



## School Tie Sept 98

### EDITORIAL

"Once a St.Marian, always a St. Marian" is a description which fits most of our alumni. The years go by and the number of familiar faces at School diminish, but the memories we all carry within us seem stronger all the time. Anecdotes of fellow students, escapades, characteristic acts of teachers, school bus experiences and tales of a sporting glory, among others have dominated many a conversation years after the ISC or ICSE report cards have faded and torn. This feeling inside, this unseverable bond to our Alma mater, is what defines a true St. Marian.

Programs organized by the St.Mary's Alumni Association allow more frequent and widespread interaction between alumni and the school Management. It is an organised forum for service to our School and the community. With the proliferation of the Internet, alumni all over the world can stay in touch. Largely owing to efforts put in by Pranav Mulani (CO 85) a St.Mary's web site was launched which will increase alumni awareness about current School activities, needs and success stories. We look forward to contributions and membership from alumni worldwide.

(By Bimal Goculdas and Sushil Sukhwani - Batch of '85)

### "PAST, PRESENT , FUTURE"

#### SCHOOL NEWS 1997-98

Fr. Evarist Newnes, who has been associated with St.Mary's since 1976, has taken charge as Principal. We congratulate him and wish him all success for taking our School to new heights. St.Mary's Review, a magazine for and by St.Marians, was restarted last year after a gap of 4 years. Response from staff and students was very encouraging. The issue is packed with interesting articles as well as some memorable photographs. The ICSE results were impressive. 124 appeared, 100% passed. 96 students scored more than 70 % marks. Kshitij Shah stood first with 93.5%.

### HIGHLIGHTS

Football – U/16, U/14 & U/12 teams reached playoff stage.

Athletics – Champions in All Parsees Meet, Runner –up in MSSA meet.

Swimming – Rehan Poncha won several medals at the national level and was selected for the All Asia Level Competition.

The Quiz teams were Runners up in the Discovery Channel competition.



### **ALUMNI SCHOOL DINNER**

The annual dinner organized by the Alumni Association was held on 20th March 1998. It was well attended. There was about 300 attendees. As usual, it was a boisterous affair with the chanting of the School Anthem bringing pride and nostalgia into ex-students hearts. Kudos to the Organizing Committee for a good job done. In spite of ex-students doing their last-minute payment act, there was enough food for all. Photos were clicked and students from various parts of the globe, who were visiting Bombay were present. The next dinner is being planned in Nov'98 and this time the committee is contemplating to organise a 'Ball' with a live band. We are looking for feedback and suggestions from you and also some give aways/prizes. Please call any of the Committee members. We are definitely looking at larger numbers so kindly make a note in your diaries.

### **LAUNCHING OF THE ST. MARY'S ALUMNI WEB SITE**

In this electronic age, St. Marians are not lagging behind in any way. A web site was launched on the internet at { [HYPERLINK "http://www.stmarysisc.org"](http://www.stmarysisc.org) }

The web site has registered 10,000 hits which is quite a commendable number. Over 100 alumni email addresses are also registered. The school too will have an internet connection by the month end.

All Marians are invited to join the network. This has already become a very popular mode of communication with new members joining in every week. This is a convenient and inexpensive way to keep in touch with other Marians. Several topics have generated stimulating discussions. Including the nuclear blasts. Ex-students on the network range from the Class of 1934 to the Class of 1998. It is interesting to note that Marians are represented in countries ranging from Latvia, UK, USA , Australia etc. You never know where you may find a friend ! As for the Life members of all Alumni Association there are only 840, which could have actually had about 100 plus, which is the reason for the application form attached herewith. Membership costs only Rs.100. Guys register your friends.

### **VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE**

We are planning vocational guidance talks to the 9th and 10th standard students after the Diwali vacations in end of October/early November'98. We invite ex-students from different walks of life to volunteer for these talks. We need Doctors, CA's, MBA's, Journalists, Lawyers, Businessmen, Engineers, Politicians (If Any) etc, etc, etc. Call Sushil Sukhwani at (off) 2003055 or any committee member.



