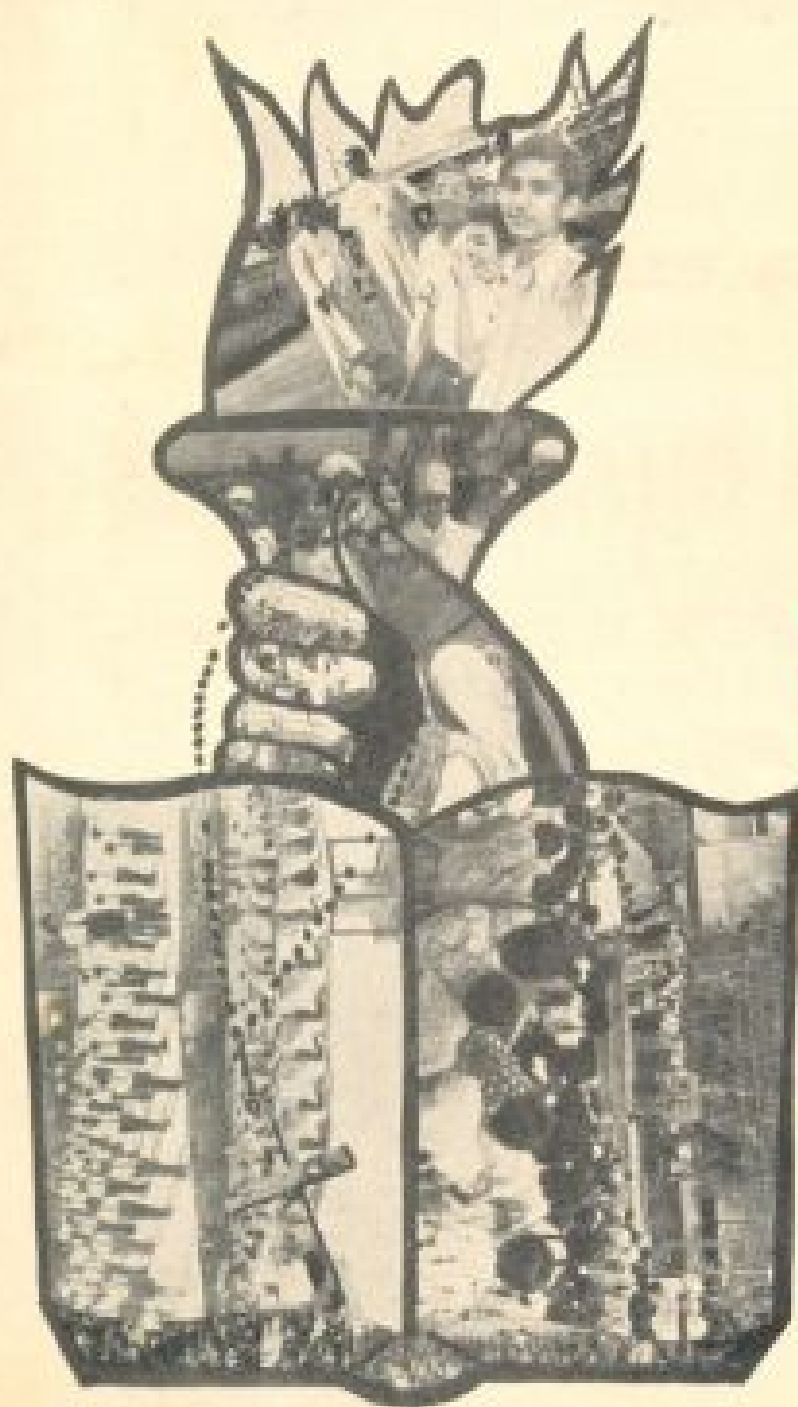


Rosarian



LET
YOUR
LIGHT
SHINE



ANNUAL

ROSARY SCHOOL

DELHI - 110009

1977 - 78

PHONE : 343457
ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE
ASHOK PLACE
NEW DELHI-110081

August 25, 1978.



Archbishop Angelo Fernandes
Archbishop of Delhi

ROSARY HIGH SCHOOL has weathered some storms and has been going from strength to strength over the years. Academic results have always been of the highest order and the character formation of the students has likewise been receiving the best attention. Counselling services have helped considerably in this regard. Physical education, games and sports are also a regular feature.

Current efforts seek to emphasize growth in the spirit of community, social awareness and concern for the neighbourhood. Teacher orientation meetings, as a regular feature, will doubtless play a significant role in this, particularly as and when the outreach programmes get underway.

While commending the staff and students on their performance, I would commend to the parents of our young hopefuls that they collaborate to the fullest in the joint endeavour. This will make for an unified educative process that will bring out the best in the fine children whom it is our privilege to serve.

Archbishop Angelo Fernandes
Archbishop of Delhi

GRATEFULLY YOURS !

Thus would each and all of the Editorial Board elect
To sign this off, our joint endeavour select
And offer an almighty "thank you" to one and all
Who have reacted so very graciously to our call !

The message of wisdom, counsel, guidance and vision
Has been the Archbishop's inspiration to "Rosarian"
Together with the sounds of silence and effective aid
From our manager and Principal, keeping us in check
From tricks of the trade !

They have cooperated with might and main, both staff and students,
With choice articles, poems and the much-needed advertisements,
While parents and patrons with finesse and finance, most cheerfully
Their generous help offered, some unstintingly, others unwittingly !

Rosarian's presentation and format is indebted in no mean measure
To Father Augustine's artistry, the cover and emblem surely a
treasure !
And Khosla Brothers, our printers, have with zest and determined will
Produced this magazine in record time and a minimum printer's devil !

To our readers also who have waded through this "Rosarian"
We would like to express our sincere and grateful appreciation
For their continued concern and interested responsibility
In Rosary School's activities, progress and prosperity.

"There is selfishness in gratitude", Cumberland is the announcer,
"To be overthankful for one favour is in effect to lay out for another !"
Thank you and God Bless you" is therefore being offered with
gratitude,
And the cherished hope for increased assistance and continued
solicitude.



ROSARY SCHOOL —A REVIEW

I am very happy to introduce to you the ROSARIAN 1977 - 78, our School Annual. It is a modest effort of our School Community — the staff and students, focussing on some of the activities of our school life. A glance through these pages will convince the parents and well - wishers that the school is not concerned with academic standards only - limiting ourselves to complete the prescribed syllabus of studies every year - but is engaged in diverse activities within the school and outside, to achieve the avowed aim of the school — "the development of the WHOLE MAN".

Education is an on going process of forming, informing, guiding and correcting, jointly to be done by the teachers and parents. In this all — important work, we appreciate the active cooperation and the sense of responsibility shown by many of our parents. The successful performance of our students in studies and other activities, is the fruit of this joint endeavour. The school authorities encourage our teachers to take part in seminars and orientation camps. As a result the school was able to organise Personality Development and Leadership Camps for our senior students, which help them to unfold their personal abilities and also make them conscious of their limitations, so that they take up challenging opportunities of life situations, relief works etc. with a spirit of social concern and a sense of purpose. The relief service rendered by our teachers and students at Jehangirpuri and at Model Town stadium during

the floods in 1977 bear testimony to their social concern and the values they cherish.

Speaking about flood in Delhi, I can not help mentioning about the recent flood in North Delhi. Rosary school was worst hit as an institution. On september 5 th, between 2. 30 and 3. 30 a. m. Rosary School and the premises were submerged under ten feet of water. Within this short time, we could just rescue and save the lives of 22 inmates of Ozanam Home for the aged destitutes, the last person being rescued in neck deep water, our only consolation was that there was no loss of lives. Surrounded by deep waters we were physically and telephonically cut off from outside world. Many who were anxious about our safety were barred from approaching us by the strong current on the Rosary School Marg, and had to return home more worried.

For Fr. Joseph and myself this was an experience for life we had to watch helplessly for days on end our most cherished School Library and Chemistry Lab being destroyed mercilessly by the flood. We used to be relief workers once, but now reduced to victims ! A rare experience in life. With this could we be better disposed to our neighbour, the poor, the needy and the destitute victims of social-unconcern ? Thanks be to God !!

Already when the water was below the floor level, and knee deep water in the premises, many teachers and senior students came voluntarily to take up the "DIRTY JOB" of re-setting the class-rooms and furniture. The whole place was abominably dirty, the slush on the floor was sticky and slippery, wet books were rather heavy to be carried to the terrace of the building on the third floor. In spite of their exhaustion caused by carrying the heavy books, there was a smile upon their faces. They were doing this regularly for five days. They could put their hands to do this 'Dirty Job', because they had the GOOD WILL and a sense of belonging to the school they love. They felt the loss to the school as their own. Love and Service are co-related. Service to the point of pain and personal inconvenience is supernatural, and they do not expect a formal 'Thank You'.

The absence of some members of our staff, was in sharp contrast to those mentioned above. These preferred to stay at home a few days more, waiting for formal News paper announcement, to report on DUTY (for which they are paid). It seems that they did try to contact the school from a distance by

Telephone, which was also drowned under the flood water ! Who could blame them ?

I place on record with gratitude, the kind gesture of our teachers, who have contributed their two days' pay to purchase new books for our Library. Similarly, some of our parents called on me to express their sympathy on the great loss suffered by the school and offered cash and books for our Library. We are in the process of resetting our Library, we have to buy good books in thousands. I look forward to generous contributions from parents and friends to re-build and re-equip our Library. This is a good cause for which, surely the parents are interested, as their children have developed good habit of reading.

On this occasion I would like to clarify a few points on the School Recognition. I understand that there were some false rumours that Rosary School was de-recognised, and the consequent discussion among some parents about the future of their children and the school. Neither the parents, nor the school Management can afford to risk the future of about two thousand children.

In the year 1970, Rosary Higher Secondary School was Recognised and affiliated to the Central Board of Secondary Education, Delhi, after the joint inspection of the School by Mr. Vinendra Prakash, then Director of Education, and Dr. R.P. Singhal, then Secretary of the Central Board (now Chairman). Subsequently the affiliation was renewed periodically, and our students were appearing for the All India Higher Secondary Exams since 1973, with creditable results, which brought glory to the institution and their parents. It was but natural that the strength of our school rose steadily due to the excellent performance of our students.

In July 1977, according to the instructions of the Central Board, we applied to the Directorate of Education for the recognition of our Middle Section. The school was inspected by officials sent by the Central Board in December 1977. Their report shows no adverse remarks, but recommended the School for affiliation upto 1979.

Rosary School was not unknown to the Directorate of Education. Some of our students had secured scholarships of Senior and Junior Science talent tests conducted by the Directorate. In 1975, our school had the privilege of being inspected by more than twentyfive educationists, under the leadership of Mr. R. E. Thakur, the Zonal Education Officer. It was a thorough probe into all aspects of the school, starting with the morning assembly, inspecting classes, checking the records,

watching the cultural items and mass—P. T. display. The whole operation lasted two days. The report shows that there were no serious adverse observations, but considering all aspects, the School was declared to be the best in this Zone. In the year 1977 Rosary School was upgraded by the Directorate to start 10+2 system, which we could not take up due to lack of accommodation and facilities as we would like to provide. Again the School was inspected by the Directorate with a team of over twenty, in February 1978. No report has been yet received by the School.

In July 1978 we received a reply to our application for Recognition, stating that the Department has considered our application and rejected it for non-compliance of instructions from the Department. A reply as vague as it could be. What a shocking treatment to an educational institution of our standard. The Department has no concern for the future of 1800 students? We do not beg for mercy or undue consideration. But we want justice. We should have received the reply to our application within four months. Instead, after one year our application was summarily considered and disposed off, without even giving any specific reasons. Do we not deserve a show cause or reasons for rejection? What a humiliation to a Minority School which has been doing so well in the field of education? Is it the play of bureaucratic red tapism, which has no limit especially if 'the devil is not given his due'; or is it the effect of politicising education by harassing and suppressing better established, better managed and well-disciplined schools, to which parents flock for their childrens' education? I am afraid that this is an attack on our right to impart education of our choice to our children.

Protests and representations from the School Management and the parents against this unwarranted and irresponsible action of the Department are under consideration of higher authorities. Let us hope that the authorities concerned expedite the procedure, and issue a favourable order, just and fair to the School.

Justice and peace are complementary. In a peaceful atmosphere only can an educational institution function effectively. We as educationists know our responsibility very well. In an unhampered atmosphere—without stress and strain we will and can develop the WHOLE MAN — instilling in him spiritual and social values — a sense of respect and love for God, for his country and his neighbour.

Fr. George Panakal,
PRINCIPAL.

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editorial



Fr. JOSEPH EDITOR



EDITORIAL

The insistent appeals of students, the commendation and cooperation of the staff, the 'green light' and inspiration of the Principal and Management as also the perseverance and perspiration of the Members of the Editorial Board have all assisted in resurrecting the ROSARIAN with a difference. It was heartening indeed to receive so many articles in prose and verse, quite a few sketches and drawings from teachers and students, all of which could not be included in this magazine.

Students were keen in sharing news and airing views and were convinced that a school magazine could provide an outlet. It was likewise opined that the "printed word" could well be a source of gratifying retrospection, of conscientious introspection, an inspiration and spur for growth and progress in succeeding years, as well as a means of communication to parents and well-wishers for the realisation of the all-round formation imparted to the students with regard to "head, heart and health".

If education has to be total and complete, a child has to grow and develop in body, mind and spirit. Respect and reverence has to be fostered and inculcated in the child not only for itself but for the family and for society in general. Social concern and commitment to the less privileged of society requires to be inspired and fostered by word and work. This has been duly attended to in the co-curricular and extra-curricular activities which have been detailed to some extent in this issue.

