

Waverley

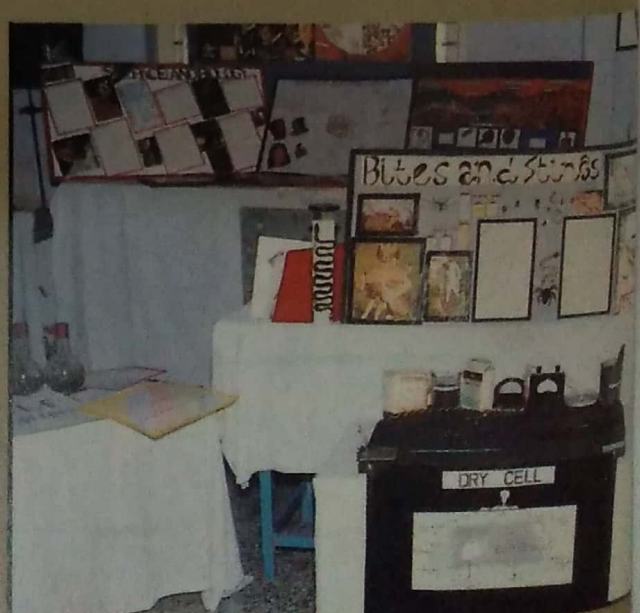
1989



Exhibition of Art, Craft & Needlework



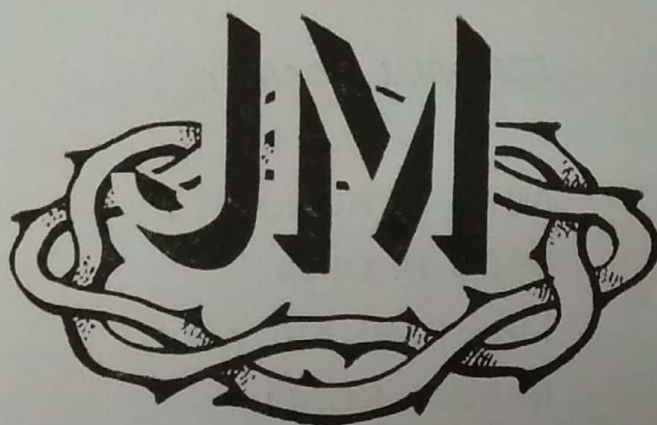
Keeping in step with the World of Science



Community

WAVERLEY

1989



PRAISED FOR EVER BE JESUS AND MARY

Convent of Jesus and Mary
WAVERLEY, MUSSOORIE (U.P.)

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EDITORIAL

After a lapse of several years we have decided to revive our school magazine. We are sure that all "Waverley-ites" will welcome this fresh start and help us to give it a new lease of life.

We dedicate this issue to all our students, past and present. We would very much like to include in future magazines a section with contributions from former students so that old ties will be renewed.

The school has grown considerably over the years. There are new classrooms and dormitories; a new auditorium, dining-room, library and needlework-cum-art room. There is now a special room for Computer classes and an audio-visual room for instruction and entertainment.

However, despite these changes, Waverley has maintained its "homelike" quality, a quality that has been so marked throughout its history. Waverley welcomes you, and will always do so.

We wish to thank all those who have contributed articles, photographs, advisory help and advertisements to make the publication of this magazine possible.

RED LETTER DAYS

15th March	: Installation of Captains
1st April—13th May	: Erehwon Programme
8th April	: Prize Distribution
17th — 22nd April	: Poster Week
24th — 29th April	: Career Week
1st May	: Helpers' Day
24th May	: Senior School Dramatics
26th May	: Mini Fete at St. Lawrence School
27th May	: Hikes in Mussoorie (Classes I—X)
12th — 17th June	: Mid Term Examination
21st June	: School Feast
22nd June — 4th July	: Mid-term Break and Tour (Classes V – X)
31st July	: Foundress' Day; Junior School Dramatics, Silver Jubilee Celebrations
7th August	: Symposium on Global Issues (Classes VIII—X)
15th August	: Independence Day
26th August	: Inter School Declamation Contest
5th September	: Teachers' Day
16th September	: Quiz for Classes IV & V Inter School Debate (Classes VIII & IX)
19th September	: Inter School Quiz contest for Juniors
2nd — 6th October	: "Reach Out"-A Music & Dance Performance in aid of St. Lawrence School; Exhibition of Art, Craft, Science and Library Projects.
21st October	: Inter School Sports
10th —21st Nov.	: Final Examinations
14th November	: Children's Day & X'mas Celebrations
18th November	: School closes for the winter vacation.

I AM EDUCATION

By J.T. Thompson

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

I am the parent of progress, the creator of culture and the moulder of destiny. Philosophy, science and art are my handiwork. I banish ignorance, discourage

vice, disarm anarchy.

The school is my workshop; here I stir ambitions, stimulate ideals, forge the keys that open the doors to opportunity.

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

Understanding the Meaning of Education

Vishali Kamra—X

- E — Endeavour
- D — Discipline
- U — Universality
- C — Character-building
- A — Application
- T — Talents
- I — Integrity
- O — Obedience
- N — A Necessity

My School

Jyotika Bindra & Simoni Todi
Class-I

The name of my school is Convent of Jesus and Mary, Waverley. I love my school. I like my teachers and sisters. We have a very good classroom where our teacher puts up beautiful charts. We won the "Class of the Week" cup with good points many times. My dormitory is very neat and clean with lovely dolls. I wish that all schools were like my school. I pray to God that my school always remains the same.

A Nightmare

Candida Viegas, Class-VII

It was a stormy night and I went early to bed. I was woken from a deep sleep by a man wearing a black overcoat. Beside him was a black hound.

The man asked me to accompany him. As he was a stranger, I was afraid to go with him. I asked him his name but he gave me no answer. He caught my hand and took me into the nearby forest.

When we were deep in the forest, the man and his hound disappeared. By then I was wringing wet but the storm had calmed down. I saw a burning twig nearby which had fallen from a tree struck by lightning. The twig was damp and soon the fire died out. I then saw a black shadow. It looked like the shadow of a wild animal so I ran as fast as I could, screaming for help.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was my mother who woke me up to tell me I was screaming in my sleep. With a sigh of relief I realised it was only a dream and I was safe and warm in bed.

A Child's Letter to God



Dear God,

How are you ? Please love me and my friends. Also love my whole school, all the sisters and teachers. My best friends are Akanksha and Devika. Thank you God.

Bye - Bye

Priyanka Mehta, Class-I

Spring in Mussoorie

Harsimran Kaur, Class-VI

Spring ! This is my favourite season of the year. After long, cold winter comes the festival of 'Basant' and it ushers in the spring.

The whole earth, lying frozen in the icy cold of winter, springs as if into new life. The plants, the trees which had shed their leaves during Autumn, suddenly appear to realise their bareness and start clothing themselves with new green leaves. And what a wonderful shade of green they are ! The leaves are so tender to touch, as if they were a baby's skin. In Mussoorie the Horse-chestnut, the Himalayan Neem and the Poplar are examples to the point.

Many bushes and shrubs start sprouting new leaves and buds. The May-flower and hydrangea all seem to be touched by the magic of Spring. Small, hardly noticed herbs and flower-plants like the dandelion, primrose, tulip, pansy, lily and violet start bedecking the ground and hillsides with their multicoloured blooms. Most of the hills in Mussoorie are dotted with pretty white daisies.

Fruit trees such as the apricot, plum, apple and peach all appear to be in a hurry to show off their enchanting blooms. Some trees have flowers even before they have leaves on them. Spring is also a season of birds. It 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. To listen to birds makes the world gay and gives joy and happiness. Mussoorie looks heavenly in Spring.

NATURE

Nawaz Khanna, Class-III

*Why do we cut the tree ?
It gives us shelter and shade
So let it grow free !*

*Why do we pluck flowers ?
They give food to
bees and butterflies,
And are friends of ours !*

*Why do we kill insects ?
They are so beautiful.
All colours they reflect.*



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Parul Bhatia, Class-VI



This year we are celebrating the hundredth birth anniversary of Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of India. He was a freedom fighter who fought against the British along with Gandhiji and other leaders of India. He fought for the independence of the country & went to jail quite often. There he used to write books. His letters written from the jail to his little daughter Indira are very interesting. He was tall, handsome and brave.

His daughter was Mrs. Indira Gandhi who also became the Prime Minister of India, and on her death she was followed by his grandson, Rajiv Gandhi, who is the present Prime Minister of our country.

Nehru loved children and looked very

happy and relaxed with them. He loved to play with them whenever he could. Nehru's birthday, 14th November, is celebrated as Children's Day all over India. We, the present generation of India, have not had the good fortune to see him, but through various books, articles, newspapers and programmes on T.V. we are learning more about Jawaharlal Nehru.

Jawaharlal Nehru always wore a red rose in his coat lapel because he loved roses. Roses remind us of him. He was a lover of Nature and he loved animals too. He died on the 27th May 1964 and the whole country mourned his death. We are lucky to belong to a country whose first Prime Minister was Jawaharlal Nehru. The whole world thinks so highly of him. We still remember him and his memory will linger in our hearts for ever.

MYSELF

Pratibha Singh, Class-I

My name is Pratibha. I am six years old and I study in class I. My mother's name is Mona and father's name is Pradeep. My mother is a teacher in Delhi and my father works in the bank. I have two cousins. They are Amah and Anju. My grand-mother, Mrs. Gurupadesh Verma was a freedom-fighter.

Our Trip to Sardhana

Assumption Pereira, Class-VIII

On the 25th of August 1989 the Catholics, the Social Service Team and the girls of Class X left for Sardhana. Some of us went in a private bus while the rest made the trip in local buses. We were bubbling over with excitement and while we sat in the bus we sang songs, ate packed lunches and then dozed off till we reached our destination.

We reached Sardhana at 7 O' clock in the evening. It was quite hot and we were exhausted. After a cool bath we went to bed, and hardly did our heads touch the soft pillows than we were all in the 'land of Nod'.

The next day we rose late, had our breakfast and lazed till 11.00 a.m. Then we met Fr. Orest, our former Waverley Chaplain, who gave us a warm welcome; his face was filled with happiness. He gave us crosses and brain-boosters (which are actually sweets). We went to the village where we visited the poor in their houses and asked them questions about how they live.

