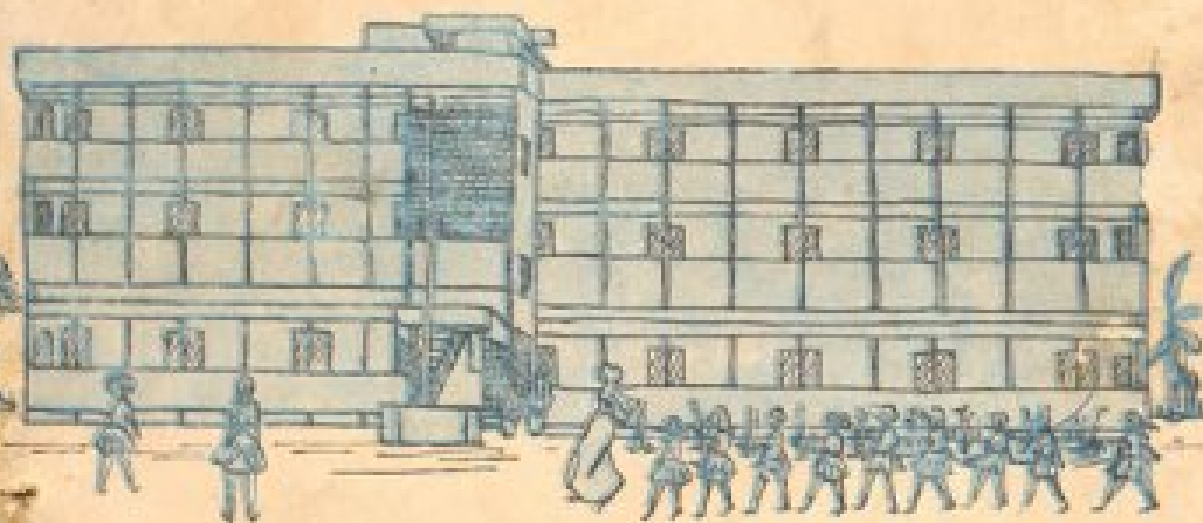


1970

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THE ROSARIAN

ANNUAL MAGAZINE

1970



ROSARY HR. SEC. SCHOOL

KINGSWAY CAMP.

RADIO COLONY,

DELHI-9

TO
HIS GRACE
Dr. ANGELO IGNATIUS FERNANDES,
ARCHBISHOP OF DELHI
PATRON OF OUR SCHOOL,
WE HUMBLY DEDICATE
THE ROSARIAN
AS A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE
OF OUR FILIAL AFFECTION AND DEVOTION,
AS AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
OF HIS PATERNAL GUIDANCE AND CARE
AND AS A PLEA
FOR HIS CONTINUED INTEREST IN
THE ROSARY SCHOOL

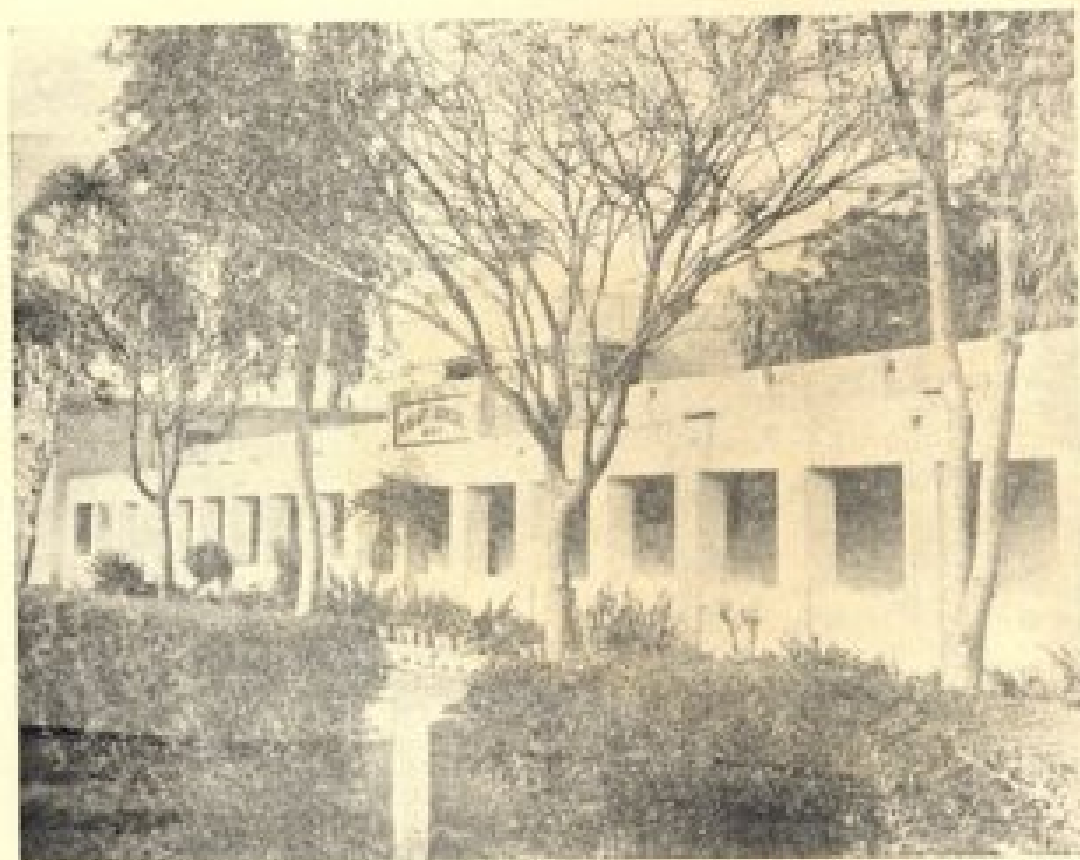
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DR. ANGELO FERNANDES
OUR PATRON

ROSARY SCHOOL



NURSERY and K. G. SECTION

ROSARY SCHOOL

A primary school in this locality was started in the year 1932. Those days this was known as the Mission School. Due to financial difficulties and other problems facing the missionaries, this school was closed down after about four years. The school started functioning again from 1958, with a new name: Rosary School, with the help and encouragement of the late Archbishop, Dr. Joseph Fernandes. Its first Principal was Rev. Fr. Jorge D'Souza.

This was only a Primary school up to the year 1966. Considering the need of this locality and request of the parents, the late Archbishop gave us permission to start the V class, and to increase one class every year till we reach the XI class. The additional classes were conducted in tents. With the kind donations from some of the parents and considerable help from the Archbishop of Delhi, now we have a school building in three floors. Very soon we intend to start construction of a Science block in three floors, for Physics, chemistry and biology. At a later stage we hope to construct a separate block for the library and Auditorium.

Rosary school is under the management of the Catholic Archdiocese of Delhi. The Archbishop of Delhi, (Alexandra Place, New Delhi-1) is the Patron of the school, whose paternal care and able guidance is responsible for the progress of this institution. The school is recognised by the central Board of Secondary Education and the students are prepared for the All India Higher Secondary Examination.

This school is open to children of all communities without distinction of class or creed. As a catholic institution we care not only for the intellectual, cultural and physical development of our children from the earliest stages, but also for the formation of character by inculcating sound moral principles, so that they grow up as good children of God and responsible citizens of our country.

EDITORIAL

It's early morning. I reach for the newspaper lying outside my door. As I have my breakfast I scan the headlines for I am in a hurry to go to school. Suddenly I stop eating. It can't be true! The headline was simple enough the Naxalites strike again. But on reading the news, I discover that the object of their attack was neither a person nor a building but of all things Gandhiji's writings! It is not the first time that they have entered a university or a public library, collected all books on or by Gandhiji and made a bonfire of them and disappeared before the police could arrive on the scene. I am shocked. On previous occasions they had burnt the national flag and had gone scot-free! I was shocked then. I am even more shocked now. They may hate their country for grievances known only to themselves. But what grievance could they possibly have against Gandhiji, except, perhaps, that he gave them an object they could hate—THEIR COUNTRY.

It was Gandhiji's great desire to live upto 125 years. But that was not to be. The assassin's bullet put an end to that dream. But had he lived on, he would have been 100 years old this year. And we of the younger generation would have considered ourselves fortunate to have been guided by him. But as we are not that fortunate all that we can do is to look upon his life and his teachings for inspiration and guidance. It is with this aim in view that the leading article of our magazine has been selected to centre round Gandhiji's personality. The author has tried, in his own humble way, to catch a glimpse of the dynamism of this great personality, whom we proudly call THE FATHER OF OUR NATION. The Rosarian publishes the article as its humble but affectionate tribute to our beloved Bopuji. May he inspire all of us to devote our best talents to the service of our beloved country.

x x x x

A word about the Rosarian. The magazine, as the name implies, gives information about the Rosary School, Kings way camp, Delhi 9. It does not pretend to be a literary publication. Its purpose is not to publish learned articles for the simple reason that the students of our school are not in a position to write them. Besides, nobody looks at a school magazine with the purpose of reading learned articles. It is not primarily a channel for encourag-



The Late Archbishop Joseph Fernandes
FOUNDER OF ROSARY SCHOOL

ing students to write although we do publish the best essays written during the course of the year. Essay competitions and wall magazines should serve that purpose in a more competitive and less expensive manner. Our purpose is different. The contents of this magazine—articles as well as photographs—are merely ECHOES of the school. The pages taken from a students' Diary give a fairly detailed description of the various activities, both curricular and co-curricular. All the other features are linked up with the diary. We hope that its publication will help the parents and all others interested in the activities of the students to have a clear idea of what is going on in the school.