(By Bimal Goculdas and Sushil Sukhwani - Batch of '85)

### **ST.MARY'S T 'SHIRT**

Kavi Desai from the class of '88 has designed a St' Mary's T-shirt with the school badge and a one liner that says " Hurrah, We are St.Mary's Boys". The cost is about Rs.320. Any ideas for the T-shirts are welcome. For orders you can call Kavi at 369-3145 or email { [HYPERLINK "mailto:tristar@ginasbm01.vsnl.net.in" }](mailto:tristar@ginasbm01.vsnl.net.in) at [tristar@ginasbm01.vsnl.net.in](mailto:tristar@ginasbm01.vsnl.net.in)

(By Kavi Desai - Batch of '88)

### **" WE ARE WHAT WE ARE BECAUSE OF OUR JESUIT EDUCATION."**

The Challenge is to be "MEN FOR OTHERS" and "Leaders in Service" in today's world for which we were trained as students. The torch that was kindled in our hearts in our Institutions has to be passed on to others. Your Alma Mater can continue to serve you in ways old and new. You, in your turn, can help not only by serving as dedicated persons inspired by the same traditions you imbibed as students, but also by being an extension of yourself as "multiplying agents" of the Jesuit concern for faith and justice.

We have been asked to consider whether we have received Jesuit Education for our own benefit or for the needs of the whole of humankind. We need to be responsible in the world for a better life, not merely spiritual, but also social and political, committed to work together each in our own profession and sphere for the poorest of God's children. Some of us may help them directly in their material and human needs, for shelter, food and friendship. Others may work in their professions to influence legal, medial, political and other social structures.

The number of Jesuit Alumni is large (more than two million). Their bonds of loyalty to the Jesuits and their fellow Alumni are very strong and the Ignation heritage is precious. We must utilise this immense reservoir of human potential to make the world a better place to live in. The best form of collaboration is an independent initiative. There are many who are eager to find concrete ways and means of being " men and women for others". You are extensions of the Jesuit Arm, you are "multiplying agents" for God's good work. You are often placed in very strategic positions and have much to contribute at the State, National and even International levels in making the human family a place where peace, justice, freedom and fellowship prevail.

Recalling an event St Marians may be proud of, but surprising and amusing and perhaps embarrassing for some, is an incident that took place at the end of the Finals of the Harris Shield on 14th February 1985.



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### **Harris Shield Cricket Finals - 1985**

In a nail-biting final against Sharadashram (English) St.Mary's struggled after a middle order collapse at 127 for six to recover and reach 244 for eight and then total 302 all out, mainly through a gallant 90 by Pranav Mulani and Sandeep Jayram's 62.

Sharadashram were pegged back by some good bowling by Pranav Mulani (4 wickets for 81 runs) and Captain Tanu Sankalia's (3 wickets for 93 runs) and were restricted to 274 giving St.Mary's a narrow lead of 28 runs. Sharadashram hit back dismissing St.Mary's for a paltry 129. A grim, time

consuming innings by Rajesh Sanghi left Sharadashram to get 158 for a win in 98 minutes. They made a brisk start with first innings centurion Prakash Nagwekar scoring 47 runs. But with this departure there was no further resistance and they closed the final day at 107 for 8 wickets.

The celebrations were on, but I was stunned when I entered the dressing room to find a champagne bottle opened and being shared by the players. Naturally I had to leave the room after cautioning the players of the trouble they could get into. Fortunately no one outside was the wiser to the mischief going on inside ! The culprit – Yug Chodhary.

