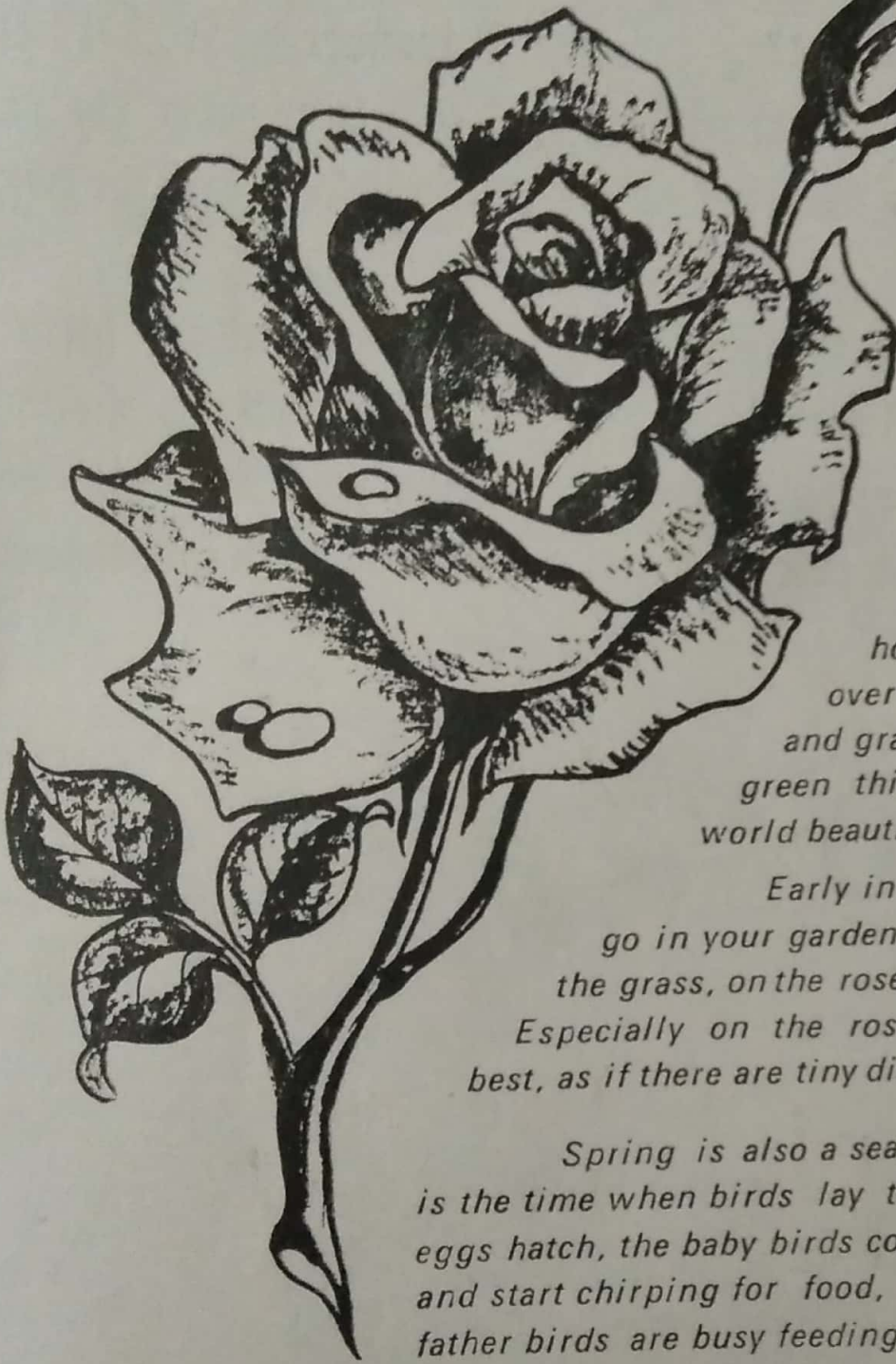


*Class X with Miss B. Rundlett & Miss K. Kohli*



*Class IX with Sr. Tara & Miss M. Pande*

# Spring



Spring is the season of joy and happiness. In spring, pansies, roses, tulips, lilies, daffodils and all other types of flowers bloom. These flowers are beautiful things. They make the world look gay and bright. They also give a lovely perfume. In spring the bees make honey. They buzz all over the garden. Trees and grass and all leaves and green things also make the world beautiful.

Early in the morning if you go in your garden, you will see dew on the grass, on the roses and other flowers. Especially on the roses the dew looks best, as if there are tiny diamonds sparkling.

Spring is also a season of birds. Spring is the time when birds lay their eggs. When the eggs hatch, the baby birds come out of the shells and start chirping for food, so the mother and father birds are busy feeding their babies.

When they become bigger they learn to fly and get their own food, and then after some time they fly away to some other place and have their own babies. To listen to birds makes the world gay and gives it joy and happiness.

Spring is wonderful !

Anita Sharma  
Class IV

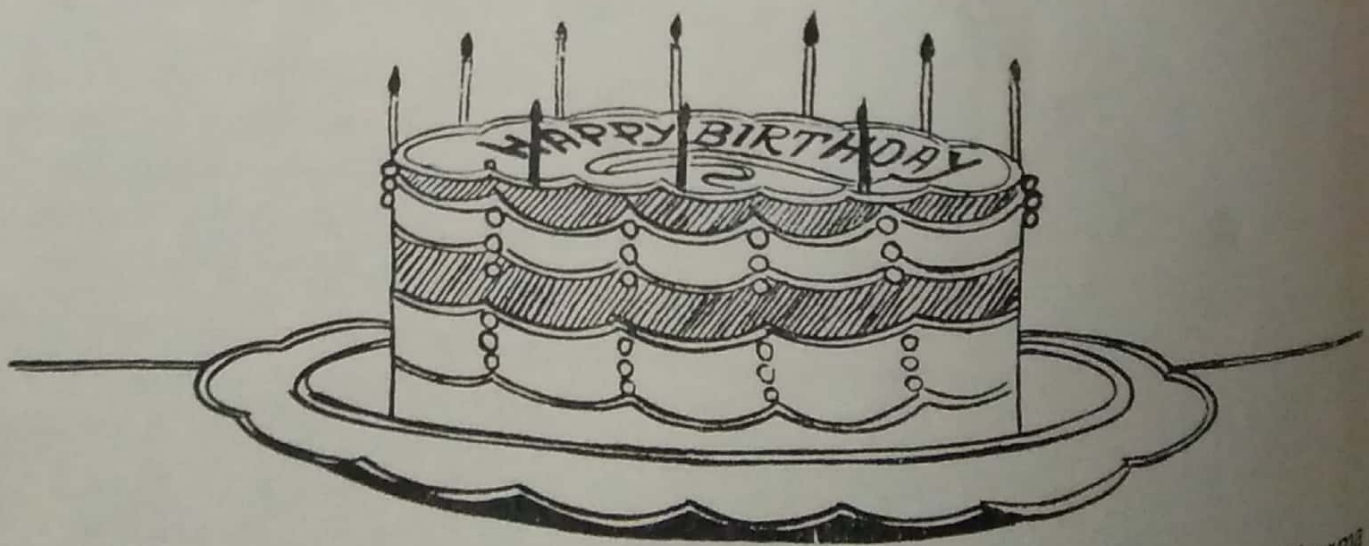
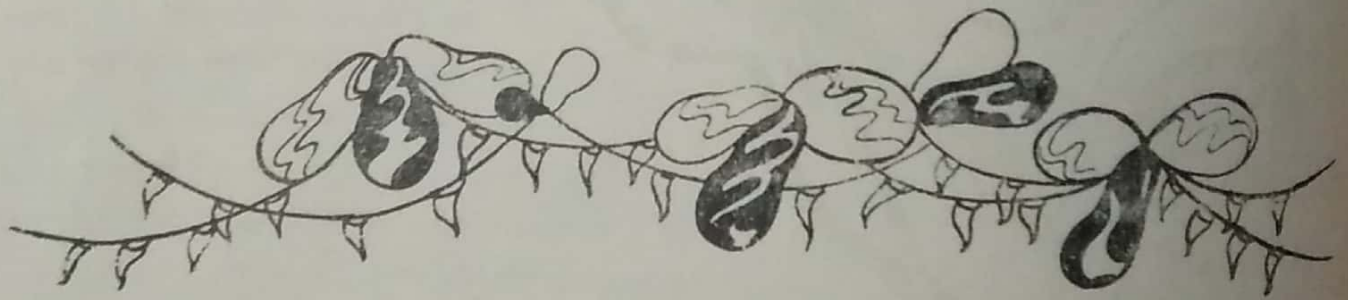
# Tomorrow's Birthday

Tomorrow is my birthday,  
I wonder what I'll get?  
I'm sure to get a doll from Mum  
From Dad a puppy as a pet.