As this is the very first issue of our annual we dedicate it to His Grace, Angelo Fernandes, Archbishop of Delhi, whose personal interest in the school is mainly responsible for its progress and development. It is our humble tribute of gratitude.



"Wisdom is the fruit of a balanced judgement. The balanced growth of individuality should be aim of education Our traditional educational method are far too much occupied with intellectual analysis and formalised information We neglected to strengthen habits of concrete appreciation.

When you understand all about the sun and all about the atmosphere and all about the rotation of the earth, you may still miss the radiance of the sunset".

A.N. Whitehead.

Gandhiji—his Dynamic Personality

It was 5.00 p.m. of Saturday, the 30th of January 1948. Gandhiji took leave of the last visitor of day—Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel—and came out into the grounds of the Birla House to attend the prayer meeting. He was leaning on the shoulders of his grand nieces, Abha and Manu Gandhi. As he was going up the steps of the prayer platform, a youth came out of the congregation and bent low as if he were bowing to Gandhiji. In return to his obeisance and the reverential bows of the other members of the congregation Gandhiji joined his palms together in the traditional Indian way of greeting and smiled. Then, pushing the girls aside, the youth started shooting. The first bullet hit Gandhiji in the abdomen. He chanted "Ram, Ram". Two more shots followed. His spectacles dangled for a while and fell off. The next moment Gandhiji too fell down. Blood gushed from the three wounds. As he was carried into his room in the Birla House he lost consciousness. All efforts to save his life failed. Thirty minutes later the silent anxious crowd waiting on the grounds were told : "Bapu is dead."

The news of the assassination spread like wild fire. Streams of people from all over Delhi sadly flowed into Birla grounds. Jawaharlal Nehru addressed them : "Mahatmaji is gone. The light is extinguished." He wept. The people wept with him. They were not the only ones to weep. As soon as the sad news was broadcast to the nation, the whole of India mourned the death of the Father of their Nation. The whole world joined a mourning India in paying their tributes to this "half-naked fakir", as he was once mocked, who had shaken the mightiest empire the modern world had seen. Even the British authorities against whom he had fought and from whose unwilling hand he had wrenched Independence for India even they joined their voices in paying glowing tributes to him and called him the greatest man of our times.

One naturally begins to wonder what it is that made Gandhiji so very great. From all accounts he did not possess an attractive personality. Gandhiji himself was fully aware of his unattractive appearance and even took pleasure in joking about it. Miss Padmaja Naidu recounts a conversation she

had with Gandhiji about the ugliest man she had seen in Delhi. Gandhiji interrupted her : you call him the ugliest man in Delhi—what about me?" he asked. She smiled and replied that she meant the second ugliest man of Delhi, and both had a good laugh. With his shaven head, unattractive features, protruding ears, toothless mouth and wearing only a loin cloth around his waist, Gandhiji was far from attractive. He was not a good speaker either. It is true that he wrote much, but he will never be called a great writer. His writings do not possess that style and elegance that make literary masterpieces. What is it then that made him a Mahatma? In what did his greatness lie?

The source of his greatness was much more stable than exterior appearance could ever be, because it resided in his character. Were we to ask further what particular element of his character was the source of his greatness, perhaps it would be very difficult to pinpoint one element above the others. He had a passionate love for truth and non-violence; he subjected himself to severe discipline and yet he was very gentle with every one else. Of all his qualities, however, the most striking one was his disinterestedness—that selfless love which asks nothing for oneself and seeks only the good of others. In this world of selfishness where everyone cares only for himself and his interests, here was a man who was least concerned about his own interests. What is to be admired, however, is not that he was selfless, but that he made himself selfless.

In his youth he did not possess this quality. On the contrary he started his life with just the same traits of character as is found in everyone else. He was ambitious of advancement in his chosen profession. He opened a law office in Bombay to earn and accumulate money; he accepted a brief in S. Africa and charged high fees for his services. Then, little by little, he purged himself of his vanities and selfishness. For the sake of his people he put away all worldly interests and pursuits. Sacrifice now became the central impulse of his inner spirit. Ambition melted away. Private enterprise yielded to public service. Property became of no concern. He had no home but a mud hut in the ashram; no food but a handful of nuts and some rice in his bowl; no money, no possessions, no official power. It was thus that he found himself free to serve India without any worry or concern. Through his self-abnegation he became one with the poverty stricken millions of his compatriots, who venerated him as a saint.

When exactly did this change take place? It is impossible to point to a particular date as to the day on which he changed from a selfish man to a Mahatma. For the change was very gradual. The event that perhaps most contributed towards it and which Gandhiji himself calls the most creative experience of his life took place on the very first night of his life in S. Africa. After disembarking in Durban he boarded a train for Pretoria. He purchased a first class ticket for the overnight journey. At Pietermaritzberg a white man entered the compartment and straight away began to make trouble. At his request the railroad officials ordered Gandhi to go to a third class coach, and on his refusal, they threw him off the train. All that night Gandhiji sat in the cold and gloomy waiting room of the station, brooding over the inconvenience and the insult he had been forced to endure. He could not sleep. What thoughts passed through his mind that night nobody will ever know. But if later events are any indication of his mood, here was sown the seed that later on matured into that maelstrom which shook the British Empire to its roots.

There was a talk among some Indians of waging a violent struggle against the British Government. Gandhiji realised immediately the folly of such a plan. How could a few thousand ill-trained and weaponless men and women, devoid of money and other resources, take up arms against a powerful enemy? "The British", he said, "want us to put the struggle on the plane of machine guns. They have weapons and we have not. Our only assurance of beating them is to keep it on the plane where we have weapons and they have not." This is the philosophy behind the non-violent struggle which Gandhiji conceived, perfected and skilfully employed in his confrontations with the British authorities.

But Gandhiji had a tough job to make the people accept his ideas. All their lives they had learned to live in awe of the mighty gun; the First World War that had just ended was a glowing tribute to the power of the gun. How then, could Gandhiji persuade them that there was a greater power than the gun? At his very first public speech after his return from S. Africa, he was hooted at and was not even allowed to complete his speech. It was at the Benaras Hindu University. A few days later Gandhiji entered a club where Mr. G. V. Mavlankar and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel were playing cards. Mr. Mavlankar wanted to talk to Gandhiji, but Sardar Patel dissuaded him saying that it was better not to meet him as he was so full of his idio-syncrasy. That

was the general attitude of all Indians : they considered his faith in non-violent as an idiosyncrasy ! But Gandhiji proved at Champaran that non-violence resistance could be a powerful political weapon. Nothing succeeds like success and in a very short time Gandhiji's stature rose to meteoric heights, until he became the sole leader of the country and spear-headed the struggle for Independence.

Under his dynamic leadership was let loose on the Indian political scene such a novel force that the British authorities were simply flabbergasted—they just didn't know how to react. The British Empire, like the Roman Empire before it, knew exactly what to do with an army that attacked her. But they were unprepared for this man, or rather, for his disciplined army of men who marched against the empire bare-handed and bare-footed, equipped not even with stones and staves, shunning violence in all its forms and even going to the extent of proclaiming their love for their enemies. The British authorities were simply helpless. All they could do was to arrest Gandhiji and his multitudinous followers and thrust them behind prison bars. But behind those bars Gandhiji became more powerful than ever. In a moment of that charming humour that characterised his life, Gandhiji said that he had early discovered that he could make the best bargains with Britain when he was in jail. For the attention of the whole world was then focussed on him and by reason of their sympathy the British were forced to do justice which they would not have done had he been at large. So Gandhiji in prison was a force more potent than anything the British had ever seen or imagined. In the end they had no choice but to quit India.

But when the British did actually quit India the most unhappy man was Gandhiji himself. He refused to join the Independence Day Celebrations and he was not even present in Delhi on that historic day. For he had fought for a united India that would be the home of the Hindus, Muslims and of all other Indians without any discriminations based on caste, colour or creed ; but the India that came into existence in 1947 was a divided India with the Hindus and the Muslims blinded by communal hatred and frenzy. People had gone mad. Millions and millions of poor, innocent people were massacred just because they believed in a particular religion.

Gandhiji immediately set to work to calm the madness of communal hatred and to restore peace in India. He went to Calcutta where the Muslims



School Annual Day

Address by the Principal

It gives me great pleasure to address you all this evening. The last school Annual functions were held in our temporary school hall, on three consecutive days, due to lack of accommodation. This was a strain on the students and the staff. This year, the students expressed their wish to be present for this function together with their parents. Hence, we decided to have this open air function. Hope you will excuse us for the inconvenience and difficulties you are put into.

Most of you have been watching the progress of this institution. Like a growing child, Rosary School had to face and has still to face many difficulties in order to establish itself. We hope to do our best to serve the children entrusted to our care, giving better facilities for their educational and co-curricular activities.

With due preparation to fulfil the terms and conditions for recognition, we applied for the recognition of this school in August 1969. The school was inspected on 5th Nov 1969, by the Director of Education, Mr. Virendra Prakash, and the Secretary of the central board—Mr. Singhal. They were satisfied with the whole set up of the school, its calm atmosphere, away from the disturbances of the city. They were pleased to recognise this school, with permission to start the IX std. and to send the first batch of students for the All India Higher Secondary exams in 1973. So, Rosary school has now become—Rosary Higher Secondary School.

I take this opportunity to express our gratitude to His Grace, Dr. Angelo Fernandes, Archbishop of Delhi, the Patron of this institution, for the financial

aid to put up this school building, for his presence during the first school inspection—for recognition, to find out if anything further could be done for this school. Secondly our thanks are due to Fr. Thomas Kunnunkal, Principal St. Xavier's, Delhi, and to Mrs. Jesudasan, Principal, St. Anthony's Girls Higher Secondary school, Paharganj, both members of the managing committee of this school for their guidance and valuable suggestions, in the management of this school.