A child without character is comparable to a spineless body! Dedication and discipline have to be enforced from an early age so that the personality is fashioned towards maturity for success in life of the individual and for the growth and prosperity of the nation and society. How that takes place in Rosary School can be read in the ROSARIAN!

It is hoped that this year's ROSARIAN will create a healthy atmosphere in the school, will strengthen the bond between parents and the institution and contribute to the growth and development of ROSARY SCHOOL.

MEMORABLE MEMORIES

"ROSARY SCHOOL DIARY" of 1977-1978

1977

10th January : The school campus reverberates with babbles and boasts, with greetings and gossips, as staff and students of all sizes and shapes looking finer and fitter (some even fatter !) re-assemble for the new school term after the winter Christmas vacations. The day is interspersed with hugs and handshakes for a "Joyous New Year", besides bidding a fond farewell to our departing Vice-Principal, Rev. Fr. Paul Mondoith who endeared himself to one and all during his short stint in Rosary School, and voicing a warm welcome to our new Vice-Principal, Rev. Fr. Joseph Kodilil, who only recently had returned from pursuing higher studies in the States. Questions and queries were on the minds of most teachers and senior students. Is it indeed "better the devil you know than the devil you don't" or "will the new broom sweep clean" and "sweep you off your feet" ?

15th January : Some of our Junior Teachers participate in a **Science Seminar** conducted by the Education Planning Board for more effective and practical available teaching also in experiential education. Will we be in for new fads and fancies or for more pleasant and enjoyable lessons ?

3rd February : A "mini-fete" was organised by most classes. Distractions are always welcome—anything to mist classes—and realised quite a tidy sum towards assisting displaced persons of Jehangirpuri. More than a dozen houses were also constructed for roofless families.

15th February : At a brief function, students presented the goodly sum of Rs. 15,555/- to Dr. Singhal, Secretary of the Central Board of Education, in favour of the "Aligarh Eye Hospital". The amount was the

Students with Sight to the succour of the Blind



Welcoming with a garland and a smile the Chairman C.B.S.E., Dr. R. P. Singhal, who readily received with one hand and willingly handed over with the other hand the tidy sum of Rs. 15,555 collected by the Rosarians for the Gandhi Eye Hospital in Aligarh.



"Gestures speak volumes" : An expression of the Principal's grateful appreciation for the spirit of generous sacrifice and social concern of the students and their parents



The Highest "collector" collects a token reward !



Saying it with a smile and proud satisfaction !

Reaching out with Relief to Jahangirpuri Flood Victims



"Dishing it out" to Flood Victims
with Milk & Meals



Rewarded with a smile from
the Archbishop



The Archbishop comforts, cheers & counsels,



Yah! I got it to the full



Self-service for self-preservation!



The "milk of human kindness"
added to a tumbler of milk!

भारत दर्शन

Study Tours organised by the School



"Wonders" of the School at the Wonder of the World -- the TAJ at Agra



"Modern" Rosarians at the "ancient" Fatehpur Sikri monument !



"Lost"—in wonder—in a Simla Valley !



Keeping cool in colourful Chandigarh



"Cooling their heels" in a
Chandigarh Lake !



All set to get "fed up" at
Pinjon Gardens !



"Sailing along" serenely in a
scenic Naini Tal Lake !



"Taken for a Ride" in Corbett Park

outcome of the previous week's sponsored walk and manifested our continued social concern and commitment to the less-privileged and handicapped members of society. Keep it up, Rosary School! May your tribe increase!

7th March : All's quiet in the campus! What the heck's wrong? No noise, no laughter or gaiety, but only quiet and calm! Is this a calm before a storm? You bet it is! Today is the dreaded day, the day of wrath and judgement, the start of the annual examinations—the finals!! Last minute cramming and studious discussions can be observed in nooks and corners by individuals and in small groups. The bugbear of many a student has at last dawned. Some are seen with blank expressions, others with wrinkled foreheads, and yet others with studious looks and professorial expressions! The best of luck to one and all!

11th April : After an all-too-brief respite from classes allowing teachers to assess the words of wisdom of students in the examinations, the new school year is inaugurated with the usual scenes and formalities. Most students have been promoted (as also some teachers), but some students and most teachers have alas to spend another year in the same class! Hearty congratulations to the successful ones and better luck next time to the repeaters. The day is spent in introductions of men (and women) and matters (and subjects)!

7th May : The Deputy Director of Education of the Delhi Administration, Dr. Vyas, presided over our "Annual Prize Day" with the Archbishop of Delhi, the Most Reverend Angelo Fernandes, as the chief guest. The mammoth audience of parents, well-wishers and children loudly applauded the well-acted plays in Hindi and English presented by the senior children, and gave almighty claps for the colourful dances and angelic songs of the juniors. Prize-winners walked on airs, while prizeless ones didn't care to notice!

16th May : Students and teachers left by bus for a six-day most exciting excursion to Naini Tal and the Jim Corbett Park. Scenic beauty, a pleasant climate and boating kept one and all in good humour. The children were one up on the teachers by conquering the China Peak. The Jim Corbett Park kept all in raptures and, according to reliable information, Sister Anita had an elephant ride which didn't straighten her up for some weeks! Horse rides and good company (not only of animals) made the excursion a memorable one indeed.

July: A month of seminars for teachers! While some attended summer courses in History and Geography of the Central Board of Education—to get toned up in time and place,—others persevered in the “refresher course” of N.C.E.R.T. for orientation to the plus-2 system in Mathematics and English. We have been informed that most were nonplussed! Some teachers attempted to develop their personality (successfully, we hope!) in a seminar conducted by Fr. Wirth and Mr. Jose Paul of St. Xavier's, the better to develop their sense of belonging to the institution and foster better relationship among themselves, and with the management and the children a fruitful rapport.

August: If courses and seminars were the order of the day most days of July, sacrifice and social action were recurring decimals during August. The monsoons brought in its trail the devastating and disastrous floods in the districts of the capital. Staff and students were touched with sympathy at the sight of havoc rendered to life and limb, and were visibly motivated to action by the unimaginable misery of thousands having no food or shelter. Literally rolling up their sleeves, batch of over sixty teachers and students spent themselves from the 10th to the 24th of August in preparing the milk and food and doling these out to the flood victims accommodated in the Model Town Stadium. Relief work was likewise undertaken in the Jehangirpuri Village. Congratulations to all those who gave of their time and energy.

14th August: The mood of the month must have certainly enthused students to celebrating **Independence Day** with significance and gusto! Our Principal, Fr. George Panakal, took the salute at a disciplined “March Past”, which was followed by the rendering of patriotic songs in many Indian languages. Jai Hind! Jai Rosary School!

26th August: A surprise **Prize Distribution** to those who stood first in each class. This novelty has been initiated this year through the genuine generosity of a parent to commemorate the birthday of that apostle of charity, Mother Teresa. A Sister of the congregation in Delhi, Sister Alphonsa, graciously distributed the prizes and briefly spoke about their work and mission for the poor. It is better to give than to receive, and the more you give the more you get!

5th September: **Teachers' Day** was celebrated with a vengeance at a two-hour class-wise dance and drama programme and gave an opportunity to some of our beloved and respected teachers to laugh at them-

selves during the realistic mimicry of themselves by students. The taught were teaching their teachers how they were taught—all in lighter vein of course !

7th September : Students of Std. X begin their "**Selection Examination**" for those already selected (?) while the rest of the students are busy scratching and scrawling answers to questions at the periodic tests !!

9th November : **Diwali** was literally celebrated with a bang this year. There was a goodly turn-out of teachers and children in the evening for a meaningful programme of prayer and reflection on the significance of the festival, which was followed by riotous children making merry by firing away the crackers they had brought along with them in large quantity. They had also brilliantly illuminated the school building with plenty of candles ! The crackers, fireworks and illumination were indeed a feast of sound and light !

14th November : **Children's Day** : Teachers had their chance to return all the compliments received (some 'left-handed' ?) two months earlier by entertaining the children with skits and songs. The teachers were most sweet for the occasion (which does not mean that they aren't otherwise) and distributed sweets to all the children. Keep it up teachers, all through the year !

25th November : An Agra trip produced oohs and aahs at the onward journey by air, which was the first plane ride for most, the memorable visit to the Taj Mahal and other historical places, and the return by the Taj Express. A child's impressions appear elsewhere in this issue.

26th November : "**Sports' Day**" : This annual event certainly enthuses, enthral and enlightens ! Weeks before, budding and hopeful athletes can be seen practising the art of running, jumping and throwing. The day is likewise preceded by a week of elimination rounds and many a rehearsal for march-past and drills. Teachers are seen excitedly coaching and instructing and students perspiring practising to reach top form and bring glory and prizes for themselves and their houses. A healthy rivalry appears to grip all in the school. The day itself produces many a close race, interesting events, clownish acts by some, cheers and jeers from students of supporting houses, and the enthusiastic clapping for winners. Some, of course, have long faces, for not being allowed to corner the glory !

A novel feature of this year's Sports' Day was the "Tug-of-War" between the lady staff and the men staff. The 'weaker sex' (?) proved stronger than the men, who in turn conceded victory to the ladies even in cheating—their team had more supporters joining the fray and the struggle ! ?

17th December : The Principal played host to the Teachers at an anticipated **"Christmas Party"**, which included intelligent and interesting games and appreciable gifts. Christmas vacations have commenced.

1978

9th January : End of winter holidays and the beginning of another term with the wonted grins, gups and guflaws, admonitions of teachers and resolutions of students for a resourceful and intelligent New Year ! Just a repeat performance ?

14th January : **Inter-House Drama Competition for the Senior School.**
This is yet another novel and welcome feature, which it is hoped will be an annual programme. The ingenuity and histrionic talents of students have to be seen (and heard) to be believed. The contest proved to be quite keen and most successful.

21st January : The **Junior School** have their turn for the **"Inter-House Drama Competition"** and vied with their seniors in all respects. The plays produced and the acting were top class and received loud cheers from "house" supporters especially.

23rd January : **Model Examinations** begin for "selected" students of Std. X.

11th February : A two-day **"Personality Development Camp"** was conducted by Mr. Jose Paul for Std. IX-B. Did they start throwing their weight about after the camp or before ? The students certainly profited and infused confidence in themselves to become attractive leaders !

23rd February : Children of the Primary School stared with wide-open eyes and rapt attention at a **"Puppet Show"**. Were they wondering whether life itself is a stage and that they themselves were mere 'puppets' of elders, be they children, adults, teachers or principal ?

Senior Students Camping for 'Personality Development'



No lessons nor lectures — only
doing and discovering !



Open to one another



Praise the Lord in song and verse !



Reading between the lines or appreciating
a life situation ?



Trying to guess the leader Mr. Gossain
is all smiles at being all at sea !



No screams for ice-cream ?

Scouts and Guides go Camping for Training



All set for the sights or for sighs ?



Lost the track or upto tricks ?



*An army marches on its stomach—so
do girl guides !*



*At your service for
drinking or drowning ?*

SCHOLARS AND SCHOLARSHIPS



SUBHAS SEN

★★

← Tenth on the Merit List of All India Higher Secondary Examination 1978.

National Talent Research Scholarship Central Board of Secondary Education→



DEEPAK KUMAR

★

← First Prize in the all Delhi Traffic week Painting Competition.



SIMON PHILIPS

★★

GOSSAIN'S TROPHY
for the Best Mathematician of Std. IX→



ARUN BABEJA

← PITAMBER LAL & SONS SCHOLARSHIP for
The Best Mathematician of Standard VIII.



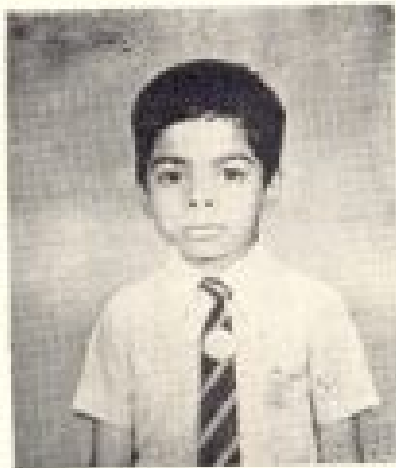
VEENA VASANDANI

TOP OF THE CLASS



AMAN KOHLI
Std. I

★ ★



K. C. DILIP *Std. II*

★ ★



GAGAN KOHLI *Std. III*

★ ★



SANJAY GOEL *Std. IV*

★ ★



BHAVYA LAL *Std. V*

★ ★



SHARMILA VERMA *Std. VI*

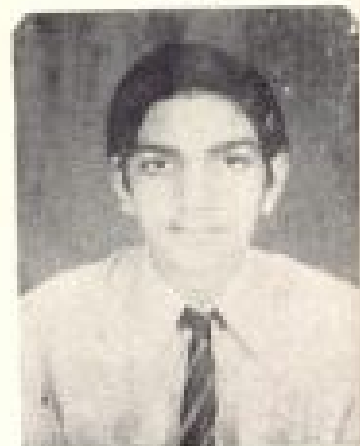
★ ★



GITA GANGADHARAN
Std. VII



AMIT JAIN
Std. VIII



MANOJ SHARMA *Std. IX*

26th February : 106 children left by the school bus to participate in the Shanker's Painting Competition. Quite a few budding artists received merit certificates, and very many had their "canvasses" selected for the exhibition. Rosary School is proud of its artists. Congratulations !

