



Dare to be free

The Blue Print

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SCHOOL NEWS

Mr. Thakar is away on a fund-raising tour of Bangalore, Bombay and other places. We hope he would be able to collect a sizeable amount so the school could launch the building expansion programme so urgently needed. 28-8-71 : Mr. Thankar initiated the discussion on the recently signed Indo-Soviet Treaty.

2-9-71 : Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Kailasam visited the school and met the staff at tea.

The Biology students of the senior classes and a few other interested boys visited the Medicinal Plants & Essential Oil farm at Dodapetta under the Cinchona Department. It was a delightfully interesting visit, and we are grateful to Mr. Mohan Rau, Director, Cinchona Research, Mr. Kalyanasundaram, Biologist, and their staff for arranging the visit and making it so pleasant and interesting. A more detailed account of it appears elsewhere in these pages.

Another notable event of the day was the fascinating talk given to the school by Mr. Venugopal of the Radio Astronomy Centre, (Ooty). He told us that the study of Radio Astronomy was taken up in 1932 in Los Angeles, and made use of in the development of Radar during the II World War; but that since then the science had made more advances than within the last 300 years. He states that the study of other galaxies of stars might help in the study of our own galaxy of which we were a part. Besides it was hoped that it would contribute towards a greater knowledge of the production of nuclear energy. The slides he showed of the Radio Astronomical Centres at Canada and England were also very fine. It was remarkable that such a complex subject should have been dealt with in so simple and lucid a manner. As someone so aptly put "There was beauty, there was magic, there was science and there was poetry." No wonder he was able to hold the undivided attention of every person who heard him.

The following films were seen by the boys :

- 4-9-71 Dangerous days of Kiowa Jones.
 12-9-71 Counter Point — both in the school.
 24-9-71 Five Men Army (Seniors) at the Assembly Rooms.
 Haathi Mera Saathi (Juniors) at A. T. C.

Welcome to Mr. Gopal Honalgere, who has joined the school as a guest teacher in the Arts Section. He has studied art at Santiniketan and has had a book of his poems published by the Writers' Workshop, Calcutta.

Vaman Apte has been selected to the Nilgiris District Schools Cricket team. The team has won both the matches they played, and Vaman's performances in them have been creditable.

Vaman Apte, Yatin Bhat and P. R. Mohan participated in the Inter-School Badminton tournament.

Our Juniors won some laurels when S. C. Mukundan bagged the 1st prize at the On-the Spot painting competition held recently. E. K. Nareshwar got a consolation prize.

Gandhi Jayanti was observed with the boys reading out a few quotations from Gandhiji's speeches and books, and Mr. Sardar summing up some of his outstanding qualities pertinent to our everyday living. The Marching show by the boys of the VIIIth to the XIth standards, for a school which does not conform to rigid patterns, was singularly creditable.

AN ARTIST'S OPINION ABOUT DOGS

A man's most faithful friend in his
 dog, I've been told,
 Based on this assumption, one day
 I made so bold,
 As to buy a bulldog having
 one painting sold.

The dog I chose looked sleepy, but
 explained the man,
 As much as could be seen from
 under its coat of tan,
 That the dog would be much obliged
 if I could serve his meat in a pan.

I employed a man to take it home, and
 started on the road,
 When something passed me as if
 I were a toad,
 And when I looked I saw my dog
 running at 30 m. p. h. and looking very bored:

When I reached home the dog was
in his kennel, and,
The man was nursing his wounded
and injured hand,
But he got a crown to compensate for
not playing in the village band.

I prepared its dinner and woke the dog
up when immediately it,
Gave me a bite, 14 injections ensued and
feeling not very fit,
I pondered how to get rid of this dog
when in my head an idea lit.

Early next morning I got up, and to my
friend's house I went,
His unfriendly attitude vanished when
he learnt that I was bent
On giving him a bulldog forever free of rent.