From January 1970 we have started the IX std with Art subjects. In this age of technology and science, we fully realize that education cannot be restricted to Art subjects alone. Due to lack of facilities we cannot start science subjects now. We hope to start construction of a separate science block this year itself, so that the present VII std students could take science subjects when they reach the IX. Though the strain of a big construction work is not yet over, we dare to undertake this new project, because we consider it necessary for the bright future of our children. I am sure that the parents of our students will help and encourage us in this common cause.

We have now 644 students on the rolls. Out of this about 300 students were admitted in the year 1969-70. Proportionately our staff also has increased. We have at present 25 teaching staff and one P. T. instructor. Special mention must be made of the appointment of Fr. Bennie Mathew, as my assistant in last April. He has been an invaluable help to me, getting things done and constantly reminding me of things that need to be done. He is the disciplinarian of the Primary section. We are ever grateful to Fr. Anthony M.A.B. Ed. for joining the staff. He is the class-teacher of the IX, and teaches English literature in the higher classes. During this short period, he has won over the confidence of the senior students. He is the disciplinarian of the senior section. While appreciating his service to this institution, we wish that he will bless this institution with his continued service.

We are privileged to have Lieut. Col. Ross, a retired Army Officer as our P. T. Instructor. Though the majority of our students are below ten years, he has managed to start the RST (Rosary School Troops) in par with the N.C.C. giving suitable training and exercise according to their age.

Gandhi centenary was commemorated by reading selected passages from the writings of Gandhiji, as well as readings from books about Gandhiji, written

by world leaders, during the school assembly. During this year our senior students visited the Goldspot factory, Palam Air Port, All India Radio and the Delhi University to observe the working of computer system. These visits were informative and fruitful. To encourage and develop the literary and artistic talents among our students the school has started a bi-monthly magazine-The Rosarian, and we hope to publish our first school annual magazine by the middle of May.

With the same end in view, the school conducted the following competitions—in Elocution, Essay writing, fancy dress and painting. The winners will be awarded prizes and merit certificates during this function. With the guidance and encouragement of our art teacher-Miss Veena Kumar, our students in general are showing greater interest in art and craft work and our senior students have taken up Batik prints as special craft subject. On this occasion I am very glad to announce, that two of our young artists, who participated in the Shanker's International art Competitions have been awarded merit certificates, and their paintings were chosen for exhibition. We hope to invite the parents for an art and craft exhibition of this school some time in August.

Now, that our play ground is ready, we hope to have more organised games-especially, in Hockey, football, cricket and basket ball. The introduction of house system in this school. I am sure, will create better spirit of cooperation and encourage healthy competition in both curricular and extra-curricular activities of the students.

I take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to all the members of our staff, for their spirit of cooperation and service. The good name of this school is mainly due to the hard work of the staff. In this connection may I request the parents to take more interest in the studies of their children by checking up their works at least weekly, if not daily. Now-a-days the tendency is to leave everything to the school. But let us remember that the education of children is a joint responsibility of the parents and the school. With this spirit of cooperation, we hope to do better service to the society, by educating the children to be God-fearing, and better citizens of our country.

Thank you.

(Fr. George Panikar)
PRINCIPAL

From a Student's Diary

January.

January 15, Thursday.

THE SCHOOL REOPENS How pleasant to be back in school! The same old faces and some new ones too! There are some new faces even among staff members. One sees three Priests moving about—Fr. George, Fr. Bennie Mathew and who is the third one? I hear someone say he is Fr. Anthony who will take the ninth class. What fun in the class—No teaching work at all! But gossiping—oh gosh, even the bell couldn't put an end to that!... The nursery and the K. G. classes—weren't they a sight! Some children just wouldn't stay in the class. They would be rushing out every now and then to see if their beloved mummy or daddy had come to take them home. What a trying time for the teachers! Some how they manage to keep the children quiet—how they do it, they alone know. But just then some one starts crying and the whole class takes up the chorus. All they are interested in knowing is "chhanti kab hogi?" Aren't the poor teachers longing for the end of the day even more than the little ones? There is a rush to the bookstore to buy the new books. The touch of the new books is good! their smell even better! But how will they be like when we begin to study them? Well, there's a whole year to find that out—why bother oneself with unpleasant thoughts on the very first day?

January 16, Friday.

There seems to be a rush for admissions. Wherever one looks one finds students appearing for entrance examinations and anxious parents walking up and down waiting for results. Doesn't one feel privileged to be an old hand at the school? A notice has just come round to say that tomorrow is a holiday. Hurrah! How great! Wouldn't it be fine if after every two days of class we were to have a holiday?

(In her article ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE SCHOOL Page—
Anurita Prithvi Chauhan gives her experience of these entrance exams. Ed.)

January 19, Monday

Classes in earnest ! Why must the teachers be in so great a hurry to start classes ? They have a full year to finish the course, haven't they ? The way some of them go about their teaching one would feel that the final exams are hardly a month away ! I wish someone would tell them to take it easy.

January 24, 25, 26.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday ---- We seem to count these days on the tips of our fingers again and again. How great ! Three holidays in succession ! What fun we shall have—picnics, visiting friends, going for movies and doing anything we like without any class to bother us !.....There was to be a flag hoisting ceremony in the school for the Republic Day. What of it? With everyone going for the Redublie Day Parade who will come to the school on the 27th? Let us hope Fr. George will forget the whole idea.

February

February 13, Friday.

Ooh, How bad : How bad : I forgot all about the diary. There was really no time. What with all the home works to be done and the lessons to be learnt, where could I get a moment to spare? Not even a movie, how sad ! Why doesn't somebody make a law abolishing homework altogether as they have abolished child labour ? For my part, I don't see why there should be any home work at all. Aren't five hours of work at school sufficient? The Teachers evidently don't seem to think so. They seem to have entered a competition as to who can get more work out of us.

(Anuradha Roy's prize winning essay A PLEA FOR ABOLISHING HOME WORK, page is worth reading in this connection Ed.)

February 17, Tuesday

Id-ul-Zuha. Never was a holiday better appreciated.

February 23-28

MONTHLY TESTS ! An annual test is understandable, a terminal test is excusable, but a monthly test ! What purpose does it have except to

torture the poor students? I am sure nothing worse could have been ever invented. Does it Really gauge a student's achievement as it pretends to do? One may do his work most regularly and may have studied everything most conscientiously, and yet some silly question he may have overlooked may be the one the teacher chooses to ask for the monthly test. Mind you, I am speaking from my own sad experience. I am a great one for overlooking silly questions that invariably get asked. Poor me! How many times have I not resolved not to overlook any thing? But when all my preparation for the test is a hurried morning look as I wait at the bus stop, what can I do but look at the important questions that never get asked? Next time I will look at only the unimportant questions—I may have better luck then. Really, with so many teachers tending to set tricky questions, these monthly tests can only measure one's luck, if it measures anything at all. I, for one, vote to abolish them altogether.

(Nandini Sodhi's prize winning essay EXAMINATION — HOW DREADFUL! makes interesting. Ed.)

March

March, 5-10



What fun!

respective class teachers accompany the children. The teachers seem to have had a good time. The favourite place seems to have been the zoo.....I have

[Good news at last! CLASS PICNIC. By gosh! don't we deserve them after all the hard work we were put to for the past month and a half? The students go by turns: nursery and kindergarten one day; first and second on the following day and so on upto the seniors. Instead of attending class the picnicers get into the school bus and go to the various places and return before the school closes. The



Do you want to join us ?

evolve at all. Did evolution come to a sudden stop in their case ? Why isn't every monkey becoming a man ? And what about man ? Is he the ultimate end of evolution ? Or is he still going to evolve—say, shed his legs and become a legless egg-like creature ? Wouldn't that be lovely ? Just imagine that egg-thing going to the market ! What fun rolling along instead of walking !.....I realise that I am still too small to answer all these questions. But will the grown-ups please answer ?

What long tail !



always wondered why man is so much attracted by wild animals, specially when they are housed behind bars. Was Darwin right after all ? Are some of our ancestors still locked up in the zoo ? I am told that evolution is generally accepted as a fact. But one begins to wonder why those creatures in the zoo did not

March 10, Tuesday.

Hurrah ! Picnic for the seniors. I would have certainly preferred the zoo, although I had been there before. I never seem to get tired of looking at my cousins behind the bars ! But no, some others preferred the 'lovers' corner—Budha Garden. It's a lovely spot indeed.



And we too feel hungry

fun of the evening was yet to come. As the rain got over and the students moved away some of us got together and began to steal the gol guppas of the 7th class girls. Weren't we hungry? I have never tasted more delicious gol guppas in my life!

March 19, Thursday.

By Jove, what a long sleep I had today! No bus to catch, no need to rush—just lie and relax. It is MUHRRAMLying in bed I begin to say: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears....." No, that won't do. I can't get the modulation of voice, the gestures, the right feeling just lying down. So I stand up. Now let me begin. Bow Mark Antony's speech at Julius Caesar's Funeral.

March 21, Saturday.

