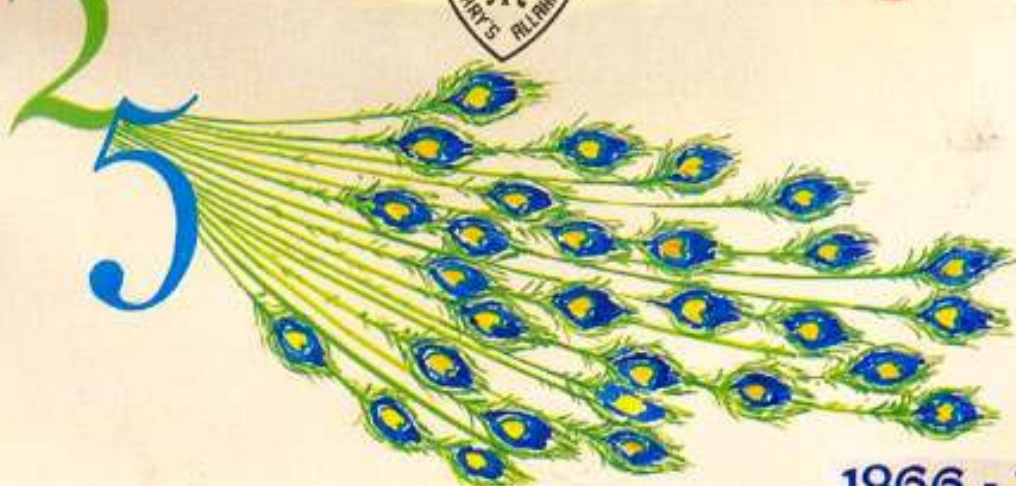




# SOUVENIR



1866 - 1991



***Our Lady,  
Patroness of our Institute.***



"In the Institute all are to choose the most glorious Queen of Heaven, as the chief co-operatrix in the redemption of mankind, for their special patroness and mother, and not only to love and reverence her with all their strength, but likewise with a filial confidence to fly unto her in all their necessities."





... the very existence of the modern educational and charitable congregations, such as know them in their almost countless multiplicity was made possible by the supernatural foresight, the heroic perseverance and the terrible disappointments and sufferings of Mother Ward. She waged the battle to the point of apparent defeat of which they are reaping victory.

(Cardinal Bourne of Westminster)



## St. Mary's Convent

21 Thornhill Road.

Allahabad - 211001



Dear Teachers and Students,

May 'The Bells of St. Mary's' call you anew to walk on the road of truth and justice while seemingly, all around, the opposite seem to hold sway.

May St. Mary's give you an education that teaches you how to be in love always and what to be in love with. The great things in history the world over have been done by the great lovers, saints and poets, by men of science and artists.

"The heights by great men won and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they while their companions slept  
Were toiling upward in the night."

In this age of 'instant coffee and consumerism' let us become women who strive steadily to bring about a world where the eternal values of truth, beauty and goodness rule the quality of life.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
That we can make our lives sublime  
And departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time".

The St. Mary's group of Schools have been founded nearly four centuries ago by a great visionary and lover of youth, Mother Mary Ward, in an age where women were not considered fit to leave the hearth and home.

Mary Ward sensed, in the depths of her own being, that Women in times to come can do great things, if they but believe in their own power to change the destiny of the world. May you, who have been privileged to be educated in school founded by this "incomparable woman" prove yourselves worthy by becoming women who participate in the building of a human society. Today, more than ever, the one who does not go forward, goes backward and so the one who receives the 'Gift of Light' must pass it on.

**SR. M. CELINE I.B.M.V.**

PROVINCIAL SUPERIOR

ALLAHABAD - U.P.





**"O Bells of St. Mary's, we hear you repeating,  
The dear Song of gladness of sweet  
memories....."**

**Dear parents, friends and well wishers,**

Indeed the bells of St. Mary's have never ceased ringing and repeating to us many pleasant memories and achievements of the past 125 years. A century and a quarter is truly a solid landmark in the annals of any Institution. St. Mary's Convent Inter College has weathered 125 years guiding, directing, inspiring, enlightening, moulding, shaping and sending out into the world thousands of students who take pride in calling themselves the products of St. Mary's. From its humble beginnings it has been the endeavor of the Sisters and the teachers who have taught in this Institution, to materialise the vision of Mary Ward the dynamic foundress of the Congregation of the I.B.M.V. to educate and liberate women in order to prepare them to face the challenging and fast changing world.

Today more than ever we in St. Mary's try to keep the lamp of knowledge burning brightly. Character formation takes the most prominent place in the educational process of our school. External form of discipline is stressed in order to learn self-discipline in its every aspect. No stone is left unturned to inculcate the moral and social values in the children through all the means possible and available. An all round development of every child is the ultimate goal of the educational system in our Institution.

This souvenir Magazine gives you a glimpse of the interesting and vibrant little world of St. Mary's. The articles written by the students, teachers and the ex-students are like drops of water in the ever flowing, yet ever static vast ocean of the inner life of St. Mary's during the last 125 years. I take this opportunity to thank the Sisters, teachers, parents, benefactors, well-wishers down the ages for their generous co-operation, inspiration and encouragement and am hopeful that St. Mary's will progress in leaps and bounds in the years to come.

**SR. M. EVELYN IBMV**

**PRINCIPAL**

**ST. MARY'S INTER COLLEGE**

**ALLAHABAD.**



## OUR INSPIRATION

MRS. KARUNA ROY  
TEACHER

A woman from Yorkshire, born in 1585  
Rich in Catholic Faith  
Turned down marriage offers  
Felt God's call to religious life  
Resolved to become a Nun  
Facing struggle and strife  
Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed  
Virgin Mary  
Worthy of admiration  
She and her congregation  
had the desire to fulfill  
Only God's will.  
And one day she heard –  
"You are not for this state of life  
so make your choice,  
Let all the world know your voice".  
So she moved with determination  
Ready to face any situation  
As something had to be done.  
But What? and of what nature?  
It had to be a good thing  
For everyone the best to bring  
and related to God's will.  
She prayed and kept on hearing  
'Glory...Glory...Glory...'  
She knew it was God's command

which she had to carry,  
So she took a decision;  
In the autumn of 1609 at St.Omer  
With just seven companions  
She opened two schools  
Being her very first institutions.  
But this was not enough  
Her life was meant to serve God  
as much as she could  
and that she knew, she would.  
So she still worked in uncertainty  
With a disturbed mind.  
Was this what God wanted?  
The work of this kind?  
She got the answer which  
She did not literally hear  
But through her intellect she could make  
out  
That in this very field,  
She had to be perfect  
Not only in matter but in manner too.  
And so her work day by day just grew  
and grew.  
Many institutions just came up one by  
one  
All results of her will-power  
to see God's work done.  
She helped humanity  
But also faced adversity  
With more hardships ahead;



She also went to prison  
 Then ordered by the Pope,  
 She was set at liberty.  
 In 1639 she returned to England  
 The Civil war had started.  
 She moved to Hewarth, a small village  
 From York, a mile away;  
 This is where she decided to stay  
 Then died on January 30th 1645.  
 What remain are reflections  
 Full of perfections  
 On all that she did, when she was alive  
**THIS WAS MARY WARD-**

A stalwart among stalwarts  
 A pioneer among pioneers  
 An example for us all  
 Ever eager to give us a call  
 Reminding us of our duty  
 Working through her community  
 Rendering service to the Nation  
 With enthusiasm and dedication  
 We should all hand in hand  
 In love and faith together stand.  
 Our school St. Mary's Convent at  
 Allahabad  
 Is an edifice of her morals  
 with many laurels  
 And we are grateful to GOD  
 To have our names associated  
 To that of MARY WARD.

## THE GRACE FILLED OPENING OF THE JUBILEE YEAR

MANISHA MAHESHWARI XII B  
 HEAD GIRL - 1991 - 92



St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad, one of the innumerable tiaras of Mother Mary Ward was founded in 1866 to provide an all round education to children. The school has rendered 124 years of munificent and glorious service to the cause of education. The year 1991 is the 125th and is marked by various Jubilee celebrations.

The celebrations commenced with an elaborate prayer service to pay homage to our foundress, Mother Mary Ward. Just when the matutinal melange of the chirping of birds filled the dewy morning, we found ourselves advancing towards the Cathedral, breathing an air of mellow piety.

The inception of the service was performed by singing a hymn 'Asato Maa Sad Gamaya'. It was a prayer to the Almighty to lead us from 'Untruth to truth,



from darkness to light, from mortality to immortality'. The meaning was beautifully exemplified by girls with black shawls on their backs and lighted 'diyas' in their hands. The depiction echoed our humble prayer- "God lead us from darkness to light". All the heads lowered devoutly.

This was followed by the lighting of 'diyas' by Sr. Mary, Gauri Joshi and Munnu representing the management, students and servants respectively, who have joined hands to run the institution with dexterity. The head girl lowered the school flag and the house captains lowered their respective house flags before God to invoke his blessings on their alma mater. After this, some offerings were made which comprised a model of the school, books, games items, flowers and a few more articles. This portrayed that each item that was offered played an important role in moulding us as better children of the Lord, our Father, our Creator.

Adding to the sanctity of the atmosphere and peace, extracts were read from the holy books of various religions to disseminate their pious thoughts. After their respective introductions some of our guests came forward to enrich our knowledge and cognition about life, about God. Mr. Bajpai read an extract from the Geeta, Mrs. Hammeed from Quran, Mrs. Roy from the Bible, and Mrs. Dhondy from Zend Avesta, the holy book of the Parsis.

Shipra Mathur of class 12 A spoke on behalf of the outgoing students and thereby expressed her love and gratitude for her alma mater; the care and affection she enjoyed for twelve years under the roof of St. Mary's, together with the valuable knowledge it had imparted.

Sr. Celine, while expressing her ideas, repeated the message conveyed by the opening hymn. While focusing our attention on 'mortality to immortality', she said that the "teachers are dispelling darkness from the hearts of children and these very teachers remain in the hearts of children forever". She also threw light on the sour fact that "today dishonesty and corruption are being rewarded; so how could one teach children to 'love and speak the truth at all times'?" Concluding her speech, Sr. Celine gave a word of precious advice - "By doing the best duty as a student you can accomplish something you set out to do." This, like a violent and vivacious sea-wave, kept striking against the rocky cores of every mind and soul present there as they exited from the Cathedral.

"The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting things."



## FROM THE ANNALS OF SMC

NIHARIKA DHAWAN  
EX-HEAD GIRLS 1990-91

It is indeed a matter of immense pride and joy for me to address the school on this special occasion which marks the beginning of our 125th year. It is a great day for each of us for it is a day which comes but once in history. Today we rejoice and rightly so to be a part of this institution which has such a long and chequered past.

1866 - the 10th of January, Bishop Hartman and a group of nuns laid the foundation of an institution in the holy city of Allahabad. Unaware of the fact that it was indeed an epoch making event in the history of the institution Christened "St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad". A school which started with just two students and one building has now expanded and caters for the educational needs of thousands of students and through the years the portals of St. Mary's have opened to many pupils.

The institution thrived facing all hazards till the storm was weathered, thanks to the heroism, hidden life and patient prayers of the sisters of the I.B.M.V.

The service of this institution to our country cannot be measured.

An institution like St. Mary's is not merely living—it is pulsating and glowing with life which it imparts to all those who come under its influence. The passage of time has not dimmed its ardour or

diminished its strength or affected its service in any way - it does not suffer from these defects of old age which are endemic in institutions as in organisms - hardened arteries, stiffening limbs, inability to react to stimuli. On the contrary, St. Mary's is catering to an ever-widening circle of students it is up-to-date in its methods, alive to modern problems and possibilities.

THAT is the great phenomenon we celebrate today. Not merely that it has weathered 125 summers but that even after 125 years she is still a lusty youth full of vigour of life.

Now at this stage when I'm almost leaving school do I realize all I owe to the school. It has taught us the supreme virtues to live a life based on principles, devotion to duty, fidelity, loyalty to family and charity to all. Their memory will never fade away among all those whom they have prepared for the struggle of life.

We may not be around but the link - the bond we share with the school will remain always and everywhere. In fact I can say with my head held high - "I am an S.M.C. girl and proud to be one".

"A known devil is  
better than an  
unknown angel"







## Keeping

fit

Peace 'n' Perfection

Symphony

A photograph of a horse race scene. A large banner with the text "Spur away, Jockies" is visible. In the background, a crowd of spectators is gathered on a hillside, and a horse and jockey are visible in the foreground.

Spixit

True to the

Ship Ahoy!

Our Captains on the March



Joyous  
Re-union  
(The old  
Guard)



S.G.C.  
Belles 1991 - 92

Our  
Staff  
in a fest-  
ive mood





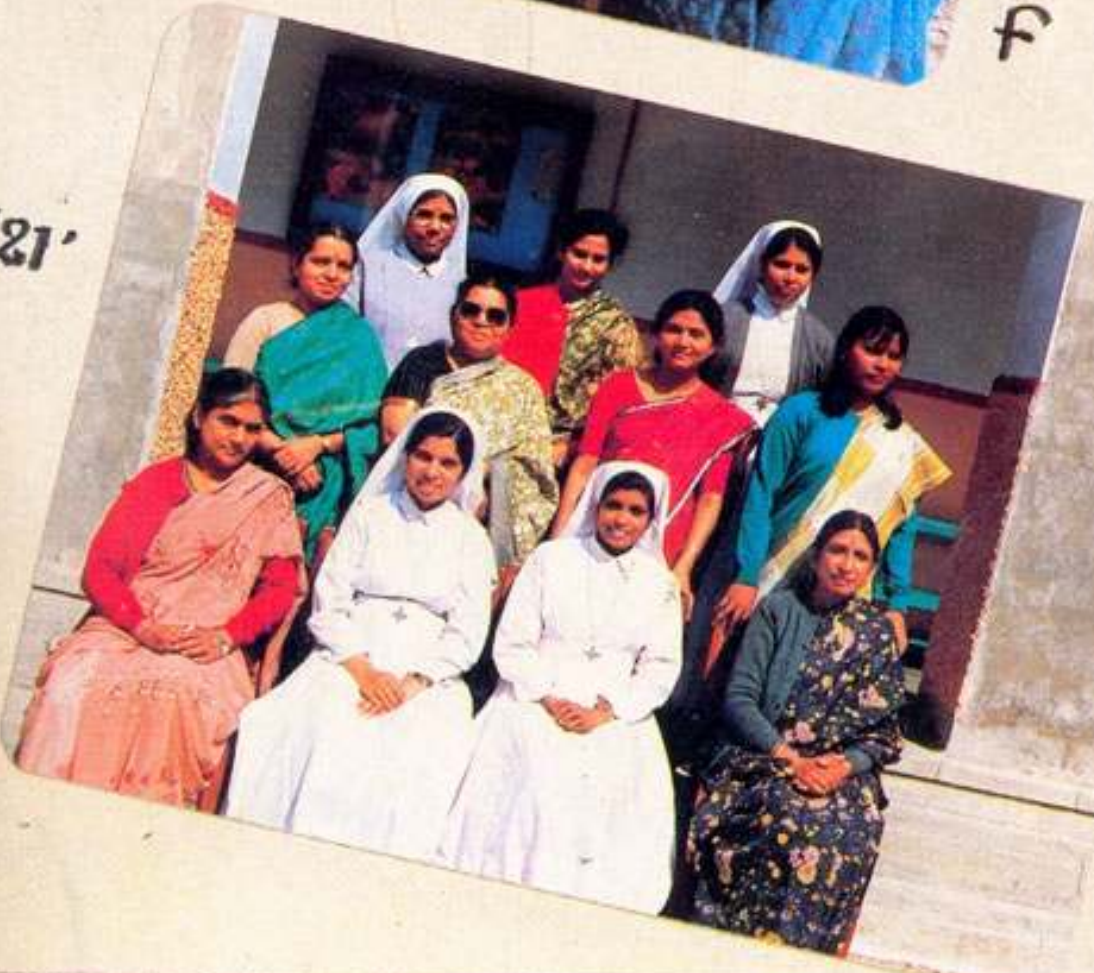
# S.M.C. Primary

## SCHOOL STAFF

'32'



'21'