**(By Father Austin Fernandes S.J. now at St.Xaviers High School, Metro)**

### **" From our Website Guest Book "**

I'm still recovering from the nostalgia overdose when I saw Rai's picture all, I could think of were his phortie phives and his Punja matches with Ape (Nozer Wadia) before Hindi class. However, I do agree with the other comments - the gallery is incomplete without a picture of Dear Old Parmu! Father Austin visited us and stayed for a couple of days on his US tour a few years ago. I was in Bombay in December '96 and visited St.Mary's . I saw Br. Pardo there. He was the only one there who remembered us old folks from the '60s and was saddened to read about his passing in Dom Moraes' wonderful eulogy in the School Tie. Bless him and the rest of St.Mary's .

**(By Jamshed Mulla - Batch of 70')**

I was one of the proud members of the bench breaking society in Pardiwalla's drill class. Anybody else ? I was never able to get Nozer Wadia in Punja but I finally got Kekoo Colah after a struggle on the BEST bus on the way home. I still have scars on my nuckles from Peppi Fernandes (Science teacher's) beating with the ruler's edge (just kidding). I bumped into Peppi in 1976 on a Greyhound bus tour from New York to San Francisco – he was the guide. At the time I believe he was in Austin, Texas. My hands are still hurting from writing 20 pages of Hindi as punishment for dropping pencils during Hindi class. I will never forget rolling



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marbles and paper airplanes during Monsieur Pierre's (French teacher in the 7th Standard) or was it fundamental English class? He used to get livid. Yeah, it sure was a great time.  
(By Sanjay Sarai – Batch of '70)

### **St' Mary's Alumni Reunion**

We're planning to hold a St.Mary's alumni reunion in New York City a true "O'er The waves" event. Preparation for this event are still in the early stages but a tentative schedule for the day is as follows :

Morning : Indoor Soccer at Chelsea Piers.

Afternoon : Free concert in Central park

Evening : Old Boys Dinner/main event

Late night: After hours east village night club (or any other place which keeps the vodka flowing)

We wish to establish an Alumni Network in the USA and need to publicise this event. For more information please email or call { [HYPERLINK "mailto:Sunil@ms.com"](mailto:Sunil@ms.com) } on Telephone Nos: (Res) 212-4883562, (Off) 212-7612016.

(By Sunil Madan - Batch of '83)

### **ST.MARY'S ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**

C/o ST. MARY'S SCHOOL (I.S.C.)

SARDAR B.S.DHONDY MARG, MUMBAI - 400 010.

Gift a membership to your friend for just Rs.100. He will remember you for life.

I \_\_\_\_\_

( Name ) ( Surname )

wish to apply for membership of St. Mary's Alumni Association and agree to abide by the Rules and Regulations if admitted

to membership.



YEAR OF LEAVING SCHOOL : \_\_\_\_\_ DATE OF BIRTH : \_\_\_\_\_

RESIDENTIAL ADDRESS : [ ] OFFICE ADDRESS : [ ]

----- COMPANY NAME -----

----- PIN ----- PIN -----

TEL NO. ----- TEL NO. -----

MOBILE : ----- FAX : -----

EMAIL: -----

NOTE : TICK [ ] FOR MAILING ADDRESS.

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SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT SIGNATURE OF APPLICANTS'S  
GUARDIAN IF APPLICANT IS  
BELOW 18 YEARS OF AGE.

PLACE : ----- DATE : -----

PROPOSED BY : -----

SIGNATURE

SECONDED BY : -----

SIGNATURE



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FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

ADMITTED / REJECTED AT MANAGING COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON : \_\_\_\_\_

REMARKS : \_\_\_\_\_

HON SECRETARY/HON .JT SECRETARY

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### **"OBITUARY TO Mr. DYER"**

BORN: 28TH OCTOBER 1926 DIED: 1ST MAY 1998.

{ INCLUDEPICTURE "http://www.stmarysisc.org/ken-dyer.gif" \\* MERGEFORMATINET }

In Peace Mr.Dyer

Mr. Dyer was many things to many people in his life.