1st March : Over twenty officials of the Directorate of Education of the Delhi Administration inspected each and every class and section in detail. Was the school's astounding progress over the years the reason for the advent of such a large team ? When we heard the eulogiums and comments of appreciation from the inspectors, we wondered whether we should give ourselves a mighty clap on the back or perhaps shower praises and congrats to all those looking after cusine courtesies !

2nd March : Eighty-two Rosarians begin their "**Board Examination**" at St. Xavier's accompanied by the prayers and best wishes of all at Rosary School for every success a la mode previous batches.

8th March : The great hush and calm is experienced once again at the start of the **Final Examinations** : tears and trepidations from and control and confidence from others ! "Best of luck" is the refrain heard as the bell sounds for assembly and the moment of judgement !

30th March : **Results** were received by post ! Some doubtful students tried to beat their elders at the draw on the postman's knock ! There was rejoicing and merry-making in most homes but wailing and lamentations in a few others !

5th April : Another school year begins with enthusiastic determination. A near riot was experienced to new classes and for advantageous desks depending whether the student was a studious type or a back-bencher !

15th April : An **Orientation Day For Teachers** was conducted by the Archbishop of Delhi, Most Reverend Angelo Fernandes. His vision and eloquence inspired our teachers towards a children-oriented education and infused them with zeal and determination. The programme was very greatly appreciated. Who will gain thereby—teachers or students ?

22nd April : "**Staff Picnic**". This year the day was spent in a Haryana Farm with games and gossip. Some of the teachers even tried fishing for nothing—at least so they maintained when their patience and ingenuity

produced no results and invited not one fish to bite their bait ! Were the fish inspired by students as to the finer points of dodging ? Or were these teachers fishing in troubled waters ?

29th April : The "**Annual Prize Day**" was presided over by the Additional Director of Education, Shri B.N. Chaturvedi, while Shri Kishor Lal, M.P., distributed the prizes to students standing first in each class and for good conduct. Class Teachers had the privilege this year to present certificates to students securing "A" grade. The audience sat spell-bound during the entertainment programme of English and Hindi plays, songs and dances. Well done everybody and congratulations to all concerned !

7th May : Over eighty boy scouts and girl guides of the school camped at a farm near the Kutub Minar and learned in the process the tricks of the trade, combining lectures with leisure and works with pleasure !

12th May : An **Exhibition** of the children's efforts in batik, charts, crafts, models, etc., was well patronised and much appreciated. Eoniums and appreciative comments were voiced by many a proud parent. A **Fancy Dress Parade** of almost three hundred children added colour to the occasion and brought out the ingenuity and talents of the students. Congratulations and commendations to the organisers ! This day's astounding success should most certainly convince the powers that be not to be inhibited to exhibit their wares and talents !

17th May : Eighty-five students and fifteen teachers made the travel-agent-sponsored excursion to Simla. Comments and criticism have yet to be received but we have heard that the weather and the travel agency did not help make this trip as fascinating and enjoyable as the one to Naini Tal !



RANDOM ROUTINE



VICE - PRINCIPAL'S "VICE"
THE MORNING'S "PREVIEW"



STUDENTS' "RESPECTS" AS
VICE - PRINCIPAL INSPECTS



THE LIBRARIAN'S DOMAIN



FOR GUIDED READING



CHECKING & LENDING



"DRILLING DISCIPLINE"



IT IS TIME TO QUIT



SET FOR OUTDOOR CLASSES
OR THE CAMERA'S CLICK ?

MY TRIP TO AGRA

—Manish Sandhi IV-A

It was a wonderful thrill and a great joy to be told that the management had kindly allowed Class III children to join the trip to Agra. This was the first time, I think, that such small children were permitted to go for such an outing. Before they were thought to be too small and too troublesome to look after! And so we clapped loudly and danced with joy on hearing the good news. Hardly had I reached home from school when I shouted the news to my parents. I had great difficulty in making my parents agree to my going to Agra, but what I could not do with arguments I managed to do with tears. At long last my parents agreed to send me on the trip after giving me a lot of instructions what to do, how to walk, what not to eat and drink, etc. They were frightened perhaps that their precious little darling would get lost or meet with an accident or get terribly sick!

Thirty-eight children made this wonderful trip to Agra accompanied by five teachers. All assembled very punctually at 4-30 in the morning at the school on the 4th of December. My mother wondered why I never could

get up early during school days! The school bus took us to Palam Airport. After going through the security-check we were taken by a bus to the plane. This was the time we all longed for and we almost ran up the steps and into the plane, which was an air-bus as we were told.

I was full of wonder at this my first plane journey. It was a real joy ride for us. I was looking out of my small window all the time and found out how very small people and others looked from on top. Our Aunty (air hostess she is usually called) was so very sweet to us and gave each of us a scented paper. I wanted to take more than one but the teachers were staring at us! We had left Delhi at 6.00 and we reached Agra airport at 6.30, from where we were taken to a hotel for breakfast. We then went by bus to see all the historical places of Agra.

I did not much like Fatehpur Sikri, which looked like an old deserted place, but all of us liked very much the Agra Fort and of course the Taj Mahal, from where we had a view of the Jamuna. The Taj was full of marble, clean and

attractive. Most of us bought something or the other in Agra especially the famous petha and namkeen while some even bought souvenirs of Taj Mahal and toys and gifts.

Late in the evening we got ready to return to Delhi, this time by the Taj Express. We were also very pleased with this train journey. In our compartment there were some foreigners who asked us many questions such as our names, the school and classes we were in. We replied to all questions at once

and quite boldly. These foreigners liked us very much and were very impressed by us. We also asked them how they liked India and all the places they saw here.

We reached the New Delhi station after 10.00 p.m. to find our school bus ready to take us back to our homes. It must have been after eleven o'clock at night that all of us reached home, a little tired but full of joy and lots of good things to say about our wonderful, wonderful trip to Agra. □



NATURE

—Rajeev Bhatia X-B

Welcome to mother nature,
Welcome to it !
Don't you hesitate but hasten to it.
Take in the beautiful greenery
And behold the wonderful scenery ;
Stare at the sky and gaze at the meadows,
Admire their long and graceful shadows.
Watch the rabbits, how they lie,
Admire the squirrel that hurries by,
Be attuned to the wind pass the trees in chant
And yet you'll get all the peace you want.
You shall find nature simple, yet chaste ;
So don't you hurry, my friend, do not haste !
Just stand and reflect, late though it is,
For never may you encounter a scenery like this.

GO-GURRIGULAR ACTIVITIES AT ROSARY

—Nagma Siddiqi X

We so often hear it said that "school years are the best years of one's life" ! Though we are reluctant to admit this during the years we spend in school, nevertheless we ourselves repeat the chorus in season and out of season to all and sundry once we have made our exit from school. There are nostalgic memories of classes and clowns, of teachers and truants, of gatherings and games, of competitions and cordiality, of fun and frolic, of examinations and expeditions, of curricular, extra-curricular and co-curricular activities. My final year in school has left a deep impression on me, thanks to refreshing relaxations and adventurous activities which interspersed the serious study we had perforce to do for success in the Board Examinations.

The division of students into four "houses" has helped create a healthy rivalry and keen competition. The houses, named after four ferocious animals — Leopards, Lions, Panthers, Tigers — aptly describe the zeal and zest of the members to give of their best and come out on top. Plus and minus points are apportioned to the

houses for varied activities, be they discipline or dramatics, studies or sports, conduct or competitions. Captains, Vice-Captains and House Advisers (members of the staff) lead and inspire their teams in maintaining discipline and gaining points in the class room and on the sports field.

I have restricted myself to the remarkable co-curricular activities held in the academic year just concluded, since they helped in no mean manner to boosting up the morale of the students, gaining points for houses and in developing the character of children. The following have left an indelible impression on my mind.

The ANNUAL DAY was an unforgettable event. This was preceded by weeks of preparations and it must have gladdened the hearts of the large gathering of parents to see the progress of their children and the school as the variety entertainment unfolded itself in song, dance and drama. The success was reward enough for the meticulous training, enthusiastic response of the students and all the effort put in.

INDEPENDENCE DAY brought with

it the expression of patriotic sentiments voiced in song in a number of Indian languages and exhibited by a disciplined march-past by the four houses. One could sense the spirit of dedication and devotion to our motherland.

SPORTS' DAY is an event always looked forward to with enthusiasm and eager anticipation. Preceded by determined practices for sprints and long-distance races, field and jump events, etc., the houses likewise get set for the march-past, while classes and chosen groups enthusiastically polish drills, gymnastics, pyramids, etc. The Sports' Day was indeed a treat to watch as competitors vied with each other in keenly fought events and house supporters shouted themselves hoarse in cheering and jeering ! It was all in the game. The march-past was disciplined, drills were colourful and rhythmic, the tug-of-war well-contested.

CLASS COMPETITIONS in hockey, football, basketball, badminton, table-tennis, etc., helped to break the monotony of the classroom and build up the health of mind and body of the students. It was during such occasions that we badly felt the absence of a "Recreation Hall". An idea was hardly mooted when classes organised canteens and raffles to build up a fund for building ourselves a modest recreation hall. One and all are anxiously awaiting the day when we will have this much-needed hall. May I recommend parents and well-wishers to come forward with their mite to enable our dream to be realised ?

The **INTER-HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION** was a novel feature and a successful one at that. Competition was keen and the dramas well acted. The Junior School and the Senior School had different dates for these competitions and, of course, there was much rehearsing in nooks and corners, during school hours and after school. I sincerely hope that this becomes an annual feature of Rosary School.

One unique activity during the year has indeed impressed me greatly. This was occasioned by the flood the capital experienced during the monsoons which inspired both staff and students to spend their time and energy in helping those in need. Money and food were also generously contributed and regular batches of teachers and students assisted in distributing food and clothing to the flood victims of Jehangirpuri and other villages assembled at the Model Town Stadium. This was certainly a lesson in **SOCIAL SERVICE**. The school authorities, realising our selfless spirit of sacrifice, awarded all students doing this social service with a certificate of merit.

These were some of the extra-curricular activities which have left a deep impression on me. It is with a sense of gratitude to the school for giving us this all-round formation and creating in us a sense of team-work and discipline that I am leaving with a heavy heart and happy memories.

□

ENCHANTING KASHMIR

E. Vazanthi VIII-A

Ever since I had seen a short film entitled "Spring comes to Kashmir", I cherished a genuine longing to visit this picturesque part of our country. My joy knew no bounds, therefore, and my heart even dropped a beat when my father announced that he had finalised a trip to Kashmir for the family the following week. I was hardly able to conceal my enthusiasm on hearing the wonderful news. At long last my fond desire was to materialize. I could hardly wait for the eventful trip, and that week dragged on endlessly before we boarded the Srinagar Express on our way up to Kashmir!

From the very start Kashmir stole our hearts and won our affections with its panorama of lovely, picturesque scenes. The valley's greenery of plants and trees, gardens, parks and orchards touched us to the very depth of our souls. The green valley surrounded by the Himalayan ranges appeared to me like a vast cradle in which beauty is rocked to sleep by the invisible hands of Mother Nature. The distant mountain ranges carpeted by snow seemed to glisten against the backdrop of blue

skies. The tall snow-capped peaks looked like huge white pillars supporting the vast blue canopy of the sky. I shall never forget the appealing sight of those magnificent peaks at sunrise. Catching the early rays of the rising sun, these snow-clad peaks wore a strange saffron mantle like sadhus worshipping the sun-god; it took but a few minutes for these peaks to be transformed suddenly into a golden mantle bringing to my mind a picture of Mount Meru which was famed to be covered with gold! And half an hour later the same peaks were clad in white. What transformations! What scenic beauty!

The view of the capital city, Srinagar, on the river Jhelam was equally unforgettable. Small boats plying to and fro was delightful to behold and appeared to be having some sort of game. Some of these boats carried grocery and vegetables while others brought people to buy their provisions. There were also "house-boats", where some people live. We too hired a small house-boat and spent a night in it gazing at the lovely crescent moon. The cool, gentle breeze from the Jhelam, however, soon lulled us to sleep.

A visit to the crafts emporium of Srinagar was equally rewarding and we were fascinated with the artistic excellence in embroidery, shawls, woolen coats, silk scarfs and streees jewel boxes, etc., etc. A drive to the outskirts of the city filled me with rapture to see the lovely apple orchards with ripe golden and crimson fruits

Where the Sun never shines

—Ravijit Choudhury X

A poor man
No troubles has he.
He works as much as he can
And he earns his fee.
He works from morn to night,
Which is not a lie.
And he is always right—
Don't ask me why.

A rich man
Is fat with wealth ;
Much as he can
He ruins his health.
He sits all day,
I'll tell you now.
He never is gay—
Don't ask me how.

So, friends, you can see
The poor gets more,
As is told by me,
While the rich gets sore.
The poor has light in his heart ;
You can see all the signs.
The rich has nothing on his part ;
That's where the sun never shines.

DADDY AND MUMMY

—Bhavya Lal VI-C

Daddy and Mummy come in a pair
Warm and soft like the fur of a bear
Which we buy in the market square.
Dad and Mum never fight ;
What they say is always right.
Daddy is so handy,
Mummy is like a candy.
But when I say "Zoo today"
They declare : "Another day" !



MY LITTLE SISTERS

—K.C. Dilp III-B

I have two little sisters
As tiny as kittens,
But they make noise like gibbons
When I study my lessons.
Then I place soothers in their mouths
And like chicks they stop all shouts.
When with chicklets I them feed,
They give me sweet kisses on my cheek.
These are my sweet little sisters !