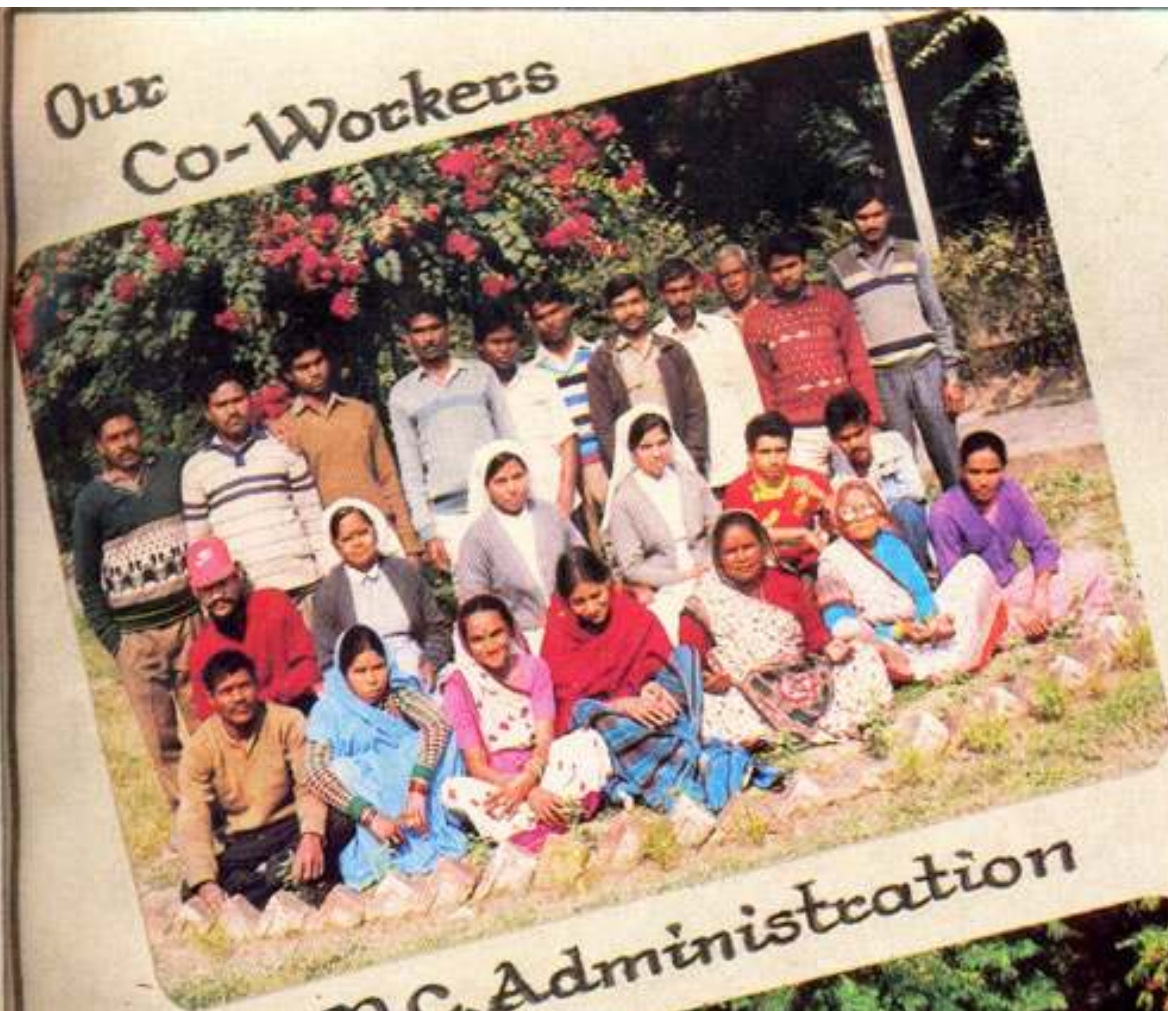
## Senior Staff 1991-92



Leaders ALL!



Our  
Co-Workers



S.M.C. Administration





Silver

Jubilee



St. Ag.



Regia



Vincentia



St. Ag.



Budding Talents in our Youngsters



Light



Love



Grace



Rhythm



## THE JUBILEE SPECIAL SCHOOL CONCERT

SHALINI BHARADWAJ 12A

The school concert is a much awaited activity in our school, looked forward to by the students, staff and all others associated with the name of the school. However, this years "Jubilee Concert" was extra special for all of us as it marked the beginning of a year to be spent in festivity and celebration commemorating the completion of one hundred and twenty five years of dedicated service by our school, St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad.

The annual concert is not a new activity in our school but has been a part of the school functions for many years. However, the importance of this year's 'Jubilee Concert' lay in the fact that each item of the programme was specially prepared keeping in mind the one hundred and twenty fifth anniversary of our school.

The concert was held on the 8th and 9th of March 1991. Parents of the students, friends and benefactors of the school formed an appreciative audience.

The programme was an enjoyable one its various items being well chosen and beautifully prepared won the hearts of the audience.

The programme began with a "Prayer Dance" performed by the students of the junior section. They welcomed the guests and offered prayers to God through their dance. The children danced in rhythmic movements to the melodious notes of Indian classical music. This was followed by a chorus 'praise ye the Lord' sung by the school choir consisting of the students and staff and the training college students accompanied by sister Elizabeth on the piano. The next item was the 'Jubilee Special' which really was a special item on the agenda as it was a tribute to the school symbolizing its 125th year. The Jubilee song sounded even sweeter being sung by small children some of whom were dressed up as nuns. The fourth item was the 'Qawwali'. The eye catching aspect of this item was the colourful costumes of the singers and the wit and humour in the song. The next item was the English one act play "The man who married a dumb wife". The play was adorned with witty dialogues which were beautifully rendered by the students of class eleven. This was followed by another chorus sung by the school choir called 'This is my Father's world'. The Hindi Dance Drama named 'Mukti', included a series of dances adding to the beauty of the script. The main feature for appreciation was the effective makeup and dresses of the characters and the light and sound effects. The programme was concluded with



the school song 'The Bells of St. Mary's' solemnly sung by the school choir.

The show turned out to be a success which was a result of the hard work and labour put in by the entire school and the close co-operation and team work of the students, staff and all those who helped to make the programme possible.

Let us hope the stage has been set for other activities in days to come and may our school serve and prosper for many more years. So one hundred and twenty five more cheers for our school Hip,Hip Hurrah!

### JUBILEE SENSATION

SHALINI BHARADWAJ XII A

It's jubilee time in school this year

Fun, competitions and quizzes are here

Shakespearean dramas, Macbeth and King Lear

So three cheers for our school so very dear.

Let's wish our school a happy 125th anniversary

This year fun and laughter are so necessary

Let's have an interhouse competition

From which we all draw some inspiration

So pull up your socks and tuck in your blouses

Let's all cheer for our respective houses

RED, BLUE, GREEN, YELLOW

That is what we all bellow

Throats are sore and eyes shine bright,

The victorious house snouts up in the light.

Looking forward for days to come

Full of excitement and tons of fun

But remember, do not neglect your studies

Or else, we will be called real dummies

So let's learn to combine work with fun

And be sure to benefit in the long run

Come on join in the celebration

and let's enjoy the jubilee sensation

"When the elephants fight it is the grass that suffers".



## TEACHERS' DAY CELEBRATIONS '91

SOMALI BASU XII B

The bright sunny September morning extended a grand welcome to the teachers who had all arrived in their very best! It WAS their day after all! Quite different from the ordinary school days, they seemed a little bit more cheerful, a little bit more colourful and delightful too!

On the open air stage they were greeted with cards and bouquets by the young ones of S.M.C. The remaining items were held in the auditorium.

The programme commenced with a very colourful and rhythmic Goan dance presented by the students of standards VII and VIII. It was based on a song taken from a popular film. The toe tapping rhythm kept everyone spellbound during the three minute sequence.

'Book Parade' prepared by the class 10 followed next. The girls came on stage dressed to represent the characters or the names of books, and the teachers had to guess which book each one depicted. Among them were "The adventures of Tom Sawyer", "The Arabian Nights", and 'Thornbirds'.

Next came the parody "Sashik Kumar Kangaliki Dastaan". The wave of laughter it started never seemed to die out even for a single second! This very unique item was presented by the students of class XI.

Then was the song "Aati Rahegi Bahaar" by class XII A. It was followed by Cat Walk '91" by class XII B. The fashion show as the name suggests was very different from the ordinary shows as the outfits depicted, represented their very names in the most literal sense like Bell bottoms of the Hippy era meant a bell attached to the bottom and bush shirt meant a shirt made of bushes; Umbrella skirt with open umbrellas decorating the skirt; churidar Pyjama of the Mughal period with colourful 'churis' (Bangles) adorning the Pyjamas; bathroom slippers were a number of slips in a slippery bathroom on a slippery early morn. And nightie was a cup of steaming hot tea at night before preparing for bed!

I bet the teachers enjoyed the show as much as we did in presenting them.

"Some people complain that roses have thorns rather than be thankful that thorns have roses".



## THE S.M.C. T I E

NINA AGARWAL XIA

I request the reader to kindly not make a face on seeing the title but to think of what the contents of my writing might be. It is not a sermon but it certainly does have some significance. It is just an account of my feelings towards our school TIE, an account of my feelings towards this esteemed symbol of our institution. It is just to say how I feel on being what I would call, a 'tie-holder'.

However, the aim behind my account is to awake the classes preceding mine to a sense of their future and what it holds in store for them. They ought to know the importance of the position that their seniors hold and will be holding in the times to come.

My first feeling, when I wore the S.M.C. tie for the first time was one of awe. All of a sudden I felt I had grown up within the span of a minute. I felt tall, mature, authoritative and full of energy, plans and ideas. I felt that I shared an equal responsibility with my teachers in the improvement and upliftment of the school. It was like a new birth, an awakening— a birth into the new life of a student of the College section, an awakening to the light of the future.

To me, the tie rendered a sense of completeness, uprightness and a sudden installation of all lady-like qualities.

I would like to appeal to my fellow tie-holders not to treat their prestigious school symbol as a hanky, a plaything or otherwise but to realize its 'royalty'. In the hot summer days it seems like a noose round the neck. It is not a noose to keep rebel students tied to school and study, it is a tie of amalgamation, of oneness, with the falls and fortunes of the institution.

It is not just a part of the school uniform, a mere decoration or an honour bestowed upon the age of the college section students. It is a prime source of inspiration, perhaps greater than other inspirations we receive.

The 'S.M.C. tie' is a gift to be cherished by each S.M.C. girl as a gift of S.M.C. to them.

It is a treasure to be treasured through the tracks of time. I hear the voice of the foundress of the school saying, "My honour lies now in your hands".

"The more you say the  
less people remember".



## BASKET BALL WITH A DIFFERENCE

NINA AGRAWAL XI A

(Physics) - The ball comes down, losing velocity. As it goes, another rule of physics is applied.

(Economics) - What a waste of labour force. Technological progress would lead to the upliftment of the economy (match of basket ball)

(English) - Friends, staff and students, lend me your ears ....

All hail S.M.C., hail to the house that wins the match.

All hail S.M.C. hail to the house that won the match.

All hail S.M.C. that shall be spectators hereafter.

(Hindi) बेटे, जो मेहनत करते हैं  
वह जरूर सफल होते हैं ।

(S.U.P.W.) — These flowers of talent are not paper flowers

(History) — A new page to be added to the Sports History of S.M.C.

(Admn.)—Numerous Coalition governments, all around, to cheer the players, all clinging to the tradition of ice cream, soda, lemon and pop.

(Biology) - Respiration is taking place at a fast rate. Reproduction of glucose and oxidation of food to release energy is fast.

(Chemistry)— Dehalogenation (perspiration) is also very great

(Geography) — The rotation of the ball and the revolution of the girls around it is making my eyes go round and round.

## THE BUFFALO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE!

RITU - TRIPATHI XI-B

Shouts, screams, yells, uproar, outburst .... Is a wrestling match going on? Or is it a violent scene from the latest hit of Hindi Cinema? But while you are busy racking your brains and analyzing the situation, just glance at a resident of 'Chowk' or 'Muthiganj' he knits his brow; 'shouts', 'uproars', 'out burst' .... and he has got it correct - it's a 'traffic jam' on the roads of Allahabad!

And when the topic of traffic jams has come up, who can forget the commotions on the 'bridge'? Bridge....? What bridge...? come on ! Analyze the situation a bit meticulously ... traffic .... jam .... Allahabad .... bridge. Yes, I am talking about the 'Naini Bridge' Traffic jams are a very common occurrence here due to the narrow one way passage. Most often the cause of the jams are the bullock carts which move at a snail's pace, being followed by your Maruties and Fiats.

Incidentally, one day I happened to be one of the onlookers of the traffic jam



on the Naini Bridge. The most interesting part of that day's jam was that its cause was a BUFFALO!! The buffalo found the bridge to be an ideal resting place and dozed off on the middle of the bridge.

The grazier was standing nearby. He had tried his utmost efforts to remove the buffalo from the bridge, but in vain. Disgusted, he planted a kick on her belly, only to be returned by a formidable shake of her horns. A multitude of drivers bellowing at him with their horns and curses was indeed disconcerting and he cried in despair.

"Kajri! Get up, get up you damn fool!" The animal gave a belligerent stare and then closed her eyes again.

"Remove the fatty or I'll run you both over," cried the driver of a Maruti 1000. "Give the creature a chance", the grazier answered and again jostled that adamant mountain of bone and flesh. His efforts were fruitless. Then a suggestion came from one of the scooter drivers, "Persuade that bulk with bananas." Bribery is prevalent everywhere, perhaps it might be of some use here too. The grazier turned towards a pedlar, standing on one side with his basket full of rotten bananas and handed over a ten rupee note to him. The pedlar gave a sticky grin to the grazier and gave him a bunch of over ripe bananas. All drivers, with a banana in their hands, tried to bribe the buffalo but the

creature did not even open her eyes and remained as adamant as ever.

Then a smart suggestion was given by a youth, sitting on his Kawasaki Bajaj, "Telephone the fire service". Then there was a scramble for the telephone booth. Finally, the firemen arrived, brandishing their thick long hoses and dousing all the vehicles and drivers. But, the buffalo did not even open her eyes once and maintained its lifeless posture.

Finally, a child had the illumination. When the rivers of water were drained off and the grown ups were exhausted of their ideas, he stealthily came to the buffalo and tied a string of crackers to her tail and set them (afire).

Up jumped the buffalo, pushed her way through the crowd and vanished out of sight. So did the grazier!

### THREE CHEERS FOR S.M.C.

RUCHIRA RAJ 12-B  
THE EDITOR (ENGLISH)

I couldn't believe myself as I stood among a thousand fluttering hearts that the day had finally arrived. The day we had all looked forward to, worked under the hot sun for long afternoons and had longed for since the past four years.

YES, it was the 15th of November, 1991. The day for the sports and P.T. display.



The Programme started at 2 O' clock with the School Tableau led by the Headgirl. With the release of balloons and also that of 2 pigeons, signifying peace, the programme was declared open by the Chief Guest.

Soon, the athletes came marching in, their faces bright, their eyes shining, to take their oath. They were followed by the four houses, the Florence Nightingale house, the Mary Ward house, the Gandhi house and the Tagore house. Here there were a few tragic moments with one of the house flags on the tip of the pole and one other leaving the pole and flying off to the ground, but everything was thankfully taken in good humour.

After this, we started with the athletics. First came the tiny tots with apples balanced on sticks kept on their heads. Amidst a scurry of small feet and the fun of falling apples, three winners were selected. Then there was a team looking for colourful masks to put on and soon we had a lot of children running to the finishing line. Next came a host of pretty little girls who had to get dressed and then run on to finish the race. It was a real joy watching these young dames doing their best, pulling on a sleeve here and tucking in a blouse there. Class V had a relay race with four teams belonging to the four different sections.

Then we had the athletics for the senior section. They started amidst cheering from all sides of the field. There were obstacle races, 100m and 200 m races skipping races and of course relay races. The heart was overjoyed to look at those athletes, agile as leopards, graceful as swans, as they took step after long step. They looked like a group of deer prancing around to see who's best. With a lot of cheering from the four houses, these items too, soon ended.

A glance at the scoreboard told us that the Florence Nightingale house was leading, followed by the Mary Ward house, the Gandhi house and the Tagore house.

Amidst a razzle and a dazzle of colourful fans, the P.T. display began. After this wonderful fan drill, we had a host of Juniors who displayed their well practised item with bunches of colourful ribbons in their hands.