There was plenty of poverty and it was heartrending to see their suffering. We went to cloth weaving factories. There the workers showed us how yarn was made into cloth. Then we headed for St. Charles' College. We saw the palace of Begum Somru. It was a breath-taking sight. She was a Muslim who married a

Frenchman and she later became a Catholic.

The Basilica of our Lady of Graces was built by her. The next day we visited the Shrine. The Shrine is huge and it attracts thousands of people. Many come to pray to Our Lady of Graces who often works miracles for them. We made small petitions and put them into the petition box. There are many beautiful statues in the church. There is also a white marble statue of the Begum made very beautifully. Below it is her grave. We also saw the garments of gold and silver that she had presented to the church. These have been preserved. After that we heard Mass in Hindi and prayed to our Lady of Graces. All too soon it was time to return to Mussoorie. With heavy hearts we said good-bye to the Sisters and thanked them for their warm hospitality.

While leaving I was sure of one thing that I would surely return one day.

My Best Friend

Prabpreet Pal Singh, Class-I

Anjna is my best friend and she shares everything with me. I go to her house sometimes and play with her. She is very kind. She lives in Thailand and will be coming to India next year. She will be in class three. She loves and cares for me and I love her too.

A Compassionate Heart

A

The base and foundation of almost every successful work is a woman. That's what she was—our dear Claudine Thevent. A light now extinguished, a soul no more living—but certainly an alive character who continues to shine through her Sisters to us. It is needless to say that she was loved and was loved by many.

Claudine was not a politician fighting for a high rank or glory, or for that matter a celebrity craving for fame. All she wanted was a place in the hearts of those thousands who themselves had no place in the hearts of others. And she did not have to work long for this. Love came naturally to her. It shone like a lamp on a lonely dark street to guide the helpless and deserted.

Like fire her name and good work spread, and as her charisma drew them, people came enthusiastically to help her. Claudine was not discouraged by the narrow social elements that obstructed the path to her ambitions. She walked alone, supported of course by those who believed in her cause. If they gave up there would be no one in the wide heartless world to spare the unwanted a thought. It was perhaps this haunting thought that inspired

her and gave her the strength to carry on even till the moment she breathed her last.

The thought of her approaching death and with it the removal of her loving personality, was dreaded by many. But then death comes to us all and one day our Loving Father took her to His abode—a land where there is no trace of a cold heart an anguished mind or an injured soul, but a land of everlasting love and warmth.

—Shikha Agarwal, Class-X

B

Mother St. Ignatius was born in a city called Lyons in France in 1774. When she was still young the French Revolution began and it continued as she grew up. She felt sad for the people and for her brothers who died in this revolution. She made up her mind to go out of her way to help those in need. Slowly she helped them in many ways. She opened orphanages and she gave food and shelter to the homeless. She was the foundress of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary.

Mother St. Ignatius spent her life in the service of others. Her last words were 'How Good God Is'.

—Smriti Agarwal, Class-IV



My Ambition in Life

My name is Shruti Handa. I study in the Convent of Jesus and Mary, Waverley, situated in a hill station called Mussoorie. My ambition in life is to become a doctor. I want to become a doctor because when I see a person suffering from a disease I cannot help him. I can only give him food or something to cover his body with. But when the doctor gives him medicine his pain vanishes. So I thought it is really wonderful to become a doctor and to help all those poor people who cannot afford medicines. I want to help all the sick people. I have realized that a doctor plays a very important role in our lives, so I too would like to be a doctor.

—Shruti Handa, Class—IV

My ambition is to become an electronic engineer, and I would like to specialise in computers.

I want to do this course in computers because it is interesting and it has a wide scope in life. Computers are used in shops, schools, hospitals, colleges, offices and laboratories. Computers help people in solving their non-numeric and numeric problems. Computers can store all the records and can produce them when required. A computer has become the most important machine today.

After doing my Secondary Schooling, I shall appear for an entrance test for the engineering course. There, I shall learn Computer Science and Computer Engineering. I hope to do something new in computers and also to invent new computer games.

This advanced technology will help the next generation. It will make me very happy to know that I have contributed to their future.

—Raunika Malhotra, Class—V

From Where Do Flying Saucers Come ?

—Priyanka Singh, Class—VII

Today nearly everyone has seen an aeroplane. In schools children study about them. Sometimes people see such things in the sky that are neither aeroplanes nor helicopters. They are not even balloons. They are totally different. People call them 'Flying Saucers.'

Some people believe that there are no such things as Flying Saucers, but Scientists say that there are.

The first man to see a flying saucer was Kenneth Arnold. On the 24th of June 1947 while he was sitting in his plane, flying over the mountains of America he saw nine (Flying Saucers) flying with great speed. He named them Flying Saucers. Flying saucers have been seen in Alaska, Russia and England. In India Flying Saucers were seen in Delhi, Ahmedabad, Udaipur and Ajmer.

Flying Saucers come with great speed and stop suddenly. Some people believe that in olden days there were many clever people on the earth. For some reason they left the earth and went to live on other planets. The Flying Saucers which come now-a-days are believed to be their planes. They perhaps lose their way and come to earth. Of course most people don't believe this !

Till the scientists find out what flying saucers really are they will be a mystery to us. People have made many films on flying saucers which are both enjoyable and interesting.

God's Beautiful World

—Megha Taluja, Class-III

The Earth is God's best creation. This world is made by the mighty hand of God. It is the best planet in space. It has trees, valleys, mountains, rivers, lakes which no other planet has. It is filled with life. The animals fill the earth with their different cries, while the birds gladden us with their beautiful songs and twittering. The earth, now beautiful and filled with life, was not always like this. It first started as a huge wall of gases which spun. As it spun its outer surface became cold and hard.

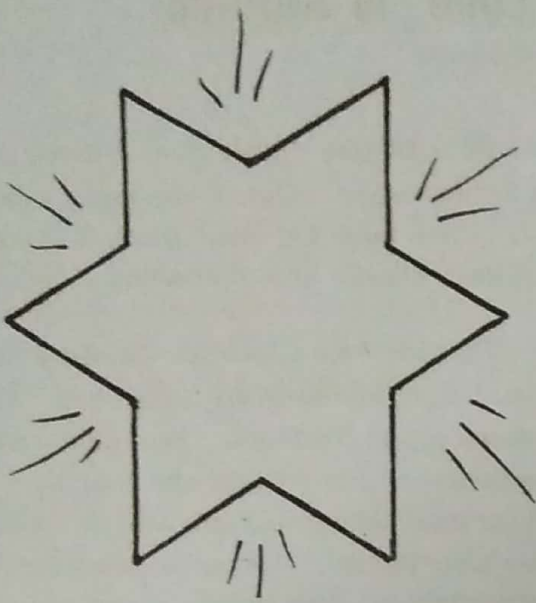
Then slowly the earth became land and oceans. Now there are men, women, plants and animals in this world. No other planet is as beautiful as our world.

When Can You Write a Poem ?

—Dipti Singh, Class—VI

When the touch of a cooling breeze,
When the touch of the warm sun,
Makes your heart really sing,
When you wish to express your deepest feeling,
Then only can you write a poem.

While sitting on the cool green grass,
Among the trees and the fragrant flowers;
While your heart is beating fast,
While your eyes see beauty all around
Then only can you write a poem.



A Star of Love

—Jyotsna Khare, Class—IV

I'd like to be a little Star.
Shining just for you,
Not a great and dazzling light.
But one bright and true.
Of course, you too can be a Star.
If you are good and kind,
And in all the things you do,
You try to help mankind,
If all of us were little Stars
Shining with love and joy,
We'd brighten up a sad, dark world.
So be a star—every girl and boy.

My Hobby

—Raulina Malhotra, Class—IV.

Every person has some free time after doing his job. To keep himself busy in his free time he does something and that becomes his hobby. After my studies I too get some free time so I read books and magazines. I enjoy different kinds of magazines such as 'Archie', 'Famous Five', 'Pinki', 'Billo' and 'Chacha Chawdhary'. I find good stories in them. Sometimes these stories make me laugh & sometimes my eyes get wet with tears after reading them. I picture myself in the story. Yesterday I was reading a fairy tale. In that story a fairy was playing with the children and took them for a ride on her chariot. When I was reading this story I was completely lost in it and felt as if I too had gone for a ride.

Books and magazines give me knowledge. When I read a magazine of some other country I come to know about its people and their culture. My mummy and papa buy me different types of books and magazines. Even my friends like giving me books as gifts for my birthday. Whenever I get a new book I cover it with brown paper so that it doesn't get spoilt. I lend my story books to my friends, but I hate it when they return torn books. I was in class I when I started reading books and magazines and collecting them. I have more than a hundred now. I keep them nicely in my cupboard. While going to bed I read bed-time stories. I wish to continue my hobby even when I become old.

The Highest Law of Love is Service

Urvashi Kakkar, Class-IX

The special value selected by our school for 1989 is 'Caring and Sharing'. This has motivated our Social Service group to put our best foot forward in helping the under-privileged. We have tried to reach out to those who are less fortunate than we are.

Our first experience this year was a visit to the Cheshire Home in Dehra Dun. The lady in-charge is Mrs. Abel, and believe me she lives up to her name. She has under her care spastics and mentally retarded of all ages. We were there during lunch hour and we saw the children being fed with such love, care and patience. We were deeply touched and decided to do something for them. We shall be visiting them again in October to bring some sunshine into their lives.

Practically every Saturday we have had canteens run by the various classes. The money collected from these sales will be used for the Cheshire Home and the school fees of two girls studying in our school in Sardhana.

We also visited a local hospital in Mussoorie. There was not much we could do to help there, but we felt the visit was worthwhile.

Early this year, we had a tragedy below our school gate. A house belonging

to a poor Tibetan family was burned due to a short circuit. Our school group promptly visited them the next day with financial help, clothes and provisions.

The visit from which we gained a first hand insight into how the "other half" live was our trip to Sardhana. We interviewed the people of the villages and were shocked at the callousness of way in which they were treated. Those in much better circumstances often refuse charity to the poorest beggars when these are unable to pay for the necessities of life. Doctors, too, sometimes bleed their poor patients of their slender resources.

St. Lawrence school of course is our first priority and our major efforts are geared in that direction. We are putting up a charity show 'Reach Out', a programme of songs and dances, in order to collect funds to expand the school. We believe that in going out to help someone whose need is greater than ours we solve our own problems and we become the person God wishes us to be. We can indeed be called charitable when we give, but while giving we must turn our face away so that we may not see the humility of the receiver.

"Every charitable act is a stepping stone towards heaven".