My friends, let me give you a piece of
advice about dogs,
Never have them even as a present, or
even if they look like logs,
For I say, a man's worst enemy is
his dog—(mind, I'm including hogs.)

Jerry Earali

SLEEP (Continued from the last issue of BLUEPRINT)

More precious than gold or jewels in a heap
Than diamonds and emeralds green,
Is sleep - deep, sound sleep.

Jerry.

(Ed's note - With profuse apologies to Jerry we take the liberty of putting in the last stanza of his poem SLEEP, which was inadvertently left out in the last issue.)

THE PLEASURE OF BEING BY ONESELF

I shut the door, locked it, slipped the key in my pocket, walked down the stairs and out towards my 'paradise on earth'. This 'paradise' of mine consisted of a green patch covered on all sides with thick bushes. Making my way to this heavenly place, I lay down flat my back. I wanted to be alone.

When one is alone one begins to notice things. I was closely watching the journey of a black ant across the 'emerald mountains'. So absorbed was I in its expedition that I forgot all about the scolding I had got from my elders. Turning my face towards the tiny flowers, I saw the butterflies hitchhiking on the breeze, and the buzzing of a bee as it gently lighted upon a blazing-red poppy. Suddenly my eyes filled with tears, and the bright profusion of flowers and butterflies melted into a rainbow blur of colours. I do not know what exactly brought those tears, for I was filled with joy. I suddenly felt relieved. Because I was alone I had become sensitive to my surroundings, and oh, what joy I felt!

One is throughout the day with someone or other, and hardly ever with oneself. Here I was, however, all alone, and how happy I was. I did not have to force myself to show interest in others; I did not have to consider others I was all alone, doing what I liked, saying what I wanted to, and no one, to stop me. I had a feeling of freedom - the freedom of the 'flying ones.'

I was sitting on the grass, but my mind was lost in fantasy, in which lay content and peace. But in hard reality, there is only apprehension and doubt. And in a crowd, one is always face to face with harsh reality.

Most of our lives we spend in discovering others, but we hardly discover ourselves. When one is alone however, one begins to look into oneself and derive immense pleasure in doing so.

Darkness had slowly drifted in, and in surprise I noted that the sun had already sailed behind the mountains. Deeply happy, I got up to leave. The setting sun had lingered on with a faint glow in the west, but the eastern sky was already the deep blue of approaching night, with a single star piercing the blue intensity. Everything was still and peaceful and serene, but there was magic lingering in the air.

Masud Taj,

WHY ?

Cat, Cat, Pussy cat,
Why are you killing the rat
eating it and becoming fat?

Tree, Tree, O Tree,
Why are you growing tall ?
Why are you not asking me to climb up
and catch some birds on top of you :

Nitin Patil & Ramachari
Std. V

ICE—CREAM

Ice-cream soda,
Sugar on the top,
Tell me the name
of your Ice-cream shop.

Hemant Raj,
Std. V

ONLY A DREAM !

One night when I was asleep I heard a hissing noise. I got up to see what that was. I looked out of the windows and saw witches flying about. I was afraid because I had heard stories of them, that they were very cruel. I yelled and woke up—it was only a dream !

Moin,
Std. VI

WHAT I SAW

I sat on the chair
seeing the fair,
When I feel down
I saw the clown.

Anil V. J.
Std. VI

MATAKA

Often we see a number of persons crowding in a corner of a road, hanging over numbers, and a man sitting in the middle. The game they play is 'Mataka'. At present this is the most popular form of gambling in India, but it is played mostly in Maharashtra and Gujerat.

Mataka is played in two different ways—either by spreading numbers on the ground and perhaps picking the lucky one, or by picking numbers from what is called a 'mataka' or an earthen pot. 'Worli Mataka' is mostly played by poor people. The gambling is not done on a very high scale as is done in horse-racing and other forms of gambling. Young boys also play this game, with the result that they carry it to such an extent, that they steal radios and similar valuable articles from their homes to sell, and get money to gamble. The periodic announcement of the lucky numbers drive the gamblers mad. They loiter around waiting for the lucky announcement, wasting their hours of work, and expecting to win. Once they start, they become addicts, unable to sleep and always thinking about it. There have been many instances of a man who after losing all his money, came home and asked for food, but never asking himself where his wife was going to get it from. He has none either, and then he gets angry, and in his fury, lashes out at his wife and children, thus causing unhappiness all round.