The jockey drill, with the jockeys flashing their whips around was a fast number. Hearing the rhythmic click of the heels, one was reminded of the western cowboy country.

Then came classes 9 and 10 who had a variety of Aerobic exercises to display, and all this to the beat of some enchanting Music.

The last item of the P.T. display was the sailors' P.T. by the Training College and the college section. The girls looked very smart in their sailor caps and scarves.



This item was much appreciated by the audience.

As part of the grand Finale was presented the item that had been much awaited-the PYRAMIDS.

The first house to enter was the Red house. They entered with the roll of the drum in a proper block, following their captain. Within five whistles their structure was up. With release of balloons and the thunderous applause of the audience, they left the field to make place for the Blue house. This house made a chariot in the first four whistles, and lo and behold; with the fifth whistle, the entire chariot moved forward, leaving the audience speechless.

Next on the field was the Green house. They laid out the S.M.C. Garden on the field. With a very systematic and well planned layout, this unique and novel idea generated a lot of applause from the audience.

But, the best had been left for the end. The yellow house constructed a prism. When a beam of white light entered it, it dispersed into its components and came out in seven colours. A truly magnificent sight.

The last item was the final march past for which the entire school had assembled on the field.

The Florence Nightingale House was declared the Best House with the Mary Ward house getting the runners up trophy.

The discipline shield went to the Tagore house.

The wife of the Chief guest handed out the prizes to the winners. SMITA NAIDU was declared the best athlete. The A Division championship went to Smita Naidu and the B division to Krishna Pawar. The C division championship was awarded to Garima Singh with the D division going to Pooja Singh.

It all ended amidst cheers, sounds of laughter and tears of joy. A truly magnificent day, a day well lived.

All this was possible due to the efforts of the students, supported and guided by the teachers. I would like to appreciate our principal Sr. Evelyn's efforts; as she, inspite of busy schedules could be seen all day on the field supervising the practices. And now all I can say is:

Three cheers for S.M.C.

Hip hip hip .... Hurray!

"We live more by  
example than by  
reasons"



## OBITUARY TRIBUTE

NIDHI KHANNA 12-A

With a feeling of deep grief, we mourn the passing away of two of our most sincere workers, Late Shree Babu Lal (Chawkidar) and Kishan (Lab Assistant) who died recently due to serious illness.

From the time they joined the institution, they devoted their entire life to the welfare of the institution.

Babu Lal (Chawkidar) - neither the rain nor the intense heat of summer or the cold wave of winter could keep him away from his duty at the main entrance of the institution. His mere presence created the sense of security among the students specially the younger girls as he was over protective towards them. The way he controlled the traffic was admirable and was appreciated not only by the students and the staff members but even by the parents and guardians. No intruders could seek entry during his presence.

Kishan (Lab Assistant) - He was particular towards the management of the lab, highly efficient in the performance of his duties. Everything was kept systematically so that no student or teachers would face any problem regarding the chemicals or other things essential for the practicals. The lab was kept sparkingly clean by him. The bottles were properly

labelled. He was always alert in the execution of his duties.

All their actions were performed not for any personal gains but for the welfare of the institution as a whole. We are indebted to their services. Their absence will be felt for years to come.

We pray to the Almighty to give strength to their family members, friends and relatives to bear the irreparable loss. May their souls rest in peace.

## SPECTRA - S.M.C. ALL THE WAY

RITA JAISWAL XII B

It was the day every young heart looked forward to. Yes it was 'spectramania' that gripped the girls and boys of the four institutions of the city. The venue was 'St. Joseph's auditorium.' In their heart of hearts each one was a bit nervous that after the toil, the sweat and the tense minutes would they be able to put up their best?

The enthusiasm was palpable amidst butterflies in the stomach. In fact the fiery start with the Hindi debate eclipsed all the ifs and buts and put all speculation to rest. Guess who came off with flying colours? None other than St. Mary's girls.

The group song that followed had some inspiring numbers for the youth. It was superbly done except for a minor havoc created by the microphone. The English elocution was a bright spot in the day's proceeding. It was a treat to see our



friends speak the 'Queen's language' with such clarity and confidence.

The fillers lightened the mood and were well received. The hosts deserve a word of appreciation for their thoughtfulness. It was even more surprising to see that things went on smoothly, contrary to what was apprehended.

Any way 'Ad-Man' was a tribute to the unlimited creativity of the mind. The talent that lies hidden waiting for an opportunity to do wonders which need not be on a colossal scale, but perfection in a small way. To see the participants of 'Spin a Yarn' trying to put their opponents in a tight spot was an enthralling experience. Their 'Never say die' spirit rightly deserved a big hand.

The back stage Programmes like cartooning delved into the world of humour and the vibrant colours of life hardly seem to exist in our stereotyped lives. Creative writing once again proved the might of the pen. Collage making was an exercise for the brain, and was brilliantly done inspite of limited means at their disposal. The skit deserves no less appreciation.

In the meantime the sponsors 'Pioneer Computers' had a grand opportunity to publicize and to make themselves acquainted with the budding electronic buffs. At last the final count down began for the show of the evening. Well it was the fascinating and enchanting world of glamour and glitter which transported everyone to the fashion Meccas Paris, Milan or New York. The girls and boys in their glamorous apparel and their

graceful catwalk held the audience spell bound.

Believe it or not everyone waited for more. But as the curtains were drawn it was like coming out from a dream world of fantasy which kept us enthralled for seven hours. As one moved out of the illusionary world with a sense of joy, pride and achievement with the medals hanging around the neck, one can say that it was really a day to cherish and to look to for inspiration. The talents that we had channelised from the very start helped us to emerge the ultimate winners in keeping with long standing S.M.C. tradition.

#### A TRIBUTE TO RAJIV GANDHI

SHIRIN KHAN XI A

Over the years, since I was a child, my life has been influenced by many people. His charming smile, his dimples, his unassuming personality - that was Rajiv for me.

But why do bad things happen to good people? Why is God so cruel to them? That is a question which I often ask myself but never get any answer. 21st May, 1991, has been engraved in my memory, as the day when evil triumphed in the world. Rajiv Gandhi, a visionary who had some dreams for his beloved India, fell a prey to the cruel hands of some. How brutally was he assassinated! Cold death spares no one but what did



that innocent man do, to deserve so disastrous an end ?

I had seen Rajiv Gandhi, at one of the dinner parties, when he recently came to my town. Everyone was waiting eagerly for his arrival. At last he came, clad in a white Kurta - Pajama and looked as fresh as ever. He turned out to be a more beautiful person, than what I had thought him to be. He had the most pleasant face - all smiles and kindness. His face seemed like an open book, where you could read all the innocent thoughts of his mind. I felt so comfortable in his company. That one evening which I spent with him, won me over completely. Not only because he was handsome, but was much more than a politician. It was only later that I realised how important was that evening, because just after one year, death snatched him away from the world. With him ended an era of sophistication and rich culture.

He was not only a leader of masses in India, but a politician of international stature. All the world leaders were able to establish a rapport with him, the first time they met him. He won many hearts.

Within India, the villagers, illiterates, backward classes all liked and respected him. He was the grandson of Nehru, and so could have been a proud individual, but all that was missing in him. His school friends describe him as easy-going and unassuming.

His Italian wife, Sonia, had all the praise for him. When Rajiv would be among the family members of Sonia, they never felt that they were talking to the grandson of Jawaharlal Nehru.

As a child, he suffered many losses. His grandfather and father passed away when he was very young. His mother had to enter politics, and with the tragic death of his younger brother Sanjay, Rajiv had to rise to the occasion for providing a helping hand to his mother.

His wife did not want him to join politics but he did in order to hold the Indian people. The proverb 'As you Sow, So you reap' does not prove right in his case. He worked whole-heartedly for the betterment of the country, but what did he get out of it? He had once said, " I am young and I too have a dream"

Now I can only pray to God, to give Sonia Gandhi and her children the strength to endure so great a misfortune.

#### **Money**

Money can give us books  
but not knowledge.

Money can give us medicine  
but not health.

Money can give us soft beds  
but not sleep.

Money can give us ornaments  
but not beauty.

Money can give us followers  
but not true friends.

Money can give us flatters  
but not love.

Money can win man  
but not his heart.

Monika Chawla VII B



## REDISCOVERING SCIENCE

NITIKA KUMAR XII B

The dawn of 12th October, 1991 brought with it the mingled feelings of nervousness, excitement and enthusiasm. It was not only the day when our first terminal results were to be declared but also the day when our practical skills in science were to be displayed.

The exciting Science Exhibition, organised by the joint efforts of the students of classes IX - XII and the science teachers, was open to parents and outsiders. In this exhibition were displayed a number of charts and models - both static and working dealing with various topics. The charts covered a wide field of subjects mostly in Biology, ranging from the depiction of the concept of evolution and genetics to the external features of organisms and their organ systems. There were also a few charts on Physics and Chemistry. One could derive considerable knowledge in Science by studying these Charts. Besides being informative, these impressive charts imparted a colourful and an attractive background to the entire exhibition.

The main attraction of the exhibition, however, lay in the models. The working models were exclusively based on Physics and Chemistry.

To begin with there was a 'Scientific Alpana' at the entrance. A very good way indeed of making it if you're in a hurry. If you get bored of the usual writing methods by pen or pencil then there was one model which could relieve you from this monotony-it was writing with electricity. Then there were electric rat traps a sure methods of getting rid of these vexacious creatures. There was a small television set which telecast a hearty 'Welcome' on the screen. It was an intelligent application of the principle of convection currents in air created due to heating of air by an electric bulb.

With the advancement of science, our comforts have increased many fold. Whether we have to light a bulb, or set the fan into motion or operate a big machine, all we need to do is to press a switch. But here was a device where you did not even have to press the button, for the very sound of your clap would be adequate to light the bulb, it was the 'clap switch'.

In the present times, electrical energy has taken precedence over all other forms of energy. It is used in the operation of innumerable instruments and devices. Here was a unique model of an 'electric harmonium'. Other models included were a flood detector, rain detector, dancing lights, and a burglar alarm.

Among the static models was a beautiful representation of the structure of DNA and a fascinating model of a life size human skeleton. Besides, there were



impressive models of a solar cooker, the human excretory system, and forest ecosystem.

The 'Science Exhibition' was well appreciated by everyone. The hard work of students and teachers in organizing the exhibition was reflected in its presentation. All that we had studied theoretically from our junior classes was given a practical shape in the exhibition. Parents and all visitors showed keen interest in all that had been displayed and many inquired about the principles underlying various models. This interest on the part of visitors added to the enthusiasm of the students.

Every item displayed was praiseworthy, but there has to be the best among all good ones too. The prize for the best chart was given for the chart on 'fish' and the 'ear'. The prize for the best static model was awarded to Sanyukta Singh for the model on the life-cycle of the butterfly and to Rangoli Sharan for the model of the structure of DNA. Finally, the prize for the best working model was bagged by Aparna and Rajul for the television set and by Mona Gulati for the clap switch.

The exhibition turned out to be a success beyond expectations. The brilliant ideas of the budding scientists of SMC did not fail to arouse the interest of people in science and its diverse applications.

## MY BELOVED KASHMIR

RITIKA KAUL (IV C)

My native town is Srinagar (Kashmir), which is one of the most beautiful parts of our country and is rightly called 'Paradise on earth'. The beautiful Dal lake, the snow capped mountains, the scenic beauty, the house-boats on the Dal lake and my house, surrounded by Chinar trees, make me remember Kashmir all the more. How it pains my heart to see the beauty being marred by terrorism. How fortunate those people are who can live in their own house. But will I ever see my house with apple and walnut trees in my backyard, the play ground and the high walls of my school: Presentation Convent? Oh, I would love to go back to the cool breeze and to my friend the snow man, which we children used to make in my garden. Now the security forces and the terrorists with Ak-47 rifles have taken the place of tourists.

Will God be merciful and hear my prayers so that peace is restored and I can go back to my native town Srinagar (Kashmir) again?



## BASKET BALL IN ST. MARY'S CONVENT

JANNETE Wu. XI B.



Our school has always been a step ahead, wherever basket ball is concerned. In our school basket ball was started in the year 1974 under the able guidance of Mr. D.S. Bhandari who has been the coach in S.M.C. since then. He shares a good relationship with the girls and is very kind and considerate towards them. Our school team has always been and is still said to be one of the best in Allahabad. Many of the good players who have been a part of our team have contributed a lot to this game and brought name and fame to the school. About ninety girls from S.M.C. have played in the nationals which is a great achievement.

There has been more than one occasion when we have reached the peak of glory. There have also been some years which have not proved too good for us due to various reasons. 1991 was a fairly

good year in which we played a couple of interesting matches.

The first set of matches which we play every year are the inter house matches played in August. These are in fact, the most exciting matches which we play during the year. They bring forth a lot of competitive spirit among the girls which help us to play a better game. Last year, the Blue and the Red house entered the finals of the inter house matches and in the ensuing match, Red house was the winner

In September, we played the Inter Institutional matches and reached the finals after defeating Girls' High School in the semi finals. But we were not fortunate enough in the finals and we lost to St. Anthony's Convent by two points. We were deeply upset by this defeat, but then winning or losing is a part of the game. So we gathered our courage and started vigorous practice to prepare for the coming tournaments.

Four girls from our school were selected for the regional team - Jannete Wu, Julie Agarwal, Vandana Katju and Smriti Tripathi.

Then in the month of November, during Dusshera, we went to Kanpur to play against S.M.C., Kanpur. It was a very close and exciting match in which we came out victorious. It was a worthwhile trip and the girls especially enjoyed it a lot.



since the match was played out of Allahabad.

But, there has been a gradual fall in the standard of our teams due to numerous reasons. The most common one is that girls leave Basket Ball due to their studies. Many leave school, after the completion of their studies. Our coach gets very discouraged to see that girls give so much importance to studies that they cannot spare an hour for basket ball. This is an incorrect attitude towards sports and we must encourage the girls to join basket ball and to maintain an equal degree of interest for sports and games as they have for other activities.

#### ... FROM MY DIARY

Somali Basu XII B

The doctors had suspected Typhoid when, even on the fourth day the mercury in my thermometer grimly registered 103oF. It was obvious that the fever was specially fascinated by me as it did not leave me unprotected in this world even for a single moment.

So my diet was strictly restricted to apples, milk and milk products like paneer and dahi and last but worth noting in memory, small round threptin biscuits. They were little discs with a typical taste that did not seem to go inspite of the fact that cocoa was added to it to enrich its

flavour Nevertheless at every breakfast I would start one of my little dances round the house with mum following my foot-steps (for a change) with four threptins in her hand. I could never make myself gulp down those four that seemed to make life hell for me every morning. The biscuits refused to go down and I was equally adamant about spitting them out. Well, no matter how hard I chewed they seemed to form a paste and circulate in my throat. They were so awful that I think it is better to chew down a whole iron rod rather than have any of those.

Anyway things had to go on even though the possibility of them getting any better was as dark as my future with threptin biscuits! The blood test report was due to arrive on the eighth day. I kept my fingers, hands, legs, eyes and even my mouth (in fact everything possible) crossed and prayed constantly - Lord let it be anything other than Typhoid! Well, when the reports did come I was thankful to bring my crossed limbs back to place. It was not Typhoid! It was worse VIRAL FEVER which meant being confined to bed for at least a fortnight. The idea of absenting myself from School for so long was terrible and it gnawed at me day and night.



No medicine was administered as such but to my dismay my previous diet was to be continued in addition to which I would have everything under the sun except heavy proteins and rich food. So there it was! Apples and threptin seemed to have fallen in love with me all of a sudden.

But it was not long before the apples got on my nerves. Just imagine how boring and distasteful an apple every morning can be ! So from the very next day when mum came to offer them to me I began to refuse them. My new method was very successful for the first few days. Being the youngest in the family I was happy I could have my way in everything. But my sister ( I call her D.D. short for didi) had adopted her unique technique to make a fool of me. The next time I refused she chanted.

"An apple a day  
Keeps the doctor away  
If the doctor's handsome  
Put the apple away".

Unfortunately she got the better of me and poor me! I was forced to take to apples again. Now I am quite fit to sit and write all this but still am not sure whether it was the apple or the biscuit that cured me.

## REFLECTIONS

GUNJAN NANGIA XII B

As I turn back and look at the years I have spent under the loving care of St. Mary's Convent, its sisters, teachers and also the happy times with my friends here, the past twelve years are resurrected in the mind in sad and sweet colours.