The Role of Youth In Nation-Building

Gaytri Anand, Class-VIII

Youth—a treasure of unlimited power.

Youth is a nation's wealth and every country possesses it. Youth holds the key to a nation's progress or its downfall. The young have a licence to experiment, to make mistakes and to learn from them.

They are an excited lot who are brim-full of new ideas and make many discoveries. A dynamic youth can lead a nation forward with new ideas befitting the modern trend; for how can a nation progress, with a cabinet of old men who only sit back and talk through experience and do little?

Enthusiasm and youth go hand in hand. It is youthful people like our Prime Minister and Benazir Bhutto who are the mainstay of their countries and inspire youth to go ever forward.

In the field of sports it is the young athletes who bring honour and glory to the country. Our cricketers, for example, belong to another generation and it is high time they induced new blood into the teams.

Now that the voting age has been lowered, thanks to our young Prime Minister more of the youth can actively participate in shaping the nation; for the young have the potential to do something or to become someone.

In the field of science youth is taking its cue and guidance from the more experienced and rising to new heights. The

youngsters of today have risen to dizzying heights of glory. Our spaceman, Rakesh Sharma, and spacemen all over the world have contributed a great deal in their own spheres towards the building of their own nations.

Young people have to be moulded with love and care and nurtured from childhood in the traditions and ideals of their country. Then and only then will they be able to play this important role of nation building.

We often hear of young men indulging in looting and arson. But who is really responsible? Youth is often mere clay in the hands of wily politicians. If they, on the other hand, could mould the young, then our country would change into Tagore's "heaven of freedom".

Caring and Sharing

Class-VIII

C — Compassion

A — Assistance

R — Reliability

I — Initiative

N — Neighbourliness

G — Generosity

S — Selflessness

H — Helpfulness

A — Appreciation

R — Respect

I — Integrity

N — Necessity

G — Graciousness

OUR WAVERLEY TOUR

Andaleb Hydar, Class-X

Excited voices, anxious eyes, whispers and eager faces awaited the arrival of the 'Tour Bus' which was to take our school girls on an educational tour to Renuka, Simla, Kulu-Manali and Chandigarh. It was as exhilarating as starting a new journey must always be.

The bus made its way towards Dehra Dun and there were continual exclamations at the grandeur of the mountain scenery all around us. The journey seemed endless we talked; we read; we played games and we dozed. As we reached Renuka, our first stop, I nudged my sister awake and we went towards our rooms. After freshening up, we made our way towards the 'Lion Safari' which was 5 to 7 minutes walk away. We were told that the Safari was a sort of national park where lions roamed freely, the idea being to provide them with their natural habitat. While returning we came upon the 'Renuka Lake', a very vast lake in the shape of a sleeping woman. It was calm and still and there seemed to be a stillness even in the air around us. It was uncanny but watching the lake did give one an impression that someone was asleep, someone who should not be disturbed. While returning from the lake I passed a tree with its bare branches standing out among others which were in full leaf. It must have been struck by lightning or blasted in some way. It was dead, but how beautiful it looked. The lake and the tree seemed to be bound together by a common bond. After tea, we went down to observe the animals that were caged.

There were peacocks, monkeys and birds, and one of the peacocks actually spread its wings as I raised my camera to shoot it. On the whole it was an over-whelming experience, and the day ended with us eating our supper under the shade of a huge branched tree.

The next morning saw us up and about at 7'O' clock and we boarded the bus to head for Simla. It was a beautiful morning and I was enchanted by the passing countryside—lush green meadows, wooded hills and rich soil—while the warm sun kept me pleasantly drowsy. That evening saw us all wending our way through the narrow lanes where we saw that most of the buildings at the sides were huge and grand and were made of old bricks. We walked on, and there it lay ahead of me—grand, imposing, tragic, a sort of shell encasing past glory. I never could fathom what that building actually was. Only the huge clock hanging from its centre, showed a sign of life, I felt that I was stepping back into the past.

The next day we set out for Kufri, a famous ski-resort frequented by ardent skiers from all over the world. We trudged up a hillock and came upon a well-tended patch where several rose trees and laurels had been planted. Walking upon the stunted grass where the summer sun glinted through the bare branches of the trees, we came upon a zoo which boasted 'YAK RIDES'. Next on the agenda was a visit to 'Chelsea Convent'. No painter can do justice to the beauty of this school, and after spending a considerable time

there, we were on our way back to our hotel.

The next day we headed for Kulu. There was a calm silence on the bus which was only broken occasionally by the incessant chirping of the birds. We reached Kulu in the evening and the view was breathtaking. There were several small cottages separated by narrow patches of emerald green and in front flowed the river Beas. We forgot all weariness in our excitement mingled with elation and surprise. We stood mesmerized by the river as it flowed on and on, unaware of its ardent admirers. We slipped off our shoes so that we could feel the coolness of the grass under our bare-feet as we made our way towards our respective rooms.

The next day we were up at cock crow rushing out for a swim in the river. Here our enjoyment, knew no bounds. We jumped, we splashed water, we wet the other girls, we swam and floated, and when we came out we were a sight to be seen—covered with silt from head to toe ! But nothing could mar our happiness.

The following day saw us on our way to Manali. It was a clear afternoon and the sun made it as warm as spring and we were in high spirits as the bus turned off from the road to the town and on through the forest towards Manali. The air was clear and crisp and snow sparkled on the distant mountain tops. Once in town, we went on a shopping spree. We visited a Buddhist Temple which was adorned by a huge statue of Lord Buddha. The view was superb. In the distance, we saw mountain slopes, some of them wooded near

the valleys, the vegetation growing more sparse further up. I could smell the pungency of the pines which made up most of the forest. I realized that I would miss these outings when we left. We stayed at Kulu for two more days and on the last night we had a bonfire around which we sat singing. There was a faint crescent moon and myriads of stars were visible in the clear night sky. After midnight we retired to our rooms as we had to start early for Chandigarh, our last stop.

At Chandigarh we stayed at a Youth Hostel which was on the outskirts of the town. There we visited the Rose Garden & Museum. The Rock Garden is a magnificent example of the creativity and artistic skill of man. I was speechless with wonder. The sun glinted on an artificial brook which wended its way through small hills. After the Rock Garden we visited the Museum with its paintings by famous artists, ancient weapons, fossils and other geological evidences of ancient times. The next day we went to Pinjore Garden. Bright fountains adorned the place, and we roamed about freely admiring its beauty. As night drew on we returned to the hostel. There was packing to be done as we were due back home the next day.

It was a bright cold morning, and as we made our way towards Mussoorie we grew more and more excited. We came into the hills and I was struck by the lush beauty around me—green mountain trees bearing wild fruits and natural waterfalls. We sang all the way home and the bus was bursting with our laughter and excitement. It had indeed been a memorable tour,

Highlights of the Library Project

An Old Student of Waverley

Living as we do in a world of fast-changing values, it is necessary for us to pause occasionally and consider them and their meaning in our lives. It is with this in mind that the school has chosen "Caring" and "Sharing" to be specially reflected on and put into practice. These values have been depicted in a variety of charts displayed in the school library as the Project for this year. Every class has contributed at least one chart to this exhibition to show how necessary values are if life is to be worth living.

On entering we are reminded that "Caring is a Labour of Love" by which mere existence becomes vital, glowing Life. The use of "hands" as a symbol of caring is very evident. We receive, share in equality, and give as we grow, dispensing love, tenderness, generosity and compassion to others. Every child must learn this important lesson.

"We are the World" and "Mankind Is One" show that caring must reach out to all, irrespective of colour, creed or nationality. "People need People", and unless we care enough to share what we have, how can we survive? Love, service, guidance and companionship are all inter-related in the personal contacts we have with others. This is clearly brought out. So much depends on our attitude towards those we meet on the road of Life, from our earliest days when we begin to experience "The Joys of Sharing", to "The Autumn of Life" when we either enjoy the serenity of old age once "the

storms" have passed, or face loneliness and a feeling of being useless and unwanted. It is Caring that makes the difference.

Nor are the disabled forgotten. A touching collection of photographs and pictures shows those who lack in some way the gifts that we take so much for granted. Their disabilities call out for our deepest concern and compassion, telling us that we must "Share a Little Love and Care" if they are not to feel abandoned, discarded and alone.

We are also made aware of the great need for justice for all. A statue of Blind Justice stands in silent contemplation of all that is done—or not done—in her name. India has her special Preamble laying down the laws to be observed by every citizen for the good of every citizen. Do our young people really understand its meaning? With so much discrimination and corruption in today's world, how can they? The need to "Campaign for Social Justice" must be brought home to them. This has been done in a very effective way.

And then, if Life is to be "A thing of Beauty" we must value "God's creations and preserve it. We are reminded that "We are Precious" in God's eyes, we, His children, together with all that He has created.

From this meaningful exhibition of beautiful Charts with arresting captions every child in the school must have learnt that by "Caring & Sharing" life can be what the Creator meant it to be—a life of loving concern for our fellow-men.

Staff Development Programmes—1989

Mrs. Bhardwaj

MARCH :

The school year began with a brief reorientation programme for the staff conducted by Sr. Pia, Secretary and Treasurer of AINACS.

APRIL :

A Value Education programme was held for two days under the guidance of Sr. Augustine. Model lessons on value education were given and need for imparting value education through different subjects was emphasised.

APRIL :

“Colloquium” — Fr. Gregory Naik S.J. and his team conducted this ‘novel’ programme. It aims at bringing about ‘Attitudinal’ and Institutional changes in schools.

This process has been given the name ‘Operation MAGIS’ which expanded means ‘More Authentic Goals In Schools’ and it emphasises the implementation of a School Improvement Process (SIP) for institutional changes. Although SIP is a relatively long process, the change begins to take place as soon as it is started.

The staff felt that this programme would help in the improvement of the school and also contribute towards personal growth. Therefore, a Steering Committee was elected with Miss P. Dias as Chairman and Miss K. Kohli as the Secretary for the implementation of the S.I.P.

Regular meetings were held every month and ‘Caring and Sharing’ was chosen as the project for 1989. It has been put into practice very successfully and has made a big impact on the whole

school community. All the class projects and the library project have been based on the theme of ‘Caring and Sharing’.

JULY :

A Seminar on the National Policy of Education was organised in Mussoorie by Sr. Pia Nazareth. This Seminar was conducted by Dr. K. Ramachandran of N.C.E. R.T. and was largely attended by Principals and teachers of Catholic Schools in the Northern Region.

