



Dare to be free

The Blue Print

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL, OOTACAMUND.

Volume VII—1



March 1972.

SCHOOL NEWS

Our Trustees.

We were very glad to have with us two of our Bombay - based trustees -Dr. Mrs. Gore and Mr. Gore. They were here throughout most part of the winter and left for Bombay a week after the reopening of the school. They visited the school on a number of occasions and gave us the benefit of their vast experience in several fields.

Our special thanks to Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Gore for having very generously extended the roof of the new table tennis shed, at their own expense.

Our new Headmaster : Mr. P. S. Kailasam took over on 1st February 1972.

For the benefit of our new parents, a word about him. After being a senior refinery executive of a British oil company in Upper Assam for 20 years, he took to teaching. He taught chemistry for the last 4 years in two public schools - Rishi Valley and Lawrence. He is an M. Sc. (Tech) from Banaras and a Fellow of the Royal Institute of Chemistry, London.

During the 20 years of his stay in Digboi, the oil town of Assam, he has had organisational experience in different fields, including education as Vice-President of the Governing Body of the Digboi College.

He was associated with almost all the public clubs and organisations, and had woven himself into almost every facet of the official, social and cultural life of the community in Digboi. He was a charter member of the Lions' Club of Digboi and its Vice-President. He is now a Nilgiris Lion. Besides this, he held a commission in the Territorial Army and has commanded the Digboi Infantry Coy. (T. A.) for several years. Dramatics is another of his interests, to which he adds proficiency in cricket and table tennis.

In December 1971, he read a paper on Teacher - student relations at the State Education Conference of the Association of University Teachers, Tamil Nadu, (Silver Jubilee year). Among the participants from Tamil Nadu were the Governor, the Education Minister, Vice-Chancellors of Tamil Nadu Universities, Principals, Professors, Lecturers and students of Tamil Nadu Colleges.

OUR OUTGOING SENIOR MASTER

We regret the departure of Mr. Sardar Mohammed who decided to leave due to pressing responsibilities at home. He was certainly a colourful personality who has left an indelible mark in almost every field of school activity and its set up.

Educated in Daly College, Indore, and the Aligarh Muslim University, he has a long period of teaching experience to his credit. He has served at the Doon school, Anjuman school in Panchgani, Rishi Valley, and Lawrence school, before he joined us 6 years ago. A keen sportsman himself, having bagged the All-India Championship in Squash, and represented Holkar in the Ranji Trophy, it was inevitable that he should have devoted considerable time and attention to putting the boys through the strenuous early lessons of every game. The impress of his personality remains, we are sure, on those he came into close contact with. Our thanks and our very best wishes go with him into the future in whatever he has elected to do.

The school arranged a brief formal farewell to him at the Assembly on the 14th, and the ISC class hosted a dinner to him at the Savoy just before he left Ooty.

OUR NEW SENIOR MISTRESS :—

Congratulations to Mrs. P. M. Naik who has been appointed Acting Senior Mistress in place of Mr. Sardar Mohammed. Besides her academic qualifications as a science graduate, with training in Montessori too, and her competence as a teacher for which she was awarded the Best Teacher's Award by the Union Education Minister in 1962, she is a keen sportswoman, with a number of prizes in sports to her credit in Bombay. She has also represented the Bombay University in athletics, table tennis and hockey. Adding to her accomplishments is Indian dancing learnt under Sri Govindaraja Pillai, and Fine Arts training under the well-known artist, Sri M. R. Achrekar. She has also had a brief spell of teaching at the Chiswick School in London.

Welcome to the new members on our staff :—

Mrs. Kailasam who, in addition to her teaching routine, has taken the Library in hand and is working to bring it up to some standard of order and perfection ;

Mr. Devashirvadam ;

Mr. Deepak Ghei ;

Mr. Karia Bettan who rejoins us after an absence of 3 years elsewhere ;

Mr. Mahalingam,

Mrs. Atreya who has taken over from Mrs. Kelkar ;
and Mr. Shiraz in the office.