One of the most important chapters of my life here was the L.T.S. Unit, in which I have spent 3 glorious years. When we had initially joined the unit, little did we know what treasures awaited us that would enrich our lives. I have along with my fellow L.T.S.ers gained a lot under the able guidance of my guide Sr. Christina who like a true gardener is always striving to nourish the tender plants under her care, by instilling in us the principles and values which will strengthen our roots, and give them the tenacity to hold the shoot straight even when the gales blow in our lives.

To involve ourselves in a movement like L.T.S. has proved very favourable for us, for it helped us to develop good qualities, and above all to become good leaders, and to strive to lead others to the right path. This movement has helped us to grow and to be genuine. It has made us realise the fruit of working unitedly towards a common goal. We have tried to utilize our resources to give something to the society from which we have received much.



In the L.T.S. our outlook has broadened and we have learnt to understand the plight of our unprivileged brethren. What we earlier understood by service has radically changed. Service is not something that can be done by social workers only. It can be done by anyone in any position by simply keeping the thought of "For God and Country" behind each action.

Through our weekly meetings, held on Saturdays, after school, in which we have had many fruitful discussions, our priorities too, have undergone a radical change on the subjects of money, prayers, clothes, service, study and entertainment.

In our frequent prayer meetings, I have felt closer to God than at any other time. My faith in the Almighty has many a time been reinforced by the continued stress that has been laid on the Divine Presence.

Last, but not least, our personalities have blossomed and our self confidence grown. The continual responsibility of organising meetings and activities undertaken by the L.T.S. has boosted up my confidence and my organising capabilities.

Camps also form an integral part of an L.T.S.er's life. I was fortunate to get a chance to attend the 3 day camp held at St. Joseph's College organised by the Town Unit, Allahabad. The camp gave us so much - A feeling of togetherness, humility, respect, love, sharing, caring, discipline, fun, and self confidence. But above all, it helped us to realise what living with a goal in our

mind means, what God means, what His agony means, what L.T.S. means.

In the camp we became more aware of being a person " For God and country "

### THE FROG SCHOOL

SAMEENA HAMEED XC

Amidst the barren land  
On the benches green afloat  
Sang the learning frogs  
Their neck soaring high  
At higher, the pitch of the band.

Hands clutched they said,  
The morning prayer  
But genuine feeling of course  
Was not there.

Having a stern watch  
At every winking eye  
The master frog stood firm  
A cane in hand which shook  
Who rules do defy.

Study of moon were they taught  
Yet distance long to cover  
But in time finishing is aught  
So benches upside down, heads bent low  
Observing moon should be on the  
floating water below.



## ATHLETICS IN ST. MARY'S

SMITA NAIDU 12 B



Sport is a many splendoured concept. It is an expression of the spontaneous joy of life it is discipline and it is growth induced by that discipline.

Our school offers us many opportunities to participate in the various sports - on the district, regional and state levels and even higher if we are selected further.

The dates of the annual District Athletic Meet had been announced - 9th and 10th of October 1991 and the Regional meet on the 11th. The school was sending its team after two years. The various events are divided into two. The track events include all the races and the field events comprise all the throw and the jumps.

There were about twenty five schools of the district which were participating. The

meet opened with a march past of the athletes. Arms swinging together, heads held straight and shoulders thrown back our team stood out among the twenty-five groups of different schools. Then the events began and as the meet proceeded we found that in nearly all the events of both track and field we were on the top. If not on the top then within the top three. 100m, 200m, 100m Hurdles, Throws, Jumps and the Relay - in all these we took the top positions in both the Junior and the senior sections. The two day athletic meet closed with a marchpast. It was evening, the sun was low in the sky, the bugles blew loud and the drums beat rhythmically. All the schools had formed one big group and marched together suggesting that even though we may belong to different schools yet we all are one and then it was announced that S.M.C. was the team champion and both the individual championships also went to our athletes. The sense of satisfaction was overwhelming together with a feeling of fulfilment, and a feeling of having done our best.

But this was what everybody saw. Behind the scenes had gone hours of hard work, not only by the students but also by the teachers and the Principal. There were times when we felt like giving up but the persuasion and the enthusiasm of the teachers was overpowering. There were moments of admonishings too when we had felt that we could not make it. There



were also moments of togetherness and caring when the entire team was one, when we were by each other's side to help the other one. I can still recall the evening before the meet when the team was queued up on the school field and the Principal was telling us that winning should not worry us. She reminded us to keep to the discipline to be well behaved and to just put in our best in all that we did.

The championship was not a result of two days of running in the stadium but an outcome of the extreme care and attention on the part of the school coupled with the work of the students. It was a convincing demonstration of talents of the girls and an effective training which brought out the best in them

Thus we are trained not only in academics, but trained to live a full Life, to live each moment to the fullest, to live and not merely to exist.

### IMPRESSIONS

HARNIT KAUR XII B

There's beauty in every garden  
Where a hundred colours blend  
But the most beautiful among them  
Is your remembrance, my dear friends  
So through this poem  
Feelings of my Heart I send

Namita, Nidhi, Mona and Savinder  
Friends couldn't have been nicer  
Always ready to lend a helping hand  
Bringing into life joyful bands  
Leaving behind their footprints on the sand

Arunima, Sarita and Somali  
Sitting peacefully in the valley  
But always making their presence felt  
By the smiles at which you'd melt

Manisha, Ruchira, Shalini and Puneet  
Are like precious gems rare to meet  
Whose friendship has always been a treat

And on parting from them you are sure to weep.

Bhavna, Neetu and Anurita  
Whose help one often sought  
Always managed to come up with a funny thought  
And into the faces of others  
Lovely smiles they brought

Sonu, Sonia, Shweta and Roopa  
The mischievous monkeys of our class  
Are really a bunch of wonderful lass  
Keeping everyone's mood lively by their jazz.

Lakshmi and Abhilasha  
Ask their friendship and you never hear a 'no'



They are among those few

With whom you are bound to get back  
more than you saw.

Rangoli, Namita, Priya and Rita

Are among those precious and rare  
friends

Who with their little smiles and words  
Into your life a thousand melodies send  
And whose absence is sure to be felt  
At life's hard or joyful bends.

Nitika, Pallavi, Gunjan and Smita

The meaning of their friendship  
I find difficult to define  
Within just a few lines  
But one thing's for sure  
Parting with them would be  
Something very difficult to endure

Like different flowers giving different  
fragrance

Each one gives a different colour to the  
ball

But one feeling is common

It is wonderful to be a friend of them all

And sunshine may come

Or Shadow may fall

My love and remembrance for you

My dear friends will out last it all.

## AN ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH

MADHU PURWAR XIB

Friday, the twenty seventh day of May was a dull and gray day, with the rain making an appearance once in a while. It did not seem to be an ideal day for the children of the handicapped school to venture out on a picnic; but all arrangements having been made previously, the children's enthusiasm encouraged their teachers to go ahead with the pre-planned schedule.

The group of some fifty odd children, accompanied by a couple of teachers had thoroughly enjoyed the recreational trip, and were lingering on the outskirts of the city on their journey back. After all, such outings happened to them only once in a blue moon, for they, each of them, suffering some sort of a handicap could not enjoy life to the full, as normal children do.

The bus was just entering the city when one of its tyres got caught in a gap in the railway tracks. The track had not been repaired, as often happens, and was a standing testimony to the inefficiency of the Indian Government employees. At that very instant, the railway barriers were closed, marking the arrival of a train on that track. One can visualize the plight of the passengers aboard the bus - those handicapped children, from whom the right to live life to the full had already been



snatched by the cruel hands of fate, and now, it seemed that God's gift of life, too, would be taken away from them. Their dreams, their aspirations were going to be brutally murdered, if nothing was done soon!

The driver made frantic efforts to pull the bus out of the track, but the engine too, did not seem to work. There were a few cowards around; cowards because none had the courage to come forward and help them get out of the precarious position they were in. Even the railway staff present did not come forward to render a helping hand.

Meanwhile, some of the children seated in the bus got up and ran out, and thus ensured their safety. Some children who could not walk, who were physically disabled, were stranded there. There was panic among them, as they sat there dumb-founded, waiting for the death which seemed to be in such close proximity. Chills ran down their spine and they writhed in the agony of dying so young- it was sheer torture for them- second by second, slowly and steadily, death approached them.

The whistle of the train could be heard in the distance; death was just a few minutes away. Then suddenly, the sun appeared amidst the gray clouds - a ray of

hope emerged as the passengers and even the spectators prayed for safety. A group of military men passing that way realised the plight of the children and came to their rescue. The driver started the engine, which luckily roared to life, while the twenty odd army troops, pushed the bus with all their strength. The barriers were lifted and within a few minutes the tyres got free of the hold, the bus moved on its journey to safety. Just as the smoke from the arriving train appeared on the horizon, the bus moved ahead, the barriers were closed once again, just as the train whizzed past at great speed.

A rail accident was averted - so many lives were saved by a hair's breadth. The passengers had just had an encounter with death, and had emerged with every one intact, undamaged, unhurt. Out of what seemed sure death, was gifted to them yet another opportunity to live. They, and even the spectators, of which I was one, had realised how precious life is, and how lucky we are to have such an invaluable gift bestowed upon us by the Almighty.

"Lie has no legs but  
scandals has wings"



## IT'S HARD TO SAY GOODBYE

APARNA SINGH XII A

Goodbye my friend, Goodbye  
Though we'll surely meet again  
But, I don't know when  
Goodbye my friend Goodbye.

Goodbye my friend, Goodbye,  
I hope there's sunshine on your way  
and your troubles are not to stay  
Goodbye my friend, Goodluck.

Goodbye my friend, I'll miss you so,  
I'll miss each word  
Which made me smile  
when there were tears in my eyes,  
Goodbye my friend, I'll miss you so

Goodbye my friend, I'll pray for you.  
That you meet success at every step  
May failure stay away from you  
Goodbye my friend, I'll pray for you.

Goodbye my friend, I thank God for  
you  
For I would have searched my whole  
life through  
But would not have found a friend like  
you.

Goodbye my friend, I thank God for  
you  
Goodbye my friend Goodluck.

## MISCONCEPTIONS OF EDUCATION

ARADHANA SONI XII A

We all are aware of the meaning of the word 'education'. But do we really understand it? In today's world education is taken lightly, even though it is very necessary. In the olden days students had the urge to study and to do something, and they greatly respected their gurus, but today 'goondaism' is spreading like cancer among the students, and they feel that respecting their gurus is like going to the moon.

Humiliating them, harassing them and embarrassing them is an 'in' thing today. Teachers and professors have to swallow it with a pinch of salt and can do nothing to stop all this. Eve teasing is spreading like wildfire among the enthusiastic 'youth' of today. Under such circumstances the idea of being a girl literally kills you.

Education in the real sense means an enlightened thinking of mind and controlled conduct of oneself. Aping the west and not being able to imbibe the good qualities of the west, their sense of duty to the country above self, and their continued striving for perfection in the technical and



scientific fields, have put the youth on the easy path of disastrous living.

Being modern does not mean dressing up and believing in semi-nudism, indulging in acts of violence and getting addicted to drugs. Being modern means being receptive to the ideas of change on all fronts, be it science, religion or technology and even to adapt oneself to the trials and tribulations of the present day world. In being modern we should not sacrifice the moral based values of the past, and at the same time we should have the courage of conviction not to adhere to the superstitions of the past. We should go out, socialize, wear good clothes, but when things cross limits disasters take place. In our society there are many anti-social elements who are dragging the youth into a path of complete darkness and destruction. The maxim "spare the rod and spoil the child" holds good today. Parental or other forms of a guiding force should always exercise their right.

Education today has become a business with 'kickbacks' on the uptake. Students too seek easy and cheap refuge in procuring degrees to secure their future. The whole system is at fault and a few dedicated, honest and well-meaning youth are made the scapegoats on the altar of corruption and malpractice.

The matter needs serious consideration, reflection and clarity of thought and perception.

## YESTERDAY , TODAY, & TOMORROW!

ILA CHAWLA XII A

Yesterday I dreamt, today I realize,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I committed, today I repent,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I felt, today I express,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I read, today I remember,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I aimed, today I achieve,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I heard, today I recall,  
now I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I hated, today I love,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I was lonely, today I'm not,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I was sad, today I am happy  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I lost confidence, today I  
gained it,

now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I lost, today I win,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!

Yesterday I wrote, today it is read,  
now, I wait for tomorrow!



Hence,  
My Yesterday was  
Monotonous,  
Today is Beautiful,  
Now I wait for  
Tomorrow!

#### MY EXPERIENCE AS AN L.T.S.ER

MADHU PURWAR XI B  
L.T.S. TREASURER

Being a member of the L.T.S., I would like to share my personal experience and views regarding the L.T.S. with all of you. Before and even after I joined the L.T.S. last year, almost everyone I came in contact with discouraged me from venturing into something, which according to them, was a sheer 'waste of time' and was 'holy stuff' meant for 'holy people'.

My experience as an enthusiastic newcomer was entirely different from what I had heard previously. I realised that the L.T.S. has a lot to offer to those who dedicated themselves whole heartedly to it. Today, I would like to mention that being a part of the L.T.S. is an unparalleled experience that will be a cherished memory forever. I would also like to mention that the L.T.S. activities are not a waste of time. On the contrary, they enhance one's personality.

All the L.T.S.ers are complete devoted to its motto - 'Fod God ar Country!' God and Country are two pillars of the L.T.S. leadership edifice. W L.T.S.ers are servant leaders.

The L.T.S aims at the development the personality of an individual. Each weekly meeting enriches the members and helps in highlighting the special traits of her character. It brings self-realisation about one's own positive and negative faces, and moulds each member into a person who is confident of herself and ready to accept the challenges, struggles and trials that life has in store for her.

We L.T.S.ers also organize school assemblies every week to make our schoolmates aware of our existence. Also worthy of note is the traffic mind session held regularly by the L.T.S.ers. We work together for the uplift of the downtrodden, by putting in our best endeavors. A major project carried out by the L.T.S.ers is that of imparting education to a number of children, that is, each one of us is, working on the 'Each one Teach one' project. Besides, we cater to the education of a few children in various schools of Allahabad by providing them with monetary assistance.

In spite of all this, we are fully aware of the fact that our work is merely a drop in the ocean, but we have an unshaken faith in our motive. All we ask you for is encouragement, and I hope God will continue to shower his blessings upon us, so that we may be able to do our best.



## IMPORTANCE OF MORAL SCIENCE CLASSES

SHWETA SRIVASTAVA XI B

Education should be for life, not livelihood. Milton said, " Even in heaven his looks and thoughts were always downward bent, admiring more the riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, than aught divine or holy else enjoyed in vision beatific". Students go to schools and colleges only to improve their prospects for that would mean a better grade and more increments.

But true education is a different matter. Its function is to build an integrated personality. There should be a simultaneous and harmonious growth of our body, mind, senses and spirit. Our institution tries to instill this in the students via the Moral Science classes held everyday except Saturdays, the first thing before the curriculum of studies begin. The aim of our school is not simply to teach bread-winning or to furnish citizens apt for various jobs or to be the organ of that fine adjustment between real life and growing knowledge of life, an adjustment which forms the secret of civilization. Our school aims that education should not be a mere accumulation of facts and figures, as if the student's brain is a passive bucket into which water is to be pumped. Facts of life are so taught to the students that

they are cohered and coordinated and the mind learns to think and to infer. The Moral Science Classes help the students to be mentally equipped for life so that she becomes a self possessed girl.

The destiny of a nation is folded within its budding youth as is the flower within the close embrace of the petals. That which the youth think today, the nation will think tomorrow. As such our school tries that the students should be imbued with the highest ideals. Our school acts as a training ground where persons are cared for, where knowledge is imparted, where faculties are sharpened, characters moulded and reverence for higher values of life inculcated.

However at times the claim that the Moral Science Classes seek to build up integrated personalities and involves students in the natural mainstream remains but a pipe dream. Some of the students do not acquire from the Moral Science classes even one percent of the requisite virtues to enable them to be an honour to womanhood. Disregarding the values taught to them in the Moral Science classes, the students indulge in blatant copying and downright cheating during examination. Indiscipline among the students is continuously on the rise. The query which arises at this juncture is, as to whether this is all the fault of the student alone. The students of today are members



of a rootless generation which is assailed by doubts at every step and has lost all sense of purpose and direction. While on one hand the student is taught in the Moral Science Classes the virtues of life, on the other hand she sees the rule of corruption and indiscipline everywhere. Most of the teachers in our school strive to make the Moral Science Classes more appealing to its recipients so that the students may not be like a straw wafted about in all directions by the winds of change.

