



SCHOOL TIE - FEB 1998

AN APPEAL

We would like to start by apologising for the delayed issue of School Tie. The reason for the delay is lack of contribution towards articles and time from the ex-students. However, as you will observe in this issue there is a lot of contribution from some ex-students and therefore an 8 page issue instead of the usual 4. You must realize that we can make this newsletter work only if we get more articles for future issues.

This is an earnest request to send in your contributions, whether short or long, literary or otherwise. Send them to any member of the Managing Committee or fax them to Sushil Sukhwani at 200 3267 or email them to { HYPERLINK "mailto:tristar@giasbm01.vsnl.net.in" }. Just small write-ups on your school days, the get-togethers you've had during/after school, the school vacation tours, your achievements in academics, on the sports field, in your career or most importantly the way in which you can help the school or other ex-students today. You may visit school and give vocational guidance talks, give the ex-students discounts/bargains or any other value addition.

There is now a web-site pertaining to our school called " <http://www.stmarysisc.org>" set up by an ex-student { HYPERLINK "mailto:pranav4u@earthlink.net" }(U.S.A.) and { HYPERLINK "mailto:alidhoon@stmarysisc.org" }(U.S.A.). It has names and addresses of old boys, their latest whereabouts, some photographs of School, teachers, tours, etc. It is a must for all of you to see and register yourselves. In fact this issue of School Tie will also be posted on the site. If any of you would like to contribute to the site your contributions and/or suggestions would be very welcome. Life Membership to the Alumni Association is a steal - a mere Rs.100/-. Why not gift a membership to your friends and/or relatives who have spent their youth at St. Mary's. He may be pleasantly surprised and grateful for the gesture.

Hope you enjoy this issue and we wish to thank all those who have contributed in producing this issue.
(By Deepak Mehta & Sushil Sukhwani)



OLD BOYS DINNER - SUPER SUCCESS!

For all you marians who couldn't make it to the dinner really missed a wild celebration we missed all of you. There were close to 400 people, beer was flowing and yes the food was superb . We got a new caterer this time. The highlight on the menu was BUNCHOP & KHEEMA PAV ! Believe me, the taste was the same, actually better because I ate one after ten years. The music was good too. I danced the macarena with somebody's gorgeous wife! For dessert we all stood up and sang the school athern everyone had goose flesh. The best part was that Fr. Everest (Principal) had such a good time that he wanted another bash the following week. Also present were Fr. Austin and Raja Khade who actually rattled some equation on the microphone. I couldn't tell if he was making it up. I failed in Chemistry!
(By { [HYPERLINK "mailto:smlajay@bom2.vsnl.net.in"](mailto:smlajay@bom2.vsnl.net.in) })

FOOTBALL MATCH - ALUMNI Vs STUDENTS

VENUE : BIG FOOTBALL GROUND
TIME : FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Result : Tie breaker-school 'baachas ' win!

I guess that was because our star player Samir Somaiya (class of'84) wasn't I in form. We had Ajay Sukhwani, Sanjay Dolwani as our strikers. Sushil Sukhwani was our Goalie now you can imagine why we lost. Guess who else was present? Gary/ Gerg one of them. I still can't tell the difference after all these years. He's settled in Melbourne and looks like Steven Seagal. The whole event was a lot of fun. Guys if any of you would like to participate or get in touch with your old pals do call Sushil Sukhwani or myself (Ajay Parekh) at 2003055 or 4981811. We'd love to hear from you.

(By { [HYPERLINK "mailto:smlajay@bom2.vsnl.net.in"](mailto:smlajay@bom2.vsnl.net.in) })



"FROM OVER THE WAVES"

This is an email received from { [HYPERLINK "mailto:zero@networx.net.au"](mailto:zero@networx.net.au) } "A Marian from the 60's who discovered the Marian web site recently by accident."

I went to St. Mary's till about the early 60's, whilst not a notable scholar I did excel on the sports field to a greater degree. From St. Mary's I went to Christchurch High School in Clare Road, Bycolla.....remember It??.

In 1966 my family, father mother and 5 baby ducks migrated to Perth Australia here. I studied to finish my schooling, did an apprenticeship and worked for a while, before joining the west Australian police force, my tour of duty here commenced in general duties, traffic, driving/riding pursuit cars and motorcycles. I do have a love for motorcycles, whilst I do not own one presently it was great having someone else provide the "full facilities" for something one loves. I also did a lengthy stint in doing accident investigations, something I found very challenging, I continued onto the planning and research section, then to communications and finally to resignation to become a paramedic with the W..A. Ambulance service having been doing this for the last 15 years now and shall continue to do so till ??? retirement.