Tomorrow is my birthday,  
I wonder what I'll wear?  
I think I'll wear my party frock  
Made with greatest care.

Tomorrow is my birthday  
I wonder what' I'll do?  
I'll help prepare the party,  
And bake a cake or two.

Tomorrow is my birthday,  
With everything arranged.  
What will I do tomorrow?  
Just sit with chin cupped  
in hand!



Seema Sharma  
Class VI

# A Railway Journey

Everyone likes to travel, and I am no exception.

Once my father decided to go to Hardwar for a few days. We were all very excited because we had heard so many interesting things about this place. Hardwar is a place of pilgrimage where people go to bathe in the Ganges, but our purpose in going there was to see Hardwar and its surroundings. We decided to go there on Sunday, and return on the following Thursday.

At last the long awaited day came. We packed our things and were all agog with expectancy. We travelled by bus to the railway station, which was crowded with people. Some buses, horse-carts, taxis and scooters were standing near a side pavement and their respective drivers were calling out to people to sit in their vehicles; the shopkeepers were shouting, at the top of their voices advertising the various goods which they had to sell. Railway officers were sitting in their offices doing their work. There was a rush of people to the ticket office, and some were occupied with coolies who took their luggage to the train. Everyone was busy in his own work. After a long time we bought our tickets and were lucky enough to get the corner seats near a window. The guard blew his whistle and at last the train started to move, slowly at first and then with great speed out of the station.

I looked out of the window at the scenes outside. We passed through a village where I saw some farmers harvesting their crops, some were sowing and ploughing the field. The children were playing in the mud and were plucking flowers and fruits.

Next we passed a town. I do not know its name. Cars were speeding by. In the parks not far away the children were playing. Flowers were blooming all around. The street was filled with people, all out shopping. Next we passed a field where buffaloes, cows and sheep were grazing. These pastoral scenes were very beautiful. We also passed a city which was also very beautiful. The feature which attracted me most was a building which was well designed and coloured. A wonderful garden surrounded it filled with beautiful sweet-scented flowers and many fruit trees. Children were playing hide and seek there. Many others were paddling in a stream near by. The activities within the train were also very interesting. A small boy was singing a song, some people were reading magazines, others were playing cards while still others were talking. A Punjabi passed through the corridor at one stop, trying to sell his wares. Everyone we saw seemed to be busy doing one thing or another. At last Hardwar came into view. I had dropped off to sleep so my father awakened me and I stood up sleepily. The time was 10 o'clock at night. We took a taxi and were soon safely installed in our relative's home.

I enjoyed my journey very much because I had such varied experiences. I hope everyone else enjoys travelling by train just as much as I do.

Anita Yadav  
Class VII

# SMILE AWHILE

## A WELL QUALIFIED FAMILY

*An interviewer to the applicant :*

- Interviewer* :- "Your qualification Sir?"  
*Applicant* :- "B. Sc. Sir."  
*Interviewer* :- "Your father's qualification?"  
*Applicant* :- "F. Sc. Sir"  
*Interviewer* :- "Your mother's qualification?"  
*Applicant* :- "M. Sc. Sir."  
*Interviewer* :- "Excellent ! The whole of your family is well qualified".  
*Applicant* :- "No Sir ! you are mistaken."  
*Interviewer* :- "How?"  
*Applicant* :- "Sir, you see

F. Sc. stands for 'Father of seven children'  
M.Sc. stands for 'Mother of seven children' and  
B. Sc. stands for 'Brother of six children.' "

*Kamal Sandhu,*  
Class IX

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Two foolish men were sailing in a small boat. There was a hole in the boat. So one man said to the other let's make another hole so that the water will come through one hole and go out through the other.

*Namita Khanna*  
Class V

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*An interviewer to the applicant :*

- Interviewer* :- "If I cut one of your ears what will you do?"  
*Applicant* :- "I cannot hear!"  
*Interviewer* :- "If I cut both?"  
*Applicant* :- "I cannot see!"  
*Interviewer* :- "You have not heard properly, so listen again. If I cut both of your ears what will you do?"  
*Applicant* :- "You too have not heard properly. Now listen. If you cut off my ears I will not see 'cause my specs will fall down.

*Kamal Sandhu*  
Class IX

# An Encounter

The night was sultry and though the sky was overcast with dark threatening clouds, an atmosphere of tranquility prevailed. I was struggling through my Mathematics problems because I had to appear for a paper the next day.

Suddenly there was a deafening crash of thunder and when it died away a blood curdling scream echoed.

I ran to the window and at the same time lightning flashed across the sky; illuminating a girl's terror-stricken face. I ran down the stairs into the garden but by then, the girl had disappeared.

An object fluttering in the wind caught my eyes and stooping down I saw a piece of red cloth. I also noticed two pairs of foot-prints, but they were too large to belong to the girl. I followed them, until I came to a cemetery. There on a tombstone, another piece of red cloth was dropped.

I had a feeling of being watched and a cold chill ran down my spine. Instinctively I whirled around to be confronted by a mean-looking man, who was approaching me threateningly.

A scream escaped my lips and the man lunged at me. I ducked down just in time and he went sprawling on the ground. I prepared myself for the next attack, but it never came. Turning my head cautiously, I saw him lying on his face. His head had hit the tombstone which stunned him. I gagged him with the red cloth. Taking his belt, I bound his hands securely and with a twining vine secured his feet.

Muffled cries attracted my attention towards the undergrowth. On parting the bushes I saw the girl lying on the ground with hands, feet and mouth bound. Quickly I released her and she thanked me gratefully. She introduced herself as Rachel Kennedy, daughter of a rich tycoon. Two days before she had been kidnapped for ransom. Rachel had tried to escape only to be caught again.

We ran back to the house and telephoned the police. They arrived after fifteen minutes to bear away an indignant prisoner.

Though I was well rewarded by Rachel's parents, I barely scraped through my Mathematics test, much to the despair of my teacher.

*Pramjit Khanioun*  
Class IX



# A Moonlight Walk

It was bedtime so I snuggled into bed. However, I was not feeling sleepy so I decided to take a walk in the moonlight before that usually welcome nightly visitor would give me a call.

I wore my dressing gown and slippers and went to see my dog. I thought I would take him, and I put him on a lead. I made up my mind to go through the fields whose buttercups brushed their yellow powder on my legs and the daisies and lilies, nodded their heads in the cool night breeze. The moon shone brightly and the fields looked very beautiful and peaceful. A hedgehog scurried through the ditch looking for the slugs he likes best for his meal. I came to a small stream and feeling thirsty, I cupped my hands and drank the crystal water. The crickets on the trees were still by this time, except for an occasional chirp. It was nearly ten-thirty and then I felt tired. I had walked nearly two miles and I felt a little drowsy. My dog felt very excited when he smelt the rabbits in the fields. Suddenly it became very dark and the moon slipped behind the clouds. Lightning streaked across the sky and thick mist surrounded the fields. The rain began to pelt down and the wind blew steadily. I was wet as I ran home.

I tied my dog in his kennel and went to my room to change my clothes. I felt quite cold and was shivering, but after a warm bath and a hot drink I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow.

*Chandana Lall*  
Class VII





*Class VIII with Miss J. Falls*



*Class VII with Sr. Gemma, Mrs. S. Lakshmi  
and Miss Chandra Sharma*



*Class VI with Miss D. Barua*



*Class V with Miss P. Dias & Miss N. Rani*



*Class IV with Miss J. Kachari*



*Class III with Miss Sanyal & Miss Chitra Sharma*



*Class II with Mrs. P. Pereira*



*Class I with Miss S. Massey*

# The Mystery of the Secret Room

It was the month of August and my examination was just over. My friend, Salila, and I decided to camp near the seaside for a few days. We had permission from our parents to do this. We packed our personal belongings with the camping equipment and we also took our swimming costumes, for both of us were good swimmers.

It was a bright day and not a speck of cloud was to be seen in the sky. We went by car and enjoyed ourselves on the way. The beach was reached by ten o'clock in the morning and we quickly set up our camp and went to have lunch in a near by restaurant. After lunch we sat by the sea-side and admired the beauty of the scenes in front and around us.