The Moral Science lessons have great significance. They help to prepare the students to be responsible, mature and integrated personalities. They strive to instill in the students all those qualities of head and heart which will help the girls to take their place in any situation in which they find themselves, so as to be a source of happiness and blessing to all with whom they come in contact. The Moral Science Classes help to form thoroughly educated girls who, motivated by genuine love and an awareness of God's concern are alive to the needs of time. Strong personal convictions and right values are instilled in the girls to motivate their actions. The Moral Science Classes thus help to inculcate in the girls, alongwith a sense of beauty a sense of duty.

## FAREWELL TO CLASS XII

APARNA SHEKHAR XI B



Coming together is a Beginning

Keeping together is Progress

Growing together is success

And after success? After a most joyful success came the painful adieu.

All good byes were said with a heavy heart. A heart overflowing with good wishes for those with whom we had spent a decade, coloured by the happy memories we would cherish forever.

Class XI bade farewell to their outgoing seniors in mournful tones. We have bid them our final good bye, for now we will have to work without their guidance and co-operation.

But Dr. Radhakrishnan has rightly said, "Tears and smiles make the music of life". Life is a strange humdrum affair, where even a few moments of joy could be gratefully acknowledged. So forgetting about the tears and the hard times we use this opportunity to smile together.



All of us eagerly awaited the small farewell party given by class XI to their outgoing seniors. Even after the many happy years spent together with them this added fun brought to our heart the rich memories of the past.

We watched with awe the seniors in their best attire. This was a time when they appeared so different from us, so grown-up that it was difficult to believe that we had been brought up under the same roof, bound by the common identity of being a part of S.M.C. our Alma Mater.

The farewell party was a Kaleidoscope coloured by the variety of fun we had together- the music, dances, jokes, titles, beauty contest, games, you name it and it was all there.

It was perhaps the only place where eatables came second. Priorities lay with other important factors. Our seniors were expectant regarding the titles they were to receive for the titles represented the way they had been judged by their juniors. It was also a time for us juniors to take a note of their expressions, for the way our seniors had accepted their titles was mirrored on their faces.

The climax was reached with the announcement of the farewell queen, the runner up and the second runner up. The former was glorified by a sash and a crown and the latter by the sash alone. It was an equally joyful moment for the winners and the spectators to behold the Principal giving them their sashes and the crown. This was followed by the grand finale when the farewell queen cut the cake

and the Panorama ended with a Photo session.

The farewell party was not just a get together of the two senior most classes of the school but a very important ritual that has become a part of our institution, an annual occurrence for us to take pride in . It reminded us of the time when we would have to bid farewell to the school - the garden that has given birth to numerous flowers.

It was a sad moment for us who bid a final goodbye to our seniors but an even more touching moment for them who bid adieu not only to us but to all the teachers and the students, to everyone and everything that forms part of our great institution. They will go away, probably never to return, but then work will remain forever reminding us of their former presence.

And as we said our goodbye to the seniors who will be facing the various vicissitudes of life, I would like to repeat the words of constance Parker Graham.

All that's wisest, all that's warmest  
All that's closest to the heart  
All the worthwhile things and happy things  
In which love plays a part,  
All the good times, all the friendship  
All the brightest memories  
All the finest, life can offer  
May the future bring you these.



## ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY

SWATI SINGH IX B

Rome was not built in a day  
That's what old, wise men say;  
If you Try,  
You will reach high.  
If you want to win,  
Then to lose you should learn.  
There's nothing you can't acquire,  
If you strive to reach higher.  
Each day you build some,  
And one day you'll have your home  
So don't be discouraged if you don't get  
all today,  
Because Rome was also not built in a  
day.  
Because that will help you reach higher,  
Worrying for Tomorrow,  
Will only add to your sorrow,  
So remember that  
One today is better than Two  
Tomorrows.

## A CANDLE

TUBA HABIF V C

I am a little candle  
and I have work to do  
in the evenings and nights  
to light the house  
to light the streets  
and so people are pleased  
to know that I have  
shown them some  
new paths for peace

"Pride cost us more  
than thirst, cold and  
hunger"



## THE GRAMMAR FAMILY

TOSHIBA HAIDER VI B

There is a family in England whose surname is Grammar. The head of the family is Mr. Noun. The mistress is Mrs. Verb. They have three children : one son and two daughters. The son's name is Mr. Pronoun. He has to do all the work of his father in his absence.

The two daughters are Miss Adverb and Miss Adjective. They love each other but there is a difference between them. Adjective loves her father and elder brother very much. She is always busy praising and qualifying them. But Adverb loves her mother. She always modifies her when there is need.

There is one servant in the family whose name is Preposition. He is the official servant of the master and his body guard. Wherever his master goes he accompanies him. There is a relative of the Grammar family who joins the family only in times of joy or sorrow. His name is Interjection.

People call the members of this family ' Parts of Speech' for the house in which they live is named Speech.

So friends, now you are introduced to the Grammar family and I hope you will recognize them very easily whenever you meet them.

## MY DOLL

POOJA SINHA I C

I have a beautiful doll.  
The doll has golden hair.  
It wears a red frock and black shoes.

It cries and weeps  
It walks on my table but  
it does not take milk  
The doll does not go to School.  
I put my doll in my cupboard.  
In the night I sleep with my doll.  
During the day I play with my doll.  
I love my doll very much .

## A VISIT TO THE ZOO

ANUJ BHUSHAN I B

Last Sunday, I went to the zoo  
There I saw many wild and rare animals  
Children were happy to see the bear  
dancing  
The lion was roaring in his cage  
I enjoyed the elephant ride.  
I gave some nuts to the Monkey  
I saw a big crocodile in the pond.  
I liked my visit to the zoo very much



### ONE DAY BEFORE THE TEST

SHABEEN ZAFAR III C

I remember that day when I was going to have my Geography test the next day. It was a very serious day. I sat down to study after eating my lunch. The answers of the lesson were long and I had to learn them with spellings. I studied for 8 hours that day. At night when I tried to sleep I couldn't do so. I sat up in my bed and started revising. I had not eaten my food that night. I was very nervous. My mother told me to sleep but I refused to obey her. The next day I took my test and found that it was very easy. I got very good marks. And so my hard work was rewarded.

### MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

NADIA SIDDIQUI III C

It was July 3 when my parents took me to school. I was very afraid of my teacher. She told me to sit in the class but I did not go inside the class room. I was holding my mother's hand and was crying. But now I have made many friends to play with and have good teachers who love me as my parents love me, so I am very happy.

### I LEFT MY HEART IN.....

GUNJAN NANGIA XII B

It seems that every self-respecting metropolis has a popular nickname. Can you identify the following ten?

1. The city of seven Hills
2. The Empire City
3. The Windy City
4. The Elm City
5. The City of Brotherly Love
6. The Queen of the Adriatic
7. The City of the Golden Gate
8. The hub
9. The City of Lights
10. The Mother City

### ANSWERS

1. Rome, Italy
2. New York City. (U.S.A.)
3. Chicago, Illinois. (U.S.A.)
4. New Haven Connecticut (U.S.A.)
5. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (U.S.A.)
6. Venice, Italy
7. San Francisco, California (U.S.A.)
8. Boston, Massachusetts. (U.S.A.)
9. Paris, France
10. Detroit, Michigan (U.S.A.)



## INDEPENDENCE DAY COMPETITIONS AT SCHOOL

ARADHANA SONI XII A

Independence Day is celebrated with a lot of enthusiasm and splendour throughout our country. What actually is the significance of 'Independence Day?' India was freed from British rule on 15th Aug, 1947 and the Indians celebrate this day as Independence Day. It is now 45 years since the Indians have straightened their spine and lifted their heads and have begun an independent rule.

But are we really independent ? Is our country really great ? Great like it was during the reign of Kanishka, Akbar, Ashoka or Chandragupta Maurya ? I think all the noble sacrifices and the heroic deeds of great freedom fighters like Nehru, Gandhi, Tilak and others have gone in vain and the people have lost all the values of decency and decorum, of honesty and integrity. In the present day set up treachery, dishonesty, backstabbing and corruption are all important and self before service is the motto in totality.

Like every year, this year in our school a programme was held to commemorate the occasion. Instead of the usual play depicting the work and the life of the freedom fighters a new kind of competition was held. The 4 houses i.e. the Red, Yellow, Blue and Green were

asked to prepare small skits on 'corruption'. This was done to bring to light the condition of 'India Today'. The girls of the various houses got together and prepared skits depicting corruption prevalent in all walks of life. It was good to see the help and cooperation and enthusiasm among the members of each house. There was a spirit of healthy competition in the air. The main aim was to do the best they could.. The Blue house won the prize for the skit and they depicted the corruption in government offices. The girls acted beautifully and presented the true life picture of the offices. The other houses presented skits on the corruption in schools & among the so-called politicians and officers. One could easily visualize the present day country of ours after seeing the plays.

The 4 houses were also competing in group songs. The talents of the girls were utilized to the full and they got an opportunity to show their skill in front of all the viewers. The harmony they created between their instruments and the songs was beautiful and the Yellow house got the prize for this event.

The girls cheered the houses and the Principal addressed the school and asked the girls to preserve the values that were presented to us by our forefathers. Thus the whole affair ended on a happy note, giving us enough food for thought on the modern day set up of our great India - a mockery to the bygone era.



## EX-STUDENTS' CORNER

### UNIVERSITY UNVISITED AND VISITED

SUPARNA BANERJEE  
EX-STUDENT

"With a song in my heart  
I will go on my way ...."

As I stood at the cross roads of adolescence and adulthood, this merry tune revived the memories of my childhood recalling days spent in work, play, love and friendship.

The clock ticked and heart beats quickened as time drew nearer for adieu! The painful knowledge tore at my heart, eyes glistened with tears and lips trembled. Now! the curtain was finally being drawn across the most significant 'Act' of my life.

That which lay before me appeared "like a world of dreams, so various, so beautiful and so new". Coupled with this novelty, there brewed within me a feverous anticipation and "dreadful" excitement for the future.

Initially it was difficult to let go off the apron strings of school life and to take the singular step towards that dazzling world of ardent intellect.

I had heard a great deal about the Allahabad University alias "Oxford of the East" and wondered how I would fit into this world of the intellectual elite.

As senior most students in St. Mary's, we had lorded over our juniors. We were trained to set an example in dignity, poise, hard-work and obedience. School had felt like home, with our teachers playing the role of our guardians and mentors to perfection.

The prelude to University life was a "dizzy rapture". Days seemed to "bound like a roe" over the hills and plains, namely, the ups and downs of initial adjustments to the new way of life, the new routine and above all the novel experience...

The ardour, however, was short-lived. The excitement withered. The fantastic world of intellectualism, the awe of the supreme elite came crashing down like a ton of bricks. The hurt was benumbing. It was hardly a physical blow; that which was hurt and battered was not the body but the intellectual soul.

The supreme bliss had been transient. What confronted me now was the stark reality. Gone were the days of ease and contentment. Life seemed to have thrown



me suddenly into the quagmire of uncertainty and insecurity.

In the university, our politeness was looked down upon with scorn and contempt. One and all had to suffer the indignity of being branded as 'snobs'. None of our polite queries ever received a decent reply. Time tables were given out, timings were fixed and lecturers allotted. How many of these lessons did we enjoy? How many of our teachers did we really meet? The answers would put us to shame.

We, who had been used to being served well prepared wholesome meals/lessons, hardly knew what to do with the raw materials and ingredients the overwhelming syllabus which lay scattered before us.

Necessity, however, is a great provider. Painfully but steadily I managed to find my way out of that intolerable maze of prejudices and false expectations. The acute realization dawned then, that this is what our Alma Mater (St. Mary's Convent) had prepared us for. Our basic education and upbringing in school had given me the strength to bear the rude shocks. The capability for hard work, groomed and developed during my years in school, helped me to combat the tide and steered me on to safety.

Time passed and soon the last link in the academic chain was snapped into place. I emerged, a post graduate, relieved but not unscathed. The years of struggle with the uncertain curriculum of the university, the irregular teaching and delayed examinations had not failed to leave an indelible impression upon my heart and mind.

The glories of my schooldays seem to be a myth. The memories sing to me from across the deep chasms of time but I cannot hear its lilting melodies. I strain my ears, I fight back my tears, trying to catch even the last notes of that enchanting music but the gulf is too wide and my finer senses muted by the stings and atrocities of life.

I sigh! then turn around and move on towards the future because the past is nothing but a dream and the future holds within its folds the real story....

My experience, however, must not discourage posterity because ...

" ... We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake ..."

Hence -

" ... 'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed, — fight on, for ever

There as here!"



## A GLIMPSE OF CHILDHOOD

ANURADHA BAJPAI ISC 1987.

It was a hot day in the month of May, and my friend and I in the preparatory class were waiting for the school bell to ring so that we could be free of the stifling environs of the classroom, and run to the ice-cream man to buy our favourite ice-cream, the choc-bar.

As soon as the bell rang for the lunch break, both of us dashed out with our tiffin boxes and the money. When we finally got to the icecream vendor after much shoving and pushing, it was only to discover to our extreme consternation that the prices of icecream had risen, and that instead of costing Rs. 1, the choc-bar now cost Rs. 1.50. We got the shock of our young lives when we heard that, because we had not allowed for any increase in prices. We smoothened out our tunics and sat down to have a serious talk on the matter. After about five minutes of animated discussion we reached the conclusion that since we had come prepared to eat icecream we would have it, no matter what; moreover, we would not ask anyone else for money because our parents had strictly told us never to ask anyone for anything. The only way we could see before us was to 'create' three

currency notes. So we went back to the classroom, took the craft scissors and cut one of the notes into two. We were jubilant! Now we had three whole (well not exactly whole) rupees !

The notes were duly presented to the vendor who, thinking that we had gone and brought more money, accepted them with a smile - a smile which froze, and then vanished, when he discovered what we had done!

This escapade was reported to our class teacher, and we were made to stand up in front of the whole class while she recounted our misdeed of the previous day. We felt terribly ashamed of ourselves and our teacher went on to tell us of the millions of children who could have benefited from the money we had heartlessly mauled. We took one look at each other and promptly burst into tears, refusing to be consoled. Our teacher, judging us to be suitably chastised, let the matter drop.

Those were the days when simple problems had simple solutions, when children living and growing up in a simple uncomplicated environment could figure out for themselves. If one had a problem, one was self-reliant enough to work it out oneself, unlike today's youngsters, who seem to be largely dependent on someone



or something to get them through life. Here I mean drugs and other such dubious materials which are the support of the younger generation, especially in large cosmopolitan cities like Delhi and Bombay. Children's needs today are also not so simple. Try and satisfy a child with icecream or a colorful balloon, and he'll throw a tantrum. He wants electronic gadgets and expensive toys, without which he feels his life is incomplete. It is not part of his education to know that the best things in life come free.

Looking at this trend, I feel that our childhood was much simpler, and consequently much happier. Whenever I remember my schooldays in St. Mary's, I am reminded of the famous song sung by Mary Hopkins:

Those were the days my friend,  
We thought they'd never end,  
We'd sing and dance forever and a day;  
We'd lead the life we choose,  
We'd fight and never lose,  
Those were the days, oh! yes,  
Those were the days.



## TO SMC WITH LOVE

RANI DHAVAN ISC 1991

10 April 1991: I was so relieved. School was finally over. I wanted to get on with my life. I desperately wanted to escape the tension-filled cycle of examinations and report cards that had defined my life for the past six years. My teachers, though kept telling me that I would miss school, once I had to fend for myself. To a certain extent they were right.

Almost a year has passed. I've taken loads of examinations that are required when applying to American universities. After enrolling in Hindu College, Delhi, I soon found that the most valuable lesson that college offers is "how to catch a bus and get home safely".

As I battled with my doubts and uncertainties this year, I was really touched by the support that Sister Evelyn and my teachers gave me. They were so confident of my abilities and so interested in my future that it built up my confidence in myself. My friends in Delhi were amazed to hear about all this; though they had attended some of the best schools in Delhi, they had no such close relationship with their teachers. This, I think, is something special about S.M.C.

As I look back over my years in the school, there are many good memories. My four years at the Primary School were



memorable as years of fun, spent actively in plays, sports, dances, and even picnics on the roof.