I am married to a lovely, lovely lady, in fact we both went to Christchurch and had to come to Australia to fall in love funny. How faith works at times. We have three lovely children Nicole 21, at UNI doing Psychology and Anthropology , Suzanne 17 last year High School and Scott 15 two more years to go at school then UNI. We live in the suburb of Ocean Reef, which is one of the Northern suburbs of Perth and thoroughly enjoy life here.

Apart from Pardivala I can remember the headmaster Fr. Ribbo ?????? and also the arts teacher, his name fails me at the moment in fact he even taught my father , Pinto seems to ring a bell.....the bloke I can remember most was Allan Racani . I think he is in Melb somewhere.

That is all, I can remember ,maybe more will come to me later.
(By { [HYPERLINK "mailto:zero@networx.net.au"](mailto:zero@networx.net.au) })

Comment... by Dom Moraes -- "Remembering a Brother"



Brother Pardo became a friend of mine. I sympathised with him because his activities, which were perfectly honourable, evoked mirth from the other boys, and sometimes disgust. For he was also in charge of keeping the school lavatories clean, and here once more he showed the sweepers how he wanted it done by doing it himself. Brother Pardo was bewildered when some boys, as he passed by, ostentatiously turned way, holding their noses. "But why they do these?" he would ask me. "Mahatma Gandhi, he also would keep clean the toilets, no? Why these boys they behave so?" It was difficult to explain to him that the boys were not interested in the examples set by Mahatma Gandhi, or indeed by Brother Pardo. He was still, then, very much of a boy himself, and very easily hurt. He was also very conscious, at the time, that he was not a full-fledged Jesuit father and could never be one.

The reason I, and a few other boys were close to him was because, as well as being responsible for keeping the school clean, he was in charge of the equipment within it, including the cyclostyle machine. When Micky Chagla, now a well known barrister, and I started a magazine called 'The Monthly Review', we had to deal constantly with Brother Pardo, since it was not printed but cyclostyled. A large number of copies had to be done, since it was supposed to be distributed through the entire school, but Brother Pardo would never let us help him or lay a finger on the machine. He guarded it with jealous pride. Though a priest, one felt in him a great need for private possessions. He was provided by the school with a camera, with which he took photographs when there were distinguished visitors or when parents came or prizes were handed out. "I weesh I had my own," he sighed.

He was a small, agile man, in those days, with an unlined and boyish face and a constant air of being harassed in everything he did. He had reason to look like this, for he was always in demand, by the senior priests, by his staff, by the boys; they all wanted different things. If a window was broken or a drainpipe was blocked, he was the person called on to fix it.

He invariably managed. He was good with his hands. They understood tools and implements of labour. As a boy he had worked in the fields, and if I understood what he said correctly, he fought for the Republicans, that is to say a communist alliance, during the Spanish Civil War in the late '30s.

He remained, however, a Catholic; and after the war he decided to become a priest and applied to the Jesuits. It takes 14 years to become a Jesuit priest: Damaso was not very educated; and so they only accepted him as a Brother.

A Brother does not have the duties of a priest. He has rather more; he is there to serve, and Brother Pardo did. I left school in 1954 and went to England. Fifteen years later I revisited St. Mary's with a BBC television crew, and was amazed to meet him once more. He was by now senior in the school hierarchy, simply by virtue of the years he had been there; while other brothers and priests had been posted to other



schools and cities, he had remained. He now, in some way I did not understand or question, had a camera of his own; he had a small office of his own. He was still in charge of maintenance and cleanliness and so forth, but he now had assistants. He had also started something which was a combination of an art and an industry. He had started to travel -- and once more I did not understand how all this had suddenly been sanctioned by the school, and paid for by the church.

In Turkey, Greece, and the Middle East, he had seen icons. Icons are the religious pictures which have been painted and in a sense constructed (for some of them need inlay work and the use of gemstones and precious metals), in the near east and in Russia. These belong to the Coptic and Syrian churches rather than the Catholic church proper, but they had fascinated and enthralled Damaso. He had travelled in India and had seen churches so poor that they had no ornaments or decoration whatever. He decided to furnish them with religious art at no cost. He had collected a team of carpenters, painters, and other artisans, and they produced squares and rectangles of painted wood on which reproductions of famous icons were carefully pasted. I cannot say that they looked beautiful, but they were serviceable symbols of religious faith. Damaso supplied poor churches with them.