ELOCUTION CONTEST. Classes III–IX are gathered in the hall and three from each class have to walk upto the stage and recite a poem or a speech. There are judges of course. Some students are evidently nervous. They have lost their memory. The sixth class was simply terrific. They had a passage from the late President John Kennedy's Inaugural Address. Naheed Rizvi declaimed it very well. It was simply marvellous. Vibhas and Roop-

Being seniors we were allowed a full day picnic. Two teachers and two Fathers were with us. They even played games with us. Wasn't it fun? Just then a hail storm came and we had to run helter skelter looking for shelter. Even then there was no lack of fun. We collected hail-stones and put them down the collars of each other. What faces some made as they felt their spinal chord going chill! The greatest



The unsophisticated East

shikha were also excellent. No wonder they carried away all the prizes for the junior section. The seniors recited Mark Antony's speech. Amrit Pritma Chaudhan of class IX was just marvellous. Hers was the best declamation of the day. Ketan and Nadeem of class VII stood second and third. It was an unforgettable experience. But poor me !..... well, better luck next time... The infants had their chance after lunch break.

March 21, Monday.

Colourful day. HOLI. But is it really worth while ? The way some are spattered with a horrible combination of cheap, gaudy colours—the sight is hideous. But hideous or not, had I some teachers here, I would have shown them ! What fun it would have been to throw a bucket of coloured water on some of them ! That would have been just marvellous.



Forming a Samaj

March 24-31

Oh gosh ! those MONTHLY TESTS AGAIN ! What with the elocution contest and the holi, I have done no studies at all. What shall I do ? Get sick for a day or two ? Only if there were a way to get sick when one wants to and be well again when one is tired of



House captains and their advisers
just once.....

being sick.....Thank God Good Friday comes in between. With the Saturday and the Sunday] added I should have time to make up for the latter part of the tests—at least I hope so. With bad luck dogging me all the time I doubt whether I will ever do well at all. No wonder lady luck is said to be blind. Only if she would smile at me

April

April 1, Wednesday.

ALL FOOLS' DAY! We were asked to come to the bus stops an hour earlier than usual. Was it to make us fools? I decided I wouldn't be fooled so easily. I reached the bus stop as usual only to find that everybody else had gone to school an hour ago. Wasn't I furious? I had to take a scooter to reach the school in time. When I did reach the school what a sight met my eyes! The school had apparently become a fools' paradise. Where were the students? All that I could see was a group of hippies doing



The inimitable Nagas

the cha-cha-cha in one corner of the field; in another corner a couple of cow boys were trying to see who could draw the gun faster to the merriment of a whole lot of multi-coloured and curiously costumed spectators; right in the centre of the field was some noble Maharaja or Rajkumar exchanging hot words with a lovely Japanese doll who was sticking out her tongue to show her contempt for his royal highness, while a few Rajasthani brides were looking with uncontrollable laughter—the Maharaja had evidently forgotten his chivalry and the Japanese lady didn't know what courtesy meant even though it is a traditional attribute of her clime and the Rajasthani brides weren't in the least



The inseparable

bashful: perhaps the modern brides stare and giggle whereas their former counterparts would have been reserved and modest. My reverie was brought to a sudden end by the scooterwala who demanded his pay. Still fuming with rage I moved towards my class room. As I was climbing the stairs a hideously painted clown made faces at me. I looked at his face. Yes, I knew him. Then it dawned on me—it was the day of the FANCY DRESS PARADE!

I went to the hall. The nursery class children came on the stage first of all—rather they were dragged across the stage by their teachers. However, Mamta and Ranson appeared on their own, each clinging to the other for support. They were indeed the inseparable bride and groom they represented.

No wonder they were awarded the first prize for their section.

The best performance of the day was put up by class VI. Nabeed as the kathputliwala was just terrific. As the kathputli show was over she held out her right hand right before the nose of colonel Ross asking for his contribution in such a pathetic manner that the colonel was flabbergasted and began adjusting his spectacles.

Another performance equally well appreciated was that of Roopshikha who appeared as a hippie. She was most natural. Her words still ring in



The coveted cup.

Who can blame them for being modern in their outlook? Their technique is quite simple : they throw on paper as many colours as possible in the most confused manner imaginable and then add a touch here and there. A pattern appears and a name is given. It is too old fashioned to start painting with a subject in mind, although Miss Veena had given them a large variety of subjects to paint. The variety must have been their salvation. The outcome, however, was quite impressive. Jashir Singh of class VII and Nalini Singh of class IV painted the best pictures in their respective age groups ... Seeing their work I have decided to take up painting myself. Colours are easy to get and throwing them in a confused manner doesn't appear too difficult. One day I might even beat Picasso in originality!

April 4, Saturday.

N. C. C. PICNIC to Dama. I do not belong to the N. C. C. and naturally did not go for the picnic. But I have been told that they had a very good time.

my ears :

Oh me, oh my !
Oh girlie
You are charming, fascinating,
intillating,
Exchanting, baffling, tantalising.
Oh me, oh my !
You are simply adorable !
Wasn't she adorable ?

April 5, Friday.

ON THE SPOT PAINTING COMPETITION. Just watch our young artists playing with colour. A Rafaele or a Velasques may not have dabbled with colours the way these children seem to do. But who can deny their originality? They seem to draw their inspiration from Picasso.

(Ketan Parikh's article on the N.C.C. Picnic, page 27, makes up for the deficiency. Ed.)

April 6, Monday.

ESSAY COMPETITION. I feel like calling it disappointment day : As I am not good at studies, games, dramatics, oratory or any of the other internationally recognised co-curricular activities and as I was yet anxious to distinguish myself in something, I decided that essay writing was the thing for me. When I heard the announcement how excited I became : That same evening I went off to Connaught Place and ransacked every bookshop trying to get a satisfactory essay book. I came across many and rejected them all, as they did not come up to my high standards. Finally in a most insignificant shop I came across the object of my search—a rare gem—a book of 501 essays on every possible topic under the sun, guaranteed to satisfy every possible need and written by a well known essayist, Sajan Singh Saranghiwala B.A., A.B.F., B.I.T.A. The size of the book was most impressive—it was as large as an encyclopedia Britannica, the list of the degrees of the author was most awe-inspiring—it was only later on that I discovered to my great enagrin that the letters stood for something I least expected : B.A. Appeared But Failed ? But is Trying Again. Very ingenious of the Saranghiwala indeed : Anyway I paid a whole month's pocket money and bought it and anxiously awaited the announcement of the topics.....It was with a sardonic smile on his face that Fr. Anthony announced the topics.

1. If I were the Principal of my school.
2. Examination Day—How dreadful.
3. A Plea for abolishing home work.
4. Should boys learn to cook ?
5. A Day without pocket money.

I ran home and looked at the index of the Saranghiwala essay book. Not a single topic was to be found there. Bad luck again : Nothing that I plan seems to come right. Well there's one thing I have learnt any way : no more Saranghiwala essays. Who is interested in the 501 Saranghiwala essays ? They are going cheap. They are free.

I forget exactly what the essays for the juniors were about. The book I like best, pleasures of reading, 'My hobby' and 'Hurrah! it's a holiday' were some of the topic as far as I remember.

April 7-15

ANNUAL DAY PREPARATIONS. After two periods of class in the morning the dance teacher arrives. All the dancing girls go off in one direction and the drama children go off in other directions. And, we, who are neither good at dancing nor at dramatics, stay on in the class and keep ourselves busy in our way. Six free periods. How wonderful!

April 10, Friday.

ELECTION ON THE HOUSE CAPTAINS. All the staff and students of class VI and above are assembled in the hall. Fr. Principal tells us that it has been decided to start the house system in the school. Each student is given a slip of paper with a list of 8 names proposed by the staff as eligible for the captainship. We were asked to write our preferences by writing numbers 1 to 4 against the names of the students we wished to elect. The preferences were counted and the captains elected were Ketan Parikh, Amrit Pritma Chauhan, Nadeem and Reefat Rehman. They chose as their vice captain Roopshikha Setia Nandini Sodhi, Sunil Kapila and Anuradha Roy respectively. The house advisers are Fr. Anthony, Fr. Bennie Mathew, Mrs Smith and Miss Veena Kumar. The following days these 12 persons could be seen busy discussing names and plans as a result of which the four houses were born and christened as the Leopards, Panthers, Tigers and Lions. The names sound ferocious enough. Will the competitions be as ferocious as the names?

April 15 Wednesday.

ANNUAL DAY. Miss Surendra Saini was the chief guest and Mr. J. N. Singh gave away the prizes. The stage programme was well appreciated. Congratulations to the staff and students who laboured hard to make the day a success.

(Please read the Report on the Annual Day.)

April 16, Thursday.

Holiday. Don't we deserve it after all the hard work we put in on the stage and out side it?

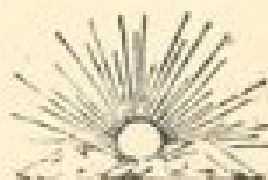
April 18, Saturday.

Picnic Day for all the participants of the Annual Day. We chose to go to Lodhi Gardens. There was a bus load of children—little ones of 3 years and above upto the big children of almost 50 years. A variety of lively and interesting games were organised to keep all these children happy. It was a very enjoyable day.

(In the article—DRAMATISTS AND DANCERS OFF STAGE—Nadeem of class VII gives a lively description of the picnic. Ed.)

April 20, Monday.

BACK TO OUR BOOKS. After a month of competitions, picnics and other very interesting activities we have finally settled down to our books. We have been assured of undisturbed peace in preparation for our coming terminal examinations.....The house system is in full swing. The captains and vice captains are kept busy checking uniforms, maintaining silence on the staircase, and discipline in the class. We have even morning news read in the assembly everyday. Wonderful changes indeed. Don't we feel more important now? Now I must close my diary and concentrate attention on my studies. With the terminal examinations fast approaching and my proverbial ill luck I don't dare to leave anything to chance.



At the Threshold of the School

Before one enters a school it is customary to sit for an entrance examination. This exam at the threshold of the school can rack the brains of a lot of new comers. Such, fortunately, was not the case with me.