I had the privilege of attending it on behalf of Waverley. Dr. Ramachandran discussed the major thrust of the N.E.P. i.e. Articulation of a national system of education to evolve a system relevant to the needs and context of India. This policy aims at the orientation of content and processes of education.

The main areas of discussion in the Seminar were :

- I. National curriculum frame work, common scheme of studies, a child centred approach to education—an encouraging caring approach.
- II. Teaching of languages, Mathematics, Environmental Studies, Science, Work Experience and Physical Education.
- III. The Ten Core Components which are
 - (a) Every child should be taught about the history of India’s Freedom Movement
 - (b) Constitutional obligations
 - (c) Content essential to nurture National Identity.

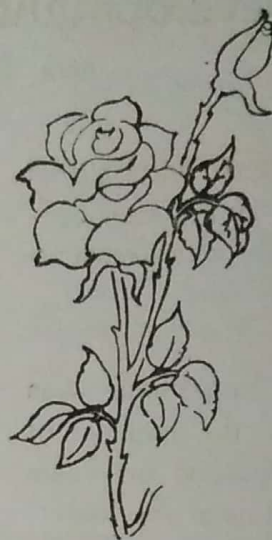
- (d) Egalitarianism, Secularism, Democracy, Socialism
 - (e) Protection of the Environment
 - (f) Preservation of India's composite cultural heritage.
 - (g) Equality of the sexes
 - (h) Observance of small family norm
 - (i) Removal of social barriers (e.g. casteism etc.)
 - (j) Inculcation of the Scientific temper and outlook
- IV. Value Education must be incorporated with the teaching of all subjects.

It was stressed that continuous and comprehensive evaluation is essential to see where a child can be placed according to a given criterion. Many problems related with the teaching, learning and evaluation processes were discussed and practical solutions were suggested.

The New Education Policy lays emphasis on the need for radical reconstruction of the Education system in the country. The curriculum has been designed so that the educational process should be integrative and developmental, and emphasises all round development of each child.

AUGUST

Follow up of Value Education Programme. Sr. Augustine held personal interviews with individual members of the Staff to discuss the progress in the implementation of the value education programme.



I Wish I were a Flower

Manu Bhardwaj, Class-V

I wish I were a pretty rose
That in the sunshine glows.
Pink or red, yellow or white.
Always looking fresh and bright.
Everyone would love my fragrance,
And watch me with eyes filled with radiance.
Gaily coloured butterflies
Around me would dance.
All would give me a loving glance.
I would give joy,
I would give peace,
And put troubled minds at ease.
God has created me with love,
And watches me bloom from above.
Every child is like a flower,
Upon whom God's blessings shower.

YOU MUST BE JOKING !!

- 1 A man was giving a government clerk information for a required form. When the clerk came to "Nationality" he said "You're Italian, aren't you?"
- "No, English", replied the applicant. "Both my father and mother are English."

"But you said you were born in Rome," protested the clerk. "What's that got to do with it?" demanded the exasperated citizen. "If your dog had puppies in a stable, does that make them horses?"

* * *

- 2 One father to another: "How is your son doing?"

First father: "Oh, very well".

Second father: "What is he studying?"

First father: "Aeronautics."

Second father: "Is that right?"

First father: "Yes I called the college last week to inquire how my son was doing and they said he was taking up space."

* * *

- 3 It was a bright spring morning and four high-school boys decided to skip classes. Arriving after lunch, they explained to the teacher that their car had a flat tire on the way to school.

To their relief, the teacher smiled understandingly and said: "You boys missed a test this morning. Please take your seats apart from one another, and your pencil and paper."

Answer this question : which tire was flat?"

* * *

- 4 Sally : Sir, can I be punished for what I have not done ?

Teacher : No, of course not.

Sally : I've not done my homework, sir !

—Charanpreet Kaur, Class-VIII

* * *

- 5 **Teacher** Stopping a girl "What's your name" ?

Girl "Malti, Miss."

Teacher "You know you aren't supposed to run along this hall."

Girl "Sorry Miss."

Teacher "Well run along and be a good girl".

* * *

- 6 **The Biology Teacher** : "Children, today I am going to teach you about a Hippopotamus. Listen carefully, looking at me attentively or else you won't get a correct picture of the animal."

—Sudha Lakhera, Class-VII

Can You Guess ?

Class VII

1. Which part of London is in France ?
2. Why do the film-stars remain cool ?
3. What did the big chimney say to the little chimney ?
4. What did one eye say to the other eye?
5. What job did the lady ghost get in the aeroplane ?
6. What did the kangaroo say when it found its baby missing ?
7. How is a promise like an egg ?

Answers

1. The letter 'N'
2. Because they've got a lot of fans.
3. You're too small to smoke.
4. There's something between us which smells.
5. Air Ghostess
6. My pocket has been picked.
7. Because it can be broken easily.

The Joys and Sorrows of being "Short"

Priya Kaushik, Class-VIII

Small is beautiful, so they say,
But what a price one has to pay !
For when it's time for Basket-ball
I am not chosen, 'cause I'm not tall.
At table tennis, I am not able
For I'm barely seen above the table.
Badminton gets me into such a fret,
As my shots go flying under the net.
But in the athletic team I've found a place
In the Sub-junior team for the relay race.
When in trouble I'm seldom hooked
As being short I'm overlooked !
At a midnight feast when caught by the Hea
I'm never seen as I hide under the bed.
So now and then it's fun to be short,
Except on the playing fields and Badminton Court.

MY PET

I have a dog. His name is Snoopy. Snoopy guards my house. I play with him. He eats bones and biscuits. He is a cute little dog. He sometimes fights with other dogs. Snoopy is brown in colour and has a white patch over his right eye. I love my dog and he loves me.



—Keren Nazareth
Class—II

The Stately Pine



Take your hats off to me ! I am the sturdy old Pine tree. I am more than two hundred years old — older than any living thing. I have been very brave standing here. The sun has done his best to scorch me; the storms have tried to break me; but as you see, I am here still.

Once I was a little sapling, and before that

was a tiny seed in the middle of a leaf. One day the wind blew the leaf off the tree, and down I was carried to the ground. I sank into the soft earth and after a time began to grow.

When it is summer and my roots have got me more food than I need, I open my small pores and out it goes as oxygen. I have many hollows on my trunk where other plants, like the ivy, can flourish and grow.

Avneet Mann, Class-III

Abundant Living

Charanpreet Kaur, Class-VIII

Prayer :

It is the greatest power on earth.

Love :

It is God's gift to us.

Reading :

It is the fountain of wisdom.

Thought :

It is the source of action.

Friendship :

It is the road to happiness.

Play :

It is the secret of perpetual youth

Laughter :

It is the music of the soul

Work :

It is the price of success

Thrift :

It is the secret of security.

God's Wonderful Creation

Anna Dheer, Class IX

God's designs are everywhere,
You'll find no place where they're not there,
The green grass, the mountains high,
The birds flying in the clear blue sky,
The early morning's pearly dew,
Just as fresh and just as new,
The beauty of a rosy dawn,
The splendour of the golden corn,
Each tiny grain of silver sand,
All fashioned by the Master's hand,
The glittering web; the clouds on high
The rainbow and the butterfly,
The tall and stately evergreen tree,
The lovely bird that's flying free,
Each a miracle in its own way,
Reminds me of a new-born day,
But man is Unique and sublime,
Fashioned by His love divine !

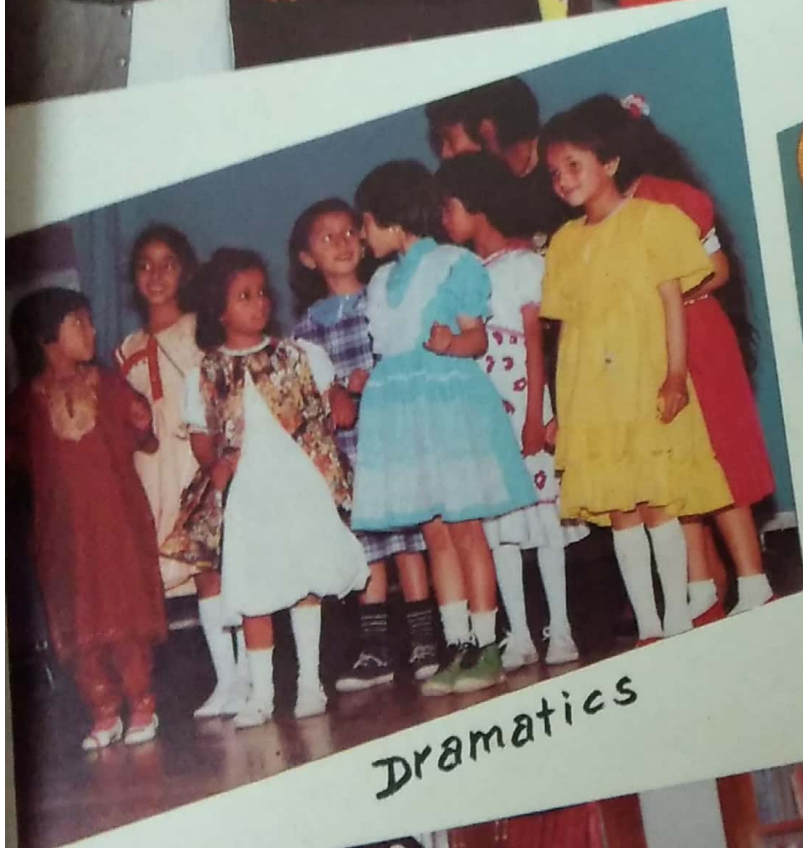
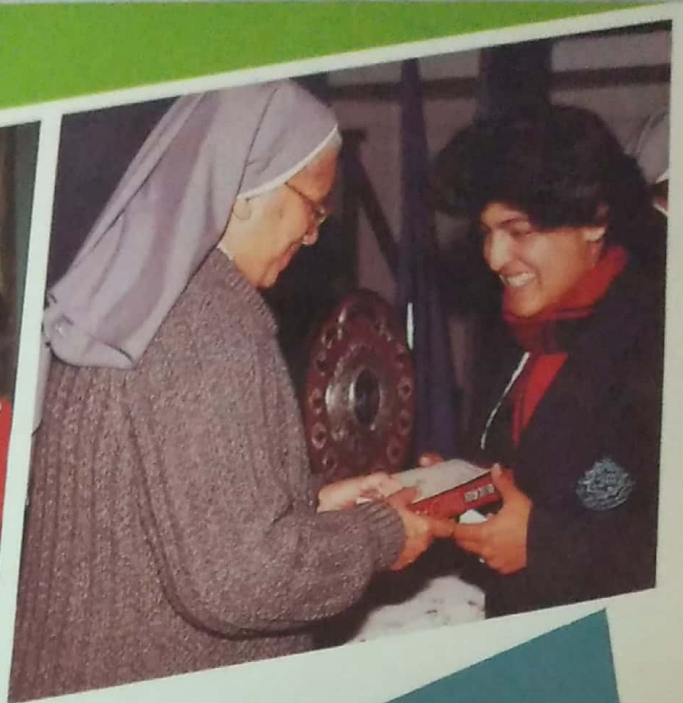
Jubilarians



