



Kamakhya Vidyalaya - Now and Then

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These days I have been anxious enough for my little daughter who is about to start her school education in the real sense of the term. The options are many as school are numerous and children being ones of the present time are smarter and better informed than we used to be ; as such tough competition welcomes them at the very entrance of Formal Education. It scares me to think that the term Competition has already made a foray in their lives ! The more I worry for her, the more I go back to. Our childhood when the educational scenario was much different. In the midst of all these worries when I was informed about my School's Golden Jubilee Celebration and the consequent magazine, I couldn't but stop my pen and gave vent to all my heart's feelings.

Even after such a long time, the warm memories of the school are a source of great comfort and satisfaction. I have been thoroughly washed and dried up in the spirit of my School. During that time School for conservative, idealistic families meant only Vernacular Medium Schools, and as such Kamakhya Vidyalaya was the first choice of many. Our Head Master, Mr. Anil Shome was a giant personality and along with his group of efficient teachers the School enjoyed a golden time and produced -- such a phase which was a matter of envy to many Schools of that time. However, much of its glitz and glamour is gone now and the students of the present time will find it unconvincing that the school did render a precious social service and shaped up many students to be worthy of society.

It is a fact of general admission that the success of the school was a combined effort of the teachers and taught. Its quite surprising to think that within two decades the scenario of the School has changed so drastically Teachers, no doubt help the students in bringing out their best which is ever their job. But strict commercialism has become a vital part of education. Being a student of this school, I still fondly remember those joyful days of my School life which I might not have realized with such pleasure during that time Learning with time and with a bit maturity that I have gained now, help me realize how selfless and helpful were my teachers ! And with deep respect to all of them concerned, I would take the chance to mention about some of the teachers without whose effort I couldn't have been what I am today. I am ever grateful to them who shaped me up and moulded me like a well wrought urn - they were those teachers who inspired me to play all the



role of my life fairly and with sincerity. I Still fondly remember my first dear teacher, Shaptaparna Miss of Class KG who had an adorable way of making us learn which was good enough to make soft impression on small minds. There was Maitree Ma'm (who was our class teacher in class V) whose moral lessons helped me develop my ethics and moral values. Even now I take recourse to all her words whenever I want to advise my students. And then how can I forget a teacher like Mrs. Lily Shome - so strict, so rigid, yet so motherly ! Her sense of discipline and passion for making us learn was amazing. The interesting fact of our time was that the teacher was not only strict but very concerned and loving. I, along with my brother enjoyed many such cuddles and were much pampered by many teachers, like Tapash Sir, Biraj Sir, Shuvam Sir and many others !

Teaching, I believe, even then was not directly related to material gains and commercialized tuitions. The teachers never faltered from rendering more than their due to students. It was during our School final that many teachers showed their real concern for students and the debt that I owe to many, can never be paid off. For example teachers like Kamakhya Sir helped me in papers like Social Studies at his home gratis ! Our very dear Jyotsna Baideu took all possible pains for students like me so that I could secure letter marks in Assamese⁴. What more, our Goswami Sir, the present Headmaster, although taught us Science and Mathematics, didn't hesitate to devote his valuable time and prepare some poetic notes on Bengali Lessons when I requested for the same.

In short, their roles in our lives were immeasurable. They were teachers par- excellence. But gone are those days of love, learning and good lessons. The present plight of our school pains the heart - it has fallen into the abyss of gloom and misfortune. It seems the very co-ordination of the teacher and the student is lost now. The students are lost in the labyrinth of misdeeds and lack moral conscience. Sticking myself to conservative view, I firmly believe that no amount of formal education will be helpful unless the students respect their teachers and teachers love their students. The vogue of English Medium Schools has considerable snatched away the lot of Vernacular Medium Schools. But dynamic teachers with impressive personality can undoubtedly play a good role in moulding the standard of existing students. After all, all that a school does is not only bringing out the I.Q. and a relative good result of the students, but also can infuse some ethics and make him to know how responsible he is as a social being.

As an ex-student of the golden era of the School, I ardently plead for some changes of the scenario of the school. I also eagerly pray for a time to come when we will once again feel proud to see our School rising up in the past glory and glittering in the crowd of institutions.