The schools were to open on Thursday, 15th January. It was Tuesday. We had not yet decided which school to join. Transport, medium of instruction and other problems had to be considered before we finally made up our minds. Well, on Tuesday morning we visited a teacher who lived in our vicinity. She referred us to a school which seemed somewhat to our liking. We set off immediately to see the school. Our first impression of the school was quite good. So, we went in to see the principal. He was out. The vice-principal did not seem to think that I was fit enough to join class ninth, which I very badly wanted to. Anyway he decided to give my brother and me have a try at the entrance examination.

We went home and prepared for the test. We badly needed some preparation as we had spent two months holidays away from school and two months more on the journey from Trinidad to India. We finally came to school on Friday. I was feeling more or less ready for the test, though I was not perfectly confident.

First of all I had my English test. When I looked at my paper I gained confidence in myself. There were two questions in all. The first was to write an essay on my journey back to India and the second was to frame sentences on some phrases. I cannot remember what the phrases were, but I think I made the sentences correctly. Writing the essay was not as easy as I thought it to be. The journey had been long and eventful, but I was supposed to write it briefly. However, with a little difficulty, I managed to write it out as required. The teacher read the answer and appeared quite pleased. He even wrote a "good" on my answer paper. What he told the principal I do not know. But I believe he gave a very good report about my English.

Next came Mathematics. The teacher was nice and encouraging. She gave me an easy paper; for I was good at Mathematics. All my sums were correct, except the last one. I had learned only 3 ways of proving the congruency of triangles, while they seemed to have five ways here. Even the three ways I knew didn't save me. With what nervousness and confusion, I myself don't know what I wrote. To make matters worse the bell rang and I thought that I had taken too much time. Anyway, she also expressed satisfaction.

We took the results to the Principal, who readily admitted me to class IX, with the advice that I should work up in Hindi. I was very weak in Hindi, having been away from India for so many years.

I started attending classes from the following Monday and I am glad to say that I am in Rasary School.

Amrit Pritam Chauhan,
Class IX.



N.C.C. Picnic.

It was Saturday, 4th April, 1970. We had gone to school as usual. None of us like to go to school on Saturdays. But this Saturday was different. Only the N.C.C. (RST) cadets were there. Besides, we were not loaded with our books. We were going for a picnic.

At 8.30 a.m. we started from the school. Our destination was Dassna Lake, about 2 hours ride from the school. As the N.C.C. student had turned out in full strength a few of us had to stand up in the bus for lack of sitting room. But nobody minds standing on a picnic trip. With all the singing and joking and laughing one forgets the discomfort. The only complaint is that the time flies away so quickly. When we finally reached Dassna we were disappointed to find that the bus could not proceed on to the lake, as the road was blocked. There was nothing to do but to go elsewhere. We camped at Hinden Bridge. It was 10.30 a.m. We got out of the bus and soon started having refreshments.

Then the boys began to practice shooting while the girls were chatting with Father Principal. At 1.00 p.m. we had our lunch. Our shooting tests continued. Pradeep of class VII was declared the best shot.

At 4.00 p.m. we started the game of blind boxing. Anil Kapila and Veneet Chaudhry were the winners.

At 4.30 p.m. we started on our return journey. By 6.00 p.m. we were back at our homes.

Ketan Parikh
Class VII



Note—The Rosary School Troop had the privilege of presenting the guard of honour, to His Excellency, the Vatican Ambassador to India, at the Palam Air Port.

DRAMATISTS AND DANCERS OFF STAGE

One meets dramatists and dancers on stage. After repeated practices and strenuous exercises they put up a programme to entertain an audience. But they are not really themselves on stage—mentally and emotionally they become the characters they represent. They are formal. If you want to see their true personality you must watch them off stage, specially at a picnic, when they relax and do not represent anybody but themselves. Partly for the above reason, perhaps, and partly as an appreciation of our performance on stage on the Annual Day, Fr. Principal decided to take us for a picnic on Saturday, 18th April. We chose Lodhi Gardens. It was a good choice as there was plenty of shade under the trees for our rest and extensive lawns for our games.

The bus started from the school at 8.30 a.m. We were really jam packed in the bus as there were many of us and most of the staff members had also come with us—they too worked hard for the Annual Day. We reached the gardens by 9.30. A very shady and cool spot was selected. All our belongings were brought under the trees. The games started.

At first the tiny tots were made to play some games while we sat around and watched. There was the grouping game—the children were to go round in a circle and suddenly groups of threes or fours were to be formed as Father called out the number. When that game was over a race was organised for them. As the distance was rather long, they were really exhausted and lay down to rest, while the bigger children, including the teachers, came to life with their games.

The first game we played was to complete the nursery rhyme. Each of us was given a slip of paper with a line of nursery rhyme written on it—four lines made a rhyme. The first four to complete a nursery rhyme were to win a prize. Everybody expected the nursery teachers to carry away the prize—but no! Fr. Bennie was too smart. His group won the coveted prize. Then we sat round in a circle and passed a parcel round with a whole lot of forfeits written on them. It was very entertaining indeed. A more entertaining game was called "Poor Pussy". A person was blindfolded and was to go near anyone in the circle and to say

"Poor Pussy" while the person thus addressed "miao". Wasn't it fun watching people saying "Poor Pussy" again and again trying to guess the person who uttered the "miao"? We continued sitting round the circle while one more game was played: it was to join the broken hearts. Fr. Principal seemed to be an expert at it.

We had by now worked up such an appetite that we did full justice to the lunch that was prepared for us. The food was indeed delicious. Whether it be due to the games we played or due to the delicious food I can not tell, but this much I do know, that several students as well as staff members were seen queuing up for a second helping. The result was inevitable. The shady spots became a good place for an afternoon nap. Nobody was interested in playing games any more.

Some of us, however, roamed about here and there and then played kho-kho for some time. In the mean time the tiny tots were beginning to feel restive. Father kept them busy with a cock fight. They had to hop about on one leg in a circle, holding their hands at their backs and were to push each other out of balance, or knock them out of the circle. The last one to remain in the circle was the winner. The game was greatly enjoyed



The staff was also there!

by them. The other primary children caught up the mood and they wanted to try their hand at knocking others out. They were also given the chance. For the bigger children Father organised another game: Bombing Raid. We were to move around four trees forming a kind of circle. As soon as the siren blew we were to take shelter in one of

the cities represented by the four trees and were to wait our luck to see which city was bombed. Promodini Sodhi was the only lucky one to save herself from all the bombing raids.

Then a 100 metre dash was arranged for the lady teachers: what fun seeing them racing in their sarees! Miss Leena Grimm won the first prize. She was lucky. She wore no saree. The second prize went to Miss Remson. What happened to the married ladies?

Finally we played two rounds of tombola. All eyes down. But I am never lucky. Even before I can fill up a line some one else claims the house! However, we wanted to play more rounds of tombola. But it was getting late. So after prize distribution we got into the bus and started our trip back home. We were all sorry that such an interesting day had come to an end. It was a picnic that I shall never forget. All of us enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Father, when shall we have another picnic of this type?

Nadeem.

Class VII.

— — —

Even for examination purposes, it is better to teach children to write a little sense than a lot of nonsense. But in fact, a child who is taught early to think and understand—reaches the stage where he can write a lot of sense in an examination, because he has thought out all the basic issues in advance.

—W. W. Sawyer.

“Without ideals, without effort, without scholarship, without philosophical continuity, there is no such thing as education.”

—Abraham Flexner

“BATIK”

Batik is both a popular and a useful craft, that brings out a person's creative ability. It is a revival of a traditional Indian craft.

It involves the process of sealing certain areas of a material and dyeing the rest of it. Thus by sealing and adding new colours to a piece of cloth, a design or a picture of a great beauty can be created. The aesthetic value of Batik lies the cracks created naturally by the sealing material. Traditional ornaments of live block designs, really bring out good results in Batik.

The most popular medium used for “Batik” is cloth. It can also be done on leather or ceramics. A mixture of Bees wax and Rosin is used as a sealing material, in case of cloth with a soft brush hot melted wax is applied to the cloth to get the desired effect. Then it is dyed in chemical dyes. The process is repeated for each colour, starting from the lightest colour and going on to the darkest.

Each colour has a different base and a salt. Base is prepared in a very little quantity of hot water, by adding a few drops of truckey red oil, ten grams of base and 10 gms of caustic soda. Salt is prepared in plenty of cold water by adding 20 grams of salt to it, and stirring it thoroughly. Now, both, base and salt are mixed in separate buckets, half filled with water.

Here is the list of the bases and salts for different colour.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Lemon Yellow
Base AT.
Salt G. C. | 5. Blue black
Base AS.
Salt blue black. |
| 2. Golden Yellow
Base AT.
Salt G. P. | 6. Black
Base AS or MN
Salt black |
| 3. Bright Red
MN or AS
Salt Scarlet R. C. | 7. Maroon
Base MN
Salt G. P. |
| 4. Brown
Base AT
Salt Blue black. | |

ZAHRA REHMAN

Class IX

We constitute the Rosary School



Nursery A



Nursery B



K. G.-A.



K. G.-B.



Std. I B



Std. I C



Std. II-C.



Std. III-A.



Std. IV B



Std. V



Std. VI



Std. VII



Std. VIII



Std IX



THE SCHOOL STAFF



Happy Children We.



Sword Dance



What they like.