The senior school seemed very different to us at first huge and beautiful. Suddenly academic achievement became more important than anything else. I felt very important and grown up when I took my first examinations. Although I participated in only two sports-day functions, I remember practising some weird drill every year, even when we couldn't in the end, put up our show. In class 6, the sports were cancelled at the eleventh hour because of the assassination of Mrs. Gandhi. Again in classes 11 and 12, turbulence in the country forced us to abandon plans for our Sports Day.

Though I was never enthusiastic about physical activity, in general, I adored basketball. The basketball team and our coach Mr. Bhandari were more like a family. We went on picnics together, and even went to the cinema once. Inter House rivalry was fierce, but it never divided us.

Basketball taught me a lot about team work, and twelve years at St. Mary's taught us all a lot about hard work. When my sisters Gauri and Purnima went to America after their class 10 exams here, they were always at the top of their classes not because the curriculum was easier there (they had many more languages and subjects

to deal with) but because of the discipline and responsibility that an S.M.C. education had ingrained in them.

Classes 10 and 12 were landmark years for me, not just because of the horror of Board examinations, but because they were years of personal achievement. Although I'd usually been among the first 10 in my class, the "She can do better" remark continuously appeared on my report card. I wondered how much more I could do. Suddenly I found myself in Class 10. It was quite a year. We enacted Shakespeare in class, learnt poems through quizzes and even put up a puppet show. But the more enjoyable classes were, the more I worked at home. From November to March, I hardly slept, hardly ate, just studied and wept. It was all so unnecessary, for I was a regular student, but I guess I panicked. I was thrilled with my results, though.

My last two years in school were different. I was relaxed, more confident and more sure of what I had to do. I learnt a lot in these years about myself.

Now I miss the warmth and the feeling of togetherness that S.M.C. had. I still want to move on and find a purpose in life, but my twelve years in S.M.C. are special and will be remembered forever. I will all those in the school who helped and encouraged me to do my best.



## REMINISCENCES

VANDANA NAIDU — I.S.C. 1987

How does one recall School Days? with a smile on the lips and a tear in the eye? Perhaps.

'St. Mary's Convent School' - This is what the board on 32 Thornhill Road says. I read it as I go speeding on the moped. It does something within. What is that something? Nostalgia.

Getting down to think of it and memories come cascading. The Moral Science classes with different kinds of exercises, and the prayer meetings, the 'Drawing' and the 'needle work' classes the English singing classes with 'Yankee Doodle' and Jingle Bells, the classes taken by the trained teachers - all very characteristic of St. Mary's.

Besides the activities, the school chapel, the garden, the Water-tank, the buildings, the school bell, where are all these things now? seem to be somewhere far - far away. Yet very near with a fairy tale element about them.

In the prevailing conditions of chaos and disorder St. Mary's is an oasis where

parents seek refuge for their children so that they can grow up in a clean healthy atmosphere, one of peace, one of discipline. The very air of the institution makes an indelible impact on all those who spend some time there.

The daily morning checking of the school uniform demanded ironed skirts and shirts, clean socks and polished shoes, properly cut nails and orderly hair. It all seemed so silly and dreary at that time. But now it reveals its meaning - To be neat, to be prim. Perhaps every 'St. Marian' knows it. The stress laid on hand-writing - being made to transcribe a page each of English and Hindi during the vacations used to be torturous. But, once again, that proves its worth in the long run.

The years in St. Mary's chisel the students with a finesse, endowing them with invaluable traits.

You are out of St. Mary's and feel as if you are stranded in an alien land. But gradually you get accustomed to that life, learn to sing the song it sings and forge ahead.

That's how life is - always flowing ahead, with a little pause at times to look back and reminisce the beautiful times - those which will remain sublime.



## TEACHERS' COLUMN

### 125 YEARS YOUNG

MRS. MAMTA JOSHI  
TEACHER (COMPUTER SCIENCE)

For any Institution completing 125 years of meaningful existence is an achievement. In the heart of the city of Allahabad lies such an Institution, St. Mary's Convent, run by the I.B.M.V. sisters, assisted by an efficient teaching staff which has made the impossible (feat) possible. All these years the school has not only pulsated with life but has thrived with dignity and distinction. Students passing out from this Institution have ascended to great heights.

My association with the school has been fairly recent. I entered the portals of St. Mary's Convent in July 1989 when computer science was introduced as a subject in conformity with the changing times. Yet I had been aware of its existence. My elder sister is an ex-student so are my colleagues from the time I was studying in Allahabad University. I have hazy yet pleasant memories of the grand fetes and P.T. displays the school put up annually.

In these three years I became increasingly aware of the sagacious saying of Mother Mary Ward foundress of the Institute of Blessed Virgin Mary in 1609. What legendary courage and innovative spirit this pioneer must have been endowed with to establish an Institution for education and emancipation of women as early as the 16th century.

Equally great were the sisters who carried on the traditions of the institution with zeal and wisdom, toiling for years in this distant land.

The first group of I.B.M.V. nuns arrived in Patna in 1854 making their journey on a Bullock cart from Bombay across the continent. The 2nd group which had Rev. Mother Angela Hoffman and a few other sisters, undertook the arduous journey from Patna to Allahabad up the river. St. Mary's Convent of Allahabad was opened to the Public on 15th January 1866 in Phaphamau, on the fringes of Allahabad town, with just 2 enthusiastic pupils. With the help of a few well wishers the nuns managed with the barest necessities. 20 years later the school was shifted to its present location with the strength of the students growing up to 160.



From that time on St. Mary's has been growing in terms of its size and stature.

When we see the hundreds of children sitting in their class rooms today, do we reflect on the hardships the sisters must have endured when they entered an alien land with a hostile climate leaving their families behind? In an age when Female infanticide was more popular than female education these intrepid daughters were committed fiercely to the idea of academic emancipation. At a time when the ability to read with understanding and to write much more than a personal letter was confined to a handful of literate men these women did away with oral communication and provided the great link between the illiterate masses of the educated world.

Let us all pay homage to the founding sisters of our school for we all have benefitted from their courage and endeavour.

For some St. Mary's might be 125 years old but to me it appears to be 125 years young. Old in terms of traditions & values but young in terms of aspiration.



## REVERIES

MRS. MAYA BAJPAI

My family gave me an ultimatum one fine day. "Clear out your shelf, or else we'll start a forest fire, and then don't say we didn't warn you!" The threat had the desired effect. Putting aside every other item on my agenda, I began the job of sorting out the mountain of paper that I had accumulated over the last decade and a half. To say that the task of going through such an assorted heap of English writing was intimidating, is an understatement. I soon resembled a tree in autumn, with drifts of leaves swirling about my ankles, and a cloud of dust which would have sent the environmentalists running for cover.

The treasure house of Teacher's Day cards, Get well cards, Thank you cards, Christmas cards, New Year cards, wedding invitations, test papers, blank maps, marking schemes and blank sheets that emerged, to say nothing of the varied text books that sought to maintain their identity amidst this colourful haystack, would have put the National Archives to shame. As the kaleidoscope of greeting cards passed through my hands, I was transported into a different world - the world of children- my children, many of whom have young ones of their own now, laughing faces, sparkling eyes, swinging pigtails, bobbing ponyails,



feet that couldn't keep still, tongues that only needed the teacher's averted gaze to start wagging - it seemed as though they passed before me like an endless picture gallery. How could one ever forget those eager faces, filled with the joy of living?

And then I came across my own personal treasure trove- a collection of howlers that I had painstakingly built up over the years, and which I often read out to my colleagues in the staff room, especially when the correction work weighed unusually heavy. These howlers were masterpieces, each one had been picked out and recorded from the answer papers of my students. priceless howlers, more valuable than any Renaissance painting, rarer than the famous black penny, more precious than any historical manuscript because they had come out from the pens of innocent children, who were concentrating on their answers, and were totally unconscious of the comical effect of a particular combination of words, so engrossed were they in getting the facts straight. For example, there was the girl who wrote to her friend, "I hope you are in the well. I am also". And the one who could not wear her PT uniform because it had gone for whitewashing; or the one who informed the teacher that "Nehru was a lover of beauties"; the one who was the daughter of "an impotent man" in Allahabad; the child who wanted a day's leave because her father had "become nonsense", or the indignant young citizen

who wrote to the Municipality about the gross negligence of the sweepers discharging their duties, how they had not swept the roadsides for months and had become heaps of garbage and debris and how this unusual variety of garbage "had affected the health and sanity of the people". How easy it is to understand the utter helplessness of the immortal Merchant of Venice, Antonio, when his best friend Bassanio asks him for the loan of 'three thousand buckets"! Scholars of geography seem to have missed the fact that there is a volcano by the name of Mohanlal in Hawaii, and that the pygmies are indeed the shortest people on earth -- the men are "1.5 centimeters tall and the women are even shorter". How could one fail to take an interest in learning when it is so full of fun?

A distant rumble gradually becoming louder, began to filter into my subconscious. I came out of my reverie to find a chorus of protests: "Are you going to remain there till you put out roots?" "You've created a greater mess than when you started" "Do you know what the time is?" "Aren't we going to get any dinner tonight?" Looking out of the window, I could see the sun setting in a blaze of orange. Reluctantly, I gathered up the mass of paper, and put it all back in the shelf to be 'cleared out' another day.



## OUR BISHOP'S VISIT

MRS. KARUNA ROY

October 28, 1991, an auspicious day in the history of St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad, when a Bishop was to visit the School. A bright morning light was filtering into the campus awaiting the visit of his Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Isidore Fernandez of Allahabad.

He arrived and it was a pleasure to have him in one midst : We all assembled in the Lower concert Hall to give him a warm welcome. Then he spoke to the students and later to the staff, in Hindi. Considering, that he is a Mangalorean, he spoke in fluent Hindi with perfect expressions and selection of words.

He shared and enlightened us with his thoughts on what exactly is expected of us as teachers. He started with an example of the School being a garden, the children in it flowers and the teachers gardeners. He said that just as the gardener sows a seed, puts manure tills & waters the plant so is the job of a teacher. It is the teacher who is responsible for building up a child's character, and leading the child to a brighter future. Developing interest in a child towards academics as well as other responsibilities depends on a teacher.

He then continued with another example by narrating a story of a man

having a vision that God would visit him so the man made elaborate arrangements for God's Visit and he had three visitors: an untouchable man, a woman with a child and a poor woman. He entertained all of them and still kept waiting for God to come but God never came, so he called it a day and then saw a vision again when he said to God, " I waited for you but you never came". God replied, "I did come three times but you did not recognize me". And after this example he spoke about the teachers being fortunate to be in this profession where we are loaded with opportunities to prove ourselves worthy. There is a saying that "Opportunity knocks only once. " This is not right, it knocks all the time. The problem is, it often knocks too soon & we fail. We should try to make the most of our opportunities & be attentive all the time.

We then had a chance to talk to him individually over a cup of tea. The spirit of sharing prevailed all over & we enjoyed meeting him personally. Later we had a photo session with him. He then met the other administrative school staff, the Sisters and other groups of students. Then promising to visit us again took leave of us.

His visit was very beneficial as his speech was an eye-opener and has made this saying come true "FLOWERS LEAVE PART OF THEIR FRAGRANCE ON THE HAND THAT BESTOWS THEM".



## THE SPIRIT OF ST. MARY'S

MRS. D. DUTT

The spirit of St. Mary's Convent School is a deep reverence for the working of God's grace in each individual soul. This spirit helps the institution, and it draws out the best from each sister in charge, staff and students. We can see that with this attitude and realization of potentialities, abilities and talents, St. Mary's Convent School has blossomed into a flower of the rarest quality and fragrance, which has sent its students inbred with them, far out into the different spheres of life and far off corners of the world.

St. Mary's Convent can boast of many gems it has produced. The primary section of this convent situated at 21, Thornhill Road, Allahabad, is the garden, the nursery where talents are given every opportunity to germinate and bloom. This school was opened in 1965.

The first Principal of this institution was Sister Melita. At the outset, the building was constructed in the year 1962-1963. Classes from 1 to 4 were started and Sister Osita was in charge of the office.

There were ten to twelve teachers the staff. The number of students increased each year, as the school gained its popularity and reputation in disciplinary studies and co-curricular activities. There was and is still a great demand on the parents to extend the school, but the restricted area of campus doesn't allow expansion, therefore it is with deep regret that admissions and more seats cannot be added to the already crowded school. In the previous years classes have been shifted from the primary section to the senior school building. At present the school has classes I to III. Each class has about 25 students. There are three sections of each class. Admission starts from April and forms for this are distributed in the month of March. The admission tests are to test the ability of a child to cope up with the routine of school work, and the tests are conducted most impartially and without any bias of class, caste or position. The school hours in the summer are from 8 a.m. to 12 noon and in winters 8 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. On Saturdays, the school opens one hour before the usual time.

Assessment of each child is made through its daily work and class tests, therefore promotion depends on the whole year's performance of each child.



The school gives great importance to the all round development of each child. Such activities which help even a shy and timid child to unfold its talents are organised regularly. Recitations in English, Hindi, dramatization, songs, group dances, quiz, flower- arrangement, fancy dress, drawing and hand work competitions etc. are held to bring out the best in each child. Every student is encouraged to participate in some or other activity according to its ability.

The fame of St. Mary's Convent School, primary section and senior section has reached to different parts of the land. Our late prime minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, herself had attended this school in her childhood. With its stress on discipline, sports and co-curricular activities, the students progress daily and blossom out like buds unfolding its petals before the life giving beams of the sun. Let us pray for the undaunting faith , selfless zeal and courage which this institution has displayed in the past and may continue to do so in future.



**SHWETA SRIVASTAVA**  
the meritorious student of the  
I.C.S.E. batch 1990-91 who  
continues her studies in S.M.C.



**We are grateful to our donors who contributed generously  
to our Literacy Project at Rajapur**

Name	Amount
1. Dr. A.K. Srivastava	500/-
2. Miss. K. Chhatwal	1002/-
3. Mr. Virendra Sagar	500/-
4. Mr. R.S. Bhatia	1001/-
5. Dr. Harish C. Mehrotra	501/-
6. Dr. V.C. Saksena	1000/-
7. Miss Arunima Mukherjee	500/-
8. Mr. S. Katyal	500/-
9. Mr. R.K. Agarwal	500/-
10. Mr. K.N. Deengar	501/-
11. M/s Ravi Fans Pvt. Ltd.	501/-
12. M/s Arunodya	501/-
13. M/s Kataria Plastics	501/-
14. Mr. K.B. Paul	500/-
15. Mr. A. Singh	500/-
16. Mr. Singh	500/-
17. Mrs. Lilly Joseph	501/-
18. Mr. R.K. Ojha	500/-
19. Mr. S.K. Malhotra	1000/-
20. Mr. S.I. Shervani	5000/-
21. Wheeler's Seva Trust	501/-
22. Mrs. Anuradha Mishra	550/-
23. Sri C.L. Pandey	700/-
24. Mr. P.N. Jaiswal	500/-
25. Mr. S. Singh	500/-
26. Roman Catholic Diocese of Allahabad	1000/-
27. St. Mary's Convent Kanpur	5000/-
28. Mr. S.N. Vepari	500/-
29. Mr. U.S. Singh	1000/-



### मुझको मत बहलाओं

NUSHRAT JAHAN VC

बिल्ली बोली प्यारे चूहे,  
आओ मिलाओ हाथ ।  
चलो, बाग की सैर करेंगे,  
दोनों मिल साथ ।  
चूहा बोला - बिल्ली मौसी,  
मुझको मत बहलाओ ।  
आंगन में कुत्ता मामा है,  
उससे हाथ मिलाओ ।

### बड़ा ही महत्व है

Monica Chawala XII-B

परीक्षा में फेल का  
यात्रा में रेल का  
जानवरों में टेल का  
बड़ा ही महत्व है ।  
माँ में मालिश का  
जूतों में पालिश का  
इस कविता में मोनिका चावला का  
बड़ा ही महत्व है ।

### नया शब्द कोष

Monica Chawala VII B

चाय-कलियुग का अमृत  
टाई-बिना गुनाह की फांसी  
मुर्गा - गाँव का अलार्म बेल  
घड़ी - एक हाथ की हथकड़ी  
विद्वान - अक्ल का थोक एजेन्ट  
पश्चाताप-पाप धोने का साबुन  
दाढ़ी-चेहरे की घास  
खिचड़ी-दाल चावल की कुश्ती  
लस्सी-स्वर्ग का अमृत  
जेल-बिना किराये का घर