Brother Damaso Pardo used to practice what he preached IN the middle of July, Damaso Pardo died of a heart attack in his native Spain. I say "native", but it was not really a country in which he had spent much time. He must have been in his 70s when his life of service ended and I would think more than half this time was spent in India. When I first met him I must have been 12 or 13; I was in my first year at St. Mary's High School in Bombay. He was in the main courtyard between the administrative buildings and the senior school, his white cassock hitched up around his waist, with a broom in his hand. He was supervising a group of servants who were sweeping up dead leaves and rubbish, and was showing them by example how to do it. Large numbers of boys watched him, giggling loudly; the idea that a white priest should do menial work was completely beyond them. They could not understand it; they themselves had never done menial work.

I pointed out to him that one of the tenets of the early Christian church had been simplicity an absentation from decorative art. "No, no" he said, "but there must be something to look at in a church, no?" I said "I thought in church you were supposed to commune with God or yourself or whatever without any distraction from the decorations. " He shook his head violently. "No, no!" he agonised. "Look at our churches in Spain! They are full of decorations." Argument was pointless. Damaso had turned this art of his into an industry by selling the icons to people he knew and holding exhibitions of them not only covering his costs thereby but ensuring a profit for St. Mary's. He led a busy social life. If his friends bought the ingredients, he would turn up at their houses carrying a wok-like utensil in which he cooked the Valencian version of paella. He always lamented the unavailability of octopus. As time passed the icons became more sophisticated they looked much better than they had. Damaso had a whole staff making them. In this later years he visited Spain more frequently and came back with gifts and anecdotes. He was as impressed by the modern facilities he found



in Spain as an Indian travelling abroad for the first time would have been. He had become Indian over the years, though I don't think he accepted the fact. "I like to hear Spanish spoken to me and to speak it to others," he told me. " It is so marvelously sweet a language. But now I find people in Spain do not understand me when I speak. " He seemed a little puzzled by this and saddened. But nothing could sadden him for long. I did not meet him in the two years before his death, but I shall miss him and it strikes me that if the Catholic Church makes posthumous awards to those who have served it well, it should make some kind of award to Brother Pardo.

(By Dom Moraes)

'PERVEZ MODI PLAYS HIS TUNE'

Batch of '85 (An article from a recent issue of Bombay Times)

Pervez is an M.A in Fine Arts from Moscow State Tchaikovsky Conservatory who is presently doing his Doctorate at the Staatliche Hochschule fur Musik at Karlsruhe , Germany . He will be proceeding in September on a concert tour of Latin American countries . His last concert in April at the Ward Foundation Theatre in Kingston , Jamaica was highly acclaimed. Our boy has come a long way.....go Modi !!

{ HYPERLINK "<http://www.stmarysisc.org/marys8.htm>" }

FOR THE GOOD TIMES --Shishir Hattangadi Benefit Game

Shishir was a member of the winning Giles shield cricket team for St. Mary's in 1975 !

All of us had misted eyes when we parted from Shishir Hattangadi and his wife Juju at the Holiday Inn in Ahmedabad on Monday evening. What the former Mumbai opening batsman and captain will gain in the form of a purse is yet to be determined, but it should be sizeable. Good for him.It is just amazing how popular he is with his fellow cricketers, both his contemporaries and his juniors.That Sunday morning when