ESSAY COMPETITION

—Editor's COMMENTS

We are very happy to present to our readers the prize-winning entries in the essay competition. The topics had been chosen so as to enable the students a free use of their imagination. We were interested in their originality of thought and expression. Although we had to retouch these essays prior to publication we are glad to say that we have been most successful in achieving our aim. A perusal of these essays will convince even the most sceptic reader that our young students are really blessed with originality and imagination. Most of the situations they have imagined for themselves have been realistically described. Nandini Sodhi, for instance, actually wrote that she handed over a blank sheet, and yet, if you read the honour roll you will discover that she secured the second position in her class. T. G. Rao who has written about not having the money to pay the DTU bus conductor doesn't travel by bus at all : he comes to school on his bicycle. Anuradha Roy who pleads so eloquently for abolishing home work is not at all a shirker of home work. Sarita Jain's views on education, discipline and principalship are most inspiring. Perhaps the most original thought has come from Rekha Yadav's pen when she threatened to divorce her future husband if he were to know no cooking. We would advice him to read her essay before it is too late.

The juniors, too, do not lack in originality or imagination. While reading their essays one is struck by their independence of thought. They don't rely on others' tastes : they have already cultivated tastes of their own. What is perhaps even more important is that they have shown a marvellous sense of self-reliance.

The essays have been adjudged as follows :

A. Seniors.

First Prize : Examination Day—how dreadful !

Nandini Sodhi of class IX.

Second Prize : A Day Without Pocket Money—T. G. Rao, class VIII.
Third Prize : If I were the Principal of My School—Sarita Jain,
class VII.
Should Boys Learn to Cook?—Rekha Yadav, class VII.
Consolation Prize : A plea for Abolishing Home Work—Anuradha
Roy, class VII.

B. Juniors.

First Prize : The Book I like best—Loveleena Gupta, class VI.
Second Prize : Pleasures of Reading—Sandeep Maheshwari, class VI.
Third Prize : My Hobby—Narendra Varma, class VI.



EXAMINATION DAY – HOW DREDFUL !

Nadimi Sodhi, class IX.

Examinations, how I dread them ! They are the most dreadful things ever invented by anybody. They are a botheration both for the students and for the teachers. And the monthly exams are the worst of all—as soon you have finished one you have another on hand. Getting the test copies and the progress reports signed is another nuisance. As for the final exams, they are simply dreadful !

I still recall last year's dreadful experience. One fine day I put the alarm for 5 o'clock, placed the alarm clock near my bed and went off to sleep. I thought I would get up early in the morning and go through my books, as I had gone for a movie the previous night and hadn't studied anything. In the morning the alarm went tr-rr-rr-rr. My hand shot out of the quilt—it was December—the alarm was shut off. I debated with myself whether I should get up or not. For one thing it was very cold, and then again it was very early and there was still a lot of time left. I turned over and slept again and even dreamt about getting a first division in the exams. Then suddenly somebody started pushing me and telling me to get up. I looked at the watch. How dreadful ! It was nearly eight o'clock. I jumped out of bed with lightning speed and started getting dressed. When mamma told me to have breakfast, I shouted, "hang breakfast, I am already late." It

was 8.15 a. m. I rushed out. But alas ! my bus had already gone. I shouted for the driver and thought I would go by car. But to my utmost chagrin I found that the driver was not at home. I sent my servant looking for him. After fifteen minutes or so the lazy driver finally turned up and drove me to the school. But, mind you, I hadn't studied a word !

When I reached school the assembly was already over and the students had gone to the examination hall. I ran as fast as I could. At the door whom should I bump into but Fr. George. He must have been in bad mood that day. He minced no words in scolding me for being late and lazy and what not. The words would not have hurt so badly had they not been true.

Out of breath due to the running, humiliated due to the public scolding I still tried to put on a bold face. I spotted an empty chair behind the cleverest student of the class. I ran and occupied it. My ! Wasn't I happy ? I had forgotten all my misadventures of the morning. My heart was literally jumping with joy. But it jumped too early. For just then a teacher came upto me and sternly said : "Nandini, go and sit on that seat." With down-cast eyes and a worried mind I changed my seat. It was the worst seat imaginable, for the boy ahead of me was as ignorant as I was, if not more. Alas ! the last chance I had was also gone.

Question Papers were distributed. Everyone was so happy, that they could not contain their happiness. They were shouting : "Goody, how easy the paper is !" But poor me ! There was not a single question I could answer. Everybody got busy answering the paper. I wrote my name and class and date...and...and...what else could I write ?

I started peeping around looking for some clue as to what the questions were about, but the supervising teacher gave me such a long hard stare, that I just couldn't do anything but laugh at my foolishness.

All the two hours I kept looking around for some inspiration. But the luck was not in my favour. Finally I wrote down something in order not to hand over a blank sheet. What I wrote I myself don't know. I would have liked very much to see the expression on the teacher's face as she corrected my answer paper. Was it as dreadful as was mine in the examination hall ?

(This essay has been awarded the first prize. Ed.)

A DAY WITHOUT POCKET MONEY

T. G. Rao, class VIII.

The clock struck eight. By gosh, how the time had flown! I should have been at the bus stop 10 minutes ago. I was so immersed in my homework that I had forgotten the time. Quickly I snatched my books, shouted a "ta-ta" to my mummy as I ran to the bus stop. I was still running when the DTU bus halted at bus stop. The bus conductor saw me running and waited till I got in. I saw an empty seat and occupied it. Soon the bus conductor came around issuing tickets. I put my hand into my pocket to take out my purse. The colour of my face changed. How horrible! I had forgotten my purse! I dared not look into the bus conductor's face. What could I do? The best thing to do would be to get off at the next stop. But the kind-hearted bus conductor seemed to have understood my predicament. He advanced me my ticket telling me that I could pay for it on the following day. God bless him! If everybody were as kind-hearted as this bus conductor what a wonderful world this would be!

I reached the school just as the bell rang for the assembly. I was still feeling uneasy about the bus incident. I couldn't say any prayers at the assembly. I was very silent. My friends asked me what had happened to me. How could I tell them I had no pocket money? Everyday I used to long for the lunch-break to run to the canteen and buy myself an ice cold coca cola. But today I dreaded the break. The horrible bell finally rang. I wanted to borrow some money from my friends. But the words of Shakespeare came to my mind:

Neither be a borrower nor a lender :

For one oft loses both : itself and friend.

So I feigned illness and stayed in my class while my companions went for lunch.

How dreadful!

After school I walked up to the bus stop and waited there for a few minutes thinking whether I should risk getting into the bus or not. If the bus conductor would not be as kind-hearted as in the morning I would be in real trouble. Some of them can be really nasty! And if the conductor were the same person how could I face him again and beg for another ticket without paying any money? So I decided to walk back home.

On the way back many thoughts came to my mind. I had a long way to walk. So I had plenty of time to think. When I recalled the events of the day I felt ashamed for not taking my pocket money with me. I realised the value of saving some money so that there would always be something. I could bank upon even when my parents did not give me pocket money. And what is more important, I should have to leave some money in each of my pant pocket lest the terrible events of the day were to be repeated. I wouldn't want to face the same situation again!

Suddenly my thoughts turned to a new direction—a direction I had never bothered to venture upon: the poor people! They did not have money even for their daily food, not to speak of pocket money. And how many children go to school without a pie in their pockets! Here was I without pocket money just for a day and feeling so glum as if the world had come to an end! Wasn't I over-conscious of my dignity and pride? Wouldn't it have been far better for me to move around with my companions even though I had no pocket money! And even if they noticed that I had no pocket money what harm would that have really done me? After thinking about all these things I came to the conclusion that I had really not learned to adapt myself to the circumstances of life. Suddenly I felt happy that I had such an experience, for no amount of lecture from my parents or teachers would have taught me the lesson I had learnt that day.

It was with a cheerful face that I met my mummy who was beginning to get worried about my delay in reaching home. And when I sat at table for my tea, oh what appetite I had! The food never tasted better! Wasn't it worth the trouble to go without pocket money for a day?

(This essay has been awarded the second prize. Ed.)

IF I WERE THE PRINCIPAL OF MY SCHOOL

Sarita Jain, class VII.

A principal should be a friend, philosopher and guide of the students. He has to steer the ship of school with the help of the school staff. He should be of a sweet personality, lofty character, high ideals and rare integrity. If he puts his whole heart and soul into the school work he could take the school to the greatest heights of glory and greatness. This is what I would try to do were I the principal of my school.

Discipline would be my first and foremost concern. Indiscipline would be discouraged as it is the very negation of education. However, the school discipline would be different from military discipline, where one behaves in a particular way out of fear of punishment. Such a discipline is of no worth as fear is an inhibiting agent and not a creative agent, whereas the school should be a centre of creative activities. Besides, discipline based on fear would last only as long as the source of fear lasts, and as soon as the principal or the disciplinarian is out of sight, discipline would also vanish. True discipline, therefore, comes from conviction and not from fear. I would call it self-discipline. The students would be made to understand the value of discipline and they would behave in the way demanded of them because they know it is for their own good. I would get the help of the students in maintaining discipline. Such discipline is an integral part of education. For education, as I understand the term, does not mean merely learning a few subjects, but it means the all-round development of the entire personality of the student.

The school would start with the morning assembly. The entire staff and students would gather together to raise their thoughts to God. And to invoke His blessings on their day's work.

I would turn my attention to cleanliness next, as it is rightly said to be next to godliness. I would see that the class rooms, the verandahs and the school compound would be kept neat and clean. The students would be advised not to throw waste paper here and there ; dustbins would be provided for the purpose. I would make the classrooms more attractive by decorating them with charts and maps.

An idle mind is the devil's workshop. I would see therefore that the students would always be kept busy ; that the blackboard would be used constantly, and that teachers do not sit idle in the class rooms.