A RAINY DAY

—Ruchi Narain X

A rainy day
Makes farmers gay ;
Peacocks dance, children play,
Fishes sway in a gentle way
With the swift current
As the rain pours down
In a torrent.

People run down the streets
With colourful umbrellas
Over their heads ;
Boats at seas
Hurry back to the creeks.
There is thunder and lightening,
Which sounds really frightening.
Someone slips and falls
And dirties his overalls
Drenching himself from top to toe,
Looks very much like naughty Joe !

In spite of all this
It's a folly to miss
The sight of such a lovely day,
Which makes people happy and gay.
It's the greatest of heaven's blessings
To us, human beings.



WHEN MOTHER'S AWAY

—Sangeeta Chhabra X

It was the heavy footsteps of my father that rudely disturbed my slumber at six o'clock one morning. Lazing it out in bed I wondered whether my mother too was up and about when I recalled that she had left the previous evening to stay with my ailing grandmother. My reverie was given a jolt by the noise of a fallen object. I opened my eyes to find that my dear father, on finding me still lying in bed, had flung an object at the victim. This happened to be an inkpot which luckily did not break and missed its mark but which had its contents messing up the floor! This indiscretion cooled down my father, who immediately was on his knees wiping off the spilled ink on the floor only to discover that it was my handkerchief kept for washing that he was using. He flung the kerchief into the corner, and I volunteered to clean up the mess. Daddy politely replied that he would go and get the breakfast ready and added that I should make the beds and get myself ready for school. I offered to help him with preparing the breakfast but my father said that he could easily manage that himself.

Having succeeded to a point in washing off the ink stains from the floor, I dutifully made the beds and was almost through with my ablutions and getting dressed for school. My sensitive nose then led me to a burnt smell and into the kitchen to discover my dad generously applying burnol on

his burnt finger. I enquired if I could be of help only to receive an angry retort: "Yes, by getting out of the kitchen" I. And I wisely obeyed.

Since the clock showed that it was 6.45 and I had only to reach the bus stop at 7.30 a.m., I thought I could bake a cake for evening tea. Immediately I prepared the ingredients and the dough and placed it in the oven. It was past 7.15 when Daddy appeared with the tray for breakfast: a plate-full of bread slices resembled coal and the eggs had a generous helping of salt. With all the goodwill possible I was unable to touch either of these items, but at least the coffee was passable, which I hurriedly swallowed and dashed off to catch my bus on a pretty empty stomach.

It was at the bus stop that I remembered about the cake I placed in the oven for baking, and so I ran back home to discover that the cake had not only not burnt but that it was neither baked. Stupidly I had forgotten to put on the switch. The clock struck the half hour at that moment—7.30—and so, leaving everything as it was, I hurried back to the bus stop to sorely discover that my bus had already left for school. Disappointed and disgusted I returned home with a genuine prayer and a wish that mother return home soon.



HE WENT ON

—*Archbishop Goodier, S.J.*

Jesus from His childhood had
the deadliest of enemies
Yet He went on

Jesus was ignored and passed over
For thirty years
Yet He went on

Jesus was not quite understood even by
His Mother
Yet He went on

Jesus had the very worst interpretations
Put upon His very kindest actions
Yet He went on

Jesus had all His words warped, twisted,
Falsely reported, magnified, minimised,
Made to mean the very opposite
By men set expressly to catch Him
Yet He went on

Jesus had no support from those in authority
Only suspicion, heckling, condemnation
Yet He went on

With the people failed rather than succeeded
Succeeded in things that meant nothing
Yet He went on

Jesus was criticised about His rights
Condemned as one who was unorthodox
Proved wrong out of His own mouth
Yet He went on

Jesus was worn to death by labour
Now by excessive loneliness
Now by the pressure of the crowd
Yet He went on

Jesus was sneered at by the great
Patronised by the learned and old
Treated by His friends with galling familiarity
Yet He went on

Jesus knew very little gratitude
Yet He went on

Jesus had none to share His burden
None with whom He could talk
Yet He went on

Jesus was slighted, even laughed to scorn
When He gave His very best
Yet He went on

Jesus had sententious and wise friends
To tell Him what mistakes He made
And what He ought to do
And how He ought to do it
Yet He went on

Jesus was deserted by everyone
Even His best friends

Who were scandalised in Him
Disappointed by Him
Yet He went on

Jesus was betrayed
By one He had most trusted
Betrayed by one of His first priests
Betrayed for such a paltry price
Betrayed with a kiss
Betrayed to a rabble of ruffians
Yet He went on

Jesus was denied
By one one on whom He most relied
Yet He went on

Jesus endured the sense of utter dereliction
Even by God His Father
Yet He went on

Jesus was never without those who hated Him
Really vindictively hated Him
Who plotted against Him
Who maligned Him behind His back
Who did all they could to ruin Him
And in the end He knew they would succeed
Yet He went on

Jesus saved others
Himself He would not save
Yet He went on

Jesus is passed over, condemned and persecuted
By generation after generation
Yet He goes on

□

Be A Lighted Candle

POINT OUT THE NEED FOR :

More to improve, fewer merely to disapprove.

More doers, fewer talkers.

More to say "It can be done", fewer to explain why "It can't be done".

More to inspire others with confidence, fewer to throw cold water on anyone taking even one step in the right direction.

More to get into the thick of things and do something, fewer to sit on the sidelines merely finding faults.

More to be interested in "lighting candles", fewer in blowing them out.



Fun with Mathematics

1. Subtract 45 from 45 in such a way that the difference may be 45.
2. If I add 1000 to a certain whole number the result is actually more than if I multiply that number by 1000. What is the number ?
3. Arrange three 9's to give 90 !
4. If 9 be taken out of 6, 10 out of 9 and 50 out of 40, and the results arranged in order, you are left with just half a dozen. Try this stunt !

ANSWERS : 1.
$$\begin{array}{r} 987654321 = 45 \\ \text{Add} \quad -123456789 = 45 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

horizontally

$$984197532 = 45$$

2. 1

$$3. 9 \times 9 + 9 = 90$$

4. Six minus IX = 5
IX minus X = 1
XL minus L = X

Contributed by
—MISS USHA DANG

SALUBRIOUS SCIENTIST

One morning ALEXANDER FLEMING, the discoverer of Penicillin, found two newspapermen waiting on the landing of his Baltimore Hotel just as he was going down for breakfast. "What are you thinking of at this moment?" they enquired. "We would like to know what a great scientist thinks about when he is going to breakfast."

"It so happens", the scientist replied, "that I am thinking about something rather special—whether I should have one egg or two!"

SCATTERBRAINED SCIENTIST

There always has been a fair number of the absent-minded and the eccentric in the scientific community. For example, the 18th century French Chemist, GUILLAUME FRANCIS ROULLE, had become a regular headache to his students. In the course of his lectures, Roulle used to take his clothes off one by one as he felt hot and hung them on different apparatuses. And, when he needed some apparatus for some demonstration, he would wander about storerooms looking for it!

SURREPTITIOUS SCIENTIST

Churchill Eisenhart, son of the former Dean of Princeton University, tells of a telephone call to the Dean's office after EINSTEIN'S arrival in the university. The caller said, "Perhaps you can tell me where Dr. Einstein lives". Since it had been agreed that everything should be done to protect Einstein from inquisitive callers the request was politely refused. The voice on the telephone dropped to a near whisper, and continued: "Please do not tell anybody, but I am Dr. Einstein. I am on my way home and have forgotten where my house is."

LIVING FOR OTHERS

God my father

I sighed because this day was dark—and then I met a child who had no eyes !
I complained because the walk was long—until I met a man who had no legs !
I prayed for wealth beyond my need—and then I met a poor soul with no bread at all !

O Lord, forgive me ! — for the world is mine.

Anon

THE STAIRS OF ADVERSITY

Frank Schrepfer was the President of the Newman Club at the University of Illinois and one of the most popular students of the campus a number of years ago. The load of handicaps he bore would have frustrated the ambition of most young men but not Frank. He came back from World War I without his right arm, his body riddled with shrapnel and just one-sixth normal vision. Yet, with the aid of a reader, he secured high grades, became probably the best orator in the campus, passed his degree with distinction and later became an outstanding expert in landscape architecture.

There are hundreds of others who have climbed the ladder of handicaps and have won for themselves the prize of immortal glory. *Robert Louis Stevenson* was a T. B. patient; *MILTON* was blind; *Beethoven* was deaf; *Demosthenes* had a weak voice; *Helen Keller* was blind and deaf; *Charles Darwin* scarcely knew a day of perfect health; *Louis Pasteur* at forty-six suffered a paralytic stroke which handicapped him for the rest of his life.

Only by climbing the ladder of adversity and converting obstacles into stepping stones did these men achieve greatness, provoking the abiding admiration of mankind.

Do you want to succeed ? Face every adversity frankly, calmly, realistically. Study how to overcome it. What counts is not so much what happens to you but how you react to it.

Anon

The Rains, The Pains and The Gains

Akhl Aggarwal IX

For the majority, particularly us children, what really matters has only been what affects us personally in the matter of comfort and clothing, food and feasting, games and recreation, etc. We may be surrounded by dismay and disaster but as long as we have had our fill of food and fun we are not at all affected and moved.

For those of us who occasionally at least scan the newspapers besides sports and comic sections, and listen to the radio and attentively watch television besides our favourite "film" music and feature films, we have indeed heard about floods and famines, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, etc., but these have made no impression on us at all. Even if we have studied passages of various catastrophes in our school books, these have made little impact on our little minds and we brush these stories aside as fictions or fairy tales! Seeing is believing and experiencing is what really counts.

Over the centuries both in the country and around the globe nature has time and again demonstrated her whims and fancies, her might

and moods for deadly destruction, which have so often been unpredictable and uncontrollable. India's capital experienced such a sorry situation in the month of August, 1977, thanks to the heavy rains and, as we were told, to the breaching of the Dhansa Bundh and the Nazafgarh Drain. Gushing waters enveloped Delhi's suburban colonies and outlying villages, submerging one-third of the Union Territory under water. Hundreds of jughis were washed away by the gushing waters and countless houses were damaged and even destroyed. This watery bulldozer found villages and residential colonies ideal for their destructive work, the worst hit being Jahangirpuri.

Reports kept flashing over the radio and on television while newspapers carried daily and detailed descriptions of the flood and its fury! Many of our own parents and relations also began to panic because of rumours which announced that the drain across Mall Road having crossed the danger mark now threatened to overflow and flood the adjoining areas. Still most of us children lived in blissful ignorance

and calm complacency. I for one was living in anticipated joy at perhaps being lucky to have some unscheduled holidays due to the rains! Anything for a break and to miss classes.

It was one overcast morning that our Principal, Father George, shook us out of our lethargy, inspired sympathy and stirred us into action. He described the scene he had encountered together with three teachers when they went to survey the scene created by the floods. He narrated the sad and pathetic picture of men, women and little children staggering with a few salvaged belongings with fear and famine written largely on their faces and expressions. There were so very many who fell at the feet of our Principal and the teachers begging for aid and assistance and food. This was the time, we realised, that we were called upon to show that we were one people, one nation. And so, hardly did the Principal appeal for volunteers to assist in social work and a mission of mercy when practically all hands shot up. Of course it would neither be wise nor helpful for the whole school to descend on the camps where these unfortunate people had taken refuge. This would merely make confusion worse confounded. A few senior students were, therefore, chosen to assist the teachers in going daily to the camps to distribute food and medicines, which were generously made available to us by (christian) aid agencies in Delhi and which were stored in our Junior School in Model Town. Our field of work was to be in

the Model Town Stadium where the flood victims had been camping.

Due to the worsening of the flood situation, the Jahangirpuri Village was practically transplanted to the Stadium. The civic authorities were happy to have us give a helping hand and provided us with a tent for our mission of mercy.

Those of us who were privileged to lend a helping hand did so with enthusiasm and zeal. After school each day from 8th August, thirty of us accompanied our teachers and helped bring joy to the suffering villagers and food and medicine. Doling out food and medicine for a couple of hours daily helped melt our hearts as we saw for ourselves the mournful, desolate, hungry, worried and wrinkled faces, and particularly so of the hundreds of little children in rags. Their smiles and expressions of genuine thankfulness was reward enough for all of us.

The Junior children of our school did not want to be outdone in this work of mercy. While the chosen few dashed home after school for a quick lunch, and some skipped even that in order to be on time at the stadium, our juniors collected bread and biscuits and other eatables from their own homes and neighbours in order to offer these for the poor unfortunate people. What a change had taken place among the students and the staff of our school. All of us without exception were ready to sacrifice our time and our recreation, our pocket money and even our meals.

But this itself afforded us immense satisfaction and joy. To boost up our morale and spirits, the visit of Archbishop Angelo Fernandes to the Camp with his words of cheer both for the victims and for those of us working zealously, helped in no little way to double our enthusiasm and zeal. This was the time when we understood and realised what we had been praying during the School Assembly :

"This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord,

Strike, strike at the root of penury
in my heart.

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

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

Give me the strength never to
disown the poor or bend my knees
before insolent might."

And so this enriching experience of ours will help us sing correctly and meaningfully the School Motto : "This little guiding light of mine, I am going to let it shine; Let it shine all the time, let it shine."

Smile a While!

Judge to thief : "Have you ever done anything worthwhile".

Thief : "Yes your honour, I've provided work for ten policemen."

Geography of My Class

Manju Korseja IX-B

Location : Ascend the stairs of the science block of Rosary School and let your ears lead you towards a noise-erupting room. You will have arrived in Class IX-B.