The school hopes to renew co-education from the next term. Mr. Kailasam's daughter, Rita has already inaugurated the new set-up by joining us. We hope we may look forward to a little more of colour and a general toning-up of the atmosphere and discipline consequently.

We have introduced various new activities this term - Monthly General Knowledge tests at the Senior and Junior levels, which we hope will encourage the boys to keep a little more in touch with changes and events of the day ;

Debates in English and Hindi for the Seniors and Juniors to give the boys a chance to overcome their shyness and diffidence, and give them the confidence to speak before an audience.

The seniors had their first English debate on the 18th of (February. The subject "Co-education leads to unhealthy consequences" which was rejected by the House) - which might have been so interestingly argued out was not quite so satisfactorily dealt with and the speakers ran into quite a lot of irrelevant side-issues. However, for a first attempt, the 6 boys who participated deserved credit for having come up at all.

The building construction of 2 dormitories and 3 teachers' rooms is underway. Due to acute difficulty in accommodating the senior Dormitories in the existing space available, the ISC had to be put into Anandgiri for 2 weeks after their return.

Films : The following films were seen by the boys :

Bush baby

Count Down

National Velvet

Block heads (Laruel & Hardy), Random Harvest, all in school,
and the Mexico Olympics and Cromwell, at the Assembly Rooms.

Visitors : We were very happy to have with us Mr. R. V. Bidap, Chairman, Mysore Public Service Commission, his wife and three daughters.

Another very welcome visitor, was our former headmaster, Mr. K. N. P. Nair, at present, Principal. Udyogamandal School, Alwaye, who visited us with his friend Mr. Poulouse.

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORT :

The following have been selected for the year :

Cricket (Seniors) Captain :	Vaman Apte
Vice-Captain :	Rajendra
(Inters) Captain :	Robin
Badminton : Captain :	Yatin Bhat
Vice-Captain :	Vaman
Basket ball : Captain :	Harshad
Vice-Captain :	Yatin

CRICKET :

Nilgiris won the Inter-District Cricket Championship in Dec. 1971. Our congratulations to Vaman who bagged 4 wickets at the finals Vs Chingleput and was able to break a strong partnership which was well-set, and led his team to victory.

Our senior school team led by Vaman played a friendly match against Lushington on the 1st of March and won by 9 wickets.

The School Senior Team played its first match of the season against Lushington and won by 7 wickets. It was the Vaman - Yatin partnership that batted its way to victory.

Our Inter team led by Robin won against Lushington.

BADMINTON :

Hearty congratulations to Yatin Bhat who won the Singles Runner-up cup and also the Doubles Runner-up cup with Vaman in the Open Blue Hills Badminton tournament held last week. It was however a cheering fact, that the finals was stiff and well fought out, and that Yatin might well have come out as champion with a little more of luck. All the finals were played at the Anna Stadium in the presence of Mr. Shivkumar, District Collector, who presided. Mrs. Shivkumar gave away the prizes.

DAY BREAK.

When slivers of light pierced the east sky, I got up.
 Breakfast two hours ahead, nothing to do but go for a stroll,
 Smelling the freshness of Mother Earth ready for another day.
 Crystal drops on every blade of grass moistening my boots,
 and at the summit zephyrs came my way,
 Caressing me with elfin fingers, gambolling over hill and dale
 Trees swaying in harmony with the grace of a fakir's snake,
 All heralding the advent of the coming sun.
 And when the rays triumphantly burst over hill and dale I
 knew the sun had risen.

Jerry Earali,
 X.

FRIEND, PARENT, TEACHER, COUNSELLOR.