### अपराजिता

Niharika Jaiswal XI B

वह पढ़ाई में अब्बल आती थी । इसीलिए बहुत सी लड़कियाँ उससे ईर्ष्या करती थीं । परन्तु उस पर इसका कोई असर नहीं होता था । वह तो बहुत बड़ी अफसर बनना चाहती थी । जब वह हंसती, तो उसके आकर्षक चेहरे पर गालों में गड़ड़ा बहुत प्यारा लगता था।

उसके पिता एक साधारण क्लार्क थे व माँ अध्यापिका । स्कूल में उसके गुणों के कारण सब अध्यापक उसे चाहते थे । उसकी आवाज सुरीली थी, नृत्य भी बहुत अच्छा करती थी । इस बार वह कक्षा में, योग्यता सूची



में, चतुर्थ स्थान पर आई थी। हर एक कक्षा को सीढ़ियों की तरह आराम से लांघती, हर वर्ष कोई न कोई पदक पुरस्कार में लेती हुई जा रही थी। अब उसकी मंजिल उसके सामने थी।

बड़ा अधिकारी बनने के लिए आई० ए० एस० की परीक्षा देनी थी। पर परीक्षा के पूर्व उसकी तबीयत बिगड़ गयी। जाँच से पता चला कि उसे कैंसर है। फिर भी वह रात को दो-दो बजे तक पढ़ती और सुबह छः बजे फिर उठ जाती। फिर सारा दिन पढ़ती रहती।

परीक्षाएं आरम्भ हो गयी। वह अस्वस्थ होते हुए भी परीक्षाएं देती रही। परीक्षा समाप्त होते ही उसने बिस्तर पकड़ लिया। फिर अस्पताल में भर्ती होने पर अपने परिणाम की प्रतीक्षा में साँसें गिन रही थी। जिस दिन परिणाम आया, वह राज्य भर में ही नहीं, देश में प्रथम आई।

परिणाम सुनते ही उसकी आँखों में चमक आ गयी परन्तु गर्दन के एक तरफ लुढ़क जाते ही वह चमक उसके साथ ही दफन हो गयी। उसकी जिन्दगी आज ही से शुरू होकर आज ही खत्म हो गई। उसका नाम 'अपराजिता' था, जो मौत से पराजित हो गई। लेकिन विजय की सफलता की एक मिसाल सबके लिए छोड़ गई।

### सच्चरित्रता का महत्व

Caroline Colliss XII-A

चरित्र एक शक्ति है, प्रभाव है, वह मित्र उत्पन्न करता है, सहायता और संरक्षण प्रदान करता है, धन, यश तथा सुख का निश्चित मार्ग खोलता है। चरित्र किसी व्यक्ति, समाज अथवा राष्ट्र की मूलाधार शक्ति है। वास्तव

में चरित्र ही मानव जीवन का दर्पण है। किसी व्यक्ति के चरित्र से उसके समूचे व्यक्तित्व का मूल्यांकन किया जा सकता है। चरित्र का नाश होने पर मनुष्य का सर्वस्व नष्ट हो जाता है। किसी अंग्रेज विद्वान का कथन कितना उचित है — 'यदि धन का नाश हो जाए तो कुछ भी नहीं हुआ, यदि स्वास्थ्य नष्ट हो जाए तो अवश्य ही कुछ हानि हुई, किन्तु यदि चरित्र नष्ट हो गया तो सब कुछ नष्ट हो गया'। इससे मानव जीवन में चरित्र की महत्ता स्पष्ट है।

चरित्र शब्द बड़ा व्यापक है। चरित्र से तात्पर्य समस्त मानवोचित गुणों से है। करुणा, दया, कर्तव्यपरायणता, आत्मसंयम, लोभ का त्याग, इन्द्रियों का दमन, सत्य-भाषण इत्यादि गुणों के समावेश से ही मनुष्य चरित्रवान बनता है। इस प्रकार के चरित्रवान व्यक्तियों से ही समाज का सही निर्माण होता है। संसार को ऐसे व्यक्तियों की आवश्यकता है जो धन के लिए अपने आत्मा का घृणित सौदा नहीं करते, जिनके रोम-रोम ईमानदारी बसी होती है, जो सत्य को प्रकट करने की बड़ी-से-बड़ी शक्ति के आगे भी कभी नहीं झुकते, कठिन कार्यों के सामने जिन्हें कोई हिचकिचाहट नहीं होती, जो अपने नाम का डोल नहीं पीटते और केवल साहसपूर्वक काम किए जाते हैं, वास्तव में वे ही सच्चे महान पुरुष हैं।

चरित्रबल मनुष्य का सर्वोत्तम गुण है। चरित्र ऐसा हीरा है जो अन्य पाषाण-खण्डों को काट देता है। मनुष्य अपने चरित्र की शक्ति से अनेकानेक आपत्तियों, विपत्तियों, कठिनाइयों और बाधाओं का सामना कर सकता है। चरित्र-बल प्राप्त होने पर मनुष्य की आत्मा शक्ति का विकास हो जाता है। वह अबाध्य गति से बढ़ता हुआ अपना लक्ष्य प्राप्त कर लेता है। चरित्र



शक्ति का संसार की अन्य कोई शक्ति सामना नहीं कर सकती ।

चरित्रवान शक्तियों से ही समाज का सही दिशा में निर्माण होता है । समाज की आशा का केन्द्र-बिन्दु व्यक्तिगत चरित्र ही है । सच्चरित्र व्यक्तियों ने ही सदैव समाज के स्वरूप को निखारा है, उसका मार्ग दर्शन किया है । विश्व के इतिहास पर दृष्टिपात करने से यह बात स्पष्ट हो जाती है कि जितनी भी क्रांतियाँ घटित हुई हैं अथवा समाज ने जब भी करवट ली अथवा उसमें नवचेतना का संचार हुआ, उसके पीछे किसी चरित्रवान व्यक्ति का हाथ था अथवा उसके पीछे उसकी प्रेरणा काम कर रही थी ।

सम्मानपूर्ण और सफल जीवन व्यतीत करने के लिए भी उत्तम चरित्र होना नितान्त आवश्यक है । चरित्र का जितना अधिक गहरा प्रभाव दूसरों पर पड़ता है, उतना अन्य किसी गुण का नहीं । मैथ्यू अर्नल्ड का कथन है - 'जीवन का तीन चौथाई आधार सच्चरित्रता है ।' जीवन को सुख शान्ति तथा आनन्द से भरपूर बनाने के लिए मनुष्य को निरन्तर सच्चरित्रवान बनने का प्रयत्न करना चाहिए । चोरी करने से कोई व्यक्ति धनवान नहीं बन सकता । दान देने से कोई कंगाल नहीं हो सकता । थोड़ा सा झूठ-भी कभी छिप नहीं सकता । यदि कोई व्यक्ति सत्यभाषण करता है तो समूची प्रकृति उसकी सहायता करती है । चरित्र ही मनुष्य की पूँजी है ।

चरित्र ही सफलता की कुँजी है । चरित्र ठीक होने पर जीवन सफलता की ओर उन्मुख होगा, किन्तु चरित्र का पतन होने पर जीवन अवश्य पतनोन्मुख होगा। सच्चरित्रता के अभाव में केवल बौद्धिक ज्ञान सुगन्धित

शव के समान है । शिक्षा ही नहीं अपितु चरित्र भी मनुष्य की सर्वोच्च आवश्यकता है ।

अतः सच्चरित्र होना सबके लिए आवश्यक है ।

**प्रत्येक चमकने वाली वस्तु सोना नहीं होती**

Shivi Srivastava XI B

हम सभी के जीवन में ऐसा अनेकों बार होता है कि हमें कोई व्यक्ति या वस्तु इतना आकर्षित कर लेती है कि हम उसे पाने के लिए हर सम्भव प्रयास करने को तैयार हो जाते हैं और जब उस वस्तु या व्यक्ति से हमारा साक्षात्कार होता है तो हमें पता चलता है दूर के डोल सुहावने होते हैं । उस समय हमें यही बार-बार प्रतीत होता है, 'ओह ! मैंने व्यर्थ ही इतना समय नष्ट किया !' किसी ने ठीक ही कहा है, 'हर चमकने वाली वस्तु सोना नहीं होती ।' इस कथन को सत्य घोषित करती हुई एक घटना का मैं विवरण देने जा रही हूँ ।

श्रेय एक सभ्य परिवार से आया हुआ लड़का था । स्वभाव से वह सरल व सीधा सादा था । उसने बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष के लिए लखनऊ विश्वविद्यालय में प्रवेश लिया था । आरम्भ में तो उसका कोई मित्र नहीं था और उसे बहुत अकेलापन महसूस होता था परन्तु कुछ काल उपरान्त उसका परिचय अपनी कक्षा के एक युवक, राहुल से हुआ । राहुल अच्छे रूप-रंग व ऊँचे कद का नवयुवक था । पहले ही परिचय में श्रेय को राहुल बहुत अच्छा लगा । बात करने के ढंग से वह अत्यन्त व्यवहार कुशल प्रतीत हुआ । राहुल ने भी श्रेय के साथ मित्रता प्रगाढ़ करने के



लिए बहुत से उपाय किये। खुद पढ़ाई में कुछ खास न था पर श्रेय की सहायता करने लगा। और भी कई तरीकों से वह श्रेय की सहायता करने लगा। और इस प्रकार उन दोनों की दोस्ती व विश्वास बढ़ता गया। कम से कम अगर राहुल नहीं तो, श्रेय उस पर बहुत विश्वास करने लगा था। परन्तु फिर भी एक बात हमेशा उसके मन में प्रश्न बन के घर किये रहती थी, और वह थी, 'क्या कारण है कि राहुल से अन्य लड़के इतना दूर रहते हैं?' कई दिनों तक तो वह अपने आप को समझाता रहा कि यह उसका भ्रम है परन्तु जब उससे रहा नहीं गया तो एक दिन उसने अपने सहपाठियों से शंका का समाधान करने का अनु रोध किया। इस पर सब ने एक ही उत्तर दिया, 'श्रेय, अच्छा होगा कि तुम राहुल से दूर ही रहो क्योंकि वह देखने में जितना अच्छा है, अपने कार्यों से वह उतना ही खराब भी है।' श्रेय को कुछ समझ में न आया। उसे लगा कि अब तक तो राहुल ने ऐसा कुछ नहीं किया है जो उसके चारेब्रहीन होने को प्रमाणित करे। उसे लगा कि निश्चित रूप से बाकी लोग राहुल से ईर्ष्या करते हैं और तभी उसके पास नहीं जाते।

अगले दिन कक्षा का समय खत्म हुआ और राहुल ने श्रेय से अनुरोध किया कि वह उसके साथ एक स्थान पर चलें। श्रेय ने पूछा कि वह कहाँ लेजाना चाहता है तो राहुल ने उत्तर दिया, 'मित्र, मैं तुमको एक अजीबोगरीब वस्तु दिखाना चाहता हूँ, जिससे संसार की सारी खुशियाँ एक साथ ही मिल सकती हैं व एक अद्भुत आनन्द की अनुभूति हो सकती है।' श्रेय ने हामी भर दी और घर पर अपने साथ के लड़के से कहलवा कर वह राहुल के साथ निकल पड़ा।

अपनी-अपनी मोटर साइकिलों पर सवार हो कर दोनों एक अज्ञात स्थान की ओर निकल पड़े। लगभग आधे घण्टे के बाद राहुल ने अपनी मोटर साइकिल एक सुनसान न निर्जन स्थान पर रोकी। वहाँ दूर दूर तक कुछ नहीं था, एक बड़ी सी परन्तु टूटी झोपड़ी के सिवा। राहुल ने श्रेयको भी वहाँ रुकने को कहा और झोपड़ी की ओर दिखाते हुए बोला, 'वहीं पर वह अद्भुत वस्तु है।' कौतूहलवश श्रेय, राहुल के पीछे-पीछे झोपड़ी की तरफ चल पड़ा। अन्दर पहुँचने पर वह ठिठक गया। उसने देखा वहाँ दस या बारह लड़के-लड़कियाँ बेसुध हो कर पड़े हैं व उनके पासकुछ अजीब तरह की चीजें रखी हैं। देखने में वे कुछ सफेद पदार्थ से भरे पैकेट लग रहे थे। राहुल ने कहा, 'देखो यह स्मैक है। इसके प्रयोग से तुम अत्यन्त अद्भुत आनन्द की अनुभूति कर सकोगे।' श्रेय अचम्भित हो कर राहुल को देखता रह गया। उसने आँखें देखा न ताव, तुरन्त झोपड़ी के बाहर निकल कर लगभग भागते हुए मोटर साइकिल पर बैठा और वहाँ से निकल भागा। राहुल पीछे से पुकारता ही रह गया।

घर आकर श्रेय ने चैन की साँस ली और भगवान को लाख-लाख धन्यवाद दिया कि उन्होंने उसे नशीली दवाओं के चँगुल में आने से बचा लिया।

उसे अब समझ में आया कि किन कारणों से बाकी लोग उससे दूर रहते थे। उसे यही लगा कि जिस दोस्त को वह स्वर्ण की तरह सुन्दर व अच्छे हृदय का मानता था, उसने उसे इस तरह से धोखा देने की कोशिश की। आज उसे सही माने में इस कथन का अर्थ पता चला गया था कि, 'प्रत्येक चमकने वाली वस्तु सोना नहीं होती'।



### चाँदनी

DIVYA KEWAL JOLLY III A

फूलों में भी बिखरी-बिखरी ।

काँटों में भी निखरी-निखरी ॥

पूछें वो है कौन ।

पुकारूँ मैं उसका नाम जरा ॥

गा रही ये सुनसान रात उसी

की रागिनी ।

आती है वो चाँद के साथ प्यारी प्यारी चाँदनी॥

### ‘माँ की महिमा’

AMRITA SIGNH XII A

पुरुष ब्रह्मा की भाँति स्वष्टा है और नारी प्रकृति की तरह सृजन करती है । जिस प्रकार प्रकृति के बिना संसार की रचना नहीं हो सकती, उसी प्रकार नारी के बिना सृष्टि की कल्पना भी असम्भव है । प्रकृति के समान नारी भी जीव को गर्भ में धारण करती है तथा यथोचित समय पर जन्म देकर पोषित-मल्लवित करती है ।

इस प्रक्रिया में वह आद्यन्त दुख उठाती है । पर उसी दुख से खुश भी होती है । इस दुख की व्याख्या करते हुए एक गीतकार ने कहा भी है —

‘कितने सुख देती है जग को,  
माँ, बेटी, बहन और पत्नी बनकर,

सुख में न कभी अभिमान करे,  
मानी न दुखों से हार कभी ।’

उसको नहीं देखा हमने कभी,  
पर उसकी जरूरत क्या होगी

ऐ माँ तेरी सूरत से अलग,  
भगवान की सूरत क्या होगी,

सुख-दुख के इस झूले में झूलने वाली नारी के समस्त रूपों में सर्वश्रेष्ठ स्थान ‘माँ’ का है । माँ बनने के लिए वह असह्य वेदनाएँ सहती है । सागर की गहराई और उसके अन्तर की ऊँचाई का ज्ञान असम्भव है । वह सोम सी सौम्य, हिम सी शीतल, अग्नि सी प्रचण्ड, कुसुम सी कोमल और वज्र जैसी कठोर है । अपने शिशु को वह जी जान से प्यार करती है । उसकी प्रसन्नता के लिए स्वयं दुख उठा लेने में संकोच नहीं करती । संतान के लिए माँ का यह ममत्व जीवन पर्यन्त बना रहता है । माँ को अपने बच्चे की कितनी चिन्ता रहती है इस बात को एक कवि ने यो लिखा है —

‘संसार तुझी से चलता है,  
तेरी कोख से मौत भी हारी है  
भगवान से ज्यादा महान है तू,  
कहने को अबला नारी है’

‘औरत तेरी है यही कहानी,

आँचल में है दूध और आँखों में पानी ।

माँ और भगवान एक समान होते हैं । हमने भगवान को तो देखा नहीं पर उसी भगवान का रूप हम अपनी माँ में देखते हैं —



माँ मात्र माँ ही नहीं होती, वह अपने बच्चों को दूध ही नहीं पिलाती उन पर अपनी जान तक लुटा देती है। सचमुच वे भाग्यशाली हैं जिनके सिर पर माँ के प्यार और दुलार की छाया लहराती है, दुर्भाग्य से वह अगर एक बार बिछुड़ गई तो मिलना मुश्किल है।

कौन सी है वो चीज, जो यहाँ नहीं मिलती, सब कुछ मिल जाता है, लेकिन माँ नहीं मिलती।

माँ कैसी भी हो, माँ ही होती है। सन्तान उसे कितनी ही ठोकर क्यों न दे पर जब सन्तान को छोटी सी भी ठोकर लग जाती है तो वह पूछती है — बेटे। चोट तो नहीं आई ?