Relief : An open, airy room with plenty of windows and ventilators. Walls are covered with scratches and marks of pens and pencils, the blackboard broken and the dustbin out of shape.

Climate : With wide-open windows and a cool breeze inviting slumber, the atmosphere is perfect for a decent nap.

Natural Vegetation : There are forty-seven desks closely placed, pieces of paper strewn all over the room with dust in liberal measure.

Inhabitants : Though there are some studious girls and boys, there are quite a few chatterboxes and clowns.

Population : A recent census declared a population of forty-seven. The population density of one student per desk remains constant because of zero percent birth-rate.

Qualifications : Normal in every activity but full of mischief.

Characteristics : A witty teacher and giggling students create a healthy atmosphere in the classroom, where laughter can be had when you are sad. Your birthday smiles can be brought back on entering IX-B.

Conclusion : It would surely be better for the students to unite and work, for where there is cooperation there is hope for the future.

"SPACE TRAVEL"

—Sarang D. Chandorkar X-A

Contrary to popular expectations, a "manned station on the moon" is not exactly in the offing! Much nearer in time and space are "manned space stations" which are reckoned to be put into orbit within the next decade. A major step towards such manned space stations is the Space Shuttle of NASA (National Aeronautical and Space Administration), which is expected to make space travel quite economical and routine and nothing more difficult than catching a bus! Twenty years hence, our present methods of launching a spacecraft will be similar to that of the kitty hawk.

The Space Shuttle, scheduled to be operated in 1981, will be the NASA workhorse in the eighties. The shuttle is composed of two sections: a lower section consisting of two booster rockets and the external propellant tank, while the upper section is comprised of the orbiter. The orbiter will take off like a spacecraft and land on an airstrip similar to an aeroplane. The shuttle will also carry modules like the spacelab.

The space shuttle, among other things, will make space travel cheaper. To lift a pound of payload into orbit is estimated to cost only 160 dollars.

Excepting the fuel tank, all other parts of the shuttle will be re-usable and, besides the astronauts in charge of the mission, the vehicle will also carry passengers. The first flight scheduled for 1981, will have frogs as passengers, according to NASA reports. Frogs are being sent into space to carry out experimentations in respect of space sickness the better to enable precautions to be enforced.

Starting from 1981, there will be forty launches annually from the shuttle complex at Cape Kennedy, Florida, and twenty from the U. S. Air Force site at Vandenberg, California. Each shuttle mission in orbit is expected to last from a week to a month.

Are there some seriously considering a space travel trip? Don't get cold feet and be not afraid! The orbiters are fitted with the most efficient liquid-fuelled rocket engines while the shuttle is expected to be so strong as to be utilised about a hundred times after maintenance and overhauling. So go ahead and start planning and looking forward to a joy-ride in the Space Shuttle so that you can have a bird's eye view of mother earth and delve more deeply into the mysteries of the universe. □

The Happiest Day of My Life

—Gita Gangadharan VII-B

In life man has many happy days but the happiest day is one that will be remembered all his life. I too have had many happy days, one of which I consider to be the happiest day of my life and which I shall never be able to forget. That day was truly a very wonderful experience for me.

Our school was preparing for a "General Knowledge Quiz Competition" on T.V., and fortunately I too was selected as one of the representatives of Rosary School. Our teachers gave us a lot of training and coaching for the quiz competition and all of us were tremendously excited to participate and prepare ourselves adequately for the occasion.

The day dawned at long last. We had been informed not to bring our books on that day, which was spent in last minute preparations and final instructions. Dressed very smartly for the occasion in school uniform, we left by our school bus at 4-00 p.m. for the Television Centre at Akashvani Bhavan;

the programme was to be held at 6-00 p.m. Our Principal and two of our Teachers accompanied us. We reached the T.V. Centre very early at about 5 p.m., and were most excited to see the television stars and announcers. They told us that we were to compete with the Central School, whose children had also already assembled.

The time passed quickly. The television star conducting the quiz explained to us the rules and regulations of the contest and how we could obtain a certain number of points for answering correctly each question, and that the participants had to start getting points for their school from a circle, from where they would have to ride on a bicycle to their homes!! The player reaching the home first would obtain the first prize. There were also some other contests like knitting, covering books, etc.

A little before 5-45 p.m., we were taken to the hall, where the camera was ready. Our teachers were not

allowed inside. At last the time arrived. My heart was fluttering with excitement and fright, since this was my very first experience of this kind. It was a very good programme and our school performed extremely well, as we were able to answer almost all the questions and won two of the three prizes awarded. After being congratulated by the T.V. stars, our Principal and Teachers for our excellent performance, we returned home by bus.

The following day my friends congratulated me, as they happened to see me on their television sets answering questions and getting a prize. This was surely the most wonderful experience I ever had in my life, and I feel sure I will never forget that glorious day. □

The Anatomy of Hunger

—Kiran Tandon X-4

As soon as we need food, our body begins to crave for it! But, how does our system know that we are feeling hungry? How does the mind get the message?

Hunger has nothing to do with an empty stomach, as most people believe. A baby born with an empty stomach does not feel hungry for days; sick and feverish folk have indeed an empty stomach with no pangs of hunger! Hunger begins to be experienced when certain nutritive elements are lacking in the blood. When the blood vessels are deprived of these a message is conveyed to a certain part of the brain which is called the "hunger centre".

As long as the blood has sufficient food, the hunger centre slows up the action of the stomach and the intestines. When food is withheld from the blood, the hunger centre activates the stomach and the intestines. That is the reason

why a hungry person often hears his stomach rumbling!

When we are hungry, our body does not crave for any special kind of food—it just desires nourishment. It is our appetite that sees to it that our hunger is not satisfied with just one type of food, which would be unhealthy; for instance, it would not be beneficial for us to have daily a certain amount of nourishment only in the form of potatoes.

How long can we live without food? That depends on the individual. A calm and sedate person could live longer without food than an excitable and irritable one, since the stored-up protein in the body is consumed much more slowly. The world record for living without food is claimed by a South African woman, who affirmed that she lived on plain water and soda for 102 days! □

A RED SUNSET ?

—Sanjeev Kumar Shamb X-A

An enchanting red sunset, the colour warm and glowing, is one of the loveliest sight one can behold. With eyes glued to such a scene, one might possibly exclaim : "See how red the sun is !"

But, of course, we know that the sun itself has not become red or indeed changed in any way. It merely appears that way to us at that particular time of the day. In fact, at that very moment, sun-viewers thousands of miles to the west behold no redness at all in the sun ! What produces the colour in a sunset is the distance that sunlight has to travel through the atmosphere. The lower the sun is, the more of the earth's atmosphere does its light travel through.

We have learnt that sunlight has a mixture of light of all colours which, normally, appears white to our eyes. But the atmosphere has molecules of air, dust, water-vapour and other im-

purities present in it. As the light passes through them, different colours are dispersed by these particles. It so happens that our atmosphere dispenses violet, blue and green light more than it does the red and yellow. Hence, when the sun is low, this scattering leaves more red and yellow for us to behold, and we thus have a reddish sunset.

Similarly, this scattering of light explains why the sky looks blue. Violet and blue light have short waves and are scattered about ten times more than red light waves by the atmosphere. This means that red rays are transmitted straight through the atmosphere while the blue waves do not come through directly but are scattered by the air, water and dust particles. It is this scattered light that we see as the blue sky.

A red sunset ! What a glorious sight which gladdens the heart and soothes the mind !

□

Flying Saucer : A Myth or Reality ?

—Gautam Varma X-B

Flying Saucer—a myth or reality ? This question has posed a challenge to our scientists haunting them right to the present day. Evidence indicates the existence of "something" not to be ignored but demanding very special attention.

A German scientist maintains that these alien crafts have been probing the earth since long and credits them the construction of the Pyramids of Egypt. His supposition is based on the type of stone slabs used in the construction of the Pyramids which would have been impossible for Egyptians to carry across that river. Moreover, according to him, the inscriptions and sketches found on the walls of the Pyramid depict persons with a cap-like-thing on their heads which represented a sophisticated headgear worn by people from outer space.

Further evidence has been offered by an American coastguard in a series of photographs showing clearly a disc-

like-object in the sky. According to a U.S. press release, two shipyard workers were hauled aboard a U.F.O. (unidentified flying object). They saw a strange craft emitting a bluish light and descending on the earth but remaining nine metres above the ground. Three gray creatures floating in the air very much resembled an electronic eye. During the year 1973, the U. S. -was continuously being probed by such U.F.O's, which disrupted their communication system.

The latest theory affirms that "flying saucers" are nuclear-propelled originating from a far-off planet millions of light years away and having a far superior technology and resembling a big electronic eye. Whatever it may be, actual facts have yet to come to light. They may be visitors from outer space or pure science fiction but the fact remains that they baffle the imagination and modern science. Scientific study and observation will most certainly be pursued rigorously and methodically to identify and explain any possible existence and nature of the "Flying Saucer".

Don't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit—
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won when he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man ;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar ;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

From "GLEANINGS" : Author unknown.

A New Dawn

Every New dawn to me
Appears a little brighter than the last
For the early morning freshness
Spells new hopes for the day.

And when the brighter sunshine comes
I welcome it with a smile
Wondering what the day has brought
From the depth of the vast future.

Then when evening comes after a bright day
My own big shadow stands on my way,
Another tiresome day is gone
Into the hard crust of the past.

But when darkness prevails around me at last
I look and look again at the past,
With the same anxiety
As that of a child, I wait
For the next dawn to come.

—Miss Rita Kapoor

MODESTY DEMANDS

Modesty demands that when teachers come
We wish them the time of the day.
Though we stand, each and everyone,
“Good Morning” seems a crime to say !

Modesty demands that blackboards be clean,
But I discover there is no duster.
“Has anyone seen it”, I scream,
And in the end I use a paper !

Modesty demands that when teachers enter
We should leave our work and stand.
Yet, when I do, my classmates wonder
And I’m asked what I don’t understand !

Modesty demands that desks be in line
And the chairs be placed in order.
But the following day I come and pine
With the furniture there no longer !

Modesty demands that I stand erect
At the National Anthem and when I pray ;
But that’s impossible when wasps select
My nose to land, my face to flay !

Modesty demands that at all times
I be a gentleman, not a prune.
When I’m modest one or other opines
That I’m a wild creature from Neptune !

—Sandeep Prabhakar X-A

MATHEMATICS

- Mathematics is a kind of a cricket team consisting of eleven players:
- M* stands for : The opening player '*Memory*', the most important for a mathematician.
- A* stands for : *Accuracy*, the captain of a team. You cannot do without it.
- T* stands for : *Talent* which plays a very useful innings (part) for improving propositions.
- H* stands for : *Hard Work*, the wicket-keeper of the team and important for a mathematician.
- E* stands for : *Enthusiasm*, which keeps the game alive and the mathematician working.
- M* denotes : *Maximum* ! maximum runs scored by the player, and *maximum marks* secured by a mathematician are imperative for success.
- A* stands for : *Attention* : equally important for a player as well as for a mathematician.
- T* stands for : *Tact*, which often helps in winning the match and solving the sum.
- I* stands for : *Intelligence*, which gets wickets galore and good marks.
- C* denotes : *Cleverness* in stealing singles and beating the rival mathematician.
- S* stands for : *Smiles* from the winners for the losers.

Contributed by :

—Sanjeev Gulati VIII-C

DID YOU KNOW ?

1. No *sound* lasts for ever as a sound. The waves that carry sound become weaker and, finally, our human ears can no longer hear them. There are no scientific instruments that can record sound after a certain amount of time has passed.
2. "*Magnet*" is named after a Greek shepherd boy 'Magness' who first noticed the property of a certain material attracting iron. He discovered that the iron nails in his shoes and the iron tip of his staff were being attracted by a particular mass on the ground.
3. "*Sloths*" are known for their peculiar way of travelling upside down: they hang down whilst moving about the branches of trees. They are to be found in Central and South America.
4. The temperature of a *bird* ranges from 100°F to 112°F, whereas the normal temperature of man is 98.6°F. 112°F, means swift death to man. The bird has an extraordinary heart which beats 120 times a minute when at rest and after a flight it beats so fast that it cannot be measured by ordinary means. The human pulse averages only 72 beats per minute.
5. A tiny *honey bee* has two stomachs whereas the unique animal, man, has only one.
6. The *Cheetah*, a species of a hunting leopard, is the fastest mammal in existence with a speed of seventy miles an hour.

Second comes the *buck deer* with fifty miles an hour followed by the *horse* with forty miles an hour.

7. *Midday* on one side of the earth is *midnight* on the other.

Hence it is necessary to have some point from which to reckon time. And the place most nations have agreed is Greenwich, near London, England. For example, when events occur in the sky Greenwich time is referred to, that is to say the time reckoned by how the sun is at Greenwich.

8. A *woman's skull* is usually lighter and smoother and rounder than man's. It is also usually smaller and holds a smaller brain. A woman's brain, however, is quite as big as a man's in proportion to the size of the body; that is to say, it is not in any sense inferior to a man's brain.

9. A *bee* travels 300,000 miles to prepare one pound of honey.

10. The largest leaf in the world is the giant *water lily*, which is circular in shape and has a diameter of two meters.

11. *In one day* :
‡ Your heart beats 103680 times.
‡ You take in breath 24040 times.
‡ You speak about 4,800 words.
‡ You eat 1.5 kg. of food.
‡ You drink 1.45 litres of liquid.
‡ You move 750 of your main muscles.
‡ You walk about two miles.
‡ Your hair increases by 0.0432 cms.
‡ Your finger-nails increases by 0.000117 cms.

