



## Some Sweet Memories, Deep Rooted...

□ Kakali Das

Ex-Student of Kamakhya Vidyalaya

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Just after Kali Puja, when the School re-opened, one of my senior colleagues, my most respected Jaya Madam told me that Kamakhya Vidyalaya has completed fifty years and it is published in "Dainik Yugashonkho". At that moment my pleasure knew no bounds. My heart leaped up. I felt very proud - how much I don't know -- that my ever beloved school is going to celebrate Golden Jubilee ! It is often said that happiness increases when we share it with others. I like to share my joy with the readers. So today at this happiest moment of my life, I am going to jot down a few lines about those sweet deep rooted memories.

Now-a-days so many schools are there in Maligaon area. But once our Kamakhya Vidyalaya was one of the best School in the area. There was a rush among the parents to get their children admitted in this School. Those, who could not get the chance of admission they lost heart. Today also Kamakhya Vidyalaya bears the same name and fame.

I still remember the faces of my teachers of L. P. Section. There was one teacher whose name was Sri Susil Das but he was known to all the students as "Natun Sir". Many years passed, still we remember him as our "Natun Sir". He had become old in service, still he remains new or "Natun" among us.

Then I entered M. E. Section. It was a very exciting day for me because from then I would have to go to School at 11 a.m., not in the morning. I felt myself quite grown up. I resided at a Railway Quarter very close to my School. When I was in Class IV, I used to see through my window the teachers of High Section. It was an exciting feeling for me that after a few days those teachers would teach me. While we were in the morning, we heard that Sri Anil Kumar Som, the then Headmaster of the School, was very strict. It was another reason of my excitement. We all were afraid of him. But each and every student respected and loved him very much. This year, one day suddenly I met him in SBI, Maligaon. I talked and took his blessing. The eyes behind the spectacles are still fearful to me. Once in the Assembly, the prayer was chanted wrongly and he made all the students, both boys and girls from V to X kneel down in the field. In front of our School there are railway quarters. The people saw us and smiled. We were



ashamed of it. But from the next day the prayer continued to be perfect. There was a nice garden and so many beautiful flowers bloomed. But we did not pluck. One day, one boy plucked a flower. He was our classmate and he was very quiet in nature. But God knows what happened to him that day. He was so rebuked that from the next day nobody even looked at those flowers. There was a coconut tree in the school field. When we were in Class X, many coconuts appeared on that tree. On our Farewell Meeting our Headmaster asked to give us green coconut's water. Thus was our Headmaster - so strict outside but so soft for the students.

The subject I disliked most was Maths. All those teachers who taught us Math's were objects of fear for me. The maths period was very trouble some for me. Once there was a time when I was very annoyed with Sri A. Goswami who taught me Maths. But I scored letter marks in Maths and he became very happy. I still remember his smiling face of that day when the HSLC result came out. He used to roam throughout the varanda with a stick after the bell rang when the tiffin time was over Now, being a teacher, when I roam in the same way to make the students to enter the class, the face of Goswami Sir appears in front of me.

Looking at those respected teachers, I started to dream that I shall also become a teacher. The blessing of my ever-loving teachers has made me a teacher (though I have not become so great like them). Now I am working as a Post Graduate Teacher (English) and teach the students of Class XI and XII in Railway Higher Secondary School, Lumding. While teaching grammar, I try to recollect those steps taught to me by our English teachers. When the students understand well, it gives me pleasure then I feel that my teachers also felt pleasure when we responded to their teaching.

The love for my school is so deep rooted in me that whenever I find any body who once read in this School, I feel very proud of him/her because he/she had also received the golden blessing of my beloved teachers. If I meet anybody who knows any of my teachers I feel very happy and at once become eager to know about that teacher.

Some one truly said,

Oft in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me  
Fond memory brings the light  
of other days around me."

When I feel depressed, I remember those golden days with my friends



and teachers. It cools my restless mind. With the wings of my remembrance, I feel to stay very close to them whenever I go to Guwahati, I want to have a glimpse of my beloved School. So I go to have a look of my School - it may be for a little time but for me it is enough to look at my School.

I remember all my teachers. Often I look at the photographs of all my teachers. Some one has gone for the eternal journey. May his/her soul rest in peace. I still try to continue contact with Biraj Sir, Parimal Sir, Jyotsha Baideo, Whenever I meet them, I feel very happy, whenever I talk to them over telephone I know that they also feel happy.

Swami Vivekananda truly said that the teachers are even more respectful persons than our parents because our parents give us life but the teachers give and show us the art of living well. All the credits go to those lovely teachers for whom I am here today and whom I am ever indebted to. They sew the seed of good culture, education, manners etc. in me and I believe the memories of them are the source of all the inspirations in my life.

I express my heartfelt gratitude to all my beloved teachers.

Thank you a lot - my lovely School.

LONG LIVE KAMAKHYA VIDYALAYA.

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