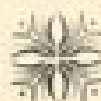
Co-curricular activities would be given due place of importance. I would organise the school parliament, literary societies, boy scout and girl guide movements, N.C.C. and other activities. Sports and games would be compulsory for all the students.

I would love the students as a mother loves her children. I would know most of them by name and would learn their home history. The poor students would be given freeships and free books. I would make arrangements for extra classes for the weak students.

My relationship with the staff would be very cordial. I would share their joys and sorrows. The staff room would be kept neat and clean so that the teachers may sit there in comfort during their free periods. All the necessities for the teachers would be provided for so that they may devote their time and talents for the school work.

Were I to be the principal of my school I would do everything in my power to see that my school would not be a mere teaching shop, but an institution where everything would be done to bring about an all round development of the entire personality of the students.

(This essay has been awarded the third prize. Ed.)



Should Boys Learn to Cook?

Rekha Yadav, class VII.

If food is one of the greatest needs of man, then cooking food is a skill that every one should know. But from time immemorial it has been considered to be the sole responsibility of women to cook food, while men consider it their right to eat to their heart's content without even bothering to see if there is any food left for their women folk. Isn't it unfair?

In olden times this attitude could have been excused as women were not allowed to work out of doors. They had all the time to sit at home and cook food, while the men folk laboured out in the fields or factories. But times have changed. Women now work out of doors, shoulder to shoulder with men, in offices, workshops, business concerns and even in the governance of the country. Unfortunately there are some men who do not realize the changing times. They will never change their views! They think it is below their dignity to cook! Is it below their dignity to eat food? Surely it is not only women who cook food? It is high time, therefore, that boys at least wake up to the changing times and learn cooking.

However, considering their clumsiness, it would be too much to expect the boys to learn to prepare all the dishes. But surely they are not so stupid that they cannot learn to prepare a few main dishes! What would happen to such a stupid boy in later life if his wife were to get ill or were to go to visit her relations? What will he do? He would probably spend a lot of money at a hotel. Would it be sensible to waste all that money? Wouldn't it be more sensible to try and cook by himself? Perhaps he would have to burn a finger, break a few plates and may take hours to prepare a dish his wife would have prepared in a few minutes. So, boys, isn't it better to learn some cooking now than to face all these difficulties later?

Girls are tired of cooking. It's time they had a break. Why shouldn't the boys take over cooking for a change? Let them wake up to the changing times. A time will soon come when they will lose all their freedom which they are now unjustly appropriating to themselves. They will soon have to sit in the kitchen and do the cooking while their wives will be busy working out of doors. Should they fail to do so, their wives may be forced to divorce them for being an obstacle to their progress and advancement! The unjust domination of men can't last long. Women have a right to be emancipated. Nobody can deny them their rights.

Boys beware! Learn cooking before it is too late!

(This essay has been awarded the third prize Ed.)

A PLEA FOR ABOLISHING HOME WORK

Anuradha Roy, class VII:

I have in my heart a great respect for my teachers, but sometimes I feel angry with them. I have a great regard for their intelligence, but sometimes I cannot but wonder what use they make of it. On a certain day none of the teachers will give us any homework; but on another day every teacher will set a heavy work to be done at home. When the annual exams draw near, our respectable teachers are so anxious to finish the course as well as do revision work, that the load of home work becomes really unbearable. A particular instance comes to my mind.

It happened in October last year. Our Maths teacher had just taught us profit and loss and she gave us ten sums to be done at home. The English teacher who came next gave us an essay to write, twelve sentences to be analysed and ten words to find out the meaning of and to make sentences with. The Hindi teacher who followed gave us a story to write and some questions

* to answer. This was too much. Other teachers wanted to give us more work too ! But we protested so vehemently that we were spared any further burden.

I went home and after resting a little had a game of badminton, which I play regularly in the evening. Then after washing myself I sat down to do my home work. I started with Maths. I could do the first three sums quite easily, but the fourth one puzzled me. I knew the method. But due to a wrong multiplication and a wrong use of the formula I began to get fantastic answer. Fortunately my father came to my rescue. He showed me where I had gone wrong. After half hour of labour I solved the sum. It took me full two hours to do the ten sums.

Then I took up English. I wrote the essay hurriedly, but when I started with the analysis I was completely lost. Whoever invented analysis I don't know. I am sure it must have been invented as a device to torture peoples minds. It tortures my mind. I asked my father for help. Both he and my elder brother were as ignorant of analysis as I was. I drew the columns and started filling them up. I was able to get the subject and the verb correctly, but I came to the extension of the predicate and enlargement of the object etc. I was lost. Finally I filled up the columns at random. I suspected that every sentence was wrong, but there was no time to worry over such silly matters when there was so much work still to be done. Then I started looking for meanings of words so as to make sentences with them.

It was 10.00 p. m. When I finished my English work. I should have been asleep long ago. I was feeling very tired and sleepy. But the Hindi homework was still left and it would take me no less than an hour to do it !

Suddenly a bright idea flashed across my mind. Why not copy the work from those who had done it ? I felt as happy as the thirsty traveller of the desert who comes in sight of an oasis. My heart was filled with joy when I thought of this easy solution to my problem. Why didn't I think of it earlier ? By this time I was overcome by sleep that I slept in the drawing room itself. It was past midnight when my mummy woke me up and sent me to bed. I didn't have proper sleep at night. The following day I was feeling so drowsy in school that I could not concentrate on any subject. I learned nothing. *

Ever since that day I have a terrible dislike for home work. A moderate amount of home work may serve its purpose ; but an excessive amount has the contrary effect. It only teaches the students to copy the work of others. I fail to understand what the purpose of homework is. If a teacher takes pains to teach properly what need is there for home work ? As far as I can see home work only serves to spoil our day by depriving us of our evening games. We go to school to study and do not complain when teachers make us do work. But at home we want to play and relax ourselves so that we may study better the following day. It is really unfair for the teachers to rob us of our well earned rest and relaxation. How I wish somebody would tell our teachers that it was all work and no play that made Jack a DULL BOY.

(This essay has been awarded a consolation prize. Ed.)



THE BOOK I LIKE BEST

Loveleena, class VI.

One of my favourite books is THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, by Daniel Defoe. Though it was written and published more than one hundred and thirty years ago, it is still being printed and read with great interest by many people.

Daniel Defoe had a wonderful way of making a purely imaginary story appear like real history. It is only a made-up tale and not the careful accounts of a real man as it is made to appear. It is the story of an English sailor shipwrecked on a deserted island, where he lived all alone for twenty five years. All the details of Crusoe's adventures are Defoe's own inventions. He tamed and domesticated wild goats for their milk, hewed a boat out of a tree, grew wheat, made out a calendar for himself and thus kept himself busy, making his life on the island as comfortable as possible. All these exploits

know the old saying that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and that all play and no work makes him a mere toy. Therefore one should work and play and make the best use of one's leisure. To do that one should have some hobby or other.

Gardening is my hobby. We live in M. C. Colony, Dhakka. We have a kitchen garden. When I was a small child I observed my father working in the garden. Automatically I became interested in gardening and now it has become my hobby.

I have a small spade and other implements for gardening. I have planted rose, lily and sun flowers in my garden. Their sweet smell refreshes me in the morning. I have planted also a few fruit trees. They are growing very rapidly. I even grow vegetables. What a fine combination of pleasure and profit. The vegetables seem to taste extra delicious when we grow them in our own garden !

Whenever I find time to spare or get tired of my studies, I go to my garden and start working there. The physical labour I put in and the fresh air I breathe help me to keep my limbs strong and nimble. Early in the morning when I go into my garden the flowers seem to welcome me with a smile and the plants toss their heads as if to wish me "good morning". My heart begins to overflow with joy.

Gardening gives me pleasure. It is a source of joy to my heart and adds colour and beauty to my life. without it I would feel very dull. Most aptly has the poet said:

What is this life, full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare ?

(This essay was awarded thired prize Ed.)



THE ANNUAL DAY

A Report

Adjacent to the Radio Colony, Kingswap Camp, one comes across a very impressive three-storeyed building on modern architectural lines. It is the new block of the Rosary Higher Secondary School. It became a higher secondary school only recently when it was given recognition by the Central Board of Education. Class IX was started in January 1970. The school area is usually infested by a horde of mosquitoes. But on wednesday, 15th April, no mosquito was to be found anywhere in the vicinity of the school—so thorough were the precautionary measures taken by the mosquito control board. Instead, thousands of people flocked to the school. It was the school Annual Day.

An open air stage was set up in front of the new school block and over 1500 colourful chairs were provided to accomodate the large gathering. But they proved to be insufficient, as many persons had to stand for the whole function.

Miss Surendra Saini, the well-known social worker and the Padma Bhushan award winner of this year presided over the function. His Grace, Angelo Fernandes, the Archbishop of Delhi also graced the occasion. Mr. J. N. Singh Dy, Commissioner, M. C. D. gave away the prizes. The Principal in his report, Miss Saini, Archbishop Angelo and Mr J. N. Singh in their speeches stressed the need of the parents and teachers getting together and combining their efforts for the proper education of the children. There was a general tendency to leave the task of education entirely

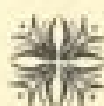


The chief guest.

to the school. The school alone could not hope to achieve this goal.

The children gave a very good account of themselves in the cultural programme they staged for the occasion. The welcome speech by Amrit Pritma Chauhan was most impressive-she spoke like a born orator. Even the kindergarten children put up a very colourful Hawaii Dance. The Hindi skit "Riaz" was very much appreciated, the group dances were all excellent. The Naga Dance by the senior girls was judged the best group dance of the evening. Anuradha Roy gave a superb display of the Ravindra Sangeetan Dance welcoming spring. The one act play—The Bishop's Candlesticks was greatly appreciated and Ketan Parikh, the Convict, was adjudged the best actor.