Compiled by :
Students

A TORNADO IN DELHI

Manoj Sharma X-B

No person has yet been able to understand nature perfectly and to fathom its mysterious ways of acting. Nature proves at times to be extremely kind and generous while at other times it becomes aggressive, dramatic and cruel. In nature we discover a number of violent phenomena like volcanoes, earthquakes, landslides, storms and floods etc. To the list can be added the rare and violent phenomenon called "tornado". Physically speaking, a tornado is a funnel-shaped cloud whirling at a great speed with a small tail hanging down, which leads to and from causing terrific destruction. One such tornado visited Delhi recently.

It was around six o'clock in the evening of 17th March, 1978, that this tornado descended on a few residential areas near the University Campus. All of a sudden the sky turned dark with black-coloured clouds which broke and produced wild sounds and

a violent wind that proved most disastrous.

An eye-witness described it to be "a circular, silvery, blackish cloud whirling slowly with a small tail hanging down". Everybody was taken unawares by this tornado, which indeed proved disastrous and destructive. In its wake a number of houses were either reduced to shambles or had their roofs blown off, while quite a number of persons were either killed or wounded. The All India Radio transmitting towers toppled over ceasing the broadcasts from Delhi A, B & C stations; trees were uprooted and thrown across the roads; DTC buses colliding with such fallen trees turned turtle injuring many a passenger; some scooters and autorickshaws were even carried into the air by the whirling wind. The complete area suffered heavy loss. This tornado, lasting for about three minutes only and enveloping an area of four kms., caused a damage worth crores of rupees.

Is Chemistry A Bore ?

If you find chemistry a bore,
Have a few drops of H_2SO_4 ,
But, if you feel it light and free,
You better take some CaCO_3 ,
And, if you take both of them, it's true
You will be full of CO_2 ,
The other products would be CaSO_4 and water,
No matter you are your Dad's only son or daughter,
And, if you by chance happen to smell
The gas that we call HCl ,
You will jump about in circleum
Like water reacts with sodium.
If you hear atoms called isotopes,
About your future you will have no hopes,
So, folks, lie flat on your bed
And take every bit of chemistry out of your head !

Contributed by :
—Rajesh Vig VIII-B

GLASSES FOR DOGS

—Rajnish Attam IX-B

First it was sweaters, then booties, and now it is eye glasses for dogs ! The inventor, a Paris eye-glass manufacturer named Robert Morel, confirmed that the glasses for dogs could be used for all purposes, from near-sightedness to protection of the animal's eyes from the sun. He stated that a "luminous rays" test was conducted and that these glasses could be purchased from any optician. Such "dog glasses" has a close resemblance to glasses for human beings except that they have a plastic chin-strap for holding them in place.



MY CLASS

My class has many funny girls
With laughing eyes and hair that curls.
The characters in my class I'll now describe;
So read it with wide-open eyes.
Sarita is the biggest clown in town,
She comes to school in her dressing gown !
Seema and Rajani, tall and fair,
Try to control the class in despair.
Sangeeta's a giggler, O my god !
To quieten her we've to run with a rod !
Dishi's supposed to keep the class neat,
So in the class we cannot even eat.
But little does she know of the chicklets that pass
Here and there around the class !
Gujrati has brains, and she uses them too;
None else comes first (boo! boo! boo!)
So these are some of the girls in my class,
The ones who are special and make me laugh !
There are monkeys and elephants and tomboys too !
But I like my class and so should you.

Sangeeta Gujrati VIII-D



—3. Home For the aged Submerged! —

to the periphery of the embracing and enveloping all residential colonies. The fact had to be seen to be believed. And indeed the floods arrived literally "like a thief in the night"!

It was in the early hours of 5th September that an excited commotion in the dead of night announced the arrival of the flood waters. With sleepy eyes and dazed minds the Principals

4. Playing Field Flooded! —

Vice-Principal, a few resident servants and the inmates of Ocanam Home for the Aged in the compound awoke to the reality of the whole area speedily being filled with gushing waters. Within an hour the ground floors of the buildings on the campus and the school buses were deluged under water! After helping the thirty odd aged and infirm to safety, the priests and servants just about managed



—5. Horses Bonded! —

betaking themselves to higher grounds without being able to salvage any prized possession be they personal or belonging to the institutions. The thoughtful cook, however, carried with her a stove and a sack of rice, which were to stand them in good stead.



--6. *Swimming for Saving!*

REFUGE AND RESCUE

The new church and priests' residence under construction at right angles to the science block proved to be a real sanctuary and a haven. Inconvenience there were galore: toilets were not in operation while electricity and water connections had yet to be made. The thirty odd drenched and depressed crowded into the small rooms. The aged

7. *Bridging the Gulf!*

and the infirm had to be given place and comfort in spite of bed and water being at a discount! Coleridge's terse lines are to keep haunting the verses for more than twenty or long hours: "Water, water, everywhere; Nor any drop to drink." The dubious sight to behold was the campus transformed into a sea and the buildings rising above the waters in majesty and splendour!



--8. *Flood's 'floral' legacy!*

It is a paradox that often the best in us comes out only at moments when apparently every hope is lost! If September 1978 has been the cruelest month for Rosary School, it has also been the month that has created a sense of new thinking - more dynamic, more united and more creative.

If the first floor of the building under construction helped keep bodies from being deluged or drowned, there were two lakh





—9. From gloom to bloom?

fuls who contributed to keeping body and soul together: the cook succeeded in concocting to feed the inner man while an elderly clerk, Mr. Bose, ventured out for help and succour. The latter's loyalty to the school inspired him to swim across (literally with the help of an earthen pot!) to survey the scene and discover for himself the plight of those who had taken refuge on the first floor of

10. References Reversed!

the building under construction. Having witnessed the sorry spectacle, Bose swam across to the crossroads, obtained the assurance of boats, journeyed to the residence of the Manager ten miles away to describe the situation and request for help and for food for the victims of the flooded Rosary School grounds. This was genuinely a heroic and praiseworthy gesture.

Father Kudsilil himself crossed



—11. A Library Lost!

over a temporarily constructed bridge and waded across chest-deep water to study the situation of the School in Model Town and the plight of the Nuns resident there, who had taken refuge on the first floor of the building after saving most possessions, thanks to the consideration and courtesy of Sidhu family. Father organised that the nuns be ferried across the waters to be accommodated at Montfort School. Selfishness had given way to selflessness!



←12. Literature levelled !

AFTERMATH

The complete ground floors of the old building and the science block, which were submerged in water, resulted in tragic destruction and irreparable loss of the prized library with its 9000 precious books and the reading

13. Chemistry Confused ! →

room, the envy of many an institution, and an almost total annihilation of the chemistry lab with its flood water succeeding in neutralising acids and alkalis and other chemicals as also soaking and drenching the gas plant ! It was the sheer weight of the tables that kept them in position but in a sorry state ! The Principal's office was in a mess



→14. Acids & Alkalis neutralised !

and records and furniture in the school office were sorely damaged or destroyed. Tables, desks, cupboards and chairs on the ground proved to be in a bad shape while the "ancient block" in fact has become inhabitable !



15. Science subdued !

The estimated loss is quite some lakhs !

With the receding flood there remained but shrubs and weeds

16. Principal's Desk Deformed !

Perhaps as a token and parting gift and memento of nature's ravages ! The 'fishy' smell of stagnant water and the litter all around made the scene far from appealing and attractive !



17. Cleansing Corridors !

ALL HANDS ON DECK !

With flood waters just knee-deep many teachers and some students graciously waded across and spontaneously offered assistance for mopping up corridors and bringing a semblance of respectability to the classrooms. Such a gesture exhibited a keen sense of



←18. Redeeming Books!

loyalty and service. One could well imagine all the thoughts and sentiments of those who began the herculean task: the Principal who had weathered many a storm in founding and building up the school to its present grandeur and stature must have tearfully found his aspirations brought to disaster

19. Salvaging Library Books!→

but smilingly faced the challenge with undaunted courage and calm; the teachers and students must have resolved to play their part in renewing and resurrecting the outlook and image of the institution.

The mopping-up operations and allied work performed by



←20. Deciphering Office-records?

servants, staff and students, priests and nuns, slowly but surely made the building presentable for the re-starting of classes; salvaging books and straightening a variety of articles proved strenuous tasks patiently and perseveringly undertaken



21. Galvanizing Games' Goods !

and satisfactorily concluded. Re - building the library and chemistry laboratory, however, will take some months and a lot of cash ! To transform these again to their past glory will have to be the concerted effort of all concerned, staff and students, parents and well-wishers.

22. Drying out or dried up !

CONCLUSION

The floods have indeed damaged and destroyed brick and mortar, furniture and furnishing. But they certainly have



23. Flooding out dust and dirt !

not succeeded in annihilating the spirit of the institution. May "let your light shine" take on a meaningful motto and



24. Imbibing flood or a cup of tea !

Inspire all concerned towards a united and concerned outlook and principle ! As Williams Cowper tersely puts it:



25. Tired but triumphant !

"What if heavens be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last,
Expect a brighter sky;
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrow by."



GOD

LOVE



YOU

मेरा ज्ञान मन्दिर

—

जीवन में किसी भी लक्ष्य को प्राप्त करने के लिए आवश्यक है उस लक्ष्य से सम्बन्धित और अपने आप में पूर्णता लिए हुआ ज्ञान या विद्या, जिसे दक्षता आदि दूसरे नाम भी दिए जाते हैं। यह ज्ञान या विद्या किशु कुछ प्रकृति से कुछ माता-पिता से तथा कुछ समाज से सीखता है। कालांतर में योजना बद्ध ढंग से एक बड़े समुद्र को सैद्धांतिक और व्यावहारिक ज्ञान देने की प्रणाली का विकास हुआ अर्थात् छात्रों की सुभ्यता व साक्षरता की शिक्षा देकर उन्हें पूर्ण रूप से सुशिक्षित बनाया जाता था।

इस प्रकार उस प्रणाली के उत्तरोत्तर विकास का वर्तमान रूप आज का विद्यालय है। मेरा विद्यालय भी उसी श्रेणी के विद्यालयों में से है जहां सैद्धांतिक तथा व्यावहारिक दोनों ही प्रकार के ज्ञान विद्यार्थियों को दिए जाते हैं। मेरा विद्यालय उत्कृष्टता का है और सही अर्थों में विद्या का मन्दिर है जहां वास्तव में सरस्वती का निवास है।

मेरे विद्यालय 'रोजरी उत्कृष्टतम माध्यमिक विद्यालय' में शिक्षा प्रणाली विद्यार्थियों के मानसिक और शारीरिक विकास के अनुरूप है। मेरे विद्यालय का लक्ष्य है देश को समझे नागरिक देना, ऐसे नागरिक जिन्हें अपने उत्तरदायित्व का पूरा ज्ञान हो, जिन्हें अपने से पहले देश की चिन्ता हो। सम्पूर्ण शिक्षा प्रणाली इस प्रकार से योजनाबद्ध है कि विद्यालय का प्रत्येक कार्यक्रम निश्चित भा रहता है। कहीं

भी कोई भंगवट नहीं रहता है। प्रत्येक कार्यक्रम व्यवस्थित और अनुशासित ढंग से होता है चाहे वह शिष्टाचार बनाई से सम्बन्धित हो अथवा मनोरंजन व खेल-कूद से।

प्रत्येक कार्यक्रम व्यवस्थित और अनुशासित ढंग से तभी हो सकता है जब उसे करने वाला स्पष्ट और सुसंभ्रमस्तिक का स्वामी हो और अपने विषय का विद्वान हो। उपरोक्त पंक्ति से ही हमारे विद्यालय का प्रत्येक कार्यक्रम योजना बद्ध, व्यवस्थित तथा अनुशासित ढंग से होता है। ज्ञान होता है कि उसका संचालन करने वाला शिक्षक वर्ग भी ऐसी ही प्रकृति का होगा। हमारा प्रत्येक शिक्षक अपने क्षेत्र में विद्वता प्राप्त किए हुए है। अनुशासन जिस और अपने कार्य में रुचि रखने वाला है, वह विद्यार्थी में मानसिक संतुलन कायम रखते हुए उस में संशोधन करता है, वह विद्यार्थी की मनोविवक्ति जल्दता है हमारे प्रधानाचार्य व उप-प्रधानाचार्य के रूप में हमें अपने शिक्षा मंदिर में पुजारी मिल गये जो शिक्षा स्तर को उठाए गये जा रहे हैं तथा उनकी बदौलत प्रतियोगिताओं में भी हमारा विद्यालय अग्रसर हो रहा है।

इसके अतिरिक्त हमारे विद्यालय का अन्य कर्मचारी वर्ग भी सुसंभ्रम और सुशिक्षित है। हमारा विद्यालय इन्हीं सब विशेषताओं के कारण अनेक-२ प्रकार के पुरस्कार व प्रशंसाएं प्राप्त कर चुका है। वनमान्य नेताओं द्वारा भी यहाँ के शिक्षक वर्ग, अधिकारी वर्ग व्यवस्था और विशेषकर छात्र वर्ग की विशेष सराहना की जा चुकी है। यह मेरा सीमाश्रय ही सो है जो मैं ऐसे स्थान से बिना ग्रहण कर रहा हूँ जो लक्ष्य को प्राप्त करने के लिए सही मार्ग ही नहीं देता अपितु उस लक्ष्य तक भी पहुंचा देता है। ॐ