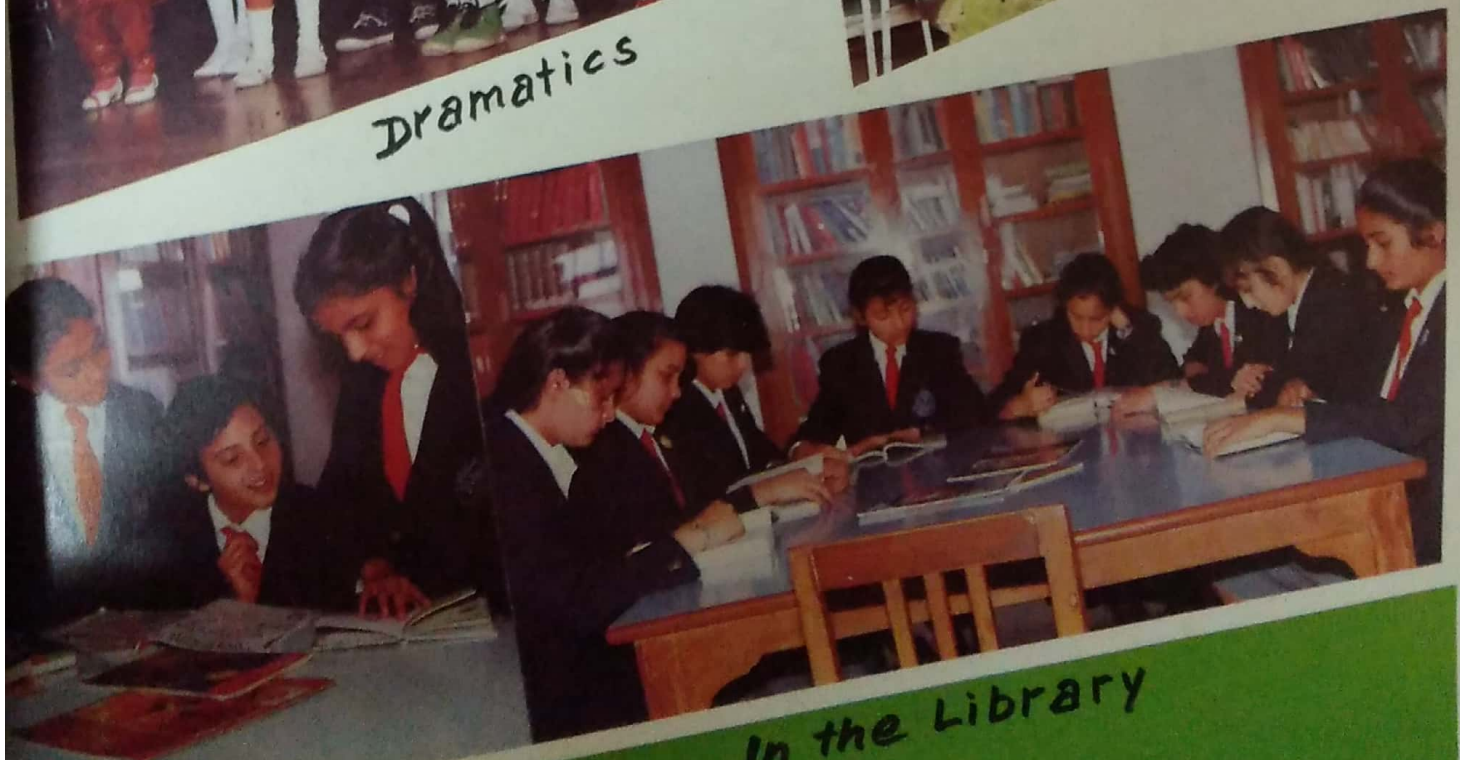
*WITH BEST
COMPLIMENTS
FROM*

MR. RAJ KUMAR TODI
FATHER OF SHILPA TODI
KATHMANDU
NEPAL

Prize Distribution



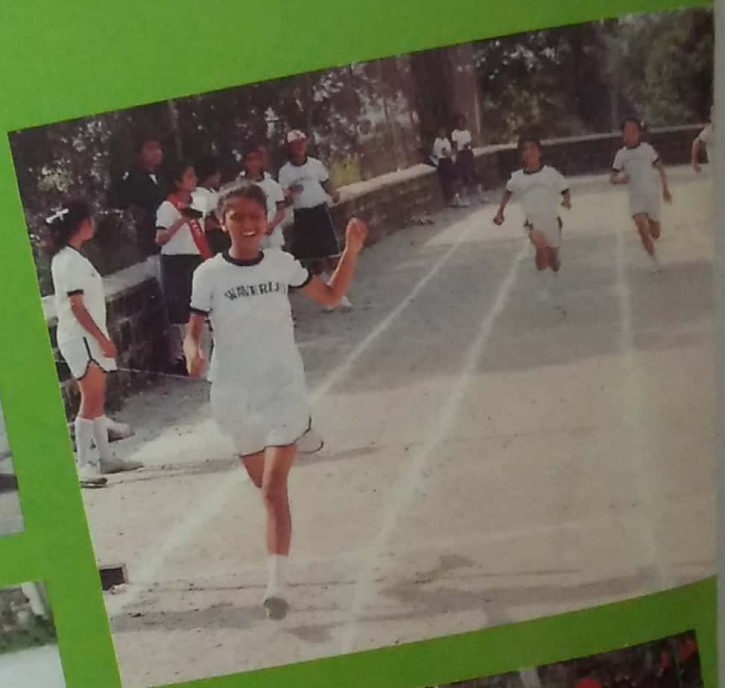
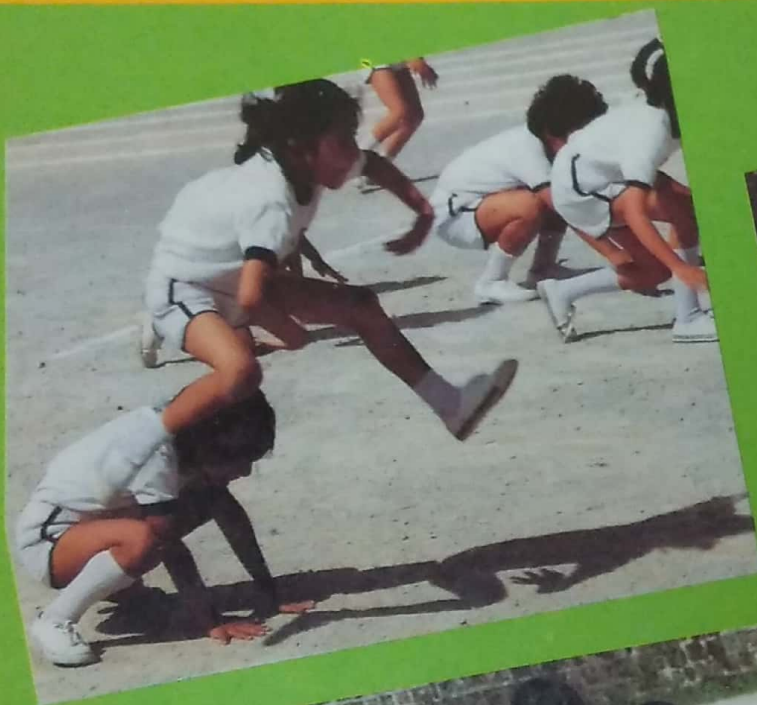
Dramatics



In the Library



Celebrating Teachers' Day



SPORTS DAY
1989

आधुनिकता तथा भारतीय संस्कृति

नम्रता सोनी, कक्षा-१०

भारत विश्व का एक ऐसा देश है जिसमें विविध धर्मों, जातियों तथा सम्प्रदायों के लोग वास करते हैं। हमारे इस विशाल देश के प्रत्येक प्रान्त की अपनी अलग पहचान, छवि, भाषा एवम् संस्कृति है। भारत की भव्य संस्कृति व सभ्यता की नींव पर ही इस देश के भवन का निर्माण हुआ।

परन्तु बड़े दुःख की बात है कि आज के इस युग में हम इस सुन्दर संस्कृति को भूलते जा रहे हैं। विदेशी तौर तरीकों से प्रभावित होकर हम इस सदियों पुरानी संस्कृति का विनाश कर रहे हैं। हम शायद यह भूल चुके हैं कि इसी संस्कृति से आकर्षित होकर विदेशी हमारे देश में आए थे।

किसी ने सच ही कहा है - "दूर के ढोल सुहावने होते हैं"। इस कथन की सार्थकता आज सिद्ध होती है। पाश्चात्य रंग में रंगकर हम अपनी मातृभाषा को भी भूल गए हैं। हिन्दी में कार्य करने से लोग सकुचाते हैं। हिन्दी में वार्तालाप करना अज्ञानता का प्रतीक माना जाता है। विदेशी ढंग से जिन्दगी व्यतीत

करने वाले लोग स्वयं को आधुनिक मानते हैं। आखिर हम अपनी भाषा व संस्कृति को मान्यता देने से क्यों झिझकते हैं।

वर्तमान में बड़ों के इस अनुचित व्यवहार, अपनी संस्कृति के प्रति उदासीनता का पूर्ण असर हमारी भावी कर्णधार पीढ़ी पर पड़ रहा है। इस का जीता-जागता उदाहरण है हमारी युवा पीढ़ी का भारतीय संगीत व नृत्य से दूर पाश्चात्य संगीत में अधिक रुचि लेना। इनमें दोष उनका नहीं, दोष उस समाज का है जिसमें वह पल रहे हैं। माता-पिता बचपन से बच्चों में विदेशी संस्कार डाल कर गर्व महसूस करते हैं। वेश भूषा का तो प्रश्न ही छोड़िये।