For quite some years this has been a popular form of gambling, and day by day it is increasing in popularity. Recently even the southern parts of India which had not been affected by this fever has taken it on. Worli Mataka has, I'm told, reached Bangalore.

The police are trying their best to stop this deadly game, but with no success. Naturally, for the gamblers are far too shrewd for them, and the exchange of money does not take place at the same place every time. It is quite difficult to understand how the whole system works, and I doubt if any outsider is ever able to guess how it does. That is perhaps the secret behind the great success of this game Mataka.

Bharat Jobanputra.

ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT

The cool breeze
blowing across the wide, calm sea
In the moonlit night,
On ! What a beautiful sight.

The cool sea breeze blows on the land,
Oh ! How lovely it is to lie on the sand,
and look at the stars far up in the sky,
On ! What a beautiful sight — Oh my !

Madan Mohan
Standard VII

NAUGHTY ROY

Once there was a boy,
Whose name was Roy-
Who annoyed his father,
And pestered his mother;
Who gambolled with his friends,
And his suit he lends-
Such was naughty Roy !

Appu Kurian & G. N. Pradeep.
Standard VII.

A VISIT TO THE GOVERNMENT CINCHONA PLANTATION : DODABETTA.

On the 11th of September the Biology students of the XIth and Xth classes along with a handful of us who felt interested, went along to visit the Government Cinchona Department Medicinal and Essential Oils Plantation on Dodabetta. We were met there by the Botanist Mr. Kalyanasuudaram and his staff who took us round and gave us many interesting accounts of the plants found there.

He told us how Mr. Celement Markham first had the idea of starting a Cinchona Plantation and from Peru, Bolivia and other parts of South America he collected seeds and plants. The building originally housed the Italian prisoners-of-war and it was Mr. Mc Iver the then Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens who after the first World War, made use of these prisoners as labourers and started the plantation. We were horrified when he told us that a particular spot shown to us once had the gallows where rebels were hanged.

Besides cinchona, they grow other sweet smelling herbs from which are extracted essential oils for drugs and perfumes. Cinchona belongs to the coffee family of plants, namely Rubiaceae, its bark is stripped off and dried and then sent to their factory at Anamallais for extraction of alkaloids (Quinine, Quinidine etc.) The tree gave its maximum yield of bark in its 10th year he said. Quinine is made in powder form and then converted into tablets. It was said that in 1956, Quinine suffered a loss in the market due to the flooding of

synthetics in the market of quinidine, a further product, a more advanced and potent drug, used in the treatment of arteriosclerosis (irregular beat of heart). A research project on quinidine is being conducted in the Research Department of the Government here. Quinine salts fetched us about Rupees 2½ crores of foreign exchange.

From 1960 more medicinal plants were introduced. Among the trees the Camphor on which we saw the air-layering method of propagation and the Blue gum (Eucalyptus) so called because of the blue gum it exuded. This gives us the Eucalyptus oil used in the treatment of cold, cough, head-ache etc.

Some of the other plants we saw were :

Lemon grass from which oil of Lemongrass is distilled, and 'Cital' an aldehyde, its chief constituent is used in the manufacture of Vitamin A. Bay leaf with which the ancient Greeks crowned their victorious heroes; Solasodine that gives us cortisone for rheumatoid arthritis and Solanum Khasianum, the leaves and fruits of which are utilised in the manufacture of Solasodine the source of cortisone. The highly poisonous Deadly Nightshade (*Atropa Belladonna*) highly essential to ophthalmists in the form of Atropin and also used in plasters in lung congestion; Hyosayamine an alkaloid contained therein for bronchial asthma, and bronchitis; it was said that the extract from this plant was in olden times used by young girls in Italy to make their eyes beautiful and alluring; Ammoicine, used to cure leucoderma obtained from *Ammimajus*; Diosgenin from *Dioscorea deltoidea* the starting point for cortisone, and Digitalis whose leaves provide a powerful cardiac stimulant. We hear that Digoxin was even more potent than Digitalin and as only 2 kilograms were produced in the whole of India (Burroughs Wellcome), one kilogram of the drug costs as much as a lakh of rupees.