we departed by the Jet Air flight at the rather unearthly hour of 5.50 a.m. the party from here included Sachin Tendulkar, Vinod Kamble, Sanjay Manjrekar, the organiser of benefit matches for the players, Parkas Kelkar, Raju Kulkarni, Karsan Ghavri and the ageless Padmakar Shivalkar. I was in the party thanks to Shishir's invitation. A few, like Milind Rege and his wife Raj, Sandeep Patil and his wife Deepa as well as the irrepressible Hemant Kenkre had gone on Saturday evening to Ahmedabad. Said Milind, "I could not take a chance with such an early flight." Mohinder Amaranths missed the morning flight which we took as his alarm had conked out. But he arrived on the evening of Sunday Flights from the south brought in Anil Kumble, Rahul Dravid, Mohammed Azharuddin and Robin Singh. From Delhi came the great Kapil Dev Nikhanj (to umpire for a short while), Ajay Jadeja and Madan Lal. And from Baroda, the two wicket-keepers, Kiran (Jockey) More and Nayan Mongia, though the latter developed a rash on his nose and did not play. Poor Shishir had to keep wicket. There were representatives from Bollywood and its fringes, Anupam Kher, Sunil Shetty, Durga Jasraj. And a couple of others who I am not quite familiar with. Shishir was at the airport to receive the party. With Sachin he has a wonderful rapport. And Sachin made it a point to say yes to any request that the beneficiary made. The India captain's popularity has to be seen to be believed. If the first visit of the morning was to a place religious pilgrimage, it was no inconvenience to him. There were crowds everywhere. The hotel was virtually under siege. But Sachin said, "Anything for a cause. The fans are bound to be there. What is the problem in shaking a few hands and signing autographs?" In fact, one lad who had given Sachin a book to sign, was embarrassed that the pen was not writing. Sachin asked him to find another. The captain waited with the book in hand till another pen was procured. It must be taxing for Sachin and the other cricketers. Later, I sat with him in his room while he tucked into a light breakfast. "What would we be without the public? Of course they must understand that we do get tired and harassed. But the enthusiasm is infectious." There was a musical soiree in the evening where the like of Sanjay Manjrekar and Vinod Kamble sang. In the old days Padmakar Shivalkar, Paddy to all of us, was the nightingale of the Mumbai cricket party. Now there are two nightingales in the Mumbai squad. In the night, Shishir and Juju invited all of us to 'swing and spin' at the disco. There was Abey Kuruvilla sans Sarah shaking a leg. Sachin and Vinod too. In the morning, I had remarked to Sachin about the weight of his bag. He had said, "That is my music system." He is inseparable from his music. Abey is a wonderful boy. He is the gentle giant of the Mumbai team, loved by all his mates. He gives nobody any offence and has an endearing smile. Of course, with the ball in hand, he is a different proposition altogether as many a batsman in the land would readily admit. The game itself was a success because over 20,000 thronged the Sardar Patel Stadium, once the international venue for the game in Ahmedabad. It has since given way to the Gujarat Stadium in Motera. There were a lot of strokes played as must be the case in a benefit game. And Vinod Kamble was in his element. Sachin was caught and bowled by Madan Lal, a reflex effort which surprised both the batsman and the catcher. The two evenings spent were full of merriment. Sandeep is the practical joker par excellence. But sometimes being the butt of his jokes can be quite tough. Kenkre was sure that it was Sandeep who had hidden one of his shoes, though he later discovered that it was Milind Rege who had done it. Shishir and Juju were delighted that all their friends could share in their happiness. Shishir missed



friends like Ravi Shastri in Pakistan and Allan Sippy in England. Lalchand Rajput and Chandrakant Pandit would have been there but Ranji Trophy commitments. It was here that I got word that the Sri Lankan team charges one lakh US dollars to play a benefit game. Should our players be paid by the sponsors who organise matches for beneficiaries? Sachin is sentimental in this matter. Somehow as yet he is not inclined to think of it at all. But then why not? Anyway as far as we are concerned, Shishir had to pay no players (at least, I think so) and a good time was had by all.

(By Rajan Bala)

THINK ABOUT IT (FOR GUYS AND SPOUSES) !!

Greetings Guys and Spouses (for whom it may concern).

What really distinguished Marians 85 from other batches? I think it was our ability to stand up and fight for what we thought was right. I remember Casale once telling the captains that we should all become lawyers from the way we argued....one actually did and one contemplated about it long and hard. I'm not sure the batches immediately above or below us had that kind of gumption. Sal/KB mentioned us being the batch which for the first time had vice-caps from the batch below. Do ya'll remember how hard we fought that one...election boycott and all that. In retrospect, I think, we were wrong to give in.....Berkie played the ego card and won. I still remember Kaush arguing about things that he was passionate about..given a chance he would have convinced Karl Marx that socialism sucked. Or Mr Modi telling us how rock music was the 'root of all evil'. We did not necessarily agree with him, but few could fault his style and panache.