There were many cliffs overlooking the sea. That afternoon we decided to have a swim and then go for a walk. We climbed higher and higher and enjoyed every minute of our walk. While walking we saw a clearing in the forest and in the middle of it stood a house. We were very surprised to see it for we did not know that anyone would build a house in such a wilderness of rock.

We both had creepy feelings about the house. Still we plucked up courage and walked towards it. The door was already open so we stepped in. The house was very well furnished, with everything in order.

We went to many rooms which were all furnished. Then we came to a room which somehow gave us goose flesh and sent a chill down our spines. As I was examining a painting there I discovered a very strange thing, for as I touched it, it fell to the ground and broke to pieces.

When we had picked up the fragments and got up from the ground, we found that there was a knob behind the painting. We moved the knob and suddenly part of the wall began to open. We were so very surprised to see it open thus of its own accord.

We went into the room, and what do you think we saw there? We found a switch and so we switched on the light as it was very dark and nothing was to be seen. We were still more surprised when our eyes fell on an abundance of treasure. There were trunks full of gold and silver coins. There were many diamond ornaments which were worth hundreds of rupees.

We switched off the light, went out of the room and closed it, and at once hurried back to our camp. From there we lost no time in informing the police of our unexpected discovery. After a lapse of a few days, we both received a parcel from the Superintendent of Police. Each parcel contained a gold watch as a reward for our discovery.

*Ritu Nath*  
Class VII



## A Memorable Experience

After the May examinations everyone was very excited, thinking of the days of fun and frolic ahead. We were anticipating boating and hiking in the midst of Kashmir's scenic beauty.

On the 21st morning the excited voices of our senior girls bound for the trip could be heard, making last minute preparations, strapping suit-cases and bags, collecting cameras and films for them. There we were on the slope leading from the school, all ready to leave. We arrived at the bus stop and were obliged to wait for about one hour. The arrival of the bus was hailed with a delighted shout, and in a trice we were in our comfortable seats. The drive was quite pleasant and before we knew it, we were in Dehra Dun. We boarded the train and waited impatiently to be off. There was a lot of commotion that day, for every girl wanted to sing or chatter at the top of her voice.

The next morning, on reaching Amritsar we boarded the bus to go to the airport. In Amritsar the climate was hot but bearable, but as soon as we entered the plane we felt very comfortable and cool. When we were airborne we could see from the windows the snow-clad peaks glistening in the the sun. Finally we touched down at Srinagar and boarded the bus which had been hired for the whole trip. We went around the town by bus and after a while we reached the hotel where we had booked accommodation. This hotel was called "Hotel Dreamland" and was situated about two miles away from the main part of the city. The next day we went to visit the Mughal Gardens which consisted of the Shalimar Gardens, the Chasmashahi Gardens and the Nishat Gardens. All three beauty spots were full of blooming flowers, and sparkling fountains were playing in between the flower beds. It was really a breath-taking sight. We went to Yusmarg, which was a long drive from the city. There we had our lunch at a rest house and everyone had the opportunity to go horse-riding. Everybody from the smallest girl among us to Miss Kohli, our teacher, was galloping around to her hearts content.

One day we went to Gulmarg and from there we walked about three miles to reach Kilim Marg. There we found sledges and we were taken right to the top of a slope and then we came sliding down on the snow. It was a most thrilling experience! While we were walking back to Gulmarg it started raining heavily which made the soil (which was mainly clay) quite squelchy and slippery. Half of the girls were so frightened of slipping that they would not venture a step forward and clung together, and then someone would accidentally bump into them sending them sprawling into the mud! By the time we reached Gulmarg we were like a lot of ragamuffins for we were drenched from head to toe. On reaching the Hotel everyone had to have a hot bath to look respectable again.

The next day we went to Sonamarg where we had our lunch by a river and after that we climbed for about one and a half km to the glacier. Many of us climbed up to its summit and there we erected a 'Waverley' flag improvised by one of us, and saluted it, to the great amusement of all. We next visited Pehalgan where the shooting of a movie was going on, and the majority of the girls went to see the various actors and actresses but were unable to get an introduction to all of them.

We went boating and all of us had chances to row and even had boat races which were great fun. During all the journeys to the various sites we sang and laughed and teased our teachers. We were at an advantage because everybody was very gay and so nobody spoilt the fun by scolding us.

At last we had to leave Kashmir. We did so with mixed feelings of regret and anticipation. Our regrets stemmed from the fact that our enjoyable holiday was drawing to a close, but we also happily anticipated seeing our friends again in school. Before we came down to Amritsar we were told that the temperature in the plains was  $43^{\circ}\text{C}$  and when we alighted we became rudely aware of a hot, scorching wind. We had a good time in the train back and then we boarded the bus to Mussoorie.

We were most thankful for the lovely cool climate which again greeted us. We had a great welcome back to school by both the girls and our Sisters.

Now we feel ready for the hard work we must put in during the coming term if we want to be successful in our final examinations.

By Class IX

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## Some Facts

- ★ Food wastage and time killing are wasteful habits of self-killing.
- ★ Churning the mind with self-inquiry gives the cream of knowledge.
- ★ Greatness lives in mental equanimity.
- ★ The mind is a narrow passage through which only one can pass—lust or love.
- ★ Pointing out others vices also makes the other three fingers point at us: which means self-analysis is needed three times more than finding fault with others.

Kamal Sandhu  
Class IX

# “The Return of Childhood”

What is the return of childhood? What is the explanation of the two words—‘second childhood?’ It is but —“OLD AGE.”

Everyone who crosses the valley of flowers and thorns, joys and sorrows reaches the stage of second childhood.

This stage, as Shakespeare puts it is one of ‘sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.’ When a plant produces a young bud, eventually the bud opens, seeking sunlight and admiration. So, too, a man grows, reaching out for love, peace and joy. Then the bud blooms into a lovely rose spreading its velvet petals for admiration. Soon the rose is discarded, so too is youth left behind and one enters the stage of adulthood. A sturdy plant or rose holds its own amidst storms, hurricanes and tempests. So too does a mature man overcome his problems and difficulties with a calm mind. As a rose slowly withers, approaching its last hour, man leaves his years of energy and virility behind; all is faded and finally forgotten. He wonders perhaps in his failing years if life was but a dream, an illusion. “Where are the snows of yester year?” he asks himself.

He has reached that last stage of life, familiarly known as second childhood—from which there is no return. He has again become what he was years ago, a child. “Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything”, nearly but not quite. He can still retain his sense of dignity and good humour. He may be considered a burden to those who never learn to accept others, yet he can still recall the bygone days of his youth, and he can relive them mentally with a certain degree of pleasure.

This last stage can be, and often is a blessing to those who have learnt to accept God’s will in their regard, these last days of —‘second childhood.’

*Rashmi Singh*  
Class X (I. C. S. E.)