फैशन परस्ती बनाम आधुनिकता

—संगीता छाबड़ा

फैशन परस्ती बनाम आधुनिकता का अर्थ है फैशन परस्ती की ओर में आधुनिकता का रोंग । आज हम देखते हैं कि लड़के लड़कियों में कोई देखने में अन्तर नहीं रहा । वे एक-सी पोशाक पहने और लम्बे बाल रहे हुए हैं । पर अचानक यह अन्तर समाप्त कैसे हो गया ? जी, यह सब फैशन को ही culpa है । लोग फैशन कर अपने आप को आधुनिक समझते हैं । वे धावद उनको भूल है । हो सकता है इनके शब्द कोष में आधुनिकता का अर्थ फैशन हो ।

कवि मूरदास ने छोक ही कहा है—
कहा होत वन-वान कराए,
विष नहीं लज्जत मुखन ।
कायहि कहा कपूर नूनाए,
रवान गूवाए गंग ॥
सर की कहा सरगजा लेवन,
मरकट - भूषण संग ।
गज की कहा सरित मनुवाए,
बहुरि धरे वह डंग ॥

अर्थात् साँप को यदि दूध पिलाया जाए तो वह विष नहीं छोड़ देता । कोए को यदि कपूर खिलाया जाए तो वह लज्जत नहीं हो सकता । कुत्ते को यदि गंगा में नहलाया जाए तो वह पवित्र नहीं हो जाता । गधे को

चन्दन का लेप किया जाए तो वह सुन्दर हो रहता है । बन्दर आनूपण पहनने से सुन्दर नहीं लगता । हाथी को यदि सरिता से नहलाया जाए, फिर वह अपने आप को गंगा कंठ लेता है । इसी प्रकार अन्तर मनुष्य आधुनिक बस्य पहन के, नये शौक, नये डंग अपनाने से फिर भी उसके विचारों में परिवर्तन नहीं आता है ।

फैशन केवल नापी दिखावा है । वास्तविक आकर्षण उसके मुख होने हैं, उसका चरित्र, न कि बाहरी दिखावा । फैशन कर अपने आप को आधुनिक समझता आसान है परन्तु अपने विचारों को, चरित्र को आधुनिक बनाना कठिन है । फैशन सरल होने के कारण ही धावद लोगों ने इसे अपनाया है ।

नरदुबलियों को हम देखते हैं कि वे अपने पात्र पर रक्षती हैं जिन में साद-सज्जा का सामान भरा रहता है । वे समझती हैं कि पाऊडर लगाने से वे गौर-दर्प हो जाएंगी जिसे बलिष्ठिक लगाने से आकर्षक लगेगी । पर जरा सोचिए क्या कभी कोई कीड़ा मोर की चाल चलने से मोर बन जाता है ?

फैशन में तो नवयुवक भी किसी से पीछे नहीं है। वे जेब में कंधी रखते हैं, वेनचॉटम पहनते हैं ऊँची एड़ी के बूट पहनते हैं, लम्बे बाल रखते हैं, सिगरेट पीते हैं, पॉप गाने सुनते हैं। पर जनाब ये हैं किन सबकर में? यह कुर्ता धोती से वेनचॉटम और कैंस कर टाई बांधने का हेरफेर किसलिए? आप के बात करने के तौर-तरीके, विचार धारणा तो बदली हो नहीं। इस पर यह उत्तर मिलना स्वाभाविक है कि पूर्वजों ने कहा है कि मनुष्य को कमर कम कर काम करना चाहिए इसलिए बेल्ट लगाते हैं। उनका कहना है हमेशा ऊँचे होकर चलो इसलिए ऊँची एड़ी के बूट पहनते हैं। उन्होंने यह भी कहा था कि कभी बुरा मत देखो इसलिए हम लम्बे बाल रखते हैं जो आँखों के आगे धाते हैं।

सबसे बड़ी भाषा की कहावत है—“simple living and high thinking” अर्थात् सादा जीवन उच्च विचार। यह कहावत मनुष्य को अपने सम्पूर्ण जीवन के लिए अपना लेनी चाहिए परन्तु उसे फेंकन करने से फुरसत मिले तो इस पर ध्यान भी दे। अंत में मैं यह कहकर समाप्त करना चाहूँगी कि आधुनिक होना कोई बुरी बात नहीं परन्तु हमारे विचार, सोचने का ढंग आधुनिक होना चाहिए।



संस्थापक—जो उन्हीं सब सोचते हैं वे भगवान को धारें होते हैं।

जबलू—मास्टर जी, तब मैं कभी सब नहीं चोखूँगा। अगर मैं भगवान को धारा हो गया, तो मम्मी-पापा बहुत रोवेंगे। ●

यह नाक कितनी खतरनाक

—चरणजीत और साहनी X-A

नाक हमारे शरीर का एक महत्वपूर्ण अंग है। इस नाक के कारण मनुष्य को कितनी सुखियों का सामना करना पड़ता है इसका अंदाजा बहुत कम लोगों को ही होता है। साधारणतः स्त्रियों के दिन यदि किसी महाशय को चुकाम हो जाए तो फिर म्युनिसिपैलिटी के नलकों की भाँति ऐसा बहना शुरू होता है कि बंद होने नाम ही नहीं लेता।

यदि नाक न होती तो पतिदेवों को अपनी जेब-अर्च से बचत करके पत्नियों के लिए नखनी नहीं बनवानी पड़ती। बेटी का विवाह हो या सवाई अपनी नाक ऊँची करने के लिए माता-पिता को नाकों बने बचाने पड़ते हैं। यदि एक बार नाक कट जाए तो जिंदगी भर का रोना।

यदि नाक न होती तो नेताओं को यह न सहना पड़ता कि देखिए आप की नाक के नीचे सब कुछ हो रहा है, परन्तु आप को कानों-कान सबर भी नहीं है। यदि आप किसी ऐसे महाशय को छिड़ दें, जो किसी नेता के नाक के बात हो, तो नेता जी अपनी कुर्सी के दम पर आपकी नाक में दम करना देंगे। जिस व्यक्ति की नाक पर सदा लकड़ जलती हो उससे तो सदा ही सावधान रहना चाहिए।

संक्रमण द्वारा सुर्पणखा के नाक कटने पर रावण ने सीता का हरण किया और राम और रावण में भीषण युद्ध हुआ। इसी नाक के कटने और कटाने के चक्कर में महाभारत का युद्ध हुआ।

अब जनाब आप देख ही चुके हैं कि यह नाक कितनी खतरनाक है, तो अपनी नाक संभालिए नहीं तो कहीं आपकी नाक भी ●

साहित्य का उद्देश्य

—अनुपम मिश्रा

साहित्य का मूल उद्देश्य जीवन है और इसी अर्थ में यह भी कहा जा सकता है कि साहित्य मानव की एक महानतम उपलब्धि है। जीवन अनन्त है और इस अनन्त जीवन ने अनेक प्रकार की दुष्का-आकाशाधी विचारों और भावों का असौम्य अविच्छिन्न प्रवाह अनन्त काल से हो चला आ रहा है। यह एक सर्वमान्य एवं बहुचर्चित तथ्य है कि अपनी अविकसित अवस्था में मानव ने प्रकृति के नैसर्गिक रूप से चले पा रहे अनन्त क्रियाकलापों को आश्चर्य से निहारता होता। उसने जीवन में चलने वाली आशा-निराशाओं, हर्ष-विषादों का क्रमिक आरोहाचरोह भी प्रकृति के उन्मुक्त प्रणिम में अनुभूत किया होता, क्योंकि प्रकृति और मानव जीवन का सम्बन्ध अनादि एवं अनन्त है। यह सभी प्रकार की स्थितियों में अपरिवर्तित होता है, अतः मूल में वा केवल आनन्द साधना के लिये रचना करने कर सकता है। आनन्द साधना भी जीवन का एक सक्षर है, पर यह साधना साहित्य या किसी भी माध्यम से तभी सम्भव हो सकती है जब व्यावहारिक जगत् जीवन और समाज स्वस्थ मनोवृत्तियों से परिचायित हो। अतः साहित्य का पहला उद्देश्य स्वस्थ सुन्दर जीवन का निर्माण करना ही हो।

अतः साहित्य के मूल प्रयोग या उद्देश्य को जानने के लिये आवश्यक हो जाता है संक्षेपतः इस शब्द की व्युत्पत्ति पर भी

विचार कर लिया जाये। भारतीय वैयाकरणों के अनुसार 'साहित्य' शब्द की व्युत्पत्ति या बनावट में राम उपसर्ग 'सा' धातु लिये 'हित' हो जाया करता है और यत् अथवा-ये तीन शब्द या शब्दांश विद्यमान हैं। इस प्रकार इनका सम्मिलित रूप बन जाता है 'सम्+हित्+यत्=साहित्य'। इस 'साहित्य' का भाव-वाचक रूप हो साहित्य बनता या होता है। 'सा'—धारणे के अनुसार इस 'सा' हित बनने वाले शब्द का अर्थ होता है धारण करना। संस्कृत साहित्य में 'साहित्यस्य भावः, इति साहित्यम्' कहकर भी 'साहित्य' शब्द व्युत्पत्ति की जाती है। उसका अर्थ होता है—साथ रहने या होने का भाव होना 'स+हित' और 'सह+हित' व्याख्या करने के हित के साथ होना ही साहित्य है। इसी प्रकार की एक और अन्य व्याख्यात्मक व्युत्पत्ति भी संस्कृत में उपलब्ध होती है—'हितेन-सह-साहित्यम-तस्य भावः साहित्यम्'। इसका अर्थ है जो प्राणीमात्र का हित-साधन करने का भाव रखता है, वह साहित्य है। वास्तव में वे सभी व्युत्पत्तियाँ अपने व्याख्यात्मक परिवेश में साहित्य के मूल उद्देश्य को छिपाये हुये हैं। यह उद्देश्य है हित-साधन।

इस कथन से यह स्पष्ट है कि साहित्य प्रयोजन सभी-वृष्टिओं से मानव जीवन के हित-साधन के लिये विभिन्न प्रकार की समन्वय साधना हो है। वास्तव में साहित्य की सार्वकला भी इसी समन्वय साधना में ही है। यह समन्वय-साधना मानवता के सामाजिक सौन्दर्य के स्तर पर ही सम्भव हो सकती है, क्योंकि साहित्य में जित्त भाव बोधक तथ्य का प्रयोग किया जाता है, उससे भी अर्थ सहज किया जाता है, उसका सीधा सम्बन्ध

मानव जीवन और समाज में ही रहता है।
 यतः जीवन और समाज का हित साधन
 करना ही साहित्य का मूल प्रयोजन या
 उद्देश्य स्वीकारा जाता है।

काव्य व साहित्य का प्रयोजन यतः अर्थ
 प्राप्ति के साथ-साथ व्यवहार कुशल बनाना,
 जीवन के शिव (संयतन) तत्वों की रक्षा
 करना और काला (प्रियतमा) के समान
 उपदेश की योजना करना है। इस परिभाषा
 एवं उद्देश्य वर्णन में, वास्तव में जीवन के
 मनोरंजक (आनन्द या रस) और व्यवहार
 दोनों पक्ष आ जाते हैं। इसी बात की आशय
 हेमचन्द्र ने भी "काव्यमालाव्यास, वक्षते
 काव्या तुल्यमनोपदेशाय" कहकर अभिव्यक्त
 किया है। संस्कृत के इन सभी साधकों के
 मनों के सार हैं कि काव्य या साहित्य का
 मुख्य उद्देश्य कवि और सहृदय सामाजिक
 को मुख्य रूप से आनन्द की अनुभूति कराना
 ही है।

कवि मेधिलोचरण गुप्त की साहित्य
 का प्रयोजन स्पष्ट कराने वाली निम्नलिखित
 उक्ति तो काफी प्रचलित है—

“हितव्य मनोरंजन व कवि का कर्म होना
 चाहिये,

उसमें उचित उपदेश का भी समं
 होना चाहिये।

इसी प्रकार कवि जयजंकर प्रसाद
 कहते हैं—“संसार में काव्य दो तरह के लाभ
 पहुंचाते हैं—मनोरंजन और शिक्षा”। यतः
 साहित्य का उद्देश्य समाज के अनुशासन के
 बाहर स्वच्छन्द मानव स्वभाव में उसकी
 सुक्ति को अक्षुण्ण रखते हुए, समाज के
 विवे अनुकूलता उत्पन्न करना है।

भाई - भाई

—ज्योती बाला V-B

हिन्दू मुस्लिम सिक्ख ईसाई,
 आपस में सब भाई - भाई।

मन्दिर हिन्दू लोग बनाते,
 मस्जिद में मुस्लिम ही जाते।

सिक्खों का बनता गुरुद्वारा,
 ईसाईयों का गिरजाघर भव्य।

धन्य-धन्य पूजा करते हैं,
 पर सब हिलबिल कर रहते हैं।

सब मिलकर स्पोहार मनाते-
 गाते हंगते खुशी मनाते।

नहीं कोई है हममें घमण्ड,
 रहते सब दिली के सन्दर।



चटपटे चूटकले

—विरीश नारंग IV-A

मेठ (नोकर से)—त तो तुम्हें भाड़ू लगाना
 आता है और न बर्तन मांजना।
 धालिर तुम्हें आता क्या है?