You stepped into our lives in 1965. And your stepping in changed our lives. We were ever pleased to see that smiling face, that symbol of healthiness, cleanliness and happiness. When you said that we should stop our playing the gramophone or scolded us for something we had done wrong, we scowled at you, cursed you, but didn't know that it was for our own good. But now we know. Your craze for hats, shoes and ties and your immaculate clothes made us realize ourselves. Though you seemed old (pardon me)—perhaps because of your white hair and beard—you were ever on the ball, physically fit, mentally clean and had the energy that we didn't always have. Wherever you were, there was happiness and a sense of feeling that we were talking to a man whose opinions were sincere, a man whose love and affection were directed at us. It was a pleasure to have you in the class, as it was anywhere else; the witty remarks, the wise sayings, and something which we felt, a communication, which cannot be described. We regret your going away. All over again we feel like children parting from a well-loved parent for the first time. We shall miss you very much.

K. Srinivas,
for Std. X.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE ROCKET.

I had a little toy rocket
Which was in my pocket ;

But one day it got lost
When I was playing on the sea-coast ;

I tried, but couldn't find it
In the fruit basket, or in my basket ;

Everywhere I searched
Until I got a hurt ;

Then for a little while I sat down and cried
And again began to play ;

I was full of gloom
As I retired into my room.

Murali K.
VI

MY SAFARI TO SOUTHERN TANZANIA.

When I was in Tanzania during last Christmas in 1971, Daddy suggested that we see as much of the country as possible. Our first trip was to Mbeya, a Provincial capital in the Southern Highlands of Tanzania.

On a bright, sunny morning, we began our long journey of six hundred miles. We travelled by car. Our plan was to do this in two days, for it would be too tiresome for us, if it had to be done in one day.

For all of us, driving is a pleasure. Travelling at high speed on a road internationally known as "Hell-run", taking curves at the same speed and trying to outwit death which stands at every corner of this huge black snake that never ends. This was the worst road in all the world until two months ago. But the Americans have transformed it into one of the best highways I have ever seen. The thickness of the tar and chippings increases as we climb higher and higher. In the end it is about nine inches thick. Throughout the entire 600 miles, one could see huge tankers with 26 wheels and 10 gears plying up and down carrying petrol and oil to Zambia and returning to Dar-es-Salaam with copper bars. One could also see dozens of these monsters cluttered all along the roadside, overturned and damaged, a memory of all the "Hell-run" days.

Mbeya, standing at a height of 7,000 ft. above sea level is a magnificent town. There we stayed with one of our friends. It was a huge house with six rooms including the kitchen. We had reached Mbeya in the afternoon. So that evening we walked through the streets of Mbeya, and did some window-shopping as well as real shopping. It was the 31st December 1971, and at midnight we rang in the New Year. After a heavy dinner, we settled down to drinks. Ladies and children had wine, men had whisky. As the clock chimed twelve, the sirens began wailing and we drank to everyone's health. Thus we passed from one year to another—1972 was in!

The next day we went to a lake called Lake Nyassa which was about 50 miles from our residence. They say that it is the deepest lake in the country. The Germans, when they lost hope in World War I, are said to have dumped their finest weapons in that lake. Nobody has ever dared to unearth any of them. It is a beautiful lake, anyway. We had lunch there, and after lunch we rested for some time before we tried our luck at the hook. On the whole we caught 3 big fishes and 5 small ones. That night we had the pleasure of eating the spoils of the day.

On Sunday, we invited some of our friends to lunch. We had that lunch in real pomp and splendour. In the evening, we again did some window-shopping.

We decided to rest the next day because we were leaving on Tuesday. So that day was spent indoors, eating and sleeping.

On Tuesday, we began our journey back home at 9 a.m. This was also to be done in two days. We decided to stay in a game lodge the first night, but as we were not going to be allowed inside the park in the morning because of heavy rains which fell there lately, we decided to go straight home. Fortunately, we saw all the animals which could be found

in the park, standing along the road as we travelled on. We reached home at about 11,0' clock, covering 600 miles in 14 hours. Our car did a good job of work with my Daddy at its controls.

After a refreshing bath, we fell on our beds and went off to sleep, dreaming about Mbeya among the mountains.

Robin
X

A GOOD REWARD FOR NOTHING.