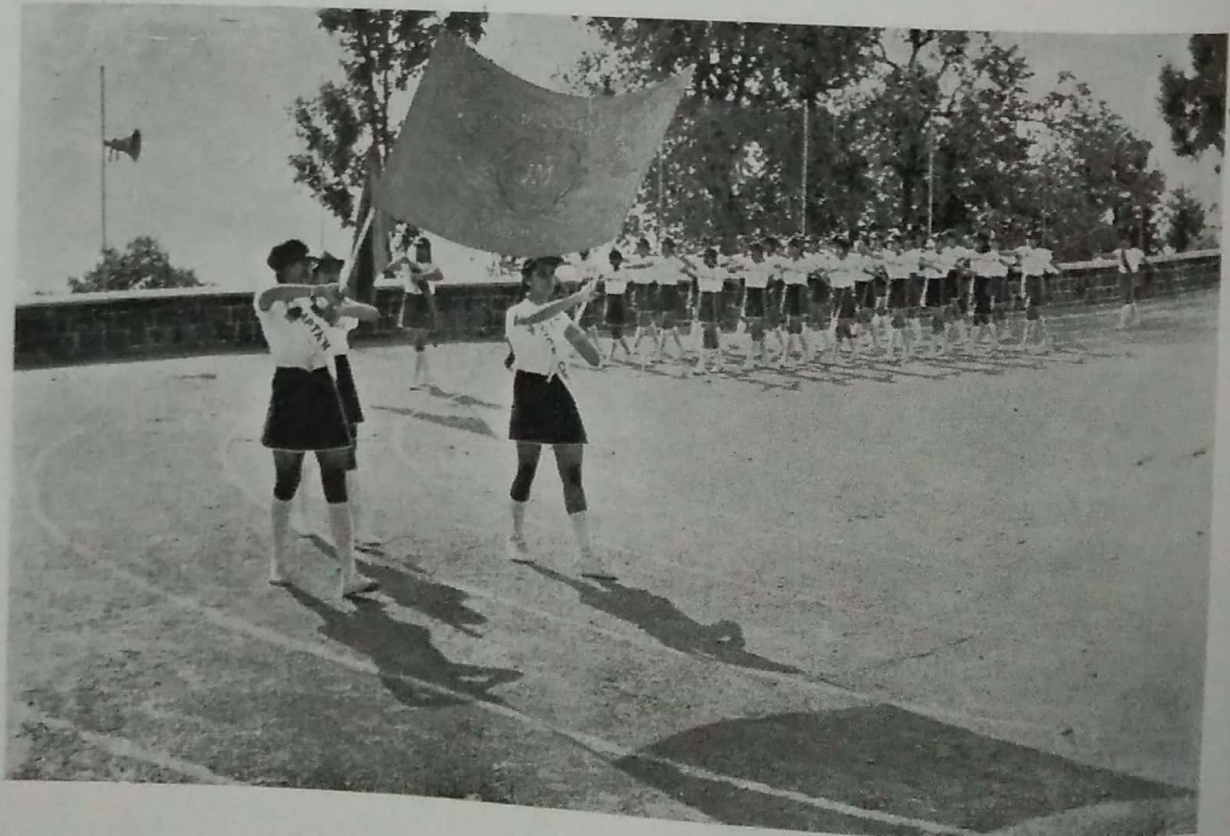
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*Air  
Commodore  
Pereira  
takes the  
Salute*



*Holding our Banner High*



*A Kiss for a lucky winner from Mrs. Pereira*



*Mrs. Pereira presents a Challenge Cup*

# SPORTS DAY



*"Hoop Race"*



*Awaiting Marching Orders*

C

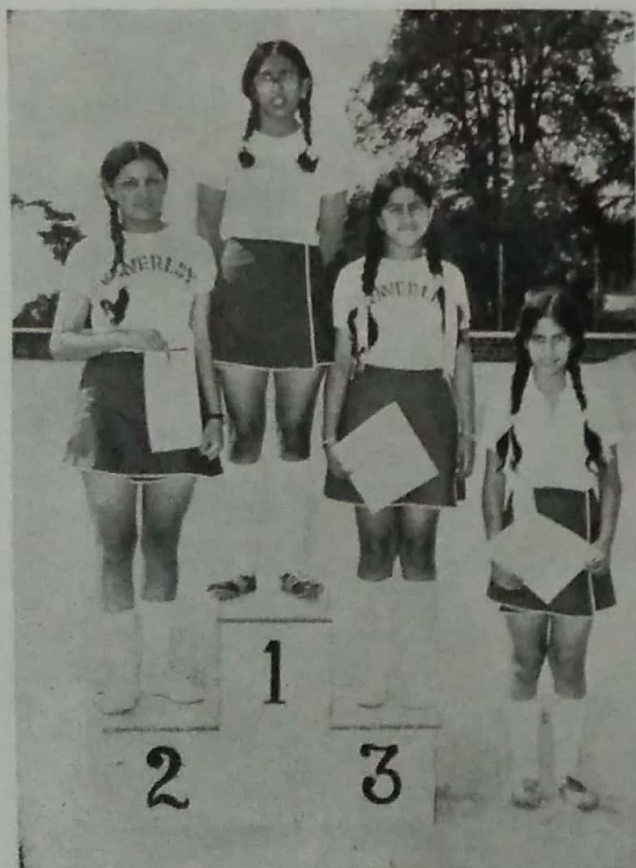
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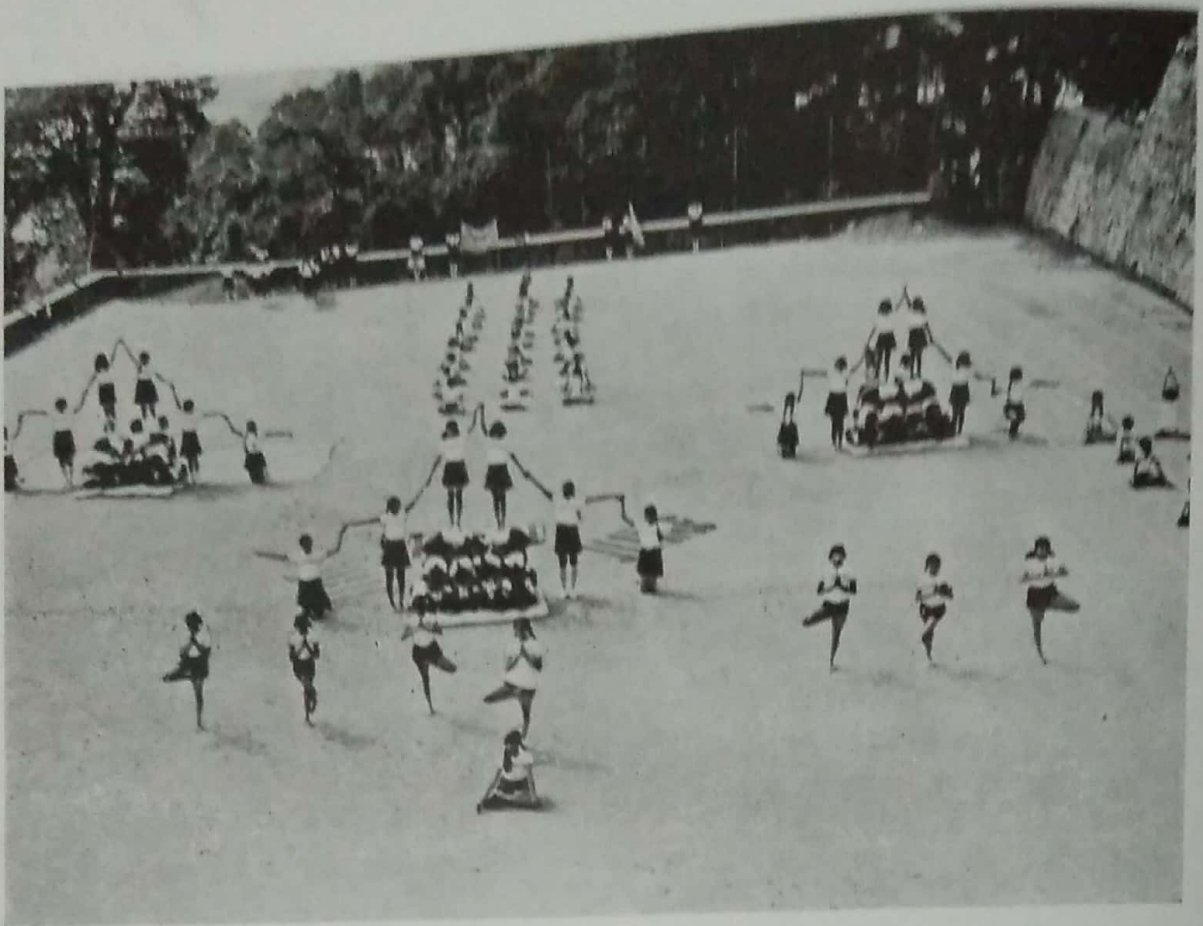