The prize Distribution followed. From the impressive list of prize winners both in the curricular and in the co-curricular activities and from the high standard of the cultural programme presented for the evening, one came away from the function fully convinced that here at last is a school that is not only interested in imparting information but is also interested in the all round development of the personality of the child.





Hang your "ring", get me "piay"

WELCOME SPEECH—Anrit Pritma Chauhan, class IX. Honoured Chief Guest and Respected parents

On behalf of the principal, the staff and the students it is my proud privilege to welcome you in our midst this evening. Your very presence here is a concrete proof of the interest you take in our activities and in our progress. You cannot imagine how happy we are to have you with us this evening, to witness our amateur performance and to rejoice with those who will be awarded prizes for their hard work. Some of you will definitely be proud of the achievements and performances of your children—to them we offer our heartiest congratulations and express the hope that their children will always be a source of pride for them. Those of us who have not distinguished ourselves in any way console ourselves with the thought that it is not possible for everyone to stand first in everything. Let us assure you that it is not due to want of trying. But talents differ and competition is tough. And now that the house system has just been introduced into our school, the spirit of cooperation and competitiveness is keenly felt by all of us, and I am sure that many hidden talents will be brought to the light of day. When you meet us again next year, I can confidently assert, that many more of you will have cause to be proud of the achievements of your children.

Finally a word of apology. The staff and students have laboured hard to prepare today's programme. But many of us are appearing on the stage for the first time and some of us have yet to overcome the stage fright. Under these circumstances there cannot but be defects and shortcomings in our performance. However, the keen interest you have shown in us, specially by being with us this evening assures us of your indulgence.

Once again a most cordial welcome to one and all of you.
Thank you.

THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS

A one-act play by Norman Mackinnel.

Synopsis.

It's a cold winter night. Darkness reigns everywhere. But a patch of light can be seen from a humble cottage. The door is open. One can see the figure of an elderly man reading attentively from a book. Suddenly a figure dashes in through the open door, points a dagger to the back of the sitting figure and threatens him with death should he dare to call for help. The intruder is dressed in shaggy rags; his face is unshaven; the expression on his face is brutal—he is an escaped convict. Dinner is demanded and



I want be preached at...I want food.

given. The convict wants to know whom he has the pleasure of robbing that night—the elderly man replies that he is a Bishop. The convict laughs at him and his religion. But the Bishop is kind. He provides even sleeping accommodation for the convict. But just then he sees



The convict? he stole the cup!

the Bishop's Candlesticks—By God, silver ones too !

The Cast

The Bishop.....	Nadeem, class VII.
Persome, Bishop's sister	Reofat Rehman, class IX
Marie, a servand maid.....	Roopshikha Setia, class VI.
The Convict 15729.....	Ketan Parikh, class VII.



ANNUAL DAY

CULTURAL PROGRAMME

1. Opening Chorus—Count Your Blessings. Senior girls.
2. Hawaii Dance—K. G. children.
3. Riaz—a Hindi skit.
4. Ravindra Sangeetan Dance welcoming spring—Anuradha Roy.
5. Pretty Maid—K. G. children.
6. Gypsy Dance—junior girls.
7. What they like best—class I.
8. Puja Dance—Junior girls.
9. Happy Children we—class II.
10. Sword Dance—junior girls.

Interval.

11. The Bishop's Candlesticks—an one- act play
12. Naga Dance—senior girls.

Jana gana mana.

Std. II. C.

- 1st. Anupam Prabhakar
2nd. Raj Shkar K.
3rd. Ruchi Narnin

Std. III. A.

- 1st. Sandeep Bhatia
2nd. Rajiv Sharma
3rd. Rahul.

Std. IV. A.

- 1st. Parveen Gupta
2nd. Sunil Sachdeva
3rd. Iqbal Singh

Std. IV. B.

- 1st. Rajiv Tiwari
2nd. Rohit Khare
3rd. Neelima Sharma

Std. V.

- 1st. Vandana and Nithyan Gulati
2nd. Dolly and Meenakhi Kakhar
3rd. Sunita Gosamy and Guljit Singh

Std. VI.

- 1st. Narender Verma
2nd. Vibhas Chandorkar
3rd. Naheed Rievi

Std. VIII.

- 1st. Harpreet Kaur
2nd. Vinay Kumar.

Std. VII.

- 1st. Rekha Yadav
2nd. Ketan Parikh
3rd. Sarita Jain

Std. IX.

- 1st. Reefat Rehman
2nd. Nandhini Sodhi
3rd. Kanwaljit Kaur



Best class of the year. Std. VI

MERIT LIST

1. Studies.

Nursery A.

- 1st. Anil Lamba
- 2nd. Atul Mohan
- 3rd. Harminder

Nursery B.

- 1st. Gita Gangadharan
- 2nd. Vandana Adalaka
- 3rd. Sushma Ekha

K. G. A.

- 1st. Poonam Seth
- 2nd. Anjali Mukerjee
- 3rd. Ajay Kumar

K. G. B.

- 1st. Samira Mehta
- 2nd. Manjot
- 3rd. Renu Agarwal Singh

K. G. C.

- 1st. Suprana Kuthiala
- 2nd. Vikas Adalaka
- 3rd. Walter Alfred Kujur

Class I. A.

- 1st. Alka Khan
- 2nd. Dinesh Bhatia
- 3rd. Bhuvana Rao

Class I. B.

- 1st. Manisha Goel
- 2nd. Kiron Tandon
- 3rd. Sunita Anderson

Class I. C.

- 1st. Sunil Sharma
- 2nd. Supratic Gupta
- 3rd. Bhavana Bhatnagar

Std. II. A.

- 1st. Leela Thambi
- 2nd. Bhasant Sumer
- 3rd. Sanjiv Mehta

Std. II. B.

- 1st. Sanjay Kant.
- 2nd. Alka Jaggi & Meenu Mathur
- 3rd. Rajiv Wahar.

Sub Juniors.

1st. Shikha Sharma III. A

2nd. Susan John. ILC

3rd. Vijender Kumar

Shankar's special.

Jasbir Singh

Vibhas

Essay Competition.

Seniors

1st Nandini Sodhi IX.

2nd. T. G. Rao VIII.

3rd Rekha Yadav VII

Sarita Jain, VII

Consolation prizes.

Kanwaljit Kaur IX

Krishan Nagpal IX

Anuradha Roy VII

Juniors

1st. Love Leena VI

2nd. Sandeep VI.

3rd. Narender Verma, VI

Consolation prizes

Anis Hyder. V, Nityan Gulati V

Shelly IV B Naheed VI.

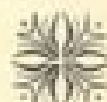
NCC Shooting. Pradeep Sharma

Boxing Aanil Kapila & Vineet Chowdhry

Special prize.

Best Actor : Ketan Parikh.

Best Group dance : Naga Dance—Sid VII, VIII and IX.



II. Co-Curricular Activities.

Fancy Dress Competitions :

Infants

K. G. & Nursery.

1st. Mamta & Raman Agarwal N.A.

1st. Sanjiv Bhatia III B

2nd. Rewa Jaggi K.G.

2nd. Bhavana Bhatnagar. 1C

3rd. Anju Seth K. G. B.

3rd. Asha Seth III. B

Juniors

Seniors

1st. Tabsum

1st. Naheed Rizvi.

2nd. Renu Khanna

2nd. Roop Shikha

3rd. Kusum Bhatia

3rd. Ashok Kumar Gupta

Consolation Prizes.

Mita, Love leena, Ketan Parikh

Elocution contest

Group. I.

VII, VIII & IX.

1st. Amrit Pritam Chauhan

2nd. Ketan Parikh

3rd. Nadeem Naqvi

Group III. (III & IV)

1st. Ambika Shikha III-A.

2nd. Anita Smith III-B

3rd. Renu Khanna—IV-B

Group II. V & VI

1st. Naheed Rizvi.

2nd. Vibhas Chandorkar

3rd. Roop Shikha

Group IV (I & II)

1st. Bhuvana Rao-I-B

2nd. Mamta Pandey I.B

3rd. Sangeeta. I. A

Bhavana Bhattanagar

Vinay Kumar

Art Competition

Senior section

1st. Jasbir Singh VII

2nd. Poonam Mittal VIII

3rd. Reefat Rehman IX

Junior section

1st. Nalini Singh. IV. B

2nd. Narender Verma VI.

3rd. Tabsum VI. B

Sub Juniors.

- 1st. Shikha Sharma III. A
2nd. Susan John. II.C
3rd. Vijender Kumar

Shankar's special.
Jasbir Singh
Vibhas

Essay Competition.

Seniors

- 1st Nandini Sodhi IX.
2nd. T. G. Rao VIII.
3rd Rekha Yadav VII
Sarita Jain, VII

Consolation prizes.

Kanwaljit Kaur IX
Krishan Nagpal IX
Anuradha Roy VII

Juniors

- 1st. Love Leena VI
2nd. Sandeep VI.
3rd. Narender Verma, VI

Consolation prizes

Anis Hyder. V, Nityan Gulati V
Shelly IV B Naheed VI.

NCC Shooting.

Pradeep Sharma

Boxing

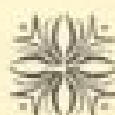
Aanil Kapila & Vineet Chowdhry

Special prize.

Best Actor :

Ketan Parikh,

Best Group dance : Naga Dance—Std VII, VIII and IX.



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