A second distinguishing feature of our batch was the "can do" spirit once we set our minds to it. Remember the inter-school march-past team. Samant thought we stank, so we trained ourselves. For two weeks Farid pounded that bass drum while we marched though the middle three "periods" under the blazing February sun. We did not beat Champion, but we came close and for the first time since Firdaus Dhabar's batch we really gave those "Pansies" a scare. Remember the 4 X 100 relay team (Sush, Rahul, Sama and I think Kaizad Dady). Nobody thought they would qualify let alone medal. I think we came second in that relay (correct me if I am wrong). In many ways we were an "Awaara" batch...the illegitimates who believed even when the people in power gave up on us. I think we have used these qualities in our "grown-up" (so-called) existence, and have been mildly successful. The Million \$\$ Question...Where do we go from here? Do we sit back and pat our fannies, or do we use these attributes for a purpose. (Some thoughts and ideas follow in a message that I hope to complete before the end of next week). Your ideas and thoughts (particularly from the silent majority) would be more than welcome. I got plenty of more stuff I'd like to share, but there's work



to be done. Beside I hate to make this network a kind of forum for my thoughts....I'm sorry but I do tend to pontificate occasionally Take care Ya'll!

By { [HYPERLINK "mailto:hs@ccwf.cc.utexas.edu"](mailto:hs@ccwf.cc.utexas.edu) }

St Mary's We Salute You

An important part of any child's life and one that takes up much of his/her time is that which is spent in School. I say School with a capital because I refer to my school, ST. Mary's High School (ISC) being the best school I could have hoped for. It was the best in Bombay and we proved that several times in many arenas in life. St. Mary's gave every student the opportunity to be a all-rounder. Imagine that a school with a 100 % Rhodes Scholar material as pupils. You could excel in the class room because you had teachers who would painstakingly explain a subject over and over again until it was understood. You could excel in the sports field where our coaches, professional and amateurs alike pushed us to the limits and beyond. You could excel in the finer arts of drama and elocution where regular competitions kept the talent flowing year after year. you could grow as a person by being involved in community projects, they weren't so much encouraged but compulsory. Although the idea may not have been liked at the time by the growing lads whose kudos would be questioned if he went to Mother

Theresa's home of the Dying, for example they certainly turned out to be fine gentlemen. That school gave me much fame, talent, strength, ability, intellect so much more that I can't even begin to pinpoint. Proof of the good that the School has done can be seen in the lives of the boys who went there. We have ex-students around the world who keep in constant communication who are doing well in all walks of life. We have Doctors, Lawyers, Businessmen, Engineers, Scientists, Researchers, Financiers and Bankers, Technologists and even people in the US Army. Each in our own area is doing well and owes much to St. Mary's for the education we gained whilst under the portals of that great institution. I live in the UK and time and time again when the conversation turns to education and I see at first hand the lack of quality in the education system here, I look back and thank my parents for sending me to the best School there is. When you passed through the portals into the wide open world you were rounded individual and not just another cog in the wheels of life.

(By { [HYPERLINK "mailto:pthomas@shuttletech.com"](mailto:pthomas@shuttletech.com) })



JOURNAL OF ST. MARY'S ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

THIS IS REALLY A TRUE STORY

It really stands out the most from all my memories at school. We were in the 8th std and were on our way back from Mt. Abu when Fr. Casale decided to stop to see some ancient Temple in the middle of nowhere. The temple was on top of a mountain and we had to climb a few thousand steps ! I admire Fr. Casale for his strength at that age. Other school teachers present were Mathy, Simoes don't remeber who else. Anyway some of us decided not to see the temple and stayed in the school bus. I was having my afternoon nap when one Moiz Vahanvati woke me up to go outside and play. There was a municipal school where we were parked and Mathy was sitting in the shade keeping a watch on the students. Moiz and I walked up to the school gate where a scooter was parked. He challenged me to ride it. So I get on it and take it for a spin a few minutes later I see Dhiraj Sukhi running behind me asking me to take him for a ride . It was so funny. Just then the scooter died and the owner came running out of the school yelling "CHOR CHOR " I was shit scared . A big crowd "gheroud" me. Casale came down too. The guy wanted to take me to the police and have me arrested. Casale saved my ass . He said he would take care of me in school. He never did a thing but he always made a motorcycle sound when he saw me and said "U naughty boy !!!" Thank you Fr. Casale for saving my ass.