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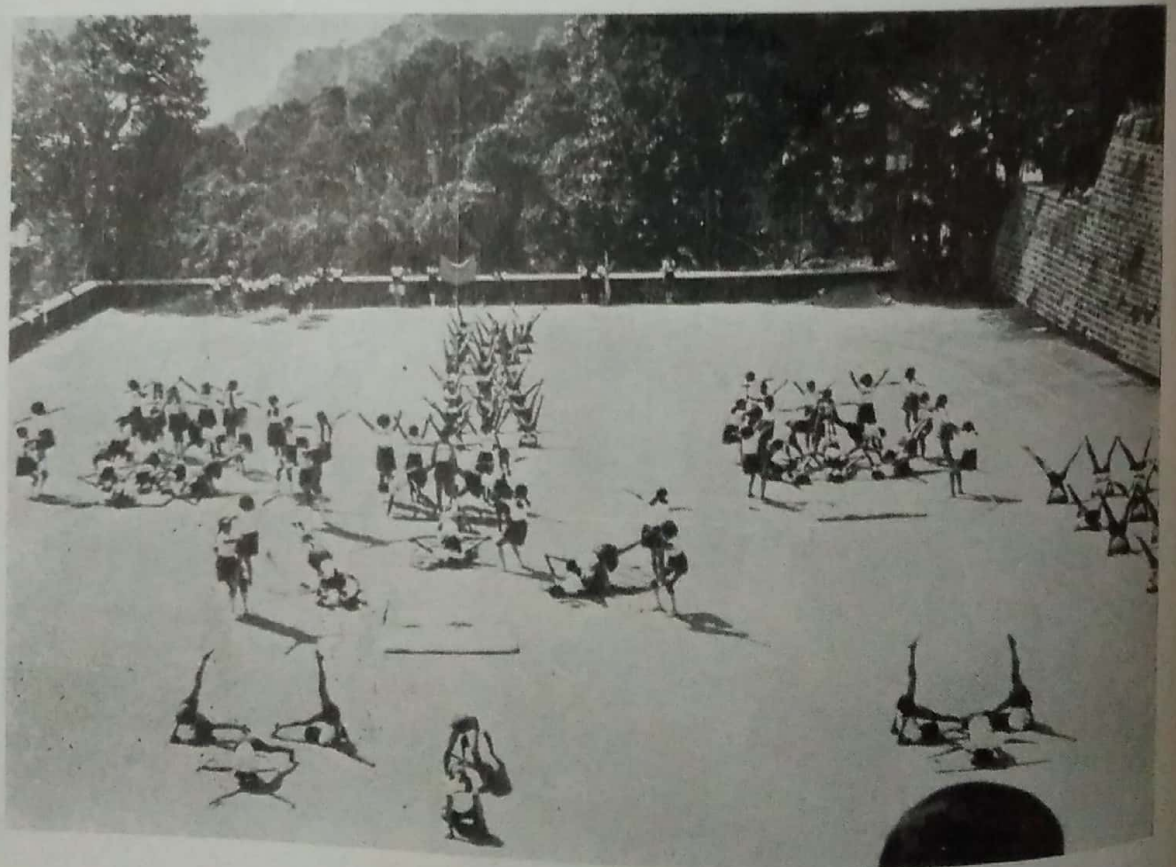
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S!



# Y-O-G-A



## Jonathan Comes to "Waverley"

Since last year our class had been waiting impatiently for the time when we would have our first Leadership Training Service Camp with Father Wirth whose reputation as director of the L. T. S. movements was well known to all in Waverley Convent. Finally the day dawned when we embarked on this brief, though important course which was to have a transforming action on the life of each of us. We had already taken our camp beds down to the Dehra Dun Cottage the previous day, and were all agog with excitement in anticipation of many surprises.

This course started on an exceedingly stormy night; thunder pealed loudly and the rain fell in torrents. Our class gathered in the school library where we sang hymns and played games, spending the time in this way till we could go to our temporary quarters for the night's rest, for the cottage was a short distance away from the school. The lights had gone off and a candle on the table glowed in the darkness. Reverend Fr. Wirth, accompanied by Sr. Tara and Miss P. Dias who were in charge, came to the library where we had general instructions imparted on the Camp regulations we were expected to observe. Then we began to realize what to expect. Our Director divided us into three groups which would plan for the montage, charts and role-playing. After that a few pictures were distributed among us. Each girl had to choose a picture or two depicting what she would like to be. We were then divided into four committees. The first one was in charge of washing plates and serving the meals; the second would see to the prayer room; the third would provide for the bulletin board; and the duty of the fourth was to provide the entertainment. We then went down, not without some uncertainty about the future. However the following day's activities far surpassed our expectations and were wonderfully satisfying.

The next morning we gradually found that the spirit of Jonathan (I must mention that we were studying 'Jonathan the Sea Gull' by "Bach") was entering our small group, reforming us and ridding us imperceptibly of our selfishness and other insocial habits. We studied him very carefully, extracting his admirable qualities which every teenager of good will aspires to have. Each girl had the desire to gain at least a few, if not all, of those beautiful qualities of Jonathan. We studied them from every angle during the three days of the course. We studied ourselves and found to our surprise that we were not entirely lacking in those qualities; but we could still improve. We overcame our shyness and awkwardness very quickly and got to know each other thoroughly. We were greatly affected by those talks and slowly our awareness grew of the imperative need of self reform. We now realized that we must face all the challenges life has to offer, in the present and in the future. We promised that ours would be the bright future of enthusiastic citizens of our beloved motherland. Our idealism was at its peak, but Father's admirations and encouragement made us realistic and even humble. We knew now how to accept our faults and accept others with all their short-comings. We learnt the value of prayer and also of silence. We realized our responsibilities and made up our minds to shoulder them bravely.

In conclusion we wish to say that we are really grateful to Fr. Wirth who endeavoured to give us the valuable gift of self-realization, and we are thankful to Sr. Adrian who had made this course possible for us. We thank Miss Rundlett for her interest and encouragement, and Sr. Tara and Miss Dias for being ever ready to help us in all we did. Surely we can never repay our debt to them, no matter how much we try.

*Tanuja Jhunjunwala*

Class IX

# The Mysteries of Life & Death!

Oh! This life is fraught with pain,

Its glory is but short-lived,

In youth it was heaven

But suddenly the gates of heaven,

are shut with a bang.

For death is awaiting us.

The cold feeling of death envelops me

and sends shivers down my spine,

But what lies beyond death?

This mystery many a scientist

has not solved.

For the good, lies an eternal valley of flowers

but for the evil, the fires of hell;

This is just an assumption.

Beyond death lies a world, the key

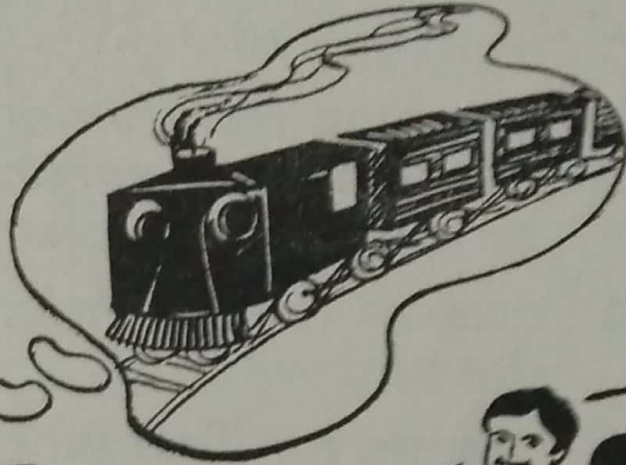
of which belongs only to God.

Alpana Pant  
Class IX

# The Train

A villager who had never seen a train came to a town and asked a man to describe this locomotive. The man gave a description of the train, saying that it was quite big, black in colour, and smoke came out of its mouth and that it whistled. The villager thanked the man and decided to go into the town for sightseeing.

At the small station he saw a negro who wore a black suit and, strange to say, was smoking a cigar and whistled a lively tune. When the delighted villager saw the negro he ran after him feeling that now he would be able to ride a train. The negro happened to bend to tie his shoe laces and the villager seizing



his chance jumped on the negro's shoulders. The negro was so surprised that he leaped up in fright and the poor villager fell to the ground. By now all the people had surrounded them and there was much merriment and laughter when the villager told his story.

Kabit Dutta  
Class VII


# Olympic Team of Mathematics


There are various teams in this world and they play in certain specific fields. Mathematics is a kind of Olympic Team consisting of eleven letters. They are its players. It is one of the famous teams in the world. It is played in the field of Attentiveness. Intelligence and perseverance are the referees for it. It has many times defeated Inalertness. Exactness is the captain of the team.

The first player of this team is :

- 'M'** standing for *Memory* which is the back of the team & is essential for those who want to study this subject.
- 'A'** stands for *Attention* which is paid while dealing with it.
- 'T'** stands for *Tact* which is necessary for this subject. Without tact it is impossible to get success.
- 'H'** stands for *Hard labour*.
- 'E'** stands for *Exactness*.
- 'M'** stands for *Mental ability* which is tested while studying the subject.
- 'A'** again for *Ability* which is essential for a scholar.
- 'T'** (*second*) stands for *Talent* which is often shown while dealing with theories.
- 'I'** stands for *Initiative* which is centre forward of the team.
- 'C'** for *Cleverness*.
- 'S'** for *Smiling* which is always on the lips of a mathematician.