किसी समस्या का हल जान लेने के पश्चात उसका निदान स्वयं ही निकल आता है। आज यह आवश्यक है कि हम बचपन से ही बच्चों को अपनी संस्कृति से परिचित कराएँ तथा उनके हृदय में इसके प्रति प्रेम एवम् श्रद्धा के भाव उत्पन्न करें। यदि आज भी हम मूक रहे तो वह दिन दूर नहीं जब हम अपनी संस्कृति को सदा के लिए खो बैठेंगे।

गरीब

प्रेरणा सेठी, कक्षा-५

ठुकराए जाते हैं वे लोग हर द्वार पर,
भीख माँगते हैं तो उत्तर मिलता है कि जा मर
ठंड में चादर ओढ़ने के लिए पैसा नहीं,
सोचते हैं क्या करें नौकरी यहां नहीं।
जो गरीब काम पर जाते हैं मिलता है क्या उन्हें ?
कुछ भी नहीं - कुछ भी नहीं

रहते हैं वे भूखे पेट
लात मार कर ठुकराते हैं उन्हें वे अमीर सेठ।
सहायता के लिए कभी-र चिल्लाते है वे लोग,
चल-चल के, भूखा पेट लेकर मर जाते हैं वे लोग
कोई पूछता नहीं, कोई पहचानता नहीं,
दुःख दर्द गरीबों का-हाय कोई जानता नहीं।

युवा पीढ़ी पर आरोप

मधु मनराल, कक्षा-१०

क्या यह कहना उचित होगा कि भारत की युवा-पीढ़ी अपनी संस्कृति को भूलती जा रही है ? मेरे ख्याल से यह कहना बिल्कुल अनुचित है। युवा पीढ़ी अपनी संस्कृति बनाए रखने के लिए पूरा प्रयास कर रही है। हाँ, अब यह तो हो नहीं सकता कि हम प्राचीन काल से चली आने वाली हर चीज की जानकारी रखें। भारत की संस्कृति बहुत प्राचीन है इसलिए हमारे लिए उसके हर हिस्से को याद रखना कहाँ तक सम्भव है। हमें जितनी जानकारी रखना आवश्यक है वह तो हम रखते ही हैं।

अगर हम भूतकाल की ही बातों पर ध्यान दें तो न केवल हमारा बल्कि पूरे देश का नुकसान होगा। हम अपने वर्तमान में अधिक रुचि रखते हैं क्योंकि यही जीवन का सबसे अमूल्य समय है। हमें भविष्य के बारे में सोचने का भी पूरा अधिकार है। अगर हम भविष्य के लिए योजनाएं न बनाएं तो पूरा जीवन ही बर्बाद हो जाए।

अगर हम पुराने ख्यालों को ही लेकर चलें तो देश कभी भी प्रगति नहीं कर सकता नई बातें सीखना कोई बुरी बात नहीं है। जब हमें नए-नए ख्याल आते हैं तभी हम कोई आविष्कार कर सकते हैं। कुछ नए और अच्छे कार्य करके ही हम देश को आगे बढ़ा सकते हैं। उसे मजबूत बना सकते हैं।

लेकिन यह बात नहीं है कि युवा-पीढ़ी प्राचीन संस्कृति को भूल गई है। अगर ऐसा ही होता तो वे दूरदर्शन पर रामायण, महाभारत

आदि धार्मिक कथाएं क्यों देखते। भारत की जो जनसंख्या प्राचीन कथाओं में रुचि लेती है, उसमें से अधिकांश लोग युवा ही होते हैं। इन सब बातों को ध्यान में रखते हुए भी क्या आप कहेंगे कि युवा पीढ़ी संस्कृति भूलती जा रही है यह कहना तो सरासर गलत होगा।

इस देश को दुनिया का सरताज बनाता है।

आरती मुंजाल, कक्षा-७

ये काम भी करना है ये फर्ज निभाना है।
अपने को मिटा कर भी ये देश बचाना है।

जो देश से बाहर हैं उनसे भी निपटना है।
गद्दार जो अंदर हैं उनको भी मिटाना है ॥

जो देश के दुश्मन हैं वो खत्म भी करने हैं।
रुठे हुए भाई को सीने से लगाना है ॥

ये देश सलामत है तो हम भी सलामत हैं।
हर देश निवासी को यह याद दिलाना है ॥

ये खास लड़ाई भी लड़नी है हमें मिलकर।
सब मजहबों के झगड़ों को मिटाना है ॥

भूखा न रहे कोई, नंगा न फिरे कोई।
ये काम भी मुमकिन है करके दिखाना है ॥

खेतों में हमारे सोने के खजाने हैं।
इक फसल मोहब्बत की दिल में भी उगानी है

ये गर्व हो हर एक को भारत का मैं वासी हूँ,
इस शान से जीने का अन्दाज सिखाना है ॥

हर देश निवासी का बस ये नारा हो।
इस देश को दुनिया का सरताज बनाना है ॥

बच्चों की क्षमताओं का अंदाज है आपको ?

पूजा गुप्ता, कक्षा-६

जिस तरह पौधा ठीक समय पर पानी, धूप पाकर वृक्ष का आकार ले लेता है उस तरह से बच्चे भी प्रारम्भ से ही अच्छी देखभाल द्वारा सुयोग्य नागरिक बन सकते हैं।

छोटे बच्चे को हर बात में टोक देना उनके उभरते उत्साह को दबाने का काम करता है। बाल्यावस्था से ही बच्चों को उनकी क्षमता-नुसार काम करने की आदत डालना बहुत जरूरी है। बच्चों के पालन-पोषण में दो बातों का ध्यान जरूर रखना चाहिए और वह ये हैं कि कभी भी लड़के लड़कियों में भेद-भाव न किया जाए और कभी भी बच्चों को हतोत्साहित करने वाले वाक्यों का प्रयोग न किया जाए।

बच्चे कोई काम प्रारम्भ करें और उनसे कोई गलती हो जाए, इसका मतलब यह नहीं कि आप सारा घर सर पर उठा लें। प्यार व धैर्य से उन्हें समझा कर निर्देश दें। उन्हें आपकी प्रशंसा व प्रोत्साहन की जरूरत है।

बच्चों को प्रत्येक बात में डांटना, उनके दोष निकालना, उनको दबू बना देता है। उनमें रुचि व क्षमता उनका उत्साह बढ़ाने से बढ़ते हैं तथा दबाने से घटते हैं।

बच्चे राष्ट्र की धरोहर व भविष्य होते हैं उन्हें किसी भी सांचे में ढाला जा सकता है। प्रारम्भ में बच्चे को जैसी सीख, जैसा वातावरण और जैसे संस्कार मिलेंगे उसी तरह उसका विकास होगा। माता-पिता को अपने बच्चों के भविष्य को ध्यान में रखते हुए उसे उचित शिक्षा देनी चाहिए :

वर्षा ऋतु

मधु मनराल, कक्षा-१०

व्योम की ओर देखो मित्र,
लग रहा है सुन्दर कितना यह चित्र।
काली घटा झूम-झूम कर,
छू रही है जमी को चूम कर।

खुशहाल है कितना प्राणी,
हर घर की है यही कहानी।
ग्रीष्म के भयंकर ताप से,
छुटकारा दिलाएंगे जलधर ये।

पड़ गई खेतों में जो दरारें थी,
अब कहाँ जमी ऐसी रही थी।
वर्षा ने मिट्टी को सींच कर,
उपजाऊ दिया है कर।

लहलहा रही है फसल कितना,
हो गया सच किसान का सपना।
उसकी मेहनत रंग लाई है,
बात उसे यह भाई है।

क्या गाँवों में, क्या शहरों में,
खुशहाली छाई है सब के दिलों में।
सावन के झूले पड़ गए घर-घर में,
सुरीला कर दिया वातावरण पक्षियों ने।

प्यासी है यह वसुधरा,
आस से है उसका मन भरा।
आई है वर्षा ऋतु
आई है वर्षा ऋतु।

ज्ञान

वन्दना गुप्ता, कक्षा-१०

ज्ञान की परिभाषा बहुत विस्तृत है। ज्ञान के विविध रूप होते हैं परन्तु ऐसा प्रतीत होता है कि धार्मिक ज्ञान सर्वश्रेष्ठ है। मुझे भी धार्मिक ज्ञान प्राप्त करने का एक शुभ अवसर मिला। हमारे पड़ोस में दुर्गा माता का जागरण था। समाज की महिला वर्ग का धार्मिक ज्ञान की ओर क्या दृष्टिकोण है, यह मुझे वहाँ जाकर ज्ञात हुआ। एक तरफ तो सब पूजा-पाठ में मग्न थे और दूसरी ओर बेठी कुछ महिलाएं पूजा में ध्यान न देकर इधर-उधर की बातें कर रही थी। एक श्रीमती जी दो दिन पहले

हुई दो महिलाओं की लड़ाई पर बातें बना रही थी। दूसरी पड़ोस में हुई पति-पत्नी के झगड़े पर अपना शोक व्यक्त कर रही थी और उनकी बातों से ऐसा लग रहा था जैसे वह अपने बच्चों से ज्यादा उनके बच्चों के लिए चिन्तित थी। तीसरी खबर तो और भी निराशाजनक थी। एक नौकर अपने मालिक की पत्नी को मार, कर सारे माल के साथ चम्पत हो गया। मुझे नहीं पता था कि जागरण में जाने से ऐसा ज्ञान बढ़ता है।

चिड़िया



पेड़ की ऊँची डाली पर,
हैं दो चिड़ियों के घर
दोनों मिल-जुल कर रहती हैं
दोनों मिलकर खाती हैं।

मेरा मन भी करता,
कि मैं चिड़िया होती
उड़ती-फिरती मैं भी डाली-डाली
और आसमान में होता मेरा घर
ऊँचे-ऊँचे पेड़ों पर !!!