(By { [HYPERLINK "mailto:pranav4u@earthlink.net" }](mailto:pranav4u@earthlink.net) } { [HYPERLINK "http://home.earthlink.net/~pranav4u/Pranav.htm" }](http://home.earthlink.net/~pranav4u/Pranav.htm) }

DO YOU HAVE THE RIGHT ANSWERS ? IF NOT, THINK OVER IT

!

- Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?
- Can fat people go skinny-dipping?
- Can you be a closet claustrophobic?
- Why is the word abbreviation so long?
- Is it possible to be totally partial?
- What's another word for thesaurus?
- If a book about failures doesn't sell, is it a success?
- If the funeral procession is at night, do folks drive with their lights off?
- When companies ship Styrofoam, what do they pack it in?



- If you're cross-eyed and have dyslexia, can you read all right?
- If a stealth bomber crashes in a forest, will it make a sound?
- If the cops arrest a mime, do they tell him he has the right to remain silent?
- If a parsley farmer is sued, can they garnish his wages?
- When it rains, why don't sheep shrink?
- Should vegetarians eat animal crackers?
- Do cemetery workers prefer the graveyard shift?
- What do you do when you see an endangered animal that eats only endangered plants?
- Do hungry crows have ravenous appetites?
- Why is bra singular and panties plural?
- If someone with multiple personalities threatens to kill himself, is it considered a hostage situation?
- Instead of talking to your plants, if you yelled at them would they still grow?
- Only to be troubled and insecure? Is there another word for synonym?
- Isn't it a bit unnerving that doctors call what they do "practice"?
- When sign makers go on strike, is anything written on their signs?
- When you open a bag of cotton balls, is the top one meant to be thrown away?
- Where do forest rangers go to "get away from it all"?
- Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?
- Why do they report power outages on TV?

BATCH OF 1985 RE-UNION

The batch of '85 met on 3rd Jan'96 on the terrace of Jeevan Asha Peddar. This was the first get together since school. It was the first together since school. It was a fantastic gathering with all the guys catching up with each other now that all have got busy with their careers, some being married, and a large part of the group from overseas. Infact 11 of the 28 boys who met were currently working overseas. However absence of 4-5 guys who were in Bombay and did not attend was disappointing. We could not manage to contact yet several people as we didn't have records of addresses and telephone numbers. We request all students of the batch of '85 to contact the undersigned as we wish to make this an annual event on the same date i.e. 3rd January of every year in Bombay, Next year we target to have atleast 50 students so all you guys out there please call the undersigned or any of the guys in the photograph.

Please write to or call { [HYPERLINK "mailto:tristar@giasbm01.vsnl.net.in"](mailto:tristar@giasbm01.vsnl.net.in) } , 62-A, Sarnath, Sophia



College Lane, 59 Bhulabhai Desai Road, Mumbai 400 026. Tel No. (off) 2011437/2083712 (Res) 3624000/
3670486

SCHOOL DINNER INVITATION

ST.MARY'S ALUMNI ASSOCIATION IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT'S POSTPONED ANNUAL DINNER 1997-1998 IS TO BE ON SUNDAY 20TH MARCH 1998 AT ST.MARY'S SCHOOL (ISC). NESBIT ROAD,MAZGOAN,BOMBAY-400010. AT 7.30 P.M.

HURRYRUSH.....INVITATIONS ARE AVAILABLE WITH :

-
- ST.MARY'S SCHOOL (ISC) OFFICE : TEL NO . 3778264
 - FALI MEHTA : TEL NO. 2671566/2666529
 - DEEPAK MEHTA : TEL NO. 4376281
 - REZA NAJAM-ES-SANI : TEL NO. 3887684
 - KEKI MASTER : TEL NO. 2040166/2047323
 - ADIL IRANI : TEL NO. 3628565
 - SHYAM BALSEKAR : TEL NO.4923084
 - AJAY PAREKH : TEL NO.4920969/4944657
 - { HYPERLINK "mailto:tristar@giasbm01.vsnl.net.in" } : TEL NO.2003338/3670486
 - ST.MARY'S ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
C/o ST.MARY'S SCHOOL (ISC)
SARDAR B.S.DHONDY MARG,BOMBAY - 400 010

{ HYPERLINK "http://www.stmarysisc.org" }

SCHOOLDAYS



JOURNAL OF ST. MARY'S ALUMNI ASSOCIATION