Once in the village of Kokostan, there lived a very rich man. His name was Lord Jackson. He laid bets with many people. In the same village, there lived an acrobat called Prakash. He was good at climbing trees, walls, etc. One day, Lord Jackson announced, "A thief has robbed Rs. 8,600 from my house. I shall give the one who catches him Rs. 750." Two days later, he laid a bet with the acrobat Prakash. He was sure that Prakash could not climb his walls.

Lord Jackson said to Prakash "If you climb the walls that surround my house, I will give you Rs. 250, that is, without a ladder, stools etc."

"Very well", replied Prakash, and went away. The walls around Lord Jackson's house were 12 feet high.

It was a windy day, and Prakash was climbing a tree nine feet away from the walls around Lord Jackson's house. When Prakash was near the top of the tree, a strong gale started. One or two trees were uprooted in the gale and soon the tree on which Prakash was, got uprooted, and it fell towards Lord Jackson's house. The lower part of the tree struck a thief on the head, when he was running away after robbing Lord Jackson's house the second time. He fell down unconscious.

The upper part fell between the house and the walls, and with it went Prakash. Luckily, he landed on his feet in Lord Jackson's compound.

Prakash went inside Lord Jackson's house and met him.

Lord Jackson remarked — "I-er-I think I have met you before."

"Yes" replied Prakash. "You had laid a bet with me that you would give me Rs. 750 if I climbed the wall. I have come for the money. And also to tell you that I have caught the thief."

Lord Jackson looked surprised, but gave him the money.

Prakash took it and went home happily.

Ahmad Fatehally,
VII

AN INQUISITIVE MAN

I seek what is hidden,
and forbidden,
My nose is in
from palace to bin.
I sometimes laugh when I'm sad
and so being inquisitive is bad.
People say my nose is long
and I can tell you if you're right or wrong.

Madan,
VIII

REPUBLIC DAY.

Republic Day came and with it, rain. The people were drenched including some who had spent the whole night there. For a few nights before the Republic Day, the Rashtrapati Bhavan, the Parliament House and other Government buildings glowed brilliantly with lights outlining their shapes and sizes. The Railway station was full of lights that had never been seen before except on the Republic Day celebrations.

The whole place was a mob of screaming people, pushing, fighting and tumbling for the closest view. TV cameras clicked. Rain drizzled. People talked. All this made a deafening noise.

Amid a clap and a hurrah, Shrimati Indira Gandhi arrived, standing in her jeep, waving her acknowledgement to the public. Some other ministers arrived too and took their places.

Riding gallantly out into the morning sunshine, (which was prevailing now), came the guard of Honour, on magnificent black steeds. Their helmets shone and their medals twinkled. Their white boots offset the black they were wearing. Following this was a splendid coach, black in colour, shining with its white seats of satin. And in this coach Mr. V. V. Giri at last arrived. This coach made one think of the 18th and the 19th centuries with splendid, beautiful queens dressed in an array of gold and her gallant knights riding with her.

The Army, the Navy and the Air Force trooped in, each with its own uniform headed by its Commander. Then came the various military units and the paratroopers. Each swing of the arm was uniform and everybody did it precise to the minute. It was a pleasure to watch them. The various schools marched in. After all these marching masses came—a circus! A circus, of all things! I will not tell you the whole thing in detail because all of you have seen a circus, and know what it is like. There were speeding girls on cycles, clowns, acrobats and the usual paraphernalia associated with a circus. After all this, came peacocks, India's national bird. Peacocks! How could anyone train them like that? Only when they came

near, was the truth realised. Two legs with socks and shoes were dancing around. Do peacocks wear shoes? A most astounding thing! Of course, school boys! School boys bending their backs, in a mould of peacock and feathers. Then there were donkeys in the same fashion—boys standing in the hole made in the donkeys, mould, their own legs propelling them.

Then came a tableau, enacting how India achieved its freedom—of the English brutality and then the final victory. After that came the machines of war, clanking tanks, rumbling jeeps and trucks.