My first recollection of him was that of this of this dapper 'gentleman' astride a Lambretta with the obligatory cigarette seemingly glued to his lip. He seemed to mask his nature in sternness and I do not think he was too successful at that all the time. It was later when I had the opportunity to meet him more often that I notice that his eyes smiled ever so often.

He was multi-faced – he enjoyed, among other things and in no particular order. Western Classical Music, the great works of English Literature, crosswords, Aatha Christie as also the quotidian teaching of Accountancy and Mathematics. But St.Mary's was his great love and he gave to it as much or even more than he received. Teaching , to him was more than a 9 to 5 thing - it was a passion even if he seemed to go about it so matter of factly. It is not surprising that he was well-liked.



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In his later years he appeared to be tired. But his relative fragility seemed to emphasize his quiet strength and his devotion. And through all his many health problems he was always kind.

I shall remember him for his vitality, his sense of humour, his understatement and above all his graciousness.

**(By Deepak Mehta – Batch of '72)**

### **"ELEGY FOR KENNETH DYER"**

**In Loving And Respectful Memory by His Nephew PAUL DYER**

Of all the great funeral marches in Western art music, I should choose something at once intimate and profound, elegiac and tumultuous—something like the first movement of Mahler's Fifth Symphony or, better yet, of his Second—the "Auferstehung," or "Resurrection," symphony. I'm not sure if my uncle, Kenneth Dyer, ever got to know these works, or even grew to love Mahler as he loved Chopin, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky. But I should play the music and there pause in reverent silence, letting the music speak of him. Yet, one phrase has haunted me since I heard of his passing—and after this, our exile—the fragment of a popular Catholic prayer, one my uncle said many times, a fragment like a memory, a shard of memory. And at this point, line, chasm in time we call death, what does it mean to remember, and what do we choose to remember? These are the questions we ask ourselves. For memory is always a mixture of laughter and mourning. The title of a great novel by the contemporary Czech novelist, Milan Kundera, comes to mind—The Book of Laughter and Forgetting. And I ask—is laughter a kind of forgetting, and must we write, engrave, every memory only with the tracks of our sleepless and indelible tears? What is it about human grief which makes it indelible the moment we write and remember? And how does this process of remembering, like death, harbor within it an invitation to transgression? Quite simply, by mourning, do we deny, or repress, the possibility of eternity?

In the space of my grief for his passing, I write, therefore, of writing itself, and of exile, my exile and my words. My uncle gave me, above all, a love of words, of the English language, and as I write, even, now, he lives in my inscription, my hopes for the destiny of my words, of words themselves—he lives in the memory of this strangely musical phrase—Kenneth Dyer—resonant now in our hearts, our memories, cryptic as a clue from one of the crossword puzzles he loved. In mourning him, we are on the track, therefore, of literature—of music, cryptic clues, words, names—and, indeed, indelibly, of laughter—those strands which wove the rich and immeasurably subtle texture of his life, and wove us, our lives, into it. And because of him, for him it is time to laugh. I remember a day when my grandmother, Winifred Dyer, was ill, and three friends, who were all rather large women, came to have tea with her. Uncle Ken, as he frequently did, stayed late at school, and returned home only as the three women were leaving. He walked up as we ushered the



visitors into the elevator, and said, "I'm so sorry I got to see so little of you." And I said, "But how could you ever see little of them?" Stifling his own almost-irrepressible amusement, Uncle Ken instantly began to shush me vigorously, and chase me back into the house! One afternoon, my sister Lynda, and I, joined Uncle Ken at tea. A Neil Diamond song played on the stereo. As usual, I got a kick out of needling him, and asked him if he agreed that the song was brilliant. He gave one of his politely amused smiles, and said, "Brilliant, eh, absolutely brilliant"---and then erupted into such a magnificent fit of laughter, that Lynda began to wonder if we should do something to calm him down!