रीतिका गुप्ता
कक्षा-२

पहाड़ों की रानी - मसूरी

नूपुर चतुर्वेदी, कथा-६

मसूरी को पहाड़ों की रानी कहा जाता है। इसकी सुन्दरता को देखकर ही इसे यह उपाधि प्राप्त हुई है। पहाड़ों के बीच में बसा यह एक छोटा-सा शहर है। कुछ सालों पहले तक इसकी सुन्दरता मन मोह लेने वाली थी। क्या यह सुन्दरता आज तक कायम है? इसका उत्तर है - नहीं, क्योंकि इसकी सुन्दरता को आज बनावटी रूप दे दिया गया है। मसूरी के लोग यह प्राकृतिक सुन्दरता कायम नहीं रख सके।

इस प्राकृतिक सुन्दरता को नष्ट करने के लिए लोग स्वयं ही जिम्मेदार हैं। वह ऊँचे-ऊँचे पहाड़ जिनको हरे-हरे घने वृक्ष सजाया करते थे आज खाली पड़े हैं। वह वैसे ही लगते हैं जैसे स्त्री बिना गहनों के लगती है। लोगों ने पेड़ों को काट-काट कर अपना ही नुकसान किया है। अब मसूरी का मौसम तेजी से बदल रहा है। कुछ साल पहले तक जहाँ इतनी बर्फ पड़ती थी कि लोगों का घर से बाहर निकलना मुश्किल हो जाता था - आजकल वहाँ बिलकुल बर्फ नहीं पड़ती। बर्फ देखने के लिए लोगों को पता नहीं कितना इन्तजार करना पड़ता है।

एक और समस्या जिससे कि यहाँ की प्राकृतिक सुन्दरता भंग हो रही है। वह है चूने के खनन की। यहाँ पर पहाड़ चूने के हैं और इसीलिए चूना निकालने के लिए पहाड़ों को खोदा जाता है, उसकी सुन्दरता को नष्ट किया जाता है। आप अपनी दृष्टि किसी भी तरफ घुमा कर देख लीजिए, आपको खुदे हुए पहाड़ ही नजर आएंगे। वही पहाड़ जो कुछ साल पहले तक बहुत ही मनमोहक थे।

मसूरी एक पर्वतीय स्थल है। हजारों लोग गर्मियों में यहाँ अपनी छुट्टियाँ बिताने आते हैं। इस मनमोहक सुन्दरता को निहारने आते हैं। उसके लिए यहाँ बहुत से होटल बगैर भी बनाए जाते हैं। पर इसका यह मतलब तो नहीं कि यहाँ होटलों और पाँच मंजिली इमारतों की लाइन ही लग जाए। अगर कोई यहाँ की माल रोड पर निकल जाए तो उसे होटल ही होटल नजर आएंगे। क्या लोग इतनी दूर-दूर से इतना पैसा खर्च करके यहीं देखने आते हैं? क्या उनका मन यह देखकर खुश होता है?

यह समस्या सिर्फ मसूरी की ही नहीं है बल्कि बहुत से ऐसे प्राकृतिक स्थलों की है। नागरिक होने के नाते हमारा यह फर्ज बनता बनता है कि हम इस अमूल्य पर्यावरण की देखभाल करें और इसे लहलहाता हुआ देखें। हमें इन समस्याओं को जड़ से उखाड़ने के लिए कदम उठाने चाहिए। कुछ महत्वपूर्ण कदम इस दिशा में उठाए भी गए हैं।

इसके लिए यह आवश्यक है कि प्रत्येक व्यक्ति अपना योगदान दे और सरकार भी इस कार्य में सहयोग दे। हर जगह पेड़ लगाए जाएं चारों ओर हरियाली हो, घने वृक्ष हों, पहाड़ पेड़ों से सजे हुए हो, तभी इस प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य का मजा लिया जा सकता है। अगर इस पर्यावरण को बचाने के लिए महत्वपूर्ण कदम उठाए जाएं तो मसूरी सचमुच ही पहाड़ों की रानी बन जाएगी।

जिन्दगी का दूसरा रुख

भावना कुमार, कक्षा-१०

जोहिना की जिन्दगी एक खुली किताब की तरह थी, जिसका हर पन्ना अकेलेपन और खामोशी की स्याही से पुता हुआ था। उसके पिता राय बहादुर सिंह बहुत बड़ी सम्पत्ति के मालिक थे और जोहिना उनको इकलौती वारिस। रायबहादुर की बेशुमार दौलत ही जोहिना की जिन्दगी के लिए श्राप बन गई। बारह वर्ष की आयु में भी वह अन्य बच्चों की तरह खुली स्वच्छन्द हवा में साँस लेने के लिये स्वतन्त्र नहीं थी क्योंकि अपने स्तर से नीचे वाले लोगों से बात करना तो दूर की बात, उन्हें देखना भी रायबहादुर अपनी शानो शौकत की तौहीन समझते थे। उसकी आजादी पर राय बहादुर ने अपने गहर के हजारों अंकुश लगा दिए थे जिसके परिणाम स्वरूप जोहिना का मानसिक विकास उचित ढंग से न हो पाया। उसके चेहरे पर शायद ही किसी ने एक हल्की मुस्कान देखी हो, उसकी आँखें अपनी चंचलता और शरारत खो चुकी थी उसने अपने चारों ओर खामोशी की एक ऐसी दीवार खड़ी कर ली, जिसे पार करना मुश्किल था।

समाज के रीति रिवाजों से अपने वारिस को अवगत कराने के लिए पत्थर दिल राय बहादुर ने जोहिना को छात्रावास में भेज दिया। छात्रावास में आने पर भी जोहिना में कोई फर्क नहीं आया। इतना जरूर हुआ कि वह राय बहादुर से दूर होती चली गई।

जोहिना बचपन से गुणों की खान थी।

घर - बाहर सभी जगह उसकी तारीफ होती थी, परन्तु पिता की तरह उसमें रत्ती भर घमण्ड नहीं था। इसी कारण उसकी सहपाठ-नियां उससे ईर्ष्या करती थीं। जोहिना जहर के घूंट पीती रही और अन्दर ही अन्दर घुट-र कर मरती रही। उसके अरमानों के पौधे बढ़ने से पहले ही दफन हो गए। वह एक कली की तरह थी जिसे माली की असावधानी के कारण असमय ही ढाल से तोड़ कर राह में फेंक दिया गया हो, जिसके ऊपर हर मुसाफिर का पैर पड़ता था।

अपने अंदर यह भयानक ज्वालामुखी दबाए सोलह साल की उम्र में ही जोहिना टी. बी. का शिकार हो गई। उसकी जिन्दगी एक रुके हुए दरिया की तरह थी। जोहिना का जीवन नीरस और निरर्थक था। उसका दामन फूलों की बजाए कांटों से भरा था। प्यार होता क्या है - यह तो वह शायद ही जानती हो। बचपन से लेकर अब तक उसे दुःखों के अलावा मिला क्या था? अल्प अवस्था में इतने दुःख पाकर तो कोई भी खुदकशी कर लेता, परन्तु जोहिना ने ऐसा नहीं किया। वह मरी नहीं जिन्दा है। एक सूने से अस्पताल के कमरे में अपनी जिन्दगी के आखिरी दिन गिन रही है। जिन्दगी और मौत के बीच लटकी हुई इस दुखियारी से तो मौत भी बैर करती है। आज भी जोहिना अपनी जिन्दगी के दुःख भरे लम्हों को याद करती हुई अपनी बेरहम जिन्दगी के अन्त के इंतजार में है।

रक्षा-बन्धन

रचना बंसल, कनक किरण, कक्षा-६

श्रावण की पुर्णिमा कुछ अनोखा रंग लाई है,
भाई-बहनों के मन में नई उमंग छाई है ।
आरती की सुन्दर थाली सजा कर,
उसमें स्नेह का दीपक जला कर,
रेशम के धागों की भेंट चढ़ाने,
भाई के द्वार पर बहना आज आई है ।

दिल का सारा प्यार उड़ेल कर,
भाई की चिरायु का अरमान लेकर,
शुभकामनाओं को आंचल में समेट कर,
खुशियों के फूल चुन कर बहना आज लाई है ।

यह धागों का त्यौहार है कितना पुनीत,
भाई-बहन के पवित्र प्रेम का प्रतीक,
यह त्यौहार है कोमल भावनाओं का,
एक दूसरे के लिए मंगल कामनाओं का,
यही संदेश लेकर बहना आज आई है ।

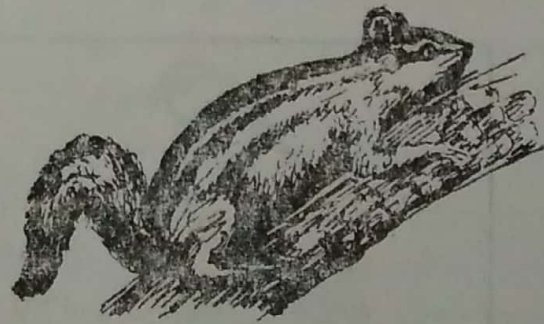
हर साल यह पावन त्यौहार जब आता है,
बचपन की स्मृतियां ताजा कर जाता है,
भाई को कर्तव्य का अहसास दिलाने
उसके प्रेम की घनी छाया में कुछ पल बिताने
सब कुछ छोड़ आज बहना चली आई है ।

मेरी गुड़िया

नखरों वाली मेरी गुड़िया,
है बिलकुल आफत की पुड़िया ।
बात-बात पर गुस्सा होती
बिना आंसुओं के ही रोती ।
आदत नहीं सुधरती जब तक,
शादी नहीं करेगी तब तक ।

गिलहरी

वाह ! गिलहरी क्या कहने ।
धारीदार कोट पहने ।
पूँछ उठाए झवरैली,
काली-पीली मटमैली ।
दौड़ी-दौड़ी फिरती है,
नहीं फिसल कर गिरती है ।



मौलिश्री बिन्दा, कक्षा-६

आओ हँसे

एक बार एक इतिहास (History) के अध्यापक का गणित (Maths) के अध्यापक के साथ झगडा हो जाता है। इतिहास का अध्यापक कहता है "मैं अपने इतिहास में जितने भी राजे-महाराजे, हाथी-घोड़े हैं, उनको लाकर तुम पर चढ़ाई कर दूंगा।"

गणित का अध्यापक बोला, "सू लेकर तो आ, मैं उनको Bracket में बंद कर दूंगा।"

"कितनी बार कहा है सुबह छः बजे दूध दे जाया करो।"

"छः बजे तो मुश्किल है। छः बजे तो नल में पानी भी नहीं आता।"

"बेटे, सुबह-सुबह थाली और चम्मच ले कर कहाँ जा रहे हो ?"