What was that noise? Zoom! Aeroplanes! Out of the sky came 8 Gnats, swooped and flew away. 4 other jets did the same thing. Everybody craned his neck to see them. And it was all over. No wait a minute! What were those colourful bunches? Balloons!

I shall ever remember this colourful, pleasing and most enchanting spectacle of the Republic day parade and celebration.

K. Srinivas,
X

SUNSET

Walking over a tor with the sun not gone;
With a breath of wind from the north arousing desires strange,
For solitary peace.
The sky faced me—just then the sunset,
An undescrivable pink surrounding a dull red orb in a sea of
lightest blue.
The moment passed—
Gloom approached surely and steadily,
Light gave way to darkness.

Jerry Earali,
X

A COCK FIGHT

It was a bright sunny morning when I saw a big crowd of people crowding over two men who were yelling something about cocks. The crowd were standing a few feet away from the two men, and were watching the spectacle and not interfering. An unusual sight in Madras.

I immediately changed into shorts from my night dress and joined the crowd. It turned out to be what I had least expected, a "Cock fight". I ran home, brought some money and went back to it, but the fight had already started.

Small knives were tied on the legs of the cocks and they were kicking, scratching and bleeding away to glory. What a sight it was!

The cock belonging to a man who crossed my house, was in a winning position. Although it was bleeding, the other one was already half dead, but suddenly the other cock gave a jab in the face of this cock and nearly killed it. Now it was really exciting. Both the cocks were just managing to live. The curiosity and the impatience of the crowd was mounting when the first cock went charging towards the other and gave it a peck on its neck and killed it.

The excitement subsided and everyone went home after shouting about for sometime.

Madan.
VIII

MY TABLE AND MY CHAIR

I have a little chair,
Which is very, very rare.
It's made from the teeth of a hare,
And the claws of a bear,
It's back is really very golden,
And its seat is a cold 'un.
It has but very short legs,
And underneath them it hatches eggs.

Its partner is a table,
Which I'm afraid is not very stable,
I once ate from it, and wished I hadn't,
Oh, I really did get very maddened,
For down it came, plates and all,
And fell on me, I really did bawl,
But now its kept safely away
In a great big barn, full of hay.

Hashim,
VIII.

"OH, DAMN, I MISSED IT!"

One dark and cloudy day, a Sardarji and a priest were playing golf. The priest, who was very good at playing, hit the ball into the fox-hole. but the Sardarji missed and yelled, 'Oh, damn, I missed it!'

The priest then took a second shot and again hit into the foxhole. The Sardarji hit again, but missed, and yelled out, "Oh damn, I missed it!" The priest who was a holy man did not believe in these kind of words and said, "If you say these words again, I will curse you and you will be killed by thunder and lightning." The priest, who was very angry, hit accurately again. The Sardarji also hit again, but missed and unfortunately screamed, 'OH! DAMN, I MISSED IT!'

Hearing this, the priest went blue with anger. He bent down and prayed to God to curse the Sardarji — (the Sardarji took no notice of this).

The priest's curse was answered by sudden thundering and lightning and then fortunately for the Sardarji, the lightning struck the priest and then a thundering voice boomed,

"OH! DAMN I MISSED IT!!"

Jamie
VIII.

AS I WAS PASSING BY

The sun was shining brightly
The wind was blowing gently
The clouds were in the sky
As I was passing by.

Suddenly the clouds white
Went out of sight,
And black clouds took their place,
Making everyone towards shelter race.

The rain fell in torrents
The thunder roared
And for many moments
The lightning flashed.

Suddenly out of nowhere the sun came out
And in glee every one began to shout
The white clouds came back to the sky
As I was passing by.

Ganesh Murthy.
VIII

TAILPIECE

"COMMAND"

If Ooty had a Military force it could be called the Oota "command"

Jamie.



**Statement about ownership and other particulars about newspaper
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(See Rule 8)

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I, Mrs. L. Sinha, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief,

Dated : 7-3-'72

L. SINHA,
Signature of Publisher.