Staid, serious, contemplative, deeply religious, unwavering in the courage of his convictions, scholarly, fastidious---and given to superbly boisterous eruptions of good-humor, laughter, and the unstinting celebration of life. There you have something of my uncle, Kenneth Dyer---that musical phrase to which I struggle even now to accord a definite meaning. He was the man so many people knew as "Sir"---the eternal teacher, the wise man of the ages, a latter-day Socrates, a man whose life exemplified that line, from the English poet Robert Browning, which goes, "God uses us to help each other so / Lending our minds out." And can a teacher die, who lives to transmit those eternal verities, which pass through him and out into the world as a living lesson? We must ask ourselves why Christ chose to be a teacher---when he could have done His Father's will for human salvation just as well as a carpenter, a maker of mundane objects?

When things went badly for my uncle at St. Mary's---which ever remained, in my opinion, the love of his life---he resigned---but he returned to finish the course with his students, declining any remuneration from the Jesuits. No one to whom I've told this story has failed to express profound admiration for his act, and for the man who performed it---a man they've never met ... will never meet.

And yet this apparently noble course remained perfectly unremarkable to him--- and logically so, because, to him, teaching involved the bequest of ideas and values, and was never simply the means to a monthly paycheck. The American actress Lillian Gish, accepting her lifetime achievement Oscar, said "What you get is a living; what you give is a life." I've never personally known anyone to whom that may apply as completely as it did to my uncle, Kenneth Dyer.

He was the man in the tireless suit and tie whose life steered a complex course between the rosary and video-games, crosswords and sweets, Miss Marple and scandalous American soap operas like *Dynasty*, the wild and towering imaginations of Shakespeare, Dickens, Hardy, and the severely utilitarian niceties of business accounting and mathematics.

And yet, look him up in any dictionary, even those unwritten ones we carry always in our minds and hearts, and what possible definition can we have of him, what pithy and throwaway summary of whom he was and what he did, a man as mundane in his greatness of spirit as he was grandiose in his daily passions.

One woman always called him "Professor"---and perhaps someone who wished to capture his spirit in a painting will show him clad as an Oxford don---mischievously wolfing down about half a wedding-cake, his eyes as blissfully twinkle as if he were listening to Paganini play a snide little scherzo.

My uncle always possessed a particularly Catholic love of life. By that I mean, he understood the wholeness of our humanity. Without any obsessive contempt for the body, he understood the strivings of the spirit



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toward God---the gap we feel deep within ourselves which is always nothing more, and nothing less, than the soul's relentless yearning for communion with God---with Him who is the soul's natural end.

That inaugural phrase returns, as a nagging refrain, as a variation of itself-----and after this, Uncle Ken's exile-----what should we say of him, but, borrowing and emending a line from Hardy, from one of his favorite novels, *The Woodlanders*---"He was a good man and did good things"?-----and borrowing that line, I remember another evening at home, and something our friend Bishop Alan DeLastic once said which has remained with me ever since: Nothing good will be lost.

Kenneth Dyer participated everyday in the eternal, without program, agenda, syllabus. He loved great books not simply because he loved books but because he understood and celebrated human greatness. Music offered him the auditory gospel of a well-made world. It is for these reasons that a man many people may have viewed as stubbornly traditional fell in love with computers---their efficiency, their prophetic sanity, their Hellenic vision of a symmetrical universe.

I often knew my uncle to delight in human achievement and lament human evils with the same words, the same sagacious shake of his head. Perhaps he understood suffering too well. The French novelist Marcel Proust once wrote, "It is simply from lack of imagination that we do not go far enough in suffering."

Habitually taciturn, Kenneth Dyer seldom spoke imaginatively, seldom readily unveiled the contents of his private imaginings---but from my own grasp of his hope for humanity and his quiet, though sometimes violent, denunciations of human error, I know now that he had imagination enough for more suffering than he merited.---this name, this phrase, Kenneth Dyer, itself at once epitaph and ode, speaks to me of the things I love, his legacy to me, of the body's unapologetic passions, of the strivings of the soul---of good books, fine music, the harmonious ballet of the English language he adored, its nuances, words, nimble artistry of syntactic circumstance--- and, above all, of the celebration of God, through all those things, even things as soberingly human as grief, which we recognize as eternal in ourselves.