"माँ मास्टर जी ने कहा था कि सुबह-सुबह ताजी हवा खाया करो।"

"कल तुम जो दूध देकर गए थे वह बहुत खट्टा था।"

"क्या कम" बहन जी, कल मेरी भैंस ने चार-पाँच नींबू खा लिए थे।"

एक बार एक डॉक्टर ने एक पागल को कहा—उस पेड़ पर दो तोते हैं, एक हरा और एक पीला — उन्हें पकड़ कर लाओ।"

पागल गया और पीला तोता ले आया।

डॉक्टर — हरा तोता क्यों नहीं लाए ?

पागल — साहब, वह अभी कच्चा है।

पिता - बेटे, सो क्यों नहीं रहे, तुम्हें नींद नहीं आ रही क्या ? कल स्कूल जाना है।

बेटा -- पिता जी, इसी फिक्र में तो मुझे नींद नहीं आ रही।



मेरा तोता

कितना अच्छा तोता मेरा,
झूम-झूम कर नाच दिखाता,
उड़ता फिर बैठ जाता है,
सुबह-सुबह नमस्ते करता,
ठुमक - ठुमक कर चलता है,
मुझको रोज हंसाता है।

रीतिका गुप्ता
कक्षा-२

अखबार

गंदे कागज का बना हुआ,
अक्षरों से जो भरा हुआ ।
कहते हम इसे हैं अखबार,
देता यह हमें है समाचार ।
आखिर इसमें इतना क्या है ?
जिसे देखो वही पढ़ रहा है ।
सारा दिन लिए फिरते हैं,
कुछ तो होगा जो यों मरते हैं ।
हमने भी फिर एक अखबार खरीदा,
पढ़ने को बैठ गये फिर सीधा ।

पहले मिले हमें मृत्यु समाचार,
चार मरे परन्तु था एक बार ।
फाईरिंग हुई मरे लोग कुल दस,
कुछ एक दो उलट गई थीं बस ।
मार पीट में कई लोग घायल हुए,
कुछ उन में से थे मारे गए ।
कुछ बेटियां थीं उस दिन जला दीं,
'बेटी के साथ दहेज' की नीचे सलाह थी ।
आतंकवाद की गोलियों के हुए शिकार,
सारे परिवार से केवल मरे थे चार ।
एक मंत्री मर गया हार्ट-अटैक से,
मेरा मन घबराया यह सब पढ़ने से ।

वदलाव के लिए फिर पढ़े खेल समाचार,
एक की जीत और दूसरे की हार ।
भारतीय खिलाड़ियों ने क्रिकेट में ४२० रन बनाए,

फिर भी इंग्लैण्ड के सामने ना टिक पाए ।
हाकी में एक खिलाड़ी बुरी तरह घायल हुआ,
दस वर्ष बाद हुई जीत से तब भारत पागल हुआ
पेज पलटते हुए सोचा कुछ लें अब मौसम की
जानकारी,
जगह कौन सी हुई तबाह, भूकम्प की मारी ।
आगे पढ़ा 'कल होगी जोरों की वर्षा'
परन्तु पता चला विपरीत होगा, होगी न वर्षा ।
इस विचित्र पत्र से बेचारे हम घबराने लगे,
फिर भी हिम्मत से हम आगे पढ़ने लगे ।

नए-नए विज्ञापनों को देखते हुए,
और उनके ज्ञान-पूर्वक उपदेश पढ़ते हुए,
पहुँचे हम शुभ विवाह समाचारों पर
योग्य वधु अथवा पाएं योग्य वर ।
२० वर्ष का सुन्दर वर है चाहिए योग्य वधु
साथ ही हो जिसके मालदार भाई-बन्धु ।
सोचा हमें वर या वधु से क्या करना,
हमें तो अभी है बाकी का अखबार पढ़ना ।
मिले हमें फिर आखिर टी.वी. कार्यक्रम,
इस समय पर होगा 'आप और हम' ।
गीतों से भरा आठ बजे आएगा 'चित्रहार'
अरे यह क्या, द.४० पर फिर सुनिए समाचार ।

काम की खोज में लोग पढ़ते हैं अखबार,
क्या अखबार में मिलते हैं रोज़गार समाचार ?
यह प्रश्न हमारे मन ने उठाया,
और इसका उत्तर भी हमने एक पेज पर पाया

लिविक, मैनेजर, आदि इस कार्य में चाहिए,
अर्जी भरिए और इंटरव्यू के लिए आइए ।
अपितु अभी हमारा है बिल्क काम लिखना पढ़ना
हमें इस अजीब अखबार से क्या करना ।
और हमें पढ़ना है यह अखबार नहीं,
फिर भी हम जान गये हैं यही ।
अब पता चला क्या है यह अखबार,
हाँ, देता हमें है यह पूर्ण समाचार ।

मेरी प्यारी बिल्ली

सिमोनी टोडी, कक्षा-१



मैंने एक प्यारी बिल्ली पाल रखी है । वह बहुत अच्छी है । उसका नाम पिकी है । जब उसको भूख लगती है तो वह म्याऊँ-म्याऊँ करती है और तब मैं उसे दूध पीने को देती हूँ । फिर वह अपने बिस्तर पर सोने चली जाती है और प्यारे-प्यारे सपने देखती है ।

कुदरत

स्नेह झा, कक्षा-३

क्यों हम पेड़ों को काटें वे कितने अच्छे,
फल फूलों के देर लगाते ।
क्यों हम फूलों को तोड़ें
वे कितने प्यारे मुस्काते, लहराते,
खुशबु से अपनी जग महकाते
क्यों हम तितली को मारें, वह कितनी न्यारी,
फूलों की वह राजदुलारी, सुन्दर प्यारे पंखों वाली
क्यों किसी को हम दुःख दें
हम सब हैं ईश्वर की देन
हम झगड़े क्यों फिर
हम सब तो भाई-भाई हैं ।

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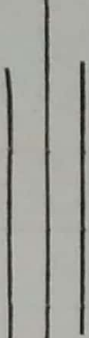
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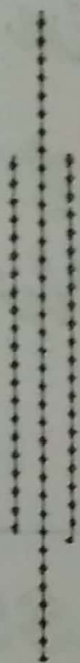
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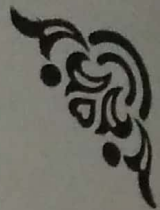
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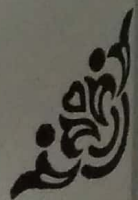
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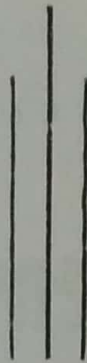
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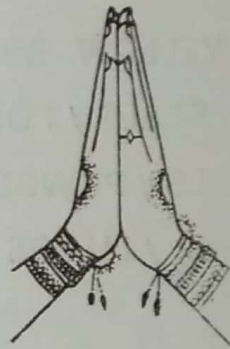
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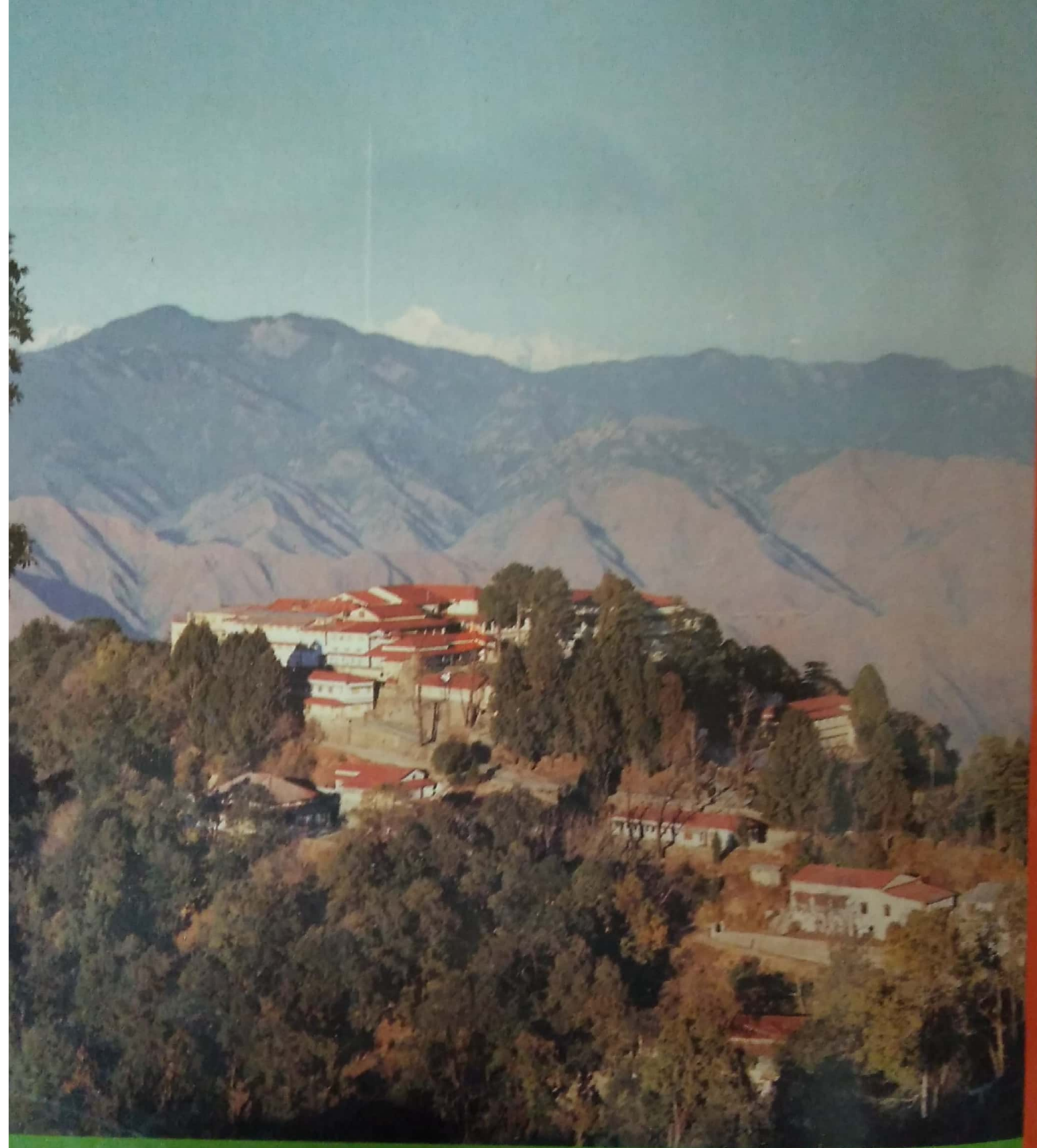
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