नोकर—जी, पसीना।



मां (जीप से)—जिसने बड़ा फुलदान तोड़ा
 है, मैं उसकी हड्डी-पसली एक करके
 रहुंगी।

टिप्पू—मां, तब तो पिता जी को अस्पताल
 जाना पड़ेगा।



तुमने नारी का अपमान किया

—अवध बेरी IX-C

तुमने नारी का अपमान किया,
उस नारी का जिसने तुम्हें सम्मान दिया,
दिया सहारा जिसने तुमको,
उसको खपला का नाम दिया,
तुमने नारी का अपमान किया ।

जिसने तुमको मोक्षान्त दिया,
उसे ही दुर्भाग्य कह कर मार दिया,
खुद ही बाजार में बिठा दिया और,
खुद ही कुलटा का नाम दिया,
तुमने नारी का अपमान किया ।

रक्षा के वहाने कंद दिया,
इज्जत के वहाने ही चारदीवारी,
उसको तुमने ही घुटन और बीमारी,
जिसने तुमको अधिकार दिया,
उसका तुमने अपमान किया ।

जिसने कष्ट में साथ दिया,
मुख में उसको छोड़ दिया,
जिसने तुमको स्वामी कहा,
तुमने दासी का नाम दिया
तुमने नारी का अपमान किया

जिसने तुमको जन्म दिया,
उस को ही तुमने बेच दिया,
जिसने तुमसे को बचा,
बेवफा कह कर बदनाम किया,
तुमने नारी का अपमान किया ।

तुम छावारा, छराबी और बदचलन बने,
फिर भी उसने देव कहा,
उस पर भी तुमने छत्याचार किया,
तुमने नारी का अपमान किया ।

जिसने तुमको पावनता दी,
मुनिवारा के उसे अपवित्र किया,
जिसने तुम को प्यार किया,
उस पर तुमने राज किया,
तुमने नारी का अपमान किया,

सुरेश— ऐसा कीन-सा काम है जो
बिना किए हो जाए ।

रमेश— फेल होता ।

रिपोर्ट कार्ड

—राजेश गुप्ता X-B

टूट पड़ता है जैसे, एक मुसीबतों का पहाड़,
साईन करवाने को आता है जब—'रिपोर्ट कार्ड' ।

टेस्ट टूट ने सत्तम, खुश भी टूट बहुत ने हम,
टेस्ट कापियों के बीच ने तब हमें दबाया,
घर आकर फिर भी, हमने न बतलाया ।

टूटा ऐसे मैं सर पर हमारे एक और मुसीबतों का पहाड़,
साईन करवाने को जब आनया हमारे पांव—'रिपोर्ट कार्ड' ॥

सोचा, अब तो मुश्किल है बन पाना, सबको चकमा देकर,
सो, डरते सम्मसते पहुंचे बेटी के पास, हम उसको लेकर ।

समझ गए हैं ही भी उठे गुस्से से, लेकर अपनी चरमा,
गुस्ता उनका देखते ही खुल गया अपना तरमा ॥

देखा पहले ही गणित में उन्होंने अपना,
किता तभी तैयार उन्होंने अपना बड़ा ।

अंग्रेजी में धक जो देने उन्होंने बारह,
गुस्से में एक हाथ उन्होंने उलटा मारा ।

आगे जो उन्होंने देखा कि है हम हिन्दी में भी फेल,
आगे बेटा जाकर कियत में, रोटिदां तु फेल ॥

बन्द हुआ एक खेलना,
दूना हाथ में पहुंचा खेलना,

हिमाचल से ऊँचा लगा तब वह मुसीबतों का पहाड़,
सादा था जिसे, वह बन हुआ रिपोर्ट कार्ड ॥

हमने भी फैशन किया

—सौमा जर्मा VIII

हम बहुत ही लीदे-सादे व्यक्ति थे। कृष्ण-पावनामा और एक चप्पल पहन कर अपने दिन गुजार रहे थे कि हम पर फैशन का ऐसा भूत गवार हुआ कि आज हम अपना सिर पकड़कर रो रहे हैं।

बाल चों हुई कि एक दिन हमें अपना पुराना मित्र गप्पू मिल गया। हम तो उसे देखते ही रह गए-झींझों पर काला चश्मा, ऊँची एड़ी के जूते, शशिकपुर स्टाईल के बाल और एक बेलबॉटम। हमें उससे बहुत ईर्ष्या हुई और हमने भी प्रण कर लिया कि हम भी उसके जैसे बन कर ही दम लेने।

बस, फिर क्या था। ईश्वर का नाम लेकर पहुँच गए हम दर्जों की दुकान पर। आपकी यह जानकारी बहुत प्रसन्नता होगी कि हमें भगवान से कुछ ऐसा बरदान मिला है कि हमारा शरीर नार व्यक्तियों के बराबर है और लोग हमें प्यार से कभी-२ “हाथी भी कह देते हैं। हमारे भारी-भरकम शरीर को ध्यान में रखते हुए, जब दर्जों ने साठ मीटर लम्बा बताया तो हम वहीं पान वहीं एक कुर्सी पर लुझ गए। बेचारी कुर्सी भी हमारा भार न सह सकी और उसका वहीं पर ही ‘राम राम’ हो गया। अर्थात् उसकी हड्डी-बसखी चूर-२ हो गई। अब क्या था ?

बेलबॉटम की पहनी सिलाई के साथ-२ हमें कुर्सी की सीमत भी भरनी पड़ी। सिर मुड़ते ही घोंले पड़े। परन्तु हमने तो प्रण किया था कि झींझों, तुफानों को भेल कर भी फैशन करेंगे। आखिर आने बचना ही तो हमारा काम था।

इसलिए हम फौरन चल दिए जूतों की दुकान की ओर। वहाँ पर हमने बिना पैरों का माप देखे ही छः इंच ऊँची एड़ी के जूते पंक करवा लिए। इसके बाद हमने एक लुचमुरत-से फेम वाला एक प्यारा-सा चश्मा खरीदा लिया।

अब बालों की बारी थी। हम नाई के पास भी पहुँच गए। हमने उसे किसी हीरो के स्टाइल के बाल काटने को कहा। लेकिन जब हमने उसके रेट मुने तो हमारे होश गुम हो गए। नाई ने हमें बतलाया कि सबसे सस्ता स्टाईल तो नारद-मुनि ‘कट’ है। हम फौरन तैयार हो गए। बाल कटने के बाद हमारा सिर बिल्कुल चाँद की तरह चमक रहा था। और बालों के नाम पर हमारे सिर पर एक लम्बी-सी चोटी लटक रही थी।

इस प्रकार हमारा बहुत पैसा खर्च हो

चुका था और पूरा महीना अभी हमारे सामने था। (परन्तु हम फूले नहीं समा रहे थे कि आखिर हमने भी फेंसान की दुनिया में गन्दन रख ही दिया है।) एक दिन सुबह समय देखाकर हमने इन सभी वस्तुओं का मुहूर्त भी कर दिया।

वन-उल के जब हम सड़क पर निकले तो हमारी आँखों पर चमका लगा था और हमें लगने लगा कि सब सोच हमसे बहुत दूर-दूर हो गए हों और हम सब से टकराने लगे। जो। इसी समय हमारी टक्कर एक कुत्ते से हो गई। जब हमने चमका उतार कर देखा तो वह हमारे पीछे भौकता हुआ बोझा चला आ रहा था। हम आगे बढ़े जा रहे थे और वह हमारे पीछे। लेकिन हम भागने में सफल न हो सके क्योंकि ऊँची एड़ी के जूते हमें चार-२ मिरा रहे थे और पाँव में बुरी तरह से काट रहे थे। (हम समझ गए कि हमने मन्बर वाला चमका खरीद लिया है।) और जूते भी हमारे पाँव से छोटे हैं। फिर भी जो थोड़ी बहुत कथार थी, वह भी पूरी हो गई। इसी भाग-दौड़ में हमारा बैलबोटम फट गया। हम मन ही मन उर्जों की कोसने लगे। पाँव में छोटे और ऊँची एड़ी वाले जूते, फटा हुआ बैलबोटम और पीछे कुत्ता—कितनी बुरी हालत थी हमारी। लोग हमें 'बोकर' समझकर हँस

रहे थे। हमने भी मुँस होकर नातिर्वा पीट रहे थे। लेकिन हमारे दिन की हालत कोई नहीं समझ सकता था। आखिर हमने जूते उतार कर अपने हाथ में ले लिए। (कुत्ता भाग गया।)

लेकिन यह क्या? हम तो आगे बढ़ ही नहीं जा रहे थे। पीछे मुड़ कर देखा, तो एक लिपाही, हमारे सिर पर बालों की चोटी को पकड़े खड़ा था। कड़क कर उसने पूछा—'अरे! कितना माल लेकर भाग रहा था। हमने बहुत कोशिश की कि वह हमारी दुःख-भरी कहानी सुने और हमारे दुःख को समझे। लेकिन उसने एक न मुनी और हमारे ही जूतों से हमारी पिटाई करनी शुरू कर दी। हमें दिन में भी तारे नजर आने लगे। ऊँची एड़ी के जूते जब हमारे गँजे सिर पर पड़ते तो ऐसा लगता जैसे वेद बज रहा हो। लेकिन थोड़ी बहुत अक्ल तो अभी बाकी थी और हमने उसे ५० रुपये देकर अपनी जान बचाई और घर आए।

अब बैठे कोस रहे हैं अपने आप को, तपू को और इस गँजे फेंसान को। हड्डियों का दर्द दूर करने के लिए गरम-२ तेल की मालिश करना रहे हैं।

□

बुढ़ी दादी :— अब तो मैं जल्दी से ही भगवान के पास चली जाऊँगी।

विष्णु :— तो मैं रिकशा ले आऊँ।

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एक मित्र :— मित्र, रात की नींद नहीं आती।

दूसरा मित्र :— तुम दरवाजे और खिड़कियाँ बन्द करके सोते हो। नींद कहाँ से आएगी? (नींद दरवाजा लटकता हीनी)।

स्वतन्त्रता - दिवस

१५ अगस्त, वार्षिक स्वतंत्रता दिवस। यह दिवस प्रत्येक भारतीय के जीवन में उल्लास ही महसूस रखता है जितना कि कोई अन्य शुभ दिवस। १५ अगस्त का नाम लेते ही प्रत्येक भारतीय के चेहरे पर प्रसन्नता तथा गौरव की लहर सी दौड़ जाती है। यह दिन हमें याद दिलाता है उन दिनों की जब भारत पर संघेजों की आधीनता का काला बादल छाया हुआ था और जब संघेजों ने 'फूट जाओ और राज्य करो' की नीति अपनाई और वे सफल हुये। यह दिन हमें याद दिलाता है उन वीरों की जिन्होंने अपना सर्वस्व भारत पर बलिदान कर दिया, उन माताओं की जिन्होंने अपने पुत्रों की बलि भारत माँ पर चढ़ाई, उन पत्नियों की जिन्होंने अपना सुहाग भारत माँ को अर्पित किया और उन बच्चों की जिन्होंने हमले-हुए अपने भाईयों को युद्ध की ओर भिदा किया।

कितनी मछियाँ लुट गईं, मिटा कितना वैभव धराधर,

चिन-२ डोपदियों के बाज सुने, चिन-२ कलियों का घंटा हुआ।

१५ अगस्त भारत का राष्ट्रीय राजनैतिक महोत्सव है। महात्मा गांधी, बाबा नेहरू, सुभाषचन्द्र बोस आदि वीरों की तन्मयता तथा सफलता के वैधिलिखरण गुप्त और भारतेन्दु आदि जैसे कलम के धनी लेखकों तथा कवियों के सहयोग से, जलियाँ वाले बाग के बलिदानों से और सम्पूर्ण भारत के सहयोग से १५ अगस्त सन् १९४७ को हमें स्वतंत्रता-प्राप्त हुई। उस रात, सारा भारत वर्ष इन्हीं पंक्तियों से गूँज रहा था, या मेरे स्वर्तव्य स्वदेव या, स्वागत करती हूँ तेरा,

तुझे देखकर घाय हो रहा, दूदा प्रसुति मन मेरा।

१४ अगस्त की मध्य रात्रि को १२ बजे, जब हमारे देश के स्वतन्त्रता की प्राप्ति हुई, हमारे प्रथम प्रधानमंत्री श्री जवाहर लाल नेहरू ने स्वतंत्रता समारोह का शुभ आरम्भ करते हुए कहा था, 'आज से बहुत वर्ष पहले हमने अपने देश के लिए एक बाजी लगायी थी। और आज वह दिन आ गया है जब हमें अपने उस व्रण को पुरा करना है। आज, आधी रात के समय जब सारी दुनिया सो रही है, हमारा भारत जीवन तथा स्वाधीनता के नव आभरण में प्रवेश कर रहा है।

१५ अगस्त की स्वाधीनता की मेलना तिरंगा झणक रिली के ऐतिहासिक लाल किले पर चढ़ाया गया। ठीक उसी प्रकार प्रतिवर्ष तिरंगा चढ़ाया जाता है और स्वतंत्रता दिवस भारत के कोने-२ में बड़े मूवचाम से मनाया जाता है।

तो क्यों न हम सब मिलकर इस मूवचाम पर स्वाधीनता पर सहोद हुई उन आत्माओं की ओर उनके ही महाग आवादी की, रक्षा करने का व्रण करें। और आति-वाद तथा प्रांतीय भावनाओं को त्यागकर अपना स्वतंत्रता दिवस मनाते रहने और वे पंक्तियाँ गुनगुनाते रहने।

प्रजातंत्र के दीप जले हैं, घाय नई तरफाई से,
भारत-माता की जय सीलो देश नई धनड़ाई से।

जय-हिन्द