From Africa (Kenya) came Pyrethrum, the base of many of our insecticides. Pyrethrins present therein contribute to the insecticidal properties was fast going out of the market, as it was seen that constant use brought about nervous debility - carried through agents - mosquitoes developed resistance to D D T. Pyrethrum was fast replacing it. Other sources of mosquito repellants were lemon grass and citronella grass. The lemon grass, we were told was also a source for Vitamin A and the pharmaceutical firm of Glaxo laboratories purchased the entire supply of oil produced here. *Eucalyptus citriodora*, a tree belonging to the Eucalyptus species, the leaves of which are distilled to produce citriodora oil, which is an ingredient in Kesavardhini and other hair lotions. The application of the oil admixed with coconut oil of gingelly oil removes dandruff and lice in human hair. The next in the list was *Podophyllum* from the Himalayas, from which was made Podophyllin and Podophyllotoxin, the resin of which could be used for removing warts, and is leading the medical world to wonder whether it could be effective in arresting stomach cancer. The *Ipomea-purga* is obviously a drastic purgative, the resin of which is used.

The main source of perfumery essential oil was the Geranium used in perfumes and toilet soaps. As 50 kilograms of the flowering tops used for extraction of oil gave only 50 grams of the oil, they said that the price of a kilogram of oil had rocketed up to Rs 450/-. Others were, Lavender; the Peppermint (English mint), the ingredient of tooth pastes, cough lozenges etc., the Japanese Mint and the Bulgarian Geranium; wintergreen in the making of Wintogeno, Amrutanjan and other pain balms. *Thymus Vulgaris* which gives us Thymol, the antiseptic, and the khus khus that cools us in summer and of

perfumery value. Verbena; the Rosemary symbolic of remembrance, and which is believed by young people in Italy to sharpen their memory in the examination hall; the rhizome of the sweet flag (Vayambu) when roasted and stuck into with a silver or golden needle and placed on the tongue produced a silver or golden tongued speaker a must for babies guarding them against stomach disorders and stammering. The Ruta Graveolens (Rue) has a legend that if the leaves were made into a syrup, and kept in a copper plate, a few mantras were spoken over it, and on a moonlit night buried under a Tulsi plant, the copper plate after a period of 12 years rearranged its structure and became a plate of - can you guess? A plate of GOLD! But this is supposed to be kept a secret. The second plant was the Angelica Archangelica drug for asthma. A priest suffering from asthma, one night in his sleep was visited by an angel who told him that if he wanted to be cured, he should go to a certain plant growing near the church, crush its leaves and flowers, and drink its syrup. The priest did accordingly and to his amazement was cured. In memory of the angel the plant got its name.

And thus we came to the end of our visit, collecting quite a few of the fragrant leaves, and enjoying the interesting information interspersed with anecdotes. We are grateful to the Director, Mr Mohan Rao, the Botanist, Mr. Kalyanasundaram, and their staff for their kind hospitality and for arranging the visit.

Mahmood.

BUTTONS

Buttons are
red, white, black,
green, golden yellow.

My coat is
a big good, warm bag;
I go inside,
the button closes me;
I feel the warmth
of my enclosed self-
I am a big man.

Standard IX & G. H.

Colour is a gay red rose smiling at you,
Colour is cool green trees in a restful little park,
Colour is the homebound sun,
lingering awhile over the shimmering sea,
Colour is nature's special magic,-
Colour at its natural best.

Contributed by
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