दुखों के जंगल का राही जब माँ के आँचल में आता है तो आँचल से मिलने वाला सुकून यह सिद्ध करता है कि माँ केवल सुकुमार नारी ही नहीं, संतान की संरक्षक भी होती है, वह वात्सल्य की अमृत धारा ही नहीं, अखण्ड शक्ति का स्रोत भी होती है।

मेरी दुनिया है माँ, तेरे आँचल में,  
सुख की छाया तू दुःख के जंगल में।  
तुम्हारे छूने में है प्राण  
तुम्हारे प्यार में है गंगा का स्नान।  
माँ ! तू न पूजनीय हो !

## काँटों पर चलना होगा

PREETI KESHARWANI XI B

यदि माता के बन्ध काटना चाहो।

यदि मानव के दुख बांटना चाहो

यदि चाहते पावन करना इस भारत को,

यदि चाहते सुखी बनाना दीन आर्त को,

किसी रात्रि में याद पूर्वजों की आवै

गौओं के क्रन्दन से छाती भर आती है

यदि कभी बेचैन करे सुख शैय्या तुमको

हो आक्रान्त पुकारे भारत मैय्या तुमको,

दुष्ट दुःशासन दुराचारि और दुविनीत जब

क्रूर कुचाली कुत्सित निन्दक और क्लीव जन

तो कान खोलकर सुनो, प्राण का मोह त्यागना होगा,

आलस-निद्रा त्याग, प्रातः मन पावन करना होगा।

परम वीर सुविज्ञ वीर को साँचे में ढालना होगा;

सच मानो तो प्रिय मिल तुम्हें कांटों पर चलना होगा



## सफलता का रहस्य

ILA CHAWLA XII A

सफलता प्राप्त करने के लिए तीन अनिवार्य गुण हैं — आत्मविश्वास, साहस एवं उत्साह !

आत्मविश्वास - लक्ष्य को प्राप्त करने का प्रमुख गुण आत्मविश्वास है। इंसान के सामने चाहे जितनी भी कठिनाइयाँ आयें, उसे अपनी सफलता पाने की योग्यता में कभी सन्देह नहीं करना चाहिए। इस आत्मविश्वास को लोग आत्मदम्भ और अहंकार भी समझे, तो उसे धराना नहीं चाहिए।

साहस — मनुष्य को अपने आत्मविश्वास के अनुसार कार्य करने का उत्साह होना चाहिए। उसे अपनी अच्छी योजनाओं और उज्ज्वल विचारों को किसी व्यक्ति के निस्साहित करने पर छोड़ नहीं देना चाहिए। सफलता प्राप्त करने के लिए उसे अपना लक्ष्य निर्धारित कर लेना चाहिए और साहस नहीं छोड़ना चाहिये।

उत्साह — उत्साह आत्म प्रकाशक शक्ति है और यही सभी कार्यों में पूरी शक्ति लगने में सहायता देती है। उत्साह से आस-पास के व्यक्ति भी प्रभाव में आ जाते हैं। उत्साह एक प्रेरक शक्ति है जो आगे बढ़ने को उकसाती है।

अंततः विश्वास से विश्वास उपजता है और अगर इंसान में आत्मविश्वास, साहस एवं उत्साह होगा, तो दूसरे शीघ्र ही उस पर विश्वास करने लगेंगे तथा वह आराम से सफलता पा लेगा। सफलता तो सुख का पर्यायवाची है।

## वर्षा ऋतु

SEEMA ARORA VIII B

तेज बरसता पानी तुम्हारा, साथ में चलती  
ठंडी हवायें।

एक पल को भी शान्त न रहती, मन में  
उठती अनेक कल्पनायें।

हल्की-हल्की ठंडक बढ़ती, हर वस्तु नया  
रूप है पाती मौसम का बदलाव लेकर, हर  
मन में उत्साह है लाती।

सुगन्ध वो जो मन को हर जाती, जीवन  
पूर्ण कर जाती।

बिजली की चमक, डूबे दिलों में आस के  
दीप जलाती।

बादलों की आकृति, आकाश में है बनती  
बिगड़ती।

सब के मन में भूलें चेहरों की याद दिलाती।

तपती धरती को शीतलता देकर, अहसास  
सुनहरा दिलाती।

वर्षा ऋतु तुम्हारे आगमन की खुशी में,  
धरती झूम-झूम जाती।



## ‘जीवन’

ANJU BHARDWAJ XX A

जीवन जीने का नाम है और ईश्वर द्वारा दिये गये इस महत्वपूर्ण जीवन को हमें अपने कर्मों के द्वारा खूबसूरत बनाने की हर सम्भव चेष्टा करनी चाहिए।

यह सत्य है कि जीवन सुख एवं दुःख दोनों से ही परिपूर्ण होता है। परन्तु सुखों से आत्मविभोर होकर हमें न तो हृदय से ज्यादा उत्साहित होना चाहिए और न ही दुःखों से घबराकर उससे दूर भागना चाहिए।

‘अपने जीवन को सुखमय बनाने के लिए इंसान को खुद ही मेहनत करनी पड़ती है। इस जीवन को सुन्दर रूप देने के लिए और प्रशंसा का पात्र बनने के लिए व्यक्ति का अपने चरित्र का विकास करना अत्यन्त आवश्यक होता है। जीवन तो एक ऐसा वरदान है जिसका दुरुपयोग करने का हमें कोई हक नहीं। यह जीवन रूपी पक्षी तो उड़ता ही जाता है। हम ज्यों ज्यों इस महत्वपूर्ण बनायेंगे, त्यों-त्यों ये अपने पंख फैलायें हमें अपने अन्दर समेट लेगा।

अन्ततः

जीवन तो प्यार का सागर है

उज्ज्वल इसे बनाना धर्म हमारा है

यही तो जीवन का नारा है

इस वरदान को यो ही नहीं गंवाना है

परन्तु हर रूप में इसे संवारना है।

## फिलिम न देखो कोय

SHABANA YASMEEN VII D

कबिरा लेने टिकट को, घुसे भीड़ में जाय।  
सांस लगी जब घुटन तो उठे तभी चिल्लाय  
निकस्यों लेके टिकट को, देख तभी शरीर।  
कपड़े सारे नुच गये, भयो बदन में पीर।  
तभी सिपाही आ गये, पागल समझो डाय।  
बाहर कीन्हों गेट के, डण्डे तीन लगाय ॥  
कबिरा पिक्चर गेट पे, ठाढ़ों-ठाढ़ों रोय।  
चाहत भलाई अपनी, फिलिम न देखौ कोय

## श्रम

HARNIT KAUR XII B

एक मनुष्य को लक्ष्य तक पहुंचते

कितनी उमर बीत जाती है।

किन्तु यदि उसमें थोड़ा सा भी श्रम हो

तो मुश्किलें आसान बन जाती है

मीलों का यह लम्बा सफर

लम्हों में तय हो जाता है।



श्रम कर ही मनुष्य

सच्चा सुख अनुभव कर पाता है ।

पसीने के दो चार कण

हीरों से अधिक मूल्यवान होते हैं ।

मनुष्य के हृदय में वह आत्म सम्मान

का बीज बोते हैं ।

हानि होती नहीं कुछ

अपना दिमाग चलाने से

ईश्वर के दिये यह दो हाथ

को प्रयोग में लाने से

इस कारण मित्रों यही अनुरोध मेरा है

स्वयं अपना कार्य करो और उसका सुख पाओ

अपनी शक्ति को सदा सदुपयोग में लाओ

आलस्य को दूर भगाओ ।

श्रम को ही तुम अपनाओ ।

\*

## जीवन की प्रेरणा

SMARIKA AWASTHI VIII C

जीवन तो एक राह है पथिक,

जिसमें कलियाँ कम, काँटे हैं अधिक ।

तू चाहे या न चाहे चलना ही पड़ेगा इस पर,

तू जाने या न जाने, कुछ तेरा पड़ा है जिस  
पर ।

तू ऐसा एक निर्माण है पृथ्वी पर,

ईश्वर ने भी गर्व किया जिस पर ।

जीवन की अनमोल देन को हम व्यर्थ क्यों  
गवाएँ,

संघर्ष कर संघर्ष के इस 'मैं' को हम जिताएँ ।

जागृत हो फिर से सोया सम्मान हमारा,

गैरों के हाथों अब न हो अपमान तुम्हारा ।

मानवता को मिलेगा जब मानव का ही आदर,

धुल जाएगी तभी धुएँ की यह काली चादर ।

तब स्वच्छ निर्मल जगमगाएगा हमारा मान,



मीठें सुरों में तभी तभी गुंजित होगा हमारा  
गान ।

फिर से बहेगी दूध की नदियाँ धरा पर,  
फिर से खिलेंगी प्रेम की कलियाँ यहाँ पर ।  
जिस तरह उगता सूरज शाम को अस्त हुआ  
है,  
उसी तरह हर जीवन का निश्चित अन्त हुआ  
है ।  
माटी को चोला माटी में मिल जाएगा जब,  
अन्त होगा तेरी कामनाओं का भी तब  
मंजिल मेरी तुझको मिल जाएगी —  
यह आखिरी राह ही तुझको राह दिखाएगी ।  
यही तेरे जीवन का एकमात्र अन्त है,  
जिससे मिलती है फिर नए जीवन की प्रेरणा॥



## श्रद्धांजलि

MADHU PURWAR XI B

‘अथाह अतीत के  
समय सागर में  
सरक गया -  
एक सुन्दर, सरल,  
मुस्कुराता व्यक्तित्व  
आज के भारत का  
सम्पूर्ण अस्तित्व....’

२१ मई १९९१ भारत के इतिहास का एक कलुषित दिवस है, क्योंकि इसी दिन हमारे माननीय राजनेता श्री राजीव गाँधी कातिलों के हत्या जाल में फँस सदैव के लिए क्रूर काल के आगोश में समा गए, और अपने पीछे छोड़ गए शोकाकुल लोगों की अपार भीड़...

राजीव जी का जन्म २० अगस्त १९४४ को बम्बई में हुआ था । वे श्री फिरोज गाँधी एवं श्रीमती इन्दिरा गांधी के पुत्र थे । बचपन से ही वे स्वभाव से शांत एवं सौम्य थे । उनकी प्रारम्भिक शिक्षा दून स्कूल में हुई



थी। भारत के प्रधानमंत्री के ज्येष्ठ नाती होने का उनमें लेशमात्र दम्भ न था, अपितु, वे एक आज्ञाकारी, अन्तर्मुखी छात्र थे, और दूसरों की सहायता करने को सदैव तत्पर रहते थे।

उच्च शिक्षा ग्रहण करने हेतु वे विदेश गए, जहाँ उनकी मुलाकात सोनिया जी से हुई जो बाद में उनकी जीवन संगिनी बनीं। भारत लौटकर राजीव जी भारतीय वायु सेना में विमान चालक के पद पर कार्यरत हो गए। कुछ वर्ष बीतने पर सोनिया जी ने राहुल एवं प्रियंका को जन्म दिया। राजीव राजनीति से सर्वदा अलग-अलग रहे,

परन्तु उनके अनुज, संजय गाँधी की असामयिक मृत्यु ने उन्हें अपनी माँ का हाथ बँटाने हेतु राजनीति में प्रवेश करने पर विवश कर दिया। कालचक्र चलता रहा, और श्रीमती गाँधी के बर्बर कातिलों ने उन्हें गोलियों से छलनी कर दिया और वे इस संसार से विदा हो गईं।

जीवन के इस विषय पड़ाव पर राजीव जी ने अपने धैर्य का परिचय दिया, और न केवल अपने परिवार को सान्त्वना दी, अपितु भारत के प्रधानमंत्री का पदभार भी संभाला। चुम्बकीय व्यक्तित्व के स्वामी राजीव, सभी के दिलों दिमाग पर छा गए अपने राजनीतिक जीवन में उन्होंने अनेक कठिनाइयों को हल किया, और सफलतापूर्वक उनसे उबर पाए। उन पर अनेक आरोप लगाए गए, परन्तु उन्होंने अविचलित भाव से उन सब का सामना किया।

प्रधानमंत्री पद से हटने पर भी वे सब के मध्य सम्मानपात्र बने रहे। अपनी असामयिक मृत्यु के पूर्व वे मध्यकालीन चुनाव प्रचार में लीन थे, व उनके पुनः सत्ता

में आने के पूर्ण आसार दिखाई पड़ रहे थे। कदाचित्, ईश्वर को यह स्वीकार न था। तभी, श्रीपेरुम्बुदूर में एक बम विस्फोट में उनकी मृत्यु हो गई। उनके आकर्षक मुख-मंडल एवं उनके सम्पूर्ण व्यक्तित्व को पूर्णतया क्षत-विक्षत देखकर शायद पत्थर भी पिघल कर मोम हो गए होंगे। उनकी मनमोहक मुसकान सदैव के लिए अथाह व्योम में कहीं लीन हो गई।

आज राजीव जी हमारे मध्य नहीं हैं, परन्तु उनकी मधुर स्मृतियाँ सदैव हमारे मानस-पटल पर अंकित रहेंगी। भारत माँ के लिए अपना लहू बहा कर राजीव शहीद हो गए - उनके आदर्श जीवनपर्यन्त उन्हें हमारे मध्य सजीव रखेंगे।

आइए, हम सब मिलकर उन्हें श्रद्धांजलि अर्पित करें, एवं भारत के उज्ज्वल भविष्य का वह स्वप्न जो उन्होंने देखा था, उसे साकार करने हेतु प्रयत्न करें। मेरी प्रभु से यही प्रार्थना है कि उनकी दिवंगत आत्मा को शान्ति मिले।

### बोते हैं हम क्या

Mrs. R. Cutting (Hindi Teacher)

विचार कर देखो जरा, बोते हम हैं क्या,

जब जब लगाते हम है विटप एक नया।

बोते तरु के रूप में भव अपना भव्य बनाने को,

पाल जहाज अति सुन्दर पार करे अथाह सागर जो।



मस्तूल कहे पुकार के चले न यान मेरे बिना,  
तरुवर आवाज दे कहे, बने न मस्तूल मेरे बिना

विकराल रूप को ले समक्ष आया जब झंझावत,  
काठ का लघु तख्त तब, उसको देता मात ।

काल बन जब होती लहरें उलटने को नीतल  
तैयार,

वट से बने शहतीर व जानू उसका सहते वार ।

सर्मझो बोते हम है जहाज को तरु रूप में,

चीरकर सागर को जो, ले चलता उस पार हमें

सोचा कभी क्या पाया बोकर पौधा एक लघु  
सा,

आँको न महत्व कम इसका, दिखे भले ही निर्बल  
सा ।

वस्तुएं हजारों दृष्टिगोचर नित जो होती है हमें,

वृक्ष न हो तो दुर्लभ हैं ये वस्तुएं भी हमें ।

नन्हा पौधा बढ़ता ऐसे, जैसे सर्पिल शिखर,

लघु हो जाती समक्ष उसके श्रृंग सी ऊँची मीनार

बोकर तरु को करते तैयार, हम एक दृढ़ स्तम्भ,

गर्व से जिसपर लहराता है राष्ट्रीय हमारा ध्वज

ग्रीष्म ऋतु के भीषण ताप से व्याकुल हो जब  
प्राणी,

देता तब अपनी सुमधुर छाया वृक्ष है ऐसा दानी

गाड़ी, मोटर फैक्टरियाँ यन्त्र करते पर्यावरण  
दूषित,

ऐसे में वृक्ष न हो अगर एक भी आरोपित,

सांस भी लेना हो जाये दूभर प्राणी मात्र का,

दूषित हवा ही बन जाये कारण अकाल मृत्यु का

समझा होगा आप सबने वृक्ष का अब महत्व,

अच्छा स्वास्थ्य पाते हम है जब बोते वृक्ष एक  
नव ।

आँको न महत्व कम वृक्ष का

है ये बड़े काम का