Mrs. S. Lakshmi  
Mathematician

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# सफलता की कुँजी

संसार में यदि आप सफलता प्राप्त करना चाहते हैं तो चापलूसी की विद्या में निपुण होना आवश्यक है। यदि आप इस विद्या में निपुण नहीं तो आप हर क्षेत्र में पीछे रह जाएंगे। कितने दुर्भाग्य की बात है कि समाज में अन्य कलाओं की शिक्षा के लिए तो कई अकादमियाँ हैं परन्तु चापलूसी के प्रशिक्षण के लिए कोई संस्था नहीं। वरना इन संस्थाओं से लोगों को बहुत लाभ पहुँच सकता था।

चापलूसी लोगों को खुश करने की कला है। इस कला के पंडित चारों दिशाओं में फैले हुए हैं। दरबारी लोग राजा की चापलूसी करते हैं ताकि उन्हें राज्य की ओर से सुविधाएँ प्राप्त हों। बच्चे अपने माता-पिता की चापलूसी करते हैं और विद्यार्थी अपने अध्यापकों की।

प्रत्येक व्यापारी इस कला को जानता है। अपनी वस्तु को बेचने के लिए, वह ग्राहक को कई बातें सुना कर प्रसन्न करता है और उसकी आवश्यकताओं को पूरा करने का भर-सक प्रयत्न करता है। व्यापारी की सफलता उसकी वस्तुओं के गुण में नहीं, उसकी चापलूसी की कला में है।

धर्म के क्षेत्र में भी हम भगवान् की चापलूसी करते हैं। यदि हम ऐसा न करें तो हमें नरक स्वर्ग की यातनाओं की धमकी मिलती है।

राजनीति का तो प्राण ही यही है। समाज भी हमें यही सिखाता है कि चापलूसी में बहुत शक्ति है। शिक्षा का पंडित जानता है कि अमुक बात हानिकारक है, किन्तु उसे मंत्रियों को प्रसन्न करना है, इसलिये वह उन विचारों में वही आस्था प्रदर्शित करता है जो ब्राह्मण गायत्री में। यही अवस्था सभी बातों में है। जीवन संग्राम में सत्य, सिद्धांत या गुणों की नहीं बल्कि चापलूसी की विजय होती है। अतः हमें इसी ढंग से अपने आप को शिक्षित करना चाहिए।

अभी दो ही साल की बात है। मेरे मित्र की लड़की को लड़के वाले देखने आ रहे थे। उन्हें लड़की पसंद आ गई परन्तु दहेज की माँग बहुत अधिक थी जिससे मेरा मित्र घबरा गया। मैंने उसे यही कला (चापलूसी) सिखा दी। उसने लड़के वालों को कुछ दिन घर में रखा और उनकी प्रशंसा के पुल बाँध दिये। लड़के के पिता तो मेरे मित्र की बातें सुन बाग-बाग हो गए। बस, फिर क्या था? वे दहेज की सब शर्तें भूल गए और बिना दहेज लिये लड़के की शादी करने को तैयार हो गये। इधर मेरे मित्र की प्रसन्नता का ठिकाना न था। हींग लगी न फटकड़ी, रंग भी चढ़ गया चोखा। बस बातों से ही मैदान मार लिया। इसी लिए तो कहते हैं कि संसार रूपी सागर को पार करने के लिये चापलूसी रूपी पतवार का उपयोग करो नहीं तो तुम्हारी नाव हवा के सहारे ही पानी में डोलती रहेगी और तुम अपनी मंजिल तक कभी नहीं पहुँच पाओगे।

यदि चापलूसी इतने व्यापक रूप से फैली हुई है तो हम चापलूस कहलाने से क्यों घबराएँ? हमें पानी का रूप धारण करना चाहिए ताकि प्रत्येक हवा हम से प्यार करे। एक भारी पत्थर न बनें जिससे प्रत्येक मनुष्य बच निकले।

प्रोति बोहरा

कक्षा ६

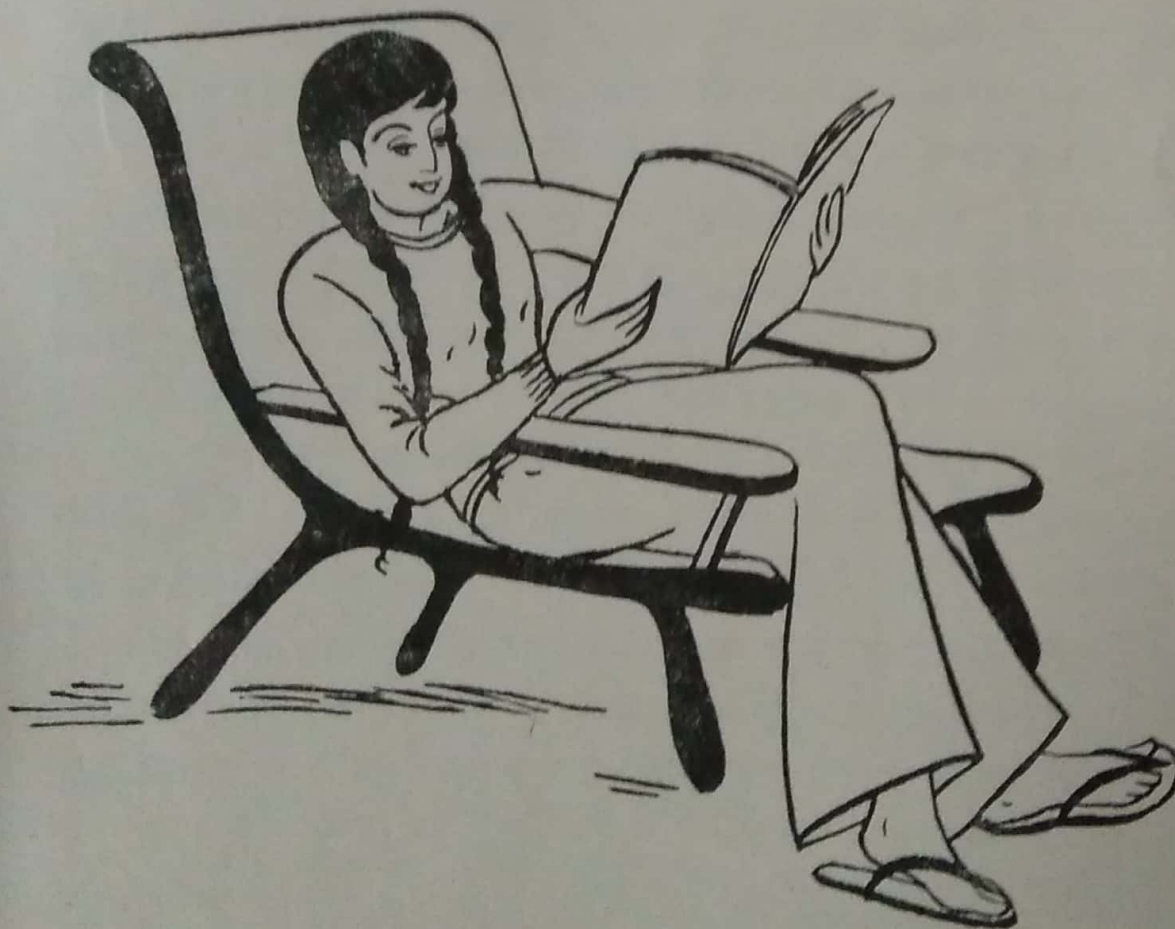
# इतवार

सब से अच्छा दिन इतवार,  
और सभी दिन हैं बेकार ।

चाहे जाओ तुम बाजार,  
चाहे बैठकर पढ़ो अखबार ।

चाहे सिनेमा को हो तैयार,  
चाहे लेटो पैर पसार ।

इस दिन अक्षर पढ़ो न एक,  
चाय पियो और खाओ केक ।



आभा माथुर  
कक्षा ७

## बस की प्रतीक्षा में

टिकट घर के आगे इतनी लम्बी 'क्यू' देख कर बेचारे मुझ जैसे, बसों में पहली बार सफर करने वाले, के हृदय में घबराहट के सिवा और क्या हो सकता है ? टिकट-बाबू की सफेद टोपी तो सिर के एक कोने में पहुँची हुई थी और बाल अस्त-व्यस्त थे। बेचारा क्या कर सकता था ? खिड़की पर इतनी भीड़ जो थी ! मैं किसी तरह धक्के खाती टिकट की खिड़की के पास पहुँची, टिकट लिया और पास ही एक बेंच पर बैठ गई। बहुत से लोग वहाँ बस की प्रतीक्षा में बैठे हुए थे।