And what is that paradox, that transgression, which death invites, through the incomprehensible wonder of Christ's resurrection? It is the indelible legacy of mourning: when those we love pass away, they leave us the gift of faith in our own continuance, our permanence in Christ, and the strength of knowing we can, we will, go on. The American poet Ezra Pound once wrote: "What thou lovest well remains, the rest is dross / What thou lovest well shall not be reft from thee / What thou lovest well is thy true heritage." And after this our exile ... nothing good will be lost---in his life my uncle, Kenneth Dyer, proclaimed that to us, perhaps without his knowing it. And all of us who knew him now have, in him, an intercessor whose efficacy we can never doubt while we continue to love him and honor his memory. From somewhere he smiles on my vainly endeavoring to enunciate his legacy--- and he knows, he just knows, that in our work of remembering, we perform a perilous act of faith in our own eternity, in the eventual wholeness of that mirror which once cracked from side to side, and, above all, in the indelible promise of happily everafter waiting, in all he has taught us, he left us, to be born.

**(By Paul Dyer - Los Angeles, California May 1998)**



### **' Great Memories of Mr. Dyer '**

All who knew Mr.Dyer will be sorry to hear this news. We know he wasn't well recently, but the memories of him on his Vespa waving at you as he passed you on the street are still very fresh. He was a wonderful person, a gentleman to the core and we shall all miss him.

**(By Behram Subawala)**

My attachment with Mr.Dyer was not only as our explicit-principal and a professor, but he used to stay in the neighbouring building, which also means that I was close to the entire Dyer family. It was very painful to see Mr.Dyer lying in his coffin on his final journey to heaven. He is survived by his brother Oswyn, Sister Terry, niece Linda and nephew Paul, Carl and Andrew. We have indeed lost a great academician and a thorough gentleman. To be taught by Mr.Dyer was like being blessed. We all Marians should pray to the Almighty to give the entire Dyer family courage to withstand the pain of this unfortunate event.

**(By Mazharali Furniturewala - Class of 1986-97)**

For those who were fortunate to study under his guidance will know that Kenneth Dyer was an outstanding teacher and his approach was always professional. Highly respected in educational circles, he was a thorough gentleman. We will indeed miss him.

**(By Sandeep Goel - Batch of 1974-75)**

The news about Kenny Dyer is tragic. He caned me in 1954 for mischief. He treated me with others to a movie and snacks in 1955 for making math's papers which he taught in Std 7th. He taught me English in later years. We have lost a good man and a great St.Marian. may his soul rest in peace.

**(By Akbar Currim - Class of 1959)**

I was grieved to read about the sad demise of Mr.Kenneth Dyer. He was a fatherly figure to all St.Marians and a true gentleman. Though I had never had the benefit of his teachings, I had great respect for the man. May his soul rest in peace.

**(By Mehrnosh Surti)**

### **SOCCER MANIA '98**

A soccer match has been organised between the ex-students and the current school team .



Date : 18th September, 1998.

Venue : St.Mary's ISC.

Time : 2.30 p.m

Wanted players. If interested call Mr.Sushil Sukhwani on the below numbers.

Telephone (Off) : 2003055 (Res) : 3670486 / 3624000 (Fax) : 2003269

E-mail : tristar@giasbm01.vsnl.net.in

### **CHANGE OF AGM VENUE**

The venue for the AGM has been changed due to the soccer match. It will now be held in school.

Dated : 18th September 1998.

Venue : Meeting Room – Ground Floor, St.Mary's ISC

Time : 6.30

### **ALUMNI DINNER**

The next dinner is to be held approximately around 20th November 1998. As it is too early to finalise all matters we advise all of you to contact any of the below committee members on or around 10th November 1998.

NAMES TELEPHONE NOS.



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