एक ग्रामीण परिवार का चित्र बहुत ही रोचक था। बच्चों को सम्भालना माँ के लिए पहाड़ जैसी समस्या थी। बच्चों में तो रोने की प्रतियोगिता हो रही थी। जब उस क्रन्द-ध्वनी से मेरा सिर फटने लगा तो मैं वहाँ से उठ कर दूसरे बेंच पर जा बैठी।

इस बेंच पर मैंने अपने-आप को एक मोटे लाला और मुँह पिचके अंग्रेज प्रोफेसर के बीच बैठे पाया। लाला जी का यह कहना था कि गाड़ी दस मिनट लेट है और उधर प्रोफेसर साहब ने "पंचूएलिटी" पर लेक्चर देना शुरू कर दिया।

जब मैं शेक्सपीयर और कीट्स की कहावतें सुनते-सुनते ऊब गई तो मैं वहाँ से भी उठ कर बस के आने के स्थान पर खड़े होकर बस की प्रतीक्षा करने लगी। वहाँ एक सरदार जी भी खड़े हुए थे और वे बढ़ती हुई आवादी का रोना रो रहे थे।

खैर, बस आ गई। सौभाग्य से मैं उम्मी स्थान पर खड़ी हो गई जहाँ बस रुकी। मैं खुश हो सोच रही थी कि अब थोड़ी ही देर बाद मैं घर पहुँच जाऊँगी। परन्तु मेरी यह खुशी क्षण भर में खत्म हो गई। जैसे ही मैं गाड़ी पर चढ़ने वाली थी, अन्दर से दरवाजा खुला और भीड़ उमड़ आई। जब बस खाली हो गई तब हमारी चढ़ने की बारी आई। कहाँ मैं एकदम आगे थी और अब--बिल्कुल पीछे! बस खचाखच भरी हुई थी पर फिर भी मैंने हिम्मत नहीं हारी। मैंने चढ़ने की चेष्टा की पर जैसे ही मैं चढ़ रही थी कंडक्टर ने सीटी बजाई और बस चल पड़ी। मैं अपने आँसू पोंछते हुए वहीं की वहीं खड़ी रह गई।

समाचार पत्रों में लिखा रहता है--टाटा बसों से सफर कीजिए, ताज महल देखिए ! यू.पी. रोडवेज से सफर कीजिये, बस आनन्द ही आनन्द ! लेकिन आनन्द का तो तब पता चलता है जब बस की प्रतीक्षा में घंटों खड़ा होना पड़ता है और अन्त में आप अपने आप को अकेला बस स्टैंड पर खड़ा हुआ पाते हैं।

अल्पना पंथ

कक्षा ६

## प्रकृति

भूल चुका था मैं

बाजार के शोर गुल में

एक ऐसा शोर,

जो सुनाई पड़ता था

नदी के किनारों पर

पहाड़ों की दराओं में

पक्षियों के चहकने में

याद आ गया है वह आज

जब कि मैं फिर आ गया हूँ

प्रकृति के बीच में

जहाँ चल रही हूँ तेज हवाएँ

बह रहे हैं झरने पहाड़ों के बीच से

और सोचता था मैं क्या यह प्रकृति

नहीं बदलती बाजारों की तरह

और बाजारों में रहने वाले लोगों की तरह

और जोड़ती है हमें

हमारे पूर्वजों के साथ

और जोड़ती रहेगी आने वाली पीढ़ियों से

मैं जानता हूँ कि मैं गैर हूँ इसके लिए ।

## मेरी जुराब

मेरी एक साल पुरानी जुराब,

महकती है जैसे गुलाब,

इसे पहनते हूँ मेरे जैसे नवाब,

वाह साहब! इसका न पूछो कोई जवाब ।

मनीषा

कक्षा ७

## “हमारा स्टाफ”

उफ ! मिस आ गई ! पूरी कक्षा में सन्नाटा बन कर छा गई ।

ये थीं हमारी मिस कोहली ।

जब आती हैं सिस्टर तारा

लगाती हैं “प्रेज द लॉर्डे” का नारा ।

मिसेज लक्ष्मी आती हैं लेकर तीव्र दिमाग,

और सिर पर सुगन्धित गुलाबों का बाग ।

एक दिन में शैम्पू की पूरी बोतल पी जाते हैं बाल,

यह है डियर मिस शर्मा का कमाल ।

सुन्दर होंठों वाली मिस फॉल्ज से करो मुलाकात,

जो हमेशा करती रहती हैं देहरादून की बात ।

मिस पांडे, जो कि हैं बहुत आकर्षक,

हैं वे नैनीताल के सौन्दर्य की मूरत ।

यह था हमारे स्टाफ का चित्र,

क्या लगता नहीं आप को विचित्र ?

## “जवानी”

संगीता बहुगुना

कक्षा ६

जवानी तेरी अदा का भी जवाब नहीं,

तू जीवन का वरदान भी है और श्राप भी ।

दिल में शोले भड़कते हैं, बुझते हैं,

तू आग भी है और पानी भी ।

तू नींद भी है और सपना भी,

जो पल-भर के लिए सच लगता है ।



तू तारों भरा आकाश है,

जहाँ चार दिन के लिये चाँदनी का प्रकाश है ।

तू वह सुगन्धित फूल है,

जो हवा के एक ही झोंके से महक उठा

पर लू के स्पर्श से कुम्हला गया ।

तुझ में है इतना खुमार,

कि भूल गए हम सब संसार ।

नीना मलिक

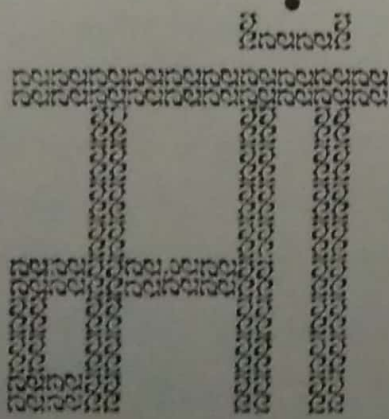
कक्षा ६

## मेरा कुत्ता

मेरा कुत्ता बड़ा ही प्यारा,  
सब कुत्तों से है वो न्यारा ।  
जब मैं उसे पुकारूँ तो,  
दुम हिलाकर आता है ।  
जब कोई आवे तो भौं-भौं करके,  
उसे दूर भगाता है ।  
जब मैं उसे डाँटती हूँ तो,  
दुम दबा कर भागता है ।



दिव्या सिंघ  
कक्षा ३



तुमने मुझको जन्म दिया ।  
पाल पोस कर बड़ा किया ।।  
तुमने मुझे दूध पिलाया ।  
लौरी गाकर मुझे सुलाया ।।  
मेरे सुख में अपना दुख भुलाया ।  
इस दुनिया में तुम हो महान् ।  
तुम को मेरा शत-शत प्रणाम ।।

हरिन्दर सिन्धु  
कक्षा ३



## बावर्ची बनने चले .....

अचानक हमें संदेश मिला--नीचे 'किचन' की सफाई करने जाओ। दौड़ते, हैंसते, चिल्लाते हम नीचे 'देहरा-हाऊस' भागे। सोचते जा रहे थे कि रसोई में चित्र आदि टांग, उसकी सजावट कर, इसे आधुनिक 'लिविंग रूम' बना देंगे। इस प्रकार हमें 'कॉमन रूम' की कमी भी महसूस न होगी। बीस-बाईस लड़कियों को एक साथ खाना बनाना है-इसलिए रसोई तो बड़ी होगी ही। उसे आकर्षक बनाने के तरीके सोच, हम उत्सुकता से रसोई की ओर बढ़े; लेकिन दरवाजा खोलते ही जो अन्दर का नजारा देखा तो हैंसी का फव्वारा छूट पड़ा। रसोई को देखते ही सुभागी के भाड़ की याद आई। कदाचित् उसका भाड़ भी इससे अधिक उजला रहा होगा। अन्तर केवल इतना था कि जहाँ सुभागी का भाड़, उसके पति की प्रतीक्षा में आँखें विछाए था-वहाँ हमारा रसोई घर शायद जोंकों की बाट जोह रहा था; क्योंकि हमारे अन्दर प्रवेश करते ही जोंकों ने भी पदार्पण करना शुरू किया। उनके प्रेम भरे अलिंगन से बड़ी मुश्किल से अपने आप को बचा पाए।

अब कमरे के चारों ओर दृष्टि दौड़ाई। मकड़ियों ने बड़ी बारीकी से अपने जाल के आकर्षक डिजाइन बना रखे थे। अन्दर जितनी धूल और राख थी, उसे दूर करने के लिए तो शायद कई ड्रम पानी की आवश्यकता थी। और हमारे पास--केवल एक बाल्टी पानी था। लेकिन जहाँ चाह वहाँ राह! लक्ष्य सामने था! पानी की खोज शुरू हुई। इतनी लगन से शायद किसी ने खजाना भी न खोजा होगा। अन्त में तय हुआ कि 'कैकोटीरिया' की टंकी से पानी चुराया जाय। लेकिन चोर कच्चे थे-पकड़े गए। यही एक रास्ता था, वह भी बन्द हो गया। सफाई तो अभी हम आधी भी नहीं कर पाये थे। परन्तु फिर भी हम हिम्मत नहीं हारे। हमारी तन्मयता देख इन्द्र भगवान् ने अपनी प्रसन्नता की लहर बहा दी। बस, फिर क्या था? जितने नए बर्तन खरीदे थे सब-कड़छी से लेकर बाल्टी तक-आँगन में रख दिये और रसोई में उड़ेल-उड़ेल कर गंगा बहा दी। रसोई अब बिल्कुल पवित्र थी! वाह, भगवान् जब देता है तो छप्पर फाड़ कर देता है। कहाँ एक बाल्टी को तरस रहे थे और कहाँ अब नदियाँ बहने लगीं। बस यही गनीमत समझिए कि हम बहते-बहते बच गए। वरना हमें देखने से तो ऐसा लगता था मानो हम नदी में से प्रकट हुए हों। शाम को पाँच बजे तक हमारा कार्य सम्पन्न हुआ। उस दिन हमने जितना श्रम किया, यदि उस समय महात्मा गाँधी हमें देखते तो अवश्य हम जैसे नागरिकों को देख कर फूले न समाते।

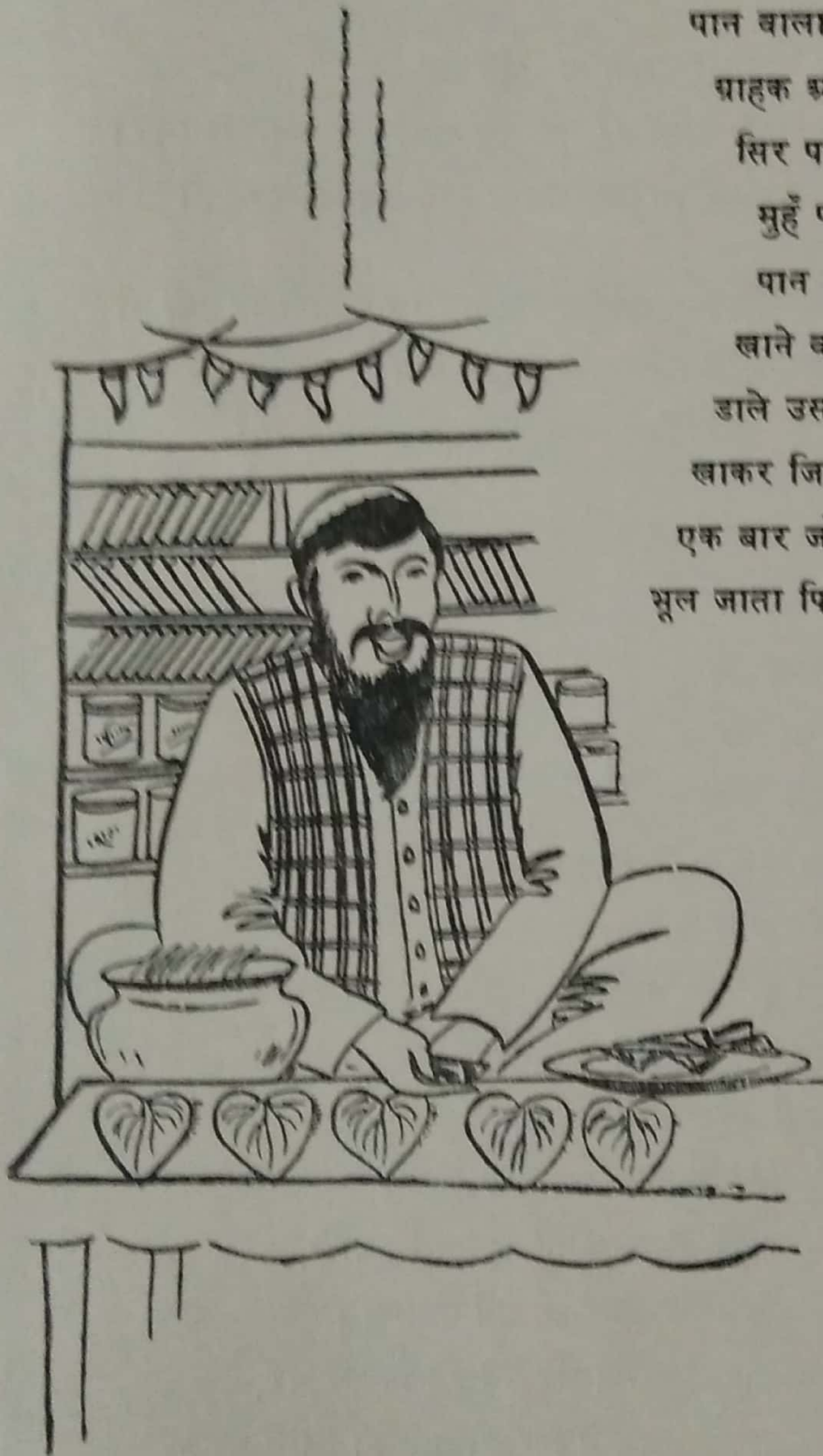
हम थक कर चूर हो गए थे लेकिन बावर्ची बनने की धुन ने हमें फिर तरोताजा कर दिया। उस मंजिल की ओर जाने की एक पहली सीढ़ी हम चढ़ चुके थे। यह विचार कर कि एक-एक सीढ़ी ध्यान से चढ़नी चाहिए, हमने वहीं पर पड़ाव डाल दिया और दूसरे दिन आगे बढ़ने की सोची।

आरती चड्ढा

कक्षा १०

# पानवाला

मेरे घर के पास है एक दुकान,  
बिकता है जहाँ बनारसी पान ।  
पान वाला है बड़ा नेक,  
ग्राहक आते वहाँ अनेक ।  
सिर पर टोपी कंगूरे वाली,  
मुहँ पर जिसके लम्बी दाढ़ी ।  
पान है उसका जायकेदार,  
खाने वाला हो जाए निहाल ।  
डाले उसमें चूना कत्था और सुपारी,  
खाकर जिसको चढ़े खुमारी ।  
एक बार जो खाता उसका पान,  
भूल जाता फिर और दुकान ।



मनीशा राठी

कक्षा ७

## “ मुस्कान ”

जिन्दगी के कगारों की हरियाली सूख गई हो,  
पक्षियों का कलख मौन हो गया हो,  
सूरज के चेहरे पर लाली गहरी होती जा रही हो,  
परखे हुए मित्र काँटों के रास्ते पर मुझे अकेला छोड़ कर चल दिए हों ।  
और बादल गरज कर सारी नाराज़गी मुझ पर निकाल रहे हों  
तो मेरे प्रभु  
तुम मुझ पर इतना अहसान करना कि मेरे होंठों पर हँसी की  
एक उजली रेखा अवश्य खींच देना,  
मेरा चेहरा सिर्फ मुस्कान से भर देना ।

रूपाली खन्ना

कक्षा १०

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## नींद में.....

नींद में चलते-चलते एक रोज,  
हम निकल पड़े करने खोज ।  
पर गिर पड़े अचानक नाली के अन्दर,  
निकले बनकर काले बन्दर ।  
थे अब हम होश में अपने,  
टूट गए थे सारे सपने ।  
जल्दी-जल्दी भागे घर में,  
सीधे जाकर बैठे टब में ।  
ठंड से अकड़ गई पसलियाँ हमारी,  
पकड़ गई थी हमें बीमारी ।  
महीना-भर पड़े रहे बिस्तर पर,  
पर भेद न खोला हमने किसी पर ।

मंजरी चौधरी

कक्षा ६

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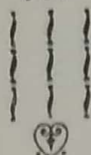
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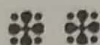
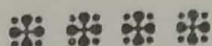


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